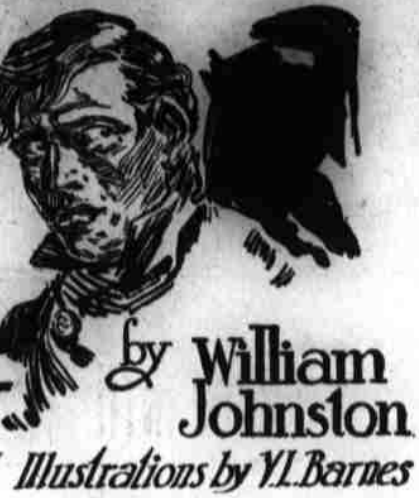


The Yellow Letter



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Illustrations by V.L. Barnes

SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, a young man who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine's attempted life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery.

CHAPTER IV.

Katharine Speaks.

If I had been alone I would have gone directly to the Farrish home. I was anxious about Louise. I had not seen her since the night before, though I had telephoned her early in the morning—I greatly regretted having to leave her so much by herself in such distressing circumstances. I thought it wiser now to prepare her beforehand for the inspector's coming. I wanted him to see the Farrish home. I felt that if he met Louise and realized the luxury and comfort in which the family lived he would better appreciate the mystery and my determination to solve it.

I suggested luncheon at Martin's and Davis assented. As soon as we had obtained a table I excused myself and hastened to the telephone. Louise told me that the condition of both her father and Katharine was practically unchanged. I briefly summarized my morning's work and asked if I might bring the inspector after luncheon.

"By all means," said Louise, "bring him right over. I want to meet him and there may be some things I can tell him which will aid him."

When I returned to the cafe on the Broadway side, where I had left the inspector, I found him abstractedly rolling little pellets of bread and placing them in various positions on the cloth. So absorbed was he in his occupation that he hardly seemed to note my return. His flying fingers would hastily mold three or four pellets in as many seconds. Placing them in a row, he would eye them intently. Occasionally he would swoop down on some offending pellet and sweep it to the floor. Two or three times I tried to interrupt him to learn what he wished to eat, but each time he waved me impatiently away. Finally, not desiring to delay too long over luncheon, I gave the waiter the order without consulting him. Mechanically he ate what was put before him, all the while keeping up his game with bread balls.

Knowing him as well as I did, after studying closely his eccentric movements, I felt sure that the array of pellets was closely allied with the mental process by which he was seeking to solve the Farrish mystery. The larger pellets, I decided, must be the various theories about the yellow letter or letters and their origin. The smaller pellets were the different persons connected with the case. One by one he pushed the larger pellets from the table until a single pellet remained. The smaller ones he kept arranging and rearranging until at last he seemed satisfied. The single surviving large pellet stood directly on a crease in the cloth. On one side equally distant from the crease, but close to each other, he had placed two of the smaller pellets. The rest were in three groups on the other side of the line. For perhaps five minutes he carefully studied their position without shifting them, and then with a quick motion of his hand swept them all to the floor.

"There was some purpose distinctly criminal connected with the yellow letters," he said, as if for the first time aware of my presence, and becoming as loquacious as he had before. "When we have run this mystery to earth we will find that there are two of the criminals—only two guilty."

"Guilty of what?" I asked in amazement.

"I haven't the slightest idea as yet," he replied with such apparent frankness that I suspected he was not telling me all his thought. "Evil ideas are of three kinds—the solitary, the pair, the group. Crimes are merely the physical expression of evil ideas and bear the same classification. The solitary evil idea manifests itself in a variety of crimes. In this class belong defalcations, poisonings, crimes against women and generally the assassination of private individuals. These are the hardest crimes to discover and punish. The evil idea is not communicated. This sort of criminal seldom has confidants. Often, in fact, almost always, he masks his villainy behind the cloak of respectability. Most of these offenses are due to mania, to blood-lust, to a desire for revenge for real or imaginary wrongs.

