



"NOT PLANNED"

John Bartley, noted criminal investigator, recently returned from Secret Service work during 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, and to establish the guilt or innocence of two men in the penitentiary for the crime. A miscarriage of justice is suspected. Bartley finds in it the restaging of an old case, is interested and agrees to solve the mystery. With his friend, Pelt, a newspaper man, Bartley goes to Circle Lake, the pair becoming the guests of Bob Currie, an old friend. The three visit the Slyke home. Slyke reports Bartley's coming, saying he is satisfied the two men in prison are guilty. Bartley is not. Next morning Slyke is found dead in bed, apparently having shot himself. Miss Potter, the dead man's sister-in-law, the village police chief, Roche, and the family physician, Doctor King, all agree Slyke killed himself, but Bartley insists he was murdered. Investigating, Bartley finds evidence that Slyke, after a card party he had given, was shot on the tower of the house, undressed, and placed in bed. During his absence from the room someone removed the revolver from Slyke's hand. A boy working in the garage asserts he heard a shot during the night, apparently "in the air," of course really on the tower. Ruth, Slyke's step-daughter, still further complicates the case. Pelt interviews the members of the card party. He finds to his surprise that Slyke, apparently wealthy broker, had offered to sell his friends whiskey. He finds evidence that the men in jail for attempted robbery of Slyke were "framed."

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"You did not see three glasses, did you?"

"No," he answered, surprised at my question. "No, only two."

Thanking him, I said goodbye and left.

When I returned to the newspaper office, I found the files of the past year awaiting me. The story that Rogers told us in Bartley's library, and the account of the crime in the paper were substantially the same. There were, however, one or two slight differences that seemed to me important. I had understood Rogers to say that the step-daughter, Ruth, had positively identified the men now in prison; but nowhere in the newspaper was it stated that this had been the case. What she had actually said was, "I think one of them is the man I saw in the room." There had been no positive identification of the men by her, or by anyone else, for that matter. Slyke himself had testified that he did not know whether they were the men or not.

Three things had convicted them. First, the piece of paper found in the room where the burglary had taken place, and which fitted into a torn corner of a newspaper discovered later in the coat of one of the men; second, the piece of cloth said to have been found on a rose bush beneath the window of the room entered, and which fitted the torn place in a pair of trousers belonging to one of the men—there was some doubt as to whether the trousers had been torn at the time the man was arrested—and last of all, the footprints under the window. Thus their conviction rested on a piece of torn newspaper and a hole in a man's trousers—rather feeble evidence, it seemed to me. Moreover, the police had not discovered any of it until some days after the crime. The more I thought of it, the more I agreed with Bartley that the case was remarkably like that old burglary case in England.

Leaving the newspaper office, I called on some of the other men who had been at the card party. They all agreed that it was Slyke who had suggested Lawrence's staying, and laughed at the idea that he knew anything about his death. One of them told me that, several weeks before, he had bought three cases of whiskey from Slyke. I could not understand why a man of Slyke's position should wish to sell whiskey to his friends.

As I passed the court house on my way home, I noticed the words "District Attorney's Office" on a window, and it occurred to me that stored away somewhere in there would be the exhibits in the burglary case. I entered and asked to see the torn piece of paper and the bit of cloth. The only person in the room was a boy of eighteen, who went into a back room and returned with a box under his arm. Opening it, he shook out on the desk before me a newspaper, saying, "This is the paper they found in the man's pocket. You can see the torn edge."

He pointed to the front sheet of the newspaper, one corner of which had been torn away. Lifting another piece of paper from the box, this time a small one, he fitted it into the torn corner. I glanced at the heading of

the paper. It was a copy of the Boston Evening Times, and the date was that of the day before the burglary.

I felt that I had accomplished very little by my afternoon's work. The only new evidence was Lawrence's statement that Slyke had been expecting some one after he left. I wished that he had accepted Slyke's invitation to remain until this other person came. With the exception of this and Slyke's having offered to sell whiskey to two different men, a fact that could have no bearing on the murder, I had found out nothing.

I found Bartley talking with Mrs. Currie, who had returned during the afternoon. I was introduced and we went in to dinner at once.

When the dessert was over and we were drinking our wine and smoking comfortably, Bartley leaned back in his chair with such a deep sigh of contentment that Currie laughed.

"Better than murders, eh, John?"

Bartley joined in the laugh. "Anything is."

