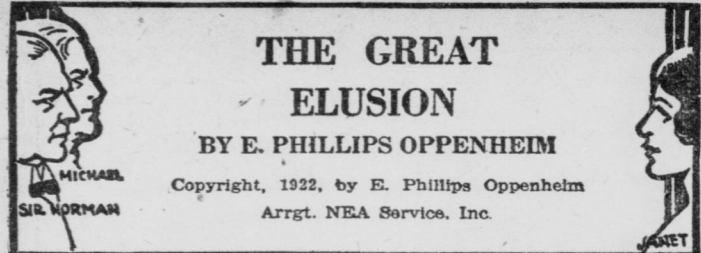


## THE GREAT ELUSION

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

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Vendetta begins between MICHAEL SAYERS, noted criminal, and SIR NORMAN GREYES, once of Scotland Yard, when Sayers' housemaid, JANET, saves him from Sir Norman by shooting dead an officer sent to arrest him. Greys falls in love with Janet and proposes marriage. Michael disdains himself and attends the wedding reception. Having stolen a pearl necklace, the gift of Sir Norman to his bride, Sayers returns them indirectly to Janet.

Michael burgs from the divorced wife of a politician a bundle of manuscript, evidence against the lady's former husband and his confederate, the well-known Lord Kindersley. Sayers refuses ten thousands pounds from the newspapers for the evidence for publication because he is in love with Beatrice Kindersley.

It was toward the close of a dinner party at Kindersley Court, in Devonshire, where Janet and I were spending a fortnight, that our host suddenly directed the conversation to me.

"One has heard a great deal of your successes, Greys, especially during your last few years at Scotland Yard. What do you count your greatest failure?"

"My inability to bring to justice the greatest criminal in Europe."

"I replied after a moment's hesitation, 'I had him on my book for three years, but when I retired, he was still very much at large.'"

"What is his name?" Lord Kindersley asked with some interest.

I smiled.

"A name, with him, I suspect, is an affair of the moment. I have known him under a dozen different pseudonyms; but his real name is, I believe, Michael. He did me the honor to attend my wedding reception as Colonel Escombe."

I happened to meet the glance of Beatrice Kindersley as I looked across the table.

"But tell us about this man Michael," Lord Kindersley intervened. "I remember, seven or eight years ago, hearing something about the duel between you fellows at Scotland Yard and a wonderfully led criminal gang. Where is the fellow now?"

I shook my head.

"God bless my soul!" Lord Kindersley exclaimed. "How the devil did you get in?"

"I shouldn't have the faintest idea where to look for him. If he comes into the limelight again, my friend Rimmington at Scotland Yard will certainly send for me."

"And you would join in the hunt?" our host persisted.

"You would do nothing of the sort," Janet intervened, "looking across at me. 'That is a promise.'"

I smiled back at her reassuringly. Prosperity and peace of mind had agreed with Janet. The dignity of my wifehood sat well upon her. Her complexion seemed to have grown more creamy, her beautiful eyes softer, her carriage, always graceful, more assured. There was no woman in the county more admired than she—certainly no one less spoiled. I sometimes think that if she had had her way, she would never have wandered at all outside our little domain.

"There is just the one possibility," I remarked. "That I might not be able to evade the challenge. If I do not go after Michael, he may come after me."

It was precisely at this moment that the amazing event happened. We were a party of twelve at dinner, seated at a round table in the center of the large banquet hall of Kindersley Court. The room was rather dimly lighted, except for the heavily shaded table lamps. The two footmen had left the room, presumably to fetch the coffee, and the butler standing behind Lord Kindersley's chair was the only servant in attendance.

