

The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

FOURTH EPISODE.

Case of the Ivory Statue.

Where a case did not touch, his peculiar interests, appeals to Morris Klaw fell upon deaf ears. However, dastardly a crime, if its details were of the sordid sort, he shrank within his Wapping curio shop as closely as any tortoise within its shell.

"Of what use," he said to me on one occasion, "are my acute psychic sensibilities to detect who it is with a chopper that has brained some unhappy washerwoman? Shall I bring to bear those delicate perceptions which it has taken me so many years to acquire in order that some ugly old fool shall learn what has become of his pretty young wife? I think not."

Sometimes, however, when Inspector Grimshy of Scotland Yard was at a loss, he would induce me to intercede with the eccentric old dealer, and sometimes Morris Klaw would throw out a hint.

Beyond doubt the cases that really interested him were those that afforded scope for the exploiting of his pet theories: the Cycle of Crims, the criminal history of all valuable relics, the indestructibility of thought. Such a case came under my personal notice on one occasion, and my friend Coram was instrumental in enlisting the services of Morris Klaw. It was, I think, one of the most mysterious affairs with which I ever came in contact, and the better to understand it you must permit me to explain how Roger Paxton, the sculptor, came to have such a valuable thing in his studio as that which we all assumed had inspired the strange business.

It was Sir Melville Fennel, then, who commissioned Paxton to execute a chryselephantine statue. Sir Melville's museum of works of art, ancient and modern, is admittedly the second finest private collection of the kind in the world. The late Mr. Pierpont Morgan's alone took precedence.

The commission came as something of a surprise. The art of chryselephantine sculpture, save for one attempt at revival, in Belgium, has been dead for untold generations. By many modern critics, indeed, it is condemned, as being not art but a parody of art.

Given carte blanche in the matter of cost, Paxton produced a piece of

work which induced the critics to talk about a modern Phidias. Based upon designs furnished by the eccentric but wealthy baronet, the statue represented a slim and graceful girl reclining as in exhaustion upon an ebony throne. The ivory face, with its wearily closed eyes, was a veritable triumph and was surrounded by a headress of gold intertwined among a mass of dishevelled hair. One ivory arm hung down so that the fingers almost touched the pedestal; the left hand was pressed to the breast as though against a throbbing heart. Gold bracelets and anklets, furnished by Sir Melville, were introduced into the composition; and, despite the artist's protest, a heavy girdle, encrusted with gems and found in the tomb of some favorite of a long-dead Pharaoh, encircled the waist. When complete, the thing was, from a merely intrinsic point of view, worth several thousand pounds.

As the baronet had agreed to the exhibition of the statue prior to its removal to Fennel Hall, Paxton's star was seemingly in the ascendant, when the singular event occurred that threatened to bring about his ruin.

The sculptor gave one of the pleasant little dinners for which he had gained a reputation. His task was practically completed, and his friends had all been enjoined to come early, so that the statue could be viewed before the light failed. We were quite a bachelor party, and I shall always remember the circle of admiring faces surrounding the figure of the reclining dancer—warmed in the soft light to an almost uncanny semblance of fair flesh and blood.

"You see," explained Paxton, "this composite work, although it has latterly fallen into disrepute, affords magnificent scope for decorative purposes; such a richness of color can be obtained. The ornaments are genuine antiques and of great value—a fad of my patrons'."

For some minutes we stood silently admiring the beautiful workmanship; then Harman inquired, "Of what is the hair composed?"

Paxton smiled. "A little secret I borrowed from the Greeks!" he replied, with condonable vanity. "Poly-

ed at the work."

"That jewelled girdle looks detachable," I said.

"It is firmly fastened to the waist of the figure," answered the sculptor. "I defy any one to detach it inside an hour."

"From a modern point of view the thing is an innovation," remarked one of the others, thoughtfully.

Coram, curator of the Menzies Museum, who up to the present had stood in silent contemplation of the figure, now spoke for the first time. "The cost of materials is too great for this style of work ever to become popular," he averred. "That girdle, by the way, represents a small fortune, and together with the anklets, armlets, and headress, might well tempt any burglar. What precautions do you take, Paxton?"

"Sleep out here every night," was the reply; "and there is always someone here in the daytime. Incidentally, a curious thing occurred last week. I had just fixed the girdle, which, I may explain, was once the property of Nieris, a favorite of Rameses III and my model was alone here for a few minutes. As I was returning from the house I heard her cry out, and when I came to look for her she was crouching in a corner trembling. What do you suppose had frightened her?"

"Give it up," said Harman. "She swore that Nieris—for the statue is supposed to represent her—had moved."

"Imagination," replied Coram, "but easily to be understood. I could believe it, myself, if I were here alone long enough."

