

That Royle Girl

By Edwin Balmer

CHAPTER XII

CLARKE SWINGS INTO ACTION

Jeremy Clarke, of John Adams' administration, was a public prosecutor; and his sons also took to the service of the commonwealth. Like him, they became prosecutors, leaving a long and off-referred-to record of convictions of criminals, civil offenders and enemies of the state. Naturally, Calvin Clarke was a state's attorney; he had never thought about being anything else.

He was thirty, although he was only two years out of law school; for the Clarke character in him made him steady and conscientious, but he was not at all precocious. He had entered Harvard University when he was nineteen and left when he was twenty-three to go to France. At twenty-five, he had returned to the law school for three years, upon the completion of which he had traveled to Chicago and soon afterwards was appointed an assistant state's attorney.

A classmate, named Todd, had procured the appointment. Todd, who was named Chicagoan, recently had married and had built a pleasant, red brick and plaster-and-timber—Elizabethan house on a stretch of the suburban shore several miles north of Chicago where the land is called Winnetka.

Todd and his bride had week-end guests in mind when they had planned the house; and they had a room which they always denoted, hospitably, as "Calvin's". He was supposed to spend Saturday nights with them; so there he was, asleep in his room in the new Elizabethan house at one o'clock on this moonlit Sunday morning, when the telephone bell rang and Emily Todd answered from her phone in her bedroom.

Emily tried to make sense of what she heard but after a few seconds she handed the instrument to her husband, exclaiming:

"There's a creature on the wire who says his name is Denison. He says he's of the homicide squad, Arthur. What does he mean?"

Arthur laughed. "Oh, he just wants Calvin. He assured her and after replying to Denison he explained: "A homicide squad is a group of men from the central detective bureau in the city who work on cases where somebody has been killed. They're a murder case, tonight down in the Wilson Avenue district—a girl, Kettlar's wife, they say."

"Kettlar?" asked Emily.

"The fellow who had the dance band. We've one of his records."

"Oh, I know him—that nice boy with light hair!" Emily cried. "Why, has he a wife?"

"Apparently, since he seems to have killed her."

"That nice boy!" Emily exclaimed in horror.

Todd hurried into the hall and to Clarke's door, where he knocked and opened, without waiting for answer. He roused Calvin by setting his shoulder.

"You've a call from the city, old man. Chap named Denison wants you."

Clarke sat up, blinking but not confused. Arthur's voice and the squares of moonlight through the open window immediately reminded him who he was; and Denison's name brought him coherently to business.

"Thanks," he said, in his quiet, steady way. "Denison's holding the wire?"

"No, I told him to give you time to dress. He'll call again in five minutes. A girl's shot—murder, pretty clearly. She's Kettlar's wife."

"Kettlar?" asked Clarke.

"He has a dance band at the Echo Garden and he makes those jazz records."

"Oh, yes."

"He did it, apparently."

Clarke started slightly at this information. "Did he? . . . Where is it, Arthur?"

They were called to a flat near the lake on one of those streets near Wilson Avenue. They found her there. They got him, and another girl, in a flat near to it. Denison's calling from Kettlar's room in the flat.

"Him?" said Calvin, and got out of bed, stripping his pajamas from his strong, lean body; and he began to dress with deliberate, determined movements. "Sorry he had to knock up Emily and you."

"Oh, we weren't asleep," Arthur replied, aware that Calvin's mind was not really concerned with the small disturbance to Emily and him. "You're going down, I suppose."

"Yes. Do you want to lend me a car?"

"Course. Anything else?"

"Think not, thanks," Calvin said, in his restrained way, neither by voice nor gesture expressing the emotion under which he labored. Yet Todd, watching his slow, exact hands, which never hastened and never fumbled at shoe-eye or button, discerned the underlying agitation.

"What did Calvin say about it?" Emily interrogated her husband when he returned to her.

"Nothing," Arthur reported.

"But he must have said something, when you woke him up to tell him to go to a case where a man has killed his wife."

"He didn't say a thing," Arthur insisted. "But don't worry. He'll stand to that interloper."

"What interloper do you mean?" Emily asked.

"Kettlar, who's come and killed his wife in Calvin's country. Oh, Calvin will see to him."