"I have often wondered," Mrs. Currie said thoughtfully, "what causes people to commit murder. They always get found out."

"Not always, Laura," answered Bartley. "I know it's the opinion of most people that a person who commits murder is discovered in the long run, but that is not true. I should say that about 80 per cent of the murders are never solved. You ask why people kill. As a rule, it is done in rage or in a sudden passion of some kind. Such crimes are easy to solve. It is the small percentage that are planned that are difficult. You see, we first look for the motive of a crime, and if we can find that we can usually solve it."

Currie, who had been listening carefully, broke in with, "I presume you will solve this Slyke affair quickly."

Bartley was silent, watching the smoke of his cigar curl toward the ceiling. His face was expressionless



It Was a Copy of the Boston Evening Times.

when he replied: "Oh, I can't tell, Bob. I have not found anything of importance yet."

I glanced at him in surprise. It seemed impossible that he could have spent a whole day at Slyke's and not have discovered something of value.

Mrs. Currie turned to her husband. "Bob, what are you men going to do this evening? You know this is the night of my musicale."

Currie gave such a groan that we all laughed. "There is a long-haired tenor coming here tonight, and a crowd of women who will roll their eyes at him and lie like the devil, murmuring 'How beautiful!' It's no place for us. We'll go to Saratoga and come back when it is all over."

Before we started Currie said he had to give some orders to his men, and Bartley and I went to our rooms. I gave him a brief outline of what I had discovered in Saratoga. He did not ask any questions until I mentioned that the newspaper from which the corner had been torn was a copy of the Boston Evening Times, then he asked the date of the issue. When I told him it was that of the day before the robbery, he took his cigar from his mouth, grinned, and threw out his hands in an expressive gesture.

"That's enough to prove those men had nothing to do with the burglary. You know the Times is an evening paper, and is not sold on the newsstands far from Boston—not up here, at any rate. If a copy of the paper had been mailed here, as it would have to be, it could not have reached Saratoga until hours after the robbery had taken place. Such being the case, the men that broke into the house could not have had it with them, nor could the police have found

a piece torn from it in the room the next morning."

I saw his point and was eager to learn what he thought of the other things I had discovered. Above all, I wanted to know what his opinion would be of Lawrence's statement that Slyke was expecting some one to call after he left. To my surprise he was much more interested in the fact of Slyke's having offered the whiskey for sale. I had expected, when I had finished with my story, that he would tell me what he had discovered after I left him at Slyke's. But as he did nothing of the sort, I finally found courage to inquire.

"Well, Pelt," he said with a quizzical smile, "there are two things that I want very much to discover. The first thing I would like to know is, what has become of Slyke's chauffeur?"

"Seeing I did not understand, he went on: "You know we sent for him but they could not find him. Up to the time I left the house they were still looking for him. Not only that, but the chauffeur and Slyke had a quarrel yesterday afternoon."

"A quarrel?"

"Yes. No one was near enough to hear all that was said, but the cook heard the chauffeur say, 'I don't dare to do it,' and Slyke reply, 'I should have done it before.' The butler, you remember, told us that while we were in the tower he saw the chauffeur on the steps leading to the second story. The chap has disappeared, no one knows where. The police are looking for him and may get him. I hope so. There are a few things I should like to ask him."

"Maybe it was he who took the revolver," I suggested.

"Has it occurred to you that it is a strange thing that a man like Slyke should spend most of his time up here? For the past two years he has lived here almost entirely. His office in New York is closed, and he is rumored to have lost money. Why did he stay here all the year round?"

Bartley suddenly cleared up one thing for us today. I knew that, if the murderer was shrewd enough to go to the trouble of placing Slyke in bed, he knew enough to know how the eyes should look. Their being closed puzzled me. I wondered how he had made such a mistake. But when Miss Potter told us it was she who had closed them, I knew that I had not been mistaken. Whoever killed Slyke knew what he was doing. There was only one chance in a thousand that he would not get it across."

"It was well planned," I suggested.

"It was not planned at all. It was a sudden impulse, a quarrel. I don't believe that, when the murderer went into that tower room to see Slyke, he had the least idea of killing him."

"But think of the pains he took. It must have been planned."

"No," he replied, "the planning was done afterward."

"After he was killed?"

