

"The Hound of Heaven"

BY JOSEPH LAWRENCE PATTON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. FLETCHER WHITE



DOCTOR FRANCIS RANIER, professor of psychology at Doran University, sat meditating in his study. His study was located in the west wing of Commercy Court—the wing which was designated in the current slang of the institution as the “home for the poverty profs.”

Commercy Court was divided into two wings, the east wing serving as a dormitory for the senior men students of the college, and the west wing serving as a residence; furnished gratis by the university, for the bachelor members of the faculty.

At Doran, one of the oldest and proudest of New England's institutions of learning, there was a saying that the teachers taught for love and married for money. Doctor Francis Ranier had never married—hence Commercy Court.

Yet Doctor Ranier had a national reputation as one of the greatest criminologists of the country, and had he wished to commercialize his reputation he could have amassed a fortune with ease. He, however, engaged in the detection of crime simply because it offered an interesting field for psychological experimentation. He refused all fees. He took cases only when they offered a psychological problem. And he had attained to an enviable reputation as a great man of science, an idealist in his way, and a most sincere devotee of his one and only mistress—the science of psychology.

In his study, cosy and comfortable enough on this bitter, cold night of a New England December, he sat meditating over the baffling problems presented by the death of his boyhood chum and lifelong friend, Bob Caulfield.

Professor Robert Caulfield, besides being a lifelong friend, had also been a most

able colleague and fellow member of the faculty of Doran University. He had, until his mysterious death, held the chair of anthropology and evolution at Doran. The night before, he had been found dead in his home at the opposite end of the campus. Professor Caulfield had been a man of independent income and had been able to live in more luxurious style than the so-called “poverty profs.” His death had been surrounded by suspicious circumstances and had attracted the attention of the police, with the result that Perry Doyle, one of the shrewdest and most successful detectives of the local force, had been assigned to the case.

Doctor Ranier was waiting for Perry Doyle, whom he had asked to call upon him for a conference. He walked to the window and stood looking out across the court to the east wing. Lights shone in most of the windows and the students could be seen moving about. Some were reading under their desk-lights. In one of the rooms a crowd was gathered, probably chatting over the prospects of the hockey team or discussing the latest musical hit on Broadway. But the doctor's eyes were focussed upon the windows directly opposite his own. The windows were dark. He knew that to be the room of James Reams, one of the most promising and brilliant seniors at Doran—class poet of the senior class.

“Jimmy boy,” mused the doctor, “you're in for a terrible mess in this thing, and I wonder if you could be guilty. I'd say you were if it were not for the fact that a lot of the things won't fit in with such a theory. And I've found that you told me the truth about some of the worst evidence against you. But why didn't you tell me the whole truth? Are you subtle enough to think that by telling part of the truth you can prevent further inquiry?”

Doctor Ranier went back to his desk.

He sat upon the edge of his big chair, leaning forward with his head in his hands. For a long moment he sat thus. Then he settled back in his chair and picked up a sheet of paper from the surface of the desk. He gazed long and thoughtfully at that paper. On its surface was scrawled in shaky, wavering handwriting:

"Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears."

?

The paper had been found on the desk of Robert Caulfield, crumpled under his lifeless body. Apparently the dead man had expended his last atom of strength in writing it. At the end the pen had trailed off the paper, leaving an inky train which might have been the question-mark as indicated above or might simply have been the trail of a pen in hands too weak to lift it from the paper.

"Poor Bob!" Doctor Ranier soliloquized. "What a travesty it is that Bob Caulfield, the man of science who loved to dabble in the supernatural and who stoutly maintained that after death communication with the earth would some day be possible, is now unable to communicate from behind the great unknown and guide me in the solution of this mystery."

"Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears." Doctor Ranier pronounced it solemnly. "I wonder if Bob is trying to communicate with me now. I wonder if, from beyond the veil of death, he is trying to tell me the name of his murderer. And I wonder still more, Bob, if in this slip of paper which you left as your last act on earth you didn't try to leave me a message as to the manner of your death. 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears'— Are you trying to tell me that you took your own life in the interest of science, in an attempt to solve the mystery of death? It is just like you to have done so. I have often heard you say that what comes after death is the only question left for science to answer. But are you telling me that you took your own life because it is true, or because you want to shield some one else? Did you leave this paper, which you knew would point toward suicide, in order that the crime might not be fastened on some one you

love? Your daughter Dorothy, perhaps? Or is your meaning something still more subtle? 'Adown titanic glooms—' I wonder. I may be on a wild-goose chase. It is a flimsy theory, but to-night will test it out."

His meditation was interrupted by the ringing of his door-bell. He arose and admitted Perry Doyle. Perry Doyle was a quietly dressed, unobtrusive little man, chiefly notable on account of the absolute negation of his appearance. He was a man so inconspicuous that the ordinary observer would not give him a second look.

Doctor Ranier greeted him cordially, took his hat and coat and pushed forward a comfortable chair.

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Doyle. I can't tell you how glad I am that you have been assigned to the Caulfield case. And I appreciate immensely your giving me an evening of your time."

"It is a pleasure to be associated with you, doctor," replied the detective. "I am sure my time is always at your command."

"Thank you. I shouldn't ask you to spend this evening in my study unless I felt sure some evidence would be revealed that will be of value to you in the case. I have arranged a little seance here to-night at which I think some startling things will be brought to light; in fact, I must confess that I have purposely concealed from you some of the evidence in my possession."

"You certainly had no cause to fear my discretion, doctor?"

"No, no," the doctor hastened to assure him. "I have implicit confidence both in your discretion and in your ability, Mr. Doyle. Right here let me say that I appreciate your having kept secret the fact that you found Professor Caulfield's will in his desk, and the unusual contents of that will."

Perry Doyle bowed an acknowledgment to the compliment.

"I confess, doctor, that I cannot see your exact reason for asking such secrecy, but I assure you that no one except the two of us knows that Doctor Caulfield wrote a will on the night of his death, or the provisions contained in it. I say no

one; I mean, of course, except the two witnesses to the will."

"Exactly. Have you received the report of the autopsy?"

