

THE GREEN-EYED ACCOMPLICE

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Copyright, 1922, by E. Phillips Oppenheim
Arrgt. NEA Service, Inc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SIR NORMAN GREYES, formerly of Scotland Yard, is devoting his time to tracking down an arch criminal known to him as MICHAEL SAYERS.
MICHAEL SAYERS, a man in a dark suit, is seen in a room, looking at a picture on the wall. He is holding a small object in his hand. The room is dimly lit, with a lamp on a table. The picture on the wall is a portrait of a man in a military uniform.

Sir Norman Continues
"It is hard to keep anything out of the press nowadays," I reminded him, "but so far as I am concerned you may rely upon my discretion."

THE few days that followed were filled with hysterical and irritating appeals, complaints and inquiries from Mrs. De Mendoza herself, the insurance company and the management. No efforts on our part could keep the affair out of the newspapers, and the disappearance of the necklace became the universal subject of conversation.



SHE HELD OUT HER LEFT FINGERS. I RAISED THEM TO MY LIPS.

On the sixth day after the robbery I felt that a brief escape was necessary. I proposed to Mr. Stanfield, whom I met in the hall of the hotel, that we go down to Woking and have a round of golf, an arrangement to which he agreed with alacrity. We lunched at the clubhouse, and as on previous occasions, we played a careful and hard-fought game. It was on the eighteenth tee when one of those unexplained moments of inspiration came to me which serve as the landmarks of life. We had spoken of that grim tragedy which had interrupted our first game. I thought of poor Lady Brooke lying there with a bullet hole in his forehead, the maid, Janet, serene and secretive, with the strange eyes and the muffled manner. The memory of those things came back to me as I stood there, and it seemed as though my faculties were suddenly prompted by a new vigor and a new insight.

Supposing it had been the maid who had killed the prying stranger? What was her motive? Whom was she trying to shield? Could it be her master? And if her master's name was not Stanfield, might it not be Pugsley? The two men were of the same height and build, and the one thing which Rimmington had always insisted upon was Pugsley's genius for disguise. The pieces of my puzzle fell together like magic, and with them the puzzle of the necklace. I turned back to the tee and I was suddenly conscious of my companion's intense gaze.

"Your honor," he said tersely. "I topped my drive miserably. My companion's drive went sailing down the course, and he halved the match in a perfectly played four. We walked together to the clubhouse."

"A whisky and soda?" I suggested. "I'll change my shoes first," he answered, turning toward the dressing room.

I drank my whisky and soda, exchanged greetings with a few acquaintances and paid my bill. Then I went to look for Stanfield. I might have spared myself the trouble. He and the taxi had alike disappeared. I had to wait for my companion for another, and I traveled up to London alone.

THE game was played out in quite the grand fashion. On my arrival at

Catarrh Asthma Hay Fever

A Home Treatment That Cured Thousands of Sufferers Last Year.

If you suffer with chronic catarrh of the head, stomach and bowels, nasty diarrhoea, emaciation, and dangerous coughing and spitting; continuous, annoying dropping mucus in the throat; clogged up head, ears and nostrils; asthma or hay fever, no matter how severe or long standing; chronic cough or bronchitis; frequent colds; chronic catarrhal indigestion and constipation; catarrhal deafness and head noises, or any of the "dead tired" condition due to chronic catarrh, call in person or write for full particulars about our New Method home treatment which cured thousands of people last year.

This treatment is sold on trial basis only. Use it two weeks and if not satisfied it costs you nothing. You are the judge. Send no money. Write today for free advice.

Hundreds of local references to home people cured, whom you can talk to, can and will be given.

Call in person, write or mail the coupon below:

The Indiana Catarrh Institute,
1436 North Illinois St.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
Dear Sirs—Please mail to me in plain wrapper full particulars about your method, local references to cured people and your TRIAL REFUND GUARANTEE PROPOSITION.
Name
R. F. D. or Street Number
Town
State

