

# THE MAN WITH THE MASTER MIND

Being the Chronicles of Carlton Clarke, Telepatho-Deductive Solver of Criminal Mysteries. BY FRANK LOVELL NELSON.

## The Satsuma Bracelet

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THAIDA was in Chicago. This was enough to upset the daily order of Clarke and myself and make work out of the question. Just why she came I was not informed. Clarke, I knew, was not in active correspondence with her and, since our thrilling experiences off the gulf coast when we had rescued her from the clutches of Count Armand de Loup and his band of devil worshippers he had not mentioned her name. But now that she was at a fashionable North Side hotel, looking, if it be possible, more beautiful, more queenly and more utterly fascinating than ever, he appeared to live and move in another world. For myself I could feast my eyes upon her by the hour, but I dared not, for the sake of friendship and loyalty and all that I held most dear in my association with Clarke, allow my mind to follow. My heart I knew already was lost beyond my ever regaining it. But it was a joy to walk the streets with her, to feel her presence at one's side and to share the conscious pride in the admiring looks that followed her whenever she appeared in public.

I knew that there was a crowd and despite Clarke's urging I let them do the theaters alone, but every night I had a seat in the orchestra where I could watch Clarke's box, and never once did I see aught of the play.

Right royally entertained her in our humble apartments. It was an afternoon affair and I believe Clarke bankrupted the resources of a certain caterer and an equally well-known florist. Prof. Watrous of the university was there, and Henry A. Bolton left his busy office in the street to drop in for an hour. Both those men had visited our rooms on previous occasions when in the trouble and both had reason to be grateful to Clarke. Mr. William F. Ship was there, in official life Chief Ship, the companion of many of our adventures, our adversary at times, but personally and privately a most finished gentleman and fit to grace any occasion. Then there was almost everybody worth knowing in the literary and artistic life of the city.

Among the guests and second only to Thaidia herself in beauty was Katharine Randall. Clarke and I met her for the first time. She was a guest of the Armatage's and when our good and long valued friend, Mrs. Armatage, telephoned, asking the privilege of bringing her, we were quite unprepared, despite Mrs. Armatage's glowing description, for such a vision of feminine perfection. She was Thaidia's direct opposite, a perfect blonde with the clear blue eyes and the pink and white skin that would have given her the face of a doll had it not been for the soul that shone through it. Standing beside Thaidia, they made perfect foils, one to the other, but heightened the beauty of each. Miss Randall was simply dressed in a gown of white tulle, cloth over white silk and the only jewelry she wore was a bracelet of peculiar design, satsuma medallions linked with gold, that set off the beauty of her arm most admirably.

Naturally, and despite all Clarke's wishes to the contrary, the conversation turned to his achievements in the telepathic solution of mysteries.

"Oh, I should dearly love to see you solve a mystery, Mr. Clarke," said one gushing miss whose advice to the lover-lorn under the name of Madame Merf is a feature of one of the afternoon dailies.

"One mystery I shall not attempt to solve," answered Clarke, gallily, "I have so much worldly wisdom to share in such a charmingly youthful little head as yours."

Just then there was a ring at the telephone and Togo, our Jap boy, who answered it, said: "It's for Mr. Chief Ship."

The chief listened a while and then said: "Yes, sah, her to come up here. I can see her for a few moments."

"It's the daughter of an old friend of mine," he explained, turning to Clarke. "She seems to be in some sort of trouble and would not say at my office what it was. Doubtless it does not amount to anything and if I may talk with her in your private study I shall not lose the rest of your delightful party."

Clarke assured the chief that anything in his possession was at his disposal, provided it resulted in keeping him with us, and a few moments afterward a large red touring car guided by a begoggled chauffeur and bearing a handsome young woman in the tonneau stopped at our door.

has disappeared as completely and as mysteriously as if it just melted into air.

"First it was a harmless tortoiseshell and gold comb. It could never be duplicated in this country, for I have searched the shops ever since for one. The very first time I wore it I lost it, and I never lost a comb before in my life."

"Then Lieut. Robinson sent me a beautiful little jeweled brooch in the shape of a stiletto. It was set with rubies, diamonds and sapphires he had picked up in Ceylon on his way out and he had them mounted in Manila. I kept it three months before wearing it, and then I was invited to a box party and the temptation was too great. I knew the fastening was secure and I was conscious all during the performance it was there, but when I got home at night it was gone and I cried all the rest of the night."