"Yes. Look at the facts, Pelt. Slyke was killed on the balcony of a tower, fifty feet above the ground. A man who planned a murder would not pick out such a place. It was the last place in the house he would have chosen. Just suppose that some one had heard the shot and investigated. The murderer would have been trapped with the dead body of his victim. To escape he had to go down two flights of stairs and through the big room. Let us say that Slyke invited the man to go upon the balcony—for what, we cannot say—and then they quarreled and the person killed him on the impulse of the moment. The next thing to do was to get rid of the body. Finding the coast clear, he took it into the next room and undressed it, and carried it down to the bedroom and placed it in bed. He knew how a body should look after suicide and that a gun could be placed in his hand."

"He seemed to be pretty sure no one would disturb him at it," I ventured.

Bartley nodded. "Yes, there is no doubt of that. That brings up another astonishing fact. Down in the big room was a young dog that did not like strangers. The murderer, in order to get out of the house, had to go through that room, yet the dog did not bark."

"Then it was someone in the house," I interrupted.

"The coolness with which the murderer took plenty of time in undressing the body and the fact that he did not seem to be afraid of being found out makes it seem probable. Why didn't the dog bark? Because he knew whoever it was. That makes it seem as if it were someone in the house, or at least as if it were someone that knew both the house and the dog well."

"Of course, Pelt, until we discover the motive we cannot get very far. At present there seems to be none. There is nothing missing and no apparent reason for Slyke's murder. It seems an absurd sort of a crime. That's why I think it was done on impulse, not premeditated." He thought a moment, then added, "I did think I knew the kind of a person that might have committed a crime like this. But—"

"But what?" I asked eagerly.

He opened the door with a little smile on his lips, and it was not until we were half way down stairs that he completed his sentence, "But—I don't know."

"He removed the paper and disclosed the label of a well-known brand of imported whisky."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



We know but this; a glint afar
Through darkness of a heavenly
light:
Beyond that star another night:
Beyond that night another star.
—John Hall Ingham.

FOODS THAT ARE GOOD

To be healthy and wise the family should have onions in some form served twice a week at least. The following dish is delicious.

Stuffed Onions.—Use the large, mild southern onion if possible, if not, large native onions. Peel six and cook in boiling salted water until nearly done, cool a little, cut a slice from the end of each and scoop out the center. Chop three-fourths of a cupful of pecan meats; stir in three-fourths of a cupful of bread crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and pepper to taste. Fill the onions and place in a buttered baking dish, pour in a cupful of hot water and bake in a moderate oven one-half hour, basting occasionally with butter and hot water. When ready to serve pour over a half cupful of cream or a cupful of rich white sauce.

Franconia Potatoes.—Pare the potatoes and boil ten minutes in salted water. Drain the potatoes and place in the pan with a roast forty-five minutes before the meat is done. Baste frequently to brown the potatoes. Potatoes served in this manner are good with any kind of a roast, but a beef roast is especially good.

Bread Pudding.—Spread slices of bread with butter and any liked jam, place in a baking dish and pour over a pint of hot grape juice. Cover with chopped nuts and serve, after baking, either hot or cold with a custard or whipped cream.

Bread Crumb Bread.—Take one cupful of milk, two-thirds of a cupful of lukewarm water, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of fat, one cake of yeast, one and two-thirds cupful of bread crumbs, two and three-fourths cupfuls of flour. Mix as usual, knead ten to fifteen minutes, let rise until double its bulk, shape and when again double its bulk, bake one hour.

Man has been called "the representative product of the universe"; and we do well to remember that in this position his actions represent the worst of which nature is capable, as well as the best. He summarizes her goods and he summarizes her evils.—L. P. Jacka.

SPRING FOODS

It is one of the surest signs of nature's friendliness for man that she seems always eager to provide what he needs when he needs it and in such a form as to make its use agreeable. In summer when heat and humidity combine to make heavy foods really dangerous nature furnishes us with fresh juicy fruits rich in cooling acids, vegetables and greens to supply the needed tonic for the system clogged by the heavy foods of winter.

Egg and Spinach Salad.—Put two hard-cooked eggs through a coarse sieve, one pint of cooked and chopped spinach, one tablespoonful of mild onion finely chopped, one green pepper chopped, one-half cupful of celery finely cut, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all the ingredients and moisten with mayonnaise dressing. Mold and when ready to serve garnish with egg white cut into petals, and mayonnaise dressing. Chill well before serving.

