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THE YELLOW STUB
By Ernest Lynn

Henry Rand, 55, a business man, is found murdered in a cheap hotel in Grafton. Police find a woman's handkerchief and the stub of a yellow theatre ticket.
Janet Rand, his daughter, breaks her engagement with Barry Colvin, because of the "disgrace." Jimmy Rand, his son, goes to Chicago, where the theatre is. The stub is traced to Olga Maynard, a cabaret singer. Jimmy meets and falls in love with Mary Lowell. Later he encounters Olga. She faints at hearing police want her for murder. Mary, out with Samuel Church, a wealthy lawyer, sees Jimmy lift Olga into a taxi and misunderstands.
Olga tells police the stub might have come into possession of a man who "picked her up" two nights before the murder. Jimmy receives mysterious warnings to leave Chicago and later is attacked by two men, but escapes.
With Jimmy and Mary estranged, Church gets Mary's promise to marry him. Jimmy and Olga, out one night, see a man they both recognize—she as the man who got the stub, he as one of his assailants. The man escapes, but they identify him by his police photo as Ike Jensen.
Church, motoring with Mary, runs over a dog. His heartlessness causes her to break their engagement. Mary writes Jimmy a letter, telling him about it. The office boy sticks it in his pocket and forgets it.
Jimmy gets a phone call from Olga, saying she has found Jensen. He rushes to her apartment to find her gone. Her disappearance becomes a newspaper sensation. O'Day then tells Jimmy that he found a picture of Henry Rand in Olga's apartment.
Barry Colvin tells Jimmy that Mary Lowell has broken with Sam Church. They are walking along the street. They see Mary Lowell approaching. Just as Jimmy is raising his hat he spies a familiar figure running for a street car. He wheels suddenly and runs like a mad man.
Chapter I.
There was a heavy thumping noise on the stairs as Jensen's huge body struck. Then several lesser bumps as he rolled down the remaining steps and, finally, utter stillness.
For the life of him, Jimmy couldn't move. He was paralyzed with the fear that Jensen might get up and choose to enter that room where Olga sat and Divis lay. Instead of coming back, he might even take time to find the revolver Jimmy had kicked downstairs.
Still, knowing this, he was unable to stir. He was leaning heavily against the wall, just where that last desperate push against Jensen had left him, and he was sucking the breath into his lungs in great, gasping sobs.
Jensen had crushed it out of him—had almost crushed the very life out of him with those gorilla-like arms of his. A sharp, shooting pain in his side—an agonizing stab—told of a broken rib, and deadly nausea had descended on him. He fought against fainting, with straining eyes fixed on the broken banister rail in front of him.
It seemed ages before his deadened, reluctant muscles would obey the messages of his brain. Finally he was able to move, and then, leaning heavily on the railing for support, he painfully descended, his eyes watchful for any movement in that shadowy, still form at the bottom of the stairs.
Olga sat where Jimmy had left her, the pistol held nervelessly in her shaking hand, not daring to take her burning eyes off the outstretched figure of Divis lying on the floor.
Her head ached and throbbed; her tattered nerves seemed to be screaming at her to relax.
To relax, to find relief in blessed unconsciousness. . . . But she dared not. She knew for a certainty that if she but closed her eyes and laid her head on her arm, she would faint. . . . And Jimmy Rand had told her to watch Divis, to keep this pistol pointed at him in case he should move.
Would she dare to pull the trigger if he should suddenly leap up at her? She shuddered. She would try—but she did not know.
Why had Jimmy left her to go upstairs—with Jensen up there? Why had he not first taken her out some place and then, if he chose, taken the pistol himself and gone upstairs? Even that was foolhardy enough, for Jensen was armed. . . . And she hadn't told Jimmy that. She had forgotten. She shivered, and with difficulty suppressed a scream.
Her ears ached as she strained them against the silence that had enveloped the whole house.
Then she heard footfalls—the heavy tread of Jensen crossing the room. And then voices, loud and angry.
Jensen had discovered him! In agony she waited for the sound of a shot. But it did not come. Instead, she heard something rattling down the stairs, then—it seemed ages later—the slamming of a door, another shuffle of feet and a deep, full-

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threw a laugh that could only be Jensen's.
She was trembling violently now, the pistol shaking loosely in her grasp. She turned her head toward the door, as if that would somehow bring the sound nearer. And she knew somehow she didn't want to hear what was about to happen. . . .
With a sudden start she turned back to the unconscious Divis. Suppose he had moved. Suppose he had come to and seen her with her head turned—and leaped at her. . . . Desperately, she tightened her fingers on the pistol. Divis lay in death-like stillness, and blood slowly trickled from a gash behind his ear. She sickened.
Voices again. . . . A deep rumbling voice that was Jensen's. And then—thank God!—a low, steady voice that told her Jimmy was at least alive.
But what could they be doing? Her imagination conjured up a thousand fates for Jimmy—in that room with the torturing, bone-breaking Jensen. There flashed through her mind that Jensen might be saving Jimmy for some refined cruelty he might work at his leisure—playing with him, as a cat plays with a helpless mouse.
She listened and waited for what seemed ages—and the silence was broken only by the guttural voice of Jensen, and his laugh—that toneless, heartless laugh.
And again her nerves were screaming at her. She was tired to the point of utter exhaustion, and in her head—behind her eyes—was a pain such as she had never before experienced in her life.
Divis, she noted dully, was still lifeless, and beneath his head a little puddle of thickening blood had formed. . . .
The voices upstairs suddenly had grown louder. She heard a door open violently, felt the house tremble beneath a rush of feet and shake as something hit against the wall. Then Jensen's taunting voice, sounding nearer, and the sound of deep, quick-drawn breaths.
A sharp exclamation, and then the cracking, splintering sound of breaking wood. A loud, prolonged crash and then a heavy thump on the stairs, and something rolling down.
Her senses reeled. "Jim!" She tried to scream, but her voice was only the faintest of whispers. Her head fell forward quite suddenly, and she rolled out of the chair and onto the floor, her fingers still loose around the handle of the pistol.
Long minutes passed during the interval between the confused awakening of Kid Divis and the opening of his eyes. Strange buzzing sounds were in his ears—then an unaccountable crashing noise.
He opened his eyes slowly, painfully, and the room revolved mistily before them. His head throbbed with a thousand aches, and the fingers that he moved to it came away with blood on them.
He tried to stagger to his feet, and had to catch hold of the dizzy table for support. His knees refused to hold his weight and he leaned on the table heavily.
Before him, stretched on the floor, lay a woman. Dull, confused remembrance was on him. . . . She had been here before the dark came—and someone else, too—Jensen. Where was Jensen? Had Jensen hit him?
He crawled toward her, and from between her fingers he pulled a pistol he dimly remembered as having once belonged to him.
Jimmy was leaning over Jensen's voiceless, sprawling figure. He bent closer, and in the semi-darkness he could see that the man's head was twisted at an odd angle—as if it no longer were joined to his shoulders.
Dead as he was with the shock—and still overcome with boiling, seething hate—Rand felt a sudden and odd revulsion.
Then he was beside the other man, listening at his chest. He raised his head slowly—Jensen wasn't breathing, even. He wondered, with a sharp hostility, whether the man

