

# The Clew of the Forgotten Murder

By CARLETON KENDRAKE

CHAPTER XXXVI

Mrs. Cathay stood perfectly still, her head thrown back, her eyes in the air. Her manner was that of a woman who had given her name to a St. Louis street.

"You're a dirty liar!" she screamed. "You're a dirty liar!"

Griff continued to watch Mrs. Cathay. He had tipped to the door of the room. He jerked it open, said to Mrs. Cathay, "Come on. Let's get out of here. He's trying to keep you here. He's stalling for time."

Blanche Stanway stopped within a couple of feet of Griff. Her face was pale with emotion. The corner of her hand, defiant mouth turned down. Tears came to her eyes. She broke into harsh sobs.

Mrs. Cathay swept toward the door. She was holding Griff, but she did not wait for her. She turned toward the door. She took half a dozen rapid strides and then broke into a run. His eyes and then broke into a run. His feet could be heard thudding down the stairs.

Griff said in a low voice to Mrs. Stanway, "I'm sorry."

She looked at him through tear-filled eyes, took a groping step toward him, drooped her head to his shoulder and clinging to his coat with her work-worn fingers of leathery hands.

Griff patted her shoulders reassuringly. "There, there," he said, "it's going to be all right."

"Damn you!" she sobbed. "See my lawyer. . . . you cheap devil!"

Griff seemed in his spirits. "Observe, Bleeker," he said, "what is interesting thing the truth is. Filebooks may be built up which seem to have the appearance of truth but they have no foundation in fact. They are like mirages. As the fronts of structures which are set in motion picture sets. They look all right when viewed from one angle but have nothing back of them, if one will but take pains to view them from all sides."

Bleeker's tone was gruff. "These things photograph well enough to deceive anyone who sees them," he said.

"Certainly," the criminologist said, "if one but looks at the photograph. That is why it is always so vitally important to look at the object itself and to look at it from all angles."

"The truth is like some placid pool of water. Some extraneous fact is dropped in it and immediately the surface becomes ruffled. The ripples become distorted. There are ripples waves which start out in one direction and go in every direction as far as there is any surface to the water."

Bleeker turned to him savagely. "That stuff doesn't interest me in the least," he said. "I want to know what happened. I think you know. I want you to tell me. After all, I'm running a newspaper. I want to page the death of one of my men in getting news while it is news. After we prowl around here interviewing anyone in sight the thing will be news history."

Griff shook his head and his smile had just faint trace of superiority. "No, Bleeker," he said, "it will not be news history. Mind you, these little things are but straws that show the way the wind blows, and yet I fancy there is no one connected with the case who has taken the trouble to blow the direction of those straws in their logical conclusion—unless, perhaps, it was this man Morien. I'm going to regret all my life that I never had the chance to talk to him. I'm never going to be able to find out whether he reasoned his way to the correct solution or blundered to it."

Bleeker objected, "I still don't see that he did anything that was remarkable. Let's admit he showed resourcefulness in locating the garage in which Cathay's car had been stored. It probably, however, was more a matter of luck than some-thing in the garage was able to direct

him to the apartment where Cathay was calling."

"That's true, of course," Griff admitted readily enough. "I agree with you on that Bleeker."

"But," Bleeker went on, "that was all he did."

Griff shook his head. "No, my friend," he said, "you overlook the evidence. You overlook the facts."

"Are they," demanded Bleeker, "facts that I know?"

"Facts that you yourself told me with your own lips," Griff said. "The deadly significant facts. The thing that all of this case hinges upon, and yet no one has ever suspected."

Bleeker's tone was savage. "What the devil are you trying to do?" he asked. "Impress me with something? Do you want to make a grandstand finish like a magician, pulling a rabbit out of a hat? Because if you do, I'm here to tell you that that stuff doesn't go across with me worth a damn."

"No," Griff told him. "There will be none of that. I am waiting in order to get all of the facts in my hands before I make a move and it is dangerous for you to have information which can, at the present time lead only to suspicious—suspicions which we can, perhaps, prove with an absolute certainty, but suspicions that must not be voiced."

"More than not telling you of these suspicions, I'm even trying not to think of them. We never know just how this strange phenomenon that we call mental telepathy acts. It is, perhaps, the effect of one mind impinging upon the subconscious mind of another. Perhaps, frequently, such a subconscious mind is fully aware of the thing which comes as a devastating surprise to the conscious mind, but, whatever it is, we cannot afford to take chances with it."

"How many times have you known of some secret and have told that secret to a friend, only to have the information leak out, not because of something the friend said or because of something you yourself said, but because you allowed your thoughts upon the matter to crystallize in words and those thoughts were picked up by another?"