"Yes. Professor Caulfield came to his death as the result of curare poisoning. Curare, a poison much used by the South American Indians in poisoning their arrows, was injected into his blood stream through one of the veins of the lower arm. He probably lived only a few minutes after the injection. Perhaps you noticed at the time you discovered the body that there was a wound in his arm, as if a hypodermic needle had been inserted with force, and probably during a struggle. The wound was torn slightly and jagged."

"I noticed that at the time; but your conclusion that there had been a struggle doesn't necessarily follow. Doctor Caulfield might have been clumsy or nervous in inserting the needle and have made such a wound himself. Curare is just the sort of poison that a student of anthropology, such as Caulfield, would be familiar with. To my mind the nature of the poison tends to strengthen the theory of suicide."

Perry Doyle leaned forward earnestly and exploded his question.

"In which case, what became of the needle?"

"Reasoning from the suicide theory as a premise, I would say that there was probably plenty of time for him to have tossed it into the grate or otherwise to have disposed of it. However, I think to-night will disclose to you just what did become of the needle."

"You have a theory, then. I should like to hear it, Doctor Ranier."

"My theory must wait, Mr. Doyle." The doctor looked at his watch. "It is a bit absurd on the face of it, and I prefer to let the investigations I am about to conduct present it to your mind as the evidence develops. I have asked five people to come here to-night, all of whom have some knowledge of this crime—if crime it was. I have asked them to come at different times, so that I may question them in the order I desire. The first one is due at eight o'clock. We have twenty minutes to wait."

The doctor rose and, taking a box of cigars from a stand, offered one to Doyle.

"Will you have a cigar?"

"Thank you, but I never use them."

"A wise man, Mr. Doyle. I seldom indulge, myself. I am using this one to-night for a purpose. There will be certain questions that I shall ask to-night and certain statements that I shall make which will have a particular significance. As I ask those questions I shall strike a match to light this cigar. I, myself, shall be otherwise engaged at these times—making certain private observations of my own. I shall need your assistance and want to get the benefit of your trained powers of observation. I want you, whenever I start to light the cigar, to observe closely the facial expression and the reaction of the person being questioned. Then I want you to scribble on a scratch pad, which you can hold in your hand, one or two words telling the effect upon the witness. Please slip those notes to me under the corner of the desk. That all sounds melodramatic, perhaps, but I assure you I have a reason."

"Certainly, Doctor Ranier. It is not at all—er, unreasonable. I will follow your instructions."

"And now while we are waiting"—the doctor seated himself again—"have you formed any theory about Professor Caulfield's death?"

"I have." Perry Doyle looked closely at the inscrutable countenance of the gray-haired sage before him. "But before I outline *my* theory, I must ask *you* some questions." He was watching the doctor's face closely. "Doctor Ranier, it was you who supposedly first discovered the body. You stated at the coroner's inquest that you chanced to go to Professor Caulfield's house and found him dead. Was that simple statement the absolute truth?"

The doctor's answer came slowly, deliberately. "No."

"Then what was it that caused you to go there?"

"From your question, you probably know already that it was a 'phone call. At five minutes to eleven last night I received a call. The party on the other end of the wire excitedly urged me to go at once to Caulfield's. I did so, and found my old friend dead."

"Did you recognize the voice of the party who called you?"

Doctor Ranier hesitated and then answered: "Yes."

"Whose was it?"

"I would rather not answer that question at present. You will know before this evening is over, Mr. Doyle."

"Doctor Ranier, I know now. James Reams was seen by three students leaving Professor Caulfield's home last night at ten minutes to eleven. He was running and apparently greatly excited. They watched him cross the campus and run into Commerce Court. The university telephone exchange has a record of a telephone call at five minutes to eleven from Commerce 25 to Commerce 35. Commerce 25 is James Reams's number, Commerce 35 is yours. Your call was from Reams and James Reams is at present under arrest at police headquarters, charged with the murder of Professor Robert Caulfield."

Doctor Ranier surprised the detective by smiling.

"You are right, Doyle. My congratulations on your shrewdness. Jimmy Reams was the man who called me. But I do not agree with you that he committed the crime—at least I cannot agree to that as yet. If you had investigated the telephone records a little further, you would have found a call at seventeen minutes to eleven from Campus 7 to Commerce 25. Campus 7 is Professor Caulfield's desk 'phone. At seventeen minutes to eleven Jimmy Reams was called to Professor Caulfield's house. He has told me about that call. He states that while he was reading in his room, his 'phone rang and Professor Caulfield's voice called over the wire: 'It's Bob. For God's sake come quick!' At first I didn't believe him, for Professor Caulfield would never have called Jimmy Reams in an emergency, and would never have said to Jimmy Reams 'It's Bob.' But the records at the telephone station show that there was such a call, and I think I can explain the rest of it. I believe that Jimmy Reams told me the truth and that when he reached Professor Caulfield's he found the professor dead. I think we can fix the time of the crime by that call—at eighteen or seventeen minutes to eleven. But then, Jimmy Reams did not tell me the whole truth.

On another point he lied—or, at least, I am convinced he lied. He stated that he rushed out of the house and 'phoned me, but became embarrassed when I asked him why he went back to his own room before he 'phoned. At first he stated that he saw nothing of the hypodermic needle and syringe with which the crime—or suicide—was committed. He absolutely refused to talk on that point—says he knows nothing at all. Tonight I hope to be able to force him to talk."

"You have asked him here as one of the five?"

"I have. And since you have had him locked up, would you mind calling police headquarters and having an officer bring him here at—say nine o'clock."

Perry Doyle stepped to the 'phone and sent the message as Doctor Ranier had requested. As he hung up the receiver the door-bell rang.

Doctor Ranier opened the door and admitted a tall, slender man, dressed in a well-tailored black suit and wearing prominent tortoise-shell glasses. A man of intellectual aspect—in age about thirty-five or maybe older.

"Lawrence, let me introduce Detective Doyle from headquarters. Mr. Doyle, this is Professor Thompson, formerly Doctor Caulfield's assistant. He has succeeded Professor Caulfield in the chair of anthropology."

The two men shook hands.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Doyle." Lawrence Thompson took the chair which Doctor Ranier placed for him in front of the desk.

Doctor Ranier took his accustomed seat behind the desk, with Perry Doyle seated slightly to his right. The doctor picked up the cigar which was lying before him and fumbled with a box of matches. Doyle remained impassive. Professor Thompson was expectant.