Emily would not let this pass. "It's no more Calvin's country than it is ours or any one else's, Arthur!"

"Don't you think it," her husband warned her.

Calvin was dressed by the time the telephone rang again and he received a brief report from Denison, the substance of which was that the case against Kettlar was just about perfect; so there he was, being held along with a girl named Royle, who was "mixed up with him."

Denison strongly suggested that Kettlar had put his wife out of the way for the sake of the Royle girl; and this was likely enough, Calvin thought, as he drove off alone on his way to the city. Such an act was a common occurrence among the lawless nomads here-to-day and gone-to-morrow, lacking birth, lacking breeding, lacking education, training and self-control—the people who crowded the cities to-day.

Calvin repeated the name "Kettlar," guessing at its nationality. It bore to him no distinct association. It might be Swedish, or it might be German or Swiss or one of the names derived from the Magyar or from another alien race. Very likely no pure blood of any people flowed through Kettlar's veins; very likely there ran in him a turgid stream of traits descended to him out of a welter of indiscriminate mixings of men and girls of many bloods who had reached America in recent years.

CHAPTER XIII

AT THE SCENE OF DEATH

Calvin thought of the faces which he encountered on every Chicago street, characteristic faces, weak, shallow, vain, distinguished by no true feature of any great race, the faces of the many-bloods who made for themselves a virtue of their minglings and boasted that, because they were most mixed, they were most American.

The idea further aroused Calvin and further offended him. How the men and women of the Midwest or from another alien race. Very likely no pure blood of any people flowed through Kettlar's veins; very likely there ran in him a turgid stream of traits descended to him out of a welter of indiscriminate mixings of men and girls of many bloods who had reached America in recent years.

The worst of it was that these people not only broke the law but afterwards they went free. A girl shot her husband or a husband slew his wife and weak-minded jurors of their own kind sat in their judgment and acquitted them.

But Calvin Clarke determined that Kettlar should not go free. Calvin thought. He's counting on an acquittal, undoubtedly. He's scheming out his defense now. More probably he arranged it beforehand. He'll have an alibi all ready."

Calvin drove from the suburbs onto the boulevards of the city and as he went he saw a line of men and women, continuous blocks of dwellings upon his right and upon his left, the aspect, the idea and the very atmosphere of the place antagonized him. He thought how endlessly these prodigious blocks lay over the land, spreading their one-room, two-story, three-story, four-story crowding this circle of shore and who called their encampments of brick and plaster "homes." Millions of many-blood nomads, boasting themselves Americans!

(To Be Continued.)

Six Months For Illegal Operation

AMHERST, N.S., Oct. 11—(C.P.)—Mrs. Mary Ruston convicted of procuring an abortion but acquitted of the charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of Miss Madeline Fawcett of Stockville, N.B., was today sentenced to spend six months in the county jail, and was placed under bond of \$2,000 to keep the peace for a period of two years. Ruston was charged with the murder of Miss Fawcett on Tuesday made a plea for clemency before Mr. Justice W. H. Carroll.

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I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR!

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New Million Dollar Granulated Soap Invention Combines Safety With Utmost Speed. At Last A Safe Fast-Washing Soap That Actually Loosens Dirt Out of Clothes In 15 Minutes' Soaking—And Gets Them 4 to 5 Shades Whiter Than Other Soaps Without One Bit of Scrubbing or Boiling.

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And yet, due to its special formula—its special protective combination of mild soap ingredients—OXYDOL is safe. Absolutely safe to hands, colors, and fabrics!

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Mortgage Sale

There will be sold by public auction in front of the Court House at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Monday the 22nd day of October 1934, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon all that tract of land situate on township number 33 in Queens County aforesaid bounded as follows: Bounded on the south by the St. Peter's Road for the distance of thirty-five chains on the east by the land of John Power, on the west by land formerly of James McQuaid now Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick on the north by lands of Angus J. McAuley formerly, and to the possession of Bernard McInnes containing one hundred acres of land a little more or less being the land described in a Government deed to James Smith bearing date the 17th March 1865. This sale is made in pursuance of a Power of Sale contained in two indentures of Mortgage one dated the 29th day of July 1927 and the other the 29th day of November 1927 both made by Hugh John Smith of Ten Mile House in Queens County aforesaid, Farmer, of the one part and the undersigned of the second part default having been made in the principal and interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. J. McAuley, Solicitors, at the Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Dated this 17th day of September 1934.

