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Blind Man May Convict Killer

Hearing Voice Alone, He Picks Accused From Among Suspects.

Montreal.—The "God-given gift that the blind possess" may prove the undoing of Henri Bertrand, who now awaits, in Bordeaux jail, trial on a charge of murdering his employer, business associate and benefactor, Joseph Beaudry, editor and publisher, who was found dead in his office chair with two bullet wounds in his back.

The shooting took place late in the afternoon in the business premises where Beaudry conducted his prosperous publishing enterprises and where Bertrand was his trusted secretary-treasurer and manager. The crime was not discovered until several mornings later when the body of the murdered publisher was found seated in his chair before his desk, a pen still clenched in the hand stiffened in death.

The police were at sea. The assassin had left no clue behind him. There was no trace of the manner in which he had gained admission to the office. The direction which the bullets had taken lent color to the theory that the murderer had fired through the transom over the door, but this theory had to be discarded as untenable. Beaudry had remained alone in the building on the afternoon he was murdered, telling his secretary that he expected a visitor. He did not say who this person was.

Police Are Stumped.

Every avenue of inquiry followed by the police led to a blank wall. Then a blind man placed in their hands a thread which, they believe, has led them to the secret of the labyrinth. Henri Bertrand, the dead man's manager, had been closely questioned. He denied having returned to the office on the fateful afternoon. He denied that he even possessed a revolver.

Was his denial, they ask, prompted by the fact that the only revolver he ever possessed had been bought but a few days earlier from a blind man?

It seemed impossible that the vendor of the revolver could ever identify the man who had entered his store, with few words, had struck a bargain, paid the money and taken away the weapon. But James Mulhollin of 102 Anderson street remembered the transaction, and when the news of the murder was read to him by a neighbor he got in touch with the police.

It was a dramatic moment at police headquarters when the blind man was confronted with the few suspects whom the police had retained for questioning. Mulhollin and Bertrand both betrayed little signs of emotion, but when the latter spoke in answer to a question put by a detective, the blind man started.

"That is the man who bought the revolver," he declared.

Bertrand was arrested, charged with the murder, and in court the men again confronted each other.

"Do you know what size Mr. Bertrand is?" asked the crown prosecutor.

"Not exactly. I know he is a big man. I think he is bigger than I am. I have a pretty good idea of him."

"How do you size him up?"

"In the God-given way the blind have," Mr. Mulhollin replied. "We have a particular way of weighing people. It is a kind of secret among the blind people. It is a gift—our way of knowing people."

Questioned about the interview at detective headquarters when he had picked out Bertrand from among several others present, Mulhollin was asked:

"Did you meet Mr. Bertrand yesterday?"

"Yes, in the presence of detectives."

"How many people were there?"

"I didn't count—four or five, I think."

"Did anybody tell you he was Bertrand?"

"I got up and shook hands with him when he came in."

"Is that the same man who bought the revolver?"

"Absolutely the same man."

Until Mulhollin came forward with his assertion that Bertrand had purchased a revolver, although he denied ever having owned one, the detectives had hunted in vain for a clue that might point to a motive for the murder of Beaudry.

The murdered man had many strange things in his life. He had made two trips to Russia and had been in communication with the Soviet authorities in Moscow. The purposes of these trips he confided to no one. After his return from the first one he had engaged a firm of private detectives to keep him protected from some danger which he did not specify, but he evidently was in fear of some attempt on his life.

The promising looking lead came to nothing, nor could the police discover any among Beaudry's business associates who would have gained by the murder. True, Beaudry had made many enemies. He drove hard bargains and was abrupt, even surly, in his manner toward associates and those with whom he had business dealings. Hundreds of people were questioned, dozens of seeming clues followed up in vain.

No Woman Involved.

The suggestion that a woman had something to do with the crime had to be discarded. Beaudry was happily married, and no intrigue with other women had come to light.

With the arrest of Bertrand, the police set to work to establish a motive, and, when the accused comes to trial evidence will be presented by the crown showing that the former manager had resented the big profits which the publisher was taking out of his business. Bertrand had proposed to certain capitalists that they should help him get control of the business which, as he himself stated, could be made a very profitable affair.

"He told me that if there were no Mr. Beaudry taking large amounts, the business would be excellent," testified Noel E. Lanoix, one of the capitalists who had been approached by Bertrand.

A few days after the discovery of Joseph Beaudry, and before the funeral of the murdered man, Bertrand had again mooted the matter to Mr. Lanoix, according to the witness who appeared at the preliminary hearing of the accused.

"Did he make any suggestion to you as to buying the business?" asked the crown prosecutor.