"Lawrence," Doctor Ranier began, "I asked you in to this conference to-night because I think there may be disclosed some evidence bearing on the death of Professor Caulfield. I knew that you, his protégé, whom he had brought up from infancy and educated to continue his own work, would want to be here. I am expecting some others, but they are a little

late in arriving, so I trust that you are in no hurry."

"No, indeed, doctor," Thompson replied. "I am very glad to be present. But I can hardly think there was any foul play connected with Professor Caulfield's death."

"You think, then, that it was suicide?" Ranier asked. "I would be glad to hear your theory. You knew Doctor Caulfield, probably better than any of us. I wish you would tell Mr. Doyle about Professor Caulfield's lecture in Anthropology IV yesterday. To my mind that seems the strongest evidence pointing toward suicide."

"That is the only reasonable theory that I can see," Professor Thompson began. "You see, Mr. Doyle, I have been very close to Professor Caulfield. He has been like a father to me since I was a baby. In fact, he is the only parent I have ever known. He never formally adopted me, but I lived in his home until very recent years. It was he who guided my education and trained me to fill the position his untimely death left vacant."

"Professor Caulfield was a man of science, a devoted student and follower of Darwin and Spencer, and yet he was not satisfied to rest within the limits of scientific fact. Yesterday he delivered a wonderful lecture in his senior anthropology class. He touched briefly on the great debt that science owes to Darwin for his work in proving the evolution of all forms of animal life, including man, from the beginning of things, through the unthinkable geological ages, to the forms of animal life which we find in the world today. He touched on Spencer's contribution to science in carrying on the work of Darwin and applying the principles of evolution to the customs of society, sociological factors, such as religion, marriage, and government."

"He ended his lecture most dramatically by saying that there was only one field of inquiry left open for scientific exploration, and that was death. Darwin and his followers had proved where we all came from and how we reached our present state. It remained for some even greater scientist to reveal where we went after death. He stated that, of course, all speculation as to the life hereafter was

valueless and that the doctrines of religion were pure speculation. He closed by promising that, if it were in any way possible for him to communicate with any of us after his death, he would do so. And he ended with his favorite quotation: 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.'

"I understand that he left that quotation scribbled on a piece of paper when he was dying. To my mind that was his way of saying that he had taken his own life and had gone to fulfil his last mission as a scientist—an exploration of the life after death."

Perry Doyle was listening attentively and started to speak. A motion from Ranier silenced him.

"It is known that Professor Caulfield died as the result of a poison injected into his arm with a hypodermic needle," Doctor Ranier stated it quietly. "If it was suicide, how would you account for the disappearance of the needle?"

Professor Thompson answered without hesitation: "He was probably able to destroy it before he died."

"Perhaps. But there is another thing, Lawrence." Doctor Ranier fumbled with a match and unsuccessfully essayed to light the cigar with which he was playing. "When I found the body of Professor Caulfield, he was lying face downward on his desk. His desk 'phone was knocked over, the receiver off the hook. It looks as though he might have tried to call for help—hardly a logical action for a man who was deliberately taking his own life."

Lawrence Thompson appeared to be considering this suggestion. While waiting for his answer, Ranier read the scribbled note which Doyle slipped into his hand beneath the desk. It read: "No surprise—no disturbance—perfectly natural."

The professor was speaking.

"I am inclined to believe, as the coroner did, that the telephone may have been knocked over when Professor Caulfield lurched forward in death."

"When did you first learn of Professor Caulfield's death?" Doctor Ranier switched suddenly to another line of inquiry.

"Why, when you called me up to tell

me about it. I think it was about eleven-thirty."

"I was fortunate to catch you at home."

"I had been in my room all evening. Had been reading a treatise by Professor Caulfield tracing the analogy between the stages of development which the human foetus goes through in the womb and the stages of development through which the human race has progressed in the course of its evolution."

"Lawrence, Doctor Caulfield left a will which he wrote last night."

"Indeed!"

"In this will he revoked his former will and cut off his adopted daughter Dorothy with a thousand dollars. In his previous will he had left his very sizable fortune entirely to her. Can you suggest any reason why he should have taken such an action?"

A moment's silence while Professor Thompson seemed to be thinking. He answered hesitantly.

"Well, it seems like a slender cause, but knowing Professor Caulfield as I do, it is not beyond the range of probability. He was a man who insisted upon having his own way. That trait of his character probably ranked second only to his devotion to science. And Dorothy would not abide by her father's wishes in some respects. They had a violent quarrel yesterday afternoon."

"And the reason for that quarrel?"

"It is a rather delicate matter and I hesitate to speak of it. It was over her infatuation for James Reams. Professor Caulfield had no patience with Reams; he considered him a waster and a dreamer. Professor Caulfield was a great admirer of the fine arts and a careful student of poetry, but he considered Reams one of these modern youths who mock the settled principles of the old masters, not because of a sincere belief that free verse and impressionistic, futuristic poetry represent a higher medium of expression, but simply for the notoriety connected with the espousal of a new field of thought."

"How did you know this?"

"Professor Caulfield related the circumstances to me. He said that he would not see his money left to the support of a whippersnapper of a loafer who

posed as a poet. He threatened to disown Dorothy unless she married a man of his selection."

"And you were the man of his choice." Doctor Ranier stated it as a fact, but Thompson went on to answer.

"I had asked Dorothy to marry me, and her father regarded my suit favorably."

"Do you think the prospect of a marriage between you and his adopted daughter was the reason that Professor Caulfield had never adopted you as his son?"

"I hardly know. I have never considered the question."

Doctor Ranier took up his neglected cigar and struck a match. He seemed to forget his purpose, and absent-mindedly let it burn without lighting the cigar.

"Professor Thompson, do you know who your parents were?"

"Why, no." Thompson was evidently startled. "But that question seems hardly relevant to our discussion, doctor."

"I beg your pardon; of course not. You must pardon my erratic mind. It follows peculiar channels." Doctor Ranier looked down at Doyle's note as he spoke. Perry Doyle had scribbled: "Startled—but I don't blame him—a flash of fear showed, too."

Doctor Ranier threw back his head and contemplated the ceiling.

