

THE RED REDMAYNES

By EDEN PHILPOTTS
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Michael, husband of Jenny Pendean, disappears from his home on Dartmoor. He is last seen in the company of Robert Redmayne, uncle to Jenny, when the two men visit a new bungalow being built by Michael near Fogginstor Quarry.

Blood is found on the floor of the cottage and witnesses testify to having seen Robert ride away on his motor bicycle with a heavy sack behind the saddle. The sack is found in a rabbit hole a far distance from the scene of the supposed murder.

Mark Brendon, famous criminal investigator, is engaged by Jenny to solve the mystery. Jenny goes to live with her uncle, Bendigo Redmayne, who lives at Bendigo's home and uses Gus's-appe Doria, who works there.

Now Go On With The Story

BENDIGO REDMAYNE granted. "Come in and see the letter," he said. "I never thought you'd fail. It's all very terrible indeed and I'm damned if I understand anything about it. But one fact is clear; my brother wrote this letter and he wrote it from Plymouth, and since he hasn't been reported from Plymouth, I feel very little doubt the thing he wanted to happen has happened."

Then he turned to his niece. "We'll have a cup of tea in half an hour, Jenny. Meantime I'll take Mr. Brendon up to the tower room along with me."

Mrs. Pendean disappeared into the house and Mark followed her with the sailor.

They passed through a square hall full of various foreign curiosities collected by the owner. Then they ascended into a large, octagonal chamber, like the lantern of a lighthouse, which surmounted the dwelling.

"My lookout," explained Mr. Redmayne. "In foul weather I spend all my time up here with my wonder strong, three-inch telescope I can pick up what's doing at sea. A bunk in the corner, you see. I often sleep up here, too."

"WHY SHOULD IT BE FOUND THAT HE WAS MAD?" ASKED BENDIGO.

"You might almost as well be affoot," said Brendon, and the remark pleased Bendigo.

"That's how I feel; and I can tell you there's a bit of movement, too, sometimes. I never wish to see bigger water than beat these cliffs during the south-easter last March. We shook to our keel, I can tell you."

He went to a tall cupboard in a corner, unlocked it and brought out a square, wooden desk of old-fashioned pattern. This he opened and produced a letter which he handed to the detective.

Brendon sat down in a chair under the open window and read this communication slowly. The writing was large and sprawling; it sloped slightly upward from left to right across the sheet and left a triangle of white paper at the right-hand bottom corner.

"Dear Ben, it's all over. I've done in Michael Pendean and put him where only Judgment Day will find him. Something drove me to do it; but all the same I'm sorry now it's done—not for him but myself. I shall clear tonight, with luck, for France. If I can send an address later, I will look after Jenny—she's well rid of the blighter. When things have blown over I may come back. Tell Albert and tell Flo. Yours,

"R. R."

Brendon examined the letter and the envelope that contained it.

"Have you another communication—something from the past I can compare with this?" he asked.

Bendigo nodded.

"I reckoned you'd want that," he answered and produced a second letter from his desk.

It related to Robert Redmayne's

engagement to be married and the writing was identical. "And what do you think he's done, Mr. Redmayne?" Brendon asked, pocketing the two communications.

"I think he's done what he hoped to do. At this time of year you'll see a dozen Spanish and Brittany onion boats lying down by the Barbican at Plymouth, every day of the week. And if poor Bob got there, no doubt plenty of chaps would hide him when he offered 'em money enough to make it worth while. Once aboard one of those sloops, he'd be about as safe as he would be anywhere. They'd land him at St. Malo, or somewhere down there, and he'd give you the slip."

"And, until it was found out that he was mad, we might hear no more about him."

"Why should it be found that he was mad?" asked Bendigo. "He was mad when he killed this innocent man, no doubt, because none but a lunatic would have done such an awful thing, or been so cunning after—with the sort of childish cunning that gave him away from the start. But once he'd done what this twist in his brain drove him to do, then I judge that his madness very likely left him. If you caught him tomorrow you'd possibly find him as sane as yourself—except on that one subject. He'd worked up his old hatred of Michael Pendean, as a shirker in the war, until it festered in his head and poisoned his mind, so as he couldn't get it under. That's how I read it. I had a pretty good contempt for the poor chap myself and was properly savage with my niece, when she wedded him against our wishes; but my feeling didn't turn my head, and I felt glad to hear that Pendean was an honest man, who did the best he could at the Moss Depot."

