

MURDER MASQUERADE

By
INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

Copyright Inez Haynes Irwin
WNU Service.

THURSDAY—Continued

"I'm afraid, Doctor Marden," Patrick said his last word, "I shall have to ask you not to leave the head until I give you permission."

"I give you my word I shall not leave it."

"Well, Mary," Patrick said in a weary tone. "It all makes sense. Here we have a perfect design—Torriano first, Margaret next, then Marden. No one of them seems to have told anything to tell the truth. They're all dying to tell the truth. If somebody would only lie, maybe I could get the answer. Of course Margaret said she thought she heard something stirring in the bushes. Marden apparently noticed nothing like that. Now there may have been another person involved or any number. For that matter, Margaret Fairweather may have returned and—Oh, I don't know who killed Ace Blaikie. I'm no nearer knowing than I was Saturday. Who's that?"

Vaguely in the back of my mind I had heard Doctor Marden drive off. In the back of my mind I heard a second motor turn into the drive. It stopped. Presently a light, swift step came through the hall and into the living room—a light, swift step—strangely stiffened by determination.

"I've come back to tell you the rest of my story, Mr. O'Brien," said Myron Marden. "I haven't told you all of it yet!"

Involuntarily we all three sat down.

"I will begin it by telling you," Doctor Marden took up the story in the quietest voice I had ever heard from him, "something that will, I think, come as a great surprise to you." He paused as though to summon his strength for the revelation. "Ace Blaikie is the father of my granddaughter Caro Prentiss."

He paused again as though for a question or comment from us.

But neither Patrick nor I spoke. We did not stir. His statement had worked too great a paralysis for us either to speak or move.

"I'll have to go back of course to tell you how it came about. I will begin with my own marriage. My wife was a New York woman. When I met her, about forty years ago, she was a widow. She had been widowed twice and both times under tragic conditions. Her first husband, Theodore Prentiss, also a New Yorker, was thrown from his horse a month after their marriage. He died instantly. She became the mother of his posthumous child—a boy, Theodore Prentiss. Five years later, she married again—Addison Dacre. He too was a New Yorker. While they were traveling in France, he died in Paris of a case of pneumonia. She was pregnant at the time and the shock brought on the premature birth of a little girl who was to be named Eleanor Dacre. I was established as a physician in Paris and I was called in on the case. This was immediately after the funeral—I never met Addison Dacre.

"Mrs. Dacre was a beautiful woman—a very lovely woman. I felt that if the child died, her very reason would go. I threw myself heart and soul into saving that premature little waif—and I did save her. I took care of her for months. Of course that constant attendance brought Mrs. Dacre and me very close. By the time Eleanor was a year old, we realized that life meant nothing to either of us without the other. Six months later we were married quietly in Paris. My practice was there and we have lived in Paris, except for our holidays, ever since. My wife died two years ago and, after I had a little recovered from my grief, I decided to return to America. But I am running ahead of my story. I must go back to Eleanor.

"There could not possibly ever have lived a more lovely child than Eleanor. And when I use the word 'lovely,' I use it advisedly. She was lovely in face and figure; lovely in heart and spirit. I adored her.

"A beautiful child, Eleanor grew to be a beautiful woman. I do not think that this is prejudice. Everywhere, her appearance made a sensation. That was not entirely due to her beauty perhaps. It was partly her coloring. It was the most delicate blonde I have ever seen—ethereal. Often Mrs. Marden and I discussed the proper adjective to apply to Eleanor. She was not angelic nor seraphic nor cherubic. She was too tall to be fairy-like. She was spritely. Her hair was the palest gold, her features what we used to call mignon, her eyes deeply violet.

"The French always stared at her and in Spain and Italy she created such a sensation that she did not like to go out on the street alone. She had courage enough, but she hated the little incidents which occurred here and there along the way. I will not say that Eleanor was an angel, although she was a kind of modern angel. She was too vigorous to suggest that sort of thing. But she was absolutely honest. She was sweet.

She was kind. We worshiped her—my wife and I."

Doctor Marden came to a full stop. He put his hand over his eyes and sank back into the past. Presently with a deep sigh he emerged into the present again.

"When the war came, I enlisted as a volunteer in the French medical service. I will say here that we are a medical family, so to speak. Before the war was over, there were a half dozen Mardens working in France. When the United States came in, I was transferred to the American service."

He paused and looked inquiringly at Patrick. Patrick nodded. He did not speak. I knew that no more than I would he have interrupted the flow of that story.

Doctor Marden went on. "My wife threw herself into war work too. For four years she worked daily at the American Ambulance in Neuilly. Eleanor—perhaps now I had better tell you about Eleanor."

"Eleanor was a natural nurse. She never took a course in nursing, but I taught her everything I knew. She volunteered when I did and the French sent her to the hospital at Courcy-sur-Seine. She stayed there for about a year. I saw her only at irregular intervals.

