PART 7-PAGE 8.

CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE: DECEMBER 29. 1935

The SHIELD o SILENCE By Edwin Balmer cago, where Daniel Fallone was billed to speak. THE STORY TO DATE It was a still, sultry day. The Lucian Myrand is serving a life sentence for the murder of Serge and Philip Wylie sun, which Alice and Ursula had Ralten, who was supposedly his friend. At the trial Myrand pleaded seen emerge from the lake clear and guilty, but gave no reason for committing the crime. Nor would he yellow, was hung with haze, and the explain his mysterious disappearance for ten months after escaping atmosphere was heavy. from a German prison camp during the war. Myrand's wife, Ursula, The woman's club had a fine modand his daughter, Alice, live on the family estate near Chicago. On the ern building completed in 1929, with sixth anniversary of the murder Alice and Ethan West, a young lawyer an auditorium accommodating two friend, visit the town house where the murder occurred and find a man thousand, and it was fast filling murdered and sprawled on the floor where Ralten had lain. The slain when Ethan went in at 1:45 and man cannot be identified. They call him "Otto." Daniel Fallone, prowith difficulty obtained a seat in the fessional reformer, offers his aid to Peter Corondelet, with whose office front. Ethan is connected. Ethan learns where "Otto" lodged and in the Every seat was occupied and man's room finds Sunday papers from which two pictures have been men were standing at the back of clipped. One is nineteen-year-old Johanna Strang, a Bohemian dancer, the big hall when at last the word who is appearing in Chicago. The other is of Alice Myrand. Ethan came, "He's here!" and, preceded interviews Johanna Strang, who was born at the end of the year of by his escort of women, Fallone Lucian's disappearance during the war. She admits she came to Chistrutted out upon the stage. cago to seek her real parents. Ethan is convinced she is Lucian's Two thousand people applauded; daughter. In Myrand's library Ethan and Alice find hidden in a book nearly everybody arose; many, not a picture of a woman who must have been Johanna's mother. Ethan satisfied with having clapped their pays a surprise visit to the reformer's office. Fallone seems to be in hands, produced handkerchiefs and terror of his life. Alice and Johanna meet. Johanna sends a message waved them enthusiastically in the to her father over the radio. Lucian is planning an escape. Ethan suschautauqua salute to Fallone. pects there is a connection between Fallone's office and a disreputable Fallone sat, stirring a little, his adjoining building. eyes roving over the audience. His huge bulk was clothed in somber

INSTALMENT XIII.

LICE'S phone call awakened Ethan. He heard the bell and a moment later Sanders, Peter Corondelet's man, tapped on the door.

"Miss Myrand telephoning, sir. She says it is very important. You can take the telephone in Mr. Corondelet's dressing room, sir." "Mr. Corondelet's not here?"

"No, sir; he left for the office an hour ago.

sun that it was late in the morning, which meant that Peter must have given orders he was not to be disturbed. He saw on the stand beside the bed a folded paper addressed to him in Peter's hand. He opened it and read:

10:30 a.m. Have just learned that F. has not appeared at a meeting of a committee which he never misses. Also he is not to be located either at his office or his home. Other developments. Better phone me. P. C.

Ethan went in pajamas to the phone. "Ethan?"

"O, Alice! How are you?" "Can you possibly come here right

away?" "What's happened?" Ethan asked, his heart hurrying with his longing to be beside her when she needed him so. The carefully preserved secrets of the Myrands were now dammed back by a barrier thin indeed, and had it at last altogether broken?

"Nothing more has happened, Ethan," Alice said. "Nothing-outside us. I mean nothing more has been done.'

"Your mother, you mean," Ethan said, thinking how terrible must be the happenings within her if she

thing to do," he qualified his quick promise. "I've first got to call Mr. Corondelet, then I'll call you back." And they both had to be satisfied with that.