Brendon considered. "A very sound view," he said. "And likely to be correct. On the strength of this letter, we may conclude that when he went home, after disposing of the body under Berry Head, your brother must have disguised himself in some way and taken an early train from Paignton to Newton Abbot and from Newton Abbot to Plymouth. He would already have been there and lying low before the hunt began."

"That's how I figure it," answered the sailor. "When did you last see him, Mr. Redmayne?"

"Somewhere about a month ago. He came over for the day with Miss Reed—the young woman he was going to marry."

"Was he all right then?"

Bendigo considered and scratched his red beard. "Noisy and full of chatter, but much as usual."

"Did he mention Mr. and Mrs. Pendean?"

"Not a word. He was full up with his young woman. They meant to be married in late autumn and go abroad for a run to see my brother Albert."

"He may correspond with Miss Reed if he gets to France?"

"I can't say what he'll do. Suppose you catch him presently? How would the law stand? A man goes mad and commits a murder. Then you nab him and he's as sane as a judge. You can't hang him for what he did when he was off his head, and you can't shut him up in a lunatic asylum if he's sane."

"A nice problem, no doubt," admitted Brendon. "But he said the law will take no risks. A homicidal maniac, no matter how sane he is between times, is not going to run loose any more after killing a man."

"Well, that's all there is to it, detective. If I hear again, I'll let the police know; and if you take him, of course you'll let me and his brother know at once. It's a very ugly thing for his family. He did good work in the war and got honors; and if he's mad, then the war made him mad."

"That would be taken very fully into account, be sure. I'm sorry, both for him and for you, Mr. Redmayne."

Bendigo looked sulkily from under his tangled eyebrows. "I shouldn't feel no very great call to give him up to the living death of an asylum if he have in here some night."

"You'd do your duty—that I will bet," replied Brendon.

They descended to the dining-room, where Jenny Pendean was waiting to pour out tea. All were very silent and Mark had leisure to observe the young widow.

"What shall you do and where may I count upon finding you if I want you, Mrs. Pendean?" he asked presently.

She looked at Redmayne, not at Brendon, as she answered.

"I am in Uncle Bendigo's hands. I know he will let me stop here for the present."

"For keeps," the old sailor declared. "This is your home now, Jenny, and I'm very glad to have you here. There's only you and your Uncle Albert—and me now. I reckon for I don't think we shall ever see poor Bob again."

An elderly woman came in.

"Doria be wishful to know when you'll want the boat," she said.

"I should like it immediately if possible," begged Brendon. "Much time has been lost."

"Tell them to get aboard, then," directed Bendigo, and in five minutes Mark was taking his leave.

"I'll let you have the earliest intimation of the capture, Mr. Redmayne," he said. "If your poor brother still lives, it seems impossible that he should long be free. His present condition must be one of great torment and anxiety—to him, and for his own sake I hope he will soon surrender or be found—if not in England, then in France."

"Thank you," answered the older man quietly. "What you say is true. I regret the delay myself now. If he is heard of again by me, I'll telegram to Scotland Yard, or get 'em to do so at Dartmouth. I've slung a telephone wire into the town, as you see."

They stood again under the flagstaff on the plateau and Brendon studied the rugged cliff line and the fields of corn that sloped away inland above it. The district was very lonely and only the roofline of a solitary farmhouse appeared a mile or more distant to the west.

he should come to you—and I

day is in danger," declared Sidener.

Special cars will be chartered. In charge of the program: Herman

have still a fancy that he may do so

—take him in and let us know," said

Brendon. "Such a necessity will be

unavoidably painful, I fear, but I am

very sure you will not shrink from it, Mr. Redmayne."

The rough old man had grown more amiable during the detective's

visit. It was clear that a natural

aversion for Brendon's business no

longer extended to the detective him-

self.

"Duty's duty," he said, "though God

keep me from yours. If I can do

anything, you may trust me to do it.

He's not likely to come here, I think;

but he might try and get over to Al-

bert down South. Good-by to you."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

5 YEARS' SEARCH WAS SUCCESSFUL

Tanlac Ended Stomach Trouble After All Else Failed, States Mrs. Walker.

