



"Now and then you get a man who is a materialist, in the sense of a beast. He's a bad man"

The Crime of the Communist

THREE men came out from under the low-browed Tudor arch in the mellow façade of Mandeville College, into the strong evening sunlight of a summer day which seemed as if it would never end; and in that sunlight they saw something well fitted to be the shock of their lives.

Even before they had realized anything in the way of a catastrophe, they were conscious of a contrast. They themselves, in a curious, quiet way, were quite harmonious with their surroundings. Though the Tudor arches that ran like a cloister round the college gardens had been built four hundred years ago, though they themselves were in modern clothes, something in the spirit of the place made them all as one.

The first of the three, a tall, bald, bearded maypole of a man, was a familiar figure in the Quad in cap and gown; the gown slipped off one of his sloping shoulders. The second was very square-shouldered, short and compact, with a rather jolly grin, commonly clad in a jacket, with his gown over his arm. The third was even shorter and much shabbier, in black clerical clothes. But they all seemed suitable to Mandeville College and the indescribable atmosphere of the two ancient and unique universities of England. They fitted into it and they faded into it; which is there regarded as most fitting.

The two men seated on garden chairs by a little table were a sort of brilliant blot on this gray-green landscape. They were clad mostly in black and yet they glittered from head to heel, from their burnished top-hats to their perfectly polished shoes. It was dimly felt as an outrage that anybody should be so well-dressed in the well-bred freedom of Mandeville College. The only excuse

A mystery story, in which more, far more, than a corpse is found. The law's master-mind is the famous Father Brown, the world's most studious detective

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

was that they were foreigners. One was an American: a millionaire named Hake, dressed in the spotlessly and sparkingly gentlemanly manner known only to the rich of New York. The other, who added to all these things the outrage of an astrakhan overcoat (to say nothing of a pair of florid whiskers), was a German count of great wealth; the shortest part of his name was Von Zimmern.

THE mystery of this story, however, is not the mystery of why they were there. They were there for the reason that commonly explains the meeting of incongruous things: they proposed to give the college some money. They had come in support of a plan supported by several financiers and magnates of many countries, for founding a new Chair of Economics at Mandeville College. They had inspected the college with that tireless, conscientious sight-seeing of which no sons of Eve are capable except the American and the German. And now they were resting from their labors and looking solemnly at the college gardens. So far so good.

The three other men, who had already met them, passed with a vague salutation; but one of them stopped; the smallest of the three, in the black clerical clothes.

"I say," he said, with rather the air of a frightened rabbit, "I don't like the look of those men."

"Good God! Who could?" ejaculated the tall man, who happened to be the Master of Mandeville. "At least we have some rich men who don't go about dressed up like tailors' dummies."

"Yes," hissed the little cleric, "that's what I mean. Like tailors' dummies."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the short man in gray sharply.

"I mean they're like horrible waxworks," said the cleric in a faint voice. "I mean they don't move. Why don't they move?"

Suddenly starting out of his dim retirement, he darted across the garden and touched the German baron on the elbow. The German baron fell over, chair and all, and the trousered legs that stuck up in the air were as stiff as the legs of the chair.

Mr. Gideon P. Hake continued to gaze

at the college gardens with glassy eyes; but the parallel of a waxwork confirmed the impression that they were like eyes made of glass. Somehow the rich sunlight and the colored garden increased the creepy impression of a stiffly dressed doll; a marionette on an Italian stage. The small man in black, who was a priest named Brown, tentatively touched the millionaire on the shoulder; and the millionaire fell sideways, but horribly all of a piece, like something carved in wood.

"*Rigor mortis*," said Father Brown, "and so soon. But it does vary a good deal."

THE reason the first three men had joined the other two men so late (not to say too late) will best be understood by noting what had happened just inside the building, behind the Tudor archway, but a short time before they came out. They had all dined together in Hall, at the High Table; but the two foreign philanthropists, slaves of duty in the matter of seeing everything, had solemnly gone back to the chapel, of which one cloister and a staircase remained unexamined, promising to re-join the rest in the garden to examine as earnestly the college cigars. The rest, in a more reverent and right-minded spirit, had adjourned as usual to the long, narrow, oak table round which the after-dinner wine had circulated, for all anybody knew, ever since the college had been founded in the Middle Ages by Sir John Mandeville, for the encouragement of telling stories.

The Master, with the big, fair beard and the bald brow, took the head of the table, and the squat, square man in the square jacket sat on his left; for he was the bursar or business man of the college. Next to him, on that side of the

table, sat a queer-looking man with what could only be called a crooked face; for its dark tufts of mustache and eyebrow, slanting at contrary angles, made a sort of zigzag, as if half his face were puckered or paralyzed. His name was Byles; he was the lecturer in Roman history, and his political opinions were founded on those of Coriolanus, not to mention Tarquinius Superbus.

