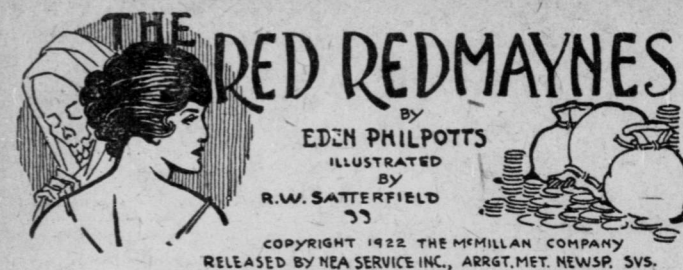


OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



RED REDMAYNES

By EDWIN PHILPOTTS

ILLUSTRATED BY R.W. SATTERFIELD

COPYRIGHT 1922 THE MCMILLAN COMPANY
RELEASED BY NEA SERVICE INC., ARRGST. MET. NEWSP. SVS.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Michael Pendeo disappears and Robert Redmayne, uncle to Michael's wife, Jenny, is suspected of the murder. Mark Brendon, criminal investigator, has charge of the case.

Jenny goes to live with her uncle, Bendigo Redmayne. Robert appears near Bendigo's home and sends word to Bendigo to meet him in a nearby cave. Giuseppe Doria, who works for Bendigo, leaves his master at the meeting place. When Doria calls to bring Bendigo home he finds the cave empty and signs of a terrible struggle.

Jenny marries Doria and they go to live in Italy, where Jenny's uncle, Albert Redmayne, lives. Robert is seen in Italy and Albert sends for Brendon and for Peter Ganns, famous American detective and best friend to Albert.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"YOU'RE a detective inspector of Scotland Yard," continued Ganns, "and Scotland Yard is still the high-water mark of police organization in the world. The Central Bureau in New York is pretty close up, and I've nothing but admiration for the French and Italian secret services; but the fact remains: The Yard is first; and you've won, and fairly won your place there. That's a big thing and you didn't get it without some work and some luck, Brendon."

"But now—this Redmayne racket. In a word, your conduct of the affair don't square with your reputation. Your dope never cut any ice from the start."

Brendon did not hide his emotion, but kept silence while Mr. Ganns helped himself to a pinch of snuff. "A great many of your 'cast-iron facts' were no facts at all."

"What were they then?"

"Elaborate and deliberate fictions, Mark."

He paused again, applied himself to his gold box, and then proceeded.



MR. REDMAYNE WAS OVERJOYED AT SEEING GANNIS.

"Now see how reason bears on the evidence of Robert Redmayne and his lack of since he disappeared. A thing occurs and there are only certain ways—very limited in number—to explain it. Either Robert Redmayne killed Michael Pendeo, or else he did not. And if he did, he was sane or insane at the time. That much can't be denied and is granted. If he was sane, he committed the murder with a motive; and pretty careful inquiry proves that no motive existed. Then, assuming him to be sane, he would not have committed such a murder. The alternative is that he was mad at the time and did homicide on Pendeo while out of his mind."

"But what happens to a madman after a crime of this sort? Does he get off with it and wander over Europe as a free man for a year? Granted the resources of maniac cunning and all the rest of it, was it ever heard that a lunatic went at large as this man did, and laughed at Scotland Yard's attempt to run him down and capture him? No, Mark, the man responsible for these impossible things isn't mad. And that brings me back to my preliminary alternative."

"I said just now, 'Either Robert Redmayne killed Michael Pendeo, or else he did not.' And we may add that either Robert Redmayne killed Bendigo Redmayne or else he did not. But we'll stick to the first proposition for the moment. And the next question you must ask yourself is this: 'Did Robert Redmayne kill Michael Pendeo?' If he did, where, 'facts,' as you call them, begin to sag a bit, my son. There's only one sure and certain way to knowing that a man is dead; and that is by seeing his body and convincing the law, by the testimony of those who knew the man in life, that the corpse belongs to him and nobody else."

They chatted for half an hour and

Mr. Ganns attained his object, which was to fling his companion back to the beginning of the whole problem that he had brought them together.

"Tonight, in the train," said Peter, "I shall ask you to give me your version of the case from the moment that Mrs. Pendeo invited you to take it up."

CHAPTER XII

Peter Takes the Helm

As the detectives traveled through night-hidden Kent and presently boarded the packet for Boulogne, Mark Brendon told his story with every detail for the benefit of Mr. Ganns.

They chatted until the dawn, by which time their train had reached Paris, and an hour or two later they were on their way to Italy.

Mr. Ganns had determined to cross the Lakes and arrive unexpectedly at Menaggio. He had now turned his mind once more to the problem before him and spoke, but little. He sat with his notebook open and made an occasional entry as he pursued his thoughts.

He looked up presently.

"The hard thing before us is this," he said, "to get into touch with Robert Redmayne, or his ghost. There are two sorts of ghost, Mark; the real thing—in which you don't believe and concerning which I hold a watching brief; and the manufactured article."