"The wise inventor takes no one into his confidence until his idea is perfected and patented. The man who discusses his incomplete plans with a friend is likely to find that some other inventor, acting independently and in an entirely different part of the country, suddenly pounces upon the basic idea, perhaps in a more advanced form than the first inventor even contemplated, and rushes it through to a patent."

"I," said Bleeker grimly, "don't believe in all that stuff."

Griff's smile was irritating. "My friend," he said, "I do not ask you to. I am telling you only what I believe, and it is my belief that must govern."

"Why wouldn't Blanche Stanway make any statement?" asked Bleeker abruptly. "Why couldn't you get her to talk?"

"The smile faded from Griff's face. "She is beyond doubt," he agreed, "a woman of great determination, but you, too, my friend, would have determination if you had scrubbed floors for years. There is nothing, perhaps, that makes more for determination, than kneeling and scrubbing, scrubbing and kneeling, forever scrubbing through a routine of drudgery. She was, perhaps, at one time beautiful. In fact, I think we may safely assume that she WAS beautiful. Her beauty was not the fragile, aristocratic beauty of Mrs. Cathay. Her beauty was perhaps a warmer, more vital beauty; a beauty that was filled with fire and spirit; a beauty which lured men away from the realm of thought and into the emotional realm of the senses."

"I suppose," Bleeker said, "that you're intimating she was his wife, perhaps an unmarried wife, but nevertheless the mother of the girl?"

(To Be Continued)

A year in the Green Bay, Wis., reformatory is the penalty Theodore Damon, 20-year-old Milwaukee youth, must pay for speeding away after his car struck and killed a man.

Seventy-five per cent of all automobile parts makers are located within 200 miles of Detroit.

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily



OH "DADDY" HERE'S A LETTER FROM MRS. BLEEK THAT OLD TIME FRIEND OF HERS MET HER AT THE TRAIN— SHE SOUNDS SO HAPPY AND CONTENT— I KNOW SHE'LL GET ALONG FINE—



CERTAINLY SHE WILL— LIBBY BLEEK HAD THE RIGHT STUFF IN HER— SHE PROVED IT— JUST BECAUSE SHE WAS FORCED TO LIVE AMONG THIEVES COULDN'T MAKE A THIEF OF HER—



THEY SAY ROTTEN APPLES WILL SPOIL A GOOD APPLE— BUT PEOPLE AREN'T APPLES— I CLAIM IT'S WHAT'S INSIDE A PERSON THAT COUNTS—



IF A PERSON IS REALLY HONEST AND SQUARE, ALL THE CROOKS IN THE WORLD CAN'T CHANGE THEM— ONLY WEAKINGS BLAME THEIR CRIMES ON EVIL ASSOCIATES—

GEE, "DADDY" I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT—

## TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK



-AND NOW, WILLOWIST, YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD US TO WHERE YOU'VE GOT SET GALE AND SPUD IMPRISONED—

GET UP

GEE— WHAT'S THIS?

YOU HAVE ALREADY FORGOTTEN THE MAGIC SPELL WITH WHICH I AM POSSESSED?



LOOK AT THE SWELL PIECE OF JEWELRY I JUST FOUND CAPTAIN CLARK!



IS THIS YOURS, WILLOWIST?

IT IS MINE! GIVE IT TO ME! HARM WILL COME TO YOU, IF YOU DO NOT! GIVE IT TO ME!!



I'VE A HUNCH THIS CHARM EMITS THE MAGICAL POWERS THAT HAVE ENABLED YOU TO PERFORM YOUR MIRACULOUS AND DEVILISH STUNTS!

I INTEND TO KEEP IT! IT CAN DO LESS HARM IN MY HANDS THAN IN YOURS—

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



--- WONDER HOW BOOTS IS GOING TO SHOW BILLY WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT? MONA HAS HER THUMB RIGHT NOW— BUT, EVEN SO, NO ONE KNOWS AND UNDERSTANDS HIM AS BOOTS DOES

NOW, DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STEPPIN' OUT? OH, PSHAW! IT'S SUCH A BAD NIGHT OUTSIDE— I THOUGHT WE'D HAVE A NICE, QUIET PM. HERE 'SIDE TH' FIRE— SEE? I HAVE YOUR SLIPPERS 'N' SMOKIN' JACKET LAID OUT FOR YOU— 'N' I MADE SOME POP CORN—



MMM— GOSH, KID— YOU REMEMBER WHAT I LIKE, DON'T YOU? BUT— I PROMISED TO DROP IN AND SEE MONA THIS EVENING



WELL, WHY NOT BRING HER HERE?