Beyond him sat Father Brown and at the end of the table Wadham, the professor of chemistry, large and blond and bland, with eyes that were sleepy and perhaps a little sly. It was well-known that this natural philosopher regarded the other philosophers, of a more classical tradition, very much as old fogies.

ON THE other side of the table, opposite Father Brown, was a very swarthy and silent young man, with a black, pointed beard, introduced because somebody had insisted on having a Chair of Persian; opposite the sinister Byles was a very mild-looking little chaplain, with a head like an egg. Opposite the bursar, and at the right hand of the Master, was an empty chair; and there were many there who were glad to see it empty.

"I don't know whether Craken is coming," said the Master, not without a nervous glance at the chair, which contrasted with the usual languid freedom of his demeanor. "I believe in giving people a lot of rope myself; but I confess I've reached the point of being glad when he is here, merely because he isn't anywhere else."

"Never know what he'll be up to next," said the bursar cheerfully, "especially when he's instructing the young."

"A brilliant fellow, but fiery of course," said the Master, with a rather abrupt relapse into reserve.

"Fireworks are fiery, and also brilliant," growled old Byles, "but I don't want to be burned in my bed so that Craken can figure as a real Guy Fawkes."

"Do you really think he would join a physical force revolution, if there were one?" asked the bursar, smiling.

"Well, he thinks he would," said Byles sharply. "Told a whole hall full of undergraduates the other day that nothing now could avert the class war turning into a real war, with killing in the streets of the town; and it didn't matter, so long as it ended in Communism and the victory of the working-class."

"THE class war," mused the Master. "I never can understand all this about the class war. When I was young, Socialism was supposed to mean that there are no classes."

"Well," said the bursar, "there are. You can't make men equal and it's damned bad business to pay them equal; especially a lot of them not worth paying for at all. Whatever it is, you've got to take the practical way out, because it's the only way out. It's not our fault if nature made everything a scramble."

"I agree with you there," said the professor of chemistry, speaking with a lisp that seemed childish in so large a man. "Socialism is sentimentalism; and more dangerous than a pestilence, for in that at least the fittest would survive."

The Master smiled a little sadly. "You know you and I will never feel quite the same about differences of opinion. Didn't somebody say up here, about walking with a friend by the river, 'Not differing much, except in opinion.' Isn't that the motto of a university? To have hundreds of opinions and not be opinionated. If people fail here, it's by what they are, not what

they think. Perhaps I'm a relic of the eighteenth century; but I incline to the old sentimental heresy. 'For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight; he can't be wrong whose life is in the right.' What do you think about that, Father Brown?"

He glanced a little mischievously across at the priest and was mildly startled. For he had always found the priest very cheerful and amiable and easy to get on with; and his round face was mostly solid with good humor. But for some reason the priest's face at this moment was knotted with a frown much more somber than any the company had ever seen on it.

"I don't believe in that, anyhow," he said shortly. "How can one's life be in the right, if one's whole view of life is wrong? That's a modern muddle that

ing a Chair of Theoretical Thieving in this college."

"Well, you're all very down on Communism, of course," said the Master, with a sigh. "But do you really think there's so much of it to be down on? Are any of your heresies really big enough to be dangerous? Are—"

A SHADOW shot or slid rapidly along the paneled wall opposite, as swiftly followed by the figure that had flung it—a long-limbed, high-shouldered man with long, drooping mustaches, who sank into the empty chair on the Master's right, and looked across at the bursar and the rest with hollow and cavernous eyes. His hanging hair and mustache were quite fair, but his eyes were so deep-set that they might have been black.



He returned the pouch; his eyes were far away and burning

arose because people didn't know how much views of life can differ. Baptists and Methodists knew they didn't differ very much in morality; but then they didn't differ very much in religion or philosophy. It's quite different when you pass from the Baptists to the Anabaptists; or from the Theosophists to the Thugs. Heresy always does affect morality, if it's heretical enough. I suppose a man may honestly believe that thieving isn't wrong. But what's the good of saying that he honestly believes in dishonesty?"

"Damned good," said Byles with a ferocious contortion of feature, believed by many to be meant for a friendly smile. "And that's why I object to hav-

The professor of Roman history rose stiffly to his feet and stalked out of the room, indicating with little *finesse* his feelings about sitting at the same table with the professor of Theoretical Thieving, otherwise the Communist, Mr. Craken.

The Master of Mandeville covered the awkward situation with nervous grace. "I was defending you, or some aspects of you, my dear Craken," he said smiling, "though I am sure you would find me quite indefensible. After all, I can't forget that the old Socialist friends of my youth had a very fine ideal of fraternity and comradeship. William Morris put it all briefly, 'Fellowship is heaven; and lack of fellowship is hell.'"

