

THE CAMDEN RUBY MURDER

ADAM BLISS

READ THIS FIRST:

Detective Keyes and Gary Maughan are attempting to unravel the mysterious murder of Margalo Younger, an actress and old friend of Maughan. She was killed with a needle-like instrument as she and Maughan sat in the home of Dow Van Every, a collector of rare jewels, whom she had met through his friend, Maughan, listening to his urbane history of the famous Camden ruby. At the time she was wearing the ruby against the wishes of Van Every who described it as a "murder stone". Among those questioned by the detective were Maughan, himself; Van Every; his young niece, Joyce, who lives with him; her fiancé, Allan Foster, who at one time was in love with the dead actress, and Joyce's companion, Laura Randall. Another suspect is Roy Barrimore, close friend of the actress, who shot himself shortly after her death. Van Every tells Maughan how he bought the ruby from two nuns. Joyce confides to Maughan that she has secured a job in a department store against her uncle's wishes. The detective and Maughan start for the home of a Mrs. Bryce, an intimate friend of Van Every. Keyes and Maughan learn from Mrs. Peoples, Margalo's maid, that the actress recently had given a check for \$7,000 to a friend, Manuel Gonzales. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

"What for, then?" Keyes questioned. "Wait a minute, and you'll see. The detectives, too, found her jewels in the vault in her bedroom. She loved jewels and had some fine ones. The best ones she kept in her safety deposit box. They found these, too, after I had given them the key. Fine jewels she had. A gorgeous pearl necklace, a diamond necklace, worth a fortune, rings, watches, a pair of old emerald bracelets, and earrings. Many more. I know them all. I've seen and handled them. Miss Younger sometimes was rather careless with them. When she took them off at night, she would leave them lying around on her dressing table. When I found them in the morning, I would almost have heart failure. I always tried to be up when she came home—that is, when she was wearing any of her jewelry. It would be so easy for a thief to steal—with Miss Younger so careless.

"As I said, I knew every piece she had. Every piece. When she bought something she showed it to me—for me to admire. That's why I can't understand how I didn't know—

"Didn't know what?" Keyes was fidgeting in his chair. However, I was intensely interested in what Mrs. Peoples was saying. The woman, I was sure, had something important to tell us.

"After the detectives, Neff, I think was the one who did most of the talking, asked me what Miss Younger could have drawn \$8,000 in cash from the bank for. I said I didn't know. I didn't. But I started to rack my brains. Not clothes, because she had accounts, and if she didn't she wrote checks. Probably to help someone. No, she would pay that by check too. And I had paid Gonzales by check—and I'm sure she was just helping him. Lending him money for something or other. Jewels? Perhaps. The more I got to thinking about the jewels, the more certain I was she had drawn out the cash for jewelry. But she hadn't showed anything to me, lately. She hadn't bought any jewelry for months. The last thing she purchased was a pearl ring, a lovely thing.

"I figured that if Miss Younger had bought anything, it would either be at the apartment, or in her safety deposit vault. She never kept anything of value at the farm house. It was too isolated. The vault was out of the question. The detectives had found everything there. They had searched the house. Now before Miss Younger had the safe put into the apartment, the small floor safe in the closet, I hid some rings for her until I could take them down to the bank next day. And I hid them in the lining of a hat, one of my hats. I figured that would be an unlikely place for thieves to look if they came while we were gone. I suppose she remembered this when she was looking for some place to hide—this thing she had bought. Evidently she didn't want anyone to know about it, not even me. She would have told me, if she had wanted me to know.

"I decided to go through her closets, so after the detectives were in the living room, I did, on a pretext of straightening up. But really I went through everything, her hats, under the things of each, the pockets of her coats—even her slippers. In her slipper trunk and I found something tucked in the toe of one of her galoshes, a pair she had worn in a play only once, and which she

had kept as part of her stage wardrobe. These garments are in a different closet than her regular wearing apparel." Mrs. Peoples opened her capacious purse, and drew out a tissue-wrapped package. "It's—a ruby, big as an egg!"

