

NUMBER 70, BERLIN

A STORY of espionage as they had it in England and still have it in Russia. Told with great simplicity and dramatic force. What is Number 70? That's what Lewin Rodwell knew all about when some people didn't.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.



SIR HOUSTON also made a statement, this being followed by the man Thomasson, who detailed his master's movements prior to his death—as far as he knew them.

His master, he declared, had seemed in excellent spirits all day. He had seen patients in the morning, had lunched frugally at home, and had gone down to Guy's in the car to see the wounded, as was his daily round. At six he had returned, dressed, and gone forth in a taxi to meet his friend, Mr. Trustram of the Admiralty. They having dined together returned, and afterwards Mr. Trustram had left and the doctor, smoking his pipe, had retired to his room to write. Nothing further was heard, Thomasson said, till the arrival of Mr. Sainsbury, when the door of the room was found locked.

"You heard no one enter the house—no sounds whatever?" asked the detective inspector, Rees by name, a tall, clean-shaven, fresh-complexioned man, with rather curly hair.

"I didn't hear a sound," was the servant's reply. "The others were all out, and, as a matter of fact, I was in the waiting-room, just inside the door, looking at the newspapers on the table. So I should have heard anyone go up or down the stairs."

Inspector Rees submitted Thomasson to a very searching cross-examination, but it was quite evident to all in the room that he knew nothing more than what he had already told. He and his wife had been in Dr. Jerrold's service for eight years. His wife, until her death, a year ago, had acted as cook-housekeeper.

"Did you ever know of Mr. Lewin Rodwell visiting the doctor?" asked Sir Houston.

"Never, as far as I know, sir. He, of course, might have come to consult him professionally when I've been out, and the maid has sometimes

THE story opens up in the boardroom of The Ochrida Copper Corporation in London. Lewin Rodwell, one of the directors, is conversing with Sir Boyle Huntley, chairman of the board. Indiscreetly he lets his conversation be overheard by Jack Sainsbury, a clerk of the company. Sainsbury suspects from what he has heard that Rodwell and Huntley, although hailed as great patriots, are really traitors. The two conspirators are aware that they have been overheard, and Rodwell promises his colleague that Sainsbury will be dismissed. Later Sainsbury calls on his sweetheart, Elise Shearman, and after leaving her, decides to ask advice of his most intimate friend. Dr. Jerrold, who has been helping the War Office investigate different acts of espionage. Jack calls and finds the Doctor locked in his room, dying. He explains that he has been shot. His death is a mystery. There is no bullet wound. Sir Houston Bird, pathologist, is called, and Thomasson, the doctor's servant, is cross-examined. But no other clues are apparent. A torn envelope is found addressed to Sainsbury, but no letter. Sir Houston tells Jack that Dr. Jerrold alleged that Lewin Rodwell was a German, and his real name Ludwig Heitzman.

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

opened the door and admitted patients."

"Have you ever heard Mr. Rodwell's name?"

"Only on the telephone to-night—and of course very often in the papers," replied the man.

"Your master was very intimate with Mr. Trustram?" inquired the detective.

"Oh, yes. They first met about three months ago, and after that Mr. Trustram came here several times weekly. The doctor went to stay at his country cottage near Dorking for the week-end, about a fortnight ago."

"Did you ever discover the reason of those conferences?" Jack Sainsbury asked. "I mean, did you ever overhear any of their conversations?"

"Sometimes, sir. But not very often," was Thomasson's discreet reply. "They frequently discussed the war, and the spy-peril, in which—as you know—the doctor was actively interesting himself."

Upon Jack Sainsbury's countenance a faint smile appeared. He now discerned the reason of the visits of that Admiralty official to the man who had been so suddenly and mysteriously stricken down.

He exchanged glances with Sir Houston, who, a moment before, had been searching a cigar cabinet which

had hitherto escaped their notice.

At Rees's suggestion, Jack Sainsbury went to the telephone and rang up Charles Trustram, to whom he briefly related the story of the tragic discovery.

Within twenty minutes Trustram arrived, and, to the detective, told the story of the events of the evening: how they had met by appointment at Prince's Restaurant at half-past seven, had dined together, and then he had accompanied the doctor back to Wimpole Street about half-past nine, where they had sat smoking and chatting.

