

# The RED LAMP

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright by Geo. H. Doran Company  
WNU Service

### SYNOPSIS

Events of the story, from June to September, as set forth in the journal of William A. Porter, professor of English literature:

**JUNE**—The professor's uncle, Horace Porter, died under somewhat mysterious circumstances at his home, Twin Hollows, which is now Professor Porter's property. Jane, the professor's wife, has psychic qualities. She insists Uncle Horace, then dead for a year, was at his class reunion, and a snapshot she takes seems to prove her right. Cameron, a fellow professor of Porter's and president of the Society for Psychic Research, inclines to the idea of psychic photography. Mrs. Porter shows a pronounced disinclination to spend the summer vacation at Twin Hollows. A letter Horace Porter had been writing at the time of his sudden death, reveals he had been interested in spiritualism and makes mention of some implied "danger," and of the "enormity of an idea." A "small red lamp" is also mentioned. Mrs. Porter's reluctance to live at Twin Hollows cannot be overcome, and, with Edith, Porter's niece, they take up their residence in the Lodge house of the estate, Warren Halliday, in love with Edith, comes to live in a boat-house near the Lodge. A reference Professor Porter had once made to a certain cabalistic design returns to plague him. He finds in the village a superstition that there is something mysterious about the red lamp. There are mysterious happenings, and Mrs. Porter is sure Uncle Horace's spirit is hovering about them. A number of sheep are killed in the vicinity, by some unknown person.

July 5.

The sheriff has offered a thousand dollars reward for the apprehension and conviction of the sheepkiller. I understand Livingstone is privately offering another five hundred.

Mr. Bethel and his secretary arrive tomorrow, and the house is about ready for them, in spite of the fact that Annie Cochran moves about it, unoccupied as it is, like a scared rabbit. I shall see him at once on his arrival.

Halliday will finish the boat today and I understand intends then to start on the sloop. He has found a way to address me, instead of the formal "sir" of the first day or two, and now calls me Skipper.

Today, for the first time, I have taken him fully into my confidence. I had been half way debating it, but the matter of the dressing gown decided it. (Note: I find that in the original Journal I made no note of this incident. The facts are as follows):

At Jane's suggestion I proceeded to the main house, to remove such of Uncle Horace's clothing as remained in the closets and so on, to a trunk in the attic. Since the night of her experience in the pantry she had not entered the house. Armed with a package of moth preventive, I was on my way when I met Halliday, and he returned with me.

We worked quietly, for there is something depressing in the emptiness of such garments, and in their mute reminder that sooner or later we must all shed the clothing that we call the flesh.

I located the dressing gown which poor old Horace was wearing when he was found, and discovered that there were bloodstains on it near the hem.

"I'm going to ask you something," I said to Halliday. "A man dies of heart failure, and as he falls strikes his head, so that it bleeds. He lies there, from some time in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning. There wouldn't be much blood, would there?"

"Hardly any, I should say."

"And none in this location. I imagine."

I showed it to him, and he looked at me curiously.

"I'm afraid I don't get it, Skipper," he said. "You mean, he moved, afterwards?"

"If you want to know exactly what I mean, I believe the poor old chap was knocked down, that he got up and managed to dispose of something he had in his hand, something he didn't want seen, and that after that his heart failed."

He picked up the dressing gown and carried it to the window.

"Tell me about it," he said quietly.

As neither one of us knows anything about the heart, or what occurs when

Mrs. Nayber—Do you know that your dog killed my cat?

Mr. Nexdore—Oh, yes, but I've put a muzzle on him so he can't do it again.

Mr. Henpeck—Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence?

Mr. Scrapper—I reckon I am.

Mr. Henpeck—Shake! You're a hero.

Lady—Aren't you ashamed to ask for money?

Dusty Rhodes—I got six months for taking it without asking.—The Pathfinder.

a fatal seizure attacks it, it is possible Halliday is right. That is, that feeling ill he got up, crumpled the letter in his hand, turned on the desk light, and then fell. But that he recovered himself and managed to drag himself to his feet again, when the full force of the seizure came, and he fell once more, not to rise.

"There is no real reason to believe that he was not alone," he said. "Nor even that he 'saw something,' as Mrs. Livingstone intimates."

But the letter I had found in the drawer interests him. He has made a copy of it, and taken it home to study.

"I appeal to you to consider the enormity of the idea. Your failure to comprehend my own attitude to it, however, makes me believe that you may be tempted to go on with it. In that case I shall feel it my duty, not only to go to the police but to warn society in general."

"I realize fully the unpleasantness of my own situation; even, if you are consistent, its danger. But—"

"But—what?" said Halliday. "But I shall do what I have threatened, if you go on with it." He glanced up at me. "It doesn't sound like sheep-killing, does it?"

