

# Synthetic Gentleman

by CHANNING POLLOCK



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## CHAPTER XII—Continued

Miss Hamblidge was "in."  
"Mummy?"  
"Play acting," Ridder snapped. "I observed that you'd feathered your nest. I was wrong. Why didn't you say so?"  
"I did."  
The old man was looking at Barry's check.  
"Can you write?" he asked.  
"I don't know."  
"Harwood thinks you can. He just left here. He says you earned what we paid you. Well, you'd better go on earning it."  
"You mean I'm hired?"  
"Hired?" Ridder repeated. "You were hired two months ago. Who ever fired you?"  
There didn't seem to be any answer to that.  
"Mr. Ridder wants you to work with Jack," Mrs. Ridder remarked. "Keep an eye on him."  
"You're going to take Jack—?"  
"We're taking him home tonight. And Peggy. We hope you'll come out sometimes."  
"I want Jack to carry on," Ridder declared, "when I'm through."  
He was back at his desk now, and he looked up, almost smiling.  
"You said I was a tough bird," he told Barry. "I heard you. Don't apologise. The world needs tough birds. You don't win battles with pigeons. Somebody's got to do a little clear thinking. Somebody's got to know what he's about. We're a soft race. Coddled. Self-indulgent. We need hard going and discipline."  
His voice was crisp and sure.  
"What's the matter with this young generation? It's fathers had too much money. I was a tough bird because I knew the fight Jack had made, and I didn't help him. I'd tried that, hadn't I? The other way was my only chance to make a man of my son."  
There was no lack of emotion in his tone now.  
"And you. How did I know you weren't just a cheap swindler? By listening to a lot of warm-hearted generalities? How did I know you weren't a blackmailer—until I saw you were going to give yourself up without squealing?"  
"Then you were play-acting?"  
"Not on your life. I was watching you like a hawk, but there was a cop out there, and I thought you had a date with him, until I saw your face when I asked you why you sent that wireless to Mrs. Ridder."  
Again, he almost smiled.  
"There was a cop waiting behind that door, and a girl behind that one. A nice girl. I had to be sure I wasn't messing things up for her."  
He glanced at his watch.  
"Four o'clock. You people have got to get out of here. I can't spend the day being a sentimental idiot."  
"You're neither," Mrs. Ridder said. "Neither what?"  
"Neither sentimental nor an idiot. You're a tough bird, but I like 'em that way."  
She was holding on to his arm when Barry closed the big door behind them. Barry thought she was crying.  
"She is my mother, after all," Barry thought. "She's all the mother I never had."

"Good luck," Barry said, extending his hand across the desk.  
Peter turned to take it, freeing his own hand by trying to slip the magnet over the hook from which the thermometer hung.  
The magnet promptly fell into the open desk drawer.  
"Damn!" Peter exclaimed, probing again.  
He retrieved it, at last, from somewhere near the bottom of that astounding accumulation of rubber bands, pen-wipers, and what not.  
Clinging to the metal, held by its magnetic attraction, was another bit of metal.  
As Peter dropped the magnet onto his desk, that other bit of metal detached itself, and fell almost at Barry's feet.  
Barry picked it up, looked at it, looked again, and then looked at Peter.  
Peter was staring at him.  
Barry took a notebook out of his pocket.  
"A 66152," he said. "Yes, that's Kelly's latch-key."  
Peter nodded.  
"I must have thrown it here weeks ago, and forgotten it."  
"I'd throw it somewhere else now," Barry advised. "Somewhere just a little bit safer. Well, good luck, again, and good-by."  
He had reached the door when Peter said: "Wait a minute."  
Barry waited.  
"How long have you known?"  
"That you killed Mike Kelly?" Barry asked. "Since last Thursday. I was on the train coming in from Southampton, and I discovered that your wife was really his wife."  
Barry saw Peter wince, but went on.  
"Of course, he had another reason for resisting arrest—that 'hot spot' with which Kelly threatened him. If Morano had been arrested, and fingerprinted, they'd've learned that he was George Selby, and wanted for murder. Morano made certain of that. The 2:12 train he caught at the Penn station went to Philadelphia. That's where he was all the next day—checking up on the finger-prints taken when Selby was sent to the State penitentiary, and, perhaps, trying, through underground channels, to have them removed from the files."  
"I had the motive for the murder now."  
"Kelly knew Morano was Selby, and so that your wife was technically a bigamist. That was the threat he held over Morano, and Judge Hamblidge. The threat that persuaded the Judge to write a 'crooked decision.' The paper Kelly had in his pocket was a marriage certificate, or something of the sort, he'd found somewhere."  
"In an old trunk," Peter said; "in the house he bought at 24 Jefferson street."  
Barry nodded.  
"I doped that out, too. Both Morano and Hamblidge had plenty of reason to kill Kelly."  
"But neither had as much reason as you had."  
"If you knew of the existence of that paper."  
"And you did, didn't you? That's where Morano's telephone message came in. That's why he called you up from the Coconut Bar. To tell you he'd seen the paper, and Kelly had it."  
"Right," Winslow said, simply.  
"My inquiry was narrowing down to you and Morano. But how did either of you get in to Kelly? And then I remembered that, the day I first saw Mrs. Kelly, she came into that house and left her key in the door. I did the same thing this week. Anybody might. Especially a drunken man. That would explain why the key wasn't on Kelly's body. It would explain how our third caller entered while Kelly was talking to Judge Hamblidge."  
"Right," Winslow repeated.  
(TO BE CONTINUED)