"Then there was my wonderful cameo. Lieut. Robinson got it in Malta and had it mounted in the most beautiful native fashion in China. I wore it for a belt buckle and not only was the fastening secure, but I took the precaution of sewing it to the belt. The very first time I wore it out of the house it disappeared. And though Mr. Ship will never believe me, I solemnly declare that the threads which went through the filigree work of gold were not broken."

"And have you advertised any of these articles or reported them to the police?" questioned Clarke.

"My best men have worked on every case except the last which Miss Atwell has yet to tell you," said the chief. "We have raked the pawnshops of the city with a fine-toothed comb, and I believe Miss Atwell's father has spent pretty nearly the value of the articles in advertising bills." But tell him of the bracelet, Miss Atwell.

"It was a bracelet of medallions of antique satsuma ware, linked together with curiously wrought bands of gold. I received it two months ago, but I had been so unlucky with all the rest of his presents that I resolved never to wear it when I thought how I had lost the others, but what's the use of having nice things if you can't wear them? So last night when I was going to a dance at the North Shore Country Club I wore the bracelet. But previously I had taken it to a jeweler and had a little gold chain and padlock put on it in addition to the other fastening. It made it perfectly secure. More than that I had oblong gloves on over it when I got in the auto to come home. I know it was on my arm when I got into the car. When I took my gloves off it was gone. I could not believe my eyes. I went right out and searched the stairs, the walk, the steps to the port cochere, every place that I might have dropped it between the car and the room. Then I telephoned to the garage and had them look all through the tonneau, but it was of no use. I even ordered the car back to the house, had them run it under the strong light in the port cochere and then I turned out all the cushions and searched every corner of it myself. But it availed nothing."

"Now, Mr. Ship says you can help me find these things. Every one of them would be easily identified, for every one is unique. And besides I have one of the medallions of the bracelet still which was loose, so I took it out, fearing to lose it."

"Have you it with you?" eagerly asked Clarke.

Miss Atwell opened a gold chain bag that she carried and handed us a little medallion. I looked at it intently, and a suspicion that had been forming in my mind became a certainty. It was identical with the medallions in the bracelet on Katharine Randall's beautiful arm.

"If you will return at this time tomorrow, Miss Atwell," said Clarke, "I think I can restore your bracelet, or at least have trace of it. As for the other things, we shall see."

Miss Atwell left with brightened face, and as we turned once more to our guests Clarke whispered: "Make no mention, either of you, of the bracelet on the arm of the blonde girl, Miss Randall, but notice if it has a link missing."

Soon after I found myself sitting beside her, with Clarke on the other side. "We were speaking of mysteries a short time ago, Miss Randall," quietly remarked Clarke. "That is a curious bracelet you have, and I warrant it has a mystery about it."

I watched the blood for a moment mount in her lovely cheeks, but she blushed her arms, and turning it that we might see it said:

"Yes, it certainly is an old bauble, but I'm sure there is no mystery about it."



A FAIR HAIR'D GIRL STAGGERED FORWARD AND CAST THE JEWELS INTO MRS. ARMATAGE'S LAP.

scious than the rest. Upon its broad veranda swinks a hammock, and in it languidly reclines a beautiful young girl. She is dark of skin and hair and her deep black eyes glow like coals of fire. On her arm there is a bracelet of quaint and curious design. It is of satsuma medallions, like one that I have seen, linked with finely wrought gold.

"At the young girl's feet sits an officer in khaki and puttees. He is an American, and he lifts his boyish sun-darkened face to hers and his soul goes out to her in his eyes while she toys with the bracelet on her arm and answers his love messages in kind.

"But wait, they are speaking. It is Spanish."

"Translate it, Thaidia."

"It was so good of you, light of my life, to give me this beautiful thing," says the girl. "But you must not spend all the money your government gives you thus. Some day you will take me back to your own land and we shall need other things besides combs of tortoise and gold, and jeweled stilettoes and cameos and this."

"They are nothing," answers the young officer. "Surely I may give pretty things to my wife, though they cannot make her more beautiful than she is."