"Dons as Democrats; see headline," said Mr. Craken rather disagreeably. "And is Hard-Case Hake going to dedicate the new Commercial Chair to the memory of William Morris?"

"Well," said the Master, still maintaining a desperate geniality, "I hope we may say, in a sense, that all our chairs are chairs of good fellowship."

"Yes; that's the academic version of the Morris maxim," growled Craken. "A fellowship is heaven; and lack of fellowship is hell."

"Don't be so cross, Craken," interposed the bursar briskly. "Take some port. Tenby, pass the port to Mr. Craken."

"Oh, well, I'll have a glass," said the Communist professor a little less ungraciously. "I really came down here to have a smoke in the garden. Then I looked out of the window and saw your two precious millionaires were actually blooming in the garden; fresh, innocent buds. After all, it might be worth while to give them a bit of my mind."

The Master had risen under cover of his last conventional cordiality, and was only too glad to leave the bursar to do his best with the wild man. Others had risen, and the groups at the table had begun to break up; and the bursar and Mr. Craken were left more or less alone at the end of the long table. Only Father Brown continued to sit staring into vacancy with a rather cloudy expression.

"OH, AS to that," said the bursar, "I'm pretty tired of them myself, to tell the truth; I've been with them the best part of a day going into facts and figures and all the business of this new professorship. But look here, Craken," and he leaned across the table and spoke with a sort of soft emphasis, "you really needn't cut up so rough about this new professorship. It doesn't really interfere with your subject. You're the only professor of political economy at Mandeville. And, though I don't pretend to agree with your notions, everybody knows you've got a European reputation. This is a special subject they call applied economics. Well, even today, as I told you, I've had a hell of a lot of applied economics. In other words, I've had to talk business with two business men. Would you particularly want to do that? Would you envy it? Would you stand it? Isn't that evidence enough that it is a separate subject and may well be a separate chair?"

"Good God," cried Craken with the intense invocation of the atheist. "Do you think I don't want to apply economics? Only when we apply it, you call it red ruin and anarchy; and when you apply it, I take the liberty of calling it exploitation. If only you fellows would apply economics, it's just possible that people might get something to eat. We are the practical people; and that's why you're afraid of us. That's why you have to get two greasy capitalists to start another lectureship; just because I've let the cat out of the bag."

"Rather a wild cat, wasn't it," said the bursar smiling, "that you let out of the bag?"

"And rather a gold bag, isn't it," said Craken, "that you are tying the cat up in again?"

"Well, I don't suppose we shall ever agree about all that," said the other. "But those fellows have come out of the chapel into the garden, and if you want to have your smoke there, you'd better come." He watched with some amusement his companion fumbling in all his pockets till he produced a pipe and then gazing at it with an abstracted air. Craken rose to his feet, but even in doing so, seemed to be feeling all over himself again. Mr. Baker, the bursar, ended the controversy with a happy

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You Can't Fool New Hampshire

Just try to put something over on the legislature of New Hampshire. You can't do it. For one thing, it's too big—nobody could afford to bribe the boys even if they could all be seen. Besides, politics is a pastime, not a business, in New Hampshire. And when you add a governor who looks like Lincoln, you're licked completely

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

ANYONE could have learned in short order what was engaging the expert attentions of Mr. Enoch D. Fuller in his offices in Concord, New Hampshire. Mr. Fuller is New Hampshire's Secretary of State and you may travel from Dummer Ponds to Windham Depot, a journey packed with profit to anyone with an eye for suave beauty, and discover that friend and foe alike ascribe to Mr. Fuller all the stout virtues and rugged talents that combine to make the perfect Secretary of State.

For example, search as you will and resort to such low devices as you may command and you will not find that Mr. Fuller is given to disbursing snap judgments in lieu of facts. Moreover, facts themselves do not issue from the offices of New Hampshire's Secretary of State before having been tested for shrinkage, color, strain, twist and combustion. Therefore the decision that was being handed down when we were in Mr. Fuller's office was sound. There it was, proved in simple mathematics understandable even to us who frequently are put to rout by such elementals as the early multiplication tables.

The question was this: When, if ever, would the village of East Sullivan in Cheshire County be entitled to a membership in the largest legislative body in America outside the House of Representatives in Washington, to wit, the House of Representatives of New Hampshire? We shall have a word or two about New Hampshire's House of Representatives and other points of interest in the state, but for the moment we shall stick to the business in hand and thereby explain how, numerically, this law-making rodeo gets the way it is. Nobody in Mr. Fuller's office appeared to know just how the matter of East Sullivan had arisen but it was disposed of just the same, along with such current problems as the perplexity of a hotel owner in Coos County concerning whether he should append "pres." or "prop." to his name on his business stationery.

