

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON
Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' etc.
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THE STORY OF AMAROFF THE POLE

"You may think yourself an artist," wrote my uncle, "but I call you a silly young fool."

I remembered the sentence and the reading of it well enough, though time has not stood idle since that September evening of the year 1892. From the point of view of Bradford, my uncle might be right; but what did he know, I argued, of the higher ideal which I had chosen preferring the development of my artistic sense to the mere accumulation of money that I could not spend? Where was his joy of life—he who spent his days in the whirl of wheels and the fog of many chimneys? How could it compare with mine in the ancient peace of the eighteenth century house that lay under the towers that crowned the ancient abbey at Westminster? I looked around me at the delicate tapestries that I had brought from Florence to my London rooms; at the glowing Fragonards—souvenirs of my year of artistic study in Paris; at the Dresden groups redolent of old Saxony. Was I the fool or my uncle George? There seemed to me no doubt about it. It was plainly Uncle George.

Yet the letter had unsettled me. I opened the swing doors that led to my studio, switched on the light, and stepped from easel to easel, examining my half-finished work with a growing dissatisfaction. Were they indeed merely the daubs of a wealthy amateur? I loitered back to my sitting-room in a sulky depression, and had picked up an art paper, when there came a tapping at the door, and the grizzled head of old Jacob Hendry came peering in. A perfect servant was old Hendry, once sergeant of infantry, and now a combination of cook, valet, and housemaid, who kept my rooms in spotless order, grilled a steak to a turn, was a fair hand with a needle, and spent his spare time in producing the most artistic wood carving I have ever seen.

"Well, and what is it?" I asked him; for he seemed in some hesitation.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Phillips, sir," he said, "but there's a young man would like to see you. A most respectable young man, sir, as lodges above on the third floor, but—"

"Go on, Jacob, go on."

"The fact is, sir, he's from the Yard."

"The Yard? What Yard?"

"Scotland Yard, sir, where the detectives come from."

And where I wish to Heaven they would remain, thought I.

This intrusion was simply insufferable. I had a mind to refuse the man admittance.

"Is boots is quite clean," said Jacob, entirely mistaking my hesitation.

"E 'as wiped 'em on the mat. I saw 'em."

"Oh, show him in."

"The person, sir, of the name of Inspector Peace," said Hendry, swinging open the door.

He was a tiny slip of a fellow, of about five and thirty years of age. A stubble of brown hair, a hard, clean-shaven mouth, and a confident chin—such was my impression. He took one quick look at me, and then waited, with his eyes on the carpet and his head a trifle tilted over the right shoulder.

"I fear that I have taken a great liberty, Mr. Phillips," he said, in a very smooth and civil manner. "But I had an idea that you would help me, and time was of importance."

"Well, and what is it?"

"You have many friends amongst the foreign artists here in London. You attend their concerts and sometimes even their little dances. We are near neighbors, you see," he concluded, with a slight bow.

"I am flattered by the interest you have taken in my movements."

"Two hours ago," he continued cheerfully, "a body was found in a passage off Leman street, Steyne—a body which we cannot identify. The man was of good position, a sculptor, and, I believe, a Pole. A cab is waiting at the door. It is late, I know, Mr. Phillips; it cannot fail to be a great personal inconvenience; but will you drive down with me and take a look at him?"

"Certainly not."

He saw that I considered his proposal an impertinence, for he hesitated a moment, regarding me with an air of depression.

"For I will not be a witness or a juror or anything like that, you understand?"

"Certainly. I will see that you are not further molested."

"Then, in the name of common sense, let us get it over as quickly as possible," I said, kicking off my slippers and ringing the bell for my boots.

Big Ben was striking eleven as our hansom trotted down the long Embankment with its lights twinkling on the rushing tide below. Past the great restaurants of pleasure, glowing with shaded lamps from the windows of all their balconies; into the silent city where the tall offices of the day lay deserted palaces under the moon; over macadam, over clattering asphalt, over greasy wood pavement; so we journeyed till of a sudden we dropped from wealth to destitution, from solitude to babble, from the West to the East. Costers bawling their wares under spouting fountains, fringed the sidewalks along which jostled the chattering masses of the poor. The section was largely foreign. The patches of color in some Italian shawl, the long coats and peaked headgear of some moujik, the clatter of the dialects seemed all the stranger from the sullen London background of mean shops, dingy lodgings, and low beer-houses. For, in the shadows of that underworld of the great metropolis, sodden faces, guttural oaths, dingy rags, the blow that precedes the word, are the manifestations of the native born.