A moment after she hung up, Ethan had Peter on the wire. "Hello," said Peter, calmly in comparison with the call just completed. "You woke up? Well, I

was going to give you about ten more minutes. I need you this afternoon, Ethan." "Mr. Corondelet," said Ethan, Ethan jumped up and saw by the "Alice just called. She's disturbed about her mother. She asked me to

come up there." "I've talked with Mrs. Myrand this morning," Peter replied. "I'll see to the situation there. I want you to go to Riverplain. . . . The gentleman we talked about last night has disappeared. Something very unusual. . . . He had impor-tant appointments this morning, and especially a committee meeting which was going to give him a place in the spotlight which he loves. Nobody can locate him, and a lot of people have tried. But it is understood he's going to keep his appointment to speak at Riverplain. He phoned the president of the Riverplain Women's club, from some place

in Chicago, about some small matter of arrangements, and he said he would see her at two o'clock. His address, by the way, is to be broadcast.'

"When did he call her?" Ethan asked.

"About eleven o'clock." "He phoned himself?" Ethan inquired, thinking of the flight in the car in the night and of the car that followed Fallone's.

"Yes. Mrs. Greeley - that's the club president-knows him, and she had a little talk with him, as usual, speak into the microphone, but this over the phone. She had no idea sentence at least seemed directed at that anything might be wrong with Ethan: "I defy both personal danim until other people phoned her

black and he wore a stiff collar and starched cuffs which wilted as he

perspired. Ceaselessly Fallone's eyes shifted, but suddenly they stopped. Ethan quickly jerked about

Fallone's gaze had fallen upon and was held by someone in a group of men sitting together toward the rear in the right of the hall. No one face at first stood out conspicuously. Ethan swung back to the stage.

Applause brought Fallone to his feet. The club president had turned to him, bowing. She stepped back and Fallone took her place.

"My friends and fellow citizens who are before me, and you of the unseen audience," he began in his deep, sonorous voice, "I thank you, though I realize that your welcome for me is not for me personally but rather as an instrument for the great causes of human betterment which I represent and for which I will continue to battle while the breath of life is within me.

"Today, as a few of you may have heard, I have had the misfortune to have been physically indisposed. It is only with some difficulty that 1 speak before you. The great cause of our struggle against crime-the battle for the prevention of crime as well as for its proper punishment is not to be denied. I rejoice that strength has been vouchsafed

"I know the criminal as few men do. My work brings me in many special relations with them. I take risks-some of my friends say that I take too many risks in the course of my several investigations."

222 ALLONE'S eyes, at this, ran

Ethan gazed at him.

A along the first row and halted at Ethan. Fallone continued to at Ethan. Fallone continued to gers and misunderstan

"You're

Double Tragedy Lightens the Strain in the Myrand Case

woman cared for Alice and helped dry her clothes.

Ethan called Peter Corondelet on the phone. It was midnight. "You've the report on the water, sir?" he said.

"Yes, and it wasn't just water." "What was it, sir?'

"Aconitine. In very small doses, a heart stimulant; in large doses, death from paralysis of the heart action - as if in a heart attack. There had been plenty in that glass. I think it's clear he killed himself, Ethan. Now-why?" "Yes. sir."

"Where are you?" "A couple of miles out of Joliet with Alice; but now I'm bringing her back."

It was nearly dawn, at half-pas four in the morning, when Luci Myrand was found; for he had hi den himself very well. He was, course, within the walls.

His hiding place was a burrow the ground underneath some pil repair materials, under which rain had run. For more than eight hours Lucian had been lying water and unprotected against th night chill

He was taken at once to th hospital, but pneumonia s in. He lived for nearly fort hours, but he was in coma most of the time Once he recognized his wife and spoke to her

> "Forgive me; forgive me," he repeated twice. He recognized Alice also and said to her, Look in ninety-three." And when it seemed

"Yes. . . When can you get here, Ethan?"

He had carried in his hand Peter Corondelet's note, but momentarily had forgotten it.

"I'll-call you back, Alice!" he said.

"You mean you aren't coming?" "I want to - O, you must know that!-but things are breaking here, Alice! About your father-the murder-the whole affair."

"That's just it, Ethan-don't you see? They're breaking — breaking mother, too!" Alice burst out crying; she could not help it.

Ethan heard her. "I'll come as quickly as I can - if it's the best

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S *

to find if she had heard from Fal-. I want you to go to lone. . Riverplain and be at that meeting." "That's an order, sir?" "Do I need to make it an order?"

"I was thinking about Alice," Ethan explained. "Then go to Riverplain thinking

about Alice. And, by the way, take the train, and keep among people. Do you hear?" "Yes, sir."

