Out of the Darkness

CHARLES J. DUTTON

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"BUY SOME WHISKY?"

CHAPTER IV-Continued. -8-

Her story, of course, would have from the study, of control wave frank and her manner seemed truth-ful. She could evidently throw no light on our problem. She waited quietly for Bartley's next questions, which, when it came, was a surprise

even to me. "Did you see the dog when you came in?" "Oh, yes! He came to the door and

walked to the foot of the stairs with

Bartley turned to the butler and asked. "Was the dog in this room when you came down this morning?"

"Yes, sir. He always sleeps here." There was a long silence after this, broken at last by the girl asking if broken at tast by the girl asking it she night return to her room. Bart-ley gmiled and assented. I could see that he was not satisfied at the way things had gone. His lips were shut tight and his eyes wandered restlesslight and his eyes while the balaxed ly around the room. He glanced moodily down at the woman in the chair, who had recovered her com-posure to some extent, and was now watching with keen eyes everything that was going on.

After a while, Bartley turned to the buffer, "bid you see anyone near the door of Mr. Slyke's room while we were in there?"

"Why, I don't know, sir. I did see the chauffeur coming down the stairs. But I don't know if he had been up to the room." "If you can find him, send him to

The butter that had a send that send that to me at once." Bartley commanded. The butter took this order as a dis-missal and left the room. Bartley turned to Miss Potter and asked her if she had returned to Slyke's room after she left us there. She shook her head. There was again a long silence. At length Bartley broke it by telling her that she need not remain any longer. She rose to her feet and any ionger. She rose to ner rect and started toward the stativny. Haif way across the floor she paused, and said in a voice that hesitated more than once, "You asked me, Mr. Bart-ley, if, when I found Mr. Slyke was the start of the start data for the start start of the start of the start data for the start start of the start of the start data for the start start of the start of the start data for the start of the start start of the start of the start data for the start of the start start of the start of th dead. I touched the bedclothes."

Bartley turned quickly. The tone of his voice as he answered her ques-tion showed that he knew something important was coming.

did what?

answer.

"Roche," he said at length, "I am the back files of the newspaper I sure it was murder, not suicide. It's one of the most mysterious crimes I have ever head of. We are up in the low of a brick building, and his door alr. We know of no reason either for hore the sign "Law Onlice," At a slyke's having been murdered or for

Roche went out to telephone for his in an and Bartley walked over to the easily in his chair; but when I added men and Bartley walked over to the window. I followed him and we stood looking out at the view.

He placed his hand on my shoulder. The plate have a good deal of work Pielt, you have a good deal of work to do today. I want you to find out all you can about the men who were all you can about the men who were at the poker game. Then you must see that man Lawrence and get his see that han Lawrence and get his story. Find out why he stayed be-bind the others. If you have any time left, you had better look up in the files of the local newspapers the burglary of last year."

"You don't think that had anything

to do with the nurder, do you?" I asked in wonder. He gave me one of those smiles of bis that tell nothing, and drawled out, "I am not saying, but you know we came up here on a burglary case, the note of the not not a murder mystery.

He did not give me time to wonder what his reply meant, but con-tinued, "Better go to Currie's and get the car. Here are the names of the men you are to see."

As I was leaving the room he waved As I was leaving the room he waved his hand and called after me with a smile, "Good luck! See you tonight."

CHAPTER V

In Which I Hear More About the Burglary. Currle was sitting on the plazza

when I reached the house. He got up hurriedly and advanced to me. "Where in the devil is John?" he osked

apparently knew that we had called over to Slyke's, but he did not



"I Did Not Touch the Bedclothes, but 1-1-

know the reason. I answered, "He is over at Slyke's; Slyke was murdered last night."

His large red face grew purple, "Murdered?" he gasped. "My G--, who did it?"

Bartley turned quickly. The tone of his voice as he answered her ques-ion showed that he knew something important was coming. "Yes, I did." With her hands playing nervously

With her hands playing nervously shrugged his shoulders, with a fold of her dress and her eyes on the floor, she continued slowly, "I did not, touch the bedelothes, but— I-I--" be the here is a more right on my door-I--L-" ne nnow a moreer right of my door-"Yes," encouraged Bartley, "You did what?" She seemed to find it difficult to answer, "When--I went in that room --and found him dead"-her voice and be in the series of the being murdered." I went to the garage and backed in the bit little mundered and started to be introduced and started to be introduced.

ous himself that he would never have dared to thre a gun. It's too bad he stayed behind last night." 6 As I wanted to interview Lawrence As I wanted to interview Lawrence next, the editor accompanded me in his car to point out the building where Lawrence had his office. Here he left wayay. When he paused, he did not reply at once, office in about an hour, he would have "Roche," he said at length, "I am the back files of the newspaper I

