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# 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 HARRY COLVIN, Janet's fiancé.

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.

The coroner arrives and discovers a small note at the back of Henry Rand's head. While they are talking, Jimmy discovers the yellow stub of a theatre ticket, evidently used two nights before.

CHAPTER XI

Olga Maynard! He wheeled sharply in his chair to see who had pronounced the name. The two men were looking across the room at a table in a far corner.

Jimmy saw a girl sitting alone, smoking a cigarette. She certainly fitted Fogarty's description of Olga Maynard, he thought. Tall, blond, highly rouged—he could tell that even from where he sat. He stared at her.

Mary's voice cut in: "I think we had better go. Do you mind taking me home?" She had seen his start at the mention of Olga's name—had seen him stare at her across the room. There was ice in her tone.

Her words brought him suddenly to a realization that he had offended her. "Mary, I'm sorry. I was startled. Must we go now? We've only had one drink."

He was stalling for time. It wouldn't do to let Olga Maynard get out of his sight now that he had found her. How could he talk to her with Mary present? He cursed the chance that had thrown the two of them together. If only Mary didn't insist on going there'd be some way of getting word....

"Are you coming?" asked Mary coolly. She had risen.

He scrambled to his feet with a muttered apology. He was furious with himself. He saw Olga Maynard eyeing them as they passed her table near the door. He thought frantically of trying to give her some signal, but didn't dare.

"Will you give me my vanity box, please?" they were standing in front of the hat-checking room. He brought it out of his pocket. Mary took it and vanished into a dressing room.

He tossed the hat checks to the girl behind the counter. "Be right back," he called to her and hurried straight over to Olga Maynard.

"I beg your pardon," he said swiftly. "He was bending over her table. Your name is Olga Maynard, isn't it?"

She surveyed him amusedly through half-closed eyes. "Who wants to know?" she drawled.

"I'm sorry—I'm in a terrible hurry—I'm with a young lady," he stammered. "Will you meet me in a half-hour? Damn it," he cried impatiently at her quick look. "I'm not trying to make a date. It's important. Will you meet me?"

"Well, I like that! Where did you get hold of that line? Say, I'm with company myself. If you want to know. Here he come now, Mister." She nodded toward the door.

He debated briefly whether to get hold of a policeman and have her arrested. He decided instantly against it.

"Listen," he said desperately. "You meet me here tomorrow night. I've got a musical comedy job for you. A friend of mine told me about you—Tom Fogarty."

She started. "Say, who are you?" she asked.

"Colvin—Barry Colvin," he flung back to her the first name he could think of. "I'll be here tomorrow night. Same time."

He was tipping the check room girl when Mary emerged from the dressing room.... She was frigidly silent on the ride home.

He was half-tempted to tell her everything—why he was in Chicago and who Olga Maynard was—but on reflection decided stubbornly not to.... back in his room, he threw his hat angrily on the bed, convinced that he had made a botch of things.

Olga Maynard met him. She kept him waiting a half hour, but he never doubted for a minute that she was coming.

"Well," she said, sitting down at his table. "I'm here."

He had risen. "It was good of you to come." He offered her a cigarette, and lit one himself to hide his excitement.

She waited for him to speak. "Miss Maynard," he began. "I lied to you last night about my name. It isn't Colvin. My name—she was watching her closely to observe the effect of his words—" is Rand, James Rand. I'm from Gratton."

She betrayed no surprise. "Gratton's a good place to come from," she remarked dryly. "I've been there."

"Yes, I know you have. As a matter of fact, you were there week before last."

"Say, who are you—Sherlock Holmes in disguise?" She said, half angrily. "I didn't come here to hear my history. What have you been doing—trying to get something on me?"

"No, I haven't, but listen to me."

"You said," she interrupted, "you had a musical comedy job lined up. I'm interested. If you haven't, I'm not. Now tell me what's on your mind."

"I'll tell you in a minute what's on my mind, but first I want you to answer a few questions. Tell me this—did you go to the Paragon Theatre the evening of Nov. 25th? That was a Monday night—the night before you went to Gratton?"

"Yes."

"You answer me!" He brought his hand smartly down on the table. She shrugged her shoulders. "All right—I did. Sure."

"Where did you get the ticket?"

"Tom Fogarty gave it to me."

There was bewilderment in her eyes.

"All right, Fogarty at least is telling the truth. Now then, did you ever hear of a man named Henry Rand?"

"No."

"Did you ever know a man named H. A. Jones?"

