

# Through the Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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CHAPTER III  
PRIVATE ROOM NO. 6

THE night was black, and rain was falling in torrents as Paul Cogenell and the commissary rolled away in an auto in response to this startling summons of alarm.

"He was in luck to have this storm," muttered Cogenell. Then, in reply to Pougoot's look: "I mean the thunder. It descended the shot and gained time for him. Think what it means to commit murder in a crowded restaurant and get away. It means brains, Lacy. Ah, we're nearly there!"

They had reached Napoleon's arch, and the automobile, swiveling sharply to the right, started at full speed down the Glamps Elysees.

"It's bad for Gritz," reflected the commissary. Then both men fell silent in the thought of the emergency before them.

M. Gritz, it may be said, was the managing proprietor of the Ansonia, this being the last and most brilliant of his creations for cheering the rich and hungry wayfarers.

Dressing up before the impending emergency, they saw two policemen on guard at the door, one of whom came forward quickly with word that M. Gritz and two other men from headquarters had already arrived.

"Is Papa Tignol here?" asked Cogenell.

"Yes, sir," replied the man, saluting respectfully.

"Before I go in, Lacy, you'd better speak to Gibein," whispered M. Paul. "It's a little delicate. He's a good detective, but he likes the old school methods, and he and I never got on very well."

"Good! I'll be back in a moment," said, pushing his way through the crowd of sensation seekers that blocked the sidewalk, he disappeared inside the building.

M. Pougoot's moment was prolonged to five full minutes, and when he reappeared his face was black.

"Such stupidity!" he stormed.

"It's what I expected," answered Cogenell.

Gibein says you have no business here. He's an impudent devil! Tell them Cogenell," he asserted, "to keep his hands off this case. Orders from headquarters. I told him you had business here, business for me, and business, I'll show 'em."

He took Cogenell by the arm, but the latter drew back. "Not yet. I have a better idea. Go ahead with your request. Never mind me."

"That I want you on the case," insisted the commissary.

"I'll be on the case all right."

"The telephone headquarters at once about this," insisted Pougoot. "When shall I see you again?"

Cogenell eyed his friend mysteriously. "I think you'll see me before the night is over. Now get to work, and," he smiled mockingly as he departed, "give M. Gibein the assurance of my distinguished consideration."

As M. Pougoot mounted to the first floor he was met at the head of the stairs by a little yellow bearded man with luminous dark eyes, who came toward him, hand extended.

"Ah, Dr. Joubert!" said the commissary.

The doctor nodded nervously. "It's a singular case."

At the same moment a door opened and Gibein appeared. He was rather fat, with small, piercing eyes and a reddish mustache. His voice was harsh, his manner brusque, but there was no denying his intelligence.

Gibein withdrew while Pougoot proceeded with his duties.

In general plan the Ansonia was in the form of a large E, the main part of the second floor, where the tragedy took place, being occupied by public sitting rooms, but the two wings, in accordance with Parisian custom, containing a number of private dining saloons. In each of the wings were several of these private rooms, all opening on a dark red passageway lighted by soft electric lamps. It was in one of the west wing private rooms that the crime had been committed.

M. Pougoot passed at the turn of the corridor to ask some question, but he was interrupted by a burst of singing on the left, a roaring chorus of hilarity.

"It's a banquet party," explained the doctor, "a lot of Americans. They don't know what has happened."

"What?" reflected the other. "Just across the corridor?"

Then suddenly the commissary heard what the witnesses had to tell him about the crime. It had been discovered half an hour before, more precisely at ten minutes to 9, by a waiter, Joseph, who was serving a couple in No. 6, a dark complexioned man and a strikingly handsome woman. They had arrived at a quarter before 8 and the meal had begun at once. Oddly enough, after the soup the gentleman told the waiter not to bring the next course until he rang, at the same time slipping into his hand a ten franc piece, whereupon Joseph had nodded his understanding.

Then suddenly fifteen minutes later Joseph knocked discreetly, then again after a decent pause, and finally, weary of waiting, he opened the door, a moment later he started back, his

eyes fixed with horror.

"Grand Dieu!" he cried.

"You saw the body, the man's body?" questioned the commissary.

"Yes, sir."

"And the woman?"

"Ah, I forgot," stammered Joseph. "She had come out of the room before

"Like this," answered the waiter, and he placed himself so that his back was turned to No. 6.

"So you would not have seen any one who might have come out of No. 6 at that time or gone into No. 6?"

"I suppose not."

