

'Oh, I don't know. I thought I might spot him on a platform somewhere.'  
'What a hope! You didn't think to ask where he'd booked for?'

'No. Besides, he probably got the ticket from an automatic.'

'Probably. Well, it can't be helped, that's all. He'll probably turn up again. You're sure it was he?'

'Oh, dear, yes. I couldn't be mistaken. I'd know him anywhere. I thought I'd just let you know.'

'Thanks awfully. It encourages me extremely. Charing Cross seems to be a haunt of his. He's phoned from there on the evening of the tenth, you know.'

'So he did.'

'I'll tell you what we'd better do, Fentiman. The thing is getting rather serious. I propose that you should go and keep an eye on Charing Cross station. I'll get hold of a detective—'

'A police detective?'

'Not necessarily. A private one would do. You and he can go along and keep watch on the station for, say a week. You must describe Oliver to the detective as best you can, and you can watch turn and turn about.'

'Hang it all, Wimsey—it'll take a lot of time. I've gone back to my rooms at Richmond. And besides, I've got my own duties to do.'

'Yes, well, while you're on duty the detective must keep watch.'

'It's a dreadful grind, Wimsey.' Fentiman's voice sounded dissatisfied.

'It's half a million of money. Of course, if you're not keen—'

'I *am* keen. But I don't believe anything will come of it.'

'Probably not; but it's worth trying. And in the meantime, I'll have another watch kept at Gatti's.'

'At Gatti's?'

'Yes. They know him there. I'll send a man down—'

'But he never comes there now.'

'Oh, but he may come again. There's no reason why he shouldn't. We know now that he's in town, and not gone out of the country or anything. I'll tell the management that he's wanted for an urgent business matter, so as not to make unpleasantness.'

'They won't like it.'

'Then they'll have to lump it.'

'Well, all right. But, look here—I'll do Gatti's.'

'That won't do. We want you to identify him at Charing Cross. The waiter or somebody can do the identifying at Gatti's. You say they know him.'

'Yes, of course they do. But—'

'But what?—By the way, which waiter is it you spoke to. I had a talk with the head man there yesterday, and he didn't seem to know anything about it.'

'No—it wasn't the head waiter. One of the others. The plump, dark one.'

'All right. I'll find the right one. Now, will you see to the Charing Cross end?'

'Of course—if you really think it's any good.'

'Yes, I do. Right you are. I'll get hold of the 'tec and send him along to you, and you can arrange with him.'

'Very well.'

'Cheerio!'

Lord Peter rang off and sat for a few moments, grinning to himself. Then he turned to Bunter.

'I don't often prophesy, Bunter, but I'm going to do it now. Your fortune told by hand or cards. Beware of the dark stranger. That sort of thing.'

'Indeed, my lord?'

'Cross the gypsy's palm with silver. I see Mr Oliver. I see him taking a journey in which he will cross water. I see trouble. I see the ace of spades—upside-down, Bunter.'

'And what then, my lord?'

'Nothing. I look into the future and I see a blank. The gypsy has spoken.'

'I will bear it in mind, my lord.'

'Do. If my prediction is not fulfilled, I will give you a new camera. And now I'm going round to see that fellow who calls himself Sleuths Incorporated, and get him to put a good man on to keep watch at Charing Cross. And after that, I'm going down to Chelsea and I don't quite know when I shall be back. You'd better take the afternoon off. Put me out some sandwiches or something, and don't wait up if I'm late.'

Wimsey disposed quickly of his business with Sleuths Incorporated, and then made his way to a pleasant little studio overlooking the river at Chelsea. The door, which bore a neat label 'Miss Marjorie Phelps,' was opened by a pleasant-looking young woman with curly hair and a blue overall heavily smudged with clay.

'Lord Peter! How nice of you. Do come in.'

'Shan't I be in the way?'

'Not a scrap. You don't mind if I go on working.'

'Rather not.'

'You could put the kettle on and find some food if you liked to be really helpful. I just want to finish up this figure.'

'That's fine. I took the liberty of bringing a pot of Hybla honey with me.'

'What sweet ideas you have! I really think you are one of the nicest people I know. You don't talk rubbish about art, and you don't want your hand held, and your mind always turns on eating and drinking.'