Keyes snatched the package and unwrapped it. Indeed, Mrs. Peoples had spoken the truth. It was a ruby, large as an egg, but it was the exact duplicate of Dow Van Every's Camden ruby! Even to the tarnished chain, to the hole pierced in it, it was the same. I gasped, and took the thing from Keyes.

"Your detectives missed it, when they searched, Captain Keyes," Mrs. Peoples spoke a little boastfully. Keyes was annoyed, and showed it for us, and tell us whether it's a fake, or not."

"We have to know now, Mrs. Peoples."

"Sounds reasonable, Keyes," I put in. "Van Every had to pay cash for his ruby, too. He bought his last Monday, the same day Miss Younger drew out \$8,000 in notes." I was fingering the ruby carefully. Not being anything of a jewel expert, I could not tell whether the ruby was genuine. "We'll have to take this to Van Every. He can examine it for us, and tell us whether it's a fake, or not."

"Yes, but first, Mrs. Peoples, who visited Miss Younger a week ago Monday?"

"I thought of that, too, sir, and I brought her engagement book." Again the purse was opened, and she produced a small, gold-covered leather book, which she handed to Keyes. He glanced over it, found the date, and muttered to himself for a while. With the ruby in my hand, I peered over his shoulder.

Mrs. Peoples explained quickly that one entry was the hairdresser, another a manicurist, another a masseuse. "She always had these things done on Mondays. They were regular. These notes are in my handwriting."

"Breakfast with M. G. 12." Manuel Gonzales. Again Mrs. Peoples came to the front with aid. "R. B. supper. 5." Roy Barrimore. That was all.

"Did anyone else call?"

"Oh, there were calls, many of them, but none of them important, because if they had been I would have remembered and told Miss Younger. She left for breakfast at about 12, to meet Mr. Gonzales. At least I assume she met him. She didn't say that she did. Then all afternoon she was engaged at the beauty shop, Dorothy Reed's, on Fifth avenue. She came home about 5, as I remember, and Mr. Barrimore was waiting for her. She changed and I made a light supper for them, at the theater with me, as she always did. No one visited her there that would be suspicious: her manager, some reporters; that's all. She refused to go out with Mr. Barrimore after the theater—I heard her refusing him when I served supper. When we got home at 11:30, she said she was tired and, after she undressed, she went right to bed. That was Monday week."

"Very good, Mrs. Peoples."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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"CAN YOU remember what Miss Younger did other days than Monday?" Keyes asked Mrs. Peoples. There was a hint of sarcasm in his voice, and Mrs. Peoples felt it.

"I'm only telling you what she did Monday week because I thought you would like to know. In the taxi coming over I thought back, and remembered as much as I could. I thought you would want to know—"

"I do, and thank you."

"It's kind of easy remembering Mondays—on account of the beauty shop. I had to be careful that she doesn't forget that, so I always reminded her Monday when she waked up."

"Would you remember if anyone strange had called that day?"

"Well, I don't think that I would. There's always a lot of people visiting her. If it's anyone out of the ordinary I might, but as I remember no one came Monday afternoon. Her friends knew where she was, so usually didn't call. Oh, I don't mean to say there weren't calls—there were, but nothing suspicious."

"What time was she due at this beauty shop?"

"One-thirty."

"And what time did she usually leave?"

"Near five."

Keyes coughed. "Hardly time to run to the bank and draw out her cash before she went to the shop, and certainly no time to get it afterwards, as the banks would be closed."

"I never thought of that!" Mrs. Peoples exclaimed.

"What time did she leave to meet Gonzales?"

"About 12."

"Where were they eating?"

"I'm not sure. She didn't say. She waked breakfast out, though, and seldom had it home. Said it woke her up to get out. She liked to sleep late."

"What time did you awaken her in the morning?"

"Eleven."

Keyes thanked her again, and she left, looking rather longingly at the ruby as she went. I accompanied her to the elevator, and tried to make up for Keyes brusque manner in dismissing her. Her find was invaluable, I thought, and she certainly should be given credit for it.

