

THE CAMDEN RUBY MURDER

ADAM BLISS

CHAPTER 49

IN FRONT of the Criminal Courts building, Van Every was waiting in a taxi. He joined Keyes and me at the door. Keyes growled at him unceremoniously as we went up in the elevator. The detective's face was forbidding. He was furious at Mrs. Bryce, and made no secret of it. She had outwitted him, and Keyes was not used to being outwitted.

When we were settled in his office, Van Every announced that he had been waiting for us for half an hour. He had recognized Keyes' car in front of Mrs. Bryce's apartment, and thought that sooner or later we would come here.

Seeing Keyes dolefully staring at nothing but the surface of his desk, the older man pulled his flask from his pocket and going to the water cooler took several paper cups which he filled with whiskey. Keyes drained his at one draught, and as Van Every had left his flask standing on the desk, calmly helped himself to another drink.

"Good liquor, Van Every," he said. His humor was better already.

I also poured myself another. It was good liquor, but then Van Every's was the best always. The neatly embossed V. E. was staring me in the face as I quaffed this second drink. He had had it a long time. I remembered in Florence he had poured me innumerable drinks from it. Might not be the same. Perhaps one like it, thicker and heavier than the new flasks, but a man as old as Van Every liked old things, belongings he was familiar with. Like this flask for instance, habit. I knew essentially Van Every was a creature of habit. I myself was getting that way.

Although Keyes and Van Every didn't take a third, I did. I was tired, and already my fatigue was leaving me. The liquor was mellow, easy to take.

"I'll send you over a few quarts tomorrow," Van Every smiled, as he snapped down the clasp of the flask, first offering me another drink which I refused.

"Please, if it's the same as this," I should have done it days ago—but with everything else I forgot," he apologized. Then he turned to Keyes. "Why do you persist in suspecting Edith Bryce?" he asked abruptly.

"How do you know I do?" "Because tonight she told me she knew you suspected her."

"Well, then I'll tell you why. Wednesday afternoon—Laura Randall visited Edith Bryce. As you know, Miss Randall died Wednesday just before 6."

"Just because Miss Randall visited Mrs. Bryce is no sign—"

"Van Every, listen to this. Mrs. Bryce attended Miss Younger's performance Monday night!"

"Of course! I saw her there, but that makes no difference—"

"It makes a lot of difference to me. Other suspicious circumstances have been connected with Mrs. Bryce. What they are I can't tell you now—"

"I'd know, if she had done it. I tell you I would. I think a great deal of her—and I can't bear to have anyone suspect that she—is the Bend—Keyes, don't you see? She couldn't have done these things."

"Can you tell me exactly where she was when both murders were committed?"

refused." Keyes' lips closed in a straight thin line.

"She's very difficult to handle. I know that. You approached her the wrong way. If you'll let me go to her and ask her—"

"You may do whatever you choose." Van Every nodded, and I knew from the firm set of his face that he would ask Mrs. Bryce just those questions. "You aren't going to—" he paused.

"Arrest her? Not yet. I've no case against her yet. I hear she is planning to leave for Florida. You'll explain to her that she cannot go."

"I'll see that she does not go. She is a difficult woman, Keyes. Especially when you don't understand her. She was probably very angry tonight. I know she was, in fact, when she saw your car out there. You have to handle her carefully—I'll warn you—"

"Thanks," Keyes laughed. He knew, and I knew. Mrs. Bryce was a difficult woman. It would be no easy thing getting a confession from her.

"You'll let me know," Van Every begged, "if you are going to arrest her?"

"So you can warn her? I'm afraid not."

"I promised you she should stay in the city. That is all I can do. You can trust me, because I'm positive she's innocent." After this Van Every left, asking me when I got to the hotel to look in on Joyce and phone him that she was all right.

He had gone up to the hotel just before coming to Keyes' office, and Foster was still there. Mrs. Sumner, chaperoning, of course.