TORRANCE HERALD

which have a starting the diminish. There is a great deal yet to do. You had better get a couple of your men up here as quickly as possible and search the when I told him that Slyke was deal and that I had come to learn about added

that we believed that Slyke had been murdered, and that as far as we knew he was the last person to see him

could see that, until I mentioned the word murder, he had thought that Slyke had committed suicide. For a second I wondered if, after all, he had not had something to do with the crime

Taking a chair by his side, I said. "You were the last person, so far as we can discover, to see Mr. Slyke alive. We know that you stayed for a few moments only, and that he him-self asked that you remain. As you were the last one to see him alive, we

nervous or upset?" My question did not make the man by my side any easier. He answered quickly, in a high-pitched voice that broke several times. "I did stay: but the other men will tell you that I was going home with them until Slyke asked me to wait a moment. I had no idea beforehand what he wanted. I wish to God I had gone with the rest. Some d—d fool will say I killed him."

It was just what some people would say, when it became public that the butler had not heard Slyke's voice again after Lawrence's departure. But for myself, I could not connect guilt with the thin, nervous figure beside

me. "What did he want to see you

about?" I asked. Lawrence flushed, then half grinned, as he answered, "He asked me if I wanted to buy some Scotch whisky." "Buy some whisky?" I repeated in

"Yes, it seems foolish, doesn't it? But that's what he wanted to see me about. He said he had lots more than he needed, and that he could let me have five cases." I said nothing, trying to digest this

astonishing information. I had been wondering what it was that Slyke wanted to see Lawrence about, and had even made several guesses; but never in my wildest imagination had I supposed that it was about whisky. I could understand why Lawrence build understand why Lawrence should want to buy it, for good whis-ky is hard to get; but why Slyke, pre-sumed to be a rich man, should want to sell five cases was beyond my comprehension.

He saw my surprise and said, "It does seem strange. I was surprised myself. I had heard that he had a lot of booze; but we were not the closest of booze; but we were not the closest of friends, and nowadays a man lets his liquor go only to his pais. The man who will let you have five cases of whisky is a pretty good friend." I smiled at his answer. He was

People with imported liquor right. Fight. People with imported liquor were not giving it away. And what was more, few men of Siyke's position were selling their private stock. "He told me," Lawrence continued, "that he had a great deal more than

he could use, and that he would sell me some for one hundred dollars a cuse. That's pretty cheap for imported stuff.

ported stuff." "And then you left him?" I asked. "Yes. He told me he was not go-ing to bed yet. Said someone was coming in about half-past one." Here was a new plece of evidence. Sigke, then, had not gone to bed after

Lawrence left, but had waited up for to say the least. One o'clock in the morning is not a usual hour for re-

he KITCHEN CABINET ý. 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

It is clearly the business of the mind to build it more stately man-scions as the swift seasons roll. For the mind cannot remain fixed, no matter what the jsainlat thought about the heart. Ourselves, like everything and everybody else, must change.—Edgar J. Goodspeed.

FOR FRIDAY'S FOOD

Even in homes where meatless day is not observed, it is found profitable to serve dsh on Friday as the markets provide a greater variety for that day. Fish in most communities is a plentiful and cheap food. It is easily di-

Baked Stuffed Fish.—Prepare a stuffing for fish with one-half cupful studing for hish with one-half cupful of of bread crumbs, one-fourth cupful of melted butter, one-half cupful of cracker crumbs, a few drops of onion juice, one-fourth teaspoonful of sait, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a few dashes of pepper, and two table-spoonful of chopped sair pickles spoonfuls of chopped sour pickles. Mix and bind with a beaten egg. Stuff the fish and lay on strips of cheese-cloth; this will keep the fish from breaking when lifted from the pan. Eake until the fish leaves the bones. Serve garnished with cress or parsley, with sections of lemon.

Jellied Fish .- Cook a two-pound fish and remove all the bones and skin, chop fine, and stir in a little at a time a half cupful of water; add a teaspoonful of salt, the juice of three lemons, one tablespoonful of grated onion, 23 almonds blanched and finely chopped, and a dash of cayenne pep-per. When all these ingredients have been well-mixed add two tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in one-fourth of a cupful of water and dissolved over hot water. Pack in a mold and when thoroughly chilled serve in a crisp nest of lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

Lemon jelly with chopped vege-tables and a few nuts, molded and served on lettuce makes a pretty and novel salad. Serve with any wellliked dressing.