I had an occasional permission from the front and then she and my wife and I would try to manage a reunion at our home in Paris. But I did not see much of Eleanor during the first months of the war. I went through what many husbands were going through in France then. I saw my wife getting more and more fatigued—nervously exhausted. But Eleanor stood up to it marvelously. But every time I saw her, it seemed to me that she had become more of a woman, more and more beautiful. Then Ace Blaikie appeared in her life."

Again Doctor Marden came to a pause and now he did not cover his face with his hands. He presented,



Then He Took Up His Story Again.

unscreened, the hard bitter eyes, the tight-shut lips; the setness of every line and curve.

"I know that you, Mrs. Avery, are acquainted with the factors of Ace Blaikie's war experience because I've heard you discuss them so often."

"And besides," I reminded him, "my husband was in France."

"Well then, I will merely say that it was while he was in the Foreign Legion that he met Eleanor. It seemed to have been a case of love at first sight. Certainly with Eleanor. And as she afterward told me, Doctor Blaikie said it was so with him. But when it comes to Doctor Blaikie and love—"

The expression on Doctor Marden's face deepened so horribly that it was as though the blood behind the flesh had turned to ink. For a moment the term my husband used to use in regard to boxing and boxers came into my mind—fighting face.

"—he did not know really what love was. On that side he was not man but beast. At any rate they met as often as his permissions and hers allowed. What happened of course was that Ace Blaikie discovered that in order to possess my daughter, he must offer her marriage. Understand—" Doctor Marden's voice shot to us a peremptory order. "Understand that this was not a subject that Eleanor would discuss with any man. He had to learn that—to sense it. And he was apparently extremely acute in sensing the reactions of the other sex. At any rate they were married secretly. That was before the United States came in. It was in the summer of 1915. I will not go into all the ins and outs of this. I will say only that marriage in France is a very complicated matter. Ace Blaikie had made friends with a French officer who had a long pull. He fixed it so that Ace and Eleanor were married secretly."

"Presently Eleanor found herself pregnant. She told me afterward that there was nothing in the world she wanted so much as to bear a

child. It was several months after this discovery before she saw Ace Blaikie. At their first meeting, she told him that she was going to make their marriage public. She could see, as she told me subsequently, that Ace Blaikie was appalled at this discovery. He tried to get her to withdraw from the hospital and go to America. And if not to America, to Italy or Spain. Eleanor steadily refused. Finally, she told him if he gave her no help, she must apply to me—that the marriage must be announced. Thereupon, he told her that she was, in reality, not married at all. That, a few years before, he had secretly married in the United States an actress by the name of Drina Demoyne."

"Drina Demoyne!" I interrupted. "I've seen Drina Demoyne. Why, what was it I read about her just the other day? She died recently."

"Yes," Doctor Marden answered. "Her death has a great bearing on this story. That revelation of Ace Blaikie's was really Eleanor's death warrant. She never saw him again. But she communicated with me once. I got a permission and came back from the front. She told me the whole story. My wife and I had but one idea—to save Eleanor's reputation. Now it happened that my wife's son by her first marriage, Theodore Prentiss, was living during the war in a remote village in southern France. He volunteered for both the French and American armies. But he had always been an invalid and could not be used either as a soldier or in any civilian capacity. He was married and his wife was pregnant. I sent Eleanor to them. My step-son's wife died bringing a dead child into the world. Theodore survived her only six months. In the meantime, Eleanor bore a perfectly healthy baby whom she named Caroline after my wife. This was the Caro whom you know. Before he died, Theodore suggested a plan. We carried it out. We registered her in the Marie de Laitry as Caroline Blaikie. We registered her under that name as an American citizen, with the consul of Marseilles. I can show you that she bears that name on her passport. But we told all her friends in Paris and have told them ever since that she was Theodore's child. As soon as I could get leave, I took my wife and daughter to Spain."

He paused. For an instant he bit his lower lip as though to fang out of it the emotion which made it tremble.

"There my daughter killed herself."

Neither Patrick nor I made comment. He himself made no further comment. "When we returned to Paris, however, there was never any question of Eleanor's not being Theodore Prentiss's child—Caroline Prentiss. And so she grew up. She has no more idea of her relationship to Ace than you had before I told you this story. As she is a minor, I got her passport. She has never seen it."