"Since the murder, he asked me if there was any possibility of my being able to return and aid him."

"When was that?"

"Some days after the murder."

Rely on Blind Man.

At the approaching trial the crown will recall this witness and others in an attempt to prove that Bertrand, in cold blood, assassinated his employer in the hope that, with him out of the way, there would be a possibility of the salaried employee becoming, with the aid of friends, the controlling proprietor of the business. They will attempt to prove that Bertrand made an appointment to meet Beaudry at an hour when he knew all the staff would have left the building.

When Beaudry was sitting at his desk, having turned to work after dismissing peremptorily his visitor, the latter, the crown will allege, had turned as he reached the door of the office and, pulling a revolver from his pocket, had fired two bullets into the body of the publisher from behind. Then the crown will ask the jury to believe that Bertrand calmly closed the office door, left the premises and proceeded to his home to have lunch with his wife and son.

To support their case the prosecution will rely principally upon the identification of Bertrand by the blind storekeeper. The revolver has disappeared and probably is resting at the bottom of the St. Lawrence river. But before the weapon was sold a friend of Mr. Mulhollin tried it out by firing into a fence post in the rear of the blind man's store. From that fence post a bullet has been recovered and it bears certain scratches made by the barrel of the revolver which, the crown's experts will testify, are identical with marks on the bullets recovered from the body of the dead publisher.

First Time in History.

Perhaps for the first time in the history of crime, a case is being built up on the evidence of a blind man.

Upon the decision of the jury rests the life of a man and also the future of a great business. Bertrand, acquitted, might confidently count on the backing necessary to gain for him the control of the publishing house which issues various periodicals and trade papers widely circulated through French Canada and the French Canadian populations in the New England states. The crown will try to prove that the motive behind the murder of Beaudry was the ambition of Bertrand to wrest control away from the man whom he believed was drawing too heavily on the business and thereby endangering its continued success.

Back of the fight are to be seen the figures of two women. One, the widow of Beaudry, childless and burning with desire for revenge on the man who snatched her husband from her. The other is the wife of Bertrand, fighting to defend her husband against the charge against him. She has one son whose future is involved in the case. He is on the verge of his higher education. He might embark on a business career as the son of a prosperous man controlling a profitable business. In the alternative, if she loses her fight, her son enters on life branded as the child of a criminal.

His wife believes in Bertrand and so do many of his business associates who have rallied to provide bail for him did the law in Canada permit the enlargement of men charged with capital offenses.

Public Wedding of Seminole Chief

"Be good, love each other and live together," said John Osceola to Chief Tony Tommy and Miss Edna John Osceola. The couple with joined hands were proclaimed married. The entire ceremony took less than two minutes. This did 2,000 whites witness the first Seminole Indian wedding ever staged in public, at Musan isle on the east coast of Florida. There are only 700 Seminoles in existence in the Florida everglades, and the majority were present at the marriage of their college educated chief.

Children Prefer Poor Mother to Rich Father

New York.—Ten days with their mother in a small apartment with no servants and few luxuries convinced Sally Miles, eleven years old, and her brother, Edward, ten, that they would prefer to live with her than with their father in a big house with many servants, costly toys and a private school.

Their decision was registered in court here when they went on the witness stand in the trial of a suit for increased alimony, brought by Mrs. Eleanor Miles against William Roy Miles. On their testimony the court decided that they should live with their mother in Orange N. J., and visit their father in Babylon, N. Y., six weeks each year.

In the fall, after they had spent the summer with their father, the children told the court they preferred their father to their mother. The court gave them time to consider the matter carefully and sent them home with their mother.

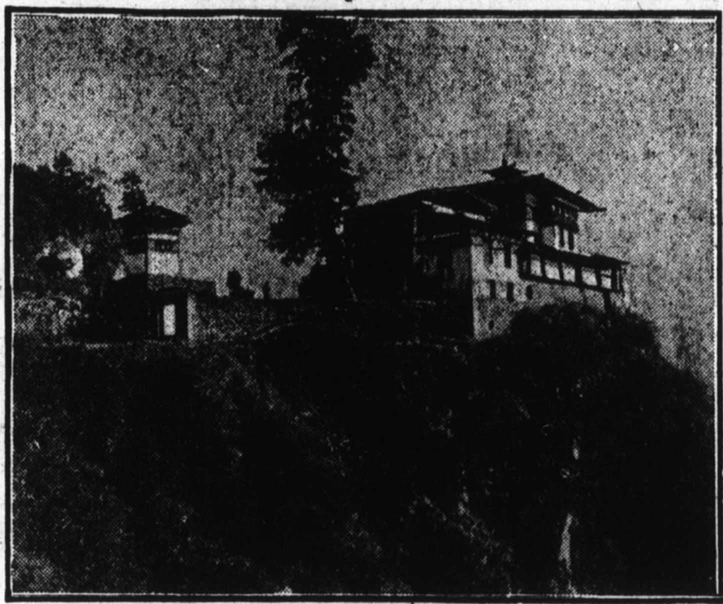
Women Poisoners' Club Revealed in Belgrade

Belgrade.—A club of women poisoners, under the guise of a charitable organization with the significant name of "Lucretia," has been raided here.

