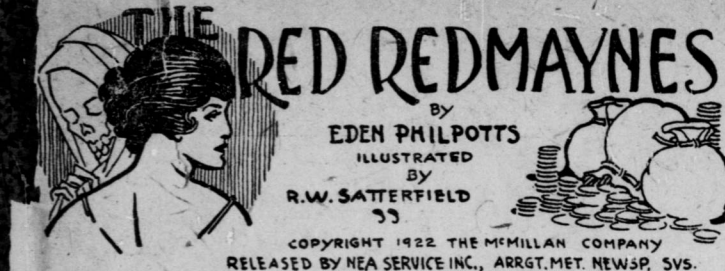


## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## RED MAYNES

By EDEN PHILPOTTS  
Illustrated by R.W. SATERFIELD

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## BEGIN HERE TODAY

Mark Brendon, famous criminal investigator, is engaged by Jenny Pendeau to solve the mysterious disappearance of her husband, Michael Pendeau, who has been in the company of Robert Redmayne, uncle to Jenny, when the two men visit a new bungalow built by Michael near Foreston 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 at a far distance from the scene of mystery.

Jenny goes to live with her uncle, Bendigo Redmayne. Brendon calls at Bendigo's home and meets Giuseppe Doria, who works there. Bendigo shows Mark a letter supposed to be from Robert Redmayne.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"NOW, what is more, both Miss Red and her parents made it clear that the soldier was of an excitable and uncertain nature. In fact Mr. Red didn't much approve of the match. He described a man who might very easily slip over the border line between reason and unreason. No, Halfyard, you'll not find any theory to hold water, but the theory of a mental breakdown. The letter he wrote to his brother quite confirms it. The very writing shows a lack of restraint and self-control."

"The writing was really his?"

"I've compared it with another letter in Bendigo Redmayne's possession. It's a peculiar fist. I should say there couldn't be a shadow of doubt."

"What shall you do next?" asked Halfyard.

"Get back to Plymouth again and make close inquiries among the onlookers. They go and come and I can trace the craft that left Plymouth during the days that immediately followed the posting of Redmayne's letter. These will probably be back again with another load in a week or two. One ought to be able to check them."

"A wild-goose chase, Brendon?"

"Looks to me as though the whole inquiry had been pretty much so from the first. We've missed the key somewhere. How the man that left Paington in knickerbockers, and a big check suit and a red waistcoat on the morning after the murder got away with it and never challenged a single eye on rail or road—well, it's such a flat contradiction to reason and experience that I can't easily believe the face value."



## HE FOLLOWED THE VOYAGES OF A DOZEN SMALL VESSELS.

"No—there's a breakdown somewhere—that's what I'm telling you; but whether the fault is mine, or a trick has been played to put me fairly out of the running, no doubt you'll find out soon or late. I don't see there's anything more we can do up here whether or no."

"There isn't," admitted Mark. "It's all been routine work and a devil of a lot of time wasted in my opinion. Between ourselves, I'm rather ashamed of myself, Halfyard. I've missed something—the thing that most mattered. There's a signpost sticking up somewhere that I never saw."

The inspector nodded.

"It happens so sometimes—crucial vexing—and then people laugh at us and ask how we earn our money. Now and again, as you say, there's a danger signal to a case so clear as the nose on a man's face, and yet, owing to following some other clue, or sticking to a theory that we feel can and must be the only right one, we miss the real, vital point till we go and bark our shins on it. And

## COULD HARDLY DO HER WORK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Made Her Eat, Sleep and Feel Better Every Day

Chicago, Ill.—"I was weak and run-down and in such a nervous condition that I could hardly do my work. I was tired all the time, and dizzy, and could not sleep and had no appetite. I tried different medicines for years, but they did not help me. Then I read in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for other women and gave it a trial. I began to eat better and could sleep, and consider it a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to my friends and will never be without it."—Mrs. M. O'HLEN, 3640 S. Marshfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

It is such letters as these that testify to the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This woman speaks from the fullness of her heart. She describes as correctly as she can her condition, first the symptoms that bothered her the most, and later the disappearance of those symptoms. It is a sincere expression of gratitude.

For nearly fifty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so praised by women.

then, perhaps, it's too late and we're silly."

