CRUCIBLE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

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CHAPTER VIII—Continued

—18—

The questioning of Sentry on the witness stand by Mr. Falkran continued:

Q. Under what circumstances? A. Miss Randall came in to say that Miss Wines had asked to see Mr. Loran. Mr. Loran was not in. Miss Randall suggested that I see her.

Q. Never mind what Miss Randall said. The District Attorney might object to your telling us that. But as a result of something Miss Randall said to you, and of your reply, what happened? A. Miss Wines came into my office.

Q. She talked with you? A. Yes.

Q. Did she ask for something? A. She wanted money.

Q. How much? A. A hundred dollars.

Q. Why that exact amount? A. She said—

Q. No, you had better not tell what she said. Do you know of your own knowledge, and not because of anything she said, why Miss Wines wanted the money? A. No.

Q. Was it in consequence of anything you had done? A. No.

Q. Where was Mr. Loran that afternoon? A. He was out of town.

Refused Dead Girl Help.

Q. As a result of what Miss Wines told you, Mr. Sentry, did you give her any money? A. No.

Q. Or advice? A. I went into the reception room to speak to Miss Randall.

Q. Immediately? A. Miss Wines had been with me perhaps five minutes.

Q. She came to you for money and you sent her away? A. Yes.

Q. Why? A. I was afraid of being involved.

Q. Afraid? A. Yes.

Q. You sent her away? A. She was crying. I went into the reception room and spoke to Miss Randall, leaving Miss Wines alone in my office.

Q. Did you ever after she left your employ give her any money? A. No.

Q. Did she offer that day any reason why you personally should give her money? A. Only that she needed it.

Q. No attempt to blackmail you then or later? A. No. She asked, but she did not demand.

Q. By the way, you had a duplicate key to the back door? A. Yes.

Q. Where was it that day? A. In the side drawer of my desk.

Q. When you went into the reception room that day, what did you discuss with Miss Randall? A. I asked her to get rid of Miss Wines.

Q. Did she? A. She went into my office. I went downstairs.

Q. Down the main stairs? A. Down the back stairs.

Q. And on that occasion you did not see Miss Wines again? A. No.

Q. When you came back to your office—if you did? A. I did, half an hour later.

Q. Did you notice anything unusual? A. The side drawer of my desk was open.

Q. The one in which you kept the duplicate key? A. Yes.

Tells of Bridge Game

Q. Had you left it open? A. Perhaps. I do not know.

Q. Did you notice whether or not the key was gone? A. No.

Q. And was this before or after you began to carry a revolver in the car? A. Before.

Q. How long before? A. A week or more.

Q. How long before Miss Wines was killed? A. About three weeks.

Q. Was Mr. Loran in town after that day and before Miss Wines was killed? A. Yes.

Q. Do you know whether Miss Wines saw him? A. I do not.

Q. Now, on a certain Thursday evening, Mr. Sentry, did you play bridge after dinner at your club? A. Yes, every Thursday evening.

Q. I am referring to the evening Miss Wines was killed. A. Yes.

Q. Till what time did you play, on that occasion? A. Till about ten thirty.

Q. You left the club when? A. Eleven o'clock or a little after.

Q. In your car? A. Yes.

Q. With the revolver in the dash locker? A. Yes.

Q. You went where? A. I started home, got almost there, then went back to my office.

Q. Why? A. Mrs. Sentry had arranged that day to have a package delivered at the office from Butler's.

Q. Dealers in kitchenware? A. Yes.

Q. What was in it? A. A drip coffeepot.

Q. What was to be done with it? A. Mrs. Sentry had asked me to bring it home.

Q. Was it in the car? A. I forgot it on my desk when I left the office.

Q. And you went back to your office? A. To get it, yes.

Q. You got there—when? A. Some time between eleven thirty and twelve.

Q. Stopped where? A. At the curb by the back door.

Q. Did you lock the car? A. I left the key in the lock.

Q. And went immediately upstairs? A. No. I unlocked the door, and started up, and I thought I heard voices.

Q. Voices? A. A voice.

Q. A woman's or a man's? A. A man's.

Q. And what? A. I listened, but the sound was not repeated. I was nervous, came out and looked for a policeman, saw none, decided it was my imagination.

