

# THE CAMDEN RUBY MURDER

by ADAM-BLISS

### READ THIS FIRST:

Margalo Younger, an actress, is found murdered in the home of Dow Van Every, a collector of rare jewels, with a sharp needle-like instrument at the base of her brain. The only persons in the room at the time of the murder were Van Every, whom she had just met, and Gary Maughan, old friend of hers and an acquaintance of Van Every. Against his wishes, she had been wearing Van Every's famous Camden ruby, which he described as a "murder stone", as he recounted its gruesome history to his audience of two. Detective Keyes questions Maughan, Van Every, the latter's niece, Joyce, who lives in the house, and her elderly companion, Laura Randall, Maughan, who is anxious to help solve the murder, learns from Margalo's maid that a Roy Barrimore has called on the dead actress frequently. Maughan then goes to Detective Keyes' office for further questioning. The detective call in Allan Foster, Joyce's fiance, for questioning. Keyes and Maughan learn that Foster at one time was in love with the dead actress. Laura Randall calls on Detective Keyes to volunteer some information. A phone call to the detective brings the report that Roy Barrimore, close friend of Margalo, has shot himself.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

### CHAPTER 18

KEYES HALF invited me to accompany him to St. Vincent's to see Roy Barrimore. I needed no urging, and he seemed glad when I started out with him. Sergeant Neff was waiting for us outside the door of the operating room.

"They're operating on him. Emergency job. Shot himself through the lung, left lung, but the doctor doesn't know whether it is fatal. Thinks it might be." Neff announced to Keyes briefly. We stepped away from the door and sat down in a sheltered corner of the corridor.

"I followed out your orders, sir. Waited for Barrimore some time, then found the landlord, who let us in the place. Fine-looking place, sort of Bohemian, but well furnished. Rich rugs on the floors. Three rooms, two downstairs and one up, in the Lexington Mansions. We had over an hour to search, and went over everything in the house from top to bottom. A picture of Miss Younger on the bureau in the bedroom, some notes of hers in a drawer—might be love letters and might not. I doubt it. Too impersonal.

"We looked especially for the trick gun that shoots the needle, but didn't find it any place. No sign of any weapon in the place. In fact no luck there at all. We found nothing, except the few letters, four I think, and the photograph. No locked drawers, everything open. Nothing in any of the pockets of Barrimore's clothing. He came in—well, it was less than an hour ago I called you just after I had phoned for the ambulance. We were sitting in the living room, waiting for him, when we heard his key in the door. Then he came in, staggered back when he saw us, as if he was surprised. I showed my star, and quick as a flash he got his gun out of his pocket. I wasn't expecting it, so we did nothing. The shot was a quick one, but he didn't take time to aim perfectly. He was going for his heart, I know.

"Not a word was said. As I told you, I had just showed my star. He was still dressed in his tuxedo, at 10 o'clock—rumpled, his collar wilted, as if he had been going a terrific race, his eyes wild, crazy. I knew him at once. The description I got at the theater, then one from the landlord. Besides, there was a sketch of him in the living room, a good one. That's all, boss, I guess. Looks like he murdered Margalo Younger!"

Neff sighed, and mopped his brow. "What did you find in his pockets?" Keyes asked.

Neff led us to a small room off the surgery, where spread out on a table was Barrimore's bloodstained clothing. The articles from his pockets were arranged neatly beside the garments. I shuddered when I saw the crimson-blotched shirt, and the ripped clothing. It had been cut from his body with shears.

A watch, a fine one of platinum, and chain, a cigar holder of amber, some \$200 in bills in an expensive leather billfold, loose change, some personal cards, a cigar lighter of silver, a linen handkerchief, hand monogrammed, constituted his belongings. The revolver Barrimore had employed to shoot himself lay near his watch.

Keyes fingered the billfold rapidly, and pulled out a clipping which he handed to me. It was the same that I had found in Margalo's pocket clipped from the previous morning Dispatch.

We looked at each other in silence.



17.

"All through?"

Whereas Margalo had cut hers neatly with the scissors, Barrimore had torn his roughly out.

The ruby again. Everywhere I turned it stared me in the face. I laid the clipping down with the other things.

"Confound it!" Keyes muttered softly.