'Don't speak too soon. I don't want my hand held, but I did come here with an object.'

'Very sensible of you. Most people come without any.'

'And stay interminably.'

'They do.'

Miss Phelps cocked her head on one side and looked critically at the little dancing lady she was modelling. She had made a line of her own in pottery figurines, which sold well and were worth the money.

'That's rather attractive,' said Wimsey.

'Rather pretty-pretty. But it's a special order, and one can't afford to be particular. I've done a Christmas present for you, by the way. You'd better have a look at it, and if you think it offensive we'll smash it together. It's in that cupboard.'

Wimsey opened the cupboard and extracted a little figure about nine inches high. It represented a young man in a flowing dressing-gown, absorbed in the study of a huge volume held on his knee. The portrait was life-like. He chuckled.

'It's damned good, Majorie. A very fine bit of modelling. I'd love to have it. You aren't multiplying it too often, I hope? I mean, it won't be on sale at Selfridges?'

'I'll spare you that. I thought of giving one to your mother.'

'That'll please her no end. Thanks ever so. I shall look forward to Christmas, for once. Shall I make some toast?'

'Rather!'

## Chapter 10

### Lord Peter Forces a Card

'ULLO!'

'Is that you, Wimsey? Hullo! I say, is that Lord Peter Wimsey. Hullo! I must speak to Lord Peter Wimsey. Hullo!'

'All right. I've said hullo. Who're you? And what's the excitement?'

'It's me. Major Fentiman. I say—*is* that Wimsey?'

'Yes. Wimsey speaking. What's up?'

'I can't hear you.'

'Of course you can't if you keep on shouting. This is Wimsey. Good morning. Stand three inches from the mouth-piece and speak in an ordinary voice. Do not say hullo! To recall the operator, depress the receiver *gently* two or three times.'

'Oh, shut up! don't be an ass. I've seen Oliver.'

'Have you, where?'

'Getting into a train at Charing Cross.'

'Did you speak to him?'

'No—it's maddening. I was just getting my ticket when I saw him passing the barrier. I tore down after him. Some people got in my way, curse them. There was a Circle train standing at the platform. He bolted in and they clanged the doors. I rushed on, waving and shouting, but the train went out. I cursed like anything.'

'I bet you did. How very sickening.'

'Yes, wasn't it? I took the next train—'

'What for?'

Winsey squatted happily down before the gasfire, while the modeller went on with her work. Tea and figurine were ready almost at the same moment, and Miss Phelps, flinging off her overall, threw herself luxuriously into a battered arm-chair by the hearth.

‘And what can I do for you?’

‘You can tell me all you know about Miss Ann Dorland.’

‘Ann Dorland? Great heavens! You haven’t fallen for Ann Dorland, have you? I’ve heard she’s coming into a lot of money.’

‘You have a perfectly disgusting mind, Miss Phelps. Have some more toast. Excuse me licking my fingers. I have not fallen for the lady. If I had, I’d manage my affairs without assistance. I haven’t even seen her. What’s she like?’

‘To look at?’

‘Among other things.’

‘Well, she’s rather plain. She has dark, straight hair, cut in a bang across the forehead and bobbed—like a Flemish page. Her forehead is broad and she has a square sort of face and a straight nose—quite good. Also, her eyes are good—gray, with nice heavy eyebrows, not fashionable a bit. But she has a bad skin and rather sticky-out teeth. And she’s dumpy.’

‘She’s a painter, isn’t she?’

‘M’m—well! she paints.’

‘I see. A well-off amateur with a studio.’

‘Yes. I will say that old Lady Dormer was very decent to her. Ann Dorland, you know, is some sort of far-away distant cousin on the female side of the Fentiman family, and when Lady Dormer first got to hear of her she was an orphan and incredibly poverty-stricken. The old lady liked to have a bit of young life about the house, so she took charge of her, and the wonderful thing is that she didn’t try to monopolize her. She let her have a big place for a studio and bring in any friends she liked and go about as she chose—in reason, of course.’

‘Lady Dormer suffered a good deal from oppressive relations in her own youth,’ said Winsey.