When I returned to the captain, he was looking dully at the ruby, which he had put on the white spread of the bed. Perhaps it was nerves, perhaps imagination, but the ruby didn't seem to sparkle as Van Every's had. To me, it only glowed feebly. I handled it again, but could learn nothing from it. It looked like the other, yet there was a subtle difference.

"We've got to go to Van Every, Keyes. He'll know."

"I nodded and reached for his overcoat. "Damn ruby again, but I'm beginning to see why Margalo Younger made the appointment with Joyce Van Every for tea; why she was so interested in the Camden ruby; why she was so eager to talk to Van Every. She evidently had bought the Camden ruby, too and

was anxious to see whether hers was a forgery."

"Van Every paid \$70,000, Keyes. Margalo, \$8,000. No doubt in my mind but that hers is a fake."

"Women and their bargains!" he sighed, and stepped into the taxi. Van Every's house was lit brightly, and when we entered the front door, McManus met us.

"Everything O. K., chief." He led us into the living room where Van Every was reading. He greeted us kindly and ordered Soon to get some glasses for us. Pulling a silver flask from his pocket, he filled the glasses generously.

"Chase you out of your library?" Keyes asked.

"No, but I've no heart to stay there. I'm renting the house as soon as I can find a tenant."

Keyes finished his drink before he mentioned our errand. "Get me your ruby, will you, Van Every? I've something here, rather interesting to show you, but I must see your ruby first."

My friend seemed surprised as he called Soon. The Chinese was close by, and his master addressed him in a language I could not understand. Soon vanished and reappeared in perhaps 10 minutes with the box which I knew contained the ruby. Van Every opened it, took the chain in his hand and held it up to the light.

Keyes dug in his pocket and brought out Margalo's ruby. I heard Van Every gasp as he leaned forward, then he swallowed and sat back weakly.

"Heavens, what a start you gave me! Where'd you get it?"

The officer explained as briefly as he could. When he had finished, Van Every arose. "Come up to my laboratory. I'll examine the stone. I don't think it's genuine, but we'll see."

I had not particularly noticed the door leading into the laboratory when Van Every and I sat in his bedroom the night Margalo was murdered. I imagined the door led to a clothes closet. Now he opened it, and we found ourselves in a small room, no more than six by eight. Possibly at one time it had been a closet. The one window looked out on the garden. A long narrow table, holding three powerful microscopes, faced this. On the velvet cover near one of the instruments was a small box containing other paraphernalia for examining jewels.

"My workshop," Van Every said simply. "Rather my playshop. Now let me have the ruby."

He went about examining the stone methodically. I had watched him before with the Khonivar diamond at the Villa Maurin, with a powerful enlarging lens and some instruments which were unknown to me then. He had no laboratory there.

Keyes and I waited silently for some 15 minutes, while Van Every went over every inch of the stone, measuring it, then tabulating the measurements.

At his request when he had finished, we both looked through a lens at the stone. It was clear except for

a tiny bubble at the center. Examining his stone immediately afterwards, we saw the difference readily. The ruby, Van Every's ruby was absolutely clear, and there was a shade of variation in the color.

"A fake, of course. I knew that when I looked at it downstairs. But I wanted to see how it was made." Van Every was saying, in his quiet, well-modulated voice. "But it's a clever fake. You had me guessing for a second downstairs. Me paying \$70,000 for a ruby, only to find there was another one in existence. Yes, Captain Keyes, Miss Younger's ruby is a fake, but a good one. A good jeweler could have told her that after a brief examination. She evidently did not take it to a jeweler. The way women buy things!" he smiled.

"But, here's the point, Captain Keyes. The man who made the copy did it from the ruby itself. The measurements are almost exact except that the cutting is far superior on the copy than on the original. Far better, which leads me to believe the copy is new—that is, within the last 50 years. Perhaps older than that. The chain is almost an exact copy, except for the gold used. If you wish, you can take both of them to a competent jeweler, who will corroborate my statement."

"No need of that, Van Every. I have already found out that you're an expert in your field."

Smiling slightly, Van Every told us as simply as he could how the imitation ruby had been made, of what elements it was composed.

"Is a copy like this valuable?" Keyes asked.