With a sigh, Keyes locked the office, and we started away. He dropped me at the hotel, where I got my new key from the clerk. Going up in the elevator, I blessed Van Every again for the three drinks. At the fifth floor I got out, and softly tapped on Joyce's door. Mrs. Sumner answered, dressed in her kimono.

Miss Joyce was getting ready for bed. I insisted on seeing her, and Joyce joined us at the door, telling me Allan had left about 15 minutes before. They had planned the wedding, and drawn plans for their new house. She giggled when she said at last that was done. Perhaps the necessity for keeping her in hiding would be off tomorrow night, and she and Allan could dance.

I heard the door lock as I left for my own rooms around the corner. The halls were dimly lighted, and I didn't see the man lounging near my door until I had my key in the lock.

"Mr. Maughan?" a hoarse whisper made me look around. His face was in the shadow, but I did not know him, I was sure of that.

I admitted to being Maughan. "I've been waiting for you for hours. I must see you!" His voice shook with excitement. I motioned him into the room and turned on the light. When the strong glow from the central chandelier touched his face, I knew it was familiar to me. I seldom forget faces. This one I remembered dimly. Then when his hat came off I knew. His hair was short cropped. It was Ward Van Every!

I looked at my visitor curiously. There was not the slightest likeness to Dow Van Every about him—rather a likeness to Joyce. I saw in his eyes the same vivid love of life, more subdued perhaps, but still there. The same graceful curve of the eyebrows.

Dow Van Every was taller, more strikingly handsome with his silvery hair, and erect, rigid shoulders.

Ward was stooped, thinner than his brother, his face rather emaciated, pallid—the prison color. His hair, which must have been blond, was a mottled gray now, what there was of it. He seemed strong, though, for all this pallor. I remembered that Warden Lawn had said he exercised rigorously in prison.

His eyes, Joyce's eyes, although not so blue as hers, brightened eagerly as he sat down.

Seventeen years in prison. I shuddered when I thought of it. How long must 17 years be when one was counting the hours, the minutes? A lifetime behind bars. And Ward had been an excellent prisoner. No black marks to his name. Free now, because of his conduct.

I passed him some cigars, which he refused, taking some of his own cigars in preference. As I kept the cigars only for my guests, I took and lighted one of my own cigars, too.

"You'll think it strange—I came to you," he hesitated, and looked toward the door. Because he seemed to wish it, I went to it and locked it, putting the key in my pocket. He was easier after this.

I waited patiently for him to continue, but now that he was here, in my room, and I was with him, he appeared not to know what to say. I felt sorry for the man, and tried to make him feel at ease. I chatted on about the weather, about everything except the double tragedy until he got hold of himself again.

"You'll think it strange," he started again when I paused significantly, "that I came to you. But I didn't want to go to Dow—I couldn't—he would feel too poignantly the danger I'm in. It would worry him too much, just to have me here in the city. I don't dare to go to Captain Keyes, who is conducting the investigation; I'd be in jail in two minutes. I read in the papers—I read every edition—that you were a friend of Dow's. You were there that night, when the actress was—murdered."

He leaned back, weak with his effort of the last word. It must be a terrible word to him. Murderer. Seventeen years in prison for it.

After a while he continued. "No, I couldn't go to Captain Keyes. He wouldn't understand. You—from the stories in the paper—you might. I've been hiding now since Monday night, Tuesday morning, in fact. I wanted to come out to tell what I know, but I didn't dare. Not to the police anyway. I've come tonight to ask you to help me. I didn't want to leave Warden Lawn at first—he was so kind to me, but he insisted. This time, they wouldn't give me life. I'd get—the chair. I've lived in horror of it since the trial—so many years ago—"

"I'm not making myself plain—I'm so mixed up—you'll excuse me. I didn't intend to hide until I read the papers Tuesday. I didn't sleep all night. Worried and everything. My affairs principally, and what I was to do about them. I bought the paper, an extra early Tuesday morning when I was walking the streets. Then I realized what danger I was in—being near the house the night of the tragedy." He hadn't said the word he hated this time. "You see?"

