

TALES WITH A STING

THE GREY CELLS OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," and "The Secret Adversary."

VIII.—THE KIDNAPPED PRIME MINISTER.

I.

NOW that war and the problems of war are things of the past, I think I may safely venture to reveal to the world the part which my friend Poirot played in a moment of national crisis. The secret has been well guarded. Not a whisper of it reached the Press. But now that the need for secrecy has gone by, I feel it is only just that England should know the debt it owes to my quaint little friend, whose marvellous brain so ably averted a great catastrophe.

One evening after dinner—I will not particularise the date; it suffices to say that it was at the time when "Peace by negotiation" was the parrot-cry of England's enemies—my friend and I were sitting in his rooms. After being invalided out of the Army I had been given a recruiting job, and it had become my custom to drop in on Poirot in the evenings after dinner and talk with him of any cases of interest that he might have on hand.

I was attempting to discuss with him the sensational news of that day—no less than an attempted assassination of Mr. David MacAdam, England's Prime Minister. The account in the papers had evidently been carefully censored. No details were given, save that the Prime Minister had had a marvellous escape, the bullet just grazing his cheek.

I considered that our police must have been shamefully careless for such an outrage to be possible. I could well understand that the German agents in England would be willing to risk much for such an achievement. "Fighting Mac," as his own party had nicknamed him, had strenuously and unequivocally combated the Pacifist influence which was becoming so prevalent.

He was more than England's Prime Minister—he was England; and to have removed him from his sphere of influence would have been a crushing and paralysing blow to Britain.

Poirot was busy mopping a grey suit with a minute sponge. Never was there a dandy such as Hercule Poirot. Neatness and order were his passion. Now, with the odour of benzine filling the air, he was quite unable to give me his full attention.

"In a little minute I am with you, my friend. I have all but finished. The spot of grease—he is not good—I remove him—so!" He waved his sponge.

I smiled as I lit another cigarette.

"Anything interesting on?" I inquired, after a minute or two.

"I assist a—how do you call it?—charlady to find her husband. A difficult affair, needing the tact. For I have a little idea that when he is found he will not be pleased. What would you? For my part, I sympathise with him. He was a man of discrimination to lose himself."

I laughed.

"At last! The spot of grease, he is gone! I am at your disposal."

"I was asking you what you thought of this attempt to assassinate MacAdam?"

"*Enfantillage!*" replied Poirot promptly. "One can hardly take it seriously. To fire with the rifle—never does it succeed. It is a device of the past."

"It was very near succeeding this time," I reminded him.

Poirot shook his head impatiently. He was about to reply when the landlady thrust her

head round the door and informed him that there were two gentlemen below who wanted to see him.

"They won't give their names, Sir, but they says as it's very important."

"Let them mount," said Poirot, carefully folding his grey trousers.

In a few minutes the two visitors were ushered in, and my heart gave a leap as in the foremost I recognised no less a personage than Lord Estair, Leader of the House of Commons; whilst his companion, Mr. Bernard Dodge, was also a member of the War Cabinet, and, as I knew, a close personal friend of the Prime Minister.

"M. Poirot?" said Lord Estair interrogatively. My friend bowed. The great man looked at me and hesitated. "My business is private."

"You may speak freely before Captain Hastings," said my friend, nodding to me to remain. "He has not all the gifts, no! But I answer for his discretion."

Lord Estair still hesitated, but Mr. Dodge broke in abruptly.

"Oh, come on—don't let's beat about the bush! As far as I can see, the whole of England will know the hole we're in soon enough. Time's everything."

"Pray be seated, Messieurs," said Poirot politely. "Will you take the big chair, milor?"

Lord Estair started slightly. "You know me?"

Poirot smiled. "Certainly. I read the little papers with the pictures. How should I not know you?"

"M. Poirot, I have come to consult you upon a matter of the most vital urgency. I must ask for absolute secrecy."

"You have the word of Hercule Poirot—I can say no more!" said my friend grandiloquently.

"It concerns the Prime Minister. We are in grave trouble."

"We're up a tree!" interposed Mr. Dodge. "The injury is serious, then?" I asked.

"What injury?"

"The bullet wound."

"Oh, that!" cried Mr. Dodge contemptuously. "That's old history."

"As my colleague says," continued Lord Estair, "that affair is over and done with. Luckily, it failed. I wish I could say as much for the second attempt."

"There has been a second attempt, then?"

"Yes, though not of the same nature. M. Poirot, the Prime Minister has disappeared."

"What?"

"He has been kidnapped!"

"Impossible!" I cried, stupefied. Poirot threw a withering glance at me, which I knew enjoined me to keep my mouth shut.

"Unfortunately, impossible as it seems, it is only too true," continued his Lordship.

Poirot looked at Mr. Dodge. "You said just now, Monsieur, that time was everything. What did you mean by that?"

The two men exchanged glances, and then Lord Estair said, "You have heard, M. Poirot, of the approaching Allied Conference?"

My friend nodded.

"For obvious reasons, no details have been given of when and where it is to take place. But, although it has been kept out of the newspapers, the date is, of course, widely known in diplomatic circles. The Conference

is to be held to-morrow—Thursday—evening at Versailles. Now you perceive the terrible gravity of the situation. I will not conceal from you that the Prime Minister's presence at the Conference is a vital necessity. The Pacifist propaganda, started and maintained by the German agents in our midst, has been very active. It is the universal opinion that the turning point of the Conference will be the strong personality of the Prime Minister. His absence may have the most serious results—possibly a premature and disastrous peace. And we have no one who can be sent in his place. He alone can represent England."