"I should say it would be worth around \$500. Perhaps more. I don't deal in synthetic jewels, so can't give you the exact value. If Miss Younger paid any more than \$500 for it, I personally would say she had been robbed. You understand that the copy is a fine one; no one but an expert could tell the difference. The ruby Miss Younger bought took some time to make—it was not an easy job. But there is no sale for a copy of a ruby as large as the Camden, so I can see no object in doing all the work."

"The copy, then, was made by an expert?"

"Undoubtedly. And the person who did it compared it facet by facet with the real thing. His tools, though, were not so crude as the ones which cut the Camden. Gentlemen, if I were going to copy a stone, at least a stone cut as long ago as the Camden, I would first study the tools of the period, make them, and then go to work. The person who copied the Camden ruby evidently did not think of that, or did not have the time."

"Do you think it was made abroad or here?"

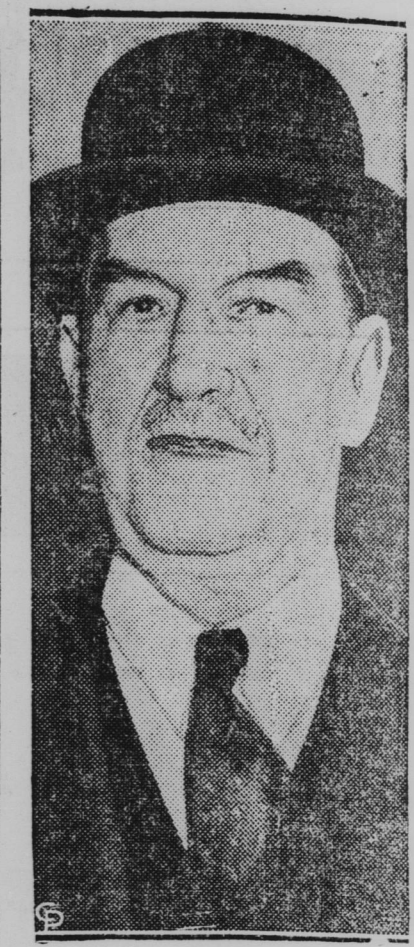
"I can't tell." Van Every was studying the two jewels again, comparing them closely.

"Has it occurred to you, Keyes," I asked, "that the person who sold Margalo Younger this jewel might want it back—in view of what has happened?"

"It had not, until you mentioned it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

May Get Money Post



Morris Tremaine
Morris Tremaine, above, New York state comptroller, is being mentioned as a possible successor to United States Comptroller General John R. McCarl, Republican, whose term expires in June. It is reported that Postmaster General James Farley has placed Tremaine's name before the president. The term is for 15 years.

CONTRACT BRIDGE
WRITTEN FOR CENTRAL PRESS
By E. V. SHEPARD

NO EAST MADE THE SLAM
HERE IS A hand that appeared last evening in an invitation game for experts of the Knickerbocker Whist club. It was a Howell movement, and for the moment my partner, Charles E. Norwood, sat East, with only his pair vulnerable. Opposing us were Joseph Rothschild and John Rau. Several North and South pairs bid game and made either 5-Spades or 5-No Trumps. Our small slam attempt gave us bottom on the hand, causing us to come in second for the moment; fulfillment of the small slam contract would have given us top score for the evening, so close were the three highest scores.