"Concealing her real name from Caro has been one of the minor troubles of my life. But I've accomplished it. I brought her up in Paris, as you know. But as she grew older, I wondered about her forbears in America. I knew that people thought of Ace Blaikie as a rich man. I knew that he had property in Satuit, Massachusetts. I began to wonder if, as he grew older, he would not want his only child—if only child she were—to inherit that property. At first I put this thought out of my mind. But it kept recurring. It troubled me. I finally found it was keeping me awake nights. Sleepless nights began to recur a little too often. I made inquiries and found that Ace Blaikie was not only accepted as a bachelor but that nobody knew that he had ever been married. Ultimately I decided to come to the United States, to establish myself at Satuit. It made things easy for me because I had never met Ace Blaikie. In the war somebody started calling Eleanor 'Sister Dora,' after an old novel, the heroine of which was a nurse. I confess I have never read it. Ace Blaikie never called her anything but Sister Dora. Although Eleanor's name was Dacre, the name of Marden might of course linger in Ace Blaikie's mind. Still, as I said before, there had been at least half a dozen physicians named Marden working in Paris during the war. Last spring, as you both know, I came here to Satuit. I met Ace Blaikie socially, of course, although I made no effort to meet him. Caro's name was neither his nor mine. If the coincidence of a physician from Paris by the name of Marden gave him pause, he did not let me know it. He may have thought of me only as one of the Marden connection in Paris."

"In the meantime I studied my man. I found that he was engaged to be married to a beautiful, charming and estimable young girl. That girl became Caro's most devoted friend. I confess to you I did not know what to do. If he married, Ace Blaikie was likely to leave children. In the matter of inheritance, his legitimate heirs would of course take precedence over Caro. And the last thing in the world I wanted—for Caro's sake—was a scandal. I let the summer drift by in a welter of indecision."

He paused again and seemed reminiscently to survey that long direful period. Then he took up his story again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK...

By Lemuel F. Parton

Gallant Crusader Against the Marijuana Weed

NEW YORK.—The good men do isn't necessarily interred with their bones if they have co-operating wives. The late Hamilton Wright's world war on narcotics has been shoved on down through 19 years of tireless fighting by his widow.

At Richmond, Va., recently, Mrs. Wright pleaded to the National Congress of Parents and Teachers for united and effective action against the marijuana weed, murderous Mexican narcotic smoked by school children. She calls it the "most pernicious of drugs."

In New Mexico, twelve years ago, the state narcotics commission found growers and cigarette manufacturers pressing a campaign among children, and they found the children smoking marijuana. They passed a law. The use of the weed crept on to New York, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Texas and several southern states.

At the Richmond congress, Mrs. Wright represented the federal bureau of narcotics. In 1921, she began her service as one of three international members of the opium advisory committee of the League of Nations, and has since waged her fight against the drug traffic in every country where it originates. She was Elizabeth Washburn, the daughter of the late Senator William Drew Washburn, who had been minister to France.

Hamilton Wright traveled, agitated, organized, wrote and lectured for years against narcotics. When, in 1918, he went to Paris as a member of the peace conference, he was killed in a street accident. Mrs. Wright, highly placed socially in Washington, left her pleasant home and her four children and picked up her husband's gage where it had fallen.

In China, Turkey and Persia, she fought against the world tide of poison. She traced the green capsule of the poppy, from the fields of Yunnan and Shensi provinces to the slums and stews of world capitals. She rounded up the story of the foreign wars waged against China to make her admit Indian opium. With Ellen La Motte, who wrote "The Backwash of War," she pieced together a narrative as unlovely as any chapter of horror which ever rested on the brow of the nations.

There are so many things to be against these days, it is hard to pick your opponent. Why not just take marijuana weed? This writer speaks with feeling on this subject, having observed one citizen chewing another's ear off in a mountain hamlet in southern Mexico, quite a few years before the weed became an extra-curricular interest in American high schools.

I had joined in singing the quaint "La Cucaracha" song about the cockroach that got so full of marijuana weed that he couldn't walk home. There was nothing in the song about the drug's peculiar incitement to mayhem. The song will become distasteful to anyone who has seen marijuana at work—also my experience near Mazatlan, where a peon was shooting up the town and lunging at passersby with a machete.

It was about eleven years ago that the Brooklyn police arrested Andrew Huerta, a Mexican sailor, who was selling marijuana cigarettes. In a backyard in Queens, he showed them a knee-high crop of marijuana. This led to the arrest of racketeers, growing the weed and selling cigarettes to soldiers.

Every year or so there is an arrest. The dried leaves and the flowers of the weed, which is known as "wild tobacco" and looks like a tomato vine. It is a tough growth and so is the habit. If somebody on the subways bites you, you will know what is the matter.

All states, as Mrs. Wright reports, have laws against its growth or use, except South Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee. But, so far as this writer can learn, there has been no unified or vigorous action, there is meager information and there is accumulating evidence that, with repeal, some of the more resourceful liquor racketeers became agriculturists.

Lost Atlantis Again.