Poirot's face had grown very grave. "Then you regard the kidnapping of the Prime Minister as a direct attempt to prevent his being present at the Conference?"

"Most certainly I do. He was actually on his way to France at the time."

"And the Conference is to be held?"

"At nine o'clock to-morrow night."

Poirot drew an enormous watch from his pocket. "It is now a quarter to nine."

"Twenty-four hours," said Mr. Dodge thoughtfully.

"And a quarter," amended Poirot. "Do not forget the quarter, Monsieur—it may come in useful. Now for the details—the abduction, did it take place in England or in France?"

"In France. Mr. MacAdam crossed to France this morning. He was to stay to-night as the guest of the Commander-in-Chief, proceeding to-morrow to Paris. He was conveyed across the Channel by destroyer. At Boulogne he was met by a car from General Headquarters and one of the Commander-in-Chief's A.D.C.s."

"*Eh bien?*"

"Well, they started from Boulogne—but they never arrived."

"What?"

"M. Poirot, it was a bogus car and a bogus A.D.C. The real car was found in a side road, with the chauffeur and the A.D.C. neatly gagged and bound."

"And the bogus car?"

"Is still at large."

Poirot made a gesture of impatience. "Incredible! Surely it cannot escape attention for long?"

"So we thought. It seemed merely a question of searching thoroughly. That part of France is under Military Law. We were convinced that the car could not go long unnoticed. The French police, our own Scotland Yard men, and the Military are straining every nerve. It is, as you say, incredible—but nothing has been discovered!"

At that moment a tap came at the door, and a young officer entered with a heavily sealed envelope which he handed to Lord Estair.

"Just through from France, Sir. I brought it on here, as you directed."

The Minister tore it open eagerly, and uttered an exclamation. The officer withdrew.

"Here is news at last! This telegram has just been decoded. They have found the second car, also the secretary, Daniels, chloroformed, gagged, and bound, in an abandoned farm near C—. He remembers nothing, except something being pressed against his mouth and nose from behind, and struggling to free himself. The police are

[Continued overleaf.]

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satisfied as to the genuineness of his statement."

"And they have found nothing else?"

"No."

"Not the Prime Minister's dead body? Then there is hope. But it is strange. Why, after trying to shoot him this morning, are they now taking so much trouble to keep him alive?"

Dodge shook his head. "One thing's quite certain. They're determined at all costs to prevent his attending the Conference."

"If it is humanly possible, the Prime Minister shall be there. God grant it is not too late. Now, Messieurs, recount to me everything—from the beginning. I must know about this shooting affair as well."

"Last night, the Prime Minister, accompanied by one of his secretaries, Captain Daniels—"

"The same who accompanied him to France?"

"Yes. As I was saying, they motored down to Windsor, where the Prime Minister was granted an Audience. Early this morning, he returned to town, and it was on the way that the attempted assassination took place."

"One moment, if you please. Who is this Captain Daniels? You have his dossier?"

Lord Estair smiled. "I thought you would ask me that. We do not know very much of him. He is of no particular family. He has served in the English Army, and is an extremely able secretary, being an exceptionally fine linguist. I believe he speaks seven languages. It is for that reason that the Prime Minister chose him to accompany him to France."

"Has he any relatives in England?"

"Two aunts. A Mrs. Everard, who lives at Hampstead, and a Miss Daniels, who lives near Ascot."

"Ascot? That is near to Windsor, is it not?"

"That point has not been overlooked. But it has led to nothing."

"You regard the Capitaine Daniels, then, as above suspicion?"

A shade of bitterness crept into Lord Estair's voice, as he replied: "No, M. Poirot. In these days, I should hesitate before I pronounced *anyone* above suspicion."

"*Très bien*. Now I understand, milord, that the Prime Minister would, as a matter of course, be under vigilant police protection, which ought to render any assault upon him an impossibility?"

Lord Estair bowed his head. "That is so. The Prime Minister's car was closely followed by another car containing detectives in plain clothes. Mr. MacAdam knew nothing of these precautions. He is personally a most fearless man, and would be inclined to sweep them away arbitrarily. But, naturally, the police make their own arrangements. In fact, the Premier's chauffeur, O'Murphy, is a C.I.D. man."

"O'Murphy? That is a name of Ireland, is it not so?"

"Yes, he is an Irishman."

"From what part of Ireland?"

"County Clare, I believe."

"*Tiens!* But proceed, milord."

"The Premier started for London. The car was a closed one. He and Captain Daniels sat inside. The second car followed as usual. But, unluckily, for some unknown reason, the Prime Minister's car deviated from the main road—"

"At a point where the road curves?" interrupted Poirot.

"Yes—but how did you know?"

"Oh! *C'est évident!* Continue!"

"For some unknown reason," continued Lord Estair, "the Premier's car left the main road. The police car, unaware of the deviation, continued to keep to the high road. At a short distance down the unfrequented lane,

the Prime Minister's car was suddenly held up by a band of masked men. The chauffeur—"

"That brave O'Murphy!" murmured Poirot thoughtfully.

"The chauffeur, momentarily taken aback, jammed on the brakes. The Prime Minister put his head out of the window. Instantly a shot rang out—then another. The first one grazed his cheek, the second, fortunately, went wide. The chauffeur, now realising the danger, instantly forged straight ahead, scattering the band of men."

"A near escape," I ejaculated, with a shiver.

"Mr. MacAdam refused to make any fuss over the slight wound he had received. He declared it was only a scratch. He stopped at a local cottage hospital, where it was dressed and bound up—he did not, of course reveal his identity. He then drove, as per schedule, straight to Charing Cross, where a special train for Dover was awaiting him, and after a brief account of what had happened had been given to the anxious police by Captain Daniels, he duly departed for France. At Dover, he went on board the waiting destroyer. At Boulogne, as you know, the busgar car was waiting for him, carrying the Union Jack, and correct in every detail."