"I fancy," continued Paxton, "that she must have heard some of the tales that have been circulated concerning the girdle. The thing has a rather peculiar history. It was discovered in the tomb of the dancer, by whom it had once been worn; and is said that at the same time containing an account of Nieris's death under particularly horrible circumstances. Seton—you fellows know Seton—who was present at the opening of the sarcophagus, tells me that the Arabs, on catching sight of the girdle, all prostrated themselves and then took to their heels. Sir Melville Fennel's agent sent it on to England, however, and Sir Melville conceived the idea of this statue."

"Luckily for you," added Coram, "quite so," laughed the sculptor, and, carefully locking the studio door, he led the way up the short path to the house.

"We were a very merry party, and the night was far advanced ere the

George Wenige Never Made Any Idle Promises AND WAS NEVER TOO BUSY TO KEEP HIS WORD



MAYOR GEO. A. WENIGE

Mayor George A. Wenige.

Two and one-tenth miles of pavements were laid in 1925 on the Wellington road V. Emery street, Langarth street, Edward street and other streets. Work for the unemployed. A promise fulfilled.

Five and one-quarter miles of sidewalks were put down in 1925. More work for the unemployed. Another promise fulfilled.

Ten and one-third miles of curbs and gutters were constructed in 1925. More work for the unemployed. Another promise fulfilled.

Eleven and one-half miles of streets were improved in 1925 by regrading, graveling and rolling. More work for the unemployed. Another promise fulfilled.

Garbage collection was extended to the whole city limits and the cost reduced. Stricter economy and increased efficiency. Another promise fulfilled.

Plumbing inspection department and the building inspection department placed under the supervision of the city engineer. This was a good move, and you know it.

Four and three-quarters miles of sewers completed during the year on Wellington road, High street, Florence street and other streets. Better health and greater sanitation. Another promise fulfilled.

Two and one-third miles of Beattie avenue and other sewers under construction, and they will be completed.

The West End siphon sewer under construction, 1.1-10 miles in length. You can take my word for it that it will be completed. More employment and finer living conditions.

The sewage disposal plant for High street sewer system provides more work. Another promise fulfilled.

The relief department was placed under the health department in 1925. Civic Relief is no longer handed out with a club, but from the heart. You know it.

Extreme co-operation between all heads of civic departments and a service club organized in the city hall. Heartier co-operation. Another promise fulfilled.

Better street lights. Another promise fulfilled.

Extensive repairs made to the York street bridge. Another promise fulfilled.

South London and Southeast London libraries opened up. More promises fulfilled.

A retaining wall built from Thames street to King street bridge. Constructed new sidewalk and paved the east approach to King street bridge. The job was hanging fire, but now you have it done. Another promise fulfilled.

The Housing Commission department is now manned with efficient labor. Another promise fulfilled.

Money secured from the Provincial Government to aid unemployment relief work. Another promise fulfilled.

\$10,000 spent in improvements to the cattle barns and horse barns (including brick fronts on these buildings), lavatory accommodation, improved drainage and a battery of flood lights for the grandstand. A better Western Fair. Another promise fulfilled.

Plans already under way for the big Centennial celebration in 1926. The North American continent aroused by publicity to the importance of this outstanding event. Wenige is the man to get more of this publicity for the City of London.

\$10,000 spent on new drives at Springbank Park. More work for the unemployed.

The river clean-up commenced. Another promise fulfilled.

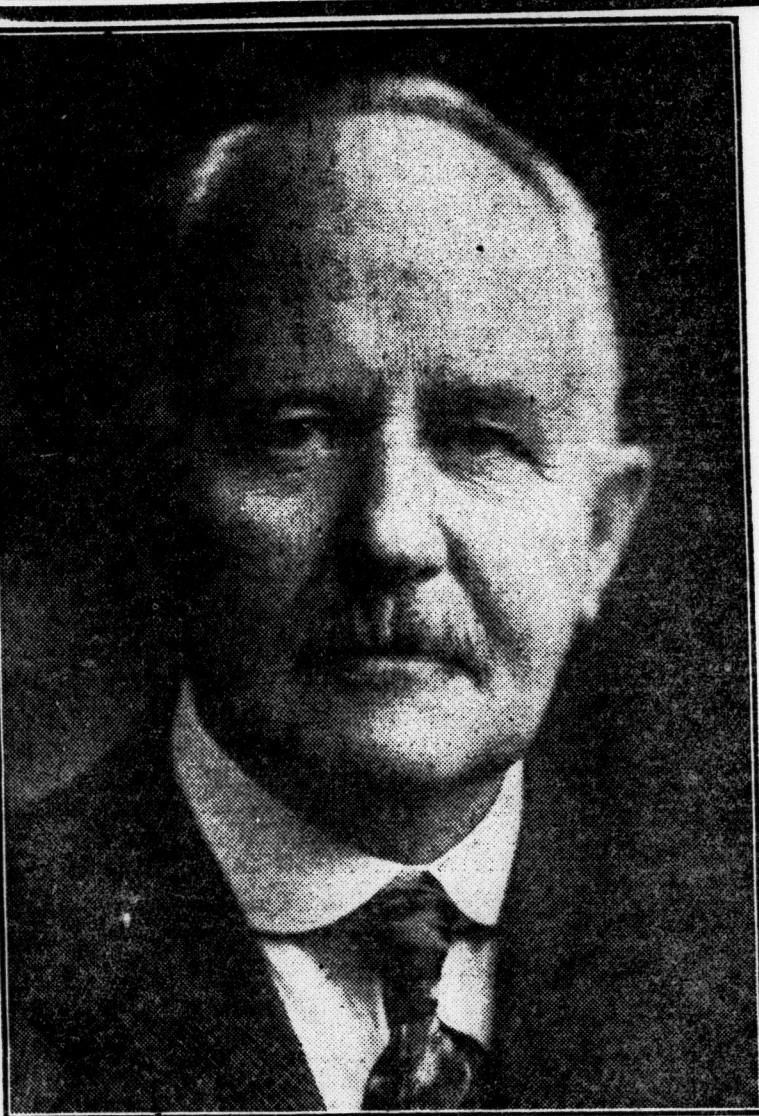
The tax collecting department now under efficient and courteous hands. You haven't forgotten the treatment you once received there. This is civic government.