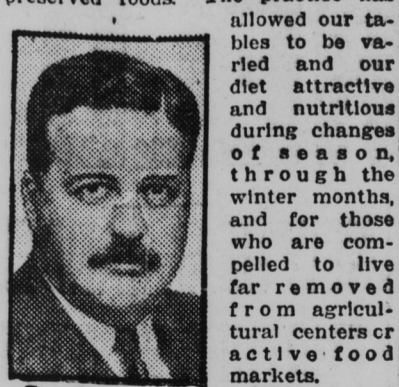
"I see," I said as kindly as I could. He would get on with his story eventually. I saw that, and I could afford to be patient.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Canned Foods Are Safe For Home Consumption

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M. D.

ONE OF THE most important and seldom acknowledged advantages of modern life is the widespread use of preserved foods.



Dr. Clendening

The practice has allowed our tables to be varied and our diet attractive and nutritious during changes of seasons, through the winter months, and for those who are compelled to live far removed from agricultural centers or active food markets.

When we think of the life of former times, with the fluctuation of food supply due to changes of season and the limited possibilities of transporting fresh foods any distance from the place where they were produced, it is easy to understand the vastly improved nutrition of the modern race of men. To say nothing of the enormously increased fertility of the human race, a situation which is not entirely a blessing. Whereas in the days of our forefathers, underweight and undernutrition were the commonest nutritional diseases, today one of the most serious problems is obesity.

It was only about 150 years ago, I have been told, that the preservation of fruits in jars was begun. Only very recently were vegetables and meat products added to the list, and the practice taken out of the hands of the housewife to be made a commercial industry. The housewife had not been entirely supplanted and, in fact, her methods have been approved and encouraged by the U. S. department of agriculture (see Farmers' Bulletin No. 1471), but I doubt whether the housewife's equipment will ever allow her to extend the

practice to the scientific developments that we have in modern canned goods.

Can Live on Canned Foods
Personally, I have always been glad to eat, or going off the gold standard, or revolution, or food, threaten my community, that I have been able to lay in a supply of canned food, because I can live very comfortably on such fare for a long time.

The question constantly arises, however, whether there are any dangers in canned food. These come under the head usually of ptomaine poisoning from the can or from chemical preservatives. A little acquaintance with modern methods of manufacture would quiet apprehension on this score.

So far as poisons are concerned, they are usually still called "ptomaines". In the early days of the period of infancy, and it was supposed that some chemical change in the food itself resulted in the formation of poisonous products, which we called "ptomaines". Food poisoning, however, usually is due to infection. The ptomaine theory of food poisoning is today thoroughly discredited, and the eminent hygienist, M. J. Rosenau, says, "Ptomaine poisoning is a good term to forget."