♠ J 10
♥ J 4
♦ 10 4
♣ J 9 6 5 4 3

♠ A K Q 3
♥ 2
♦ Q 9 5
♣ K 8 2

W. N. S.
♠ 8 5
♥ K 10 7 3
♦ A Q J 5
♣ A K 10

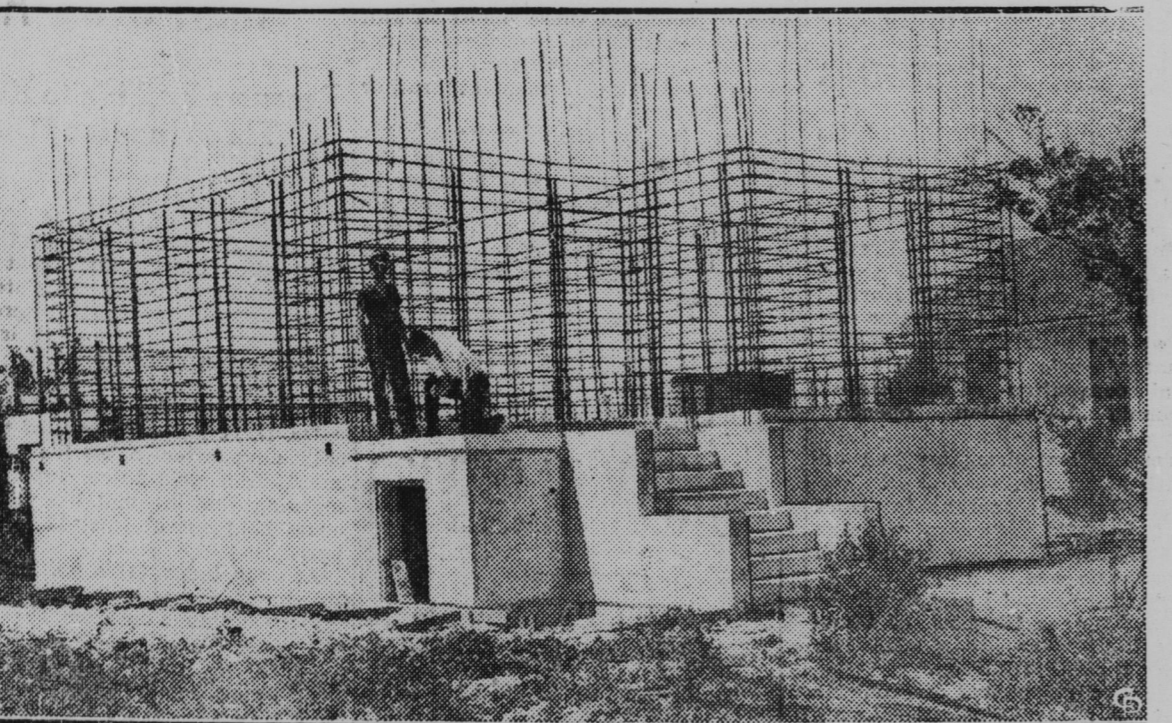
♠ 9 7 6 4
♥ A 8 6 2
♦ 9 7 6 3
♣ 2

At our table bidding went: West, 1-Spade; East, 3-Diamonds, showing slam prospects; West, 3-Spades; East, 4-Hearts; West, 5-Hearts; East, 6-No Trumps, which Rau doubled.

The opening lead was the 4 of spades and dummy's Q won. The return lead was the 2 of diamonds, that went to the J. A low heart was won with dummy's Q. The normal adverse division of the six missing hearts was 4-2, but how did the Ace and J lie? As readily may be noted from diagram, a return lead of the low heart from dummy would have given us 6-odd. Instead of leading low from dummy and picking up North's J with the K, declarer led the 9 from dummy, causing the K to lose to doubler's Ace. Worse than that it gave South a second stop to the hearts with his 8, effectually stopping us from winning more than two heart tricks. Three spade tricks, two heart tricks, four diamond tricks and three club tricks were now needed for the small slam.