"Your wife, Morton? Tell me again that the marriage is a good one. I know you gave the friar much money, \$5 gold, but there are times when I start out of my dreams and see the face of a girl, and she is fair and of your own race and I speak to her in the night." Surely I may give pretty things to my wife, though they cannot make her more beautiful than she is."

"I will do anything you wish to help, Carlton," answered Thaidia, seating herself in a reclining chair.

"Follow the bracelet closely where it touches the lives of those who have handled it. What next do you see?"

"I see a darkened room in which many candles are burning. Upon a bier of bamboo lies the body of a young girl. The bracelet is on her arm. By her side lies the corpse of a newborn child. On bended knees a man in khaki uniform sob as only a strong man can sob. Until the morning he is shaken with his grief. A distant bugle sounds. He arises, and unclasping from the pallid arm the bracelet he presses it to his lips and places it within his blouse next his heart."

Again Thaidia paused while we sat silent and breathless, but under Clarke's gentle urging she began once more.

"I see a fair-haired girl in a beautiful, richly furnished home. She is opening a box, and from it she takes the bracelet. I listen. She is speaking."

"Oh, mamma," she says, "see what Lieutenant Robinson has sent me, and she holds the bracelet before the eyes of an elderly woman."

"It is beautiful, but I hope you will not be as careless with it as you have been with everything else he has sent you," says this woman."

Again the cadenced voice stopped, and again Clarke gently commanded.

"I see the bracelet now upon the arm of the young woman. She is alighting from an automobile and as she puts her hand out upon the tonneau door a figure steps from out the darkness. It is the native girl who once wore the bracelet. No, that cannot be. She lay dead in a white house in a tropical isle. It is her astral self, for she removes, despite its fastenings, the bracelet from its outstretched arm."

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Think of it!" blurted Ship. "What is the use of thinking? Its all rank fol de rol, of course, but recover the goods for Miss Atwell and I'll—well, I'll concede nothing, but I'll take off my hat to you. Now, how do you explain all this?"

"Professor Denton has given all the explanation possible in his admirable treatise on psychometry. He holds that things as persons have souls, ergo a past, and this of course explains nothing at all."

"And perhaps," exploded the chief, "you can explain to me how this Philippine ghost woman got that bracelet off Miss Atwell's arm, granting she fastened it as she says," and the chief looked at Clarke in triumph.

"That is most easily explained," murmured Clarke with a twinkle in his eye. "It merely establishes Professor Zollner's theory of the 'fourth dimension.' A disembodied spirit being admittedly 'fourth dimensional,' the limits of length, breadth and thickness do not circumscribe its activities. Absurdly simple, as you readily see."

"Simple, bump," grunted the chief. "But how—oh, what's the use?"

"That is what I have long ago decided, chief. What's the use? So I am not going to speculate upon the unknowable, but if the intangible offers a clew I simply follow it to the tangle and there, as you express it, I find 'the goods.'"

"And you would accuse this Miss Randall on such flimsy evidence as this?"

want. You can trust her. She knows her guest and knows how to act. If Miss Randall had the other ornaments my 'power,' as you call it, has not been at fault. If she has not, she doubtless can prove property rights in the bracelet. If there has been any dishonesty you may be sure Mrs. Armatage is not the woman to shield it."

And Thaidia was right, as she always is. Mrs. Armatage's eyes opened in wonder as she heard the story.

"Yes, yes," she exclaimed, when Clarke had finished, "Katharine has them, every one of them. I've seen them all on her dresser and admired them. Heavens, yes, they may have been advertised. I never look at the classified columns. And I never asked Katharine where she got them. But, Mr. Clarke, there can't be anything wrong. Katharine is in her rooms now and just to prove my faith in her, I'll call her down here and before all of you ask her where she got these trinkets. There cannot be anything wrong with my little Katharine."

