

THE YELLOW STUB

GREAT NEW MYSTERY SERIAL

By Ernest Lynn

Henry Rand, 55, a business man, is found murdered in a cheap hotel in Grafton. The only clues are a woman's handkerchief and a yellow ticket stub from a theatre.

Jimmy Rand, Henry's son, and Detective Mooney trace the ticket to a Thomas Fogarty, who says he gave it to a woman named Olga Maynard. Police search for her.

Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell, and gets a job in her office. Later he accidentally encounters Olga Maynard. He meets her at night and confronts her with the evidence against her. She faints when he says she is suspected of murder. He is in the street holding her when he sees Mary Lowell and a man companion watching them. The next day Jimmy learns Mary's companion was Samuel Church, a wealthy lawyer. Mary refuses to speak to Jimmy and later in the day he is discharged. He gets a phone call from Police Lieutenant O'Day to come down to headquarters.

Chapter XIV.

Olga Maynard stares unseeing at the handkerchief O'Day held in his hand. She was silent.

"Who was the man?" O'Day repeated.

"I don't know." She lifted her arms helplessly and let them drop.

"What do you mean, you don't know who it was?" O'Day began angrily.

"You—"

"Just what I said," she said resignedly. "I don't know who it was. I never saw him before that night."

"You expect me to believe that?" The lieutenant had risen to his feet. He was bending over her menacingly.

"Look here—either you're lying when you say you weren't in the Canfield Hotel or you're lying when you say you don't know who this man was. Which is it?"

"I told you it would sound like a weak alibi. I knew you'd think I was lying. If you'll listen I'll explain. You still won't believe me."

"If you'll explain," she said resignedly. "I don't know who it was. I never saw him before that night."

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guess, but every word's true. I swear it is."

"Go ahead, Miss Maynard," encouraged Jimmy. "We're listening."

"You probably get the idea from the Lieutenant, Mr. Rand," she said.

"That I'm not a—very nice woman. All right, maybe I'm not, according to your way of thinking. The man I went out with that night spoke to me in the lobby of the Paragon Theatre as I was coming out. He picked me up, if you want to put it that way."

She nodded appealingly at Jimmy.

"He nodded his head. 'Go on,' he said."

"Maybe you've never been broke and lonesome and out of a job," she continued, half to herself. "It isn't a very nice feeling."

"When he asked me to go some place where we could eat and dance, I went with him. He had a bottle of liquor with him, and he got drunk. He tried to make me drink and I wouldn't. That's why he got mad. I never drink unless I know who I'm with. He said a few things to me that I didn't like, so I got my pocket-book from him and went home."

"That's all there is to it," she finished.

"A fine story," scoffed Lieutenant O'Day. "I suppose you'll say next that you don't know what he looked like. D'you suppose you could tell us that, or did you forget that, too?"

"I remember what he looked like, all right. I'm not apt to forget that. He was a big man—a regular giant—with long arms and big, freckled hands. I was afraid of him when he got to drinking."

"What kind of hair did he have?" Jimmy asked.

"Red hair. Eight rods. It was cut short at the sides. Just long enough on top to part it."

"Lieutenant," said Jimmy. "I think she's telling the truth. That's the description the hotel clerk gave of the man who registered as H. A. Jones of New York. He said the man had his hat on—pulled down over his eyes so he couldn't see much of his face. But he described him as a big man with close-cut red hair. He said he had rather large ears. Did you notice, Miss Maynard?"

"Yes, he did."

"I'll be darned if I know what to do," said O'Day. "We can't let her go here, even if we wanted to. We're holding her for the police in Grafton. I'll telegraph Mooney."

"What do you suppose they'll do?" Jimmy asked. Olga Maynard was sitting dejectedly, holding her head in her hands.

"They'll fix it so she can't get away until they find this man she's talking about. They've got enough to go before the grand jury and get an indictment for murder. I suppose that's what Mooney will try to do."

"Do you mean they'll—they'll charge me with murder?" She raised her head and gazed at the police officer, dull hopelessness in her eyes.

O'Day looked at Jimmy when he answered. "They'll want to be able to put their hands on her whenever they want to. We're holding her on suspicion. First degree murder's unobtainable. If the grand jury indicts her, they'll be able to keep her in jail."