Clubette Sandwich.—Prepare plain scrambled eggs. Toast medium-thin slices of bread, butter and cover one slice with a layer of the cooked egg, sprinkle with finely minced parsley and Spanish onion, cover with a leaf of lettuce, spread mayonnaise on the lettuce, then cover with the other slice of toast. Serve garnished with crisp bacon and dill pickle cut into waferlike slices; spread in the form of a fan.

Egg and Fish Loaf.—Take three hard-cooked eggs, one cupful of tuna fish, one cupful of boiled rice, one teaspoonful of minced onion, three thin slices of bacon cut into tiny bits, salt and pepper to season and milk to moisten. Mix all the ingredients and put into a greased baking mold. Slice the eggs and arrange around the fish. Bake thirty minutes, turn out on a hot platter and serve with tomato sauce.

Spinach, dandelion and many of the so-called weeds of the garden make most palatable dishes when cooked and well seasoned.

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DID NOT THINK HE WOULD SURVIVE

Pneumonia Left Health a Wreck, Says Husted, Praises Tanlac.

"Inside of two weeks after I began taking the Tanlac treatment I was back on the job and I haven't missed working a shift since that time," recently affirmed P. R. Husted, 462 Naples St., San Francisco.

"An attack of pneumonia left me in such terrible condition it seemed impossible for me ever to get back on my feet again. I had no appetite, couldn't sleep, my nerves were shattered, and it was all I could do to drag about the house."

"One day an old friend said, 'Pete, you try Tanlac. I'll bet it will help you.' Sure enough, before I even finished the first bottle I felt much better. Seven bottles have put me in my best shape. I have regained all my lost weight, nineteen pounds, and feel like my old self again. Tanlac is the greatest medicine on earth."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Take no substitute. Over 37 million bottles sold.—Advertisement.

Worth Thirty Cents.

"Miserly offered the man who saved his life half a dollar."

"Did the man accept it?"

"Yes, but he handed Miserly 20 cents change."—Christian Register.

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Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-two years and proved safe by millions for

Colds Headache
Toothache Lumbago
Earache Rheumatism
Neuralgia Pain, Pain

Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proper directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate Ester of Salicylic Acid.—Advertisement.

Origin of "Bungalow."

"Bungalow" comes from "bonglaw," meaning Bengalese, or built in the style of the Bengalis, an East Indian tribe.

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HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE has been used successfully in the treatment of Catarrh.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which Quickly Relieves by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces, thus reducing the inflammation.

Sold by all druggists.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Man.

No man who bathes eyes open spiritually will make more of structural alteration and addition to the church building than he does to the invisible superstructure of the church's life.—William Parkers.

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes

That itch and burn, by hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each.—Advertisement.

Old-Fashioned.

"They're old-fashioned."

"Very. They even train their children to recite pieces."

Wall HARMONIES

HAVE your interior walls tinted the exact color. Exercise your own good taste in just the color tones to bring out the best features of every room. There is only one sure way.

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Back Given Out?

It's hard to do one's work when every day brings morning lameness, throbbing backache, and a dull, tired feeling. If you suffer thus, why not find out the cause? Likely it's your kidneys. Headaches, dizziness and bladder irregularities may give further proof that your kidneys need help. Don't risk neglect! Use **Doan's Kidney Pills**. Thousands have been helped by Doan's. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A California Case

M. A. Robinson, Rose Avenue, Taft, Cal., says: "I caught cold and it settled in my kidneys and caused lame back. Severe pain caught me in my back. The kidney secretions passed too frequently and were scanty and highly colored. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and one box which I bought knocked the pain out of my back and regulated the action of my kidneys."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Greater Demand for Grapes.

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His Mistake.

He—Do you know I'm afraid I passed you the other day, Miss Green? Immediately afterwards I realized to my horror that I knew you.—London Punch.

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25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes dandruff, restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair, and keeps the scalp cool and healthy.

HINDERCORNS

Removes Corns, Calluses, etc., stops all pain, restores comfort to the feet, makes walking easy. Use by mail or at Druggists. 1-Box Chemical Works, Passogue, N. Y.

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

quickly relieves the distressing paroxysms. Used for 15 years and result of long experience in treatment of throat and lung diseases by Dr. J. H. Guild. FREE TRIAL BOX. Treatise on Asthma, its causes, treatment, etc., sent upon request. 25c and \$1.00 at druggists. J. H. GUILD CO., RUPERT, VT.

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Don't treat sore, inflamed, smarting eyes with powerful drugs "in by hand." A soothing, effective, safe remedy is here, 15 cents—all druggists.

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