"Oh, yes, there can be, auntie," wailed a tear-choked voice, and a fair-haired girl staggered from behind the portiere and emptied into the lap of the astonished Mrs. Armatage a tortoise comb, a cameo, a jeweled stiletto brooch and a medallion bracelet. Then she fell at Mrs. Armatage's feet, and, burying her face in that good woman's lap, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Mrs. Armatage soothed her and she finally lifted her tear-stained face and said:

"Auntie, I am very, very wicked, and I want to confess it all. I overheard you talking and I slipped down with the things and heard it all. You know when I first came to Chicago I told you how lucky I was. Every time almost I went out of the street I found some beautiful thing. I found all these. They were always lying on the sidewalk just as if someone had just dropped them. I knew they were not mine, but I wanted to keep them so badly. I tried not to look at the classified ads, and from that moment classified ads had a perfect fascination for me. Whenever I picked up a paper they were staring at me. At last I saw one. It just caught my eye.

"'Lost-Satsuma medallion bracelet.' 'I tore up the paper without reading any farther, and told myself I hadn't read it. I had the bracelet repaired so

it could not be identified. I never dared to wear any of them until this afternoon, when I couldn't resist putting on the bracelet, and when Mr. Clarke said there must be a mystery about it, I thought I should faint."

"Was the bracelet locked when you found it, Miss Randall?" asked Clarke, gently.

"Yes, I had to take it to a locksmith and have a key fitted for it," said the penitent girl, as she rose and fled from her self-inflicted auto-da-fe.

"Do not be too hard on Mrs. Armatage. Just remember what a temptation these things would be to any of us women," pleaded Thaidia, as we said good night.

Promptly on the minute next afternoon Miss Atwell's big touring car rolled up to our door. We received her in the library and Clarke held in his hands a little jewel case.

"If this box contains the jewels you have lost, and I restore them to you, may I exact of you a solemn promise, Miss Atwell?" said Clarke.

"I'll promise anything, Mr. Clarke," said the girl, impulsively.

"Then promise me first that you will never wear one of these ornaments but that you will keep them as sacred heirlooms for your children, when that time shall come. Second, that when you are married to Lieutenant Robinson you will never ask him more than he chooses to tell you of his experiences in the Philippines; and third, if he ever seems to have a buried grief you will be very gentle with him, and never for one moment let a pang of jealousy have a place in your heart. Do you promise all this?"

"I promise," said the girl, wonderingly, while her woman's curiosity struggled for the mastery.

Clarke's thoughtful face was unnecessary, for Lieutenant Robinson was destined never to become the husband of Miss Atwell. Before the war was out the list of officers killed in a punitive expedition against the treacherous Moros of Mindanao contained his name.

"And do you believe he really had a beautiful native wife who once wore those jewels?" I asked Clarke, when he showed me the papers.

"Sexton, I don't know," was all I could get out of him.

(Next week: "The Pursuit of the Silver Skull.")

## German Compared With English

Teuton Servant, Far More Human in His Relations With Employers.

London, Mass.

A GERMAN lady whose uncle at one time occupied an important diplomatic post in London told me that her aunt was immensely surprised to find that every one of her English servants knew his or her work, and did it without supervision, but that none of them would do anything else.

This lady, not knowing English ways, used to make the mistake at first of asking a servant to do what she wanted done instead of what the servant had engaged to do, but she soon found that the first household would rather leave than fill a matchbox it was the second household's place to fill; and what surprised her most was to find that her English friends sympathized with the household's position, and to "behave in every one minding his own business," she said.

In most German households there is no such thing as the strict division of labor insisted on here. Your cook will be delighted to make a blouse for you, and your nurse will turn out the dining-room, while your chambermaid will make the child's bed, but she also does it so. They are more human in their relation to their employers. The English servant flees a gulf between herself and her master, and the German brings her intimate joys and sorrows to a good Herrschaft, and expects their sympathy.

When a girl has had luck and engaged to a good Herrschaft, she is worse off than in England, because she is more in the power of her employers and of the police than she is in this case. She has to have a Dientbusch, an official book in which her age and personal appearance are registered. In this book her employers write her character. It is under the control of the police, and has to be shown to them when she leaves and when she enters a situation. It is hardly necessary to say that a girl who does anything seriously bad, and her employers record it in the book, the book gets lost. Then the police interfere, and make it extremely disagreeable for the girl.

A friend told me that in the confusion of a removal her own highly valued servant lost her Dientbusch, or, rather, her friend lost it, for employers usually keep it while a girl is in their service; and though she took the blame on herself her employer would not cook or clean, the police were most offensive about it. Germans have often told me that servants as a class have good reason to complain of police insubordination and brutality.