"Evil ideas of the pair are generally attributable to money-lust. In such crimes as burglary, highway robbery, blackmail, you will find two persons equally guilty, always the pair. Sometimes it is the man and the woman, sometimes the strong man and the weak man, sometimes two women, though seldom, for women have little of the inventive or creative faculty, even in crime. Notorious woman criminals, just like all other feminine celebrities, will find two persons equally guilty in literature or art, have much of the masculine in their make-up.

"The third kind of evil idea, that of the group, is responsible for the crime, the mob, the conspiracy. It is the contagion of crime. The Black

As Louise and I approached the bedside it appeared to me that he recognized us both and I could detect the same pleading look I had noted the night before. He seemed to me struggling with his deadened senses to ask us something. While I did not know whether or not his hearing had been impaired I thought he might be worrying about Katharine's condition, and carefully and slowly I began to enunciate something about her, hoping that I had guessed what it was he wished to ask. But even as I spoke I saw that his eyes had left my face. Into them returned the same acute terror he had exhibited at the sight of the yellow letter, if those eyes could have spoken, their shrieks would have filled the room. I followed the direction of their glance. He was staring in terror at the one strange face in the room—the inspector's.

Seeing how much his presence disturbed the invalid, Davis turned quickly and left the room. Louise and I followed, leaving only the doctor and nurse.

"I wonder what made him look so?" breathed Louise.

"He's afraid of something—for some one?" I said, hurrying to overtake Davis, hoping to learn from him his opinion as to what caused the patient's fears.

"I was right. It's just as I thought," I heard him mutter as he hastened to the hall and reached for his hat and coat. I saw that he was making preparation for instant departure and I was in a quandary what to do. I felt it my duty to accompany my friend, for from his manner I was convinced that he was on the track of the mystery. Yet I did not wish to leave Louise until I had gained some explanation of the barrier that she seemed to have raised between us. I was conscious of no way in which I could have offended her, yet there was a marked difference in her attitude toward me overnight. While I was still debating the question and Davis had all but reached the door, seemingly indifferent to whether or not I accompanied him, a nurse came running to Louise.

"Miss Farrish," she said, "I think your sister is recovering consciousness. I thought you would like to know it and to be at her side in case she speaks."

Though Davis was some distance away his acute ear must have caught her words. He turned and was up the stairs in a flash. Louise convulsively caught my hand. The barrier between us was swept away. I knew then it was only fear that she had been forward in showing her affection. Hand in hand we raced up the stairs after the inspector, and ranged ourselves on the other side of the bed from him. Between us, her long hair in braids, only the white bandage around her forehead to suggest her wound, lay the serene figure of Katharine Farrish. The pallor of her face seemed only to enhance her beauty, and though her eyes were closed, her long dark lashes still gave expression. As we watched,

light of intelligence, but with the brilliancy of hysteria or the excitement of fever. She made an ineffectual attempt to rise in bed, but she was too weak. Sinking back on the pillow she shrieked: "Promise me, Hugh, promise me, you'll do it at once."

After that one sentence she relapsed into unconsciousness. I feared for a moment that she was dead. The doctor hastened to her side and began to feel her pulse and listen to her heart. It seemed many minutes before he turned to us with a reassuring whisper: "It is nothing serious—a relapse to be expected after that outburst. Her heart is stronger than I expected. She will not likely regain consciousness for many hours, but there is no immediate danger."

His manner, rather than his words, invited us to go, so Louise and I followed Davis from the room.

The inspector seemed to have forgotten his haste to depart. He sat down abruptly on a divan in the upper hall, with his face resting in his hands, and gave himself up to intent thought.

Louise and I stood a little apart, discussing in whispers Katharine's strange outcry. What could she have meant?

"She meant Crandall, of course," said Louise. "She mentioned Hugh—did you hear it?"

I nodded assent.

"Probably she was repeating a conversation she had with him just before she shot herself," I suggested. "What do you suppose she wanted him to promise her?"

Louise shook her head. I racked my brain in vain for some theory to fit her words to her own desperate act, to Crandall's flight, to her father's terror. I judged from Davis' abstracted manner that he, too, was similarly engaged.