"Sanders will give you breakfast. Then get started." It was past noon when he left the

apartment and nearly two when the train delivered him at the little city, half town and half suburb of Chi-

good, you're wonderful!" Ethan admitted to himself as he listened and found himself almost carried along with the others. In the penitentiary, some sixty miles south, a change was what one man prayed for, and there in

the flat river valley an alteration of the atmosphere was more pronounced. The cooler currents came in and found more effect in their meeting with the hot moisture of the motionless air. Mist began to form and to roll gently along the lowlands, building up body and

opacity. The watchers on the walls of the

AUGUST 1 and 4-11.

SEPTEMBER 10-27.

OCTOBER 11-21.

NOVEMBER 16-30.

DECEMBER 1-14.

Notable persons born in the fore-

going periods are Carl Laemmle,

Bebe Daniels, Mischa Elman, Jerome

Kern, Heather Angel, Alice Roose-

velt Longworth, and John Barry-

Jean Hersholt

JEAN HERSHOLT

wishes,

rels, and in the added departments

eye open for opportunities. With best

WYNN.



S Above. P W

Look for your birthday or the group in which it appears throughout the following notes-it may be mentioned more than once. Mark it with a pencil wherever you see it, and then heed the counsel given.

to put them in order.

By WYNN

This Week's Opportunities for All of Us

For BUYING: Today, Tuesday forenoon, and Saturday. For SELLING: Monday, Tues-

day, and Friday. For ROMANCE: Today, Wednesday afternoon, and Friday.

For FINANCE: Wednesday forenoon

For TRAVEL: Monday afternoon, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. For OCCUPATION: Today and Friday forenoon.

For LEGAL MATTERS: Monday afternoon, Friday, and Saturday. For HEALTH: Thursday and Friday forenoon.

DAY BY DAY

TOMORROW and TUESDAY: Get your thinking apparatus going; develop plans that will enable you to advance your interests, especially those centering around your community.

MONDAY, DEC. 30: Down the familiar groove; nail down the emotional safety valve. Best for those born Feb. 24-March 10, June 26-July 11, and Oct. 29-Nov. 12.

TUESDAY, DEC. 31: Better early than too late; watch relations with lyze your local and long-distance superiors-be tactful. Best for those emotions; in the rut. Best for those

Your Future Foretold

ents.

Wynn has compiled, especially for readers of THE TRIBUNE. detailed analyses of the future to June, 1936, giving counsel for all activities of life. Price: At the Tribune Public Service Offices (1 South Dearborn or Tribune Tower), 2 cents; by mail, 5 cents in stamps or coin. To order by mail, use this blank:

WVNN	CHICAGO	TRIBUNE
VV I ININ.	UNICAGO	TITTOTAT

Name	Birth Date
Street Address	
City (Inclose 5 cents in stamps or coin for e	ach Horoscope ordered by mail)

NOTE: Wynn cannot undertake to answer personal inquiries

born March 10-24, July 11-26, and born May 21-June 4, Sept. 23-Oct. 7, Nov. 12-26. and Jan. 20-Feb. 2. WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY:

FAVORED GROUPS Your accumulations (property, sav-This week's vibrations favor exings, real estate, etc.) should receive pansion, creative effort, and the cona good deal of your attention; aim sideration of new plans by those born on and between these dates: WEDNESDAY, JAN, 1: Financial-

JANUARY 7-27. ly good; better in forenoon. Double FEBRUARY 6-20. test important decisions. Best for MARCH 14-29. those born March 24-April 8, July 26-Aug. 11, and Nov. 26-Dec. 11. APRIL 1-8. THURSDAY, JAN. 2: Forenoon MAY 8-25. JUNE 8-19. doubtful as to money schemes; noon JULY 16-31.

more.

hour favors wise changes. Best for those born April 8-22, Aug. 11-25, and Dec. 11-24. FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUN-

DAY: Relax a bit from your usual grind and welcome opportunities that offer recreation and diversion. Develop artistic and dramatic tal-

FRIDAY, JAN. 3: Generally favorable except in late afternoon; avoid risks. Best for those born April 22-May 7, Aug. 25-Sept. 9, and Dec. 24-Jan. 6.