But as to East Sullivan it was clear that for all her beauty and fertility she was not entitled to membership, having a population of only eighty, whereas it is necessary in New Hampshire for a community to muster six hundred souls before the right to regular representation in the legislature is hers. Nevertheless the outlook for East Sullivan was not altogether hopeless. If she never grew so much as an incubator baby beyond her present modest proportions of eighty she would not be able to complain that she was the victim of that celebrated tyranny known as taxation without representation. To demonstrate this, Mr. Fuller took pencil and paper and with a swift application of homemade formula found that East

Sullivan would be entitled to one representative every fifteen years. This, he went on to explain, might impress some people as a trifle infrequent, but the more philosophic residents of East Sullivan would derive a great deal of comfort from the fact that there are communities in New Hampshire—Flume House, for example—which could send a leading citizen to the legislature only once in eighty years. Flume House has a population of fifteen, almost all of whom are of legislative dimensions.

Once in Fifteen Years

You see, the Constitution of New Hampshire, a venerable instrument written in 1793, has it that "towns of less than six hundred inhabitants shall be entitled to one representative such proportionate part of the time as the number of inhabitants shall bear to 600." For a number of years this proposition, in simple equation or proportion or whatever it is, was the subject of much acrimonious debate, to say nothing of downright bad arithmetic. The result was some pretty tart exchanges between the represented and the unrepresented with nobody being thoroughly convinced and such communities as Flume House, Granite, Starr King and Roby waxing pretty nasty. But Mr. Fuller put an end to it all by producing a formula which, upon being inspected for flaws by the best minds in the state, was pronounced incontestable.

Starting from legal scratch, which grants a community with six hundred inhabitants one representative each session, Mr. Fuller worked it out on a ten-year basis. New Hampshire's legislature convenes every two years and that, it must be clear, makes five sessions in ten years. Therefore, letting X equal the number of representatives a community may be entitled to, he evolves: X is to 5 as the number of a town's inhabitants is to 600. Thus in East Sullivan's case X is to 5 as 80 is to 600. You may figure it out for yourself but no argument will be tolerated. You will find that East Sullivan is entitled to two thirds of a representative every ten years, but inasmuch as there are no adults of fractional caliber in all New Hampshire, East Sullivan must therefore wait an additional five years before electing one of her notoriously complete citizens to be her voice in Concord. And when he has served his single term the excitement is all over for another fifteen years. I am told it works out nicely, fifteen years being just about enough time to repair the damage. There's another nice feature of such blue-moon representation to consider: If a town's representation years are impressively far apart, few citizens live long enough even in New Hampshire to return to the Capital, and the

honor thus descends in time upon all the community's deserving families. Even where it happens every ten or twelve years like locusts or panics, the citizenry are likely to regard it as a sporting rather than a political event and award the distinction to somebody who hasn't had a vacation for some years or use it as laurel for the brow of some declining local father who has accumulated all the other honors the community has to confer. New Hampshire's graveyards are thickly strewn with tombstones whereon one reads (away down at the bottom) "Served in the Legislature of—"

It is by this process then that New Hampshire with 469,000 inhabitants in all comes by its densely populated House of Representatives of 418 members. It was our fine fortune to be in Concord while the legislature was in session, specially convened to consider the matter of the manufacture, distribution, sale and consumption of hard liquor, the state having voted 76,000 to 30,000 to be wet. Therefore we saw this ponderous body in action and were surprised that it got about with such alacrity. More, we arrived in the spacious hall where this House of Representatives sits just in time for morning prayer and met the governor of New Hampshire—His Excellency John Gilbert Winant, who used himself to be one of this representing multitude.

A Liberal with a Chill

We shall come to him in a moment. He is quite as interesting and in several ways every bit as large as the House we met him in. More than that, he is spoken of by sundry Republicans as the "type" of Republican that the currently befuddled and slack-jaw G. O. P. must look to in the immediate future if the party is to be anything more for the next six or eight years than a petulant whisper whimpering in the wilderness. Of the Senate which was convening with the House we shall say practically nothing. It consists of but twenty-four somber members and, after the fashion of Senates the world over, is absorbed most in trying to stop the House from doing something the latter hopes will turn out all right in the long run. Not that this can't be of considerable service to a people.

Governor Winant, a tallish, brooding man of forty-five, with a schoolmaster's stoop and a voice which, even on the stump, gives the hearer a sense of being taken into his confidence, looks like or rather suggests Abraham Lincoln. An indoor Lincoln. But the resemblance is reminiscent rather than immediate. He is a Republican who, like a majority of Republicans surviving in office, has hooked his chariot to the Roosevelt engine. He is a smolderer by nature, not a



Clyde Keefe, Democratic leader of New Hampshire's House, who needs no lessons in practical politics

Ex-Senator George H. Moses and, below, Governor Winant of New Hampshire