Of all the men I have known, I cannot recall one whose mother dld her level best for him when he was little, who dld not turn out well when he grew up.-Frances Park-inson Keyes.

WAYS WITH SPRING FOODS

Asparagus is one of the most appreciated early vegetables. Cooked until tender and cerved plain with melted butter it is excellent, or served with SPACE 1 cream on toast it makes delightful luucheon dish. Another method which adds variety is to toss

the cooked stalks in butter in a hot frying pan, then spread with butter and grated cheese and brown under the gas flame. the set of top of each bowl, with a sprinkling of minced chives or finely shredded al-monds, the soup is par excellence. Cooked stalks thrust through a ring of pepper or tomato and served with rich avonnaise (a spoonful placed on the

side of the salad plate), makes a de-ightful salad. Rhubarb is one of our early fruits. It is especially good for the system and blends well with other fruits as

and blends well with other runs as drinks. Rhubarb sliced, sprinkled with sugar and baked in the oven until ten-der is unusually good in flavor. Com-bined with strawberries and pineapple most delicious jam or conserve is

The cultivated mustard is one of the nicest greens for serving, cooked and dressed with butter and vinegar or lemon juice, or cooked with a slice of fat sail pork. The fresh, pretty leaves served with lettuce in a saind and a zest to the dish which is well liked. Mustard grows freely and should be The cultivated mustard is one of the



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RED TOP'S POLITENESS

Now, Red Top, the Rooster, was weally very polite. He had the best of Rooster manners. Not only was he a splendid one for crowing, but he really was very kind to all about him. Of course he was fond of boasting a

not even Red Top. With all his boasting he never really became conceited. He simply seemed to feel that he must boast so as to let the champion Rooster of the Barn-yard, the one who awoke them all up in the morning and who attended to

the business of the barryard. Just what business it was he at-tended to no one knew and neither did Red Top, but he knew that it was always well to pretend that he had many important business thoughts and ideas which none of the barnyard creatures could understand. It made him sound so superior to

any to some young creatures who had asked him what he was thinking about: "Ah, you wouldn't understand. All heavy business matters which are very important and which are things you don't have to worry your you don't have to worry your pretty (or otherwise) head about." But still he was a very good sort, and now he was thinking

and now he was thinking more and more of the nice things he could do for the rest of his barnyard friends. He was just as attentive and polite as he could be. "Cock-a-doodle-do," he said one day,

"come, barnyard friends and relatives and take a walk with me. "In the garden beyond there are seeds and worms and the little fresh blades

of grass are coming up.' And all the creatures of the barn

yard started to take a walk with Red Top. "Cackle, cackle," said Miss Fidgety

Tashionable Hen, "this is kind of you for share your pleasures with me." "Cock-a-doodle-do," said Red Top, "niways glad to be obliging and kindly." kindly.

"Cackle, cackle," said Mrs. Brown Hen, "indeed, Red Top, you're a gen-

"I was always taught by my Mother Hen," said Red Top, "to be a gentle-manly and well mannered rooster, and "Ah, you were a comfort to your

mother always, and never caused her any worry, I'm sure," said Mrs. White

Hen, "Well," admitted Red Top, "she was for it was decided upon by those in duthority that she would make a most delicious chicken broth. "Ab, yes, I might have worried her



"Ah, You Wouldn't Understand." had it not been that she had that

other engagement. "But, then, I tried my best, and, as I say, I've always tried to be a credit to her teachings."

"And you've been that," said Miss White Hen. And Mrs. White Hen "Cackie, cackle, you've been a said:

fine chap, Red Top." So Red Top took everyone to par-take of a delicious meal and he showed the way and pointed about and scratched about in the ground so



Friday, May 25, 1923.

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MRS. GUSSIE E. HANSEN.

Mrs. Gussle E. Hansen, of 916 West 52nd Street, is now numbered with the multitude of Los Angeles men and women who have realized the wonder-ful merits of Tanlac. In relating her experiences, Mrs. Hansen said: "It is wonderful what Tanlac will do

for one suffering from stomach trouble, nervousness and run-down con-dition. I have tried it, "Before taking the treatment every-

thing I ate disagreed with me so that I actually dreaded to sit down to the table. I suffered from constipation, had awful pains across my back, and was so nervous and run down I was in mis-

ery all the time. "Tanlac was helping so many others I thought it might help me, too, and it certainly has. Why, my appe tite is just splendid, and my stomach is in such good order I eat to my heart's content. My back doesn't bother me any more, and I sleep like a child at night. I can't say too much for Tanlac."

Tanlac is for sale by all good drug-gists—take no substitute. Over 37 mil-lion bottles sold.

