

The Holladay Case

A Mystery Of Two Continents

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
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Well, plainly, if he won this case he would win something else besides. I think even the policeman in the corner saw it, for he turned away with a discretion rare in policemen and pretended to stare out of the window.

I don't know what my chief would have said. His lips were trembling so he could not speak for the moment, and just then there came a tap at the door, and the coroner's clerk looked in.

"We're ready to begin, sir," he said.

"Very well," cried Mr. Royce. "I'll come at once. Goodbye for the moment, Miss Holladay. I repeat, you may rely on me," and he hastened from the room as confidently as though she had ordered him for the battle. Instantly I told myself, she had bound him and had foot before casting him down into the arena.

CHAPTER II.

THE outer room was crowded from end to end and the atmosphere reeked with unpleasant dampness. Only behind the little railing before the coroner's desk was there breathing space and we sank into our seats at the table there with a sigh of relief.

One never realizes how many newspapers there are in New York until one attends an important criminal case—that brings their people out in droves and swarms. The reporters took up most of the space in this small room. Papers and pencils were everywhere in evidence, and in one corner there was a man with a camera stationed, determined, I suppose, to get a photograph of our client should she be called to the stand, since none could be obtained in any other way.

I saw Singleton, the district attorney, come in and sit down near the coroner, and then the jury filed in from their room and took their seats. I examined them, man by man, with some little anxiety, but they all seemed intelligent and fairly well to do. Mr. Royce was looking over their names, and he checked them off carefully as the clerk called the roll. Then he handed the list up to the coroner with a little nod.

"Go ahead," he said. "They're all right I guess—they look all right."

"It's a good jury," replied the coroner as he took the paper. "Better than usual. Are you ready, Mr. Singleton?"

"Yes," said the district attorney. "Oh, wait a minute," he added, and he got up and came down to our table. "You're going to put Miss Holladay on the stand, I suppose?"

"And expose her to all this?" And our junior looked around the room. "Not if I can help it!"

"I don't see how you can help it. An alibi's the only thing that can save her from being bound over."

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," retorted Mr. Royce. "I think the case against her will soon die of inanition."

"Oh, very well." And Singleton abruptly went back to his desk, biting his mustache thoughtfully. He had made something of a reputation, since his election a year before, as a solver of abstruse criminal problems and had secured a conviction in two or three capital cases which had threatened for a time to baffle the police. He evidently scented something of the same kind here or he would have entrusted the case to one of his assistants.

It might be added that, while his successes had made him immensely popular with the multitude, there had been about one or two of them a hint of unprofessional conduct, which had made his brethren of the bar look rather askance at him.

He nodded to the coroner after a moment, the room was called to order and the first witness summoned.

It was Rogers, the confidential clerk. I knew Rogers, of course; had talked with him often in a business way and had the highest respect for him. He had been with Mr. Holladay much longer than I had been with Graham & Royce and had, as Mr. Graham had pointed out, an unimpeachable reputation.

There were the usual preliminaries—name, age, residence, and so on, Coroner Goldberg asking the questions. He was a really good cross examiner and soon came to the core of the matter.

"What is the position of your desk in Mr. Holladay's office?" he asked.

"There is an outer office for the clerks; opening from that a smaller room, where my desk is placed. Opening from my room was Mr. Holladay's private office."

"Had Mr. Holladay's office any other door?"

"No, sir."

"Could entrance be had by the windows?"

"The windows open on the street side of the building. We occupy a part of the eighth floor."

"The fire escapes?"

"Are at the back of the building—there are none on the street side—nothing but a sheer wall."

"So that any one entering or leaving the private office must necessarily pass by your desk?"

"Necessarily, yes, sir."

"Could any one pass without your seeing him?"

"No, sir; that would be quite impossible."

The coroner leaned back in his chair. There was one point settled.

"Now, Mr. Rogers," he said, "will you kindly tell us, in your own way and with as much detail as possible, exactly what happened at your office shortly before 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon?"

I could see that Rogers was deeply moved. His face was very white, he moistened his lips nervously from time to time, and his hands grasped convulsively the arms of his chair. Plainly the task before him was far from an agreeable one.

"Well, sir," he began, "we had a very busy day yesterday and were at the office considerably later than usual, but by 5 o'clock we had closed up work for the day, and all the other clerks, with the exception of the office boy, had gone home. I had made some notes from Mr. Holladay's dictation and had returned to my desk to arrange them when the outer door opened, and Mr. Holladay's daughter came in. She asked me whether her father was engaged, and upon my saying no opened the inner door and entered his office. She remained, I should think, about ten minutes, then she came out again, walked rapidly past without looking at me and, I suppose, left the building. I finished arranging my notes and then entered Mr. Holladay's office to ask if he had any further instructions for me, and I found him lying forward on his desk with a knife sticking in his neck and the blood spurting out. I summoned aid, but he died without regaining consciousness. I should say he was practically dead when I found him."