Brendon admitted the truth of this experience.

"There can only be two possible situations," he said; "either this was a motiveless murder—or else there was a deep reason for it and Redmayne killed Pendeau after plotting far in advance to do so and get clear himself. In the first case he would have been found, unless he had committed suicide in some such cunning fashion that we can't discover the body. In the second case, he's a very cute bird indeed and the ride to Paington and disposal of the corpse—that all looked so mad—was superfluous on his part. But, if alive, mad or sane, I'm of opinion he did what he said in his letter to his brother he meant to do, and got off for a French or Spanish port. So that the next step for me—to try and hunt down the boat that took him."

He pursued this policy, left Princeton for Plymouth on the following day, took a room at a sailors' inn on the Barbican and with the help of the harbor authority followed the voyages of a dozen small vessels which had been berthing at Plymouth during the critical days.

A month of arduous work Mark devoted to this stage of the inquiry, and his investigation produced nothing whatever. Not a skipper of any vessel involved could furnish the least information and no man resembling Robert Redmayne had been seen by the harbor police or any independent person at Plymouth, despite sharp watchfulness.

A time came when the detective was recalled to London and heartily chafed at his failure; but his own unusual disappointment disarmed the amusement at his expense. The case had presented such few apparent difficulties that Brendon's complete unsuccessful astonishment his chief. He was content, however, to believe Mark's own conviction—that Robert Redmayne had never left England, but destroyed himself—probably soon after the dispatch of his letter to Bendigo from Plymouth.

Much demanded attention and Brendon was soon devoting himself to a diamond robbery in the Midlands. Months passed, the body of Michael Pendeau had not been recovered, and the little world of Scotland Yard pigeon-holed the mystery, while the larger world forgot all about it.

Meantime, with a sense of secret relief, Mark Brendon prepared to face what had sprung out of these incidents, while permitting the events themselves to pass from his present interests. There remained Jenny Pendeau, and his mind was deeply preoccupied with her.

Indeed, apart from the daily toll of work, she filled it to the exclusion of every other personal consideration. He longed unceasingly to see her again, for though he had corresponded during the progress of his inquiries and kept her closely informed of everything that he was doing, the excuse for these communications no longer existed. She had acknowledged every letter, but her replies were brief and she had given him no information concerning herself, or her future intentions, though he had asked her to do so. One item of information only had she vouchsafed and he learned that she was finishing the bungalow to her husband's original plan and then seeking a possible customer to take over her lease. She wrote:

"I cannot see Dartmoor again, for it means my happiest as well as my most unhappy hours. I shall never be so happy again and, I hope, never suffer so unceasingly as I have during the recent past."

He turned over the sentence many times and considered the weight of every word. He concluded from it that Jenny Pendeau, while aware that her greatest joys were gone forever, yet looked forward to a time when her present desolation might give place to a truer tranquillity and content.

The fact that this should be so, however, astonished Brendon. He judged her words were perhaps ill chosen and that she implied a swifter return to peace than in reality would occur. He had guessed that a year at least, instead of merely these four months, must pass before her terrible sorrow could begin to dim. Indeed he felt sure of it and concluded that he was reading an implication into this pregnant sentence that she had never intended it to carry. He longed to see her and was just planning how to do so, when chance offered an opportunity.

Brendon was called to arrest two Russians, due to arrive at Plymouth from New York upon a day in mid-December; and having identified them and testified to their previous activities in England, he was free for a while. Without sending any warning, he proceeded to Dartmoor, but up there that night, and started at 9 o'clock on the following morning, to walk to "Crow's Nest."

His heart beat hard and two thoughts moved together in it, for not only did he intensely desire to see the widow but also had a wish to surprise the little community on the cliff for another reason. Still, some vague suspicion held his mind that Bendigo Redmayne might be assisting his brother. The idea was shadowy, yet he had never wholly lost it and more than once contemplated such a surprise visit as he was now about to pay.

Suspicion, however, seemed to diminish as he ascended great heights west of the river estuary, and when within the space of two hours he had reached a place from which "Crow's Nest" could be seen, perched between the cliff heights and a gray, wintry sea, nothing but the anticipated vision of the woman held his mind.