A white-robed doctor opened the door then, and taking off the mask that had nearly covered his face, ripped off a pair of rubber gloves. His white garment was stained with blood. Reaching in his pocket, he pulled out a cigaret, and blandly walking to the table picked up Barrimore's cigaret lighter.

"All through?" Keyes asked.

"Yes. Got the bullet. It was lodged in the left lung. Very dangerous. Don't know whether the patient will live," he said between puffs. "Poor devil made a nasty job of it."

It wasn't long after, when Barrimore was made comfortable in a private room, that Keyes and I tiptoed in to look at him. The man on the white bed was deathly pale, and was barely breathing. His face, I thought, was a fine one, thin, aristocratic, imperious, even in his unconscious state. He seemed about 35. His hair was dark and a small, dark mustache edged his upper lip.

He loved Margalo. I looked at him again curiously. Had he killed her? He didn't look like a killer as he lay there trying to die. For that he must be doing. His chin receded a little. Weak. Yet there was something likable about his face. I felt no anger as I watched him. Nothing that I thought I would feel. Finally, I felt Keyes tugging at my arm, and we left.

We were in the police car before we spoke.

"I don't think he killed Margalo," I said, reaching in my pocket for a cigaret. "It would rather seem to me that he shot himself, not because he was guilty, but because Margalo was dead."

"I'm not jumping at conclusions, Maughan. If he were jealous of you, why didn't he kill you instead of Miss Younger? Perhaps, though, his aim was bad. Perhaps he meant to kill you, and when he found he had killed Margalo Younger, he shot himself."

"Keyes, you know very well that the man who killed Margalo made a perfect aim. He meant to kill her. If man he was. The needle was fired perfectly into the brain. It was planned cold-bloodedly. Barrimore doesn't look like that kind of a chap. What I'm aiming at, Keyes, is this, if you don't get me. If Barrimore was the man who killed Margalo, would he have shot himself today, worried, frightened at the sight of three detectives in his home? Would he now? No, I don't think so. The person who murdered Margalo is cool, ruthless."

"Maybe you're right, Maughan, but nevertheless, I'm swearing out a warrant for Barrimore this afternoon, holding him on the charge of the murder of Margalo Younger!"

I left Keyes, promising to return

to his office after my interview with Joyce.

Having an hour and a half before I was to meet her, I took a taxi and rode to Van Every's house. Soon let me in and led me to the library where Van Every was writing letters at the desk. He greeted me warmly, and asked permission to finish his letter.

On my way up I had noticed McManus in the downstairs hall. Keyes had told me he was leaving a few men in the house.

Van Every finished in perhaps 25 minutes and joined me, suggesting that we go into his bedroom for a chat. I was grateful to him, for I had no desire to stay in the library. In my little stay there, my eyes had glued themselves on the couch, where Margalo had sat last night; where Margalo was murdered. The room was the same as when we had entered it last evening, except that it was not shadowy. It was daylight, and some light penetrated through the heavy blinds at the front windows. The blinds were drawn, however, and Van Every was working at his desk under a green light, attached to the wall by a flexible standard. He snapped it out, as he came up to me.

"I'm sorry I kept you so long," he apologized as we made ourselves comfortable in the bedroom, "but I've just written to my agent, asking him to rent the house. I can't live in it any longer, and I know Joyce feels the same. We shall leave as soon as I find a tenant. It shouldn't take long, because I've offered the house at a low rental. I'm only taking some books with me. Joyce and I will go abroad, or if she doesn't want to do that, we'll take a suite in a hotel."

"I don't blame you," I agreed.

"How is Joyce today?"

"We lunched together, and then she went out."

"Is the ruby still here?"

Van Every visibly shuddered. "Yes, Keyes won't let me move it."

"You didn't tell us—me," I corrected myself hurriedly with a gasp, realizing suddenly that Margalo must have heard very little of the story, "where you got it. You intimated, though, that it was acquired under peculiar circumstances."

"No, I didn't tell you last night. I had told you enough. And I wish now that I hadn't told you anything, hadn't shown you the ruby, had not let Miss Younger wear it."