‘I know, but most old people seem to forget that. I’m sure Lady Dormer had time enough. She must have been rather unusual. Mind you, I didn’t know her very well, and I don’t really know a great deal about Ann Dorland. I’ve been there, of course. She gave parties—rather incompetently. And she

comes round to some of our studios from time to time. But she isn't really one of us.'

'Probably one has to be really poor and hard-working to be that.'

'No. You, for instance, fit in quite well on the rare occasions when we have the pleasure. And it doesn't matter not being able to paint. Look at Bobby Hobart and his ghastly daubs—he's a perfect dear and everybody loves him. I think Ann Dorland must have a complex of some kind. Complexes explain so much, like the blessed word *hippopotamus*.'

Wimsey helped himself lavishly to honey and looked receptive.

'I think really,' went on Miss Phelps, 'that Ann ought to have been something in the City. She has brains, you know. She'd run anything awfully well. But she isn't creative. And then, of course, so many of our little lot seem to be running love-affairs. And a continual atmosphere of hectic passion is very trying if you haven't got any of your own.'

'Has Miss Dorland a mind above hectic passion?'

'Well, no. I daresay she would quite have liked—but nothing ever came of it. Why are you interested in having Ann Dorland analysed?'

'I'll tell you some day. It isn't just vulgar curiosity.'

'No, you're very decent as a rule, or I wouldn't be telling you all this. I think, really, Ann has a sort of fixed idea that she couldn't ever possibly attract any one, and so she's either sentimental and tiresome, or rude and snubbing, and our crowd does hate sentimentality and simply can't bear to be snubbed. Ann's rather pathetic, really. As a matter of fact, I think she's gone off art a bit. Last time I heard about her, she had been telling some one she was going in for social service, or sick-nursing, or something of that kind. I think it's very sensible. She'd probably get along much better with the people who do that sort of thing. They're so much more solid and polite.'

'I see. Look here, suppose I ever wanted to run across Miss Dorland accidentally on purpose—where should I be likely to find her?'

'You *do* seem thrilled about her! I think I should try the Rushworths. They go in rather for science and improving the submerged tenth and things like that. Of course, I suppose Ann's in mourning now, but I don't think that would necessarily keep her away from the Rushworth's. Their gatherings aren't precisely frivolous.'

'All I can say is,' said George, 'that if I see him again, I'll put such a face on him that his mother won't know him.'

'Don't do that. You might destroy a clue. I—wait a minute—I've got an idea. I believe it must be the same man who's been haunting the Bellona and asking questions. Oh, hades! and we've let him go. And I'd put him down in my mind as Oliver's minion. If ever you see him again, Fentiman, freeze on to him like grim death. I want to talk to him.'

rotten with corpses—ugh!—potting those swollen great rats for a penny a time, and laughing at them. Rats. Alive and putrid with what they'd been feeding on. Oh, yes. Robert was thought a damn good soldier.'

'Very fortunate for him,' said Wimsey.

'Yes. He's the same sort as grandfather. They liked each other. Still, grandfather was very decent about me. A beast, as the school-boy said, but a just beast. And Sheila was a great favourite of his.'

'Nobody could help liking her,' said Wimsey, politely.

Lunch ended on a more cheerful note than it had begun. As they came out into the street, however, George Fentiman glanced round uneasily. A small man in a buttoned-up overcoat and with a soft hat pulled down over his eyes, was gazing into the window of a shop near at hand.

George strode up to him.

'Look here, you!' he said. 'What the devil do you mean by following me about? You clear off, d'you hear?'

'I think you are mistaken, sir,' said the man, quietly enough. 'I have never seen you before.'

'Haven't you, by jove? Well, *I've* seen *you* hanging about, and if you do it any more, I'll give you something to remember me by. D'you hear?'

'Hullo!' said Wimsey, who had stopped to speak to the commissioner, 'what's up?—Here, you, wait a moment!'

But at sight of Wimsey, the man had slipped like an eel among the roaring Strand traffic, and was lost to view.

George Fentiman turned to his companion triumphantly.

'Did you see that? That lousy little beggar! Made off like a shot when I threatened him. That's the fellow who's been dogging me about for three days.'