"I Doped That Out, Too."

and I'd just read of Morano's death. One of my suspects was guilty. I thought, 'Peter Winslow can't laugh that off.'  
He was back in the room now.  
"I remembered," he went on, "how you did laugh when I suggested Morano. And how sure you were that I was wrong about every one else. But you never said anything that might've started me on the right track. On the contrary, when I asked you if there was a Mrs. Kelly, you answered, 'Yes. She sued for divorce recently and withdrew the case.' You'd just read that in the Herald Tribune, and the same sentence revealed that, at the time of the murder, Mrs. Kelly was in Harlem. But you didn't mention that. Why? Only one explanation occurred to me, and that was your willingness to keep me on the trail of some one who couldn't possibly be convicted."  
Barry sat down again, the other side of the desk.  
"Go on," Peter urged. "I'm very much interested."  
He was sitting, too, now.  
"My interest," he continued, "is strangely impersonal. Almost wholly professional. I think it is. That's very curious. I'm just a criminal lawyer interested in a crime."  
His weariness explained that, Barry thought. As Hamblidge had been, and Morano, and Barry himself when talking with Ridder, Peter Winslow was "glad it's over."  
"As a criminal lawyer," Barry said, "and a shrewd one, you'd be surprised to know how much you overlooked. Bits of evidence that fitted like a jigsaw puzzle the moment suspicion started anyone putting them together."  
"As for instance?"  
Barry smiled.  
"You told me Morano phoned you at one o'clock the morning of the murder to say that one of his girls was in jail, and would you 'take the case.' But Peggy wasn't in jail, at one o'clock. She'd been released hours before, and Morano knew it. I know that he did phone you. What about? Why, about Kelly's visit to the Coconut Bar, of course, and the threat of something in his pocket that was not only a menace to Morano but Kelly's hold over Judge Hamblidge. A paper every one seemed to want, and that had disappeared when the body was found."  
"What had that paper to do with you?"  
"If this were a detective story, and you read it, you'd find twenty answers to that question. Judge Hamblidge said he couldn't tell the truth because of a woman. Pat said the woman was her dead mother. And, plainly, that had something to do with Morano."  
He leaned forward across the desk.  
"I couldn't see any link between the two. And then I remembered that Pat's mother was your wife's sister. Pat told me her mother was 'brought up in a little town called Warrenton.' That meant your wife came from Warrenton, too. And Morano had told me he came from Fauquier county. I went to my atlas. Warrenton's in Fauquier county. There used to be a military school there. Mrs. Winslow ran away with her first husband while he was a cadet in a military school."  
Peter leaned forward, too.  
"And Morano—" he began, tensely.  
"I don't know whether Morano went to a military school or not."  
"But George Selby did."  
"Morano and George Selby were the same man, weren't they?"  
It was after six o'clock now.  
The outside offices were deserted and silent.  
But the noise of traffic drifted up from the street.  
For almost a minute, that was the only sound in the room where these two men sat facing each other.  
Then Peter said, "Yes, they were the same man."  
"I was sure of it," Barry resumed. "The papers reported that Selby was drowned in Philadelphia. But the body they identified had been in the water two weeks. Fresh water. So that identification didn't amount to much. Violet Fane had told me Morano bought the house down town because he was 'married onct,' and he and his wife lived there. The sob-story I dug out of the tabloids said Selby was 'blissfully happy' with his bride in a house he'd rented down town. Obviously, the same house. Sentimental? Yes, but Morano was a sentimental cuss. So sentimental that he might have died rather than have it discovered that your wife was really his wife."  
Barry saw Peter wince, but went on.  
"Of course, he had another reason for resisting arrest—that 'hot spot' with which Kelly threatened him. If Morano had been arrested, and fingerprinted, they'd've learned that he was George Selby, and wanted for murder. Morano made certain of that. The 2:12 train he caught at the Penn station went to Philadelphia. That's where he was all the next day—checking up on the finger-prints taken when Selby was sent to the State penitentiary, and, perhaps, trying, through underground channels, to have them removed from the files."  
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IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Western Newspaper Union.

### Lesson for October 11

#### BECOMING A CHRISTIAN

LESSON TEXT—Acts 16:22-34, Philippians 2:7-11.  
GOLDEN TEXT—Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16:31.  
PRIMARY TOPIC—Two Happy Prisoners.  
JUNIOR TOPIC—Heroes in Prison.  
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How May I Become a Christian.  
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How to Become a Christian.

The conversion of Lydia and her gracious growth into usefulness as a Christian is in striking contrast with the experience that Paul had with the demon-possessed damsel (Acts 16:16-18). A satanic power of divination had made her profitable to unscrupulous men. Such men have not perished from the earth, and there are still those who make merchandise of silly and sinful women.

