The Clew of the Forgotten Murder

by CARLETON KENDRAKE ©1934 NEA Service, Inc.

CHAPTER XXVII

"Doubtless," Fancher told him. "I ose she did. I don't remember much about her. I noticed it the same young woman, and that all. I'm quite certain—now that ink of it—she had on a long coat. s more interested in Mr. Cathay."

But you still didn't say anything im?"

No, of course not. My appoint- was for 10 o'clock. He wouldn't liked it if I had butted in ahead at time and told him who I was."

Didn't it occur to you that per- Mr. Cathay might have intended ep your appointment, but his ar- prevented him from doing so?"

I thought so when I read The the next morning," Fancher "but subsequently The Blade said as mistaken and that Mr. Cathay n't the one who was arrested at but someone who had picked his et and was using his name."

But the man you saw was driving rysler roadster?"

Yes."

You're positive of that?"

Of course."

And he was registered at the Hill- hotel?"

Yes."

You made no effort to communi- with Mr. Cathay afterwards?"

No, sir," said Fancher with dig- "I did not. Mr. Cathay made appointment, and he was the one reak it. I felt that it was up to to get in touch with me. My in- ion is going to make someone a lot money. Unfortunately, I haven't money to put it on the market my- but Mr. Cathay could have added erially to his millions if he had kept his appointment."

here was a wistful look in the brown eyes.

iff got to his feet and extended hand.

I wanted to talk with you," he "I'm not going to keep you in the cold."

Oh, it's warm in here. The fur- is on," Fancher said. "I wanted sk you some questions."

What questions?" Griff inquired.

Oh, I don't know—just questions t how it happend that Mr. Cathay about what brings you down here e me. You know we don't have much to occupy us other than the routine of life here in Millvale."

There isn't very much to tell— Griff said. "Cathay was taken uly ill Thursday morning. He Friday afternoon."

Did The Blade ever find the per- that was using Mr. Cathay's ?" Fancher asked.

No, I'm sorry to say they haven't. been rather a difficult quest. We understand why anyone should used the name. We can't under- d what he expected to profit by g so."

presume, of course, he intended sh a check later on at the hotel," cher said. "But what I can't un- tand is why the imposter should chosen the Hillcrest hotel which the place the real Mr. Cathay chosen to meet me."

As far as that's concerned," Griff "why should Cathay have neg- d to keep his appointment with ?"

I feel that Mr. Cathay probably ged his mind in regard to the rability of the investment and ly failed to notify me," Fancher "Gentlemen who have finances lly become exceedingly arrogant."

riff nodded.

You have a telephone?" he asked. ty want to talk with you on long nce."

I'm sorry," Fancher told him. "but telephone has been temporarily nnected. I can't be called. I'm sorry."

* * *

SIDNEY GRIFF paused, his hand n the door. "It doesn't matter t the telephone," he said. "I'll a messenger for you if I need ."

Fancher followed Griff outside the e and stood meekly watching as criminologist strode down the t walk toward his car.

That wind," Fancher said apolo- ally, "has made the yard look a mess. I hope you don't mind."

Oh, no," Griff called as he climbed the car. "I don't mind in the ."

Before Griff started his drive back to the city he telephoned the detective agency that had shadowed Alice Lorton the night before. From that detective agency he found out that Alice Lorton, together with a male companion, had journeyed to the Trent apartments on 312 West 16th street; that the couple had entered the apartments and had not left them; that, as nearly as the detective could ascertain, the man was Kenneth Boone, who rented apartment 209 in the front of the apartment house. A light had shown in the window for a moment just after the pair had entered. Then a man had pulled down the shade and the detective felt certain that the man was the same one who had escorted the young woman to the apartment.

Griff instructed them to keep the apartment house under surveillance and to shadow the pair whenever they should leave, putting sufficient men on the job so that they could shadow both the man and the woman. He also instructed them to cover the Hillcrest hotel thoroughly, searching for a young woman who had been registered there on Monday night, who was about 22 years of age, a brunet, and who had had dinner with the man who had registered as Frank B. Cathay of Riverview.

He also instructed the detective agency to ascertain whether the man who had registered under the name of Frank B. Cathay at the Hillcrest hotel had issued any checks and, if so, what had happened to the checks.

Having set those wheels in motion, independently of the investigation which was being made by the newspaper, Sidney Griff yawned, climbed back in his car and started the long ride back to the city. When he had arrived he went directly to a Turkish bath and remained there until morning, when he had a leisurely breakfast and then strolled to his apartment.

* * *

It was approximately 10:30 Monday morning that Bleeker telephoned and announced he was on his way to Griff's apartment with important news. He arrived less than 15 minutes after the telephone call had been completed.