"Everything," I said to Louise, "every single thing we have learned points to Crandall's connection with the mystery that has hung over your father and Katharine. When we have found him we shall learn what it was. I am more and more convinced that he is guilty of some crime, something terrible, something that your father and sister knew."

The inspector laughed aloud.

We turned toward him, I in indignation, Louise in astonishment, to find him looking at us with an amused smile.

"Don't be too sure," he said quietly. "Crandall doesn't seem to have been left-handed."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Utilitarian View.

A Brooklyn man, confined to his home by illness, recently surprised a visitor by revealing that he was studying Latin. "Why," asked the visitor, "do you bother about Latin? That's a dead language. If you must study, why not take up German, or French, or Spanish?" The sick man smiled. "My doctor says I have not long to live," he said. "That's why I study

Latin. It's a dead language, and, as I'll be dead a long time, it's likely to come in mighty handy."

So Mad After Spat With Sweetheart That He Whipped a Bandit.

Sam Jones was mad clear through. He had just had a quarrel with his sweetheart, and although he had cooled his anger until he left her home he was now boiling over with rage. As usual, Sam had got to the worst of the little spat, for in spite of his 6 feet 2 and his great strength his diminutive lady love had wound him around her finger like so much ribbon.

As Sam alighted from the elevated train at his home station his cheeks were still flushed with helpless anger and he was just "spolling" for a fight or almost any kind of a chance to even up matters on some one. His wife was destined to be granted sooner than he knew, for when he descended the elevated steps to the street a figure blocked his path, a revolver was held a few inches below his nose, and a gruff voice commanded: "Come on! Show off Jack!" Without a second's hesitation Sam

smashed the would-be robber full in the face with his brawny fist and sent him reeling several paces backward and stunned him so that he dropped his weapon. Both Sam and the thief were so surprised that they merely stared at each other for a few seconds, then the latter remembered that he possessed a good pair of legs and started to run at express speed.

"Here's a good one," Sam laughed grimly as he set off in hot pursuit of his assailant. "His fellow intended to hold me up and now I'm going to hold him up just to balance things a trifle." Sam was soon forced to give up the chase, however, for he was burdened with a heavy ulster, while the holdup man wore a light sweater.

"Go," chuckled Sam. "If I hadn't been so hot under the collar as I was, as a result of the little row with Alice, I'd bet I'd have shaken out like a little lamb when he presented the invitation. I'll go there tomorrow night with a big box of chocolates and square things."

NEW SENSATION FOR GREAT WHITE WAY



IN the matinee crowd on Broadway, New York, the other day Mile. Osterman appeared with a real live white dove perched on her hat. Mile. Osterman declared that the bird was a dove, but many rudely remarked that it was only a pigeon. At Longacre square the wind nearly blew both hat and bird off the small head of the lady.

SETS SHOE FASHION

Footwear of United States Standard for Universe.

Backward Evolution in Foot Covering Puts the Wearer Behind the Ancients in Walking Ability—Has Many Defects.

New York—Everybody wears shoes at least one size too small, it is asserted, and with toes too narrow. This gives room for only the great toe to grow and perform its functions, but compresses the other toes until the smallest one is a mere scrap. The foot of man should spread like an animal's paw with every step he takes. This is impossible in a shoe which "fits" the foot.

Walter C. Taylor, editor-in-chief of the Boot and Shoe Recorder, says: "The greatest waste in shoe buying is one for which the consumer himself is largely responsible. It comes through the buying of shoes which are poorly fitted."

We not only wear our shoes too small and our heels too high, but we allow fashion to influence us, and there is a constant demand for change in style and material; a demand which the manufacturers supply abundantly." Mr. Taylor says that it would be worth millions to the trade and to the consumer if this could be righted by a common sense view of our foot covering. Of course the women are blamed for the greater part of this extravagance, for a dainty foot has long been considered much to be desired. Gradually shoes have developed into things of beauty merely and we buy them with the thought of their appearance and not of their use. In fact, Americans, as a rule, do not expect to walk great distances. It seems that the development of the shoemaker's art is in inverse ratio to the development of the foot, for here in America our feet are notoriously undeveloped, and yet America leads the world in the making of shoes. Almost everything else in the way of wearing apparel depends more or less on foreign importations, but American influences the shoe styles of England, Germany and France, and American methods are standard for the world.