"What were we on? Oh, yes, the will. It is a peculiar twist of fate that the will my dear friend Caulfield wrote on his last night on earth can never be carried out—it was improperly witnessed."

"But two witnesses are all that the law requires!" For once Thompson spoke spontaneously.

"Is that the law?" Doctor Ranier was still regarding the ceiling and speaking casually. "In that case you are fortunate, Lawrence, for I believe there are two witnesses to this will, and under it you are left Professor Caulfield's entire fortune, amounting to something over a hundred thousand dollars."

"Why, sir, you startle me!"

"Ah, yes, but to return to the problem. I am surprised that Caulfield didn't remember his old boyhood sweetheart, Alice Berceau."

"Probably because Alice Berceau died

in New York a little over a month ago." It was Thompson who made the answer.

"You knew Alice Berceau?" A match flashed as Ranier shot the question.

"No, that is, I——"

"Perhaps Professor Caulfield told you of his romance with her?"

"No, he didn't, but oh—er—well, I had heard of her, of course."

Perry Doyle's note read: "Struck a reaction that time, but what the h——?"

"Well, well," went on Ranier. "So Alice Berceau, the famous actress and still more famous adventuress, died in New York, the scene of her former glory. But I am wandering again. Doyle here thinks that Professor Caulfield was murdered, Lawrence."

"Of course," Professor Thompson conceded, "there is ground for such a theory, but I can hardly believe it myself. If he were murdered, why should he have written the note he did?"

"There are two explanations for the note," Ranier looked at his watch. "One, that he left it to shield some one he dearly loved, preferring people to think it was suicide rather than have the crime fastened on the guilty party; the other——"

Professor Thompson interrupted.

"In that case your theory of his having 'phoned for help is exploded."

"Yes, in a way. But the other explanation was suggested by Mr. Doyle, and is that the murderer may have forced him to write the note—perhaps guided his hand after he had 'phoned for help."

Perry Doyle had made no such suggestion, but he remained silent.

"In which case the murderer——" began Lawrence Thompson.

"Ah, yes," Doctor Ranier interposed; "in that case the murderer must have known that 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears' would mean to Professor Caulfield's friends that he had committed suicide."

The door-bell rang.

"Will you answer the door, please, Lawrence? I imagine that is Dorothy."

Professor Thompson admitted a slender girl, dressed in deep mourning, which could not entirely conceal her beauty. Doctor Ranier formally introduced her to Perry Doyle and helped her to a chair in

front of the desk. He then resumed his own seat.

Lawrence Thompson protested.

"My dear doctor, there can be no excuse for dragging Miss Caulfield into this discussion. I must protest."

Dorothy Caulfield answered for herself.

"It was at my own request that I came to this conference to-night. Doctor Ranier seems to think that father was killed—that it was not suicide—and promised that evidence as to the guilty party would probably be disclosed here to-night. Naturally, I asked him to allow me to attend."

"Thank you, Dorothy." Doctor Ranier spoke courteously. "I am very glad that you were willing to come. It was important that you be here—so important that I should have felt it necessary to ask you to come, even if you had not so desired. And while we are waiting for the others, will you permit me to ask you a few questions?"

"I've already told you what I know, doctor. Is it necessary to go over the ground again? I met you on the campus as you were going to father's house. I accompanied you, and after you—after you came back down-stairs and told me—I swooned. That's all I know."

"Dorothy, did you have a quarrel with your father yesterday?"

"Yes." Her answer was scarcely audible.

"Over the question of your marriage?"

She nodded assent.

"And you left the house intending to marry the man of your choice in spite of your father's wishes to the contrary? You probably told him that when you left?"

"Yes, I did. We had a quarrel and I told him I would not obey him in a matter which I considered my personal affair."

"When you left the house, where did you go?"

"To Madge King's."

"I happen to know that you left Miss King's at twenty-three minutes to eleven. It is about three minutes' walk from Miss King's home to the campus. I met you on the campus at five minutes to eleven or very shortly thereafter. Will you please tell me frankly where you were be-

tween twenty minutes to eleven and the time I met you on the campus?"

"I—I must have walked back slowly."

"Really, doctor, I can't stand for this, you know," Lawrence Thompson again interceded.

"Be still, please." Doctor Ranier again turned to the girl before him.

"You were almost running when I met you, and, besides, you were greatly excited—almost frantic with terror. I do not wish to be hard or cruel, Dorothy, but I must know where you were. Won't you explain frankly what happened?"

"I have told you all I can."

"And suppose I tell you that I know where you were and what happened?"

"Then why ask?" She straightened in her chair. "I did not come here to submit to an examination. I refuse to answer."

Doctor Ranier settled back in his chair and carelessly lighted a match.

"And suppose I tell you that the hypodermic needle with which the poison was administered to your father has been found?"

"My God!" And Dorothy Caulfield fainted in her chair. There was no need of a note from Perry Doyle. Doctor Ranier's eyes were on Lawrence Thompson.

Thompson sprang from his seat, red and excited, and rushed to the fainting girl. Assisted by Perry Doyle, he carried her to the couch at the side of the room. Doyle was administering restoratives. Thompson faced Doctor Ranier, who alone remained calm.

"This is an outrage, doctor! You surely are not accusing Miss Caulfield of murder simply because of her quarrel with her father? I refuse to believe it—even if the hypodermic *was* found in her room."

"Ah!" Doctor Ranier almost lost his own composure. "Then how could it have gotten there?"

"I don't know but— Oh, it's simply preposterous, that's all. And yet I know Dorothy's headstrong temper. Of course Doctor Caulfield was only her adopted father. And she was madly infatuated with Jimmy Reams. But no! Couldn't the murderer have placed the needle in her room?"

"Ah!" Again Doctor Ranier exclaimed. "A probable suggestion! I thank you. Would you mind answering the door-bell and asking the people who are there to wait a minute? We shall continue after we have revived Dorothy."

Perry Doyle's restoratives were having their effect and Dorothy Caulfield soon returned to consciousness. Doctor Ranier walked over to her couch.

"My dear Dorothy, your refusal to tell what you know is making it harder for us all. Won't you please tell me what you are fighting so to conceal?"

She shook her head. "I refuse to answer."