He broke off and changed the subject.

"What I'm doing is to compare your verbal statement with Mr. Redmayne's written communication," he said, patting his book.

"You'll find the story of Robert Redmayne from childhood and the story of the girl, his niece, and of her dead father. Mrs. Doria's father was a rough customer—scorpions to Robert's whims apparently—a man a bit out of the common."

"I shall like to read the report."

"It's valuable to us, because written without prejudice. That's where it beats your very lucid account, Mark. There was something running through your story, like a thread of silk in cotton, that you won't find here. It challenged me from the jump, my boy, and I'm inclined to think that in that thread of silk I shall just find the reason of your failure, before I've wound it up."

"I don't understand you, Ganns."

"You wouldn't—not yet. But we'll change the metaphor. We'll say there was a red-herring drawn across the trail, and that you took the bait and, having started right enough, presently forsook the right scent for the wrong."

Brendon made no reply. Neither his conscience nor his wit threw any light on the point. Then Peter, turning to his notes, touched on a minor incident and showed the other that it admitted of a doubt.

"Dyson remember the night you left 'Crown' Nest after your first visit? On the way back to Dartmouth you suddenly saw Robert Redmayne standing by a gate and when the moonlight revealed you to him, he leaped away and disappeared into the trees. Why?"

"He knew me."

"How?"

"We had met at Princetown and we had spoken together for some minutes by the pool in Foggintor Quarry, where I was fishing."

"That's right. But he didn't know who you were then. Even if he'd remembered meeting you six months before in the park at Foggintor, why should he think you were a man who was hunting him?"

Mark reflected.

"That's true," he said.

Peter did not pursue the subject. He shut his book, yawned, took snuff, and declared himself ready for a meal. The long day passed and both men turned in early and slept till daybreak.

Before noon they had left Baveno on a steamer and were crossing the blue depths of Maggiore.

At Luino they left the steamer and proceeded to Treas.

They wound over Lugano and came in evening light to its northern shore. Then once more they took train, climbed aloft and fell at last to Menaggio on Como's brink.

"Now," said Peter, "I guess we'll leave our traps here and beat it to Villa Planeggio right away."

Within twenty minutes their one-horse vehicle had reached Mr. Redmayne's modest home and they found three persons just about to take an evening meal. Simultaneously there appeared Mr. Redmayne, his niece, and Giuseppe Doria; and while Albert, Italian fashion, embraced Mr. Ganns and planted a kiss upon his cheek, Jenny greeted Mark Brendon and he looked once more into her eyes.

Doria held back a little while his wife welcomed her uncle's friend; then he came forward, declared his pleasure at meeting Mark again and his belief that time would soon reveal the truth and set a record to the sinister story of the wanderer.

Mr. Redmayne was overjoyed at seeing Ganns and quiet forgot the object of his visit in the pleasure of receiving him.

"It has been my last and abiding ambition to introduce you to Virgilio Poggi, dear Peter, so that you, and I may sit together, hear each other's voices and look into each other's eyes."

Jenny and Assunta had hastily prepared for the visitors and now sat at supper and Brendon learned that rooms were already taken for him and Mr. Ganns at the Hotel Victoria.

"That's as may be," he declared to Doria's wife. "You will find, I think, that Mr. Ganns is going to stop here. He takes the lead in this affair."

After a cheerful meal Peter absolutely declined to cross Como and visit Signor Poggi on the instant.

"I've had enough of your lakes for one day, Albert," he announced, "and I want to talk business and get a rough, general idea of what more is known than Mark and I already know. Now what has happened since you wrote, Mrs. Doria?"

"Tell them, Giuseppe," directed Mr. Redmayne.

"Your gift—the gold box—take a pinch," said Peter holding out his snuff to the old bookworm; but the



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

It's Never Lonely Downtown

—By BLOSSER



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



SINCE LUCRETIA HONEYWELL'S SCHOOL DUTIES ARE OVER FOR THE SUMMER, SHE HAS TAKEN TO ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS AGAIN.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—By ALLMAN



S.S.S. keeps away Pimples

THERE are thousands of women who wonder why their complexions do not improve in spite of the face treatments they use. They should not continue to wonder. Eruptions come from blood impurities and a lack of rich blood cells. S.S.S. is acknowledged to be one of the most powerful, rapid and effective blood cleansers known. S.S.S. builds new blood-cells. This is why S.S.S. gets out of your system the impurities which cause boils, pimples, blackheads, acne, blotches, eczema, tetter, rash. S.S.S. is a remarkable flesh-builder. That's why underweight people can quickly build up their flesh, get back their normal weight, pink, plump cheeks, bright eyes, and "pep."

S.S.S. is sold at all good drug stores in two sizes. The larger size is more economical.

S.S.S. The World's Best Blood Medicine

HOOSIER BRIEFS

master of Villa Planeggio refused and lighted a cigar.

"I will have smoke rather than dust, my precious Peter," he said.