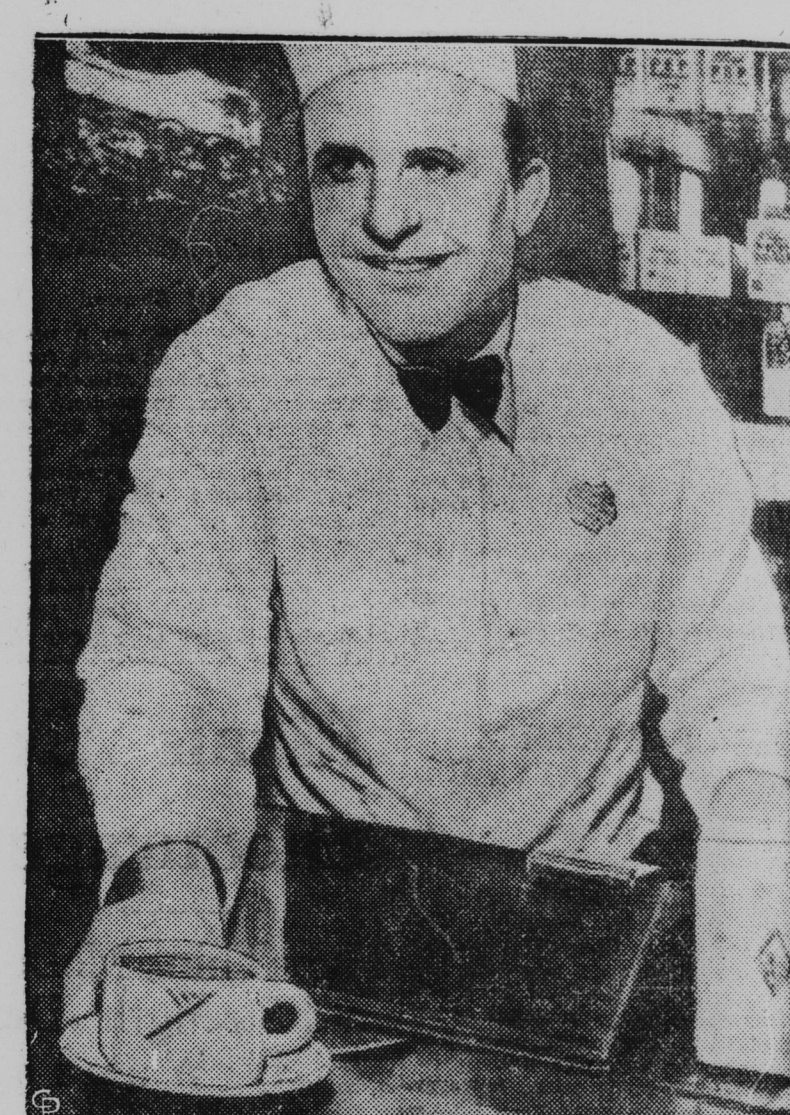
Today the process of canning food takes into account so thoroughly the complete sterilization of the package before it is sealed, and the sealed package so effectively keeps out infection, that ordinary food poisoning, due to the growth of germs, is more likely to occur in fresh food that has been exposed and handled than in canned and preserved foods. It is true there have been some epidemics, such as botulism, in the past from certain kinds of preserved foods, but they have simply served as warnings to increase the precautions which food manufacturers take in order to prevent a recurrence of these conditions. We have not heard of any serious outbreak of this kind for many years.

Freed in Smith Plot



Catherina Pavlik, 25-year-old secretary of Astoria, L. I., shown at her trial, has been exonerated of any complicity in the \$11,000 blackmail plot against Alfred E. Smith, Jr., son of the former governor of New York. Young Smith, shown below (left) with Assistant District Attorney Harold Hastings, went before the Grand Jury with a complaint that he was being blackmailed. Three men are under surveillance.

GAVE TIP, TO G-MEN ON ROBINSON



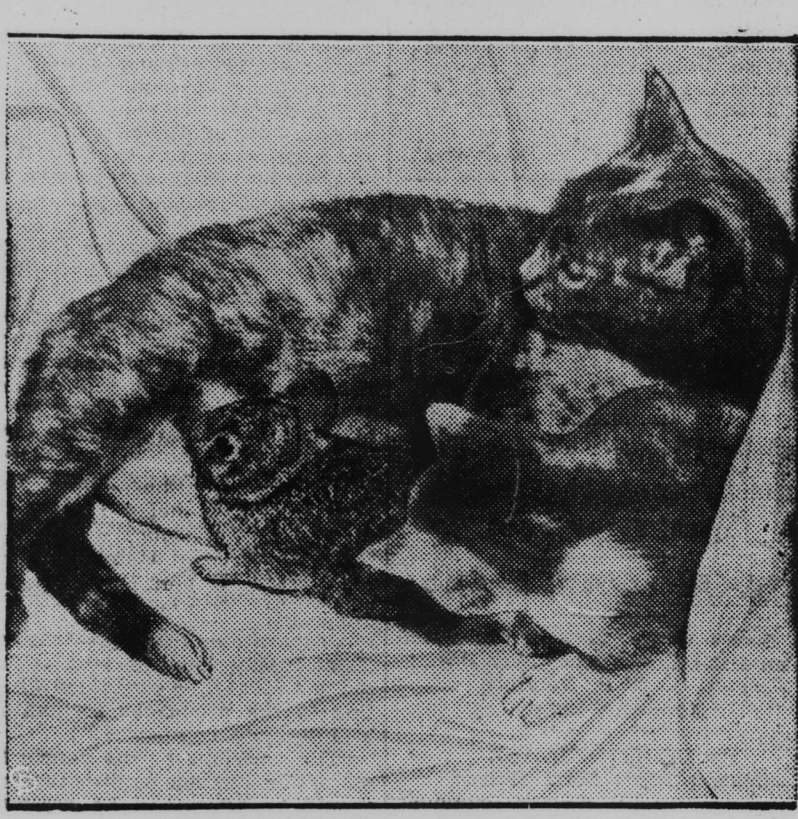
Tip given by Lynn Allen, above, soda fountain attendant in Pasadena, Cal., is credited with putting federal agents on the trail of Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., who was seized at Glendale, Cal., and whisked to Louisville, Ky., for trial in the abduction of Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll. Allen observed that a "woman" customer entering his establishment didn't look like a woman. He told police and identified a photo of Robinson as the "woman" who had entered his store. Robinson masqueraded as a woman in his long evasion of the law.

