

**THE GREEN-EYED ACCOMPLICE**  
BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM  
Copyright, 1922, by E. Phillips Oppenheim  
Arrgt. NEA Service, Inc.

**SIR NORMAN GREYES**, formerly of Scotland, is back, devoting his time to tracking down an arch criminal known as **MICHAEL SAYERS**. **JANET SOALE**, maid in **Sayers' cottage**, shoots down a police officer who tracks **Sayers** to a shop. **Sayers** is known as **Mr. Stanfield**, but **Sir Norman** becomes suspicious as to his real identity. **Sayers** has a secret. **Sir Norman** meets **Stanfield** in a hotel lobby. **Sir Norman** has an interview with a South American widow staying at the same hotel, revealing that **Sayers** has a thousand pounds carried on her wonderful rope of pearls. When being interviewed, the widow sends the police to **Sayers**, who is her maid, who is robbed and beaten unconscious.

**NOW GO ON WITH STORY**

**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."

**T**HE 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 avidity. 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 the 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 Ladbroke lying there with a bullet hole in his forehead, the maid, Janet, serene and secretive, with the strange eyes and the unrefined manner. The memory of these 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. He 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 until they telephoned 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 disagreeable hawking and spitting; continuous annoying dropping mucus in the throat; chronic catarrhal asthma and constipation; chronic catarrhal asthma and constipation, or any old "run down," "dead tired" condition due to chronic catarrh, call in person or write for full particulars about the New Method home treatment, which has 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 treatment, whom you can talk to, can and will be given.

Call in person, write or mail the coupon below:

The Indiana Catarrh Institute,  
North Illinois St.,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs—Please mail to me in plain wrapper full particulars about your method, local references to your method, and your FREE RE-FUND GUARANTEE PROPOSITION. Name \_\_\_\_\_ R. F. D. or Street Number \_\_\_\_\_ Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

—Advertisement.

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

## Too Much for Danny



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

—By ALLMAN

**NOW GO ON WITH STORY**

**Sir Norman Continues**

"I have been waiting to hear from you fine all day," she said, addressing Delches. "My jewelers, who valued the pearls, and my legal adviser, have helped to make out my claim. I am anxious to know when I may expect your check."

"I am thankful to say, madam, that that will not be necessary," the manager announced, stepping forward. "Here is your necklace."

He handed it to her. She stared at it like a woman transfixed. There were no signs of joy in her face. She seemed, indeed, for the moment, stricken with consternation.

"When was it found?" she demanded breathlessly.

"About 4 o'clock on the morning after the theft," I told her.

"But where?"

"If you will come with me," I replied, "I will show you."

I led the way down the corridor to the exact spot where Annette had been attacked, and opened the door of the nearest room. I saw Mrs. De Mendoza start when she saw the heavy bolt which had been fitted to the communicating door.

"I came to the conclusion," I explained, "that the theft was committed by some one hiding in one of these three rooms, and to the further conclusion that the necklace had been hidden on the spot."

"How did you guess that?" she inquired.

"Because the thief made a slight blunder," I answered. "For a single moment, as I stood by Annette's side in the darkness outside, I saw a light flash out through the transom of this room. I must admit, however," I went on, "that it took me four hours to find the necklace."

"Where was it, then?" she asked curiously.

I turned up the rug. In one of the planks of the wooden floor was a knot. I took a little corkscrew gimlet from my pocket, bored into it and drew it out. Then I made Delches push his finger through. There was a hook fastened in the under side of the floor.

"The necklace was hanging there," I told him. "I imagine it would have been found later by some one making a point of occupying this room. As a matter of fact, I believe, it was booked for the first week in June."

"By whom?" Mrs. De Mendoza demanded.

"By Mr. Stanfield," I replied. "He is paying a return visit in June, and he appears to prefer this room to the one he is occupying at present."

There was a brief silence. Delches held out his hand.

"We are very much obliged to you, Sir Norman," he declared. "Our insurance, as you know, expired at midday today. I need not say that it will not be renewed. I wish you all good afternoon."