He turned to Olga. "Your story might be all right if you could produce the man—but until you do you'll have a hard time getting a jury to believe it."

"But if she is allowed to go free she might be able to find the man," Jimmy suggested. "If she's in jail, he might run around town here without anybody to identify him."

"That's true enough, Rand. But on the other hand, if we let her loose she might best it out of town."

"No, I won't. I swear I won't," Lieutenant O'Day cried.

O'Day shrugged. "It's out of my hands. I'll hold you here until Mooney comes and gets you. Then we're through. It's his case—not ours."

"Then I'm going to Grafton tonight and make arrangements to have her freed," said Jimmy.

"You'll have to talk the district attorney out of trying to get an indictment."

"All right, I'll try that. It seems to me that I have an strong interest in this case as the state has. I'm satisfied she's telling the truth. We need her to help us find the real murderer. I've maintained from—the"

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first, Lieutenant, that no woman was involved in this case. I said it when they first showed me the handkerchief and I said it again when Fogarty told us he had given his theatre ticket to a woman.

"I'm going to Grafton to get hold of a lawyer."

"There's plenty of them here, Rand," observed O'Day dryly.

"I have one in mind. He's the best friend I've got."

He turned to Olga. "When I come back, Miss Maynard, they're going to let you go, and you and I are going to find that man. He doesn't know we're looking for him, so he won't be hiding. You're going to look for him every evening—do you hear?"

He thought he had never seen anything so pitiful in his life as when she turned a tearful face to him and said, "I'll try, Mr. Rand. I'll try awful hard."

He stopped in a telegraph office and sent a wire to Detective Mooney and another to Barry Colvin. At the railroad station he was able to get a lower berth on the train leaving for Grafton at ten o'clock.

It was a later train than he had planned to take, but there was no choice; there were no berths left on the other. He decided to eat dinner at a downtown restaurant and then go home and throw a few things in his traveling bag.

On the way to his room he walked slowly, trying to formulate some plan of action. He must get hold of Barry, and have Barry argue with the district attorney against indicting Olga Maynard for murder. Barry was a friend of the district attorney; once they had both worked for the same law firm.

In front of his rooming house he almost collided in the darkness with a man coming through the gate.

"I'm sorry," he murmured as the other stepped quickly to one side to avoid a collision.

The man lowered his head and walked swiftly away. "He might have had the decency to accept my apology," Jimmy muttered. "Still, I guess I'd better watch where I'm going. I almost knocked him down. Wonder if he lives here?"

Mrs. King, the landlady, was in the hall when he entered the house.

"Is that you, Mr. Rand?" she said in surprise. "I thought I heard you moving around in your room a few minutes ago."

"I was in earlier in the evening, Mrs. King, but I went out again. I've been gone about three hours."

"I could have sworn I heard you just a few minutes ago, Mr. Rand. I didn't hear you go out and—I thought you were still here."

"By the way, I'm going out of town tonight. Going to Grafton. I expect to be back after tomorrow. No phone calls for me, were there?"

"No."

In his way upstairs he was thinking of Mary Lowell. "I don't know why I think she'd call me up," he said to himself. "I guess I'm a plain darn fool to think of it even."

In his room he threw some clothing and toilet articles into his bag, lit a cigarette and sat down for a smoke before leaving for the railroad station. It was then that he saw an envelope on the telephone stand. He picked it up. It was sealed, but unaddressed. Puzzled, he tore it open and read it, and then sank back in his chair in amazement.

Written in pencil, in a scrawly, amateurish hand, were the words:

"If you want to keep out of trouble, leave town and leave quick."

"Now who in Sam Hill could have written that?" he said aloud. "If someone's trying to scare me off, they've run up the wrong tree. Still, I don't know of anyone—"

His reflections were cut short by the voice of Mrs. King. "Telephone, Mr. Rand."

His heart gave a leap. "If it's only Mary—but no, she wouldn't—" He lifted the receiver and then almost dropped it in surprise.

A voice said: "Did you get that note?"

"Did I what?"

