

**WHAT'S ON  
WEEK ENDING 29 FEBRUARY 1908**

**OUR NEW COMPETITION**

**THE MURDER IN X. STREET  
Chapter III**

We continue our new competition, and offer a prize of £5 to the successful competitor, in addition to the regular weekly prize of 10s. 6d.

What you have to do is read the story and send in your solution of the problems propounded in the course of the narrative and denoted by italics.

To the competitor who sends each week the best and clearest solution we will award a sum of 10s. 6d. All entries for the competition will be kept by us, and when the series is concluded we will send to the competitor whose replies have won most marks during the series the sum of £5, and to the weekly winners the sum of 10s. 6d. each.

Some of the problems are very difficult, but competitors are not expected to solve them all. *Answers may be sent in at any time, not necessarily week by week.*

*Rules*—Competitors must attach to their replies the coupon to be found on the outside top corner of the front cover.

*Note.*—*This coupon will only be found on purchased copies of WHAT'S ON, as it is purposely omitted from all copies supplied to hotels, restaurants, clubs, etc., to prevent mutilation.*

Competitors should write as clearly as possible, and must send their full name and address with each reply.

The Editor's decision is final.

No employee of WHAT'S ON is allowed to compete.

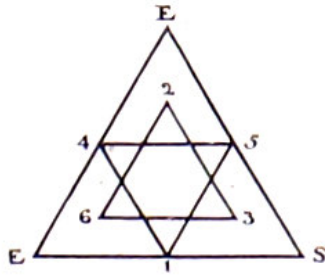
Address your replies to Editor, WHAT'S ON, 32, Essex Street, Strand, W.C., and write "Competition" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

**THE MURDER IN X. STREET.  
Chapter III.**

The inspector then proceeded to examine the body.

"Lucky!" he murmured, "the card might have been a 'plant,' but this tattooing is a sure test."

For on the old woman's right arm was this curious figure,



and on the left arm, as if to explain the figure, the following table—:

E21 A measure of work.

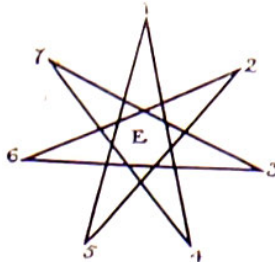
56E A device to conceal age and shabbiness.

S34 The all-beholder.

"It is she! It is she!" groaned the Pride of Scotland Yard.  
"Let me get assistance from these offices!"

(Read her name.)

He went and knocked at a green door, bearing the legend—



Beneath it the office-boy had scribbled:—

12E34 is often cornered, always beaten.

5E3 is always wet.

46E is 1234 1E usually have 4E7 of

7E54 has a bird in it.

1E54 has a star in it.

Better 4231 your 765E. Rub it with 5761.

"Oh, those people!" muttered the inspector. "I'm sure of intelligent assistance here!"

(Read the cipher and signify the letters denoted by the figures at the points of the star.)

"Come in!" said a weary voice, and the inspector entering, saw a young man with his eyes standing out from his head.

"I am a member of a secret society," he explained, "and the Chiefs have sent me a secret order to watch over the life of one of its most valued members."

"Show it to me!" commanded the inspector. And the young man produced the following note:

THIS HAG  
SHALL RUE  
OUR HANDY CREW.

"I am to take one letter from the first line, two (consecutive in all cases) from the second, three from the third," he explained, "and arrange them in a triangle, thus:—

1  
2 3  
4 5 6

and 123456 will spell the name of my protégé."

"But how are you to choose the letters?" said the inspector.

"Oh," said the youth, "that is difficult. The clue is:—

THE WOMAN  
WAS DREAD  
FULLY UGLY.

I take one letter from the first line for the 4 in the triangle, two from the second line for the 52, and three from the third line for the 631."

"Bah!" said the inspector; "It's as plain as print. Your stupidity has cost you dear; you are too late. The woman is already dead."

"*What is her name?*" gasped the youth.

"It's up to you," he said.

"I heard two dreadful bumps," said the youth.

"A book and a woman," said the inspector. "By the jumping Frog, I forgot all about the book! Let us go and see what it is!"

"What do I care about books?" muttered the young fellow, "am I not on the Best Weekly in London? As the poet says in his double acrostic:—

'This place is like a wood-yard—packed with poles.  
This exports horses to make sausage-rolls.  
Here a grandee rides gaily on the moors,  
And here a treaty armed peace assures;  
This is a faery spot, an Alpine dip in,  
And this is noted for a simple pippin.' "

The inspector was duly impressed.  
(Read this Acrostic, and give name of paper).

*(To be continued.)*