Senator Borah Appears to Like New Jersey



At the completion of his address in the Krueger Auditorium, Newark, N. J., United States Senator William E. Borah was the center of a crowd which had flocked from the audience to congratulate him. It was at that meeting the Idaho senator fired the first gun in his New Jersey campaign for the Republican Presidential nomination. (Central Press)

KITTY NOT ENOUGH, ADOPTS BUNNY



Betty Lou, a cat, is a motherly soul. She wasn't content with only a kitten. Thus when a bunny was put under her care, she gladly accepted the charge. Betty Lou, the kitten and the bunny are shown above. The cat is owned by Mrs. Gilbert King of Jackson, Mich. (Central Press)

What a Pitcher!



Allen Veigel Major league scout, particularly the St. Louis Cardinals, are keeping their optics on Allen Veigel, above, Tuscarawas high school senior of Dover, O. Why? Well, because Allen, only 19, has just pitched his seventh no-hit, no-run game in two years. Two this year and five last year. In his latest, Allen, six feet tall and an 180-pounder, allowed only one man to reach first and fanned 18 of the 22 batters to face him. (Central Press)

Wife Preservers



To prevent marring your floors, purchase some glass cups for stove, table and cabinet legs.

NONSENSE

SEE MY MOM'S REPORT OF ME. I GOT TWO ZEROS ON MY REPORT CARD.

SOS MY MOM'S MAD. I GOT FOUR ZEROS ON MINE.

MORE IDEAS WANTED YOU SHOOT ONE IN

NOAH NUMSKULL

I HOPE YOU'RE LISTENING!

DEAR NOAH WOULD A GOSSIP GO AS FAR TO TELL A PHONE? JOHN & TINA BRENTFORD, SODAK.

DEAR NOAH IF LONG DISTANCE CONNECTED ME WITH DES MOINES, HOW MUCH WOULD IOWA? KAREN CARLSON DUNDEE, MICH.

DEAR NOAH WOULD YOU CALL A RUN IN A STOCKING, A FOOT RACE? MAURICE THOMPSON CHANDLER.

MAIL YOUR EARLY SPRING REMARKS TO NOAH, CARE OF THIS PAPER.

NONSENSE

WHEN OUR KITE IS SO HIGH, THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

HAW-HAW HAW

ONE IDEA MAURICE THOMPSON CHANDLER OF CLEVELAND, OHIO. NONSENSE CLUB

Good-Bye Mr. Mahan See You in 1996!



G-men are shown leading William Mahan, who had pleaded guilty to the Weyerhaeuser kidnaping, down the gangplank to the prison boat which took him to McNeil Island Penitentiary to begin a sixty-year sentence. He will be transferred to America's Devil's Island, the prison at Alcatraz, in San Francisco Bay.