Accounting for Tide. A tide is a wave of the whole ocean which is elevated to a certain height by the attraction of the moon, and then sinks.

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CORNS

and a woman likes to be told.

knit and a curlous look came into his at the card party, it would save me a face

lot of time. Upon explaining my er-All at once I realized the full raid, he gave me the desired infor-meaning of her words. If she had back was the desired infor-closed Slyke's eyes, then it would be hard for Bartley to prove that he had bear newspaper, and it suggested an

hard for fartiev to prove that he had been nurdered. He had claimed that, if Slyke had committed suicide, his eyes would have been open. He had gone even further and said it was the nurderer who had closed his eyes, the table to me. Arriving at the newspaper office, I found the man I sought just going gone even further and said it was the nurderer who had closed his eyes. thinking that was the way they should questions about Slyke, he invited me

turning that was the variety should splex how his protect to look in death. But now Miss Protect to have killed himself? Would Bartley still be able to prove that he had been

Still be able to prove that he had been murdered? Once more Miss Potter lapsed into ner old sullen mood and refused to add anything further. Bartley pilled her with questions, but in the end suc her with questions, but in the end see had added nothing to her first state-frightened her and she had closed them. She insisted, however, that she had not touched the bedclothes, that he thought Slyke himself had they had been close around his neeth and up over his chin when she found thim. to remain, though he did not know for what reason. Suddenly it occurred to him that what he had said might place Lawrence in an awk-

to Bartley and said, "There goes your theory of murder. Yeu can't prove now that he did not kill himself." Bartley listened to Roche with the state of the said, "Could have had nothing to do with Siyke's Bartley listened to Roche with the said. Lawrence is so darned nerv-ered in a temple pond in Tokyo,

am expecting a man about two, and have to wait up for him.' That's all 1 know about it."

It was not much of a clue, still it was better than nothing. It did establish the fact that there had been someone else with Slyke that night. That is, if he were telling the truth. The burning question in my mind who was that second person? the one who had killed Slyke? The odds seemed to favor It. Lawrence had fittle further information to give He said that Slyke had no especially nervous, nor had he acted like a man afraid of anything.

I rose to go, but paused at a new thought

"Oh, Mr. Lawrence, did Slyke give you a drink?

He had accompanied me to the door nd paused, one hand on the knob. Yes, he did, up in the room over his sleeping room. He got out a bottle and two glasses and we had a drink.

"That's enough to prove those men had nothing to do with the burglary."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Believed to be 500 years old, a sala-mander six feet long has been discov

to put forth leaves all summer. If the blossoms are kept picked the plan may be useful until late in the fall. Spanish onlon with green or red pep-

per in rings, radiables and watercress, aW add variety to the salads of this time of the year. A fine dinner menu for this season

is a dish of greens with a slice of corned beef, salt pork or ham, which have been cooked together, potatoes, onlon salad and rhubarb ple—a dinner which is not only filling but medicinal. There is no food more healthful for young and old than the fresh, julcy fruits.



Celebrating. "Mrs. Wealthy couldn't come to our bridge game this afternoon." "Why not?" "She forgot it was her lap dog's

blithday, and she'd promised to give the dear little thing a party."

Some Job.

"I am selling an encyclopedia. Will

"I don't know. I always like to know what I am buying. Give me a list of the contents complete."-Louis-ville Courier-Journal.

that all could have a feast. And after the feast was over Mrs. Brown Hen said: "Cheers for Red Top. Three cheers for Red Top, hip, hip, hooray! Cackle, cackle, cackle, 'And Mrs. White Hen said: "Hip, hip, hooray! nooray! Three cheers for Red Cheers, cheers, cackle, cackle, Top. cackle '

And Miss Fidgety Fashionable Hen said: "Three cheers for Hert m said: "Three cheers for Red Top. Cheers, cackle, cackle, cackle, hip, hip, hooray.

Then Miss Red Hen said: Cackle, cackle, cackle, three cheers for Red Top, hip, hip, hooray."

And Mrs. Spotted hen said: "Cackle, cackle, cackle, three cheers for Red Top, hip, horay!" So Red Top was cheered and he.

so need top was cheered and he, rose upon a stump which they were passing and he said: "Ladies! I thank you! Let me always be of service to you. Call upon me at any time you need me or my assistance. I'm only too glad to give you of rooster time and my rooster help. f my

And there was a great cackling in the barnyard of joy that such a fine gentleman as Red Top was the friend of all.

In Wrong.

Johnnie (to new visitor)-So you are my grandma, are you? Grandmother—Yes, Johnnie, I'm your grandma on your father's side. Johnnie—Well, you're on the wrong day you'll soon find that out



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