"The man has been seen twice since you heard from my wife," began Doria. "Once I met him face to face on the hill, where I walked alone to reflect on my own affairs; and once—the night before last—he came here, happily Mr. Redmayne's room overlooks the lake and the garden walls are high, so he could not reach it; but the bedroom of Mr. Redmayne's man, Ernesto, is upon the side that stands up to the road."

"Robert Redmayne came at 2 o'clock, flung pebbles at the window, awakened Ernesto, and demanded to be let in to see his brother. But the Italian had been warned exactly what to say and do if such a thing happened."

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

Trunk Check Found

Police are hunting the owner of trunk check P. 53-215, Indianapolis to Portland, Ore. The check was in a book Everett Socks, 1828 Sheldon St., said some one threw into his automobile, parked in Pennsylvania St., under the elevated railroad tracks.

Police Seek Man

Detectives today were searching for Curtis Bowman, colored, who, they allege, cut Jeff Green, colored, 505 Charlotte St., on the face during a fight at the Citizens gas plant Sunday morning. Green is at the city hospital. His wound is not serious.

A "peeper" at a Newcastle piano factory, was caught, stripped and painted with var-colored stripes.

Seymour farmers are learning how to combat chinch bugs by "listening in" on radio discussions.

The full weight of a telephone pole

Dr. Henry C. Davison, 87, more than sixty years a practicing physician at Hartford City, died at the county hospital.

Cornelius Jorman and Thomas Payne, arrested at Alexandria, were sentenced to one year in prison at Anderson on liquor law violation charges.

The body of Mrs. Neal Redmon, 47, missing several days from her home at Greensburg, was found in a field.

A modern concrete building is to be erected at Shoals on the site of the old Keller leather goods store.

Extensive improvements and enlargement are to be made at the plant of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Works at Hammond.

Lemuel Bolles, national adjutant of the American Legion, and Perry Faulkner, State commander, will attend the Sixth District conference at Richmond Thursday.

Miss Elfrida Wolery, 25, Seymour, was temporarily blinded by pepper thrown into her eyes by an unknown assailant.

A "peeper" at a Newcastle piano factory, was caught, stripped and painted with var-colored stripes.

Seymour farmers are learning how to combat chinch bugs by "listening in" on radio discussions.

The full weight of a telephone pole

CONVICTED 'WHIPPING BOSS' TO APPEAL CASE

Motion for New Trial Denied and Twenty-year Sentence Is Given.

By United Press
LAKE CITY, Fla., July 9.—T. W. Higginbotham, whipping boss, convicted of the murder of Martin T. Tabor in a convict camp, today planned to appeal to the State Supreme Court.

Judge McMullin denied motion for a new trial for Higginbotham and sentenced him to twenty years in the State penitentiary. Higginbotham was released on \$10,000 bond pending disposition of his appeal motion.

Boy Commits Suicide

By Times Special
LOGANSPORT, Ind., July 9.—Worry over some alleged check forgery he is said to have committed during the last few weeks is thought to be the cause of the suicide of Harold Redd, 15, north of the city. The boy employed a shotgun. The shot was fired through his heart.

"Home Cure" Advised

Parents were asked by the police to administer the "home cure" for stealing when three girls, whose ages range from 7 to 11, were turned over to them by George Hagelskamp, 1150 Prospect St. He operates a canning factory at Churchman Ave. and the Belt railroad. The girls were caught by Hagelskamp while stealing cans of peas from the factory.

Mayor Tells Tricks of Trade in Business Thirty Years Ago

Mayor Shank tells this story of a business life in Indianapolis thirty years ago.

"In these days," he said, "the furniture dealers often gave newly married couples a rocking chair with each complete order. I was working for a furniture store. We didn't give away anything. You'd think that would ruin a sale, but it didn't."

"Practically all the dealers sold one kind of cook stove for \$30. When a couple would come in, we'd show them this stove at about \$16.

"What's the matter with it?" they'd ask. "The other stores have the same thing for \$30." We'd tell them that the other stores were giving away "free" a rocking chair.

"Well, that would land the sale, and by the time the couple would leave we'd have the difference in the \$30 price tacked on to some other piece."

Mrs. Crowley Is Out With Facts in Case

"Mere words can hardly express my feelings of gratitude to the Tanlac treatment, for it made me feel like a different person entirely," was the statement made recently by Mrs. Lester Crowley, of 1231 Tewart Ave., Vincennes, Ind.

"For three or four years I endured no end of misery from stomach trouble. Even the lightest foods would cause gas to form so badly that I would suffer for hours after eating and I got in such a run-down condition that I had a nervous breakdown. I had awful headaches and weak spells, lost weight and got to where the care of my house and two children was almost beyond my strength."

"Six bottles of Tanlac ended the indigestion, headaches and nervousness completely and made me so strong that I keep going all day now and never tire out. I'll never miss a chance to praise Tanlac; it's the best medicine made."

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

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Nature's own remedy for constipation. For sale everywhere.—adv.