"That is all you have to tell me?"

"Yes."

"There is no other circumstance that you have omitted, milord?"

"Well, there is one rather peculiar thing."

"Yes?"

"The Prime Minister's car did not return home after leaving the Prime Minister at Charing Cross. The police were anxious to interview O'Murphy, so a search was instituted at once. The car was discovered standing outside a certain unsavoury little restaurant in Soho, which is well known as a meeting-place of German agents."

"And the chauffeur?"

"The chauffeur was nowhere to be found. He, too, had disappeared."

"So," said Poirot thoughtfully. "There are two disappearances: the Prime Minister in France, and O'Murphy in London."

He looked keenly at Lord Estair, who made a gesture of despair.

"I can only tell you, M. Poirot, that if anyone had suggested to me yesterday that O'Murphy was a traitor, I should have laughed in his face."

"And to-day?"

"To-day I do not know what to think."

Poirot nodded gravely. He looked at his turnip of a watch again.

"I understand that I have *carte blanche*, Messieurs—in every way, I mean? I must be able to go where I choose, and how I choose."

"Perfectly. There is a special train leaving for Dover in an hour's time, with a further contingent from Scotland Yard. You shall be accompanied by a Military officer and a C.I.D. man, who will hold themselves at your disposal in every way. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite. One more question before you leave, Messieurs. What made you come to me? I am unknown, obscure, in this great London of yours."

"We sought you out on the express recommendation and wish of a very great man of your own country."

"Comment? My old friend the *Préfet*—?"

Lord Estair shook his head.

"One higher than the *Préfet*. One whose word was once law in Belgium—and shall be again! That England has sworn!"

Poirot's hand flew swiftly to a dramatic salute. "Amen to that! Ah! but my Master does not forget. . . . Messieurs, I, Hercule Poirot, will serve you faithfully. Heaven only send that it will be in time. But this is dark—dark. . . . I cannot see."

II.

"Well, Poirot," I cried impatiently, as the door closed behind the Ministers. "What do you think?"

My friend was busy packing a minute suit-case, with quick, deft movements. He shook his head thoughtfully. "I do not know what to think. My brains desert me."

"Why, as you said, kidnap him, when a knock on the head would do as well?" I mused.

"Pardon me, *mon ami*, but I did not quite say that. It is undoubtedly far more their affair to kidnap him."

"But why?"

"Because uncertainty creates panic. That is one reason. Were the Prime Minister dead, it would be a terrible calamity, but the situation would have to be faced. But now you have paralysis. Will the Prime Minister reappear, or will he not? Is he dead or alive? Nobody knows, and until they know, nothing definite can be done. And, as I tell you, uncertainty breeds panic, which is what *les Boches* are playing for. Then, again, if the kidnappers are holding him secretly somewhere, they have the advantage of being able to make terms with both sides. The German Government is not a liberal paymaster, as a rule, but no doubt they can be made to disgorge substantial remittances in such a case as this. Thirdly, they run no risk of the hangman's rope. Oh, decidedly, kidnapping is their affair."

"Then, if that is so, why should they first try to shoot him?"

Poirot made a gesture of anger. "Ah! that is just what I do not understand! It is inexplicable—stupid! They have all their arrangements made (and very good arrangements, too!) for the abduction, and yet they imperil the whole affair by a melodramatic attack, worthy of a cinema, and quite as unreal. It is almost impossible to believe in it, with its band of masked men, not twenty miles from London!"

"Perhaps they were two quite separate attempts which happened irrespective of each other," I suggested.

"Ah, no, that would be too much of a coincidence! Then, further—who is the traitor? There must have been a traitor—in the first affair, anyway. But who was it—Daniels or O'Murphy? It must have been one of the two, or why did the car leave the main road? We cannot suppose that the Prime Minister connived at his own assassination! Did O'Murphy take that turning of his own accord, or was it Daniels who told him to do so?"

"Surely it must have been O'Murphy's doing."

"Yes, because if it was Daniels, the Prime Minister would have heard the order, and would have asked the reason. But there are altogether too many 'whys' in this affair, and they contradict each other. If O'Murphy is an honest man, *why* did he leave the main road? But if he was a dishonest man, *why* did he start the car again when only two shots had been fired—thereby, in all probability, saving the Prime Minister's life? And, again, if he was honest, why did he, immediately on leaving Charing Cross, drive to a well-known rendezvous of German spies?"

"It looks bad," I said.

"Let us look at the case with method. What have we for and against these two men? Take O'Murphy first. *Against*: That his conduct in leaving the main road was suspicious; that he is an Irishman from County Clare; that he has disappeared in a highly suggestive manner. *For*: That his promptness in re-starting the car saved the Premier's life; that he is a Scotland Yard man, and, obviously, from the post allotted to him, a trusted detective. Now for Daniels. There is not much against him, except the fact that nothing is known

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THE KIDNAPPED PRIME MINISTER.

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of his antecedents, and that he speaks too many languages for a good Englishman! (Pardon me, *mon ami*, but, as linguists, you are deplorable!) Now for him, we have the fact that he was found gagged, bound, and chloroformed—which does not look as though he had anything to do with the matter."

"He might have gagged and bound himself, to divert suspicion."