"You couldn't help it, Van Every. She knew about the ruby. I found a clipping in her coat pocket. Somehow last night she was destined to wear it; wanted to see it. That's the mystery about it all, damn it. She knew about it. How she did, I don't know, but I rather think Roy Barrimore told her."

"The man who called while I was out last evening?"

"Yes. He shot himself today."

"Shot himself?"

"May die. He knew about the ruby, too. He had a clipping about it in his billfold. Keyes found it."

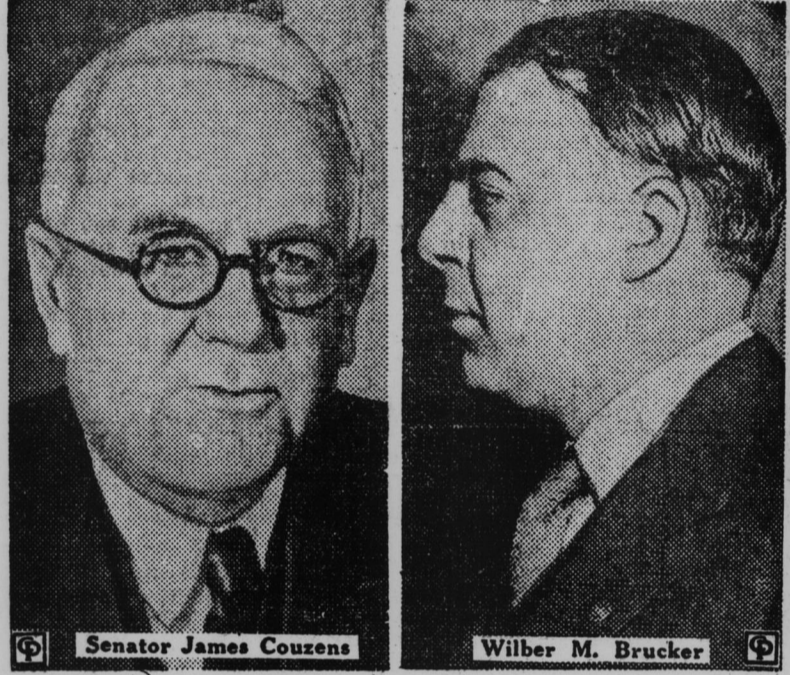
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## In Crash Which Killed 11



Mrs. Meyer Ellenstein, wife of the mayor of Newark, N. J., was one of the three survivors of the crash of a huge TWA transport plane which crashed at Uniontown, Pa. Mrs. Ellenstein was severely injured. She is shown above with her husband. (Central Press)

## BRUCKER MAY OPPOSE COUZENS



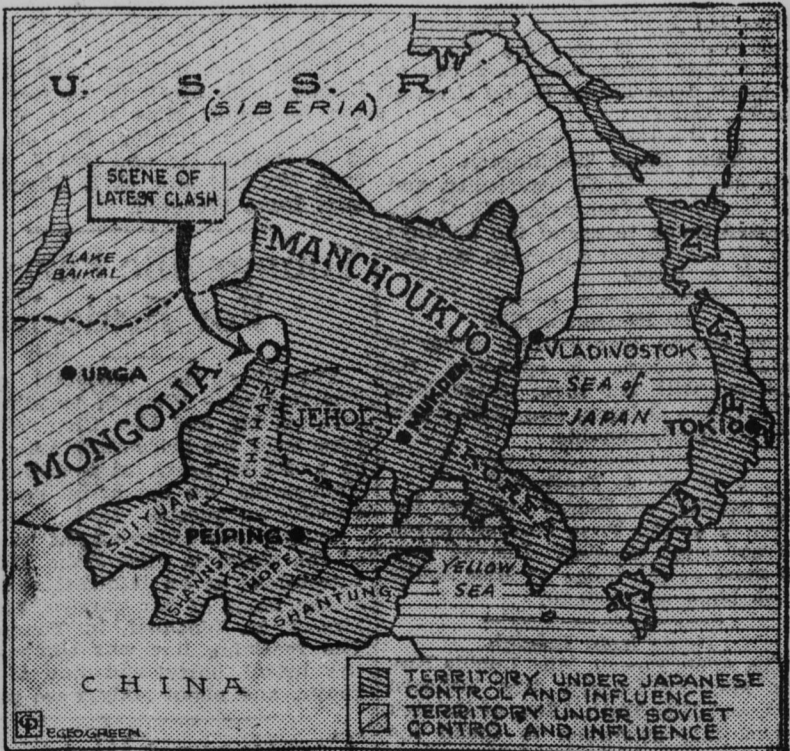
Wilber M. Brucker, right, a Grass Roots stalwart who served as governor of Michigan from 1931 to 1933 may oppose Senator James Couzens, left, for the Republican senatorial nomination. Brucker is said to have the backing of the Michigan G. O. P., which is fighting to oust Couzens, independent Republican termed by conservative Republicans as too friendly to the New Deal. Senator Couzens, however, is extremely popular with labor.