Admits Killing.

Q. So you did what? A. I took the revolver out of the car and went quietly upstairs.

Q. Suddenly braver, Mr. Sentry? A. Playing a game, like a fool kid. I didn't really think there was anyone there.

Q. Took the revolver and went upstairs? A. Yes.

Q. How far upstairs? A. To the third floor.

Q. Was anyone there? A. Yes.

Q. You saw some person or persons? A. It was dark.

Q. You had no light? A. There is no light on the back stairs.

Q. So you came up in the dark? A. The stairs are familiar. I've been using them for thirty years.

Q. Is there a door at the head of the stairs? A. Yes.

Q. And what did you do? A. Opened the door, stepped through it.

Q. Still in the dark? A. Yes.

Q. And did anything happen? A. Someone jumped against me.

Q. Man or woman? A. A man.

Q. What then? A. The impact knocked me against the wall. It jarred me so that the gun went off.

Q. Had you cocked it? A. Yes.

Q. And it went off. Then what? A. The man who had bumped me ran down the back stairs.

Q. You saw him? A. I heard him.

Q. What did you do? A. I turned on the light.

Q. Where? A. In my office.

Q. You went into the office? A. I stood in the doorway and reached the switch.

Q. Did that light the hall? A. Yes, enough.

Q. Did you see anything? A. I saw a woman lying on the hall floor.

Q. And you did what? A. Turned on the hall light to look at her.

Q. To see who she was? A. To see how badly she was hurt.

Q. Did you see who it was? A. It was Miss Wines.

Tells of Robbery Plant.

Q. And what did you do? A. I started to telephone the police.

Q. And did you? A. No.

Q. Why not? A. I realized that I might be blamed.

Q. In other words, you were afraid? A. Yes.

Q. And you did not telephone? A. No. When I went into the office, I saw that the safe was open. There is a money drawer in it, and this drawer had been taken out and was on my desk. The money was still in it. About three hundred dollars.

Q. Yes? A. I realized that no one would believe there had been a robber there unless the money was taken.

Q. Yes? A. I decided to make it look like a robbery.

Q. What did you do? A. Took the money.

Q. You had gloves on? A. Yes, the night was cool.

Q. And then what? A. I turned off the light and went downstairs.

Q. Did you take the package for which you had come back to the office? A. No, I forgot it again.

Q. When you got downstairs, did you notice anything about the car? A. It was gone.

Q. What did you do? A. I supposed it had been stolen. I walked to the corner at random, and then I saw my car.

Q. Where was it? A. It was just around the corner, half a block from where I had left it, parked the wrong way of a one-way street.

Q. What did you do? A. Got in and drove home.

Q. What did you do there? A. Put up the car. Then I threw the pistol in the river back of the garage. I went in the house and down cellar and burned the money in the furnace.

Q. And then? A. I went to bed.

Court adjourned till Monday morning. Mr. Falkran afterward announced that he had finished with direct examination, so that Mr. Sentry's cross-examination will begin at once when he resumes the stand.

"I Was Afraid of Being Involved."

That state like a hypnosis, in which Mrs. entry had found herself so much of the time since the trial began, persisted during Mr. Sentry's direct testimony.

When at adjournment Mr. Sentry left the stand, her eyes met his and she smiled at him firmly as he was led away. Then she and Phil went out together, slowly, surrendering themselves to be a passive part of the sluggish stream of spectators which banked at the door and trickled through, and dispersed along the marble corridors.

She clung to Phil's arm, and they came down to the limousine, and many eyes pinned them and whispers galloped like hounds hot on their trail as they drove away.

They rode in silence for a while, till at last Phil mopped his brow and looked at her and asked miserably, "Want to talk, mother?"

"No, not yet, Phil!"

He said with a jealous loyalty: "I don't believe he ever looked at any woman in his life but you. No matter what he says."

But she did not answer him. After a while he asked huskily: "Mother, did you know what he was going to say? I mean, about the night she was killed?"

