

# THE YELLOW STUB

GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

By Ernest Lynn

HENRY RAND, middle-aged credit manager of a department store, at dinner with his family, is reminded that the following day is his son, JAMES RAND'S 27th birthday. Jimmy, as he is called, announces he has planned a theatre party for the family, which includes his mother and sister, JANET. He intends, also, to include BARRY COLVIN, Janet's fiance.

Henry Rand is a staunch upholder of all the homely virtues, including that of punctuality, which is almost a religion with him. When, on the night of the party, he fails to put in his accustomed appearance at quarter to six the family becomes alarmed.

While they are wondering, the phone rings. Jimmy answers it. It is the police. Henry Rand's body has been found in a room at the Canfield Hotel.

Jimmy goes to the hotel. His father is in a gas-filled room that had been registered for by H. A. Jones of New York.

Police believe it is suicide. Jimmy doesn't agree. A woman's handkerchief is found in the room.

Chapter III.

Detective Mooney, a squat little officer with a disfiguring scar running from the outside corner of his eye and across the cheekbones to the mouth, fumbled in his coat-pocket and withdrew a small handkerchief.

"It was a white handkerchief, bordered with fine lace, and smelling strongly of perfume. Jimmy looked at it closely. There were no initials, nothing about it to make it different from any other woman's handkerchief.

"It was lying on the dresser," volunteered Mooney, "right in plain view. That's all we found. It's the only clew whatsoever."

"And your theory, Sergeant?" Jimmy turned away from Mooney to address the policeman who had taken charge.

"My lad, I'm not tryin' to hurt your feelin's, but the way I had it sized up was just like this. If you'll excuse me for sayin' so, I had figured that your father possibly had got mixed up with some woman and was takin' a short cut to avoid trouble. I hate to say it to your face, but you'll welcome the truth and this sort of thing isn't new to me."

"You think there was a woman in this room?"

"I did at first, I don't know what I think now."

"Did you see any woman come upstairs this afternoon?" Jimmy had wheeled to face the clerk.

"No, sir. I didn't see any come in or go out."

"In this hole they are careful not to take notice of any women they see," remarked the sergeant, staring grimly at the little bald clerk.

A newcomer entered the room, a thin man with thin iron gray hair carefully parted in the middle and allocked down closely to his head. His large, red-veined nose seemed too heavy for his face.

The bald hotel clerk seemed to welcome his entrance. "Here's the bride, the night clerk," he announced, apparently relieved to escape the attention of the sergeant.

"Bride," snapped the policeman at the night clerk, "were you here last night when a man registered for this room under the name of H. A. Jones?"

Bride shifted his feet uneasily. "Yes, sir."

"What time was it?"

"About eight or eight-thirty, near as I can remember, Captain."

"Never mind the captain. That apple sauce doesn't work with me. What did this H. A. Jones look like?"

"I don't remember much about him. Lemme see—nope."

"Was he a big man or a little man?" pursued the sergeant. "You ought to remember that much."

"Well, at that I guess he was a pretty big man. He had his overcoat buttoned around his neck—

it being pretty cold—and his hat was turned down. Seems to me he did have pretty big ears and—oh, yes—he had red hair, a kind of sandy sort of red."

"Thought you said he had his hat turned down."

"He did. But I could see the hair on his temples. It was cut close, but you could tell it was red. He just asked for a room, and when I gave it to him he went right upstairs. I haven't seen him since."

"Did he sleep in his bed?"

"I don't know, Schwartz, the day clerk here, probably would know if he didn't."

"Did he, Schwartz?"

"I guess he did, Sergeant. The maid would have told me if the bed hadn't been slept in."

"You do a lot of drinking, don't you, Bride?" growled the sergeant.

The night clerk flushed. "I take a drink once in a while."

"Well, by the looks of that nose of yours you take a damn sight too many."

"Mayer." The sergeant turned to one of his men. "Did you tell 'em at Central Station to notify the coroner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, when in the devil is he comin'?" To Jimmy he said: "We have to leave the body just as it is till the coroner arrives. They'll take him to the morgue long enough to determine the cause of death and then they'll turn him over to your family for burial."