He came ignorant of the startling events awaiting him, little guessing how both the story of his secret dream and the chronicle of the quarry crime were destined to be advanced by great incidents before the day was done.

His road ran over the cliffs and about him swayed brown and naked fields under the winter sky. Here and there a mowing gulf flew overhead and the only sign of other life was a plowman crawling behind his



THE MAJOR POLISHES UP FOR THE PICNIC

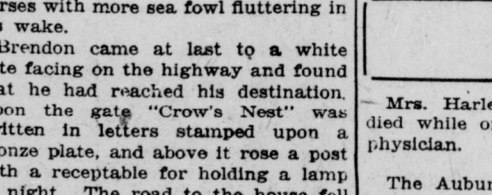
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



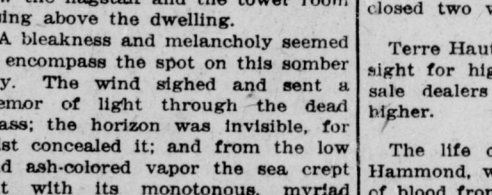
THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



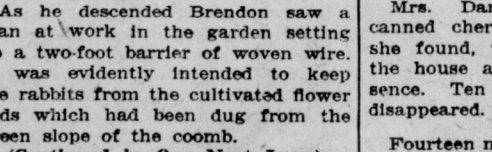
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



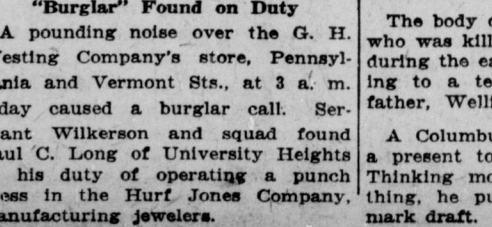
TWO HELD IN STABBING



NEW TEMPLE DEDICATED



Fruit Preserving



CUTICURA HEALS HARD PIMPLES

Festered and Scaly, Itched So Could Not Sleep.



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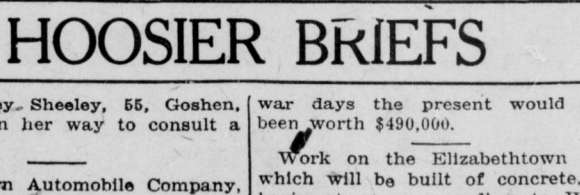
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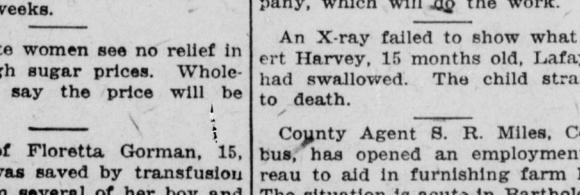
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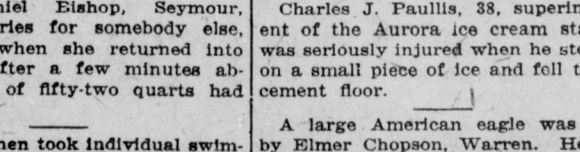
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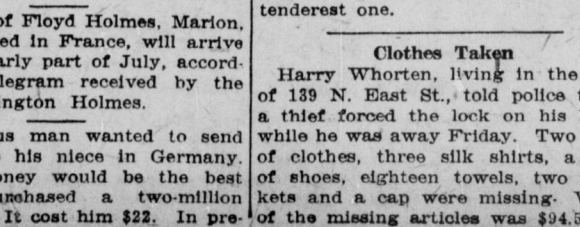
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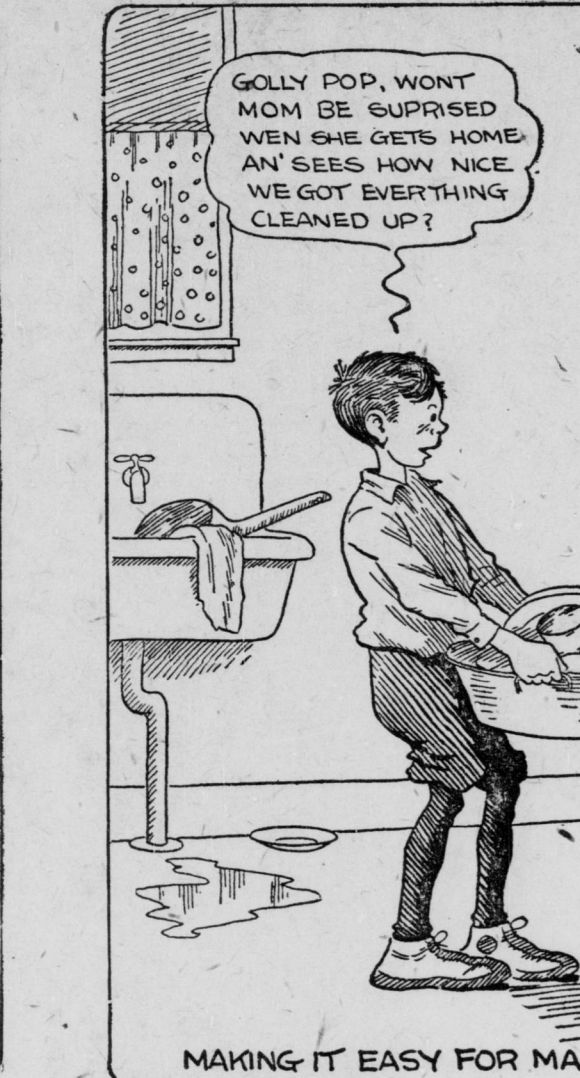