She remembered with a pitiless clarity that day she first saw Arthur after his arrest. She said: "He told me, yes. Told me he—went there and found her dead." And she added, quickly, "He didn't know then that his shot had killed her."

Phil cried, "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It couldn't have done any good, Phil, to tell you."

"But it was an accident!"

"Yes." She added, unable to check the word in time. "If they believe him."

"Why, they've got to, haven't they? It all fits." He pounded his fist on his knee. "It's rotten enough; but at least he's not a murderer." She said nothing; and he spoke half to himself: "I've never seen him except with you; never—asked him any questions. Did he tell Mr. Flood all this?"

She said wearily: "I think not. I think Mr. Falkran and Mr. Hare both advised him to answer no questions, say nothing at all, after he was arrested."

When at last they came home, Linda was there with Barbara. Barbara as they came in looked at her mother and then at Phil, searchingly; and Mrs. Sentry said quickly:

"He was fine, Barbara!"

Linda cried, "There, Barb! I told you he would be." She explained, in a tender tone, "She's been worrying so!"

Mrs. Sentry thought how little Barbara seemed, and how young, and so terribly hurt. This, too, Arthur had done; yet—suddenly today she could not hate him. She said again to Barbara: "Yes, he was fine! I was never so proud of him."

She saw Phil watch her wonderingly; and she said calmly: "Lunch must be ready. Linda, will you stay?"

While they were at table—Barbara had a tray in her room—Mr. Falkran telephoned, spoke with Mrs. Sentry.

"He's going to see Mr. Sentry first," she reported, "then come out to consult with me. He feels that Mr. Sentry made an excellent witness, that the jury was impressed."

"Of course," Linda agreed.

After lunch, Mrs. Sentry suggested: "Linda, take Phil away for the afternoon, will you? Take him for a long drive." She smiled. "He needs fresh air, fresh ideas; needs you." And she added suddenly, apologetically: "Don't if you'd rather not! You've been such a rock of strength, I don't want to impose on you."

"Of course I will," Linda declared; and when they were gone, Mrs. Sentry was deeply relieved to be left thus for a while alone.

Presently the doorbell rang. Dean Hare. Mrs. Sentry greeted him composedly, said, "Well, Dean?"

"How are you?" he asked in a low tone.

"All right."

"You were wonderful!"

"Why not?"

He said ruefully: "I didn't know what was coming, Ellen. Falkran didn't take me into his confidence." She made no comment, and he said at last, "It had an effect on the jury."

"Mr. Falkran thought so."

He watched her as though he hoped, by adding some word, she might make it possible for him to say more; but she dreaded any sign of sympathy, gave him no opening, asked instead: "Had you some business? Mr. Falkran is coming presently."

He said reluctantly: "Well, yes. Yes, I'm afraid I have. Mr. Loran called me. He resented Falkran's bringing him into this."

"Oh!" She conceded, "Oh, yes, I suppose he would."

Hare explained, "He wants to dissolve his partnership with Mr. Sentry."

"Does he?"

"He has named a figure," Hare told her, "based on what he believes the business—real estate, accounts receivable, contracts, cash, good will—is worth. He offers to buy Mr. Sentry's interest, or to sell his own, on the basis of that figure. The decision is up to you."

"Suppose I wish neither to buy or sell."

"He will take court action to force a dissolution."

"Can he do that? Force it?"

"Certainly." He added: "That of course might involve the sacrifice sale of many assets."

"What do you advise?"

The lawyer made a doubtful gesture. "You can hardly run the business yourself." And he suggested: "Suppose I ask Mr. Loran to make his offer in writing, to let it stand open as long as possible. Meanwhile you can consult Mr. Sentry, or I will—"

"Perhaps you had better."

"Very well. And after you decide—"

"Exactly."

She had a grateful interval before Falkran came. When he arrived, they went into the library, were there alone.

The attorney professed confidence. "I have just come from Mr. Sentry," he said. "He made an excellent witness this morning. I timed things so that we could adjourn as soon as he was done, in order to allow his evidence to make a maximum impression on the jury's mind over Sunday. Mrs. Sentry, the State lost, this morning, all the ground it had gained. They must begin again from the beginning now."