For more than thirty years Professor Leo Frobenius has been taking the shine off our modern civilization by demonstrating that a lot of it is old stuff. The famous German archeologist, lecturing in the United States, is one of the leading defenders of the lost continent of Atlantis theory. Now sixty-four years old, he delves tirelessly in India, Africa, Egypt, Tripoli and Turkey. The son of a German army officer, also an author and scholar, he made his first expedition in 1904. Of all savants, he has turned up the most convincing evidence that many strata of great buried civilizations underlie our house of life.

© Consolidated News Features. WNU Service.

For Dress and Utility

1268



1292

1255

"WHY Mollie R. are you going out again? My own mother has become a gadabout and all because she made herself such a pretty new dress. Really, Ma, those soft graceful lines make you look lots slimmer. I think the long rippling collar has a good deal to do with it. Or maybe it's because the skirt fits where it should and has plenty of room at the bottom."

"Yes, My Darling Daughter."

"Daughter, dear, how you do run on! Imitate Sis; put your apron on and have the dusting done when I get back from the Civic Improvement League meeting. And speaking of aprons, that is the cleverest one Sis ever had. I love the way it crosses in the back."

"So do I, Mom, and see how it covers up my dress all over. Good-by, Mom, have a good time."

Sisterly Chit Chat.

"Sis, run upstairs for my apron, won't you? I wouldn't have a spot on this, my beloved model, for all the world. It's my idea of smooth; all these buttons; no belt; these here new puffed sleeves; and this flare that's a flare."

"Just you wait, Miss, till I grow up! Your clothes won't have a look in because I've already begun to Sew-My-Own. All right. I'm going."

And so on well into the afternoon!

The Patterns.

Pattern 1268 is for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5½ yards of 39 inch material plus 1½ yards of 1½ inch bias binding for trimming.

Pattern 1292 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 42 bust). Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1255 is designed in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Size

Foreign Words and Phrases

Toute medaille a son revers. (F.) Everything has its good and its bad side.

Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous. (F.) Everybody for himself and God for all of us.

Laissez ces vains scrupules. (F.) Discard or lay aside those vain scruples.

Je suis. (F.) I am.

Ad nauseam. (L.) To the point of disgust.

Argumentum ad absurdum. (L.) An argument intended to prove the absurdity of an opponent's argument.

Bon marche. (F.) A bargain.

Empressionne. (F.) Eagerness.

Pater patriae. (L.) The father of his country.

Chronique scandaleuse. (F.) A scandalous story.

Embarras de richesse. (F.) Oversupply of material.

Entr'acte. (F.) Between the acts.

Voyage of Life

Today, in the voyage of thy life down the dark tide of time, stand boldly to thy tiller, guide thee by the pole star, and be safe.—Martin F. Tupper.

8 requires 1½ yards of 35 inch material for the blouse and 1½ yards for the apron.

New Pattern Book.

Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive, practical and becoming clothes, selecting designs from the Barbara Bell well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Interesting and exclusive fashions for little children and the difficult junior age; slenderizing, well-cut patterns for the mature figure; afternoon dresses for the most particular young women and matrons and other patterns for special occasions are all to be found in the Barbara Bell Pattern Book. Send 15 cents today for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Patterns 15 cents (in coins) each.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

My Favorite Recipe

By Ann Harding

Actress

Chicken Salad.

1 quart cold chicken
1 pint finely cut celery
3 hard-boiled eggs
2 cupsful mayonnaise
Small bottle of olives
Salt to taste
Paprika

Joint the dressed chicken and boil until tender. Allow it to cool, then cut into small pieces until the required amount is obtained. Use only the whitest celery, and none with coarse strings. Cut two of the eggs, not too fine. Mix chicken, celery, eggs and seasoning. Allow the mixture to stand with a little French dressing for an hour or more in a cool place. To serve, the mayonnaise may be mixed with the chicken or served as a top dressing, according to taste.

Serve on fresh lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of the third egg and stuffed olives. Sprinkle with paprika.

Copyright.—WNU Service.

HERE'S A REALLY MARVELOUS BARGAIN IN SELF-POLISHING FLOOR WAX—A FULL QUART FOR 85¢ NO RUBBING—NO BUFFING—WITH THIS AMAZING NEW O-CEDAR WAX

O-Cedar POLISH MOPS • WAX

ALASKA VACATION VOYAGES

GLORIOUS 11-day, 2000-mile vacation cruises through An Aisle of Isles, the land-locked Inside Passage, with calls at Ketchikan, Petersburg, Wrangell, Juneau and Sitka. Modern, yacht-like cruise ships with every comfort and convenience. Sailings from Seattle 10 a.m. every Friday, May to September inclusive. Write today for illustrated, fully descriptive folders. It's a vacation you'll never regret—or forget!

NORTHLAND TRANSPORTATION CO.

General Steamship Corp. Ltd., General Agents
Lewis Building, Portland, Oregon