'I'm sorry,' said Wimsey, 'but it was not your prowess, Fentiman. It was my awful aspect that drove him away. What is it about me? Have I a front like love to threaten and command? Or am I wearing a repulsive tie?'

'He's gone, anyway.'

'I wish I'd had a better squint at him. Because I've got a sort of idea that I've seen those lovely features before, and not so long ago, either. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships? No, I don't think it was that.'

'Thanks very much. You're a mine of valuable information. And, for a woman, you don't ask many questions.'

'Thank you for those few kind words, Lord Peter.'

'I am now free to devote my invaluable attention to *your* concerns. What is the news? And who is in love with whom?'

'Oh, life is a perfect desert. Nobody is in love with me, and the Schlitzers have had a worse row than usual and separated.'

'No!'

'Yes. Only, owing to financial considerations, they've got to go on sharing the same studio—you know, that big room over the mews. It must be very awkward having to eat and sleep and work in the same room with somebody you're being separated from. They don't even speak, and it's very awkward when you call on one of them and the other has to pretend not to be able to see or hear you.'

'I shouldn't think one could keep it up under those circumstances.'

'It's difficult. I'd have had Olga here, only she is so dreadfully bad-tempered. Besides, neither of them will give up the studio to the other.'

'I see. But isn't there any third party in the case?'

'Yes—Ulric Fiennes, the sculptor, you know. But he can't have her at his place because his wife's there, and he's really dependent on his wife, because his sculpting doesn't pay. And besides, he's at work on that colossal group for the Exhibition and he can't move it; it weighs about twenty tons. And if he went off and took Olga away, his wife would lock him out of the place. It's very inconvenient being a sculptor. It's like playing the double-bass; one's so handicapped by one's baggage.'

'True. Whereas, when you run away with me, we'll be able to put all the pottery shepherds and shepherdesses in a handbag.'

'Of course. What fun it will be. Where shall we run to?'

'How about starting to-night and getting as far as Oddenino's and going on to a show—if you're not doing anything?'

'You are a loveable man, and I shall call you Peter. Shall we see "Betwixt and Between"?'

'The thing they had such a job to get past the censor? Yes, if you like. Is it particularly obscene?'

'No, epicene, I fancy.'

'Oh, I see. Well, I'm quite agreeable. Only I warn you that I shall make a point of asking you the meaning of all the risky bits in a very audible voice.'

'That's your idea of amusement, is it?'

'Yes. It does make them so wild. People say "Hush!" and giggle, and if I'm lucky I end up with a gorgeous row in the bar.'

'Then I won't risk it. No. I'll tell you what I'd really love. We'll go and see "George Barnwell" at the Elephant and have a fish-and-chips supper afterwards.'

This was agreed upon, and was voted in retrospect a most profitable evening. It finished up with grilled kippers at a friend's studio in the early hours. Lord Peter returned home to find a note upon the hall-table.

My lord,

The person from Sleuths Incorporated rang up to-day that he was inclined to acquiesce in your lordship's opinion, but that he was keeping his eye upon the party and would report further to-morrow. The sandwiches are on the dining-room table, if your lordship should require refreshment.

Yours obediently,

M. BUNTER.

'Cross the gypsy's palm with silver,' said his lordship, happily, and rolled into bed.

'Yes, he did. A long lecture, all about the purity and courage of a good woman, driving round and round Regent's Park. I had to promise to turn over a new leaf and all that. Like being back at one's prep. school.'

'But didn't he mention anything about the money Lady Dormer was leaving to him?'

'Not a word. I don't suppose he knew about it.'

'I think he did. He'd just come from seeing her, you know, and I've a very good idea she explained matters to him then.'

'Did she? Well, that rather explains it. I thought he was being very pompous and stiff about it. He said what a responsibility money was, you know, and how he would like to feel that anything he left to me was being properly used and all that. And he rubbed it in about my not having been able to make good for myself—that was what got my goat—and about Sheila. Said I ought to appreciate a good woman's love more, my boy, and cherish her and so on. As if I needed him to tell me that. But of course, if he knew he was in the running for this half-million, it makes rather a difference. By jove, yes! I expect he would feel a bit anxious at the idea of leaving it all to a fellow he looked on as a waster.'