—Advertisement—

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



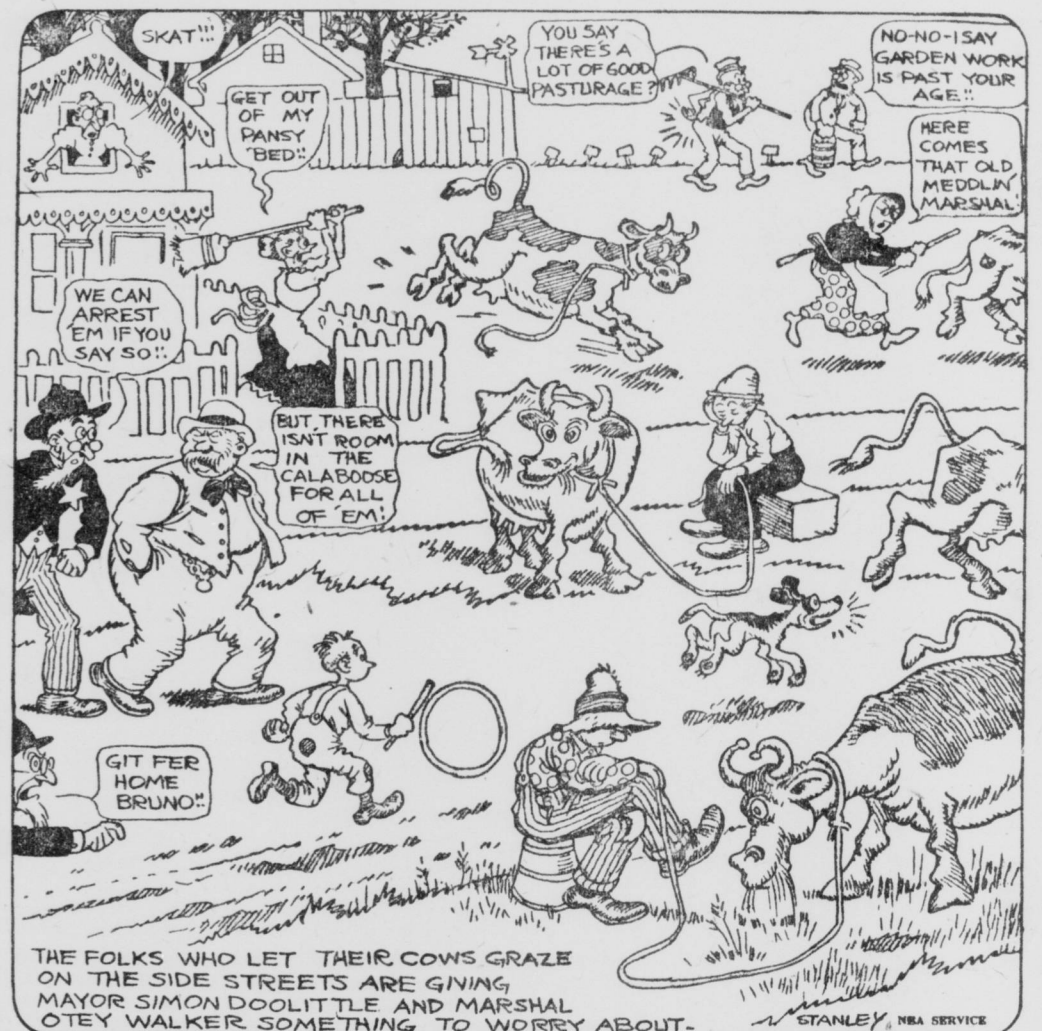
OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FOUR HAVE ENTIRE SHIP

Liner's Crew Surround Selected Passenger List.

NEW YORK, April 28.—How would you like to be one of four first-class passengers on an ocean liner, with forty-five stewards at your beck and call, a full orchestra giving two concerts daily for your benefit, a barber, bartender and others to dance attend-

dance on you?

That's what happened to the first-class passengers on the Red Star liner Veendam from Antwerp. The passengers were F. B. Hoppin, a publisher; his sister Frances, the Rev. J. T. Mulen of Worcester, Mass., and Francis Bradley, a steamship agent of New York.

ALCOMETER IS DETECTOR

CARLISLE, Pa., April 28.—Dr. Ernest Vuilleumier, professor of chemistry at Dickinson College, has invented a device called the alcometer, which he asserts will determine the alcoholic content of any liquid within fifteen minutes. Major Adams, superintendent of the Pennsylvania State Police, after a demonstration of the

apparatus, has ordered that the State police be equipped with it to aid in carrying out Governor Pinchot's war against bootleggers.