



# OUT OF THE DARKNESS

by Charles J. Dutton

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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## ROBERT SLYKE

John Bartley, noted criminal investigator, recently returned from the war, is asked by the governor of New York to investigate a mysterious attempted robbery of the Robert Slyke home at Circle Lake, near Saratoga. Bartley is asked, in view of recent developments, to establish the guilt or innocence of two men in the penitentiary for the crime. A miscarriage of justice is suspected. Rogers, chief of the central office, arrives as Bartley and his friend Pelt, a newspaper man, are preparing to go on a fishing trip, and begins to describe the case. Bartley finds in it the restaging of an old case, is interested and agrees to solve the mystery.

### CHAPTER II—Continued.

At the foot of the hill, the road ran beside the lake for a little way, then ascended another hill. Just before this ascent began, Bartley left the main road and followed one that ran for nearly a mile between leafy trees. At length he turned his car down a long driveway that wound its crooked way in and out through a grove of great trees. When I had begun to wonder if we should ever escape from there, we came out upon a green lawn that stretched for several acres, having in its midst a large rambling house, painted the whitest white I have ever seen. It was a cheery-looking house, one made to live in, with a great piazza stretching across the front, and gay-covered chairs that gave to it a tropical atmosphere. Even as I was thinking how much I liked it, a man came running down the steps, three at a time, whooping like a wild Indian and waving his arms at us.

Truth compels me to say that Currie was, to put it mildly, stout, nor could anyone call him good looking. His big red face, now almost purple from exercise, was a kindly, tolerant one, filled with humor; his blue eyes warm with kindness. Down the steps he came and across the lawn, yelling all the time:

"John Bartley, you old sleuth, don't you dare drive on my new lawn!"

With a laugh, Bartley made a wide circle across the grass before he stopped. Currie was beside us and on the step of the car in a second, one arm thrown around Bartley's shoulder and his red face beaming; but all he said was, "Well, well, John!"

Bartley's answer was just as short and had the same deep friendliness. Then Currie turned and greeted me. A second later, a servant came to take charge of our things, and we followed Currie to the house.

We entered by one of the largest living rooms that I have ever seen. It stretched almost the entire length of the building and had two fireplaces, both of which were large enough for a man to stand upright in. Currie led us up a flight of stairs to the second story where, pushing open a door, he showed us into our suite of rooms.

Five minutes later, at Currie's suggestion, the three of us were sitting on the stone edge of his swimming pool. It was forty feet long and open to sun and air. For thirty minutes we swam and dived. Then we climbed out and dried ourselves in the warm sun.

Then Bartley lighted a cigarette and told his friend what had brought us to Circle Lake.

Currie said nothing until he had finished, and then, rubbing his chin slowly with his hand, replied, "Do you know, John, there are a good many people around here that doubt if those two men had anything to do with the robbery. There was nothing stolen, so Slyke said. He said also that there was nothing in the house that anyone would want to steal. After the trial folks began to talk, and since those other attempts to break into his place—well, they have talked more!"

"What are they saying?" asked Bartley.

"I don't know such a devil of a lot about it myself," replied Currie. "I was away at the time of the burglary and of the trial. But I do know that some people doubt if there ever was a burglary. Others say the state police and the local cops got mixed up in a row and framed the men. Still others think Slyke knew who the men were, but had strong reasons for not wanting to identify them. What his reasons could be, God alone knows! Never cottoned much to Slyke anyway. He is a crabbed sort of chap, a bit conceited, one who is always right and the rest of us, of course, always wrong. But if you want to see him, and are not too tired, we can go over there now. I have to see him myself about a strip of land I just bought from him. His estate joins mine, you know."

Bartley expressed himself as far from tired and very willing to go to

see Slyke at once. We dressed quickly and soon joined Currie in the living room. As we went out onto the lawn, he said:

"I am sorry my wife is away, but she will be back tomorrow. I asked Doctor King to come over tonight and dine with us. He can probably tell you more about the robbery than I can, for he was called in by Slyke the night it happened."