"Who's talking about the coroner?" A large individual, carrying a little black satchel, breezed into the room. With a brief glance around him he knelt in business-like fashion beside the body of Henry Rand.

He felt over the dead man's heart. "What's it all about, Sergeant?"

The sergeant told him, briefly, what he knew.

"Humph," tersely remarked the coroner, "looks like a plain case of asphyxiation. Hello!"

He had run his hands expertly over Henry Rand's head. He was feeling with his right hand at the base of the skull.

"What is it?" Jimmy sprang forward eagerly. "What is it, Coroner?"

The coroner frowned. He was examining the back of Henry Rand's head.

"There's a slight lump here at the base of the skull that oughtn't to be here. It's not the bone structure, either, Humph. Anybody here know this man?"

"He's my father, Coroner."

"Did your father carry this lump at the back of his head? Here, feel with your hand."

Jimmy ran his hand carefully over the spot indicated. He felt what appeared to be a broad welt near the base of the skull and just to one side of the centre. It was firm, but yielded slightly to his touch.

"I'm sure," answered Jimmy, "that my father never had this. If

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he had, I think I would have noticed it years ago."

"Your father has been bit in the head with something," quietly remarked the coroner. "What with, I don't know, but evidently with something very similar to a sandbag. That is, if he was struck hard enough to do any damage. At any rate, there is no abrasion, such as probably would have been caused by a blow on the head with a club or a hard weapon."

"You think, then, that he was murdered?" Jimmy hung on the coroner's next words.

"I don't know anything, I think it possible, but we'll have to have an autopsy to see what caused his death."

A strange young fellow had entered the room. Evidently a reporter, for he had been conversing quietly with the police sergeant, pausing now and then to jot down a word or two on some twice-folded sheets of rough paper. He stepped over to Jimmy.

"Sorry, Mr. Rand, but will you supply me with your father's age and the number of children he had? I think I've got most of the details from the police."

"He was fifty-five," answered Jimmy wearily. "He had a wife and two children, my sister Janet and myself."

"Thanks, Mr. Rand. Sorry to trouble you." He turned to the coroner. "What is it, Coroner, suicide?"

"It's murder," interrupted Jimmy grimly. "He seized the reporter by the arm. 'You'll write nothing about suicide until you learn the coroner's verdict.'"

"Oh! You seem pretty sure. Well, I'll stick around a while, I guess. What's your idea of what took place?"

"My idea," replied Jimmy, "is that my father was lured to this hotel room under some false pretense, probably by some telephone call to his office. Anyway, we can check up to-morrow and find out what time he left the department store."

"I think that the man who registered as H. A. Jones of New York was in this room waiting for my father to come. When father did arrive, he was barely seated before he was struck on the head and knocked overboard. You noticed that his overcoat is still on him. That is sufficient indication that he was not in the room very long, or, at least, that he was on his way out when he was struck."

"Then whoever hit him turned on the gas, shut the window if it wasn't already closed, and walked out, locking the door behind him."

"And how about the handkerchief?" asked the reporter.

"I can't account for it, I'll admit."

"Don't you think it is at least an indication that a woman was in this room, at least for a while?"

"Not necessarily," put in the coroner, who had been listening to Jimmy with considerable interest. "Not necessarily. A man could have planted it here, you know. Besides, it was found in plain view right on the dresser, and you have to pass the dresser to get to the door. It seems to me it would be a pretty hard thing to miss, even by someone who was in a hurry. However, we're all shooting in the dark. I'll have to take the body to the morgue."

The reporter spoke to the police sergeant. "Mind if I take a poke around the room, Sarge?"

"Oh, go ahead, Howard. You're a blamed nuisance, but go ahead."

"Thanks," Howard began an inspection of the dresser and then the bed. "You know, Sarge, they say that it's almost impossible for a murderer to avoid leaving some kind of clew."

He seized the bedding and threw it back, jarring the bedstead violently as he did so. As the bed moved, Jimmy saw something fall from the horizontal railing that supported the foot end of the springs and flutter to the floor.

He was on it in a flash. On the floor it looked like a plain yellow square of cardboard, torn at one end.

"What have you got, Rand?" It was the police sergeant.