## Ex-Townsend Aide and Wife



Robert E. Clements, who recently resigned from the Townsend Old Age Pension movement, is shown with his wife at Washington, where he testified in the Congressional probe of age pension organizations. Clements was co-founder of the Townsend plan. (Central Press)

## SOVIET AGAIN WARNS NIPPON



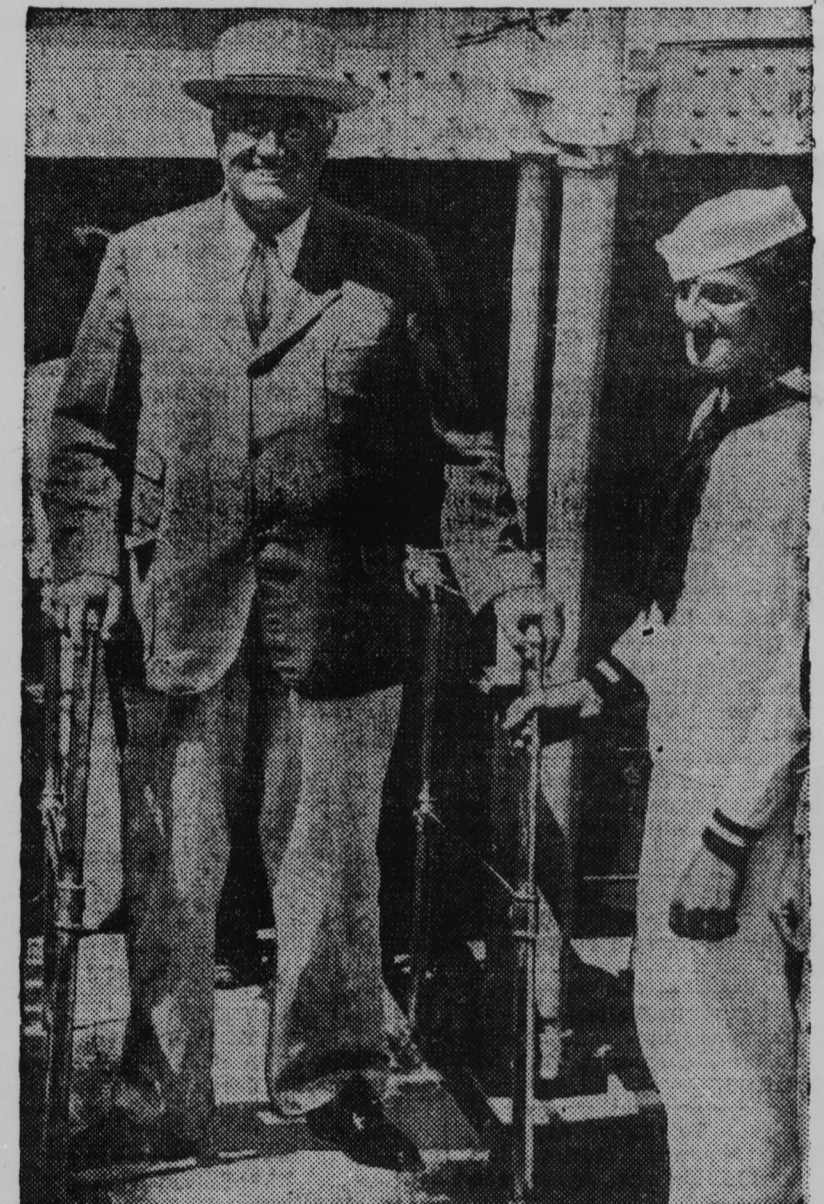
Where Japanese-Manchoukuoan forces invaded Mongolian territory. Map shows scene of latest reported invasion of outer Mongolia by Japanese-Manchoukuoan troops, leading to heavy fighting. The Soviet government warned Japan to put an immediate end to attacks by Japanese troops on Mongolians. Invaders proceeded 30 miles inside Mongolian territory.

