



## CHAPTER VI—Continued

"And this ain't Jim. There's still more. I arrested Welch the minute I could get my hands on him, and had a long heart-to-heart talk with him, and all I can tell you, Jim, is that that fellow lied to me like a son-of-a-gun."

"Yes. Absolutely. It was positively shameful the way he lied, and you know as well as me, Jim, that when a suspect lies all the way through he's either pretty deep or knows who is. Am I right?"

"Right."

"When I first arrested Welch," Reagan continued, "he blanketed everything with lies. He started off by denying that he had been in see Thayer. I proved that up on him in less time than it takes a goat to eat a shirt. After admitting that, he said that he'd never been anything but the best of friends with Thayer. Then I told him there was a chance for him if he was innocent because we already had two other people under arrest. He asked who they were and I told him. The minute I mentioned Miss Peyton's name, his whole attitude changed. Reagan paused and chuckled. "And how?"

"Well—how?"

"He wanted to know right away why we should think anything so ridiculous as that Tony Peyton killed Thayer. I told him it was because she had visited Thayer's room just before he—Welch—got there. I could see he was doing some fast thinking. He finally asked me a damn fool, which wasn't very nice, and wanted to know how Miss Peyton could have killed Thayer when he had been there after she had gone and Thayer was alone. I put it up to him that that wasn't a very healthy stand for him to take because if Thayer was alive when he studied the fraternal house, then it certainly put Miss Peyton in the clear but made it rotten for him. I also was thinking—though I didn't discuss it with him—that it cleared Max Vernon, too; because Max left the fraternal house before Larry got there."

"That surely," snapped Pike, "a man isn't going to put his own neck in a noose, unnecessarily, is he?"

"Maybe," answered Reagan calmly. "Specially if he's a young fool like Welch and is crazy about a girl and thinks that she did the murder."

"How about Max Vernon?" Reagan asked.

"Oh, Vernon? The darn thing has got me goofy. As soon as I get one of those three crazy kids tied up with this, I remember something about one of the others and start all over again. The more I think the less I know and the less I know the suttler I get."

"You've done marvelously," insisted Randolph Pike in a commendable vehemence. "It seems to me you've discovered everything you need know."

"Except the identity of the murderer," finished Reagan dryly. "Up to that point I've done well."

Harry rose and walked to the window, where his tremendous bulk almost blotted out the light. Pike spoke to Reagan in a pained voice.

"Is he really good, or just a bag of wind, Reagan?"

"The eyes of the Marland detective sparkled. "He's the best in the world. Max Pike—there's no mistake about that. He knows more about this case right now than I do."

## The MAY DAY MYSTERY

By Octavus Roy Cohen

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Hmph? I think you're foolish and generous," Jim Hanvey spoke, but without turning.

"Thayer was stabbed?" he asked, his shoulder.

"What sort of a knife?"

Reagan shook his head.

"That's one of the queerest things in the whole case, Jim. We've looked high and low for that knife and we can't find it anywhere."

"You shouldn't have done it, John."

"What?"

"Talked me all the way down here. I'm all in."

The turkey in the corridor clogged.

"The story from the beginning."

Antonette Peyton, senior at the University of Marland, recalls that a stormy scene, the tension being increased by Max Vernon, another student, reaching for her. "I was sitting at my desk," she said, "and Max Vernon came in. He was very friendly and wanted to know how Miss Peyton could have killed Thayer when he had been there after she had gone and Thayer was alone. I put it up to him that that wasn't a very healthy stand for him to take because if Thayer was alive when he studied the fraternal house, then it certainly put Miss Peyton in the clear but made it rotten for him. I also was thinking—though I didn't discuss it with him—that it cleared Max Vernon, too; because Max left the fraternal house before Larry got there."

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"My sister," Harry folded his hands on his huge stomach. "You object if I ask you a personal question, Welch?"

"Go ahead."

"I care pretty keen for Miss Peyton, don't you?"

"I don't know," Harry smiled, "I admire her very much."

"Nothing more?"

"I don't know. No. No. It's no more than that."

"Amazingly enough, Harry, it doesn't seem to me that you're not a person that likes. It seemed to me that you were a person that liked."

"I don't know," Harry smiled, "I admire her very much."

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## Our Children

By ANGELO PATRI

PLEASE THE BABY

Mother had been canning all afternoon and her feet were tired carrying her about. She sat in a rocker on the porch watching Edna May doing her home work in the short time before dinner. The baby had fallen asleep on the couch in the sitting room. Now he wakened and cried.

"Go in, Edna May, and see what you can do to please him. I'm so tired I can't move another step."

Edna May cheerfully went to the rescue. In a short time she came back. "He wants my red cap on his head."

"All right. Give it to him. Anything to please him."

Edna Seided.

Mother rested for a while and then prepared for dinner. Crossing the sitting room something caught her eye. The baby sat in the midst of a miscellaneous heap like

a pirate among his treasure. "Give me," he commanded, and at once Edna May gave him.

"For pity's sake, Edna May, what is the matter with you? Here I am tired to death. I ask you to help with the baby for a few minutes. Pick every bit of that stuff up."

Edna May, quite crestfallen, began gathering up the lot. Each time she laid hold of an article the baby screamed and fought to keep both children and mother on his feet. He cried and planted them firmly on his crib and the other on a chair. "Stay there and keep quiet if you can't do anything else. Both children were crying earnestly when father walked up the path."

Quite Natural.

It was a very natural. Mother was tired beyond words, Edna May was willing but unknowing. He took the chance of his life and he took it. The only way out that I can see is to get a couple of things handy for such an occasion. A ball tied to the baby's chair, will serve the purpose. Then when the baby is to be diverted for

a few minutes the means are at hand.

Crying it out is not so easy when one's nerves are raw but it is better than having a scene. Isn't it? It is cheaper in nervous energy in the long run. It won't do to teach the baby that he is to be pleased no matter what comes or goes. Sometimes he can't be pleased and the sooner he learns it the better. It does cost a few howls but most of us can stand that.

Explained.

Prospective parent: "Does the water always come through the roof like that?"

Landlord: "No, sir, only when it rains."

Sarcasm.

Beilhop (after guest has rung ten minutes): "Did you ring, sir?"

Guest: "No, I was telling; I thought you were dead!"—Reserve Red Cat.

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