Poirot shook his head. "The French police would make no mistake of that kind. Besides, once he had attained his object, and the Prime Minister was safely abducted, there would not be much point in his remaining behind. His accomplices *could* have gagged and chloroformed him, of course, but I fail to see what object they hoped to accomplish by it. He can be of little use to them now, for, until the circumstances concerning the Prime Minister have been cleared up, he is bound to be closely watched."

"Perhaps he hoped to start the police on a false scent?"

"Then why did he not do so? He merely says that something was pressed over his nose and mouth, and that he remembers nothing more. There is no false scent there. It sounds remarkably like the truth."

"Well," I said, glancing at the clock, "I suppose we'd better start for the station. You may find more clues in France."

"Possibly, *mon ami*, but I doubt it. It is still incredible to me that the Prime Minister has not been discovered in that limited area, where the difficulty of concealing him must be tremendous. If the military and the police of two countries have not found him, how shall I?"

At Charing Cross we were met by Mr. Dodge.

"This is Detective Barnes, of Scotland Yard, and Major Norman. They will hold themselves entirely at your disposal. Good luck to you. It's a bad business, but I've not given up hope. Must be off now." And the Minister strode rapidly away.

We chatted in a desultory fashion with Major Norman. In the centre of the little group of men on the platform I recognised a little ferret-faced fellow talking to a tall, fair man. He was an old acquaintance of Poirot's—Detective - Inspector Japp, supposed to be one of the smartest of Scotland Yard's officers. He came over and greeted my friend cheerfully.

"I heard you were on this job too. Smart bit of work. So far they've got away with the goods all right. But I can't believe they can keep him hidden long. Our people are going through France with a toothcomb. So are the French. I can't help feeling it's only a matter of hours now."

"That is, if he's still alive," remarked the tall detective gloomily.

Japp's face fell. "Yes. . . . But somehow I've got the feeling he's alive all right."

Poirot nodded. "Yes, yes; he's alive. But can he be found in time? I, like you, did not believe he could be hidden so long."

The whistle blew, and we all trooped up into the Pullman car. Then, with a slow, unwilling jerk, the train drew out of the station.

It was a curious journey. The Scotland Yard men crowded together. Maps of Northern France were spread out, and eager forefingers traced the lines of roads and villages. Each man had his own pet theory. Poirot showed none of his usual loquacity, but sat staring in front of him, with an expression

on his face that reminded me of a puzzled child. I talked to Norman, whom I found quite an amusing fellow. On arriving at Dover Poirot's behaviour moved me to intense amusement. The little man, as he went on board the boat, clutched desperately at my arm. The wind was blowing lustily.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he murmured. "This is terrible!"

"Have courage, Poirot," I cried. "You will succeed. You will find him. I am sure of it."

"Ah, *mon ami*, you mistake my emotion. It is this villainous sea that troubles me! The *mal de mer*—it is horrible suffering!"

"Oh!" I said, rather taken aback.

The first throb of the engines was felt, and Poirot groaned and closed his eyes.

"Major Norman has a map of Northern France if you would like to study it?"

Poirot shook his head impatiently.

"But no—but no! Leave me, my friend. See you, to think, the stomach and the brain must be in harmony. Laverguier has a method most excellent for averting the *mal de mer*. You breathe in—and out—slowly, so—turning the head from left to right and counting six between each breath."

I left him to his gymnastic endeavours, and went on deck.

As we came slowly into Boulogne Harbour Poirot appeared, neat and smiling, and announced to me in a whisper that "Laverguier's system had succeeded to a marvel!"

Japp's forefinger was still tracing imaginary routes on his map. "Nonsense! The car started from Boulogne—here they branched off. Now, my idea is that they transferred the Prime Minister to another car. See?"

"Well," said the tall detective, "I shall make for the seaports. Ten to one, they've smuggled him on board a ship."

[Continued overleaf.]



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Sketch 25/4/23

(Continued.)

Japp shook his head. "Too obvious. The order went out at once to close all the ports."

The day was just breaking as we landed. Major Norman touched Poirot on the arm. "There's a military car here waiting for you, Sir."

"Thank you, Monsieur. But, for the moment, I do not propose to leave Boulogne."

"What?"
"No, we will enter this hotel here, by the quay."

He suited the action to the word, demanded and was accorded a private room. We three followed him, puzzled and uncomprehending.

He shot a quick glance at us. "It is not so that the good detective should act, eh? I per-

ceive your thought. He must be full of energy. He must rush to and fro. He should prostrate himself on the dusty road and seek the marks of tyres through a little glass. He must gather up the cigarette-end, the fallen match? That is your idea, is it not?"

His eyes challenged us. "But I—Hercule Poirot—tell you that it is not so! The true clues are within—*here!*" He tapped his forehead. "See you, I need not have left London. It would have been sufficient for me to sit quietly in my rooms there. All that matters is the little grey cells within. Secretly and silently they do their part, until suddenly I call for a map, and I lay my finger on a spot—so—and I say: the Prime Minister is *there!* And it is so! With method and logic one can accomplish anything! This frantic rushing to France was a mistake—it is playing a child's game of hide-and-seek. But now, though it may be too late, I will set to work the right way, from within. Silence, my friends, I beg of you."

And for five long hours the little man sat motionless, blinking his eyelids like a cat, his green eyes flickering and becoming steadily greener and greener. The Scotland Yard man was obviously contemptuous, Major Norman was bored and impatient, and I myself found the time pass with wearisome slowness.

Finally, I got up, and strolled as noiselessly as I could to the window. The matter was becoming a farce. I was secretly concerned for my friend. If he failed, I would have preferred him to fail in a less ridiculous manner. Out of the window I idly watched the daily leave boat, belching forth columns of smoke, as she lay alongside the quay.