After a ten minutes' walk we came suddenly upon a house, a massive stone building, half covered with ivy. A large veranda ran across the front, forming at one end a glass-enclosed sun parlor. What appealed to me most was the huge stone tower that rose from the center of the building to a height of some thirty feet. The house, with its well-kept lawn, stretching to the woods in the distance, made a beautiful picture.

Though we had not paused long to admire the scene, we did not have time to ascend the steps and ring the bell before the butler opened the door. Currie gave his name and we were ushered into a great room which, from its furnishings, might have been called a library if there had been any books in it.

When the butler had left us, Bartley said to Currie, "I presume that this is the room where they found the burglars?"

Currie nodded, and I turned to look about. It had two large windows opening on the side of the house where there was no veranda, and nearby a small safe, half hidden in the wall. This, I judged, must have been what the burglars were seeking. I tried to picture to myself what had taken place on the night of the burglary. There could not have been much light; and I wondered how Slyke's step-daughter, standing on the stairs at the far end of the room, could have seen well enough to recognize the men, when Slyke, who was close by, could not do so.

I had little time for my conjectures, for at that moment Slyke entered the



"But You Were Never Sure That They Were Guilty."

room. After greeting Currie, he was introduced to us.

While Currie was talking with him about the strip of land that he had bought, I examined him closely.

He was a small, decidedly nervous man, weighing about a hundred and thirty pounds, with low forehead, shifty eyes, and flabby lips that drooped. His face twitched again and again and his hands were never still.

It was not until Currie had told him who Bartley was, that he showed the slightest sign of interest in either of us, and even then his manner was far from cordial. You could see, in fact, that he was wondering why Bartley had come, and wishing him a thousand miles away.

Bartley himself, seeing how Slyke felt, said with a friendly laugh, "It's hardly right to run in on you this way, Mr. Slyke. I was coming over to see you formally in the morning; but as Mr. Currie said he had some business with you this afternoon, I decided to come with him."

He then told Slyke why we had come to Circle Lake. The man made no response to this, nor did he say anything when Bartley told him of the governor's interest in the two men now in prison for the burglary.

When Bartley had finished, he actually snarled, "I am sick of the whole thing. Those men had a fair trial and were found guilty. What more do you want?"

Bartley, whose eyes had never left his face, though Slyke refused to meet them, shot out suddenly, "But you were never sure that they were guilty."

The remark was so unexpected that Slyke's face grew red and he stammered, "But—well—anyway they were—proven guilty."

"But you yourself said that you could not identify them."

"That may be so, but there were others that did recognize them, even though I could not," Slyke answered.

Bartley changed his tactics. When he sets out to win a person, there are few that can resist him; and in a moment or two even Slyke thawed under his smile.

"I can understand," Bartley remarked, "how bored you must be with the whole affair, but, as you probably know, Mr. Slyke, there is a growing feeling that those men in prison are innocent. What I am to do is to find out whether there is any ground for such a feeling. I know that you will be the very first person to wish them pardoned if they are innocent. Can I come over tomorrow morning and have a talk with you about the burglary? My wide experience may help me to see things that the others have overlooked. The governor asked me to look into the matter, you know."

Slyke did not seem over-pleased at this suggestion, and muttered that he was going fishing in the morning. He finally agreed that his step-daughter Ruth could give Bartley whatever information he wanted. Seeing that so far as he was concerned, the conversation was over we took our leave.

As we re-entered the woods, Bartley remarked with a laugh, "He was not what you might call keen to see us. That burglary for some reason seems to be a sore subject with him."

When we arrived at the house, Currie excused himself to see about some matters on the estate, and we went up to our rooms.

Currie had said that if we came down to dinner in evening dress he would throw us out; so still in white flannels, we joined him in the dining room. He was talking with a young man of about thirty-five, whom he introduced as Doctor King. He was a likable sort of chap, with clean-shaven face, tanned red by outdoor life, and dark blue eyes with a twinkle in them. Upon his coat was the little insignia that showed he had seen service.

Currie had promised us a good dinner, and we were not disappointed. The doctor showed himself to be as well read as Bartley, who is interested in anything that is a book. As the dinner progressed, we found that the doctor and Bartley found many a congenial topic.