Doctor Ranier returned to his desk. "Ask the people in the hall to step in, please."

Lawrence Thompson admitted Mary McCann and Finley, respectively maid and butler at the Caulfield home.

"Were you on duty last night, Finley?" Doctor Ranier addressed the butler.

"No, sir—that is, I was not at the house, sir, after ten. The professor, sir, he let Mary and me off to go to a dance we had been wishing to attend."

"Then you left the house at ten, also, did you, Mary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Before you left did Professor Caulfield call you into his study to witness a will?"

"Yes, sir," Finley replied. "He had us both sign our names as witnesses to the will he had just written."

"How do you know he had just written it?"

"Because, sir, he had written it in ink, and the ink was still wet on it, sir."

"Ah, yes. So you are willing to swear that Professor Caulfield had just finished writing this will at ten o'clock?"

"A little before that, sir; say a quarter to ten."

"And you affixed your signatures as witnesses at about ten?"

"Yes, sir; maybe a little before."

"And then you and Mary left the house and know nothing of what happened later?"

"Yes, sir. I mean to say, sir, we did leave the house and know nothing more."

"Was Miss Caulfield at home when you left?"

"No, sir."

"One thing more. Did you see Doctor Caulfield sign his name to the will?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; that is all. You may go."

"Yes, sir; ah, thank you, sir." And Finley and Mary made their exit.

Doctor Ranier turned to his assembled guests.

"I am sorry; we shall have to wait a few minutes for the next caller. I made a slight miscalculation of the time. Mr. Doyle, would you mind calling up and seeing if the prisoner is on his way here?"

"Prisoner!" Professor Thompson exclaimed. "Have you made an arrest in this case, Mr. Doyle?"

Doctor Ranier replied:

"Jimmy Reams is under arrest charged with the murder of Professor Caulfield."

At his statement Dorothy Caulfield rose to a sitting posture on the couch. It was evident that she was making a great effort for self-control. She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Doctor Ranier, I can't stay. I couldn't stand it to see Jimmy put through the third degree."

Doctor Ranier replied gently: "I am sorry, Dorothy, but I am forced to say that I cannot permit you to leave—unless you will disclose the information you are concealing."

Dorothy settled back on the couch. Doyle reported that the prisoner and his escort should arrive at any minute. Doctor Ranier sat toying with his cigar.

"What do you think now, Lawrence? Do you think Detective Doyle has nabbed the right man?"

"I am compelled to admit, sir, that it looks pretty black for Reams. He is the one man who could possibly have a motive for the killing. He might have figured that it was the only way in which he could win the girl he loved. He probably did not feel any too kindly toward Professor Caulfield. He also might have figured it was the only way he could gain control of the Caulfield fortune."

Dorothy Caulfield turned her face away and bit her lip in an effort to remain silent at this last statement.

"The motive is what has been worrying me," remarked Ranier casually. "It hardly seems reasonable that a boy like

Reams would kill a man except for some tremendously compelling reason. I know Reams rather well, and he is a pretty wild boy; has a nasty temper and is prone to brood over things—poetic temperament, I guess—but I can't quite imagine his killing a man for such an aim as you suggest. However, it does look black, blacker than you think. Detective Doyle has witnesses who will swear that they saw Reams running away from the Caulfield house at the time the crime must have been committed."

Lawrence Thompson was apparently giving the matter deep consideration.

"There is only one logical conclusion. Reams must have been out of his head when he did it. Only a madman would have concealed the needle in the room of the girl he loved."

"Ah, yes," remarked Doctor Ranier. "That was a mistake. A criminal, however, in covering up his tracks makes some very peculiar breaks, particularly if he is above the class of the ordinary criminal and a man of brains and imagination. I've found that it always happens so."

The door-bell rang, and Lawrence Thompson ushered in Jimmy Reams, a rather delicate, undeveloped boy, in the custody of a blue-coated policeman. Reams was decidedly pale and nervous. Ranier nodded to Doyle, who dismissed the officer, telling him to wait outside and saying that he would be personally responsible for the prisoner.

Reams stood before the desk. He trembled a bit when he caught sight of Dorothy Caulfield. Doctor Ranier did not offer him a chair.

"I am going to be brief, Jimmy." The doctor's tone was crisp but not altogether unkind. "You are in a very serious situation, and I wish to advise you, as man to man, to be frank and open. I want you to answer a few questions."

"Very well, sir. I have refused to talk at police headquarters because you advised me not to."

"I'll want you to repeat what you told me for the benefit of these others. Please repeat just what you told me about the telephone call you received last night."

Jimmy Reams answered cautiously but looked his examiner straight in the eye.

"I was sitting in my room last night,

reading. Some of the fellows had asked me to go to a show, but I didn't feel like it. The telephone rang and I answered it. I recognized Professor Caulfield's voice—he was speaking under great excitement. He said: 'It's Bob. For God's sake come quick.' I tried to get further information over the 'phone, but he didn't answer, so I jumped out of my bath-robe, jerked on a sweater, and ran across the campus to his house. I found him dead." Reams stopped.

Doctor Ranier prompted him.

"Go on; that isn't all."

"That's all, except that I lost my head and ran back to my room before 'phoning you."

"I wonder why you tried to hide the fact that you ran back to your room before 'phoning. You tried to conceal it when you talked to me this morning. But we'll let that pass. I knew you 'phoned from your room, for I recognized your voice over the 'phone and, after you hung up, I stepped to my window there. I could see you in your room across the court as you were putting down the 'phone."

Doctor Ranier nervously lighted a match, only to blow it out.

"Did you know, Jimmy, that I could see into your room from my windows?" Doctor Ranier was watching Dorothy Caulfield as he spoke. She was leaning forward, hanging on every word. At his question she started. Doyle's note told him the effect his words had had on Jimmy Reams. "You struck oil then," read Doyle's scrawl.

But Jimmy answered quietly: "No, sir, I didn't."

"And now, have you any idea why Professor Caulfield should call you in his emergency, or why he should say to you 'It's Bob'?"

"I haven't; no, sir."

"It sounds like a fish-story to me," put in Lawrence Thompson. "I am more convinced than ever that Mr. Doyle has landed the right man."