He took his leave. The manager appeared to me.

"Sir Norman," he said, "there is a great deal in this matter which it is hard to understand. I hope that you will not consider it a case for the police?"

I turned to Mrs. De Mendoza.

"Do you wish to prosecute?" I asked. "There is a certain amount of circumstantial evidence which might be collected."

"Against whom?"

"Against the gentleman whom we have known as Mr. Stanfield."

She laughed scornfully.

"That funny little man who sits about in the lounge? I would as soon believe that you yourself were the thief, Sir Norman! I have my necklace and that it all I care about," she concluded.

The manager departed very much relieved. Mrs. De Mendoza beckoned me to follow her to her suite. Arrived in her sitting room, she closed the door. She had rather the look of a tigress as she turned and faced me. Never was a woman born or more sullenly courageous.

"And the epilogue?" she asked.

"I fear," I replied, "that the epilogue must be postponed. It was only today, on Woking golf links, that a certain little scene of eighteen months ago became reconstructed in my mind. I saw a motley crew of bandits. I realized by whose hand that bullet might have found its way into Ladbroke's brain, and for whose sake."

"Yet you let him go!" she cried.

"I must admit that he has scored a trick," I said slowly. "But you must remember, or perhaps you have yet to find out, that the world where such a man can live, is a very small place."

"And what about me?" she asked. "From the moment when I heard that you had gone out with him alone, I could foresee what was coming. Yet I was not afraid. I waited for you."

I looked at the necklace and shrunken.

"It is hard to leave a hundred thousand pounds," I pointed out, "and so far as you realized, the game was not up. Not a soul in this hotel except myself knew that the necklace had been recovered. Yet you had courage to remain and see the thing through. I admit that."

She came a little nearer to me. The green lights in her eyes were soft. I felt the attraction of her as she meant me to.

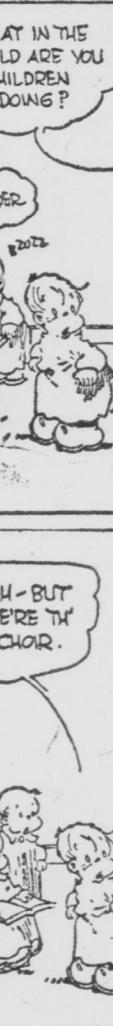
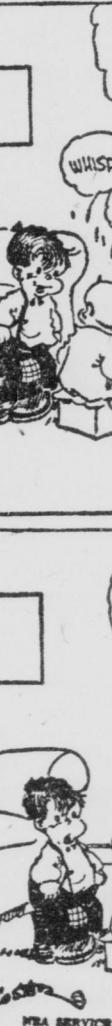
"Where I love," she said. "I have courage and my love has every quality which the devil ever distilled, except constancy. Are you afraid of me, Sir Norman, because I killed a man who—"

"A confession," I muttered.

She laughed.

"No witnesses," she reminded me. "After all, it was you who once said that murder was the easiest of crimes. What you know and what I know will never take me to the dock. Would you put me there if you could, my enemy?"

I drew a little away. Her breath was almost upon my cheek; her lips had taken to themselves the curve of invitation.