"Jerrold seemed in quite good spirits over the result of an inquiry he had been making regarding a secret store of petrol established by the enemy's emissaries somewhere on the Sussex coast," Mr. Trustram explained. "He had, he told me, disclosed it to the Intelligence Department, and they were taking secret measures to watch a certain barn wherein the petrol was concealed, and to arrest those implicated in the affair. He also expressed some anxiety regarding Mr. Sainsbury, saying that he wished he could see him to-night." Then, turning to Jack, he added: "At his request I rang up your flat at Hampstead, but you were not in."

"Why did he wish to see me?"

"Ah! that I don't know. He told me nothing," was the Admiralty official's reply. "While I was sitting here with him I was rung up three times—twice from my office, and once by a well-known man I had met for the first time that afternoon—Mr. Lewin Rodwell."

At mention of Rodwell all present became instantly interested.

"How did Mr. Rodwell know that you were here?" inquired the detective quickly.

"That's a mystery. I did not tell him."

"He might have rung up your house, and your servant may possibly have told him that you were dining with Jerrold," Sir Houston suggested.

"That may be so. I will ask my man."

"What did Mr. Rodwell want?" Rees asked.

"He told me that he had that evening been in consultation with his friend Sir Boyle Huntley, and that, between them they had resolved to commence a propaganda for the internment of all alien enemies—naturalized as well as unnaturalized—and he asked whether I would meet them at the club to-morrow afternoon to discuss the scheme. To this I readily consented. When I returned to this room I found the doctor in the act of sealing an envelope. After he had finished he gave the envelope to me, saying, 'This will be safer in your care than in mine, my dear Trustram. Will you please keep it in your safe?' I consented, of course, and as I took it I saw that it was a private letter addressed to Mr. Sainsbury, with instructions that it was not to be opened till a year after his death."

"Then you have the letter!" cried Jack, excitedly.

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THERE is something about the month of April that invites criticism—and gets it. No matter what sort of weather we have, we say, "Oh, what can you expect—in April!" But when May comes, we heave a sigh of relief and tell each other that now we are going to have nice weather! And May is here at last. I always take down the old fishing rod about the first of May, hunt out the ancient hook I keep for the occasion, and tell myself that on the first nice day I shall certainly stroll over to the creek and catch a few fish for supper. I have never caught a fish in my life. For when that nice day comes, I am hopelessly handicapped for such frivolities as fishing—I am always house-cleaning.

Housecleaning! That is the pass-word and the high sign now-a-days among the ladies of the butter-bowl and the egg-basket. The rag-carpet is meeting their fate on the long-suffering clothes-line, where the far

DE RE RUSTICA

An Extra Chapter in What Women are Doing
By NINA MOORE JAMIESON

end of the broom strives valiantly with such unseemly items as germs, mud, ashes, chewing-gum from the hand of the school-boy, ancient potatoes from the baby's dinner-plate, relics of Christmas pudding, and other articles too numerous to mention, as auction-sale bills say impressively. . . . Curtains come down with a rush, and reappear on shining windows, with a stiffness and a blueness of which no poet has ever sung. The preference is for long able-bodied curtains of the Nottingham persuasion, with fine prosperous roses and grapevines in the pattern. In the parlour, we always have them long enough to spread out over the carpet after the fashion of a peacock's tail. Woe betide the unlucky youngster who en-

deavours to rush in where even a burglar might fear to tread! Parlour windows were not meant for looking out of—nor were they intended to open, evidently. The majority of them are solidly fastened down. The Fresh-Air Campaign has been heard of in these parts, but it is a by-word and a mockery. Fresh air! The idea! Most of us get far more of it than we know what to do with; let city people follow such fads as that—we intend to be comfortably warm when the snow is on the scene, and to discourage the unquenchable fly in summer time. Therefore the closed window and the drawn blind.

And now to business. There are kitchens to paper—yea, with a little encouragement, many a woman will

paper her whole house. There are straw ticks to empty, and fill again after washing, with clean conscientious straws from the barn—straws which consider it a positive duty to spear you somewhere about your anatomy, and seldom fail. There are floors to paint, and although paint is dearer than ever, the average farmhouse will show its complacent kitchen floor smiling again this spring through the annual coat of yellow paint. Housecleaning. Magic word—it causes no end of confusion and gnashing of teeth; it encourages lame shoulders from carpet-beating and almost involves the spontaneous combustion of the hired man when he steps upon a vagrant tack at 4.55 a.m. It unsettles meal hours, bestows our cherished belongings in strange and undesired places, fills us with odours of camphor balls and spirits of turpentine; but none the less, in the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of house-cleaning!