Jimmy turned it over. He held the yellow slab of a theatre ticket.

"Paragon Theatre," he read triumphantly. "Nov. 28th. That's the night before last."

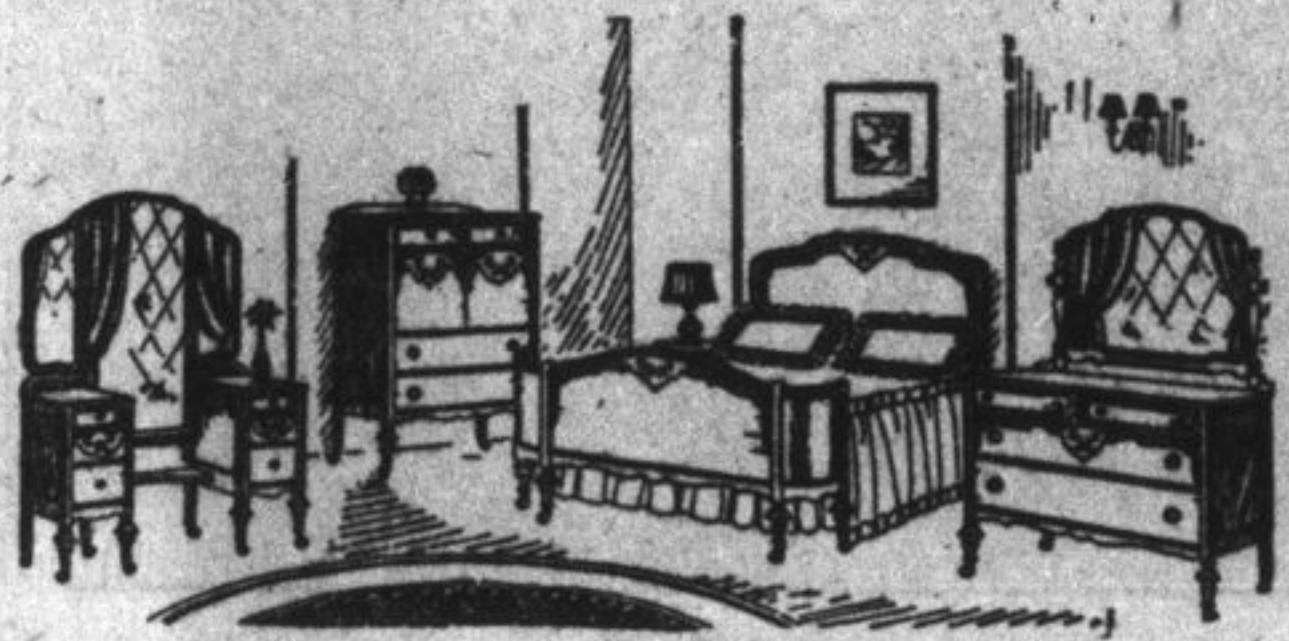
(To Be Continued.)

EVENTS AT ELGIN.

A Couple from Phillipsville Quietly Married at Delta Parsonage.

Phillipsville, Jan. 27.—Several west to Delta to witness the hockey match, Delta vs. Lyndhurst, on Saturday, where Delta again was victorious. The score resulted 7-4 in favor of the home team. Allan Haz-