I felt rather than heard the little stir which ran through the room. There was an indefinable horror in the story and in the conclusion to which it inevitably led.

"Now, let us go back a moment," said the coroner as Rogers stopped and mopped his forehead feverishly. "I want the jury to understand your story thoroughly. Mr. Holladay had been dictating to you?"

"Yes."

"And was quite well?"

"Yes; as well as usual. He'd been suffering with indigestion for some time past."

"Still he was able to attend to business?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There was nothing at all serious in his illness."

"You then left his office and returned to your own. How long had you been there before the outer door opened?"

"Not over five minutes."

"And who was it entered?"

"Miss Frances Holladay, the daughter of my employer."

"You're quite sure? You know her well?"

"Very well. I've known her for many years. She often drove to the office in the evening to take her father home. I supposed that was what she came for yesterday."

"You looked at her attentively?"

Rogers hitched impatiently in his chair.

"I glanced at her as I always do," he said. "I didn't stare."

"But you're quite sure it was Miss Holladay?"

"Absolutely sure, sir. Do you suppose I'd make an assertion like that if I wasn't absolutely sure?"

"No," said the coroner soothingly. "No, I don't suppose any such thing, not for a moment, Mr. Rogers, only I want the jury to see how certain the identification is. Shall I proceed?"

"Go ahead, sir," said Rogers. "I'll try to hold myself together a little better, sir."

"I can see what a strain this is for you," said the coroner kindly, "and I'll spare you as much as I can. Now, after Miss Holladay entered the inner office, how long did she remain there?"

"About ten minutes, I should say. Not longer than that, certainly."

"Did you hear any sound of conversation or any unusual noise of any kind?"

"No, sir. It would have been a very unusual noise to be audible. Mr. Holladay's office has heavy walls and a double door which completely shut off all sounds from within."

"Miss Holladay then came out?"

"Yes, sir."

"And walked past you?"

"Yes, sir; walked past me rapidly."

"Did you not think that peculiar?"

"Why, sir, she didn't often stop to speak to me. I was busy, and so thought nothing particularly about it."

"Did you notice her face? Did she seem perturbed?"

"No, sir; I didn't notice. I just glanced up and bowed. In fact, I didn't see her face at all, for she had lowered her veil."

"Her veil?" repeated the coroner. "You hadn't mentioned that she wore a veil."

"No, sir; when she came into the office she had lifted it up over her hat brim—you know how women do."

"Yes—so you saw her face distinctly when she entered?"

"Yes, sir."

"But when she went out she had lowered her veil. Was it a heavy one?"

"Why, sir," the witness hesitated, "just an ordinary veil, I should say."

"But still heavy enough to conceal her face?"

"Oh, yes, sir." The coroner nodded. "Now, Mr. Rogers, how long a time elapsed after the departure of the woman before you went back into the inner office?"



"Not more than three or four minutes. I thought perhaps Mr. Holladay was getting ready to accompany his daughter, and I didn't wish to detain him."

"And you found him, as you say, lying forward across his desk with a knife in his throat and the blood spurting out. Did you recognize the knife?"

"Yes, sir. It was his knife—a knife he kept lying on his desk to sharpen pencils with and erase and so on."

"Sharp, was it?"

"It had one long blade, very sharp, sir."

"The coroner picked up a knife that was lying on the desk before him. 'Is this the knife?' he asked. Rogers looked at it carefully.

"That's the knife, sir," he said, and it was passed to the jury. When they had finished with it, Mr. Royce and I examined it. It was an ordinary one-bladed erasing knife with ivory handle. It was open, the blade being about two inches and a half in length, and, as I soon convinced myself, very sharp indeed.

"Will you describe Mr. Holladay's position?" continued the coroner.

"He was lying forward on the desk, with his arms outstretched, and his head to one side."

"And there was a great deal of blood?"

"Oh, a great deal! Some one apparently had attempted to check it, for a little distance away there was a handkerchief soaked in blood."

The coroner picked up a handkerchief and handed it to the witness.

"Is that the handkerchief?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Rogers, after a moment.

"Is it a man's or a woman's handkerchief?"

"Oh, a woman's, undoubtedly!"

The jury examined it, and so did we. It was a small square of fine cambric, with no mark that I could see, soaked through and through with blood—unquestionably a woman's handkerchief. Then Rogers told the rest of the story—how he had summoned aid and informed the police.

"Now, Mr. Rogers," said the coroner, when he had finished, "there is one point more. Has there been anything in your knowledge of Mr. Holladay or his business to suggest the idea of suicide?"

The witness shook his head decidedly.

"Nothing whatever, sir," he said positively. "His business was prospering, he was happy and contented—why, he was planning for a trip abroad with his daughter."