Police assert that at secret meetings the club members were taught the medieval art of mixing and administering poisons. Six women unhappily married were declared thus to have found means of ridding themselves of their husbands. The remains of these were exhumed and in two cases toxicologists have determined the presence of poisons.

Five women were arrested charged with being the ringleaders of the organization.

About Bhutan



A Monastery in Bhutan.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE Maharajah of Bhutan, who recently died, ruled over one of the least known states of Asia, a region about half the size of Tennessee, set down among the jagged spurs of the Himalayas on the northern edge of India. It can hardly be considered a part of India. Great Britain has with it, as with its neighbor, Nepal, only the most tenuous relations. Rather, Bhutan is a transition state between India and Tibet. It has many affiliations with the latter country, especially in the fields or religion and architecture.

Bhutan lies between 26 degrees 30 minutes and 28 degrees 30 minutes north latitude and 88 degrees 45 minutes and 92 degrees 15 minutes east longitude, and is bounded by British India on the south, the native state of Tawang, subject to Tibet, on the east, Tibet on the north, and Sikkim and the British district of Darjeeling on the west.

The mountain system may be most easily described as a series of parallel ranges running approximately in a southerly direction from the main ridge of the Himalayan range, where the peaks attain altitudes up to 24,000 and 25,000 feet. The principal rivers are the Am-mo-chu, Wang-chu, Mo-chu, and Kuru, or Lobrak-chu.

In climate it varies enormously from the ice and snow of the higher altitudes to the damp, overpowering heat in the deep valleys; and in vegetation from the magnificent grazing grounds in the higher regions, covered with alpine flowers, surrounded by snow peaks, high pine forests, rhododendrons, magnolias, chestnuts, and oaks, to luxuriant tropical palms, ferns, and bamboos.

Much Game; Fine People.

In eastern Bhutan the hills are densely clothed with forests, but with practically no population, as it is too fever-stricken to allow of anyone living there. They are, however, the haunt of almost every kind of wild animals—elephant, rhino, tiger, leopard, bison, mythun, sambur, cheetah, hog-deer, barking deer, etc. The river beds are full of runs leading to the various salt-licks which occur in the hills. It is an ideal place for shooting, but not easy to follow game, owing to the extreme steepness of the sandstone cliffs. The elephant in its wild state can go over or down nearly anything.

One of the first places of interest on the road after entering Bhutan is Dug-gye Jong, a fort built to protect this route from a possible raid by Tibet. The fort is magnificently situated on a projecting spur in the middle of a valley, with high snow peaks on either side and lovely views, looking down the valley.

The Bhutanese are fine, tall, well developed men, with an open, honest cast of face, and the women are comely, clean, and well dressed and excellent housekeepers and managers. Their religion is Buddhism and their language a dialect of Tibetan. The population of Bhutan is about 400,000.

The people are universally polite, civil, and clean. Both houses and temples are clean and tidy. In many of the houses the floors are washed and polished, and the refreshments they hospitably press on visitors are served in spotlessly clean dishes.

The clothes of the higher officials are always immaculate, their brocades and silks fresh and unstained in any way, and even the coolies are a great contrast to the usual Tibetan or Darjeeling coolie.

The amount of labor expended on their irrigation channels shows that they are an industrious and ingenious people. Their houses are all large and substantially built.

In the courtyards one finds retainers busily occupied in various trades, while the women of the household spin and weave and make clothes for the menfolk in addition to their ordinary duties. A great part of the country is under cultivation, and they raise sufficient crops to support the whole population, including the lamas, who are a great burden to the state.

Eggs Fed to Mules.

A typical Bhutanese luncheon consists of scrambled eggs and sweet rice, colored with saffron; murwah (beer) and chang (spirit), also colored with saffron; fresh milk, and a dessert of walnuts and dried fruits. There is a curious custom in Bhutan of feeding mules with eggs. For each pack animal on the trail two or three raw eggs are broken into a horn. The mule's head is held up, and the contents of the horn poured down its throat; and, strange to say, they seem to like the unnatural food. The Bhutanese always give this to their animals when they have any extra hard work to do, and say it keeps them in excellent condition.