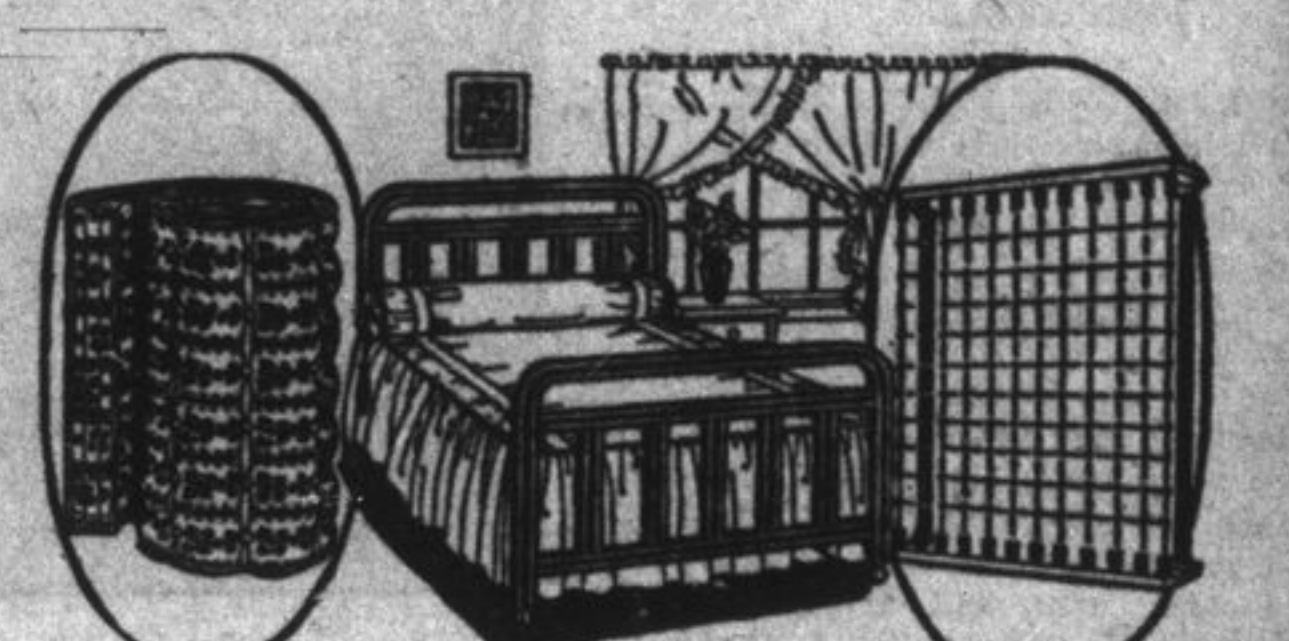
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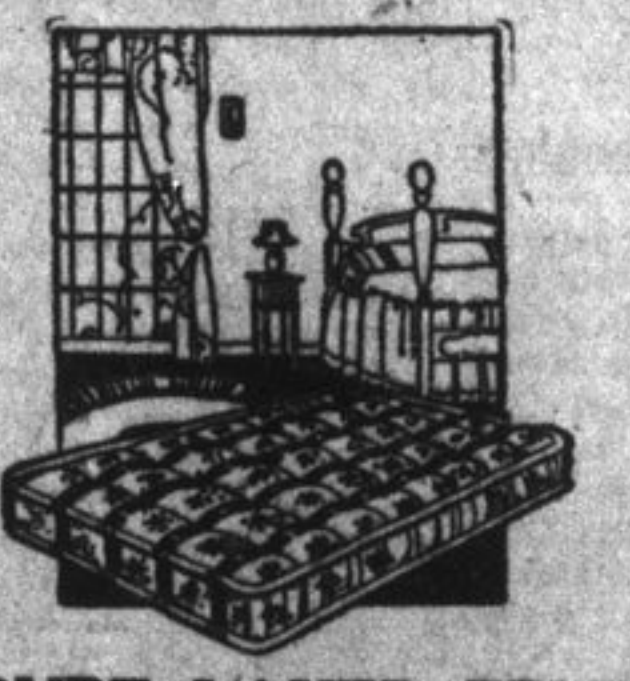