Paul commands the demon to come out of her and at once the issue is drawn.

#### I. Christianity versus Crooked Business (Acts 16:22-24).

As long as the missionaries were at the place of prayer and in the home of Lydia they were not disturbed. But as soon as they touched the illegitimate gain of these "business" men who were making money from the misfortune of the poor damsel, bitter opposition arose.

Cunningly combining the plea of false patriotism and anti-Semitism with the ever-potent argument that business was being hindered, they raised a hue and cry which resulted in the beating and imprisonment of Paul and Silas (Acts 16:14-21).

We live in another century, but men are the same. Let the church and its members only go through the motions of formal service and present a powerless religious philosophy, and the world will applaud and possibly support its activities. But let the pungent power of the gospel go out through its life and ministry, and deliver devil-possessed men and women, let its God-given grace expose the hypocrisy and wickedness of men and there will soon be opposition.

#### II. Down, but not defeated (vv. 25, 26).

The preachers landed in jail, beaten, bloody, and chained to the stocks. What a disgrace it would have been if they had come there because of their misdeeds. How ashamed we are when professed Christian leaders sin and fall into the hands of the law.

But "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake" (Matt. 5:10). Little wonder that they forgot their bruises and their chains and began to sing and pray, even at midnight.

Note that "the prisoners were listening to them." The words we speak, the songs we sing, our every action, speak either for God or against Him. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

As they pray God speaks, chains fall away, prison doors open. Men can lock doors; God shakes them open.

The jailer, cruel and bold when he put them into prison, but now in fear, is about to kill himself. But God has better thoughts concerning him. Paul cries out, "Do thyself no harm" and he experiences

#### III. Salvation Instead of Suicide (vv. 27-34).

Thank God for the earthquakes in our lives which bring us to Him.

The jailer, being rightly exercised by God's dealings with him, asks the greatest and most important question that can ever come out of the heart of unregenerate man—"What must I do to be saved?" Reader, have you asked this question? Then you, too, are ready for the answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The closing verses of our lesson present the personal testimony of Paul that he had surrendered.

#### IV. All for Christ (Phil. 3:7-14).

All was lost to him compared with what he gained in Christ. We speak of surrendering all for Christ, but as a matter of fact we lose only what is of no real value and make infinite gain.

Paul, as are all great followers of Jesus Christ, was a "one thing" man. All that he had or was or hoped to be, every ounce of energy and love, went into his pressing "toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

#### Independence of Opinions

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

#### Overcoming Desires

I count him braver who overcomes his desires than him who conquers his enemies; for the hardest victory is the victory over self.—Aristotle.

## Comfort, Style in Pajamas

antee to guide you every stitch. College girls approve its conservative styling — busy housewives find them adequate to greet the unexpected guest and the business girl revels in their comfort and ease assuring details. The trousers are amply cut and the soft blouse roomy enough for any 12 to 20's daily dozen. A natty pointed collar, wide cuffs and belt add an air of distinction to your garment.

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### Household Questions

Sour milk beaten into mayonnaise dressing gives it a delicious flavor.

Before putting away garden tools for the winter, clean them off, rub with kerosene or grease and store in a dry place.

Drain all juices from fresh or canned fruits, store in ice box and use for fruit cocktails or sherbets.

When buying fish see that the eyes are not sunken in and dull. A fresh fish has clear eyes and the flesh is firm to the touch. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

This suavely tailored club style pajama set is the essence of simplicity. Whether your cotton, satin, silk crepe, po-gee or rayon is expensive or not you won't be taking a chance with pattern No. 1923-B for step-by-step sewing instructions are included and guar-

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### Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained. Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, puffiness under the eyes, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

## DOAN'S PILLS

READ THE ADS

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Harvey S. Firestone was born and raised on a farm in Columbiana County, Ohio, which he has operated ever since 1904. It was here on this farm that Mr. Firestone conceived the idea and worked with his tire engineers in developing a practical tire for farm use. Mr. Firestone's experience in farming gave him the realization of the need for a pneumatic tire with lugs of rubber that would increase the drawbar pull, roll easier, save time, and speed up farm operations on cars, trucks, tractors and all wheeled farm implements.

Firestone engineers are continually working with Mr. Firestone on his farm to secure greater farm efficiency. They developed the Ground Grip Tire which is so designed that in soft mud roads it cleans itself and the bars of rubber are so placed that they will not bump on paved roads. The design of this tire is so unusual and its performance so amazing that a patent has been granted by the United States Patent Office covering its exclusive features. The secret of the extra traction of Firestone Ground Grip Tires is the scientifically designed rubber lug of the tread. Under this extraordinary super-traction tread are placed two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords. This is a patented Firestone construction feature which makes it possible to weld this heavy tread to the Gum-Dipped cord body, making it one inseparable unit.

Go to your nearest Firestone Tire Dealer or Implement Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today and ask to see these money-saving tires. And when you order a new tractor or implement, specify Firestone Ground Grip Tires.

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