"And if the door of No. 6 had opened while your back was turned would you have heard it?"

Joseph shook his head. "No, sir; there was a lot of applauding—like that." He paused as a roar of laughter came from across the hall.

The commissary turned quickly to one of his men. "See that they make less noise. And be careful no one leaves the banquet room on any excuse. I'll be there presently." Then to the waiter, "Did you hear any sound from No. 6—anything like a shot?"

"No, sir."

"H'm! It must have been the thunder. Now, tell me this—could any one have passed you in the corridor while you stood at the banquet room door without your knowing it?"

Joseph's round, red face spread into a grin. "The corridor is narrow, sir, and I"—he looked down complacently at his ample form—"I pretty well fill it up, don't I, sir?"

"You certainly do. Give me a sheet of paper." And with a few rapid pencil strokes the commissary drew a rough plan of the banquet room, the corridor and the seven private dining rooms. He marked carefully the two doors leading from the banquet room into the corridor, the one where Joseph listened, opposite No. 4 and the one opposite No. 6.

(To Be Continued.)



A MAN IN EVENING DRESS LAY FACE DOWN IN A LITTLE RED POOL.

side."

With this they removed to the adjoining private room, No. 5, leaving a policeman at the door of No. 6 until proper disposal of the body should be made.

In the further questioning of Joseph the commissary brought out several important facts. The waiter testified that after serving soup to Martines and the lady he had not left the corridor outside the door of No. 6 until the moment when he entered the room and discovered the crime. During this interval of perhaps a quarter of an hour he had moved down the corridor a short distance, but not further than the door of No. 4. He was sure of this, because one of the doors to the banquet room was just opposite the door of No. 4, and he had stood there listening to a Fourth of July speaker who was discussing the relations between France and America.

"How did you stand as you listened to the speaker? Show me." M. Pougoot led Joseph to the banquet room door.

"Like this," answered the waiter, and he placed himself so that his back was turned to No. 6.

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(To Be Continued.)

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## EDEN PRECINCT ITEMS

J. E. Roberts was attending W. O. W. lodge at Phoenix Saturday evening.

Miss Lettie Stancliff of Phoenix spent Sunday in Talent, the guest of Miss Adaline Dunlap.

Mrs. Ernest Reames of Talent came down to Phoenix last Saturday to remain a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Furry.

Mrs. J. E. Roberts and daughter, Miss Lulla, were calling on Mrs. A. S. Furry last Saturday.

Harry Reames was over in Talent last Sunday afternoon, as there is no rural delivery on Sunday. The Sunday papers are delayed until Monday.

Mrs. Nancy Roberts and daughter were doing trading in Talent last Thursday.

Mrs. Lillian Gibbs went to Ashland last Thursday on business, remaining until Friday.

Mrs. George McClain went to Medford on Thursday afternoon's motor to visit with Mrs. Dr. Roberts.

John Helmie of North Talent went to Ashland last Thursday.

Miss Hazel Johnson of Phoenix was up in North Talent last Friday.

Uncle George Roberts was among those who attended the business meeting of the Presbyterian church Friday evening.

Mrs. Dunn, who is a cousin of Mrs. George McClain, is up from Medford visiting the latter.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hoover went up to Ashland last Saturday to attend the union meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. James Allen were in Phoenix Saturday.

The Queen City meat market man of Phoenix bought some fine poultry of J. E. Helmie last Saturday.

William Campbell, who is a nephew of James Allen of North Talent,

started by team for Nevada last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rease of Ashland came down on the early morning train and spent Sunday with Mrs. Rease's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Carey.

Miss Mary Stancliff of Phoenix returned from the city of San Francisco last Saturday, where she has been visiting friends for a month past.

The team of J. F. Pratt of Phoenix took a lively spin up the road last Friday morning, but did but little damage before they were caught.

Mrs. C. Carey last week received from W. T. Taggart of Crescent City a large photograph of the burial plot and monument of the late Mrs. Taggart.

Mrs. Nancy Helmie and her son, John Helmie, also her daughter, Mrs. Lillian Gibbs, were guests at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. James Allen last Sunday.

Miss Zertha Dunlap of Talent, who has been spending the winter in southern California, for the benefit of her health, returned to her home last Friday, greatly benefited.

**NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will apply at the next regular meeting of the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon, for a license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in quantities less than a gallon, at his place of business at No. 22 Front street, North, in said city, for a period of six months.  
JOHN HARRINGTON.  
April 8, 1910.

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