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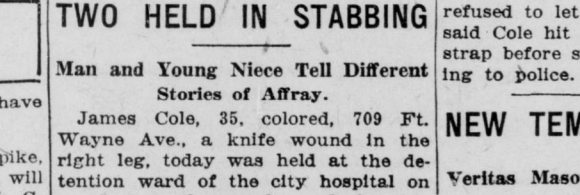
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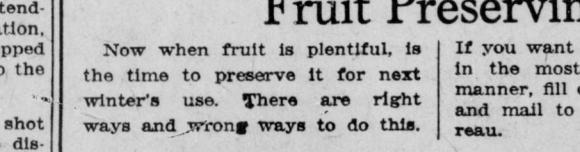
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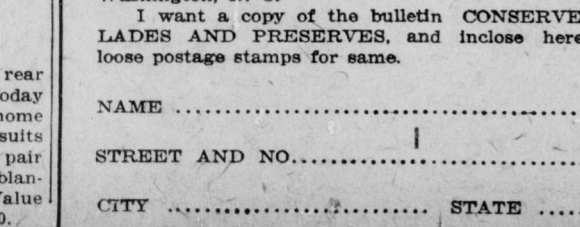
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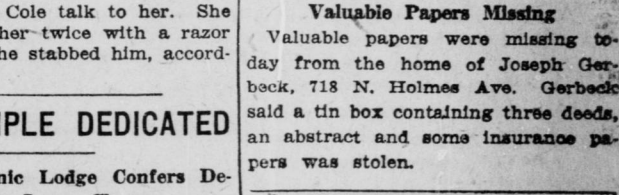
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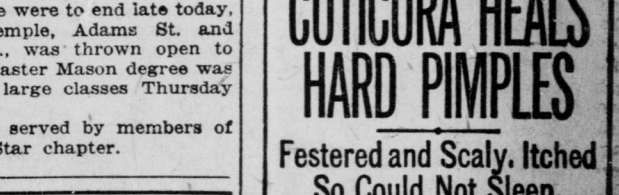
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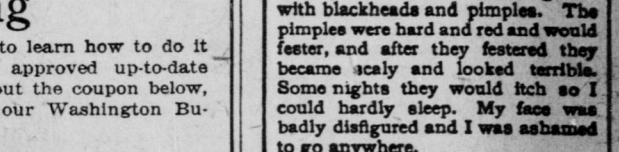
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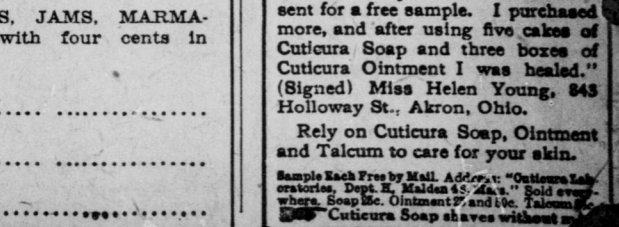
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