"I think I can explain the call," Ranier said calmly. "Your telephone number, Jimmy, is Commerc 25; mine is Commerc 35. Isn't it quite likely that Bob Caulfield was trying to call me and that Central got the number wrong?

That would explain his saying 'It's Bob.' Jimmy, I believe your story! I believe that the crime was committed before you reached the house. Now come clean with me and we will clear you here and now. What's the rest of it?"

"That's all I know, sir."

"When you discovered the body, did you see anything"—Doctor Ranier paused and actually lighted his cigar, then laid it aside in the ash-tray—"of the hypodermic needle that was used to administer the poison to Professor Caulfield?"

"I did not, sir." Doyle's observation registered: "Never fazed him." Jimmy Reams was meeting Doctor Ranier's searching look without flinching.

Doctor Ranier used another match and puffed a few puffs, retaining the cigar in his mouth as he formed the next question.

"Jimmy, will you tell me the truth if I tell you that the needle has been found?"

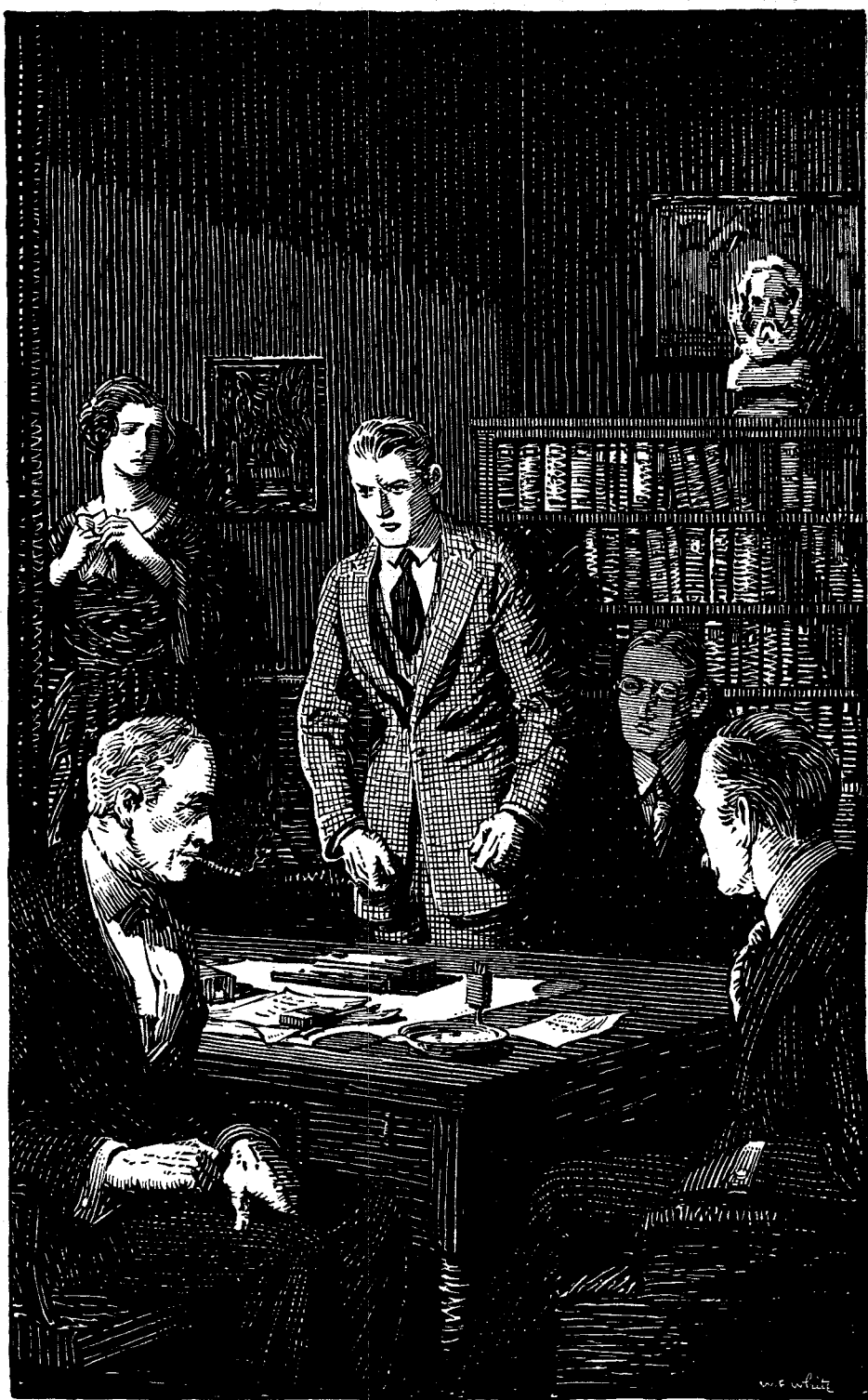
Jimmy Reams remained silent. Doyle reported: "That shot got him." Dorothy Caulfield half rose from her couch. Thompson leaned forward. Doctor Ranier went on, puffing contentedly and attempting to blow a smoke-ring ceiling-ward.

"And if I should add found in the room of Dorothy Caulfield?"

"That's a lie!" Jimmy Reams screamed it. Then he returned as suddenly to his stoic silence. Dorothy sprang to her feet and remained standing.

"Jimmy Reams," said Ranier, "I am going to acquit you of this crime, but to do so I must fasten it onto your sweetheart."

"You'll not!" Reams's reserve was broken. He was leaning over the desk, glaring directly into the eyes of Doctor Ranier. "If you found the needle at all, you found it in my room—you found it in the bottom drawer of my desk, under some books and papers. I don't know why I didn't throw it away as I was crossing the campus. I was too crazed with fear, I suppose. But I'll come through now. You've got me. I killed Professor Caulfield." After his outburst and confession he settled back to a grim calm, though beads of perspiration were standing out on his forehead. Perry Doyle looked questioningly at Ranier. It



Drawn by W. Fletcher White.

"That's a lie!" Jimmy Reams screamed it.—Page 356.

should be said for Perry, however, that the first shadows of doubt were beginning to appear. Dorothy Caulfield rushed to the front of the desk, seizing Doctor Ranier by the hand.