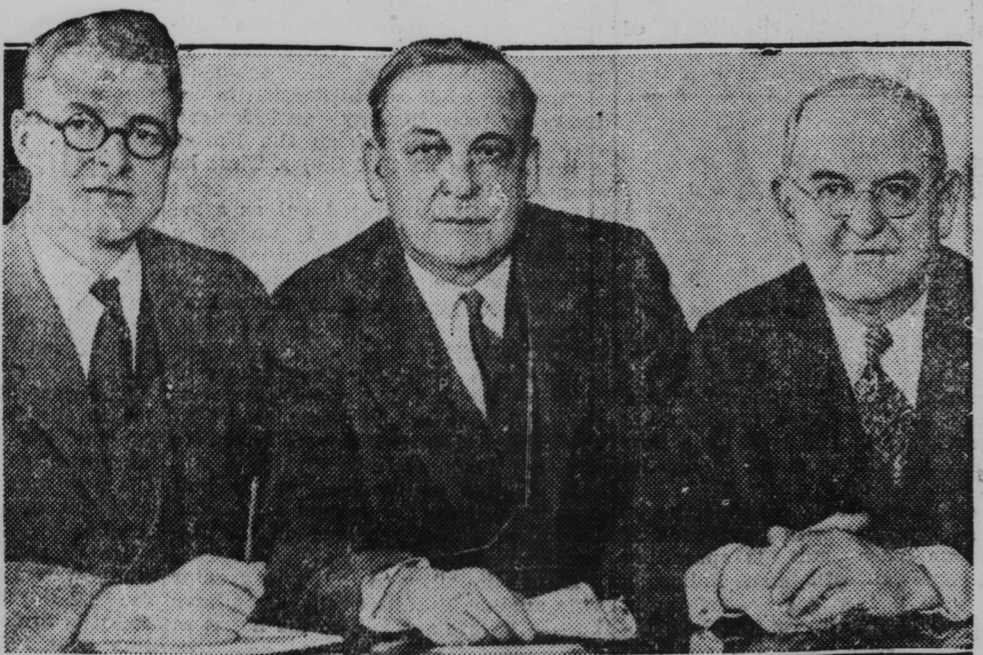
South led spades for the second time and dummy's K won. The sole remaining hope for game was the possibility of winning three club tricks. The 8 of clubs led at this juncture, letting it run to the 10 unless North covered with Q or J, was the "only hope", and should have been tried, as both spades and hearts were subject to the loss of a trick if led the fourth time. In case North split his equals, by covering the 8 of clubs with the J, the K would win. Dummy could be put in lead with its K of diamonds and the last club led from there, insuring fulfillment of the contract, by overtaking with the 10, if not covered, and with the Ace in case the Q covered. However, East did not think of the club possibilities, but only of attempting the impossible, by trying to squeeze South, which could not be accomplished, as that player held as many diamonds as declarer had, and finally South had to be given a major suit trick or else North had to be given a club trick.

GOVERNMENT BUILDS STEEL HOUSES IN STORM AREA



One of the steel houses being built at Maticumbe Key. Hoping to prevent future disasters in the Florida Keys, similar to the one last autumn in which many persons lost their lives in a hurricane, the federal government is building "stonewall" houses on the Keys. Here is one of the houses at Maticumbe Key, being built with a framework of steel. According to construction engineers, the houses will be able to withstand tornadic winds.

Economy Experts
To ascertain which of the New Deal agencies should be scrapped, reformed or merged into permanent framework of the government, President Roosevelt has appointed a committee headed by Charles E. Merriam, and Louis Brownlow (L. to r.) as special committee for economy reform.



CARO-GRAPHICS by Murray Jones, Jr.

SAVE TRADE
SO FAR AS OUR RECORDS SHOW, NO N. C. SHIPS EVER TOOK PART IN THE SLAVE TRADE

DO YOU KNOW YOUR STATE?

AUTOS
OVER 5,000 PEOPLE WERE KILLED BY AUTOS IN N. C. BETWEEN 1928 AND 1935

TIGHTWADS
LUNCH

DID YOU KNOW THAT EDWARD HYDE, THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA SERVED FOR 2 YEARS BEFORE HE WAS OFFICIALLY APPOINTED

DID YOU KNOW THAT AT THE CLOSE OF THE INDIAN WAR, 1712, THERE WERE ONLY 32 BARRELS OF PORK AND 800 OF CORN LEFT IN THE ENTIRE COLONY

JOSHUA MARTIN, THE LAST ROYAL GOV. OF N. C. COMPLAINED THAT THE STATE ASSEMBLY KEPT TOO CLOSE WATCH ON THE PUBLIC FUNDS

THE EDITORS OF CARO-GRAPHICS INVITE YOU TO SEND IN INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT YOUR COMMUNITY.

Wife Preservers

It will shrink woolsens to rub soap directly on them. Wash them in soapy water.