"You heard what I said. There's a note in your room. Read it. Jimmy went hot with rage. "I read your infernal note, and you can—"

"Never mind what I can do. All you have to do is to do what it says."

The receiver clicked. (To Be Continued).

Parole Board Positions Filled. Toronto, Feb. 10.—The three vacancies on the Ontario parole board were filled yesterday by the Ontario Government. Hon. Lincoln Goldie, provincial secretary, announced the appointment of J. Innis McIntosh, of Guelph; J. B. Tadhope, of Orillia, and George S. Matthews, of Brantford.

Garnet seed wheat will be supplied to four thousand farmers this spring.

CLAIMS PETTING PARTY IS WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

Morals Matter of Eras, Not Geography, Argues Divorce Suit Attorney.

New York, Feb. 10.—Petting parties, cocktails, short skirts and rouge are defended as permissible for women under modern day conventions by Max D. Steuer, attorney, in a brief opposing the appeal of Thomas H. Symington, railway equipment manufacturer, from a jury decision denying him a divorce.

Morals are not only a matter of geography but of eras, Mr. Steuer said in the brief filed yesterday. "To-day society recognizes and respects the rights of both married and single women to enjoy and exercise far more latitude and freedom of action in their conduct than in former days," he declared.

The attorney held that the change in custom justified Mrs. Symington in her association with Maurice Fatio, and architect, and Talbot W. Chambers, coal merchant, whom Symington had named as co-respondents. He denied the charges of misconduct, however.

"Women's rights have grown," argued the lawyer, "and their political franchise is only part of their franchise to other privileges and prerogatives."

"That which not so long ago would stamp a woman as a courtesan, or cause society to treat her as an outcast, is now widely accepted as entirely conventional, perfectly permissible, and not at all improper or a violation of marital duties or obligations."

HANGMAN'S OPINION.

Ellis Says All Executions Ought to Be Penitentiaries.

Winnipeg, Feb. 10.—All executions in Canada should be carried out behind the walls of the penitentiaries and away from the gaze of the morbid curious, Arthur Ellis, official hangman, declared after he had sprung the trap which sent John Stanton and Steve Nasar, convicted murderers, to their doom here yesterday.

"I do not believe in sentences of capital punishment being carried out in the provincial jails. The penitentiaries are the proper places for such things, and they should be so utilized," he said.

No matter how atrocious the crime, sentiment is generally aroused in favor of the convicted man, while execution, Mr. Ellis asserted, had a revolting effect on the populace.

"With executions held in the district penitentiaries, sentiment would die down between the date of the sentence and the hanging. There would be no excitement; there would be no gathering of the curious. That would be far better than the present system. I speak from experience," he concluded grimly.

Revival of Interest in Emigration to Canada

London, Feb. 10.—Revival of interest in emigration to Canada following the inauguration of the three pound rate of passage recently agreed upon between the British and Canadian governments, is specially marked at Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Southampton, Cardiff and Belfast, according to representatives of the Canadian Pacific Steamship services, who say that at these places there are long lists of applicants for steamship passage to Canada.

Objects to Holding of Conference in Switzerland

Moscow, Feb. 10.—The Russian Government continues to insist as a condition to its participation in the League of Nations preparatory disarmament conference that the conference shall not be held in Switzerland.

Carry Protest to Coolidge

Washington, Feb. 10.—Protesting against the diversion of water from Lake Michigan by the Chicago sanitary district, a delegation representing the Great Lakes Harbors Association, called on President Coolidge today to urge the enactment of legislation "to protect the Great Lakes as a navigation highway." President Coolidge expressed no opinion.

The death occurred at Kinburn on Sunday of Ellen Groves, wife of Hugh Anderson. The late Mrs. Anderson was born at Fitzroy.

C. F. Faulkner, aged thirty-eight years, died in Halifax, on February 6th, of pneumonia. He was formerly of Belleville.

Fifty persons were arrested at Verona, Italy, in connection with the alleged plot against the government. The Ontario Government has received a report of a discovery of a sypsum bed near Cochrane.

Woodstock's fire loss during 1925 was only \$1,757.50, according to the report of the fire chief.

The Jews will ask Great Britain to guarantee a fifty million dollar loan to Palestine.