Suddenly I was aroused by Poirot's voice close to my elbow.

"*Mes amis*, let us start!"

I turned. An extraordinary transformation had come over my friend. His eyes were flickering with excitement, his chest was swelled to the uttermost. (Continued overleaf)



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Perhaps you have endured these disfiguring blemishes so long that you have given up hope of ever being free of them. Perhaps you have suffered from sallow skin, brown patches, or a disagreeably red, blotchy condition until you simply cannot picture yourself with an exquisitely clear skin. But there is no need—nor, in fact, any excuse—to tolerate these skin faults any longer, for Elizabeth Arden can definitely correct them. For each condition she has worked out slowly and scientifically the particular treatment and the particular preparation that cures its cause. The circulation is aroused so that it pulses evenly through every part of the face and neck; the discolorations of neglect are gently but surely bleached away with mild, healing creams and tonics. A triumphant proof of her success is found in the white skin and even colour of the beautiful women who go to her Salons in America, Paris and London.



Make one visit to Miss Arden's Salon. Let one of her trained assistants prescribe the treatment suited to fill your particular needs. The Venetian Masque, the Apres l'Été, the

Oriental Masque—whichever one is best suited to bring out your true colouring—the one that has been hidden. A single treatment will lighten your skin from two to four shades. Beneath the scientific manipulation and the marvellously efficacious preparations combined in the Elizabeth Arden method, brown spots, red blotches, sunburn, freckles—any discoloration will inevitably give way to a pure clear freshness, lovelier than you had ever dreamed of.

Enlarged Pores—how this treatment cures them definitely and surely

Constant exposure, neglect, illness or careless cleansing will inevitably bring enlarged pores and unsightly blackheads. This condition, so frequently seen, and so distressing to fastidious women, is admittedly one of the most difficult skin faults to correct. Once the pores have relaxed, one almost gives up hope. It really does seem as if nothing could be done. But Elizabeth Arden added another brilliant scientific achievement to her record by developing a treatment which cures this obstinate condition as definitely and surely as she has overcome other facial faults. The thousands

of lovely women who have placed themselves under her care are remarkable, first of all, for the flower-like fineness and exquisite delicacy of their skins.

The very first treatment in Elizabeth Arden's Salon will impress you with an astonishing improvement in the texture of your skin. The treatment begins with an effective and thorough cleansing. Deep into the pores goes the cleansing cream, a preparation which liquefies into a thin oil, and instantly dissolves the dust and dirt that a mere surface cleansing can never reach. The blackheads are removed by a very special treatment.

The open pores are then treated with two remarkable astringents to close them—Elizabeth Arden's marvellous Pore Cream and an invigorating lotion, her Special Astringent—which leave the skin clear and glowing, delicate and fine.

For appointment, telephone Regent 5565.

If you cannot come to the London Salon, send for Elizabeth Arden's booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful." You can learn to apply the same wonderful method at home.

Special preparations for clearing and brightening the skin

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic—firms, whitens and tones the skin, keeps it radiantly clear. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

Venetian Bleachine Cream—a mild bleach which also softens and nourishes the skin. Excellent for the face, neck, and hands. 5/6.

Preparations that reduce pores and remove blackheads

Venetian Muscle Oil—applied warm will loosen the most obstinate blackheads. Has also wonderful nourishing properties. 4/6, 10/6, 16/6.

Venetian Beauty Sachets—medicated herbs that draw the blackheads to the surface, where they may be gently removed. 11/6.

For general use

Venetian Cleansing Cream—that goes deep into the pores, removing all impurities, and leaving the skin soft and supple. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Venetian Special Bleach Cream—will remove freckles, moth patches, undue redness, and other discolorations from face and neck. 6/6.

Venetian Lille Lotion—removes blemishes and acts as an astringent. Not only provides a beautiful finish to face and neck, but offers protection against wind and sun. 6/6, 10/6.

Venetian Pore Cream—spread liberally over the cleansed pores will effectively contract them. 4/6.

Venetian Special Astringent—to tighten and firm the skin and relaxed muscles. 9/6, 17/6.

Venetian Orange Skin Food—for impoverished skin or thin faces. Nourishes the skin, keeping it unlined and ivory smooth. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.



NERVE STRAIN

Miss Ivy Duke, the famous British Film Star, and Mr. Guy Newall, the well-known producer of British pictures, such as "The Bigamist" and "Duke's Son," etc., are both firm believers in the virtues of Phosferine. Miss Duke writes: "The restorative qualities of Phosferine are really remarkable. Film work is at all times one of the most exacting forms of art and often it is one of the most exhausting; but Phosferine invariably repairs the damage done by working on tense scenes in the glare of high power lamps in the studio and out in the open in all sorts of weather. It is the most wonderful tonic I know for bracing one up after a prolonged spell of all-night work (which is frequently one's lot in picture production), and its invigorating effect upon nerves that have to bear a heavy strain is really wonderful. Mr. Guy Newall endorses all that I have to say on this score. As producer of the pictures in which we both appear, he has found Phosferine an invaluable remedy for physical weariness and for brain fog. Other tonics come and go, but Phosferine endures—and this surely must be because it adds so enormously to one's powers of endurance."

Parents find that Phosferine is peculiarly adapted to children of a pale, or weakly physique, and to those outgrowing their strength. Two drops, night and morning, tend to brace up the whole system, restore colour to the cheeks, firmness to the flesh, renew the appetite and encourage a vigorous and healthy growth, and at the same time fortify the body against attacks of illness. It is also invaluable to women beset with household worries and family cares.

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Continued]

"I have been an imbecile, my friends ! But I see daylight at last."