In a side street the cab drew to a standstill. It was the mortuary, the inspector told me. A young policeman at the door touched his hat, and led the way down a passage to a bare stone chamber. On a slab in the center the body lay with an elderly man in ill-fitting clothes bending over it. He looked up as we entered, and nodded to the inspector.

"You were quite right, Peace," he said cheerfully; "chloroform first, strangling afterwards."

"They took no risks, Dr. Chapple."

"They made a clean job of it," said the elderly man, looking down at the slab with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets. "Never saw neater work since—well, since I was invalided home from India."

"Thugs?"

"Yes; they did it nigh as well as a Thug in regular practice."

The callous brutality of the conversation filled me with disgust. I turned away, leaning against the wall with a feeling of nausea.

"And now, if I may trouble you, Mr. Phillips, will you look at this poor fellow, and see if you can recognize him?" said Peace.

I knew him well enough. The black beard, the thin, hawk nose, the high and noble forehead were not easily forgotten. Talman had introduced me to him at the Art Club's Reception in July, whispering that he was a Pole and a neighbor of his—a deuced queer fish, though a clever one. He had exhibited a bust of Nero at the Academy, which attracted much attention.

"And his name?" asked the inspector.

"Amaroff. I believe him to be from Poland; that is about all I know of him."

"How did you come to meet him?"

I told him of my introduction. Would I, he asked, give him Talman's address? Most certainly—No. 4 Harden place, off the King's road, Chelsea.

I had no objection whatever to Talman being routed to one-in-the-morning. By all means let the old rascal be turned out of bed and cross-examined. His language would be a revelation to the police—it would, really.

The inspector left me on the doorstep for a few minutes, while he whispered to two shabbily dressed men who lounged out of the darkness, and disappeared with the same lack of ostentation. Then we entered our cab, which had waited, and trotted westward, the very air growing clearer.

"I seemed to me, when the underworld of poverty fell away behind us. It was some time before I spoke, and then it was to ask for a solution to certain puzzles that had been forming in my brain.

"You said he had been robbed?" I began.

"Yes, Mr. Phillips. They had gone through his pockets with every attention to detail."

"Certainly not."

He saw that I considered his proposal an impertinence, for he hesitated a moment, regarding me with an air of depression.

"It has stopped raining," he said, "and the cab has most comfortable cushions. I noticed a fur coat in the hall which can be slipped on in a moment. May I fetch it for you?"

"You merely waste time, Mr. Peace," I told him, "I will have nothing to do with an affair in which I am nowise concerned."

"This sculptor may be an acquaintance of your own," he said gravely; "and while we are arguing his murderers may escape."

"Murderers?"

"Then how did you know he was a sculptor?"

"He had been called away in a hurry. There was modelling clay in his finger-nails, and a splash of plaster on his right trouser leg. It was quite simple, as you see."

His reply was ingenious, and I liked the inspector the better for it. The man had something more in him than a civil tongue and a pleasing manner.

"Tell me—what else did you learn?"

"That he was murdered in a place with a sanded floor, probably at no great distance from Leman street, seeing that they carried him there on a coster's barrow."

"I am not a reporter," I said. "I do not want guess-work."

"I shall probably be able to prove my words in twenty-four hours."

"And why not now?"

"There are good reasons."

"Oh, very well," I said sulkily; and we drove on through the night in silence.

He left me at my door amid polite assurances that I should not again be troubled in the matter. I told him quite frankly that I was very glad to hear it.

I did not sleep more than eight hours that night, and was quite unfit for work in the morning. I roamed about my studio with nerves on edge. I cursed Peace and all his doings. Even the papers gave me no further information of this exasperating business, being loaded with the preparations for the czar's reception in Paris, which was due in two days.

In the end I sank so far as to send old Jacob up to the inspector's rooms for the latest news; but he had been out since daybreak.

About twelve I wandered off to the club. The sight of Talman was a very present joy to me. He was engaged in denouncing the police to a select circle, choosing as his text that the Englishman's house in his castle. I offered my sincere sympathy when he told me that he had been invaded at one in the morning by inquiring detectives. I suggested that he should write to the Times about it. He said he had already done so. Incidentally he mentioned that Amaroff's address had been No. 21 Harden place.

I lunched at the little table by the window; but it was in the smoking-room afterwards that the idea occurred to me. I fought against it for some time, but the temptation increased upon consideration. Finally I yielded, and told the waiter to call a cab. I would myself have a look at the dead man's studio.