An Open Letter to SATURDAY, JAN. 4: Urges to do and say unwise things; hold them around noon and sunset. Best for Dear Jean: You are so good that those born May 7-21, Sept. 9-23, and most folks who see you on the Jan. 6-20.

SUNDAY, JAN. 5: Best to ana-

could not see it, but they could feel the cool, clammy breeze. "My fog is coming," Lucian Myrand whispered to himself. "My fog . . my chance . . . my chance." In the great auditorium of the woman's club at Riverplain silence

ensued for an instant as the speaker groped for his glass of water. His fingers found it and he gulped the water down. The club president herself instantly refilled the glass from the pitcher. Fallone already had resumed his oration and resumed, through his voice, his complete possession of everyone's emotions.

penitentiary saw the mist approach-

ing. The convicts behind the walls

Everyone's?

Ethan at least preserved himself, and now he looked back over the rows behind him, encountering here and there a countenance self-contained. A man's face had become conspicuous for its coldness. It was on the right toward the rear.

Ethan recognized him. The fellow was one of the two who had stepped out of the lighted office last night after Riola had tapped twice on the door and had carried out with complete efficiency Riola's order to give Ethan "the street."

There were two other men, seated separately, also singularly unswayed by the speech, which was screen think you coming at last to its climax.

are somebody Fallone's fingers caught momenthey never saw tarily in his waistcoat pocket. before, even Standing so, he spoke for a few minthough they utes; then, as if it required a strughave been entergle, his hand went to the glass again tained by you and came down on top of it.

constantly since He picked it up, still speaking, the old silent holding it with his big hand about movie "Greed" it. Twice, while the excitement of and before. But his speaking increased, he lifted it what I want to toward his lips, but lowered it again. At last he drank, gulping the mention here is that you have at water down as before, and replaced least three and a the glass on the table. He returned half good years to the microphone, shouting into it ahead of you, with redoubled earnestness, extendwith opportunity ing his hands to the people before for added lau- him.

He finished. He was "off the air." of writing and directing. Keep your Throughout the auditorium men and women rose to their feet, clapping and cheering.

"Bravo! Fine! Great! Fallone! Fallone!" Before their eyes Fallone col-

lapsed and fell to the floor. "Doctor! Doctor Bemis!" the club president was screaming. She kept

her head fairly well. She remembered that Dr. Bemis was in the audience, and she had a way cleared for him. But all that the doctor could do when he reached the form on the floor was to pronounce Daniel Fallone dead.

Ethan returned to Chicago shortly after six o'clock, and he went directly to Peter Corondelet's apartment. He was well aware that both radio news flashes and the first newspaper account of Fallone's "tragic" and dramatic end had preceded him.

Peter was awaiting him, having canceled all engagements for the evening. Peter was excited, and as soon as he saw Ethan he realized that Ethan had not come merely to repeat the news that everyone now had heard.

and shut the door.

"I was perhaps twenty-five feet away from him during his speech. When he fell I jumped up on the stage. Of course, there was tremendous confusion, sir."

Naturally." "I have with me the remains of the liquid contents of the last glass

of water which he drank." Ethan took from his pocket and exhibited a small phial, carefully corked and half filled with clear

have been something in this water." And he described in detail how he had seen Fallone's fingers catch in his waistcoat pocket and how his hand covered the glass and then held it before he drank for the last

"Tell me how you got hold of it." "I jumped on the stage, I said, but I was not the first. Several people were bending over Fallone. All the my pocket the glass Fallone had

used and was careful not to spill the little fluid remaining at the bottom. I bottled it later."

Peter now possessed himself of the phial. "I'll have it checked on before midnight, Ethan," he said. 'And now I've something quite as sensational to tell you; and this also is confidential for a time. Lucian Myrand is missing!

"The family has not been informed, and there is nothing official about my information. I simply heard from someone who knows of my interest in the penitentiary that this evening one convict is not accounted for. My further information is that the man is Myrand. This may not be accurate, but I believe

"Probably Lucian is lying in a hole he has hollowed somewhere under one of the shop floors or under a pile of material or some such place, where he hopes to stay concealed until he finds a chance for a final break. . . . The odds are tremendously against him."