"Please, doctor," she implored. "He's confessed now. You tricked him into it by pretending you were going to fasten it on me. Don't torture him any more."

Doctor Ranier patted her hand.

"Don't you think it is time you were confessing what *you* know? I knew all the time that the needle and syringe were in his room. I saw him hide something in his desk last night, after he 'phoned me. My windows, again, served a useful purpose. But don't you realize, little girl, that he is confessing to a crime that he didn't commit—confessing to murder because he thinks that you are guilty."

Dorothy staggered under her surprise.

"You mean he is lying to protect me! Why, no! Doctor, you can't mean that you really think I did it!"

"No, I don't think you did it. But I stated the truth when I said the needle was found in your room. At least, that is the only theory which will fit in with all the facts and explain the psychological reactions of Jimmy Reams. My theory is that the needle was found in your room, but it was found there by Jimmy Reams. He took the needle and he is taking the responsibility for the crime to protect you."

Jimmy tried to interrupt, but Perry Doyle leaped to his feet and hushed the impending protest.

Dorothy Caulfield was speaking.

"I should have trusted you, doctor. I will give you the information I have been concealing. After leaving Madge King's last night, I went to Jimmy's room. I was going to tell him of my quarrel with father and, if he wanted me to, I was willing to elope. He wasn't there—it must have been just after he had rushed out in answer to the telephone call—so I hid behind a drapery, waiting to surprise him. The drapery was near the door. He came in looking like a wild man, and I overheard his 'phone call to you. I realized something dreadful had happened at home. Then I saw him take that hypodermic syringe out of his pocket and hide it in his desk. He was talking to himself

all the time. I didn't quite realize what it all meant, but I was terror-stricken, and I slipped out of the door and rushed off toward home. Then you overtook me."

"Ah," sighed Doctor Ranier. "My dear, I saw you leave Jimmy's room and I followed you out of Commerce Court. I had to know how long you had been there and I wanted you to tell it yourself, before Jimmy, so that he would be convinced that he was not shielding you in maintaining his silence. And now, Jimmy, you see that your sweetheart is clear. We can establish an alibi for her. Now, where did you get hold of that needle?"

"Doctor Ranier," Jimmy burst out, his eyes glowing, "you have saved my life and you have saved me from believing Dorothy guilty of a hideous crime. Your chance shot was a direct hit. I found the hypodermic in Dorothy's room. I ran in to call her after I had found Professor Caulfield dead."

"Are you working back to the theory of suicide, doctor?" The question came from Lawrence Thompson.

"I am not. Lawrence Thompson, I am charging you with the murder of Professor Caulfield. Mr. Doyle, there is your man."

Thompson attempted a bold front.

"Me! Why, you are absolutely absurd. I never heard of such a thing!"

"I will present my case against you. First, you lied about having been in your room all last evening. Your unguarded exclamation that a will needed only two witnesses told me that you knew Professor Caulfield's will had two witnesses. It suggested that you had probably seen that will and that you had seen it after ten o'clock last night—the hour at which the witnesses signed. That established the fact that you might have been present in the house of the crime at the time of the crime. I wasn't sure of you yet, but I had my opening. Then, you were too willing to defend the suicide theory, and later to switch to the idea that Dorothy killed her father. You covered it up with expostulations, but you were only too glad to see my questions tending in that direction. It just suited you to have the crime fastened on to Jimmy Reams and you lent yourself too readily to that hy-

pothesis. My suspicions were further confirmed when you tried to encourage me in my suspicion of Jimmy."

"Absurd, I tell you, absolutely absurd!" Lawrence Thompson interrupted. "What possible motive could I have had?"

"At first I was at a loss for a motive, but your motives are very evident now. First, you succeed to the chair of anthropology. Second, you would inherit something over one hundred thousand dollars before Professor Caulfield could have a chance to effect a reconciliation with his adopted daughter and change his will again. You thought we would all jump to the idea of suicide and it would be easy to avoid suspicion. Then you had another motive—revenge. You wished to avenge the fancied wrongs of Alice Berceau."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Professor Thompson, mopping his forehead.

"You claimed to know nothing of Alice Berceau, and nothing of your parentage. Again, I am sure you were lying. You cannot lie smoothly, when you are taken by surprise. You forget that I was a boyhood friend of Bob Caulfield's and knew his innermost secrets. Alice Berceau was once the wife of Bob Caulfield; she left him in order to lead the gay life in New York which she preferred to quiet decency. She was a disgraceful woman, and Bob always kept his marriage secret. You were the child of that marriage, the son of Robert Caulfield and Alice Berceau. Professor Caulfield was so bitter against Alice Berceau that he would never admit that you were his son; he was unwilling, at that time, for you to bear his name. Later, you showed such tendencies to follow in the wild path led by your mother that he never became willing for you to bear his name—he claimed that you were not his son. Yet secretly he believed you were and, accordingly, he took you and brought you up. If he hadn't done so, your mother would, probably, have abandoned you. You were originally christened Lawrence Berceau, but Professor Caulfield, of course, would not stand for that, and had your name changed to Lawrence Thompson. Your mother always cherished an unreasonable hatred against your father. She blamed him for not taking her back after she had

sowed her wild oats and disgraced herself. You knew of her death—you revealed that in spite of yourself—and it is my surmise that, before she died, she broke her word to your father and revealed to you your parentage. I imagine that she probably told you all her grievances against Bob Caulfield, poisoned your mind against him, and even went so far as to exact your promise to avenge her fancied wrongs."

"I admit nothing of what you say," Thompson declared defiantly. At the same time he was evidently weakening; he was manifestly nervous.

Ranier went on quietly, but closely watching his victim.

"That is almost a confession, Lawrence. Your choice of the poison used was a good one, if you had stuck to your original scheme of planting evidence toward suicide. Curare is such a poison as Professor Caulfield would use, but it is also one which you would use if you wanted to have people think Professor Caulfield committed suicide. Professor Caulfield probably spoiled that scheme when he managed to get in that telephone call for help. Accordingly, you planted other evidence—for example, you probably forced him to write that note, 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.' But you made your worst mistake when you planted that needle in Dorothy's room. You made the mistake that is made by so many crooks of brains and imagination—you established too many plausible theories. The only point in which they could all be reconciled was the fact that they all served to confuse the issue and that they all pointed in one direction—away from you."