I dismissed the hansom at the turning off King's road, and walked down Harden place on foot. It was an eddy in the rush of London improvement—a pool of silence in its roaring traffic. There were trees in the little gardens. The golds and browns of the withering leaves peeped and rustled over the old brick walls. Several studios I noticed—it was evidently an artists' quarter—before I stopped in front of No. 21.

The studio—a fair-sized barn of modern brick—fronted on the street. The double doors through which a sculptor's larger work may pass were flanked by a little side door painted a stark and most objectionable green.

On the right the roof of a red-tiled shed crept up to long windows under the eaves. The side door stood ajar—a most urgent invitation to my curiosity. After all, I argued, a studio remains a place where the strict rules of etiquette may be avoided, even though its owner be dead. And so, without troubling further in the matter, I pushed the door gently open, and walked into a short passage, the further end of which was barred with heavy curtains of faded plush. Beyond them I could hear a whisper of voices. I drew back the edge of a curtain and peeped within.

In the center of the big room was a tall pedestal upon which was set the bust of Nero, which had won no small measure of fame for poor Amaroff in that year's Academy. Under the proud and merciless features of the Roman Emperor stood Inspector Peace smoking a cigarette and talking to a big fellow with a thick black beard.

A couple of men kneeling at their feet were replacing a mass of loose papers in the drawers of a roller-top desk that had been pulled some distance from the wall.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

Grounds for Divorce.
A Cleveland lawyer tells this one: "A woman came up to my office the other day and wanted to know if she could get a divorce because her husband didn't believe in the Bible. I told her that unless she had something else on him there would be no use in bringing suit."

"But he's an absolute infidel!" she insisted.

"That makes no difference," said I. "Doesn't it, indeed?" she cried, triumphantly. "Well, you are a lawyer, I must say. Here's the laws of Ohio, and they say that infidelity, if proved, is a ground for divorce!"

Sapphires Popular.
The sapphire is considered beauty's chief adornment this winter. Blue has prevailed so long in the effections of the well-habited woman, and the sapphire reflects that wonderful blue which hints of Italian skies at night.

When well chosen, the sapphire may be worn morning, noon and night. It harmonizes perfectly with the severely tailored suit or the exquisite dinner gown.

The correct sapphire must not be of too deep a shade as to resemble a chip of coal, nor must it be a washed-out blue which is absolutely characteristic.

When it's a perfect blue the black frock needs no other adornment than a lovely sapphire drop attached to a small chain. Complete sets of sapphire ornaments are being worn after the fashion of 50 years ago.

These sets include a necklace, two bracelets and a brooch or two. If the sets are intended for evening wear, they include a band for the throat, a barrette, ornamental combs and frequently a tiara.

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Odd Sleeves.
The novelty of the moment in Paris is detected in the various kinds of sleeves completing our simple Greek-draped gowns. There is a tendency, and one likely to spread, to make the sleeves in a material and color different from the dress. One would be inclined to believe that this interesting innovation is partly due to the gradual shortening of the kimono sleeve.

Some of the most clever effects are inspired from the middle ages in France. A few of these specimens appeared recently on the stage. The sleeves alone give the cachet to a simple dress of white crepe de chine. They are tight fitting from the elbow, and covered with raised flowers in crested wool of polychrome eastern design. Another old world touch lies in the band of dark fur encircling the neck and crossing to the waist at the side.

Velvet blouses for the house are immensely chic. In black and all the fashionable dark shades they appear as belted coats—very short over the hips, very loose above the waist line and in front opening over a silk skirt with a soft collar and a lingerie frill. The long, wide sleeves are gathered into a wrist band but are opened at the other side to the elbow through which slit is drawn the lingerie frill on the under shirt's sleeve.

House Blouse for Winter.
Spotted white net veiling satin is employed in the development of a sensible sort of winter house blouse which has long sleeves set into sloping shoulder seams and fronts crossing over a high-collared glimpse of plain net. Despite its simplicity of design, this blouse is not severe, for two deep frills of the spotted material cross the fronts diagonally from the waist line, and just below the shoulders under cabochons of gold and silver tinsel.

Brocade in pale blue or rose or mauve trimmed with dark fur narrow bands is made into a charming type of dinner blouse. This model closes invisibly at the back, has a rounded-out neck that is moderately low, half-length angel sleeves, and a cluster of silk and tinsel flowers. These three distinct classes of blouses are especially liked by women of rather limited income whose social position requires smart dressing.

The illustration shows a velvet costume without coat—this is a delightful suggestion for a velvet gown. The skirt is severely cut and is quite plain save for a hem of skunk and five silk tassels on each side.

Wide Choice is Allowed.
Many Different Colors and Materials May Be Employed as Coverings for Large and Small Tables.