"No," I was obliged to admit. "It does not."

July 6.

I am in a fair way to go to jail if things keep on as they have been going! And not only for sheep-killing. If we have not had a tragedy here, certainly today there is every indication of it. And with the fatality which has attended me for the past week or so, I have managed to get myself involved in it.

Last night a youth named Carroway, sworn in by Starr a few days ago as deputy constable, was assigned the highroad behind our property as his beat. He was armed against the sheep-killer with a 30-30 Winchester, which was found this morning in the hedge not far from our gates.

Nothing is known of his movements from nine o'clock, when he went on duty, until a few minutes after midnight, when he appeared breathless on the town slip, minus his rifle, and

Suppose I tell him the actual fact? That my wife has some curious power, and that in obedience to it she last night aroused me from a virtuously sleep, to tell me she had clairvoyantly seen a man taking a boat from our float, and that I must immediately go down; that there was, she felt, something terribly wrong? Suppose I told him that, which is exactly the fact? And also that, once there, I found that Edith had left the canoe in the water, and that I had, like the careful individual I am, drawn it up out of harm's way? Will he believe that? I wonder—

Quite aside from my unwillingness to drag Jane into this, particularly as the possessor of a faculty which she herself only reluctantly reveals even to me, is my conviction that such a story, soberly told, would only increase Greenough's suspicion of my sanity.

And as if to add to the precariousness of the situation, Halliday himself in all innocence has added another damning factor; gave it, indeed, to the detective last night.

Yesterday it appears, in repairing the float, he found a new and razor-sharp knife between the top of one of the barrels and the planks which made the flooring.

"I didn't tell you, Skipper," he says, "because I was afraid of alarming

you. And, of course, there might have been some simple explanation. Starr might have dropped it, during his car-pentering."

He was first amused and then infuriated by the web which seems to be closing around me.

"Of course they can't do anything," he says, "unless they catch you in the act."

But the unconscious humor of that statement set me laughing, and after a moment he saw it and grinned sheepishly. "You know what I mean," he said. "And in one way, if you can stand it, it's not a bad thing."

Pressed for an explanation, it appears that he had been thinking of going after the reward himself, and that this matter of Carroway had decided him.

"Reward or no reward," he said, quietly, "I've had a bit of training; they put me in the Intelligence in Germany, during the occupation. And of course the way to catch a criminal is to keep him from knowing who's after him. Then again, if he learns the police are watching you—and he may—he's watching them, you know—it may make him a bit reckless. You never can tell."

But he has a third reason, although he has not mentioned it. He is chivalrously determined to protect me, and through me, Edith.

(Continued Next Week)

it over the surface of the water, which was as still as a mill-pond, and onto the canoe, which lay bottom-up and still dripping, on the float.

It is indicative of the whole situation, I think, that he lighted the flash. He was no longer lurking in the dark, waiting for the motor boat to drive the marauder ashore. That marauder, in the shape of a shivering professor of English literature, slightly unbalanced mentally, was before him.

Greenough was frankly puzzled. He had, one perceives, a problem on his hands. He wanted Carroway to come in and identify me, for without that identification he was helpless. And somewhere out on the water was Carroway, possibly with a stalled engine. He put his hands to his mouth and called:

"Hi! Bob!" he yelled. "Bob."

But there was no answer, except that Halliday came running out and asked what the trouble was. Greenough was thoroughly irritated; he lapsed into a sulky, watchful silence, and offered no objection when I shiveringly suggested that I go back to my bed. I left them both there, Halliday preparing to row out and locate the launch if possible, and came back to the Lodge.

This morning I learn that Carroway's boat was found by Greenough who had a fast launch with a searchlight, at one o'clock this morning, drifting out with the tide and about two miles from land. It was empty, and no sign of young Carroway was found. As it trailed no dory, our mystery has apparently become a tragedy.

And I am under suspicion. I have put that down, and sitting back have stared at it. It is true. And suppose what I am expecting at any moment takes place, and Greenough comes into the drive, to confront me with the damnable mass of evidence he has put together, the circle enclosing the triangle; the fact that the sheep-killing did not commence until after our arrival at the Lodge; the night Morrison, driving his truck-load of produce, saw me on the road; and most of all, with last night!

Suppose I tell him the actual fact? That my wife has some curious power, and that in obedience to it she last night aroused me from a virtuously sleep, to tell me she had clairvoyantly seen a man taking a boat from our float, and that I must immediately go down; that there was, she felt, something terribly wrong? Suppose I told him that, which is exactly the fact? And also that, once there, I found that Edith had left the canoe in the water, and that I had, like the careful individual I am, drawn it up out of harm's way? Will he believe that? I wonder—

Quite aside from my unwillingness to drag Jane into this, particularly as the possessor of a faculty which she herself only reluctantly reveals even to me, is my conviction that such a story, soberly told, would only increase Greenough's suspicion of my sanity.