## SETTING UP TIME FOR BUNNIES!



What's all the strutting about, Mr. Rabbit? Why, little chick, it's Easter time, you know, time when we do our stuff.

## F. D. R. Goes Back to His Job



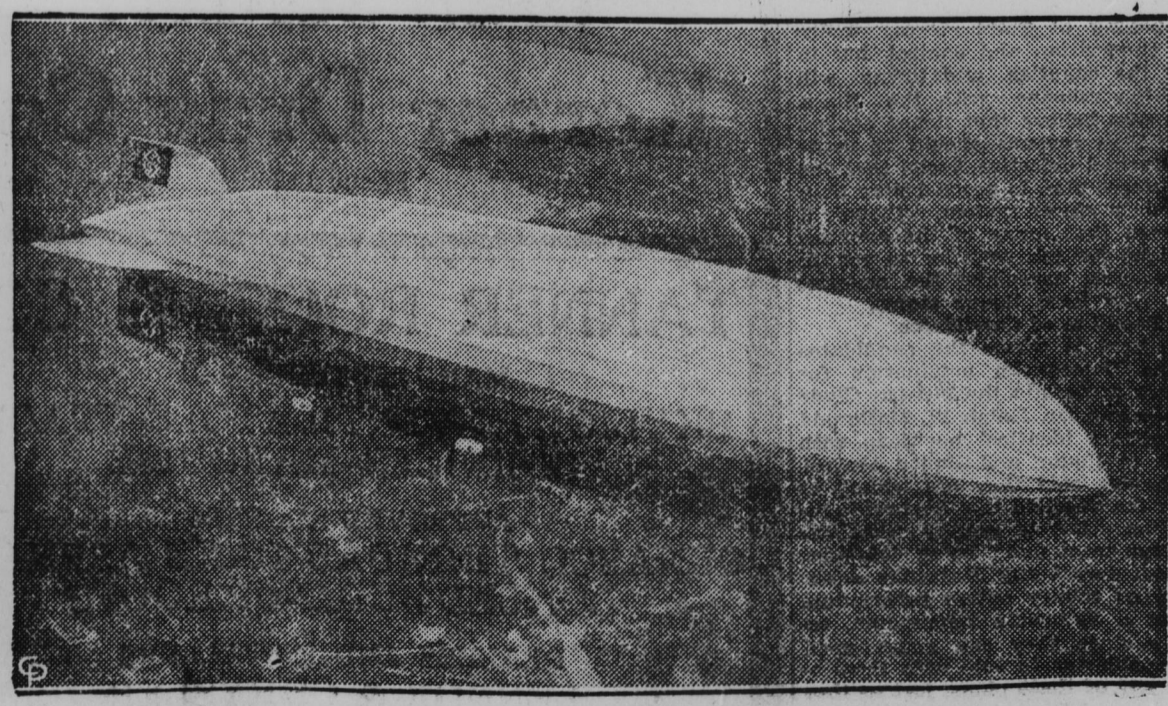
Smiling, tanned, and rested after seventeen days of fishing in the tropical waters of the Bahamas, President Roosevelt is shown as he left the White House yacht "Potomac" at Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (Central Press)

## A Kiss for His Father's Life



Benito Mussolini recently publicly proclaimed Italy's gratitude to a mother and son whose breadwinner made the supreme sacrifice on a battlefield in Ethiopia. An interested spectator is Premier Julius Gombos of Hungary, who is also the Hungarian Minister of War. (Central Press)

## NEW ZEPPELIN ON MAIDEN VOYAGE OVER ATLANTIC



The von Hindenburg, shown above Friedrichshafen during test flight

Forced by international tension to skirt France, making its maiden voyage to Rio De Janeiro, South America, from Friedrichshafen, Germany. The von Hindenburg, the largest dirigible ever built, is