The religion of Bhutan is an offshoot of Buddhism, and was introduced into these countries from Tibet by lamas from different monasteries who traveled south and converted the people. Most of the tenets of Buddha have been set aside, and those retained are lost in a mass of ritual; so nothing remains of the original religion but the name.

The Bhutanese excel in casting bells. The composition used for the best bells contains a good deal of silver, but they never make them of any great size, the largest being probably 24 inches in diameter and of about an equal height.

In iron work they are also good artificers, and many of their sword blades are of excellent manufacture and finish, and are still made from the charcoal iron. The polish they put on them is wonderful, and the blades almost look as though they had been silvered.

Every house of any importance has large workrooms attached in which weaving is carried on, and the stuffs produced, consisting of silks for the chiefs' dress, woolen and cotton goods, are excellent; and a good deal of embroidery is also done.

Basket Work and Matting.

Another industry in which the Bhutanese excel is basket work and fine matting, made from split cane. The baskets are beautifully woven of very finely split cane and some of the lengths are colored to form a pattern. They are made in two circular pieces, rounded top and bottom, and the two pieces fit so closely and well that they can be used to carry water. They are from 6 to 15 inches in diameter, and the Bhutanese use them principally to carry cooked rice and food. They also make much larger and stronger baskets, very much in the shape of a mulepannier, and these are used in a similar way for pack animals.

The mats are also very finely woven of the same material, with a certain amount of the split cane dyed to form patterns. They are delightfully fine and soft, so flexible they can be rolled up into quite a small space and very durable, and can be got in almost any size up to about 16 feet square, and even larger if they are required.

The suspension bridges in Bhutan are very interesting and merit description. They consist of four or five chains of wrought iron made of welded links, each 15 to 18 inches in length. The three lower chains are tightened up to one level, and on them a bamboo or plank roadway is placed. The remaining chains, hanging higher up and further apart, act as side supports, and between them and the roadway there is generally a latticework of bamboo, or sometimes grass, in order that animals crossing may not put their legs over the side.

NIGHT AND THE DAWNING

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

"I DON'T know what to do with myself evenings," sighed Ronald Cray, leaning out of the back window of his bachelor apartment and surveying the gloomy flats around him.

Two months before he had been summoned home from New Mexico, where his power dam had made him famous, to take charge of the engineering department of his company at headquarters. His salary was ample, he had wealth, he was only twenty-five; yet he had managed to make no acquaintances in the big city.

A free life in the West had made him different from the average city-bred young man; he thought the metropolis stiff and its people devoid of interest.

Suddenly, as he leaned out, surveying the huge buildings and speculating how many thousand lives ran on in them, a light sprang into being in the building opposite, on the fifth floor, on a level with his. Behind a drawn shade he saw the silhouette of a man.

He was stooping over a table and, as Cray watched, he saw the shadow of a woman behind him. Suddenly her hand plunged downward. The elongated object in it looked like a poniard. It struck the man in the side of the neck and he rolled over.

The woman stood looking at him for a moment; then, with a gesture of triumph, she flung the poniard out of the window, raising the shade a little. Cray heard a metallic tinkle in the court below. Then followed darkness.

He leaned out, astounded at what he had seen and hardly believing it real. How long he waited he did not know. Suddenly his bell rang.

He went out into the passage and saw, standing outside the door, one of the most beautiful women whom he had ever met. She was twenty-three or four. Her eyes gleamed with feverish intensity, her hair was disheveled and her hands were red.

"Save me! Hide me! Help me!" she pleaded.

Cray did not hesitate an instant. He pulled her through the doorway and led her to the bathroom. He filled the basin and washed her hands, drying them on a towel afterward. Then he took her into his spare room.

"You're quite safe here," he said in a low voice. "Nobody saw you come in. You can stay as long as you want to."

She crouched in a corner, glaring at him like a hunted beast. He hesitated, then he closed and bolted the window and withdrew, leaving the door open.

For half an hour he waited, fearing that he would hear the bolt snap, that she would try to plunge down into the court below. But hardly a sound came from the room. When at last he returned she was lying on the floor asleep.

He placed her on the couch and she did not awaken. Her sleep was of profound exhaustion. All night Cray sat up, waiting. Sometimes he stole in to look at her, but she never stirred. It was not till the sun was well up that he heard her moving.

She came forward unsteadily and looked in at him as he sat by the window.

"Where am I?" she cried. "Who are you?"

Cray rose and took her by the hands. "I am a friend," he answered. "You are safe here—safe to come or to go."

She burst into hysterical sobbing. When at last he had quieted her the girl told Cray her story.