Diplomats in London do not take Mussolini's sword-rattling speech seriously.

SHE WAS AFRAID TO SLEEP

"For a year I was afraid to sleep because gas (from stomach) collected around my heart. Now you take pills once a week and have not been bothered since!" (signed) Mrs. E. Cole. Adverts removes gas in TEN minutes and brings out old waste matter you never thought was in your system. It is such an excellent intestinal movement that it is wonderful for constipation and allied stomach trouble. Stops that full, bloated feeling and makes you happy and cheerful. No matter what you have tried, the REAL action of Adverts will surprise you. T. H. Sargent, druggist.

Mrs. I. N. Marshall died in Toronto, on Thursday. She was the wife of the late I. N. Marshall, barrister-at-law, Brockville, and later an excise officer.



On February 12th

1883—L. E. Waterman established his fountain pen business.
1909—Opening of the Canadian Factory at St. Lambert, P.Q.
1917—"Pen Shop," the Waterman Canadian headquarters at 179 St. James Street, Montreal, officially opened.
1919—Canadian Factory tripled in size and capacity.
1926—Opening of the sixth new Waterman building in San Francisco, California.

FEBRUARY 12th IS A "RED LETTER DAY"

in the history of this great organization, now nearing a half-century of service to the writing public.

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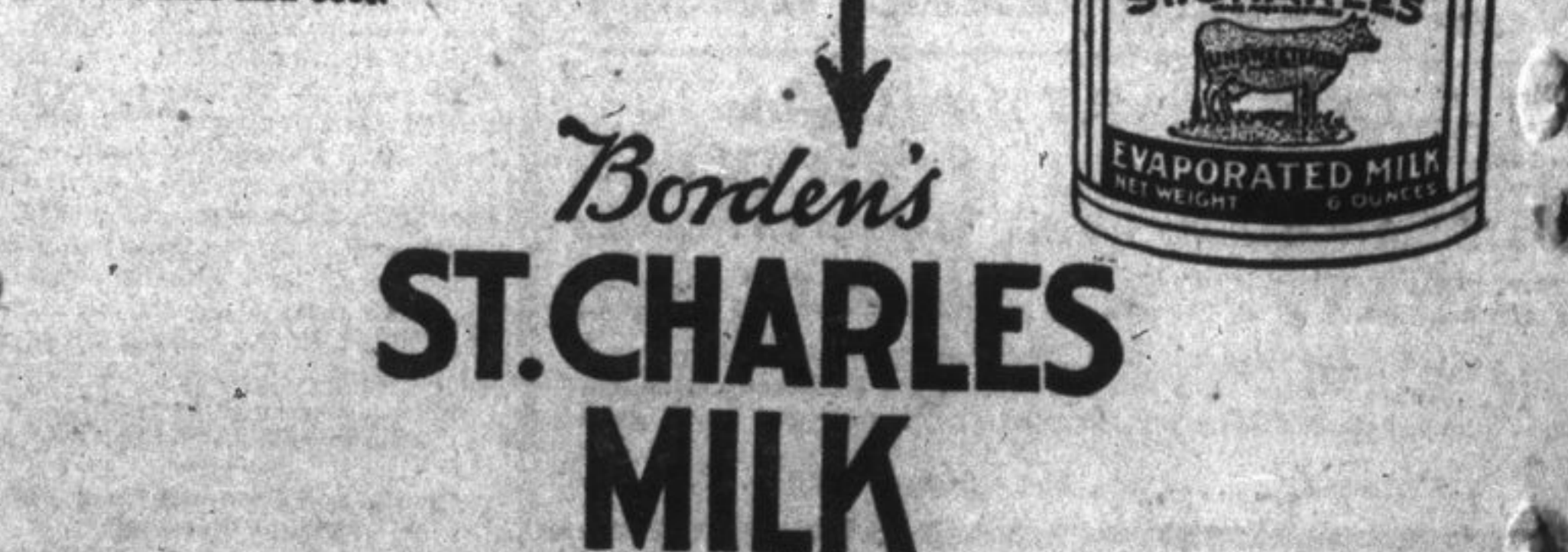


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