Major Norman moved hastily to the door. "I'll order the car."

"There is no need. I shall not use it. Thank heaven the wind has fallen."

"Do you mean you are going to walk, Sir ?"

"No, my young friend. I am no St. Peter. I prefer to cross the sea by boat."

"To cross the sea ?"

"Yes. To work with method, one must begin from the beginning. And the beginning of this affair was in England. Therefore, we return to England."

III.

At three o'clock, we stood once more upon Charing Cross platform. To all our expostulations, Poirot turned a deaf ear, and reiterated again and again that to start at the beginning was not a waste of time, but the only way. On the way over, he had conferred with Norman in a low voice, and the latter had despatched a sheaf of telegrams from Dover.

Owing to the special passes held by Norman, we got through everywhere in record time. In London, a large police car was waiting for us, with some plain-clothes men, one of whom handed a typewritten sheet of paper to my friend. He answered my inquiring glance.

"A list of the cottage hospitals within a certain radius west of London. I wired for it from Dover."

We were whirled rapidly through the London streets. On we went, through Shepherd's Bush, Ealing, Hanwell. I began to see our objective. We were on the Windsor Road. Through Windsor, and on to Ascot. My

heart gave a leap. Ascot was where Daniels had an aunt living. We were after *him*, then, not O'Murphy.

We duly stopped at the gate of a trim villa. Poirot jumped out and rang the bell. I saw a perplexed frown dimming the radiance of his face. Plainly, he was not satisfied. The bell was answered. He was ushered inside. In a few moments he reappeared, and climbed into the car with a short, sharp shake of his head. My hopes began to die down. It was past four now. Even if he found certain evidence incriminating Daniels, what would be the good of it, unless he could wring from someone the exact spot in France where they were holding the Prime Minister ?

Our return progress towards London was an interrupted one. We deviated from the main road more than once, and occasionally stopped at a small building, which I had no difficulty in recognising as a cottage hospital. Poirot only spent a few minutes at each, but at every halt his radiant assurance was more and more restored.

He whispered something to Norman, to which the latter replied :

"Yes, if you turn off to the left, you will find them waiting by the bridge."

We turned up a side road, and in the failing light, I discerned a second car, waiting by the side of the road. It contained two men in plain clothes. Poirot got down and spoke to them, and then we started off in a northerly direction, the other car following close behind.

We drove for some time, our objective being obviously one of the northern suburbs of London. Finally, we drove up to the front door of a tall house, standing a little back from the road in its own grounds.

Norman and I were left with the car. Poirot and one of the detectives went up to

the door and rang. A neat parlourmaid opened it. The detective spoke.

"I am a police officer, and I have a warrant to search this house."

The girl gave a little scream, and a tall, handsome woman of middle age appeared behind her in the hall.

"Shut the door, Edith. They are burglars, I expect."

But Poirot swiftly inserted his foot in the door, and at the same moment blew a whistle. Instantly the other detectives ran up, and poured into the house, shutting the door behind them.

Norman and I spent about five minutes cursing our forced inactivity. Finally the door reopened, and the men emerged, escorting three prisoners—a woman and two men. The woman, and one of the men, were taken to the second car. The other man was placed in our car by Poirot himself.

"I must go with the others, my friend. But have great care of this gentleman. You do not know him, no ? *Eh bien*, let me present to you, M. O'Murphy !"

O'Murphy ! I gaped at him open-mouthed as we started again. He was not handcuffed, but I did not fancy he would try to escape. He sat there staring in front of him as though dazed. Anyway, Norman and I would be more than a match for him.

To my surprise, we still kept a northerly route. We were not returning to London, then ! I was much puzzled. Suddenly, as the car slowed down, I recognised that we were close to Hendon Aerodrome. Immediately I grasped Poirot's idea. He proposed to reach France by aeroplane.

It was a sporting idea, but on the face of it, impracticable. A telegram would be far quicker. Time was everything. He must

(Continued overleaf)



*Extract from
Norfolk Chronicle Feb. 23rd 23*

**MOTOR ACCIDENT AT WROXHAM.
A NARROW ESCAPE.**

The railroad bridge at Wroxham, on the main road from Wroxham to Norwich, a spot where two motors have recently come to grief has always been a deceptive and treacherous piece of road. Proceeding towards Norwich at about three o'clock accompanied by two friends, Mr. [redacted] had difficulty in ascending the bridge, with the result that his near front wing caught the brickwork of the bridge, but grazed past allowing the rear portion of the car to come into severer contact, and consequently damage was done to the spans. Mr. [redacted] of Botolph-street, Norwich, who was seated next the driver, received somewhat severe facial injuries from the flying glass of the smashed windscreen, but Mr. [redacted] and his other passenger were unhurt.

The Only Casualties were due to Splintered Glass

During last month motor accidents greatly increased in number, and injuries caused by flying, jagged glass were particularly prominent.

Why not decide to-day to eliminate the glass danger from your car by fitting TRIPLEX Safety GLASS ? Thus you will protect your wife, friends and driver, and by the increased sense of safety add another pleasure to motoring.

Triplex is fitted by all coachbuilders and garages. We supply ready in 48 hours.

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*"Spring always calls
for Bird's Custard
and Rhubarb—"*

"That's land lore, Ma'am"



**One of the
wonders of the world**

is the way in which, turn by turn, Nature brings
in the foods best suited to the season.

The great Spring dish is here—Bird's Custard
and Rhubarb. Nothing is more delicious, and
it is the one dish that benefits you most just now.