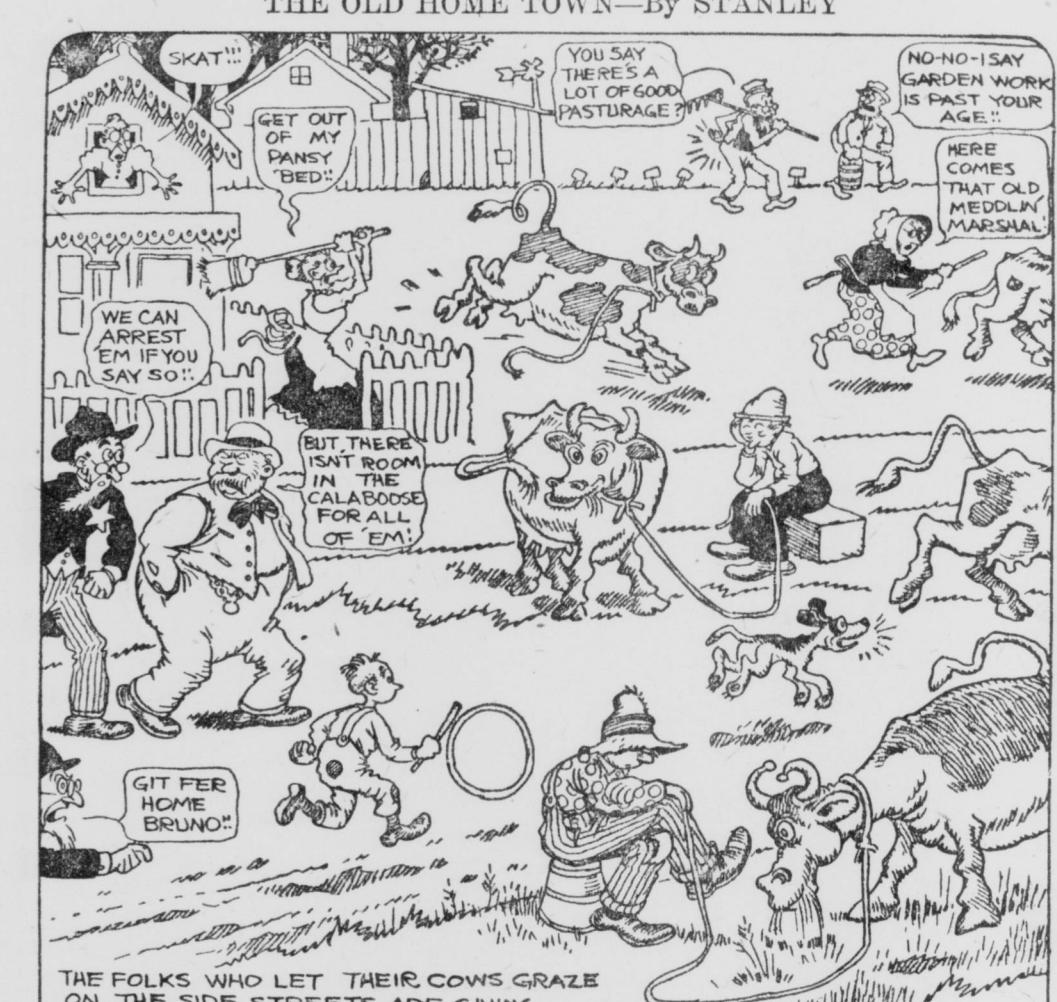
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—

"Oh, this World Is Sad and Dreary"

—By AL POSEN



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



THE FOLKS WHO LET THEIR COWS GRAZE ON THE SIDE STREETS ARE GIVING MAYOR SIMON DOOLITTLE AND MARSHAL OTEY WALKER SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT—

STANLEY, NEA SERVICE

FOUR HAVE ENTIRE SHIP

Liner's Crew Surround Selected Passer 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 atten-

dance on you?

That's what happened to the first-class passengers on the Red Star liner *Veeland* from Antwerp.

The passengers were F. B. Hoppin, a publisher; his sister Frances, the Rev. J. T. Muller of Worcester, Mass., and Francis Bradley, a steamship agent of New York.

The barber said he didn't give a single shave on the trip and only three haircuts. The bartender served only nine bottles of seltzer water.

## ALCOMETER IS DETECTOR

CARLISLE, Pa., April 28.—Dr. Er-

nest Vuilleumier, professor of chemistry at Dickinson College, has invented a device called the alcometer, which he asserts will determine the alcohol 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.

Police officials say that through the alcometer it will be possible to obtain prompt and invulnerable evidence against persons selling pre-prohibition beer.

The instrument also will be used for testing liquid foodstuffs for their alcoholic content. Dr. Vuilleumier is assembling twenty-five machines for the State police.

After Aug. 1, 1923, all canned condensed skimmed milk in England must be labeled "unfit for babies."

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 atten-

—Advertisement.