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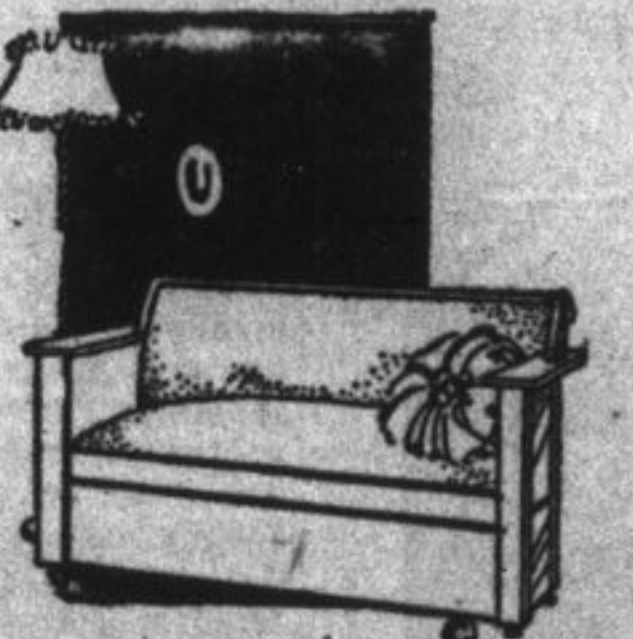
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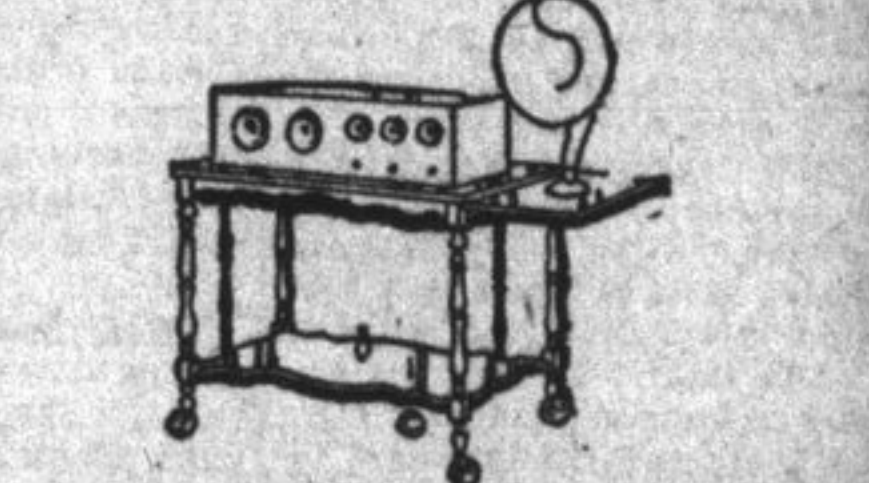
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## Joseph Abramsky & Sons LIMITED DEPARTMENTAL STORE 261 PRINCESS STREET

kin left on Thursday to undergo an operation for appendicitis at Kingston. His condition at present is reported favorable.

A successful euchre and dance was held by St. Columbanas Club at Elgin on Friday evening and was well patronized by the villagers. M. A. Myers and little son, Joseph, made a business trip to Kingston last week. Mrs. Harry Coon, who has been under medical attendance for some time, is slightly better. Miss Margaret Nolan is on nursing duty at Elgin.

Mrs. Carrie Peer and John Young, Lyndhurst, were quietly married in the United parsonage at Delta, on Saturday morning. Mrs. Melville,

Westport, is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Myers. A wedding has arrived to stay at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Bolton. Mrs. Stevens, Athens, is enjoying a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Stevens. Mrs. Frederick Atcheson spent the week-end in the village. Miss Kathryn Myers, R.N., is on professional duty at Joseph Dwyre's, Elgin.

Heavy colds are prevalent in this locality. Mrs. Mary Dwyre entertained a number of friends on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. John Cawley, Toledo, were recently visiting relatives in town.

A few from here went to the carnival, Saturday evening, at Delta

and Frank B. Chisholm won the prize for the best gentleman skater. Miss Vera Kirnan called on friends here recently. Frederick Atcheson shipped a carload of cattle and hogs on Saturday last.

Some more snow is necessary in order for the farmers to continue their winter's hawking of wood, etc. Miss Mary Ann Earl is better after an attack of grippe. William Baker still remains, with slight chance of his recovery, but Mrs. Baker is able to be home from the hospital.

Measles At Outlet. Outlet, Jan. 27.—Clausen Sly is sawing wood in this neighborhood. Miss Kathleen Finnerty is assisting

in the post office. A few from around here attended the dances at E. Gaxin's on Friday night. Miss Madeline Vandenburg spent the week-end with her parents here, returning on Sunday to Brockville where she is attending the Collegiate. Miss Thelma Moore, Gananoque, has been spending a few days recently with her sister, Mrs. M. B. Burns. Mrs. W. A. Deir spent Sunday in Lys with relatives. Miss K. McMahon visited in Sand Bay over the week-end. Miss Florence and Leonard Cross are confined to their homes with the measles.

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