"Yes?"

"You may take my word for it," he assured her, watching her, sensing something new under her rigid calm. "You see, they expected him to make a complete denial; but Mr. Sentry told the jury what actually happened, and the truth fitted the pattern of the evidence the State had presented in every detail. Their case, so far as first degree murder is concerned, is destroyed."

She did not speak. After a moment he went on: "Of course, I appreciate your feelings this morning. I know quite well that Mr. Sentry did not appear in an admirable light."

Still she said nothing; and he spoke almost hurriedly. "He will face cross-examination on Monday. That will be distressing. The State will emphasize the—unpleasant aspects of his testimony. Yet you must be there."

After a silent moment, when her head bowed, he took this as assent and rose to go; but he made one more demand. "You will see Mr. Sentry tomorrow, no doubt?" he suggested.

Panic did for a moment flicker in her eyes. "Must I?"

He said gently, "If I were District Attorney, when you took the stand, my first question on cross-examination would be: 'Mrs. Sentry, have you visited your husband in his cell since you heard his direct testimony?' "

She stared at him, still sitting motionless. Then she cried desperately: "Yes, yes, I will go! I will go!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Grow Tomatoes Without Seeds by Use of Chemicals; Fruits Have Solid Meat

Tomatoes without seeds are being grown in the department of horticulture at the University of Missouri by use of chemicals. Normally tomatoes require pollinization and fertilization to set fruit, but that also means that seeds will be formed. So the workers at Columbia pinch out the parts of the flower that produce the pollen, thus stopping fertilization, and then seek another stimulus in the form of a growth-promoting substance, or hormone, to cause the fruit to set.

The result is that tomatoes develop normally, but instead of containing seeds and pulp, the tomatoes are solid meat. The fruit is of normal size, but weighs more, says the Kansas City Star.

The hormone used is indoleacetic acid dissolved in lanum paste at the rate of one part acid to 500 parts paste. About three applications, put on a week or ten days apart, are required.

The cost of the materials is negligible, the greatest expense being the labor involved in emasculating the flowers and applying the hormone. In an attempt to cut down the labor involved, one group of tomatoes was sprayed with a solution of the hormone mixed with water. Fair results were obtained, but not as good as where the hormone was applied by hand. The difference is believed to be caused by the fact that the water evaporates quickly, leaving the hormone in crystals which are not absorbed by the plant. Further experiments are being conducted to find a material such as an oil, that does not evaporate quickly and which will hold the hormone in an absorbable form for a greater length of time.

Further experiments may show that it is possible to increase yields when seedless tomatoes are produced, since the fruit may be induced to set during summer months when hot, dry weather usually renders pollen ineffective.

Woods Have Odd Names

Have you any juglans nigra in your home? You have if you possess anything made of so-called "black" walnut. The tongue-twister is the botanical name.

Juglans californica is the trick title for walnut grown on the Pacific coast, as you might guess. Circassian walnut, found in Europe and Asia, does business under the technical moniker, juglans riga. Oak is playfully dubbed by the scientific hosts as quercus alba, quercus rubra and quercus robar, according to color. Other jawbreakers include: Gumwood (liquidamber styraciflua) and zebrawood from West Africa (distemonathus benthamianus). In fact, every kind of wood has its tantalizing scientific tag.

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON

NEW YORK.—As America looks to its air defenses, it finds, as acting chief of the army air corps, a pioneer technician in the adaptation of the airplane to war uses. He is Brig. Gen. H. H. Arnold, assuming command of the corps after the death of Maj. Gen. Oscar Westover, in a plane wreck.

Arnold Seems Well Qualified For Air Chief

Soon after the Wright brothers had made their first few faltering air jumps, young Lieutenant Arnold was sent to Dayton, Ohio, not only to learn to fly, but to make technical studies of the possibilities of aircraft for observation and fighting. He was among the earliest of the army's trained fliers, and, in 1912, won the Mackay medal for a triangular flight, 30 miles to the leg, from College Point, Md., over Washington and Fort Meyer. In 1935, he again won this trophy for his exploit of the previous year in leading a flight of 10 bombing planes from Washington to Fairbanks, Alaska.