And as if to add to the precariousness of the situation, Halliday himself in all innocence has added another damning factor; gave it, indeed, to the detective last night.

Yesterday it appears, in repairing the float, he found a new and razor-sharp knife between the top of one of the barrels and the planks which made the flooring.

"I didn't tell you, Skipper," he says, "because I was afraid of alarming

you. And, of course, there might have been some simple explanation. Starr might have dropped it, during his car-pentering."

He was first amused and then infuriated by the web which seems to be closing around me.

"Of course they can't do anything," he says, "unless they catch you in the act."

But the unconscious humor of that statement set me laughing, and after a moment he saw it and grinned sheepishly. "You know what I mean," he said. "And in one way, if you can stand it, it's not a bad thing."

Pressed for an explanation, it appears that he had been thinking of going after the reward himself, and that this matter of Carroway had decided him.

"Reward or no reward," he said, quietly, "I've had a bit of training; they put me in the Intelligence in Germany, during the occupation. And of course the way to catch a criminal is to keep him from knowing who's after him. Then again, if he learns the police are watching you—and he may—he's watching them, you know—it may make him a bit reckless. You never can tell."

But he has a third reason, although he has not mentioned it. He is chivalrously determined to protect me, and through me, Edith.

(Continued Next Week)

### A RUNNING FORD!

A Laurinburg man, who has one of the new Buicks that runs like a haunt, tells about an experience on highway 20 last week. Coming toward Laurinburg from Hamlet, and at a lively gait, he said he noticed one of the new Fords nosing in behind him. He stepped on the gas but the Ford stayed right behind. Now the new Buick, he says will do 75 miles all right and with a little coaxing will do 80. On a pretty stretch of road he got up to 75 and by degrees above it, almost to the 80 notch. But that Ford was still right behind him. He decided it was time to slow down and he did. Just then the Ford passed him, and the driver was driving with one hand and smoking a pipe with the other. And now he wonders what the Ford would have done had his new Buick picked up to 85 or 90 or possibly an even 100 miles an hour?

### AND WE LEARN ABOUT REDS FROM THEM

(News and Observer, April, 19)

Viewing the outrage in Gastonia yesterday morning when a band of masked men, variously estimated between a hundred and six hundred demolished the headquarters and relief store of the Loray Mill strikers, under the noses of sleeping soldiers sent there by the State to maintain order, two or three things stand out with shocking prominence.

1. The impression almost invariably conveyed by the call for troops on the occasion of a strike, that the troops are for service in beating down the morale and the resistance of the strikers, is pointedly emphasized in the failure of troops to maintain that decent semblance of order under which this thing would have been impossible.

2. The first deliberately conceived and executed outrage of the whole strike, the first semblance of disorder that might have called for a show of organized resistance and that would not have been planned and could not have been executed except in the faith that the troops on duty would behave as they did behave, is chargeable, not to strikers or their radical leaders, but to citizens sympathetic with the manufacturers' anti-labor attitude.

3. Whereas opposition to the strikers and their demands has centered hysterically around the presence of several radical labor leaders, with much noisy condemnation of Reds and Bolsheviks, the only act that shows red was committed not by the strikers but against them.

These observations lead directly to the conclusion that Adjutant General Metts ought to determine by proper investigation why, with his troops on duty, this thing occurred; that Governor Gardner, so prompt

to go to the aid of the Gastonia authorities when they feared trouble should use the full directness of his office with equal directness and speed to run down every man who figured in this outburst of mob law; that the people of North Carolina and particularly those who feel as the anti-striker element of Gaston feels, ought to realize that all the Beales and all the Pershings and all the Weisbords cannot create as much radicalism among the mill workers of North Carolina as one such outbreak against decency and law.

### HIS FIRST TIME UP

(Laurinburg Exchange)

A young man at Maxton last week went to work for the telephone company. The first pole he climbed his body came in contact with a "live" wire and he was electrocuted. It was a most touching and distressing tragedy. The human mind can speculate on any number of things, of altered circumstances, which might have made the young man's death unnecessary. If he had not gone to work that morning, if he had climbed another pole, and so on. But the mind is impotent still.