Griff, looking fresh and rested, reclined in the large lounging chair. There was a glint of lazy humor in his cold, blue eyes—eyes that could, upon occasion, become as penetrating as twin searchlights. Now he seemed utterly relaxed, completely at ease.

"You've got important information?" he asked.

Bleeker nodded, took a notebook from his pocket.

"In the first place," he said, "we found the taxi driver."

"What does he remember?"

"A lot. He says that Morden engaged him by the hour on Thursday morning; that Morden went to a garage at the corner of Robinson street and Huntley street. He made some investigations there, went to the Elite Apartments on 319 Robinson street, returned to the cab within a matter of five minutes, went to Ninth and Central streets, had the cab park around the corner on Central while Morden went into an office building somewhere near the corner of Ninth and Central. The cab driver thinks it may have been the Monadnock building. Morden was gone for nearly half an hour, returned, and drove once more to the Elite Apartments. He stayed there for a few minutes, then returned to the cab and discharged it, remaining at the Elite Apartments."

Sidney Griff jumped to his feet, dropped the cigaret into an ash tray. His lazy relaxation had vanished as completely as a cloud wisp drifting from the edge of a snow-capped mountain out over a dry desert.

"And I claim to be a criminologist!" he exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" Bleeker inquired.

* * *

Griff swept his hand toward a battery of filing cabinets which lined one side of the room.

"I study crime," he said. "I study the modes and methods of operation. I study the habits of criminals. In those card indexes you'll find digests of every major crime for half a century. The big embezzlements! The big murders! The big hold-ups! Crimes of passion! Crimes of deliberation! Crimes of violence!

(To Be Continued)

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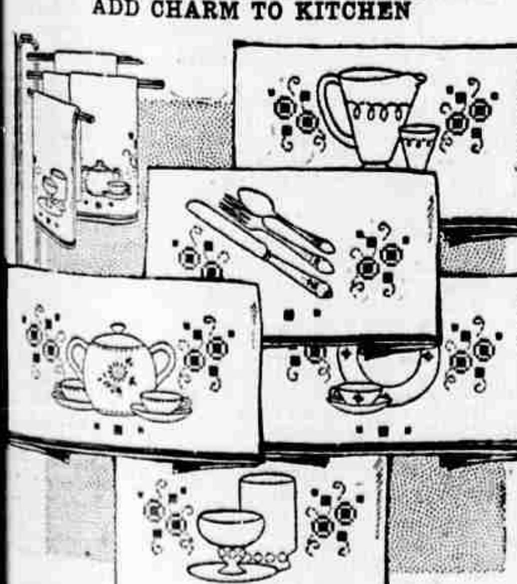

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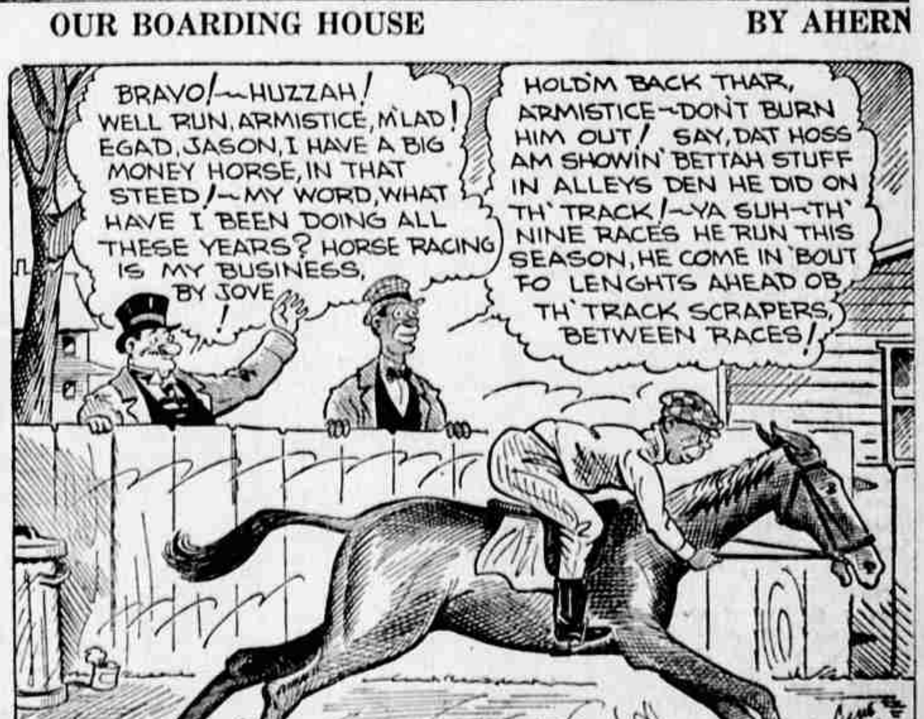
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