He has been an aggressive champion of aerial defense, reprimanded in 1926 for what was considered an excess of zeal for air armament. In 1917, he organized and commanded the Panama Canal air defenses, and was with the A. E. F. in France, in the closing months of the World war, on inspection duty. He became assistant chief of the air corps in January, 1936. His technical studies have included photography, special means for topographical observations, and aerial mass tactic, as well as engineering problems of flying.

He is 51 years old, a native of Gladwyn, Pa., graduated from West Point in 1907.

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IN HIS Washington garden, Robert E. Bondy has some late-blooming roses and chrysanthemums, which are now in bud. The hurricane never touched them. He has had to turn his back on his garden for a time, as his world outside of it became mostly chaos. As national director of disaster relief for the Red Cross, he's been doing a heroic work in New England. His roses may be one kind of act of God, but his business is mainly with the other kind—Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden," where "wild waves and spent winds labor."

Clouds Have Silver Lining In R. E. Bondy

He was a letter-man on the University of Chicago baseball team and a police reporter for a Chicago newspaper. On the latter job, he had a ringside seat at man-made disasters, but, in his later career, took up with the more elemental upsets and breakdowns.

For 19 years, he has organized disaster relief for the Red Cross in the Lake, Southern and Washington divisions. He is one of our most seasoned and efficient battlers against all the ills and dangers that come in the wake of flood, fire, earthquake or any other widespread ruin. He is a native of Minnesota, in his early forties, his hair thinning—and no wonder.

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IN WASHINGTON, Congressman Lucius N. Littauer of New York used to beat even Uncle Joe Cannon in the house poker games. And just a little something out of the kitty is the $2,250,000 graduate school of public administration, which he handed Harvard and which recently opened. Mr. Littauer is the widely known glove potentate of Gloversville. He is 79 years old, graduated from Harvard 59 years ago. His father, a German immigrant, founded the family glove factory. He has established many benefactions for useful public purposes, among them a gift of $1,000,000 in 1929, to "bring about a better understanding among all mankind." He provided $100,000 to recondition his old boyhood swimming hole.

Solons' Losses Help Finance Harvard Gift

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THE subject of totalitarian humor is brought up by President James L. McConaughy, of Wesleyan college. He says that's what's the matter with the iron men—no humor. He finds humor the salt and leaven which will save democracy, it short-circuits egoism and pulls down the stuffed shirts, and is kin to humility.

Finds What The Dictators Lack--Humor!

Doctor McConaughy, New York-born, Yale '09, has been president of Wesleyan since 1925. He is a modern, alert pedagogue, with a broad social point of view and an awareness of timely problems.

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Why They Were Roundheads

In the reign of Charles I a Puritan, or member of the Parliamentary party who wore his hair cut short was called a Roundhead in derision by the Cavaliers, who usually wore ringlets.

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. What people are considered the most law-abiding?
2. What is the highest state in the Union, in average altitude?
3. How high above sea level is its principal city?
4. What do the letters I. H. S. stand for?
5. A township is composed of how many square miles?
6. What is St. Elmo's fire?
7. What sports event attracts the largest crowd?

The Answers

1. Generally speaking, the Finlanders are the most law-abiding. A police system is not necessary.
2. Colorado.
3. Denver is one mile above sea level.
4. Jesus Hominum Salvator (Jesus the Savior of Men), more correctly IHS, the first three letters in the name Jesus in Greek.
5. A township is composed of 36 square miles.
6. A flame-like appearance occasionally seen during storms and other atmospheric disturbances issuing from pointed and elevated objects.
7. The world's largest sports gallery is that watching the annual Tour de France, a 2,755-mile race in which the field consists of around 100 professional cyclists. More than one million spectators line the route of the race.

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Not what we give, but what we share—for the gift without the giver is bare.—Lowell.

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Homage of Vice

Hyprocisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue.—La Rochefoucauld.

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use *Doan's Pills*. A multitude of grateful people recommend *Doan's. Ask your neighbor!*

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