

## The Eleventh Hour

(Continued from page 21.)

obvious signs of fear, guilt, the slightest trace or hint of emotion, even under the most rigid examination, that it has come to be regarded as a characteristic of the race. But the new psychology does not deal with those obvious signs; it deals with the involuntary reactions in the blood and glands which are common to all men alike—even to Chinamen! We have in here," the psychologist glanced toward an inner room, "the four Chinamen—Wong Bo, Billy Lee, Sing Lo, and Sin Chung Ming.

"My first test is to see which of them—if any—was acquainted with Walter Newberry; and next who, if any of them, knew where he lived. For this purpose I have brought here Newberry's photograph and a view of his father's house, which I had taken yesterday." He stooped to one of his suit cases, and took out first a dozen photographs of young men, among them Newberry's, and about twenty views of different houses, among which was the Newberry house. "If you are ready, Inspector, I will go ahead with the test."

THE Inspector threw open the door of the room, showing the four Celestials in a group, and summoned first Wong Bo, who spoke English.

Trant, pushing a chair to the table, ordered the Oriental to sit down and place his hands upon the plates at the table's edge before him. The Chinaman obeyed passively, as if expecting some sort of torture. Immediately the light moved to the centre of the screen, where it had moved when Trant was touching the plates, then kented toward the next line beyond. But as Wong Bo's first suspicious excitement—which the movement of the light betrayed—subsided, the light returned to the centre of the screen.

"You know why you have been brought here, Wong Bo?" Trant demanded.

"No," the Chinaman answered, shortly, the light moving six inches as he did so.

"You know no reason at all why you should be brought here?"

"No," the Chinaman answered, calmly again, while the light moved about six inches. Trant waited till it returned to its normal position in the centre of the screen.

"Do you know an American named Paul Tobin, Wong Bo?"

"No," the Chinaman answered. This time the light remained stationary.

"Nor one named Ralph Murray?"

"No." Still the light stayed stationary.

"Hugh Larkin, Wong Bo?"

"No," calmly again, and with the light quiet in the centre of the screen.

"Walter Newberry?" the psychologist asked in precisely the same tone as he had put the preceding question.

"No," the Chinaman answered, laconically again; but before he answered and almost before the name was off Trant's lips, the light jumped quickly to one side across the screen, crossed the first division line and moved on toward the second and stayed there. It had moved over a foot! But the face of the Oriental was as quiet, patient, and impassive as before. The psychologist made no comment; but waited for the light slowly to return to its normal position. Then he took up his pile of portrait photographs.

"You say you do not know any of

these men, Wong Bo?" Trant said, quietly. "You may know them, but not by name, so I want you to look at these pictures." Trant showed him the first. "Do you know that man, Wong Bo?"

"No," the Chinaman answered, patiently. The light remained steady. Four more pictures of young men elicited the same answer and precisely the same effect. The sixth picture was the photograph of Walter Newberry.

"You know him?" Trant asked.

"No," Wong Bo answered with precisely the same patient impassiveness. Not a muscle of his face changed nor an eyelash quivered; but as soon as Trant had displayed this picture and the Chinaman's eyes fell upon it, the light on the screen again jumped a space and settled near the second line to the left!

Trant put aside the portraits and took up the pictures of the houses. He waited again till the light slowly resumed its central position on the screen.

"You have never gone to this house, Wong Bo?" He showed a large, stone mansion, not at all like the Newberry's.

"No," the Chinaman replied, impassive as ever. The light remained steady.

"Nor to this—or this—or this?"

Trant showed three more with the same result. "Nor this?" He displayed now a rear view of the Newberry house.

The light swung swiftly to one side and stood trembling, again a foot and a half to the left of its normal position as the Chinaman replied quietly, "No."

"That will do for the present." Trant dismissed Wong Bo. "Send him back to his cell, away from the others. We will try the rest—in turn!"

Rapidly he examined Billy Lee and Sing Lo. Each man made precisely the same denials and in the same manner as Wong Bo, and on each case the result was the same, the light was steady, until Walter Newberry's name was mentioned and his picture shown. Then it swung wide. The picture of the house, however, had no effect on them.

"Bring in Sin Chung Ming," the psychologist commanded. Trant set the yellow hands over the plates and started his questions in the same quiet tone as before. For the first two questions the light moved three times, as it had done with the others—and as even Ferris and Siler now seemed to be expecting it to move—only this time it seemed even to the public officers to swing a little wider. And at Walter Newberry's name, for the first time in any of the tests, it crossed the second dividing line at the first impulse, moved toward the third and stayed there.

EVEN Siler now waited with bated breath, as Trant took up his pile of pictures; and, as he came to the picture of the murdered man and the house where he had lived, for the second and third time in that single test the light—stationary when Sin Chung Ming glanced at the other photographs—trembled across the screen to the third dividing line. For the others it had moved hardly eighteen inches, but when Sin Chung Ming saw the pictured face of the murdered man it had swung almost three feet.

"Inspector Walker," Trant drew the giant aside, "this is the man, I think,



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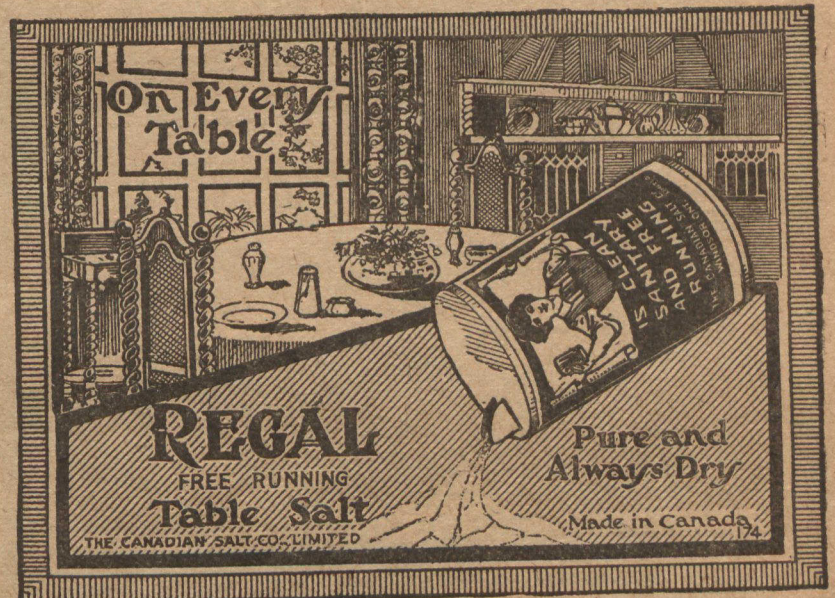


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