She had met a man in her home in Virginia, three months before. He had asked her to be his wife. Her parents mistrusted him; she followed him stealthily, to learn too late that all that had been said about him was true. He was a gambler, a swindler. She remembered those three months with loathing. Her horror of him had grown. He had deceived her with a mock ceremony, lied to her—at last she had learned that he had a wife already.

She had written home, but her letters were returned unanswered. She had nowhere to turn, she was ignorant of any trade, and the man held her by his lying promises. He had almost got his divorce, he said; he loved her; for her sake he would reform, if only she would trust him.

She had waited for him the evening before; then there was a dreadful blank in her mind, and she had recovered to find herself standing over the body. And she had fled wildly for shelter.

Cray patted her hands. "You stay with me until the trouble blows over," he said. "I want a housekeeper. You will be quite safe here. I shall let it be known that you answered an advertisement. When all is ready I will help you to a new life. You trust me?"

She looked at him helplessly. "I am so ignorant," she wept. "I must trust you. I have nobody else."

"You will not regret it," said Cray. And he knew the girl was safe there. Nobody came to call at his little apartment.

The murder occupied two columns of his morning paper, but the only clew was that afforded by a negro janitor, who had seen a woman ascending the steps a few minutes before the tragedy. And he stated that her hair was fair. The unknown woman's was ebony dark. Cray felt safe.

The poniard was found, but gave no clew. And gradually the interest waned. Nobody knew the murdered man, who had very good reasons for disguising his identity.

As the days passed Helen Ware came to trust Cray absolutely. She cooked for him, mended his clothes, resolutely refused to take the money that he pressed upon her. "I can never forget what I owe you," she would say. But sometimes there would be spells of weeping. "I did not mean to kill him," the girl would moan. "I do not remember anything, except sitting at home waiting for him with bitterness of heart; then I heard him come in and went to him—and I was standing over him with the dagger in my hands."

"You don't recall the dagger?"

"Yes. It was a curio of his; some friend from a savage country had given it to him. I must have snatched it from the wall and stabbed him."

As the weeks turned into months, Cray found himself torn between two impulses. He wanted to let the girl go to some scene where she would be able to take up her life anew. And yet—he knew that he loved her. Her helplessness, her charm, the bond between them had created an intimacy that was infinitely sweet. He had been offered a new position in the West. One night he took his courage in his hands and asked her to be his wife and go with him where all memory of the past could be forgotten.

He knew by her looks that she loved him. But she would not.

"It is your pity for me, Ronald, not love," she said, sighing. "I love you, but I can never be your wife so long as this curse of blood lies on me."

"You acted rightly," he cried hotly. "No jury would have convicted you. Helen, dearest, forgot it and come with me."

"I cannot," she answered sadly. "I must leave you, and you must forget."

But on the next day something happened which drove all thoughts of parting from their heads. The wife of the murdered man was arrested charged with the crime.

It was known that she had been in the city that day. She had threatened him; the negro janitor identified her as the woman he had seen near the apartment house. And Ronald and Helen watched the unfolding of the grim trial with dismay.

On the evening before the last day Helen spoke to Ronald about what lay uppermost in her mind.

"I cannot let that woman be convicted," she said. "I must go down to the court and offer my confession."

Ronald could not dissuade her. He knew that it was the only possible thing.

And all day they sat in the dreary courtroom listening to the intolerably long summing up. The jury had at last retired. Ronald had persuaded Helen not to speak unless the verdict was "guilty."

It was hours before the jury returned. A murmur spread through the courtroom. The face of the foreman was deadly white. He trembled and looked away from the prisoner's straining eyes. There could be no doubt what the verdict was.

Suddenly Helen sprang to her feet. Ronald rose and kept his arm about her. She faced the prisoner and stretched out her hand.

But before a word could leave her lips the woman in the dock uttered a shriek and recoiled, clutching at the air.

"Yes, I am guilty," she cried. "He lied to me, deceived me. I learned that he was supporting another woman, who was passing as his wife. I dogged him to his home. I entered after him. I saw him in the hallway, and over his head a dagger hung. It seemed placed there for me. I struck him—and then the other woman came out—and she stands there!"

And she collapsed unconscious upon the floor.

Helen fell into Ronald's arms.

"It is true! It is true!" she cried. "I remember everything!"

The verdict of "manslaughter" was further eased by a mercifully light sentence, and, with the obstacle to their marriage removed, Ronald and Helen went West, where they started upon their new life together.

More Berries

In parts of Hungary, farm laborers are paid in vegetables. Occasionally, we suppose, a workman will ask for an increase in his week's celery.—Humorist.