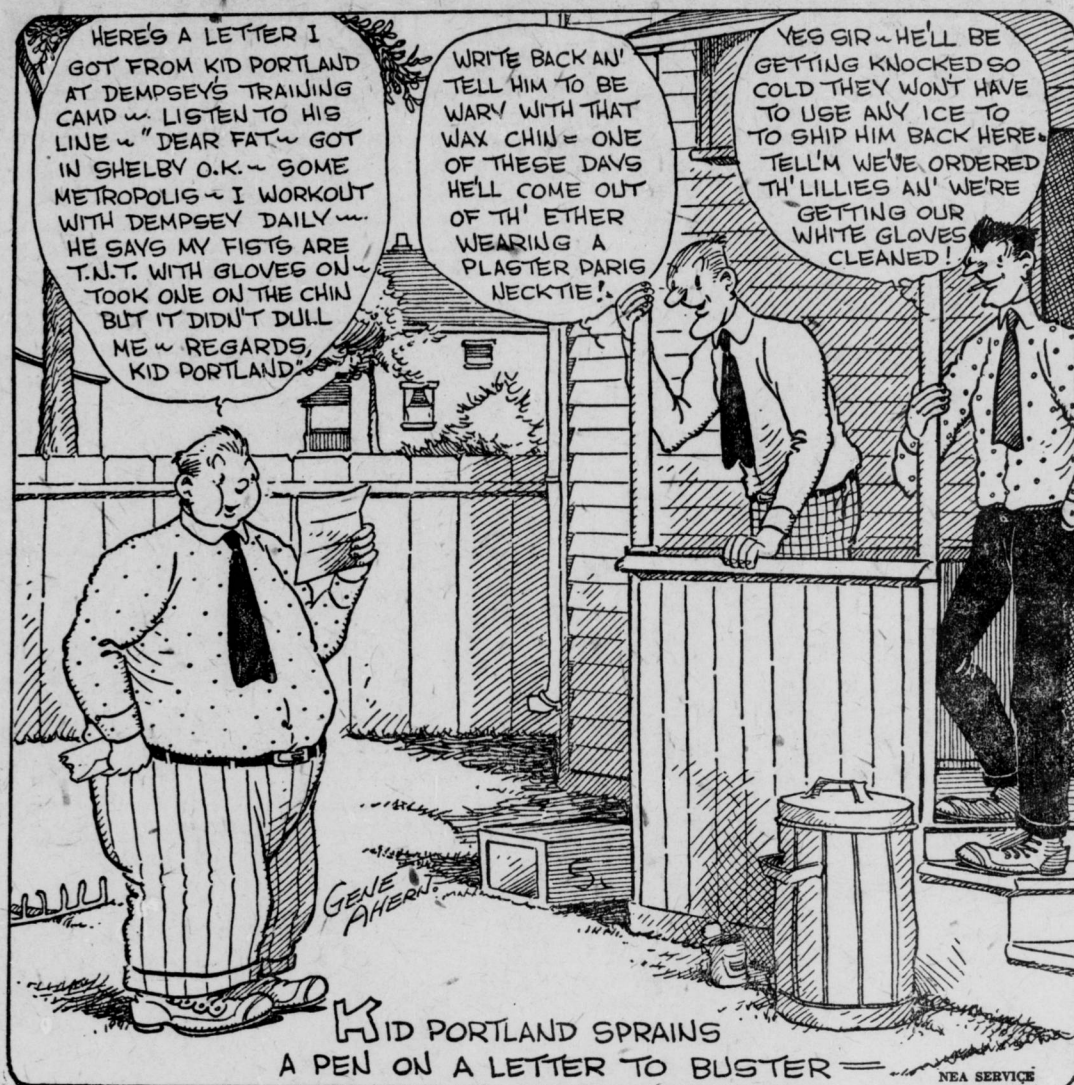
"The Tanlac treatment has done so much for me that I never miss a chance to recommend it," is the recent statement of Mrs. I. Walker, 1303 N. Second St., Vincennes, Ind. "For five years, I suffered tortures from indigestion and stomach trouble without being able to get a particle of relief. My appetite was so poor that often I didn't eat anything at all as hours of distress and misery followed every meal. I was subject to bilious attacks, headaches and weak spells, and was so nervous that at night I could scarcely sleep a wink. I had sharp pains in my back and couldn't do my housework, and was getting worse."