"I see, sir. I'm sorry." "It's raining harder, Ethan. A rotten rain; and cold, now."

222

THAN went down to a street H drenched and dismal with rain. On the boulevard a newsboy protected with tarpaulin his evening papers proclaiming the dramatic circumstances of Fallone's death.

'Heart Failure," the headline confidently declared. "Fallone Falls in Harness." No suggestion of suicide appeared on the page.

Ethan hailed a taxi, and he thought how only last evening he had followed Fallone.

The taxi passed the Myrand town house-the city mansion of the convict cowering in some rain-filled hole. The cab stopped before the second house beyond.

Alice was there. She was at dinner, but she hastened from the dining room immediately when told he was at the door.

"Ethan! All day I've been hoping you'd come!"

He caught her hands and held

them, slender and cold, but quick to certain that again he was ratio return his clasp, and they warmed within his own.

N/ //////

and recognized her he repeated

French the same words, "Look

ninety-three." He said nothing

Alice carried within herself

belief that she knew what he me

but she did not even try to tes

until after the funeral. For the

required a return to the town ho

and to the room in which he l

shot Ralten and in which some

now as it had not been before.

entered the room together.

else had shot someone else six yea

She told Ethan, and they chose

So once more in silence the

Philip Wylie.)

[To be continued.]

For Ouick Cough

Relief, Mix This

No Cooking! No Work! Real Saving!

Remedy at Home

that had any coherence.

later.

"I defy both personal dangers and misunderstandings."

"I just got back to town," he said, "except I had to go first to Mr. Corondelet." "Yes; you were in Riverplain?'

"Yes."

"Mr. Fallone died there." "Yes. I was with him. I saw it." She stared at him. "Ethan, what was he to father - or father to him?'

"We don't know yet."

"But something?" be alone again in the house, haunt "Yes," said Ethan honestly. "That is, we think so."

"Ethan, you have news for me. I can feel it! You have news for me, pushed open the library door an haven't you?"

"Your father's not accounted for (Copyright: 1935: By Edwin Balmer an at the penitentiary tonight." "Ethan!"

"They think he's hidden himself somewhere inside, trying to escape." "This night!" she cried. "This awful, awful night! Ethan, I'm going! If you love me, if you care for me at all, the least little bit, don't try to stop me. Tell them you've come for me to take me out. I've my car, and I'll get a coat. . . Ethan, do just that this once for You'll never know how quickly bad winter cough can be relieved, un til you try this famous recipe. It i used in more homes than any othe cough remedy, because it gives mor prompt, positive results. It's no trou ble at all to mix and costs but a triffe Into a pint bottle more 214 ounce

me!" The Joliet road for the most part is wide and straight and level, so sometimes as he drove Ethan turned and looked at the girl beside him as the lights of passing cars shone in. Strange how those garish glimpses remained in his mind and etched themselves on his soul. He was hers, hers, utterly, forever.

They went to the walls of the prison, and the walls yet were manned. It proclaimed that the convict who was missing had not been found. They drove away and at random turned and steered into a side road that mostly was mire. They left the car and on foot splashed in the mud and pools of planted fields. "Father!" Alice called to the

black, blinding wind and rain. "Father, it's Alice. Alice, your daughter! I'm here!"

Too long, as Ethan well knew, he allowed that; but at last he made her obey him. Ho took her into a town and to a house where the

ble at all to mix and costs but a triffe Into a pint bottle, pour 2½ ounce of Pinex; then add granulated suga syrup to make a full pint. Syrup i easily made with 2 cups of sugar and one cup of water, stirred a few mo ments until dissolved. No cookin needed. This gives you four times a much cough medicine for your money and it's a much better remedy. I never spoils and tastes fine. Instantly you feel its penetratin effect. It loosens the phlegm, help clear the air passages, and soothes th irritated membranes. This three-fol action explains why it brings suc quick relief in distressing coughs. Pinex is a concentrated compound Pinex is a concentrated compoun Norway Pine, famous for its soot effect on throat membranes. Money refunded if it doesn't please you in every way.

> 12 Coughs for

fluid. "It seemed to me worth while to cover the chance that there might

time. attention was that way. I put in

Peter took Ethan into his study

"Exactly where were you and what did you see?" Peter inquired.