"Let us suppose for a moment," continued Goldberg, "that he did actually stab himself in his daughter's presence. What would you naturally expect her to do?"

"I should expect her to give the alarm—to summon aid," replied Rogers.

"Certainly—unquestionably." And Goldberg nodded to my chief. "I turn the witness over to you, Mr. Royce," he said.

"Now, Mr. Rogers," began our junior impressively, "you know, of course, that this whole case hinges at present on your identification of the woman who, presumably, was in Mr. Holladay's office when he was stabbed. I

SEWER NOTICE

Corvallis, Or., Jan. 20, 1936.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have been appointed viewers by the common council of the city of Corvallis to estimate the proportionate share of the cost of the sewer to be constructed by the city of Corvallis under and by virtue of Ordinance No. 189 through the middle of blocks numbered 15 and 16 N. E. and P. Avery's addition to the city of Corvallis to be assessed to the several owners of the property benefited thereby. The district to be benefited by the said sewer is all of lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 of block 14 and all of blocks 15 and 16 in N. E. and P. Avery's addition to the city of Corvallis.

The said viewers will meet at the office of the Police Judge of the city of Corvallis on the 24th day of February, 1936, at the hour of 7 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of estimating the respective share of the cost to be paid by the property owners in constructing said sewer, and all persons interested and owners of said property may appear before the viewers to be heard in the matter of making said estimates.

CALEB DAVIS,
J. W. CRAWFORD,
W. S. LINVILLE.

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FRUIT AND FLOWERS

CHESTNUT GROWERS' TALK.

High Quality, Nonwormy Chestnuts Bring Good Prices.

For thirty years Mr. Lovett, a Pennsylvania farmer, has been an enthusiast on the subject of chestnut culture.

He now has about fifty acres planted to chestnuts, thirty acres in bearing and twenty acres in young trees and nursery rows. The bearing trees are mostly ten and twelve years old (from the graft), and at the time of my visit these trees were heavily loaded with immense nuts, a bushel or a bushel and a half to a tree.

"All Paragons?" I asked him. "And how much do they bring in market during average years?"

"Mostly Paragons. I've a very few Numbos and Ridgeleys, but I find that the Paragon is a more regular bearer and more desirable. The nuts net me

"\$6 or \$7 per bushel on an average. Then I've a new variety, haven't named it yet, but the nuts are so superior that I readily sell them for \$12 a bushel on the New York market. This variety originated on my farm. I am now propagating it as fast as possible."

"How do you market the chestnut crop?"

"Just sit still and the orders and buyers come to me. The demand for chestnuts is steadily increasing because the country's population is growing. But the supply is rapidly decreasing. Why? Because the native chestnut trees are being sacrificed to supply lumber. And where are the trees to replace those eaten by sawmills? As regards Paragon or other large varieties, the supply is very, very limited. The few attempts that have been made to establish commercial orchards have not generally proved lastingly successful, usually because of faulty methods. And the foreign variety of nut is too inferior in flavor to deserve notice."

"But," I inquired, "what has become of the acres and acres of grafted chestnut sprout land that so many farm papers exploited a short time ago? We were led to expect great things from such groves."

"I'll tell you. The principle is wrong—all wrong. It seemed all right to graft Paragon scions on sprouts from chestnut stumps and thus quickly secure a grove of bearing trees, but in actual practice the idea hasn't worked out well for four reasons: First, the new trees have an insufficient root system, and the autumn winds on the heavy, but laden tops are very likely to break the tree off at the stump; second, there is much danger from fire, owing to the difficulty of keeping down the constant growth of underbrush; third, the weevil is right on hand—in force. In fact, he and his ancestors have lived on the spot for centuries, and as a result the nuts have no chance to develop into commercial value, nor has the grower any chance to fight the weevil, owing to the difficulty of keeping out underbrush and the lack of cultivation, and that's the fourth reason—no cultivation, for how can you cultivate an orchard that isn't in row?"—W. E. A. in Farm Journal.

A Medley.

According to an exchange, Secretary Goodman of the Missouri Horticultural society in conjunction with other authorities announces that medals awarded at the St. Louis exposition will not be ready for some time yet and will then be as follows: Every exhibitor will be given a certificate of award and a bronze medal for all bronze medal awards. Persons who were awarded silver medals will receive a bronze medal with the word "Silver" stamped thereon, and winners of gold medals will receive bronze medals with the word "Gold" stamped thereon. If any who are entitled to gold or silver medals wish medals of these metals they can be secured by paying for them. Otherwise they will receive a bronze medal stamped to show the kind of medal to which they are entitled.

Sweet Peas For Easter.