Thompson was rapidly losing control; his nervousness was increasing. "Do you mean to say that I placed the needle in Dorothy Caulfield's room?" He attempted a sneer.

"I do," Doctor Ranier stated calmly. "As a matter of fact, I found the needle in the room of Jimmy Reams—not in Dorothy's room. The fact that he had carried it home and so firmly refused to answer questions about it suggested to me that he had found it somewhere else and that he considered the place where he had found it evidence which would in-

jure some one he loved. I jumped to the conclusion that he was shielding Dorothy. You overdid your expostulations when I put Dorothy Caulfield through the third degree, and before anything in the examination had betrayed the fact that the needle had been found in her room, you protested that you knew she could not be guilty, even though the needle had been found—and you added from your own knowledge the words 'in her room.' That confirmed my suspicions beyond a doubt that you knew it had been put there—that you had put it there."

"That is all very fine but it is not evidence." Thompson was making his last stand.

"Detective Doyle will have no trouble in digging up the necessary evidence. You have convicted yourself, Thompson. I advise you to confess."

"The case is made out to my satisfaction, doctor," interposed Perry Doyle. "I will release Reams from arrest. Professor Thompson, you are under arrest, charged with the murder of Professor Caulfield."

Thompson's nerve broke and he made a dash for the door. He was intercepted by the officer waiting outside for Jimmy Reams.

Doyle issued a staccato order, "Hold that man!" and Thompson's attempt at escape was over. The officer brought him back into the room.

Doctor Ranier was smiling. "That is a confession, Lawrence. There is one other point I wish to touch on. When I stated that Professor Caulfield's will was improperly witnessed, I stated the truth. It is required that the two witnesses to a will not only witness the will but also witness the signature of the man making it. Professor Caulfield was, apparently, not aware of this technicality, and had the witnesses witness the will but not his signature. Under the circumstances this

will is void and his former will holds. Dorothy Caulfield will inherit the property under the provisions of the first will. Mr. Doyle, I have presented the case against Lawrence Thompson. I will leave it to you to dig up the necessary technical evidence to secure the conviction."

"And you can bet I'll dig it up," Perry Doyle assured him from the confidence born of trained experience. "One thing, though, doctor. You must have had something which originally aroused your suspicions of Lawrence Thompson. I should like to know what that was."

Doctor Francis Ranier smiled. "I think I am right in the way I reconstruct the scene of the crime. First, Professor Thompson forcibly injected the poison into Professor Caulfield's arm. He then turned away to await the effect of the poison; perhaps he started into Dorothy's room to leave the needle. Bob seized the 'phone and sent the call which reached Jimmy Reams by mistake. Thompson rushed back into the room, wrested the 'phone from his hands, and forced him to write a final message which would point toward suicide. *But*"—Doctor Ranier paused dramatically—"in that last message Robert Caulfield double-crossed his murderer. The message which he left was satisfactory to Thompson, for it pointed toward suicide—'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.' But that quotation, with a straggling question-mark in the place where the author's name is usually found, conveyed to me the first clew to the murderer's identity. Jimmy Reams, can you tell me from what poet the quotation 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears' is taken?"

Jimmy Reams's eyes sparkled. "Professor Ranier, I never thought you were so familiar with the English poets. The quotation is from Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven.'"



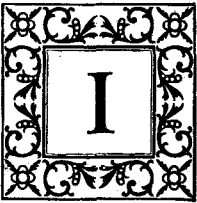
The Typical American

BY SVEN V. KNUDSEN

Author of the "Danish Handbook of Boy Scouting"; Inspector at the Danish State High School

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

[DR. KNUDSEN has been on his way around the world, studying educational conditions. He and his wife have motored in a Ford car from coast to coast, visiting all the Eastern States, the Rocky Mountains, the Indians of the Southwest, old Mexico, and California. They sailed from San Francisco on February 21. In the same car they continued their journey through the Orient, Egypt, and across Europe to Denmark.]



It is the people, after all, that give the country its character.

But what are the American people? That is what really puzzles you. You talk of the United States,

and there is no doubt that the Union is a fact. Everything in the history of the States—the Revolution, the solving of the problems in the Civil War, the proceedings before and in the World War—everything shows that the States stick together, and, though diverging in details, after all feel as one body. They have convinced the world of their unity in mind and deed. But what about the American people? The States are a unit, but the people are anything but that. I had hardly been twenty-four hours in New York before I seemed to know several thousand people, if not intimately, then at least by face.

The chauffeurs of the taxis, the newspaper boys, even the little shiner with his box seemed to be known to me. I wondered where I had seen all those faces before, this being my first visit to the United States. Then it suddenly came into my mind that I had seen them all on board the emigrant steamer.

There they had all been: Isaac, Moses, Benjamin, Israel, Rosenthal, and all the rest of them, all coming from different places in Russia and former provinces of that country. All went to the United States to seek what they had not found in the old country: a living and a life in happiness and peace. The United States have more than one hundred millions

of inhabitants, but on board that steamer was the material of at least four hundred new ones, and in New York I am sure I found hundreds of thousands of the same type. The sight of that crowd on board the steamer could not help but make one think of how life would be to them when they came ashore. They were all uneducated, could hardly read and write, all insufficiently dressed, undernourished, and probably unable to work hard on account of their weak bodies. Yet all would have to earn a living, though not knowing one word of the American language.

Maybe they are all happy now, just as happy as the rest of their race in the States. But are they Americans? Or will they ever be Americans? That is the question I have put to myself, and to several who regard themselves as Americans to the very back-bone. Most of these have denied it, yet facts seem to answer in the affirmative. If they will ever be Americans the States must indeed be a wonderful melting-pot, superior to the rest of the nations. If they can teach people of so many nationalities and languages to be of one mind and soul, they have achieved more than any nation in the world ever did. It is remarkable to see how people, forever squabbling in Europe, when immigrating to the States seem to co-operate as good citizens. Irishmen work together with Englishmen, Germans with French, and Austrians with Czecho-Slovaks. Maybe they do not co-operate very intimately; they are, anyhow, less antagonistic than when at home.

Crossing the continent by a stretch of the National Old Trails Road, I passed