I have in my possession the exact copy of the entries in a Dientbusch that belonged to a girl who had been in several situations. None of them tells anything of her qualities and knowledge, but one mistress complains the Anna Schmidt's behavior did not please her. Anna Schmidt's present mistress assured me that this meant that a son of the house had annoyed the girl with his attentions, and she had a quarrel with her, and was with some brusquerie. But when English servants write to the papers and ask to have the Dientbusch system here, I always wonder how they would get their fillings or their misfortunes sent with them from place to place in black and white; every fresh start made difficult, and every year's record against them as long as they earn their daily bread.

There is no give and take of personal character in Germany. Ladies do not employ the last lady with whom a girl has lived. They advertise, or they go to a registry office where servants are waiting to be engaged. In Berlin every third house seems to be a registry office, and you hear as many complaints of the people who keep them as you hear here. So the government has set up a large public registry in Charlottenburg, where both sides can get what they want without paying fees.

Wages are much lower in Germany than here. Some years ago you could get a good cook for from £1 to £12, but those days are past. Now you hear of a general servant getting from £10 to £12, and a good plain cook from £15 up-

ward. These are servants who would get from £22 to £30 in England, and more in America. But the wages of German servants are supplemented at Christmas by system of tips and presents that is neither one of free gift nor of business-like payment. Germans groan under it, but every nation knows how hard it is to depart from one of these traditional, indefinite customs.

In a household account book that a friend showed me I found the following entry: Christmas presents to the servant, 20 marks in money. House linen, 9m. 50 pf. Pin cushion, 1m. 50 pf. Five small presents. In all 42 marks. Was not contented." My friend told me that German servants now expect to get a quarter of their wages in money and presents at Christmas. House linen in Germany is given because a German girl in service is always saving with might and main for her wedding outfit. In Germany the bride buys both furniture and linen, and in the poorer classes about £10 is considered sufficient for this purpose.

Domestic servants in Germany also come under the law that obliges all persons below a certain income to provide for their old age. The postoffice issues cards and stamps, and one of these stamps must be dated and affixed to the card every month. Sometimes the employers buy the cards and stamps, and show them at the postoffice once a month; sometimes they expect the servant to pay half the cost of them. Women who go out by the day get their stamps at the house they work in on Monday. If a girl marries she may cease to insure, and may have a sum of money toward her outfit. In that case she will receive no old-age pension. But if she goes on with her insurance she will have from 10 to 20 marks a month from the state after the age of 70.

In cases of illness employers are legally bound to provide for their domestic servants during the term of notice agreed on. At least, this is so in Prussia, and the term varies from a fortnight to three months. Most householders in Germany subscribe to a sick insurance company that provides medical help, sends a patient to an infirmary when necessary, and even pays for wine and food ordered by its own doctors.

A German kitchen is marvelously bright and clean, but it is not as comfortably furnished as an English one. A rule, set the table for tidy kitchen meals. Her morning meal will consist of coffee and rye bread with butter, but in the middle of the morning she will expect a second breakfast of rye bread and meat or sausage. She will be allowed coffee and beer or wine with her meals, but not tea; and, except for the scarcity of butter in middle class households, she will, as a rule, live very well.

Some years ago during the German invasion an attempt to dress like ladies, and even now what they do in this way is a trifle compared to the extravagant "get-up" of an English tailor-made on her Sunday layout. A German girl is not ashamed of being a servant, and on week days she goes to market with a large basket and an umbrella, but she will not wear a Hamburg girl who waited at table used to wear light cotton gowns with elbow sleeves, but nowadays Hamburg has adopted sharp English blouses and a black gown with a white cap and apron. In most German cities maid-servants wear what they please, and I have heard of a girl whose whole outfit, her dress and food were irreproachable, while the young women who waited on us wore décolleté tartan blouses, large, cheap lace collars and brooches of sharp diamonds. Some ladies keep smart white aprons to lend their servants on state occasions, but the laziest apron will not do much for a girl in a sloppy colored blouse and a plaid necktie with floating ends.

But these same girls who dress so abominably always have stores of strong, new body linen, live-knit stockings. A girl knits the stockings herself as she stands at the street door on summer evenings and gossips with her friends.