Their discussion finally settled down upon the two schools of psycho-analysis. From the first, this talk bored Currie; and every once in a while he would throw me an appealing glance. At last the conversation turned to crime, and Currie suddenly asked Bartley if it had ever been discovered who Jack the Ripper was. What made him ask the question I do not know.

Bartley replied that though no name had ever been given out, Scotland Yard had come to the conclusion that the crimes had been committed either by a crazy Polish Jew, or more probably by a doctor. A well-known doctor had been on the border line of insanity at the time the Whitechapel murders had occurred; and when he dropped out of sight the murders ceased. The English detectives were almost positive that he was the murderer, but they could not prove it.

"No more than they were able to prove," Currie interrupted, "that those men they sent to jail ever broke into Slyke's house."

The doctor remarked, "I was called in as the family physician by Slyke, on the night of the burglary. He told me, at the time, that he had not recognized either of the men."

Bartley did not speak, but sat watching the glowing tip of his cigarette. I knew he was waiting for the doctor to say more.

"Both the men that were arrested," the doctor continued, "had worked at one time or another for Slyke. You would have thought that, if they had been the ones who broke into his house, he would have recognized them. But he told me positively that night, or rather that morning, that he had not recognized either of them."

As the doctor did not continue, Bartley asked, "Then he never, at any time, said he recognized either of the men?"

The doctor shook his head. "No, he never did. At the trial he said there had not been enough light for him to see their faces. Ruth, the step-daughter, was the only one who thought she recognized them—that is, one of them."

Bartley asked quietly, "What was the mix-up between the state police and the local police?"

King looked surprised. "Why, I never knew there was any. Of course, there is some foolish jealousy between the two branches. The state police arrested those men simply because they were sneaking through the fields at three o'clock in the morning and refused to give an account of themselves. I have heard that the officer in command of the troopers never believed that these men had anything to do with the Slyke affair. Most of the evidence against them was not found until several days later—some by the local police and some by Slyke's chauffeur. When the police were first called in, they didn't find any evidence; indeed, I do not think they looked for any until the next morning."

"They found Slyke in his bed, shot. They told King it was suicide."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The KITCHEN CABINET

(By 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

On the sun-dial in the garden  
The great sun keeps the time;  
A faint, small, moving shadow,  
And we know the worlds are in time;  
And if once that shadow should falter  
By the space of a child's eyelash,  
The seas would devour the mountains,  
And the stars together would crash.  
—Richard Watson Gilder.

### DISHES FROM STALE BREAD

Leftover bread is like the poor, always with us. The cut slices of bread need not be considered, as they may be used to make dry toast, milk toast, or French toast and are always an agreeable dish for any breakfast or luncheon.



Small bits of bread rolled or dried and put through the meat grinder may be used in countless ways.

As stuffing for green peppers, fowls of all kinds, roast pork, veal breast and spareribs, bread crumbs are indispensable.

**Bread Fritters.**—Cut stale bread into thin slices, shape with a biscuit cutter, spread with jam, dip in the following batter after putting the slices together as sandwiches:

Sift one cupful of bread flour with one tablespoonful of powdered sugar and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, add two-thirds of a cupful of milk, gradually, and two well-beaten egg yolks. Add one tablespoonful of olive oil and the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Dip and fry in deep fat.

Toasted bread for garnishing, for croquettes, for soup and for canapés will be useful ways of using stale bread.

**Bread Pudding.**—Spread slices of stale bread, or broken bits may be dotted with butter, cover with steamed or fresh rhubarb well-sweetened, and bake until the bread is softened. Serve with cream and sugar. Any steamed or canned fruit may be used for this pudding.

Fried oysters rolled in crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper and fried in butter make a good supper dish. Cracker crumbs are fully as good.

For all escalloped dishes a nice top of buttered crumbs adds to the appearance as well as the palatability.

Large onions may be cooked until partly tender and stuffed with seasoned meat, sausage and bread crumbs for filling. Bake, basting with butter and water until the onions are perfectly tender.