Mortgagee,
L-10-20-27-10-2-11

Madeline Slade Visits New York

NEW YORK, Oct. 11—(A.P.)—Madeline Slade, former English society girl who nine years ago became "Mirabai," chief woman lieutenant of M. K. Gandhi arrived today to "give Americans a clear conception of Gandhi."

She travelled third class on the Majestic, and said she regretted having been unable to use even more humble accommodations.

"Mirabai," who was the daughter of a former Admiral and oil magnate before she renounced social life to follow Gandhi, was dressed in homespun clothing, a man's coat, and cheap Indian sandals.

Miss Slade said she came on the invitation of the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, chairman of the American League for India's Freedom, for a lecture series "to do her best to give Americans a clear conception of Gandhi and what he stands for."

Police Sergeant Found Guilty

HALIFAX, Oct. 11—(C.P.)—Norman A. McCallister, former Halifax police sergeant, was convicted of theft of \$706 from the account of the City Bicycle License Sales today after Jurymen in the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia deliberated two and a half hours before returning their verdict.

Mr. Justice John Doull remanded the prisoner for sentence. R. J. Flynn, assistant crown prosecutor, said there was little likelihood of the Crown pressing the second count, that of stealing monies from the funds of the Halifax Police Band, feeling content with having secured a conviction on the first count.

Defense counsel J. J. Power, K. C., and F. W. Bissett gave no indication that they would appeal the case.

10-9-11.

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Send me your wool to be spun into yarn and wools. The charges are: single yarn 25 cents, doubled 30 cents per pound. Blankets \$1.00 launders; and if warranted \$1.50. It takes five lbs. of wool per blanket. Wool must be well washed and all dirt and burrs picked out. The size of single yarn is medium, and doubled yarn fine, medium, and coarse, also hooking yarn. Put shipper's name on all parcels and owner's name, address and instructions inside. Sent by mail. Freight will be paid on 100 lb. lots.

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10-9-11.

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NEW PERTH	1.20	.70
SOMERVILLE	1.10	.60
ALBERRY PLAINS	1.00	.55
VERNON RIVER	.90	.50
MILLVIEW	.75	.40
CHERRY VALLEY	.60	.35
POWNAL	.50	.25

This offer remains in effect for one month.

CITY BUS SERVICE

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

CHARLOTTETOWN LEAVES	TIME	LEAVES	TIME	ELMIERA TIME
Elmira	7:15 A.M.	Charlottetown	8:10 P.M.	4:10 P.M.
Souris	8:10 A.M.	Mt. Stewart	8:55 P.M.	5:00 P.M.
St. Peter's	8:55 A.M.	Mt. Morrell	9:40 P.M.	5:50 P.M.
Mt. Morrell	9:15 A.M.	St. Peter's	9:55 P.M.	6:40 P.M.
Mt. Stewart	9:40 A.M.	Mt. Souris	10:30 P.M.	7:30 P.M.
Arrives Charlottetown	10:30 A.M.	Arrives Elmira		7:15 P.M.

Bus will stop on signal at any point on route. Headquarters in Charlottetown, Old Spain Tea Rooms.

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CHARLOTTETOWN to FORTUNE

TIME TABLE

Leaving Charlottetown	4:30 p.m.	Leaving Fortune	8:15 a.m.
" Hanbrook	4:30 p.m.	" Dingwell's	8:25 a.m.
" Keele's Lake	4:35 p.m.	" Dundas	8:35 a.m.
" 48 Road	4:45 p.m.	" Bridgetown	8:50 a.m.
" Cardigan	5:00 p.m.	" Cardigan	9:05 a.m.
" Bridgetown	5:15 p.m.	" 48 Station	9:20 a.m.
" Dundas	5:30 p.m.	" Keele's Lake	9:30 a.m.
" Dingwell's	5:40 p.m.	" Hanbrook	9:45 a.m.
" Arrive Fortune	5:50 p.m.	" Arrive Charlottetown	10:05 a.m.

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