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Murder Could Not Kill
By Gregory Baxter

Lesing crossed the floor and opened the door of the room to call for Simmons, but already the butler, who had been waiting in the hall, was hurrying to answer the summons of the bell. A minute later he entered apologetically.

"Yes, Simmons, what is it?" Lesing asked curly.

"Rather a peculiar sort of a gentleman, sir. Says he wants to see Mr. Dexter."

All three stared at the speaker. "Dexter?" echoed the inspector. "Here?"

"I did not disclose anything about the poor gentleman, sir," the well-trained servant said, still addressing his master. "I thought it better not to."

"Quite right. Did he say why he has called at this unearthly hour? Or what he wanted Mr. Dexter for?"

"Just says it's urgent, sir—he wants to see him. Keeps on repeating he must see him, and that he will."

"Extraordinary. Did he give his name?"

"Yes, sir. I asked him for that. He says his name, sir, is Rufus Brett."

INSTALLMENT 3.

The man who entered was of striking appearance—striking in an uncouth way. With a slouching, determined gait, suggestive of a latent reserve of force, he advanced without any difference towards the little group awaiting him.

He was, as Laurette had said, of medium height and stocky build. He wore a large-brimmed, black high-crowned sombrero. He had no overcoat, and his dark suit was somewhat dusty. His square, powerful face was faintly blotched but predominantly greyish in the hue—the face of the chronic alcoholic addict.

Across his cold blue eyes which, under heavy white eyebrows stared vacantly from one to the other of the people about him, he passed a none too clean hand. Then he seemed to realize he still had on his hat, and removed it, saying: "Pardon me, folks."

When he spoke again, his articulation was thick and slurred, but not sufficiently so to hide the aggressiveness of his voice.

"It's Dexter I've come around to see, my old side-kicker, Sherwood Lee Dexter, and you can gamble your ultimate peso I'm going to do so. He don't appear to be among you gents. Yet I reckon that's his automobile outside. Where is he located?"

Laurette Dexter was unable to conceal her shuddering horror at Brett's proximity. The detectives regarded him intently, and in Inspector West's scrutiny there was a suggestion of bewilderment.

"Where is Sherwood Dexter?" Brett demanded thickly. "It's no use him trying to side-step me."

Inspector West walked up to him.

"What's your name?" he asked peremptorily.

"Didn't that flunky hand it out?"

"Please answer my question," persisted the inspector quietly.

"My name? Sure you can have my name. I have no call to be ashamed of it. Rufus Brett, that's what they call me. Roaring Rufus in the old days, an' my voice ain't completely left me yet."

"Why do you want to see Mr. Dexter?"

"That's my own private business, an' don't you step in between us." The reply was given with a touch of anger and a stupid assumption of dignity. "Now don't you all start to crowd me. Dexter knows why I want to see him, all right. Where's he got to?"

"Peter Lesing, interposed. "Are you aware, sir, that you have intruded? This happens to be my house."

"Then it's your call, mister, but it don't shake my resolution none."

"And this," Lesing continued, indicating Inspector West, "is a detective officer."

"The hell you say!" was the stranger's only comment, which he made without removing his gaze from Peter Lesing.

"How did you know Mr. Dexter was here?" the inspector asked.

"Oh, say, that was as easy as changin' a dollar for a blind man. I called up his great house about fifteen minutes since. He sure does things in great shape all right, does Dexter. Spends his money—my money—like a gusher. They told me he hadn't come back yet an' that Miss Dexter had come around here to fetch him back in his own auto. And right here is the little lady herself, huh?"

He turned, made Laurette a clumsy bow, then for a moment looked as if he intended to go towards her. Laurette shrank back with a gesture of loathing. The inspector touched Brett's arm and restrained him.

"Is all right, 's right," Brett mumbled indignantly. "No one has any call to get scared of Rufus Brett if there ain't no incident to it. I wouldn't turn sour on the little lady for worlds—not for worlds. She's a dandy lil' girl for sure—a durn' sight too sweet for that no-good shyster Sherwood Dexter."

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"Will you be quiet, sir?" said Lesing at this, stepping forward, his eyes glittering with resentment. "What might be the cause of all this hostile unpleasantness, anyhow?" Brett demanded in a bemused affection of haughtiness. "I sure regret havin' horned in on any private party. I offer you my apologies, gents. Only—I got to locate Sherwood Dexter. It seems a mighty dry house, anyway. Ain't there any drink around?" He added innocently.

The inspector continued: "You say you telephoned to Mr. Dexter's house a quarter of an hour ago?"

"I sure said so."

"Where were you before that?"

"Where was I before that? You've asked a mouthful. Though it don't concern any of you gents' nobs, that certainly is a question I'd be wathful to answer. But durn me if I know, mister. And say, that ain't all, I'm frettful to know where I've been for days past. I'd

just like to hear—I sure would."

"I see. You can't tell us, eh?"

"Tell you, I want to hear myself. No; durned if I can figure it out now."

To be continued

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That Body Of Yours
Continued from page 2

when scattered in the wards.

2. That staff can be trained in the best methods of caring for and treating elderly patients.

3. That the wards can be equipped for their special needs.

4. That study of the reactions and comparison of methods can be undertaken for mutual benefit of patients and staff.

5. That such a unit offers the best opportunities for research.

Just as in every hospital department, provision must be made for the discharge of these patients when all has been done for them that can be done. These elderly patients must be sent home or elsewhere.

The British Medical Association has set up a committee on the "Care and treatment of the Elderly and Infirm", which suggests

three types of accommodation: homes. (1) The geriatric unit (part of the general hospital); (2) long stay annexes (associated with the general hospital); (3) Residential for themselves and their families.

The above program for the elderly sick and infirm should mean much to the health and happiness of the general public.

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