A room without flowers in summer is as devoid of character and charm as a man without a necktie.  
"We come now to the root of the matter."

### HOME-MADE CANDIES

The candy made at home is always much cheaper and usually more wholesome than that bought in the shops.

**Butter Scotch.**—Take two cupfuls of granulated sugar, two tablespoonfuls of water, a tablespoonful of butter and boil without stirring until it hardens in the spoon. Pour out on flat buttered plates and when cool mark in squares.

**Candied Popcorn.**—Boil one cupful of pulverized sugar, three tablespoonfuls of water, and one tablespoonful of butter until it is just ready to grain; add three quarts of nicely popped corn, stir until the kernels are coated.

**Molasses Candy.**—To one and one-half pounds of sugar add one cupful of molasses, one cupful of water, and one-fourth cupful of vinegar. Boil until a hard ball may be formed in cold water, add one-half teaspoonful of cream of tartar as soon as the boiling commences. When almost done add one-half cupful of butter and one-fourth teaspoonful of soda. Pour out to cool, then pull.

**Sultana Caramels.**—Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, add two cupfuls of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one-fourth cupful of molasses, and heat to the boiling point and boil seven minutes. Add two squares of unsweetened chocolate and stir until melted, then boil seven minutes longer, add one cupful of chopped nuts and two tablespoonfuls of chopped raisins. Beat until creamy. Pour out and mark in squares.

**Ice Cream Candy.**—Mix three cupfuls of granulated sugar with one-half cupful of vinegar and one and one-half cupfuls of cold water and a tablespoonful of butter. Boil to a hard ball, then pull when cool.

**Coconut Candy.**—Take powdered sugar, using a cupful; add a tablespoonful of softened butter and cream it well into the sugar; add coffee, a few drops at a time, mixing well, until the sugar is creamy; stir in a cupful of coconut and drop by spoonfuls on a buttered paper.

**Glaced Brazil Nuts.**—Crack the nuts and peel off the brown skin. Take one cupful of sugar, one-quarter of a cupful of water and boil until the syrup becomes a light straw color or will be very crisp when dropped into cold water. Stir in the nuts, drip and lay them on a greased plate to harden.

Nellie Maxwell

# In Draped Dress

Leading Novelty of Season Features Mysterious Folds in Great Profusion.

Coque Feathers Used on This Chic Turban



This is a smart turban of milan straw, the top of which is covered with coque feathers.

The most important change in fashions is the return of elaborate draperies, observes a Paris fashion writer in the Boston Globe. Everything is draped—skirts, wraps, and in some cases, even coats. But the leading novelty of the present season is the draped dress which falls into mysterious folds—everywhere.

One of Worth's latest models is the dress draped up at one side only. Also these draperies are so cleverly arranged that they seem to cling about the ankles. This is a notable feature in our up-to-date styles. We find the same idea repeated by different dressmakers, in a vast variety of materials, but the general outline remains the same. A great deal of draped stuff over the hips—or over one hip—and a marked tendency to draw in the skirt at the ankles.

Sleeves daily become more and more important. In some cases they are really enormous and of balloon or leg o' mutton outline, but these are exceptional. As a rule our dress artists are content with sleeves which are tight from shoulder to elbow and then full and elaborately flared down to the wrists. The gauntlet cuffs are original but quite wearable. They



An Early Summer Model of Jade Green Crepe Marveain With Pippings of Same Material.

are worked in with the sleeve itself; sometimes the wide gauntlet effect is produced by the presence of flexible wires. More often one finds a series of stiff cords run into the material.

Doublet is showing beautiful models with long light sleeves, finishing at the wrists with petal cuffs which almost cover the hands. Indeed, long sleeves, which mold the arms, are going to be a feature of the spring and summer seasons. The soft material may be plain or ruffled, but the important thing is that it should seem skin-tight. Very much the same thing applies to the modern corsage. It is plain and tight, but always fitted, and worn, over a rational corset.