'I wonder he didn't mention it.'

'You didn't know grandfather. I bet he was thinking over in his mind whether it wouldn't be better to give my share to Sheila, and he was sounding me, to see what sort of disposition I'd got. The old fox! Well, I did my best to put myself in a good light, of course, because just at the moment I didn't want to lose my chance of his two thousand. But I don't think he found me satisfactory. I say, went on George, with rather a sheepish laugh, 'perhaps it's just as well he popped off when he did. He might have cut me off with a shilling, eh?'

'Your brother would have seen you through in any case.'

'I suppose he would. Robert's quite a decent sort, really, though he does get on one's nerves so.'

'Does he?'

'He's so thick-skinned; the regular unimaginative Briton. I believe Robert would cheerfully go through another five years of war and think it all a very good rag. Robert was proverbial, you know, for never turning a hair. I remember Robert, at that ghastly hole at Carency, where the whole ground was

I can't stand it. It's simply damnable. Suppose this fellow starts hanging round the Walmisley-Hubbard place. Look nice, won't it, for their salesman to have a tee on his heels all the time? Just as I hoped things were coming right—'

'Bosh!' said Wimsey. 'Don't let yourself get rattled. It's probably all imagination, or just a coincidence.'

'It isn't. I wouldn't mind betting he's outside in the street now.'

'Well, then, we'll settle his hash when we get outside. Give him in charge for annoying you. Look here, forget him for a bit. Tell me about the old General. How did he seem, that last time you saw him?'

'Oh, he seemed fit enough. Crusty, as usual.'

'Crusty, was he? What about?'

'Private matters,' said George, sullenly.

Wimsey cursed himself for having started his questions tactlessly. The only thing now was to retrieve the situation as far as possible.

'I'm not at all sure,' he said, 'that relations shouldn't all be painlessly put away after threescore and ten. Or at any rate segregated. Or have their tongues sterilized, so that they can't be poisonously interfeerin';'

'I wish they were,' growled George. 'The old man—damn it all, I know he was in the Crimea, but he's no idea what a real war's like. He thinks things can go on just as they did half a century ago. I daresay he never did behave as I do. Anyway, I know he never had to go to his wife for his pocket-money, let alone having the inside gassed out of him. Coming preaching to me—and I couldn't say anything, because he was so confoundedly old, you know.'

'Very trying,' murmured Wimsey, sympathetically.

'It's all so damned unfair,' said George. 'Do you know,' he burst out, the sense of grievance suddenly overpowering his wounded vanity, 'the old devil actually threatened to cut me out of the miserable little bit of money he had to leave me if I didn't "reform my domestic behaviour". That's the way he talked. Just as if I was carrying on with another woman or something. I know I did have an awful row with Sheila one day, but of course I didn't mean half I said. She knows that, but the old man took it all seriously.'

'Half a moment,' broke in Wimsey, 'did he say all this to you in the taxi that day?'

## Chapter 11

### Lord Peter Clears Trumps



LEUTHS Incorporated's report, when it came, might be summed up as 'Nothing doing and Major Fentiman convinced that there never will be anything doing; opinion shared by Sleuths Incorporated.' Lord Peter's reply was: 'Keep on watching and something will happen before the week is out.'

His lordship was justified. On the fourth evening, 'Sleuths Incorporated' reported again by telephone. The particular sleuth in charge of the case had been duly relieved by Major Fentiman at 6 p.m. and had gone to get his dinner. On returning to his post an hour later, he had been presented with a note left for him with the ticket-collector at the stair-head. It ran: 'Just seen Oliver getting into taxi. Am following. Will communicate to refreshment-room. Fentiman.' The sleuth had perforce to return to the refreshment room and hang about waiting for a further message. 'But all the while, my lord, the second man I put on as instructed by you, my lord, was a-following the Major unbeknownst.' Presently a call was put through from Waterloo. 'Oliver is on the Southampton train. I am following.' The sleuth hurried down to Waterloo, found the train gone and followed on by the next. At Southampton he made inquiries and learned that a gentleman answering to Fentiman's description had made a violent disturbance as the Havre boat was just starting, and had been summarily ejected at the instance of an elderly man whom he appeared to have annoyed or attacked in some way. Further investigation among the Port authorities made it clear that Fentiman had followed this person down, made himself offensive on the train and been warned off by the guard, collared his prey again on the gangway and tried to prevent him from going aboard.