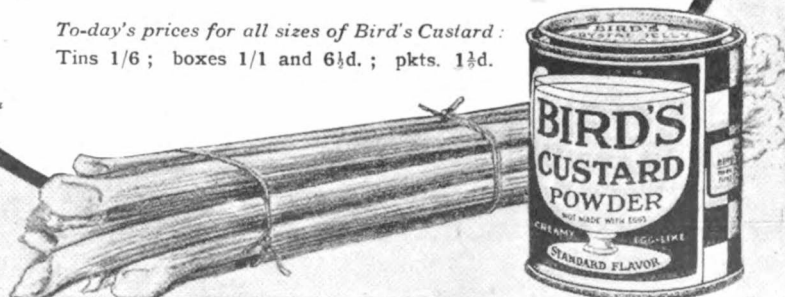
BIRD'S CUSTARD

and Rhubarb gives the bodily refreshment that you need.
It comes so clean, fresh and welcome to the palate; that
alone indicates how good it is for the system.

And after the long dark days of Winter, "the first
taste of Bird's Custard and Rhubarb is the first taste
of Spring."

To-day's prices for all sizes of Bird's Custard :
Tins 1/6 ; boxes 1/1 and 6 1/2 d. ; pkts. 1 1/2 d.

C. 106a



Continued. leave the personal glory of rescuing the Prime Minister to others.

As we drew up, Major Norman jumped out, and a plain-clothes man took his place. He conferred with Poirot for a few minutes, and then went off briskly.

I, too, jumped out, and caught Poirot by the arm.

"I congratulate you, old fellow! They have told you the hiding-place? But, look here, you must wire to France at once. You'll be too late if you go yourself."

Poirot looked at me curiously for a minute or two.

"Unfortunately, my friend, there are some things that cannot be sent by telegram."

At that moment Major Norman returned, accompanied by a young officer in the uniform of the Flying Corps.

"This is Captain Lyall, who will fly you over to France. He can start at once."

"Wrap up warmly, Sir," said the young pilot. "I can lend you a coat, if you like."

Poirot was consulting his enormous watch. He murmured to himself: "Yes, there is time—just time." Then he looked up, and bowed politely to the young officer.

"I thank you, Monsieur. But it is not I who am your passenger. It is this gentleman here."

He moved a little aside as he spoke, and

a figure came forward out of the darkness. It was the second male prisoner who had gone in the other car, and as

IV.
"For heaven's sake, tell me all about it," I cried impatiently, as Poirot, Norman, and I motored back to London. "How in the world did they manage to smuggle him back to England?"

"There was no need to smuggle him back," replied Poirot drily. "The Prime Minister has never left England. He was kidnapped on his way from Windsor to London."

"What?"

"I will make all clear. The Prime Minister was in his car, his secretary beside him. Suddenly a pad of chloroform is clapped on his face—"

"But by whom?"

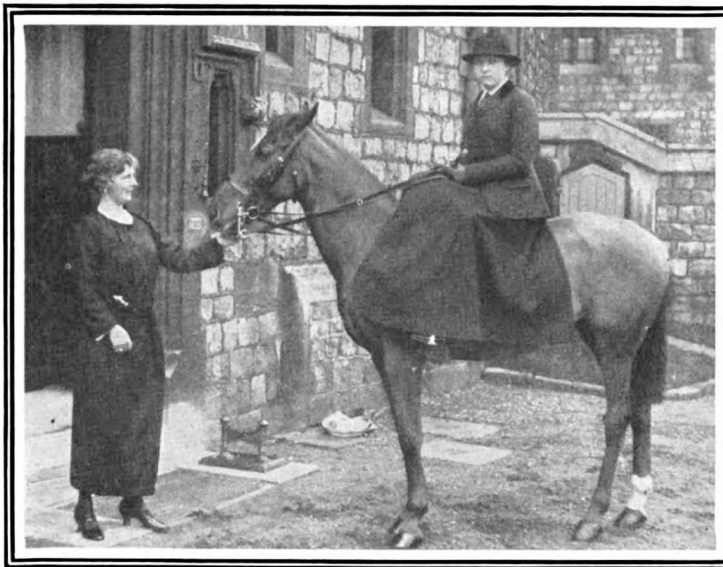
"By the clever linguistic Captain Daniels. As soon as the Prime Minister is unconscious, Daniels picks up the speaking-tube, and directs O'Murphy to turn to the right, which the chauffeur, quite unsuspecting, does. A few yards down that unfrequented road, a large car is standing, apparently broken down. Its driver signals to O'Murphy to stop. O'Murphy slows up. The stranger approaches. Daniels leans out of the window, and, probably with the aid of an instantaneous anæsthetic, such as ethyl-chloride, the chloroform trick is repeated. In a few seconds, the

the light fell on his face, I gave a gasp of surprise.

It was the Prime Minister!

two helpless men are dragged out and transferred to the other car, and a pair of substitutes take their places."

(Continued overleaf.)



WITH HER MOTHER, PRINCESS ALICE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE: LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE, ONE OF THE BRIDESMAIDS AT THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Lady May Cambridge, the only daughter of Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, and the Earl of Athlone, is one of the bridesmaids at the Royal wedding. A beautiful coloured portrait-study of her will be found on another page of this issue. Lady May, who is shown in our snapshot on her favourite mount, is a keen sportswoman and rides very well.—[Photograph by C.N.]



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A large selection of Blüthner Pianofortes, both new and second-hand; also Fianos by Górs & Kallmann, Welmar, etc., always available.

WHAT IS A MUSICIAN?