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The man who is never too busy to keep his word

G. A. Wenige.
MAYOR.

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JOHN M. MOORE

City Business On a Business Basis

gathering broke up. Coram and I were the last to depart; and having listened to the voices of Harman and the others dying away as they neared the end of the street, we also prepared to take our leave.

"Just come with me as far as the studio," said Paxton, "and having seen that all's well I'll let you out by the garden door."

Accordingly, we donned our coats and hats, and followed our host to the end of the garden, where his studio was situated. The door unlocked, we all three stepped inside the place and gazed upon the figure Nieris—the pallid face and arms seeming almost unearthly in the cold moonlight, wherein each jewel of the girdle and headress glittered strangely.

"Of course," muttered Coram, "the thing's altogether irregular—a fact which the critics will not fail to impress upon you; but it is unquestionably very fine, Paxton. How uncommonly human it is! I don't entirely envy you your bedchamber, old man!"

"Oh, I sleep well enough," laughed Paxton. "No luxury, though; just

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you will find that they will regulate and keep your bowels and liver in proper shape, and when this is done there is not much chance of you ever being sick.

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QUEEN'S COUNSEL

by *G. A. Wenige*
Queen of Rumania

THE FAULTFINDERS

Greatly do I dislike people to take the attitude that the world owes them something.

Some, I admit, have reason to feel that life has treated them unfairly. The afflicted, the sick, the over-burdened with responsibility, have my deep compassion. But these, if you notice, are often the least complaining, the most cheerful and happy of people! I know many such, whose optimism and courage are almost a reproach to those who never feel they have had a square deal. They wish for riches, looking enviously upon those who have them. They find it hard to wear cotton frocks when there is so much silk in the world! They hate to economize. They are fretful because the fairy god-mother did not bestow upon them the gift of beauty. They cannot afford golf, so they won't play anything. They cannot travel to far places, so they mope by the fireside and refuse to see the garden and the sunset. They talk of what they "ought by rights to have had" and lament their "ill luck." They are sour and dour, without any real reason to be.

To these unhappy people I would say "Be willing to compromise!" All of life is a compromise—one compromise after another. If we have one thing, we must do without something else. If we are "lucky at cards" we are usually "unlucky at love."

Certain lacks and losses are inevitable, and if we can only learn this early in life, and accept it without bitterness, we shall have a stronger armour for the battle.

One way to do it is to keep your eye on those who have less than you, rather than on those who have more. We are so prone, alas, to forget the great fundamental law of averages, of compensation. A certain amount of pain and sorrow is the common lot. How well I myself know this! But in the end life has a way of evening things up. Let's not be faultfinders. Let's be sportsmen!

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this corner curtained off and a camp of the most amazing mysteries which ever cried out for the presence of Morris Klaw.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

FOR ALDERMAN

Ex-Alderman Towse, of the 1924 city council, is again offering his services to citizens as a councillor. Mr. Towse's previous training and his business experience commend him to those who know him best, and he is gaining friends daily.—Adv.

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Has always stood four-square for the people's rights, for public ownership, and for hydro. When others said it couldn't be done, he put his weight behind the hydro scheme and helped bring cheap power and light to London. Pocock has been true to his trust and has worked faithfully for economy and efficiency in the hydro, water, parks, and playgrounds departments.

VOTE FOR POCOCK FOR

Public Utilities Commission

VOTE FOR RE-ELECTION OF

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