The gentleman had produced his passport and pièces d'identité, showing him to be a retired manufacturer of the name of Postlethwaite, living at Kew. Fentiman had insisted that he was, on the contrary, a man called Oliver, address and circumstances unknown, whose testimony was wanted in some family matter. As Fentiman was unprovided with a passport and appeared to have no official authority for stopping and questioning travellers, and as his story seemed vague and his manner agitated, the local police had decided to detain Fentiman. Postlethwaite was allowed to proceed on his way, after leaving his address in England and his destination, which, as he contended, and as he produced papers and correspondence to prove, was Venice.

The sleuth went round to the police-station, where he found Fentiman, apoplectic with fury, threatening proceedings for false imprisonment. He was able to get him released, however, on bearing witness to Fentiman's identity and good faith, and after persuading him to give a promise to keep the peace. He had then reminded Fentiman that private persons were not entitled to assault or arrest peaceable people against whom no charge could be made, pointing out to him that his proper course, when Oliver denied being Oliver, would have been to follow on quietly and keep a watch on him, while communicating with Wimsey or Mr Murbles or Sleuths Incorporated. He added that he was himself now waiting at Southampton for further instructions from Lord Peter. Should he follow to Venice, or send his subordinate, or should he return to London? In view of the frank behaviour of Mr Postlethwaite, it seemed probable that a genuine mistake had been made as to identity, but Fentiman insisted that he was not mistaken.

Lord Peter, holding the trunk line, considered for a moment. Then he laughed.

'Where is Major Fentiman?' he asked.

'Returning to town, my lord. I have represented to him that I have now all the necessary information to go upon, and that his presence in Venice would only hamper my movements, now that he had made himself known to the party.'

'Quite so. Well, I think you might as well send your man on to Venice, just in case it's a true bill. And listen'... He gave some further instructions, ending with: 'And ask Major Fentiman to come and see me as soon as he arrives.'

'Certainly, my lord.'

'What's up? Isn't there anything you can bear to eat?'  
'It's all right. I was just wondering whether to have *moules marinières* or not.'

'Good idea.'  
Wimsey's face cleared, and for some time they absorbed mussels from the shell with speechless, though not altogether silent, satisfaction.

'By the way,' said Wimsey, suddenly, 'you never told me that you had seen your grandfather the afternoon before he died.'

George flushed. He was struggling with a particularly elastic mussel, firmly rooted to the shell, and could not answer for a moment.

'How on earth?—confound it all, Wimsey, are *you* behind this infernal watch that's being kept on me?'

'Watch?'

'Yes, I said watch. I call it a damn rotten thing to do. I never thought for a moment you had anything to do with it.'

'I haven't. Who's keeping a watch on you?'

'There's a fellow following me about. A spy. I'm always seeing him. I don't know whether he's a detective or what. He looks like a criminal. He came down in the 'bus with me from Finsbury Park this morning. He was after me all day yesterday. He's probably about now. I won't have it. If I catch sight of him again I shall knock his dirty little head off. Why should I be followed and spied on? I haven't done anything. And now *you* begin.'

'I swear I've nothing to do with anybody following you about. Honestly, I haven't. I wouldn't employ a man, anyway, who'd let a bloke see that he was being followed. No. When I start huntin' you, I shall *be* as silent and stealthy as a gas-leak. What's this incompetent bloodhound like to look at?'

'Looks like a tout. Small, thin, with his hat pulled down over his eyes and an old rain-coat with the collar turned up. And a very blue chin.'

'Sounds like a stage detective. He's a silly ass anyway.'

'He gets on my nerves.'

'Oh, all right. Next time you see him, punch his head.'

'But what does he want?'

'How should I know? What have you been doing?'

'Nothing, of course. I tell you, Wimsey, I believe there's some sort of conspiracy going on to get me into trouble, or do away with me, or something.'