"But I haven't an ailment of any kind now, thanks to Tanlac. I feel fine all the time and can do my housework with ease. I'll never cease to praise Tanlac."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 37-million bottles sold.

Dr. J. C. Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—Adv.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



KID PORTLAND SPRINGS
A PEN ON A LETTER TO BUSTER

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



Playing a Double Header



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



FRUIT PLENTIFUL— PICK IT YOURSELF

Large Crop Slashes Price of Cherries.

Twenty-five cents for picking a gallon of cherries!

That's what Marion County farmers get when they pick their cherries for market. They retail at 50 cents at the city market. Farmers will let you pick them yourself for 25 cents.

Last year cherries were hard to get. The average price was 83 cents a gallon. That meant more than 40 cents if you picked them.

The drop in price is due to the abundance of the fruit this year. Such a crop has not been seen for many years, farmers say.

Special cars will be chartered. In charge of the program: Herman

Meetings Here Friday

Printing Pressman's Union No. 17. Meeting. Denison. Delta Theta Tau. Convention. Claypool. Retail Druggists. Luncheon. C. of C. Scholl Manufacturing Company. Convention. Claypool. Catholic Press Convention of United States and Canada. Lincoln. Allied Motors Commerce. Luncheon. Spink-Arms. American Woman's Overseas League. Luncheon. L. S. Ayres Tearoom. Phi Delta Theta. Luncheon. C. of C. Exchange Club. Luncheon. Optimists Club. Luncheon. Claypool. Woman's City Club. Luncheon. 7th floor. C. of C. Delta Tau Delta. Luncheon. Board of Trade. Knights of Columbus. Luncheon. Spink-Arms. Industrial Leaders. Luncheon. 7th floor. C. of C. Laymen's League. Luncheon. 7th floor. C. of C.

Hartman, chairman; Miss Emma Dinkman, Miss Dorothy Guntz, William Pagel and Miss Edna Hittick.

COLORED YOUNG PEOPLE ELECT CHURCH OFFICERS

Local Leaders Honored at Meeting Held Wednesday.

New officers of the Indiana Baptist Young People's Union, an organization of all the State colored Baptist churches, are Rev. H. A. King, Anderson, president; Robert Donaldson, Indianapolis, first vice president; Miss Ida Brown, Muncie, second vice president and Mrs. Louise Brown, Indianapolis, recording secretary.

Miss Alice Artis, Marion, assistant recording secretary; Mrs. Della Lewis, Indianapolis, secretary; Rev. C. E. McFadden, Terre Haute, treasurer; Mrs. Edna Evans, Brazil, auditor; L. C. Hopkins, Gary, statistician; Miss Bladistine Graves, Indianapolis, State pianist; Rev. C. H. Bell, Indianapolis, superintendent of temperance; Charles Smithers, State chorister.

The election was held late Wednesday in Mt. Paran Baptist Church.

RED MEN MEET SATURDAY

Lodge to Hold Annual "Pow-Wow" at Clermont.

The annual "pow-wow" of the State Independent Order of Red Men will be held Saturday at Clermont. More than 5,000 will attend.

The class that will be known as the Great Incochona class, in honor of J. F. Sedwick of Martinsville, great incochona of the United States, will be adopted.

Speakers will be James R. Stockdale, New Albany, great sachem of

Arson Alleged

Roy Ennis, colored, 534 Spring St., was arrested early today on charge of vagrancy while detectives are investigating charges made by Shanahan, colored, 910 Roanoke St., Ennis called at the Roanoke St. dress and asked to see Miss L. Johnson. When refused admission he set fire to the house, it is charged.

Jams and Preserves

The fresh fruit season is aggravatingly short. While no means have been discovered by which this season can be artificially prolonged, many ways have been discovered for preserving

fruits and berries for use during the rest of the year—especially during the winter months. Get them by filling out carefully coupon below, and mailing to our Washington bureau.

Washington Bureau, Indianapolis Times, 1322 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

I want a copy of the bulletin CONSERVES, JAMS, MARMALADES and PRESERVES, and enclose herewith 4 cents in loose postage stamps for same:

Name

Street and No.

City State

United States Navy has only three submarines over 1,400 tons, and three others are under construction.