White coverings are not best for the table in the living room and it is not necessary that the cover should hide the whole surface. There are many attractive materials which can be utilized as covers for table tops. Pieces of old brocades or embroideries can be picked up at reasonable prices at upholstering shops and if bound in a plain color or with wide gold braid are charming. Oval or oblong pieces of plain velours, lined with soft felt or flannel make attractive and equally satisfactory covers for the Oriental rug environment.

DAY OF SMALL HAT

Parisians Turn From Mammoth Creations So Long Popular.

APPEAR IN VARIOUS SHAPES

Toque Has Come Into Its Own Again, and the Change is Welcomed—Tam O'Shanter Appears on the Boulevards.

PARIS, France.—Fur aigrettes, paradise plumes and marabou bands trim scores of chic small hats. One charm of the aigrette, whether made of fur, feathers or ribbon, is its lack of prejudices as to the position accorded to it. If posed in an upright manner, it will stand erect, and assume military, nay, a military air. But it is quite as willing to droop languidly from one side or from the back of a shape, or to cling affectionately to the under edge of a rolling brim. Paradise plumes have a similar happy faculty for adjusting themselves to the characteristics of a chapeau, while marabou bands possess the witchlike quality of making a rollover-brim shape look well above a middle-aged face. What wonder that these three types of garnishings are used on tiny chapeau which, at last, have definitely arrived. They are seen in various shapes, but are smartest in a toque which fits closely to the head and shows a short fringe over both ears. This arrangement of



the hair, however, goes with hats of any dimensions, for so far as the Parisian public knows, the mondaine and her gown daughters have no organs of hearing. It is the popular idea among milliners that a woman no matter how regular may be her features or how flawless her complexion and teeth, cannot be pretty if her ears show. When posing her toque, the Parisienne places its rear against the nape of her neck, then presses its crown forward and brings its sides against the curled or waved or puffed locks covering her ears. If she arranges these tresses with a due regard to the shape of her face, the new toque cannot fail to become her—providing that it is of the right color. This rule may be applied to almost any of the new small shapes and notably to the Tam O'Shanter of velvet or corded silk matching the gown and garnished with aigrettes of fur or bands of marabou like the trimming on the skirt and the jacket. The huge puff of flexible material drooping over the narrow brim and concealing its hard line makes a soft halo which is flattering to any face, no matter how youthful and lovely.

Reign of the Small Turban.
Small turbans of the tailored velvet type such as every true Parisienne considers a necessity for the winter season, are flat of crown and broad of brim and so severe of line that they would be impossibly becoming were it not for their pose. They are placed squarely upon the head and so far forward that the eyebrows are covered. From the front no hair can be seen excepting the tufts covering the ears, but happily the velvet brim casts a soft shadow which, by making the eyes look larger and darker, adds to the attractiveness of the face.

On some of these hats are two long loops of cash ribbon, wired and rooted in a long twisted knot forming an aigrette which projects straight outward from the side of the brim and in no way marring the sharp outline of the shape. But if a perfectly flat ensemble is preferred (some milliners maintain that the tailored hat should be guiltless of projections), there may be placed against the brim and extending from it part way over the crown, a large, square cabochon of Oriental brocade, of car-lined

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beams working out a Grecian design or of heavy tinsel lace embroidered with coarse floss.

Tableau Chapeaux.

Even the so-called Tableau Chapeaux are noticeably smaller of late. Those worn by the bridesmaids at a recent smart wedding, had low crowns against which were pressed four-inch-wide brims that flared at the right side and pointed sharply beyond the left ear, making a new variation of the Napoleon. They were of skunk-edged corbeau blue silk beaver decorated at the left front brim with a cluster of roses and foliage in pale gold tinsel. Still smaller was the maid of honor's headgear—a hat having a perfectly flat circular crown of cream colored fine felt into which was shirred a drooping three-inch brim of golden brown chiffon velvet. It was posed at a decided tilt toward the left ear and from the right side of its brim fell a bird of paradise matching the shade of her sabio-banded-trimmed yellow chiffon frock.

In Silk Beaver.
Vastly becoming and decidedly out of the ordinary, is the Trelawny tableau chapeau of moderate size. This shape is most of all chic in "beaver," and has a rounded low crown, a plush or velvet faced brim which rolls very slightly at the back and is correspondingly depressed at the front. Its outline should be softened by a band of marabou or fur about the crown, and to be truly picturesque and unusual looking there should be an extremely long ostrich plume, matching the color of the beaver, but centered from root to tip of stem with a narrow band of fur or marabou, projecting upward and backward from the left side.

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