From an earthly or human viewpoint, it is a terrible tragedy. That is because we see a little of life at a time and we get but a glimpse of great truths. Men are dying every day. A huge toll of human life is exacted. It is the price of progress. Hundreds of young men are dying trying to fly. It is rash and foolish say some. But some day man's conquest of the air will be complete. Young men dying now are not dying in vain. The world has never considered it foolish or rash for young men to die in defense of their country. If it is an honorable thing to give one's life in defense of liberty and freedom, is it not equally honor-

able to die in the front trenches of the great army of industry? The young man who died at Maxton last week has a good many things to his credit. In the first place, he was at work. If he had been idle he might not have died. But it is better to climb a pole and die than stay on the ground and do nothing.

### FRANCE AND SPAIN AT ODDS

A nasty quarrel has grown up between France and Spain over the Spanish oil monopoly. When the Spanish government took over all the oil business in the state it proceeded to settle with the various foreign oil firms doing business there. The French firms insisted on an allowance for goodwill which the government refused to allow. Finally the French government intervened and suggested arbitration. This Spain refused, and thereupon France resorted to reprisals by levying full fees for identity cards on all Spanish citizens in France. This was a breach of a convention of 1862 and caused a strong protest from Spain.—The Pathfinder.

### He Came Clean

He was a big collar and cuff man from Troy, N. Y., but she soon took the starch out of him.—The Pathfinder.

The voters can't be lured to the polls by talking to them about the duties of citizenship, but there would be a tremendous outpouring if each one got a dollar for voting.

This is called the richest country in the world, but you would never know it when passing around a subscription paper for some good community cause.

There might not be so many triangular love affairs if there were more square meals.



"Tell Me About It," He Said Quietly.

Jumping into a motor launch moored at the float, started off into the bay.

Peter Geiss, an old fisherman, was smoking his pipe on the slip at the time, but Peter is deaf, and although Carroway shouted something the old man did not hear it. There is, however, an intermediate clew here, for on his way Carroway had run into the Bennett house, and told the night clerk there to awaken Greenough and get him to our float; that the sheep-killer had taken a boat there and was somewhere out on the water.

The deputy's idea was probably to drive the fugitive back to the shore, and as there are, due to the marshes, but few landing places there, he seems so far as I can make out to have figured that the unknown would be forced back to our slip.

Greenough appears to have lost no time. He threw an overcoat over his pajamas, took his revolver, and commandeering a car in the street was on our pier before Carroway had been on the water ten minutes. And here, with that fatality which has recently pursued me, he found me returning from the float!

There are times when misfortune apparently picks up some hapless individual as her victim and, perhaps for the good of his soul, hammers him on this side and on that until he himself begins to think he has deserved it. He is guilty of something; he knows not what.

I was a guilty man as I faced Greenough! And yet the scene must have had its elements of humor. I, rather shaken already with the night air, my teeth rattling, and this ghostly figure suddenly appearing on the runway above me and turning my knees to water; a terror which only changed in quality when this ghost instructed me to put up my hands.

But I knew the voice, and I managed as debonair a manner as was possible under the circumstances.

"Nothing in them but a flash-light," I said. "However, if you insist—"

He seemed to hesitate. Then he laughed a little, not too pleasantly, and came down the runway to me.

"Out rather late, aren't you, Mr. Porter?" he asked.

It was my turn to hesitate.

## FERTILIZER

We have on hand a good stock of all grades of Fertilizers including Nitrate of Soda.

### USE NITRATE OF SODA

All authorities are agreed that soda pays well when used about cotton chopping time. Let's make the cotton crop pay this year. The surest way is to use Nitrate of Soda, and the place to buy it is—

**THE CHATHAM OIL & FERTILIZER COMPANY**  
PITTSBORO, N. C.

## Buy on a Sound Basis!

We stand behind every Used Car bearing the Red Tag "with an OK that counts"

### LOOK at these Outstanding Used Car Values

1926 Chevrolet Roadster	\$125.00
1926 Chevrolet Coupe	\$225.00
1926 Chevrolet Truck	\$150.00
1926 Ford Roadster	\$150.00
1923 Ford Roadster	\$100.00
1926 Ford Roadster	\$125.00
1925 Ford Truck	\$125.00
1927 Ford Roadster	\$175.00
1926 Chevrolet Touring	\$150.00
1926 Ford Touring	\$150.00

The foregoing cars can be seen at the Economy Motor Co., Siler City, and the following at the Chatham Chevrolet Co. garage, Pittsboro:

1925 Ford Touring	\$ 50.00
1927 Chevrolet Coupe	\$250.00
Ford Truck	\$200.00

**ECONOMY MOTOR CO.,**  
Siler City, N. C.

**STOUT MOTOR CO.,**  
Goldston, N. C.

**CHATHAM CHEVROLET CO.,**  
Pittsboro, N. C.

Look for the Red Tag—"with an OK that counts"