BY WHOSE HAND?
A Startling Murder Mystery

by
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Which of the two was the guilty person?... Why were both ordered held — What would you have deanced?

Be a detective. Solve the crime yourself. Then check your solution with this

300 Piece Jig-Saw Puzzle
BY WHOSE HAND?

ON the eve of what was to have been a gaily festive occasion—one of those brilliant society weddings which so regularly make the front pages of the newspapers—grim tragedy descended late one afternoon upon the pretentious Mannering mansion at Bellwyn, on the fashionable North Shore of Long Island.

A maid knocked discreetly on the closed door of the library to inform the beautiful Marcia Mannering and her fiancé, Wallace Davenport, socially-prominent young broker, that dinner was served. When repeated knocks failed to elicit a response, she pushed open the door cautiously. An hour or so before, she had seen Miss Mannering and Davenport go into the library to discuss final plans for their marriage, which was to take place the following day, at noon.

What the maid saw in the room, in the flickering, fitful light of gas logs in an open fireplace, sent her fleeing wildly, with a piercing scream, into the living room. Mildred Mannering, the bride-to-be’s older sister, and James Barlow, her uncle, just returned from a year in the Orient, were awaiting the couple.

“Miss Marcia,” sobbed the maid, almost in collapse.

“She’s . . . she’s . . . .”

The maid fainted. Barlow caught her, dropped her on a settee and, with Mildred Mannering, ran into the library.

Marcia and Davenport sat close together on the divan. Her hand was tightly clasped in his. His head had fallen backward against the ridge of the divan. His eyes were open—lifeless. Her head had drooped forward, like that of a weariest child, upon Davenport’s shoulder. Both were dead.

Mildred Mannering sped back into the living room and hurriedly telephoned the family doctor. By that time the maid had regained consciousness. “She’s a cool ’un,” was
of some terrific emotion . . . very pale, but no tears, you understand. Barlow was genuinely shocked . . . even cried a little . . . insisted that I use a pulmotor and every other conceivable means of resuscitation."

"Why do you mention the girl's lack of tears?" asked Frawley, curiously.

The doctor hesitated.

"Well, I deem it my duty as a physician to tell you this," he began. "And, besides, Marcia always was my favorite . . . so gentle, so sweet . . . ." He broke off, and cleared his throat.

"You know, Davenport went about for quite a while with Mildred Mannerings before he decided it was Marcia whom he wanted to marry," continued the doctor. "It's common gossip around here. And there was a distinct coolness between the two girls. Our society matrons"—his voice held just the suggestion of a sneer—"were quite convinced that Mildred was violently jealous of her sister. Marcia was younger, prettier, and had landed the most eligible bachelor in all New York.

"I thought at first it might have been poison, but there wasn't a trace of it in their mouths or stomachs. There was no sign of any glasses, or bottles, or vials. And the maid swears there were no visitors."

Frawley took a long puff at his pipe, and looked quizically at the doctor.

"Seems to me you're making a great to-do about something that, by your own verdict, was a case of accidental asphyxiation," he remarked.

"That's just it!" exclaimed the doctor, bringing his fist down on the table. "It wasn't! But I'll admit—I don't know what it was!"

"Hmmm," murmured the detective, politely amazed. "Maybe I ought to take a look around there, eh?" He stood up, emptying the bowl of his pipe and tucking that constant companion carefully into the breast pocket of his tweed coat. "See you later, doctor."

It was slightly past midnight when Frawley, having obtained the layout of the rooms from the doctor, slipped like a shadow through a French window opening out upon a little balcony to which the detective had climbed without being observed. He was in Marcia's room—empty now, of course. His fountain-pen flashlight picked out a secretary-desk in one corner of the room. It was locked, but locks never stopped Bob Frawley.

Rummaging through the contents of the secretary, Frawley came upon two cablegrams. With his body shielding the flashlight from the window, he read these carefully, and whistled. They were signed simply "Barlow."

"I forbid your marriage at this time," one of them read. On back of the blank were some words in a girl's handwriting—evidently the start of Marcia's reply to that cable. For Barlow's second one was more conciliatory; a complete about-face, as a matter of fact. It said: "Please defer marriage until arrival stop want pleasure of giving bride away."

Quite thoughtfully, Frawley folded the cablegrams carefully and tucked them into his pocket.

The next morning found the detective at the offices of Reid & Davenport, brokers, making guarded inquiries about one James Barlow. Reid, senior member of the firm, seemed eager to co-operate.

"He has been one of our biggest customers for the past several years," said the broker. "During the past year he has been abroad—India and Malaysia, I believe—but his orders to buy and sell came in just the same, by cable. They were handled personally by poor Wallace, with whom Barlow seemed to have struck up quite a friendship."

"Did he win, or did he lose?" queried the detective.

Reid hesitated. "It's not customary to give out such information, but in this case . . . ." He took a large loose-leaf book from a drawer of his desk, and studied one of the pages.

"In the past fourteen months, James Barlow lost more than a million and a half dollars in speculation," he said slowly. "Virtually the whole Mannerings estate."

"The Mannerings estate?" exclaimed Frawley. "What did he have to do with that?"
"He was its executor," said Reid, grimly. "He held it in trust for the girls."

Having had Barlow, Mildred Manner ing and the maid summoned to county police headquarters, Detective Robert Frawley paid another visit that afternoon to the Manner ing mansion. This time his search took him into the rooms occupied by Barlow and the surviving Manner ing sister, and what he found sent him whirling to a telephone.

"Hold them both," he tersely instructed county police officials, "and for Heaven's sake, keep them apart!"

Gingerly, he again inspected the sawed-off, hollowed-out bamboo stick and a half-dozen little objects he had dug out of the false bottom of a traveling bag. Then he bowed gravely before a portrait in oils of Marcia Manner ing.

By Frawley's order, both Mildred Manner ing and Barlow were held in connection with the dual murder, for such it proved to be. Subsequently, however, one of them was released. The other went to the chair.

Which of the two was the guilty person?

Why were both ordered held—temporarily, at least?

How was the crime committed, without the slayer leaving a trace?

THE MYSTERY—JIG PUZZLE will tell you.

Work out your own solution of the crime, your own answers to the foregoing questions. Then piece the puzzle together, to see how close you came to being right.

After you have completely assembled the jig-saw puzzle, place this page over a heated electric light bulb or any other heated object and hold until the magic ink appears—it tells the author's solution. Be a sport—don't apply heat until you have completed the puzzle and made your own deductions.
pin prick, so made no sign. Similarly, holding
the dart, that was out of the way, up about his
fair skin with the reverse hand. He had his
hem seared open and took effect.

They had retired to the table and the
owner, folio, followed. There was a great
about the joint as to copy the piece.

But it was a secret of the Del Evert, to
them, what they could let it be.

He said.