was playing a trick on him. . . . A shadow fell on the wall beside him, and a man's voice said, thickly, "Damn you, Ike, why'd you hit me?"
And then he turned and saw Kid Divis' wavering figure silhouetted against the light from the open door, a pistol trembling in his faltering hand.
"Olga!" Jimmy cried—he had quite forgotten about her—and Divis' head reared sharply at the sound of his voice. The pistol slowly raised.
Divis took an uncertain step, still fumbling for support with his free hand. "Who—" he began and then stood frozen, bathed in a sudden, glaring light.
The front door had swung open, quickly and soundlessly. Then there were voices, Jimmy heard a sharp command, and Divis, sliding down the wall, let the pistol clatter to the floor.
Barry Colvin's voice said, "Jim!" and a uniformed figure was bending over Divis with a flashlight.
"God, Jim, I'm glad we found you. What happened?" He glanced apprehensively at Jimmy's disarrayed clothing, his torn collar and tie.
Jimmy pointed. "Jensen. Tell you later," and with a bound was at the door of the room where Olga lay.
He was beside her, rubbing her wrists, Barry trying to help. . . . "Cold water, Barry."
"This is better, Jim." Barry pulled a flask from his pocket. "Is this Olga Maynard, Jim?"
"Yes, God, know what she's been through."
Her eyelids slowly fluttered, then opened. She shuddered, and then the sight of Jimmy brought a faint smile.
The policeman had dragged Divis into the room. "What happened?" he asked.
"I followed him here," said Jimmy. "Hit him over the head. He and Jensen had this girl here—prisoner. Jensen's out in the hall. Had a fight with him. . . . Lucky, stair rail gave away. . . . He fell down. . . . Looks like broken neck."
"He murdered my father, Barry. . . . told me so." He turned to Olga. "You all right now? What did they do to you?"
Divis spoke, in a whining voice. "I didn't do nothing."
"Shut up, you!" The policeman was gruff, unfriendly. "We'll make you talk later."
"Jensen," said Olga, "tried to make me go away with him. He wanted me first to write a note to you saying I had done it. . . . He—be beat me because I wouldn't." Her head drooped wearily.
"Divis—" Jimmy turned—"who gave you that thousand dollars to give to Jensen?"
Divis was silent.
"You hear?" The policeman stared him with his shoes.
"Don't," complained Divis. "I'm half dead now," and Jimmy was stirred to sudden regret that he had been forced to hit the man as he did.
"I think I know," said Olga, faintly, a sudden dead weight in his arms. "I heard Jensen talking. . . . I think I know."
"Who?" Jimmy caught her closely.
She whispered a name that Jimmy barely managed to hear, and then fainted dead away.
(To Be Continued.)
John Walter Harris, assessment commissioner and city surveyor of Winnipeg from 1882 to 1916, died on Sunday. He was eighty-one years of age and a native of Kempville, Ont.



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WANTS A CONFERENCE.
To Check Smuggling by Concealment in Newspapers.
Washington, March 24.—Alarm over smuggling between Canada and this country by the concealment of articles in newspapers in mail, Congress to-day asked the postmaster-general to confer with the Canadian postal authorities in an effort to check it. Recently at Bangor, Maine, there were 247 such seizures.
Given Hepzibah Church.
Toronto, March 24.—The Presbyterian minority of St. Andrew's church, Williamstown, Glengarry, has been awarded the Hepzibah church by unanimous decision of the Ontario church property commission. The minority, however, will be obliged to pay \$500 to Knox Church at Lancaster under whose jurisdiction Hepzibah church has been to some extent.
Germany Publishes Correspondence.
Berlin, March 24.—Replying to Sir Austen Chamberlain's statements in the House of Commons debate, the German Government to-day made public its correspondence with Brazil regarding the League of Nations. The Government argues that it is clear from this correspondence that Germany had the right to expect admission to the League Council alone.
To Consider Feasibility Of a Great Freight Line
Washington, March 24.—The feasibility of a great electric railroad freight line from Erie, Pa., to New York bay, as an outlet to the sea for Great Lakes traffic, in place of the proposed St. Lawrence or New York state canal, would be inquired into under a resolution introduced by Senator Frazier, Republican, North Dakota.

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