"No. Say, for God's sake cut this out and tell me what it's all about. You'd think I'd murdered somebody, the way you act."

"Miss Maynard," he said, "that's exactly what you're suspected of doing."

"No! You're lying!" she sprang to her feet. Her eyes darted a look of rage at him. "You dirty dog!" she whispered hoarsely. "You're trying to get something on me. Why can't they leave me alone?"

"Why can't they leave you alone?" he broke in.

"You know who I'm talking about. You know very well. You can go to hell. I'm leaving." She grabbed her pocketbook—a beaded bag.

"Miss Maynard," he took hold of her wrist, aware that they were very nearly creating a scene, "don't go yet. Sit down and listen to me. You've got to." He was holding her wrist cruelly tight. She winced with the pain and sat down, he half forcing her into her chair.

"I'm not trying to get anything on you, as you say. You listen to these facts and see for yourself. Henry Rand was my father. He was murdered in a hotel in Gratton on Nov. 27. You've just told me you used Fogarty's ticket at the Paragon Theatre two nights before. Well, the stub of that ticket was found in the room with my father. How did it get there?"

She was white beneath her rouge. She was gripping the edge of the table with her hands. "It's a lie!" She leaned toward him, tense. "It's a lie! I don't believe it!"

"It's the truth. How do you suppose I know you used Fogarty's ticket? We found the stub and traced it down to Fogarty. He told the police he gave it to you."

"The police! God! Do they know this?"

"They're looking for you now. The landlady at your last address said you had left town. I was there."

"I tell you," she said, her voice strained and slow, "I don't know anything about it. It's a frame-up. How about Fogarty, if he knows so much? What was to prevent him having a duplicate ticket made and planted? Where was he?"

"He's already proved an alibi. He was not in Gratton when the murder was committed. You were."

"Sure I was looking for work—and I didn't find it. That's why I'm back. Take me out of here. I'm sick. I'll faint if I don't get out in the air."

"Where do you live?" Jimmy asked her. "I'll take you home."

"Come on," he said, "let's go out." He signaled to a waiter.

He paid the check and took her arm. She leaned heavily on him as they walked to the door.

"You've got to tell me all you know about this," he said to her when they had reached the street. She was acting, was concealing

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something, he told himself. He continued, roughly: "If you don't tell me, maybe you'll tell the police."

She blazed at him. "I don't know anything about it. I tell you. Let me alone."

"What did you do with the theatre ticket after you used it?" he asked.

She answered him wearily: "I don't know. I suppose I threw it away. What do you think I'd do with it—put it in a scrap book?"

"Look here," he said, "you're not playing fair with me. I'm trying to be decent with you and you accuse me of being a party to some kind of a frame-up. Every word I've said to you tonight is true. I'm asking you to give an explanation of how that ticket stub could have got into that room and you refuse. I've been wasting time. I should have turned you over to the police when I first saw you."

"I've been persuading myself that you didn't have anything to do with it. Now I'm beginning to think I was a fool. I've a good mind to call a policeman now. They want you for murder, do you understand that?"

"Murder! Oh God, no! They can't!" She swayed toward him and would have fallen if he had not

caught her in his arms. They were in front of the Mayfair Hotel. He halted a taxi.

The light from the street lamp above them was bright on her heavily painted face and blond hair. She was limp in his arms when he noticed the man and woman in front of the hotel staring at him. They were in evening clothes. The woman was Mary Lowell. He lifted Olga Maynard into the cab and closed the door.

(To Be Continued)

**Bell Rock News.**  
Bell Rock, Feb. 6.—Many farmers are busy getting up their supply of wood. The social at Leonard Meeka's on Friday evening was a great success. Mrs. C. Genu is spending this week in Newburgh with her son, Lloyd, who is ill with measles. Mrs. James Meeka has returned home from Napanee. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Warner and daughter, of Yarker, visited at Roy Noir's over the weekend. Miss Ellen Genu, of Moscow, is spending a few days at her home here. Miss Cicely Murphy, of Strathcona, was at Mrs. J. Timmins' on Wednesday. The many friends of Mr. & Mrs. Grant are glad to know he is recovering from his recent illness.

Mrs. Almond Valey has returned to her home after spending some time at her father's. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Reed entertained a number of their friends recently to an oyster supper. George Grant was in the city on Wednesday. Many from here attended the play in the hall at Chippewa last week.

L. J. Cobus, Milwaukee, Wis., is the inventor of a device to keep a motorist's hand warm in cold weather. The heater is in the steering post and wheel and comes from the exhaust pipe.

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