American supremacy in shoemaking is due largely to specialization. Abroad an operative does half a dozen different things; here he performs one simple process, and here also one factory makes one kind of shoes. If a large manufacturer makes different kinds of shoes he has a separate factory for each kind.

What a sight the modern shoe factory would be to the primitive shoemaker of colonial days, who was an itinerant workman, carried his tools with him and stayed with each family long enough to make up the farmer's supply of home tanned leather into shoes enough to last until his next annual visit. His last was roughly whittled out of a piece of wood to suit the largest foot in the family, and then pared down for the successive sizes. He sat on a low bench, one end of which was divided into compartments where his awls, hammers, knives and rasps were kept, with his pots of paste and blacking, his palls, thread, linings and buttons, "shoulder sticks" and "rub sticks."

With all of our wonderful machinery we produce shoes which are not so good for our feet, as the most primitive and simplest of foot coverings, the sandal, which is considered ideal by those who appreciate the beauty of the human foot and wish to preserve it. The sandal was worn by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks and the "shoes" of the Bible were sandals. The same type is still worn by the peoples of Central Asia, India, Japan and China.

The Indian moccasin, which extends over the top of the foot, but has the sole and main part in one piece, is

AD. RESTORES AN HEIRLOOM

Picked Up in Waiting Room of a Street Railway by Employee and Returned.

Milwaukee.—The only lost doll ever advertised for in the Milwaukee papers has been found. The doll has been a bedroom in the family of Mrs. Charles Brights of No. 1004 Fifth street for thirty years.

Mrs. Brights' little niece, Anna Mae Wackerman, Detroit, Fla., lost the

one of the best of foot coverings, soft, flexible and durable. Out of a combination of these two the sole without an upper and the upper without a sole the modern shoe has been evolved.

LONE PIGEON FOLLOWS TRAIN

For Three Years It Has Been Making Regular Trips in Iowa.

Maysville, Ia.—Every time a north-bound passenger train leaves Maysville over the Great Northern coast line a solitary pigeon leaves the station and accompanies the train for three miles. Railroad men say the bird has not missed a trip in three years, and is as prompt as train orders. It never fails to end its flight when a certain point is reached.

Withstood Mighty Shock.

Kittanning, Pa.—Thomas Schaeffer, a lineman, had 22,000 volts of electricity pass through his body while repairing wires at the top of a high pole and still lives.

Kubelk Changes Name.

Budapest.—Jan Kubelk, the violinist, has changed his name to Janos Folda. The latter means citizen.

French Woman Writers Discuss Case of Mme. Bloch.

Six to Two Against Woman Who Shot Her Rival—Various Opinions on Crimes of Passion and Literature.

Paris.—Some French woman authors have been giving their views on the right of their sex to kill. Their opinions are based on the case of Mme. Bloch, who wrote books signed with the name of Frederic de Beau-lien and who shot and killed Mrs. Bridgeman, who had won M. Bloch's affections. From the prison Mme. Bloch announced that she had received "innumerable letters of congratulation" and that many of them came from her sister authors. The suggestion that woman writers sympathized with Mme. Bloch's act moved Le Miroir to make an inquiry. Of the eight women of letters who gave their opinion only two supported Mme. Bloch's action. The first of this minority, Mme. Marie de Vovet, writes: "Although murder inspired by jealousy is reprieved by all in principle, nothing is more difficult to judge in the various forms it may take. The best thing, it seems to me, is to treat it with charity, thinking that before a woman's hand could seize a weapon there must have been suffering enough to constitute presumptive explanation."

Mme. Aurel, the other supporter of Mme. Bloch, writes: "If a rival had dared to set me at defiance I believe that I should have done as Mme. Bloch did. It is none the less a misfortune."

As for the six woman writers who condemn Mme. Bloch's crime, more than one finds that a desire for self-advertisement, a feeling that the action would boom her books, had some influence on her mind. Mme. Daniel Lesuer, the best known writer of the eight quoted, says:

"I hold that he who kills ought to accept death; otherwise he is the most cowardly of beings. On this condition only can vengeance to death be clothed with any grandeur."