## Poke Shaped Hat to Be Popular This Season

The early season hats this year are invariably poke shapes, fitting close to the head and with scarcely any brim. They are more youthful than any shapes the shops have had for some time, and should be becoming to most any type of face if properly trimmed. The pokes may be widened with huge ribbon bows, heightened with feathers or broadened with side clusters of ribbon rosettes.

The most youthful effect for the poke is the side trim of shirred ribbon rosettes placed flatly at the sides of the bonnet. The rosettes may be made of plain ribbon, ribbon with silver or gold edges, metal ribbon or narrow black lace. The Parisian whim of the moment is to have a small cluster of bright flower buds in the center of the rosette. Round medallions of pearl beads are also popular as a center for gold or silver metal ribbon rosettes. Where pearls and metal ribbons are used more of an evening bonnet effect is obtained.

Evening affairs at present are demanding lace both for gowns and hats. Nothing could be prettier for a black lace dinner gown than the large black hat that is trimmed with exquisite black lace. There is nothing which softens the face as does lace. On large hats of horsehair, straw or tulle there is often just a sweep of wide lace about the crown which ends in long streamers at one side. Sometimes one streamer is long enough to be wound about the throat as a scarf. This is appropriate for restaurant wear, with the low-necked dinner gown.

On the small poke bonnets, black

## Figured Silk Is Used for Newest Parasols

Parasols are in for a good deal of attention.

They are usually of quite substantial sort, so that they may be really used to keep the sun off, not only for ornament.

There are some huge ones, really Chinese umbrellas, of oiled silk, quite as impervious to rain as to sun. That makes these pretty parasols doubly useful, for they protect from a summer shower as well as from the summer sun. They are quite the vogue at some of the beach resorts. They are decorated with designs of various sorts painted on by hand. These parasols, of course, come in many colors.

Indeed, it is quite the thing nowadays to have the parasol made rain-proof. This is not just like the sun-umbrella, for it is rather a parasol made to withstand the rain.

Some of these are made of figured silk, especially in Persian designs, combined with plain silk. Broad stripes and floral designs are used also in these rainproof parasols.

## Waistline Is Higher Than Previous Season

As a general rule the waistline is slightly higher than it was last season, and skirts average about eight inches from the ground, according to a fashion writer in the New York Tribune. It is predicted by many that the long skirt is on the wane. The sleeves in daytime frocks are long and tight, or long and full, with the fullness gathered into a narrow band at the wrist, or else so short that they are little more than cuffs that barely cover the shoulder. The flaring cuff is sponsored by several of the leading dressmakers. Evening gowns are sleeveless, with deep-cut armholes.

**Color in Bridal Bouquets.**  
Following the English and European idea, this season bridal bouquets are very apt to have a suggestion of color. At the end of the long ribbon streamers where orange blossoms with their dainty yellow centers have been the fashion, it is now becoming popular to use a petal from the rose or a tiny rosebud itself.

**Scalloped Hems.**  
Scalloping is a popular finish not only for gowns, but for bathing suits. It allows for a glimpse of the bloomers beneath.

## Ribbon Girdles.

Girdles for wear on the new spring afternoon dresses are made of seven strands of inch-wide ribbon. Streamers of the same ribbon may hang at one side of the dress. Many simple dresses will have as their only trimming a girdle or sash of ribbon, which starts at a cabochon on the right side of the waist and ends at another cabochon on the left side. From either cabochon may be suspended a shower of narrow ribbon streamers in various colors or the same color.

**Vivid Colors in Scarfs.**  
Knitted scarfs for spring and summer wear are lovelier than ever. Both the silk and the wool numbers evince a fondness for color, and stripes and checks and plaids all add to the general effect of gayness. Scarfs in which gold is pronounced are much to the fore, and combinations of gold and royal blue are seen with frequency. The orange shades are also sponsored and purples make a strong bid for approval.

## Plaid in Sport Wear.

Sports clothes and materials show an amazing variety of checks and plaids, more than for several seasons past. The one thing to remember is not to overdo these designs. If there is a plaid coat, let the skirt be plain, and vice versa. The human eye can scarcely take in more than one of this season's plaid garments at a time.