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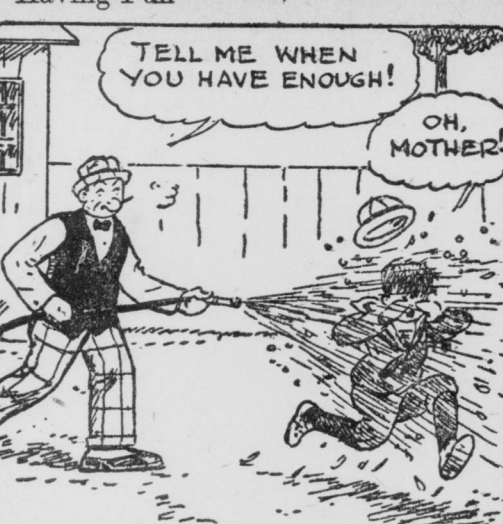
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## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—



## Having Fun



—By ALLMAN

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



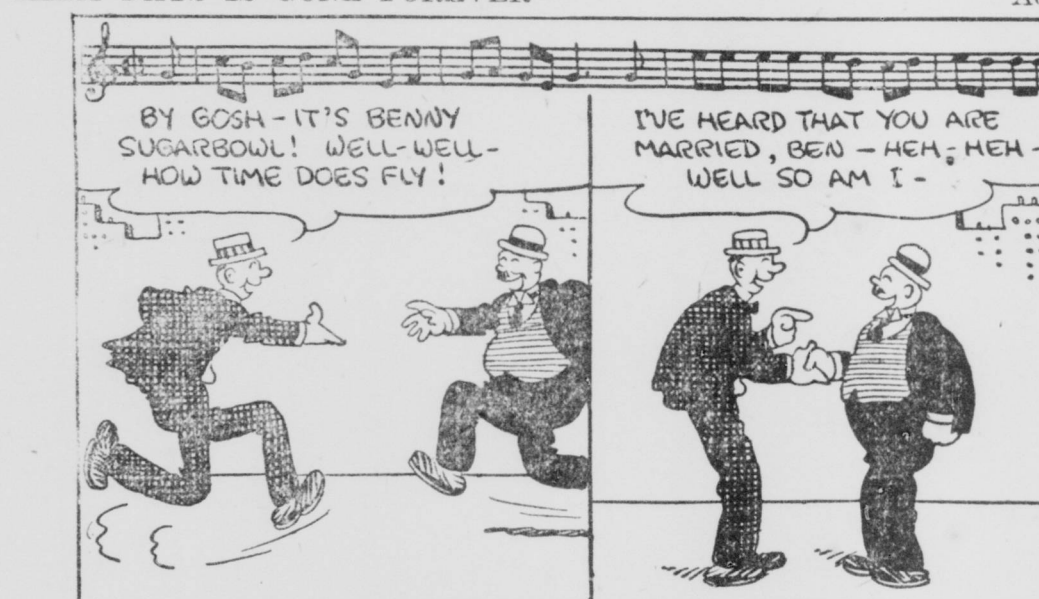
## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



## THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—

Accomplish This on Your Alto

—By AL POSEN



## THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



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unlocked, heard it slammed, heard it locked again—the signal for our emancipation. Very nearly simultaneously we all started to our feet.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

## PRIVACY OF HOME UPHELD BY COURT

UNIONTOWN, Penn., June 1.—That the Volstead act nor the laws of the Pennsylvania Commonwealth will

countenance the searching of a man's private home for evidence of the liquor law violation unless a properly executed search warrant has been issued is becoming more evident. Both Federal and State Courts have announced their rulings in no uncertain manner recently.

The latest decision on the question came from Judge Van Swearingen in the court here recently and is undoubtedly the most sweeping that has

been made in the State. All liquor obtained without a search warrant by the State Constabulary and officers of the law was taken illegally and must be returned to the owners.

The effect of Judge Van Swearingen's ruling is widespread, as it affects many thousands of gallons of wines, whiskey and beer, Jamaica ginger and moonshine seized by the State Troopers in their country-wide raids made in the Connelville region at

the behest of Governor Pinchot several weeks ago and also all contraband goods taken by county officers in the last year, where a search warrant had not been issued.

In his opinion, Judge Van Swearingen contended that the age-old doctrine that a man's home was his own castle.

Douglas, colored, 721 Ogden St., with a knife, police say. Donaldson escaped. His victim is in the city hospital where her condition is serious.

Two Purses Taken  
Mrs. Louise Moore, 1525 N. Meridian St., reports her home entered during the night and two beaded purses containing \$25 and some change missing. The purses were found in the back yard today.