No time should be lost in sowing sweet peas to be satisfactorily in flower for Easter. The seeds germinate in a few days after sowing. Care must be taken that the young plants are not neglected, as they grow very rapidly. They should be handled as soon as possible after they have started and placed in their flowering quarters without delay. Sometimes sweet peas are grown in boxes six inches wide and as much deep and three or four feet long or any other convenient length.—Gardening.

Showy Winter Plants.

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Girls Entertain.

In a manner which reflects only the highest credit upon themselves, the young ladies of Alpha hall entertained their friends of the college on the evening of January 20. This reception, after a precedent set years ago, is given annually, and is looked upon as one of the principal social events of the second term.

The guests assembled at 8 p. m. and retired to the spacious diningroom, which was decorated for the occasion. After a few minutes of conversation the merry crowd was called to order and listened to a unique program. Miss Alice Edwards made a fitting address on behalf of the club, which was followed by the remainder of the evening's program, consisting of a piano solo by Miss McDonald; recitation by Miss Belle Bonney; song, Alpha quartette; piano duet by the Misses Horner, and a paper by Miss Mabel Kennison.

All of these numbers were highly appreciated. Miss McDonald's and the Misses Horner's musical stunts were received with loud applause. Miss Kennison's paper was full of originality and especially well rendered. Miss Bonney's recitation was exceptionally well given and was by far the star event of the evening.

The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games. The climax of the entire affair was reached when the merry party sat down to the elegant spread. Like the remainder of the reception, it was of the kind that has few equals in the curriculum of OAC social events.

As the lights dipped all of the guests filed out, each giving expressions of praise to those who had the party in charge. The only fault of the evening was the absence of one of the cadets, who has recently become the possessor of an olive drab uniform. Being desirous of showing this new wearing apparel, he spent the day in Portland and did not return.



H. E. Van Pelt, writing in the Jersey Bulletin, tells as follows of the value of linseed oil as a remedy for ailments of cows. After describing its successful use for a case of bloat during the St. Louis demonstration he goes on to say: "There is no remedy of so much value about the cow barn as a good supply of raw linseed oil, and for us it certainly saved a great deal of trouble throughout the test. I cannot help but believe that without its speedy use on several occasions that are now pointed out by 'off feed' the cows would have suffered very seriously. The writer has always thought that, whatever may be the ailment of the animal, the first thing to do is to make certain that the digestive tract is in proper working order before further treatment is resorted to. In nine cases out of ten the feeder will find that with cows on heavy feed the worst of the ailment is past when the digestion is made perfect, and I have never known a good dose of oil to harm any beast at any time. So if you wish to be on the safe side when you are giving your cows their best record have at hand in the barn a supply of raw linseed oil."

If the cow begins to leave her feed without cause or declines rapidly in milk flow, there is something wrong, and right then is the time to get in the best work. If allowed to go for twelve hours the beast will perhaps be beyond recovery, when at the proper time a quart of oil would have cleaned her out (so to speak) and started her back to work in good shape. If further ailments appear, you can rest assured that the oil has done no harm, but paved the way for further treatment.

Selling Milk, Cream or Butter.

The comparative profits of selling dairy products, as milk, cream or butter, have been carefully figured out by the Maryland experiment station. It is found that cream is one of the most profitable forms of sale, since 20 per cent cream can be sold at 50 cents a gallon, and even at this low price returns 23½ cents per pound for the butter in the milk, besides leaving the skim milk for use on the farm. Of course cream can usually be sold for more than 50 cents per gallon. It also appears that milk shipping is ordinarily more profitable than buttermaking. Thus 12 cents per gallon for 3½ per cent milk is equal to 23½ cents per pound for the butter, while at 15 cents per gallon for 3½ per cent milk the butter is sold at 32½ cents per pound. In selling cream at 70 cents per gallon the price obtained is equal to 33 cents for the butter, but creameries never pay this amount for butter, and no homemade butter brings any such price except for a very few gilt edge makes.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of B. B. Barnes, deceased, has filed in the County Court of Benton County, Oregon, his final account as administrator of said estate, and that Monday, the 24th day of February, 1936, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., has been fixed by said court as the time for hearing of objections to said report and the settlement thereof.

K. F. BARNES,
Administrator of the Estate of B. B. Barnes, deceased.
Dated January 2, 1936.

Imperfect Digestion.

Means less nutrition and in consequence less vitality. When the liver fails to secrete bile, the blood becomes loaded with bilious properties, the digestion becomes impaired and the bowels constipated. Herbine will rectify this; it gives tone to the stomach, liver and kidneys, strengthens the appetite, clears and improves the complexion, infuses new life and vigor to the whole system. 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Graham & Wortham.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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Fifteen words or less, 25 cts for three successive insertions, or 50 cts per month; for all up to and including ten additional words, ½ cent a word for each insertion.

For all advertisements over 25 words, 1 ct per word for the first insertion, and ½ ct per word for each additional insertion. Nothing inserted for less than 25 cents.