A MUSICIAN is not necessarily an individual who can run his (or her) hands over the keys and produce brilliant effects. Many people who cannot play a single note are genuine musicians; they experience the same emotions, the same uplifting ideas, and the same longing for self-expression as those whose names are famous throughout the world as great performers. Their great misfortune lies in the fact that they can develop those ideas only through the executive ability of others; in short, they are permanently relegated to the passive rôle of listener.

THE CAROLA—"the new Piano-Player with a Human Touch"—alters all this. It converts in a flash the listener into the great performer. With a Carola, the untrained musician can himself develop his musical talent. The hitherto undreamed of feast—the whole range of music from the early Masters down to the most modern works of Scriabine, Ravel, etc., etc., is spread before him.

The quality of the touch, which is, after all, the great secret of piano-playing, is in the control of the performer in a way hitherto unapproached in mechanical Piano-Players. If the reader will call at our West End show-rooms and prove this for himself, we shall be delighted to place an instrument at his disposal, together with a supply of the rolls of such compositions as he may desire to perform.

The CAROLA Player is manufactured in our London factory, and the highest class of workmanship is guaranteed.

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'My Lady' Corsets provide for every demand of fashion and we are confident that our newest model, the 'My Lady' Cami-Corsette, will meet with instant favour among smart women.

This dainty garment is a combination of Brassière, Corset and Hip Confiner, and achieves that long-sought-for result—perfect freedom combined with an adequate degree of support. An ideal model for sport, dancing, evening wear, etc., and a boon in hot weather.

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Bangkok Hat, brim edged ribbon, trimmed swathings of georgette and tissue round crown and finished at side with tassel. Price **3½ Gns.** In all colourings.



Piped straw pull-on hat, brim can be worn up or down, trimmed ribbons at side in all colours. Price **3 Gns.**

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Continued.]

"Impossible!"
 "Pas du tout! Have you not seen music-hall turns imitating celebrities with marvellous accuracy? Nothing is easier than to personate a public character. The Prime Minister of England is far easier to understudy than Mr. John Smith of Clapham, say. As for O'Murphy's 'double,' no one was going to take much notice of him until after the departure of the Prime Minister, and by then he would have made himself scarce. He drives straight from Charing Cross to the meeting-place of his friends. He goes in as O'Murphy, he emerges as someone quite different. O'Murphy has disappeared, leaving a conveniently suspicious trail behind him."

"But the man who personated the Prime Minister was seen by everyone!"

"He was not seen by anyone who knew him privately or intimately. And Daniels shielded him from contact with anyone as much as possible. Moreover, his face was bandaged up, and anything unusual in his manner would be put down to the fact that he was suffering from shock as a result of the attempt upon his life. Mr. MacAdam has a weak throat, and always spares his voice as much as possible before any great speech. The deception was perfectly easy to keep up as far as France. There it would be impracticable and impossible—so the Prime Minister disappears. The police of this country hurry across the Channel, and no one bothers to go into the details of the first attack. To sustain the illusion that the abduction has taken place in France, Daniels is gagged and chloroformed in a convincing manner."

"And the man who has enacted the part of the Prime Minister?"

"Rids himself of his disguise. He and the bogus chauffeur may be arrested as

suspicious characters, but no one will dream of suspecting their real part in the drama, and they will eventually be released for lack of evidence."

"And the real Prime Minister?"

"He and O'Murphy were driven straight to the house of 'Mrs. Everard,' at Hampstead, Daniels' so-called 'aunt.' In reality, she is Frau Bertha Ebenthal, and the police have been looking for her for some time. It is a valuable little present that I have made to them—to say nothing of Daniels! Ah, it was a clever plan, but he did not reckon on the cleverness of Hercule Poirot!"

I think my friend might well be excused his moment of vanity.

"When did you first begin to suspect the truth of the matter?"

"When I began to work the right way—from within! I could not make that shooting affair fit in—but when I saw that the net result of it was that the Prime Minister went to France with his face bound up, I began to comprehend! And when I visited all the cottage hospitals between Windsor and London, and found that no one answering to my description had had his face bound up and dressed that morning, I was sure! After that, it was child's-play for a mind like mine!"

V.

The following morning, Poirot showed me a telegram he had just received. It had no place of origin, and was unsigned.

It ran: "In time."

Later in the day the evening papers published an account of the Allied Conference. They laid particular stress on the magnificent ovation accorded to Mr. David MacAdam, whose inspiring speech had produced a deep and lasting impression.

THE END.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

THE *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* is a weekly paper which the keen sportsman and sportswoman find indispensable, as it covers so large a field of interest, and presents the important events of the moment in so attractive a manner. The issue for April 21 has an effective double-page picture in colour, "Otter-Hunting," from the painting by Charles Simpson, R.I., a hunting subject from the drawing by Gilbert Holiday, and an excellent likeness of Lord Harris from the picture by Cecil Cutler. Lord Harris this week forms the subject of the "Distinguished British All-Round Sportsmen" series; and other attractions include illustrations of Lord Dewar's sporting expedition in the Sudan, of the Setter Club field trials, racing at Newbury, and snapshots of the Bar point-to-point races. The articles "From the Racecourse," "Ring Gossip," "A Rugby Causerie," and "The Golfer" are all written by experts who know how to be entertaining as well as informative on their subjects; and "Women in Sport" gives feminine readers a special section of interest. The plays of the moment are dealt with by "Our Captious Critic" and in pictorial form, and the whole number is an excellent review of athletics, sport, and theatrical events. In the following number, dated April 28, the double-page will be of special topical interest, as it is to be a double-paged coloured reproduction of Mr. W. Smithson Broadhead's picture of the Duke of York and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon on the lawn-tennis court. The Royal bridegroom is a keen and good lawn-tennis player, and so is his future duchess.

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