Mme. Jeanne Landre would have a law passed that, except in cases of self-defense, no acquittal should be allowed when a death has been caused. She casts doubts on the sincerity of

doll in the street railway company waiting-room. The child was heart-broken. Mrs. Brights was also grieved over the loss of her girlhood "baby." She advertised the loss.

An employee found the doll where the girl had dropped it. He turned it in at the sign stand. The "ad" was read and the doll returned.

Mrs. H. Wackerman, her sister, Miss Hazel Wackerman, and Mrs. Wackerman's five-year-old daughter are visiting Mrs. Wackerman's sister, Mrs. Brights, Sunday the family

and visitors decided to go for an outing. Mrs. Brights gave the cherished doll to her little niece, and the child forgot it in the station.

Swallows Teeth to Die.

Philadelphia.—Jacob Haines, seven-ty years old, tried to commit suicide by swallowing his false teeth. He was heard shouting and the door of his room was broken down and Haines hurried to the hospital. Surgeons after considerable difficulty, removed the teeth.

EX-CONVICT AN EVANGELIST

To Help Other Men to New Lives Work of Alderman Burke of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.—William Burke, who resigned from the common council and then fled the city when he could no longer meet blackmail demands of a former prison cellmate in the Charlestown (Mass.) prison, leaving behind a written confession in which he declared that up to his coming to Philadelphia, about three years ago, he had been a criminal ever since he could remember, has become an evangelist.

Burke, since his return to Philadelphia, has been running a cigar store in which he had been established by a business man whose interest was aroused by Burke's published life story.

Mr. Burke will join the Inasmuch Mission workers, located in "Hell's Half acre," this city, and labor with them to save wrecked lives.

Mr. Burke made this announcement at Lemon Hill, when he responded to an invitation given by Rev. Dr. James B. Ely that he speak. He told the story of his life, and said that since his return to Philadelphia he had received hundreds of letters from ex-convicts asking him to aid them to mend their lives as he had done his own. The letters, he declared, have induced him to take up the work.

all persons who look for advertisement in their profession.

Mme. Jane Catulle Mendes, widow of the poet and dramatist, believes that love may cause crimes of passion, but cannot in any way excuse them. "I do not see that modern literature is a factor in multiplying these acts of savagery which seem to me to have their origin in feebleness of hearts and feebleness of the code."

Mme. Rachide argues that "to commit the crime which was the motive of the second crime required two people;" then why kill the woman and spare the man? Because she loved her husband, the father of her children! If that was so she ought to have forgiven. Literature has a broad back. A true lover of letters would have had the wit to fire in the air, if this form of advertisement was absolutely necessary.

Mme. Valentine de Saint-Point, the lecturer on "Futurism," has no sympathy with lenient verdicts in crimes of passion. She says:

"A person who pretends to be acting without consciousness of what he is doing or under the influence of madness is a much greater social danger than a conscious criminal, and as an individual much more insignificant."

Mme. Andree Cortis is unhesitatingly against Mme. Bloch. She says: "I cannot understand love that has no dignity, love that thrusts itself upon and clings to its object, not this extraordinary idea of longing to keep a man who fees from you, even if scandal, force and murder are necessary to hold him."

WOULD GIVE GIRLS TRAINING

Dusseldorf Professor Advocates Compulsory Military Service for Women.

Berlin.—Compulsory military service for German girls is advocated by Professor Witzel of Dusseldorf. An army of nurses should, in his opinion, follow each army of male combatants, not only to care for the wounded, but to attend to everything connected with food and clothing.

Every healthy German girl, says the professor, should look on training for this object as a patriotic duty, and the knowledge will be useful in the home if it is not utilized on the battlefield.

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Philadelphia.—Jacob Haines, seventy years old, tried to commit suicide by swallowing his false teeth. He was heard shouting and the door of his room was broken down and Haines hurried to the hospital. Surgeons after considerable difficulty, removed the teeth.