WELL, OH— YOU SEE, MONA DOESN'T GO MUCH FOR THE SIMPLE LIFE! SHE HAS TO BE GOING PLACES AND DOING THINGS

REALLY? THEN THERE'S NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT, IS THERE?

## BRINGING UP FATHER



YOU MUST GO DOWN TO THE DEPOT AND MEET MY BROTHER WHEN HE ARRIVES. HE'LL BE ON ONE OF THE TRAINS THAT ARRIVE THIS MORNING—

I'LL PROBABLY HAVE TO LOOK IN THE CATTLE CARS TO FIND HIM.



COME TO THINK OF IT— THE ONLY TIME HE'D DARE COME INTO TOWN WOULD BE AT NIGHT— HO— HUM—



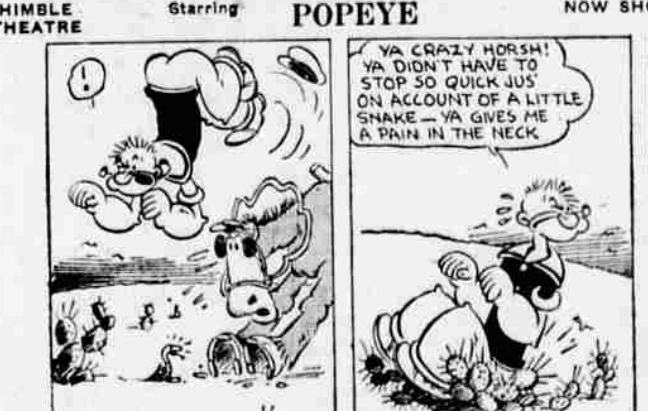
HELLO— JIGGS— WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' ROUND THE DEPOT AT THIS HOUR OF THE DAY?

I'M WAITIN' FER MAGGIE'S BROTHER. HIS NAME IS "RABBIT EARS" O'LEARY. DO YOU KNOW HIM?



DO WE? WE ARE WAITIN' FOR HIM, TOO!

## THIMBLE THEATRE



YA CRAZY HORSH! YA DIDN'T HAVE TO STOP SO QUICK JUS ON ACCOUNT OF A LITTLE SNAKE— YA GIVES ME A PAIN IN THE NECK.



HOW YA LIKE THEM CACTUSSUSES?



WHAS SALTS FOR THE GOOSE IS SALTS FOR THE GANDER



GIDDAP

## OUT OUR WAY



WOULD YOU BE KIND ENOUGH TO CUT THAT OUT?

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Y'KNOW, MRS. HOOPLE— WE'VE BEEN NEIGHBORS FOR YEARS, AND I'D BE THE LAST ONE TO COMPLAIN— BUT THE MAJOR WAS TELLING ME ABOUT OWNING A RACE HORSE— AND HE'S PLANNING ON REMODELING YOUR GARAGE INTO A STABLE FOR THE HORSE! I'M AFRAID THE NEIGHBORS WILL PROTEST!



MAKE A STABLE OUT OF MY GARAGE, EH? HM—M— HAVE NO FEAR, MR. BAXTER— I'LL RELEASE THAT BAT FROM HIS PLUG HAT! IF THAT HORSE IS BROUGHT HERE, HIS FIRST RACE WILL BE TAKING THE MAJOR FOR FIRST AID!



HORSE KICKS =

## LAURA WHEELER FINDS THE DUCK A FAVORITE TOY



DUCK PATTERN 872

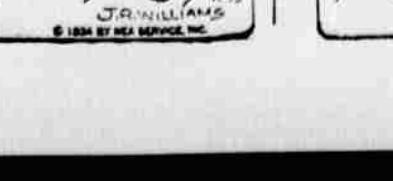
The ruddy duck is just the right size to make a comfortable stool for some one. It meets with the approval of the one who is to use it, for it is very easy to sew. What is more, it can be done in a few hours. Attractive in a cotton print, gingham, sateen, cotton or wool, it is also effective in a woolly material. The wing, of course, must be in a contrasting color but then that just needs a pattern when finished.

Pattern 872 comes to you with a pattern of the duck; directions for sewing it; and material requirements. Send 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred) for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



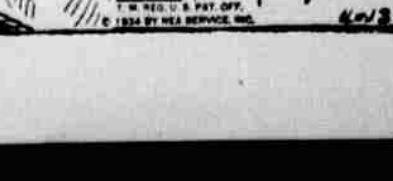
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