

BEYOND THE BARRIERS OF THE, LAW

TRUE

December

★ DETECTIVE

MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN
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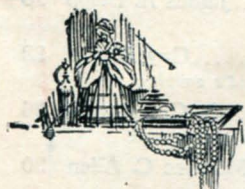
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If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister



SOME of the most important things in a woman's life are the most difficult to discuss, and one of them is the subject of feminine hygiene. Thousands of women today are running continual risk through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid.

Physicians deplore the use of these dangerous germicides, but many women are too shy or timid to ascertain the real facts. Others receive wrong or incomplete advice from people who are no better informed than themselves. If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister, there would be far less misery from this source, because nurses, like physicians, are well aware of the dangers that lie in every bottle that displays the deadly skull-and-crossbones on its label.

Safety for little children

Besides the caustic, corrosive effect which carbolic acid compounds possess when in contact with delicate membranes, there is the constant danger of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. The tragedies growing out of such accidents are common enough, as every newspaper reader knows.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. Science has at last developed a true antiseptic, a real germicide, that is powerful and effective, but safe. It is called Zonite, and while it is comparable in strength with the poisonous antiseptics already discussed, it can be applied



Some women receive wrong or incomplete advice . . . but science HAS developed a safe antiseptic comparable in strength with carbolic acid. An antiseptic that is absolutely non-poisonous . . .

without danger to the most delicate membranes and tissues of the body.

Zonite is in reality a scientific marvel. It is more than forty times as effective germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen. It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely applied to the human body. And yet Zonite, powerful as it is, can actually be held in the mouth. In fact, dentists are recommending it freely for oral hygiene.

Welcomed by women

No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by refined, enlightened women, as well as the medical and nursing professions. For Zonite has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of feminine hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

Zonite is fatal to germs, but safe for human beings. It will not burn, harden nor scar the delicate tissue-linings, as the old poisonous antiseptics do, even when they are greatly diluted. Zonite is clean and wholesome and perfectly safe to

have around the house. It is safe in the hands of a child.

Zonite can now be obtained at practically every drugstore in the United States. Knowledge has spread rapidly of its splendid qualities, especially its safety in use. Probably women in your own circle are using it.

Send for this booklet

Full directions for the use of Zonite accompany every bottle, but if you are interested in the subject of feminine hygiene you will want to have the special booklet which the Women's Division has prepared. It deals also with other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is daintily illustrated and the information it contains is concise and to the point. It is frankly written but delicately treated. It is a book every mother will want to show her daughter. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. VIII

DECEMBER, 1927

No. 3

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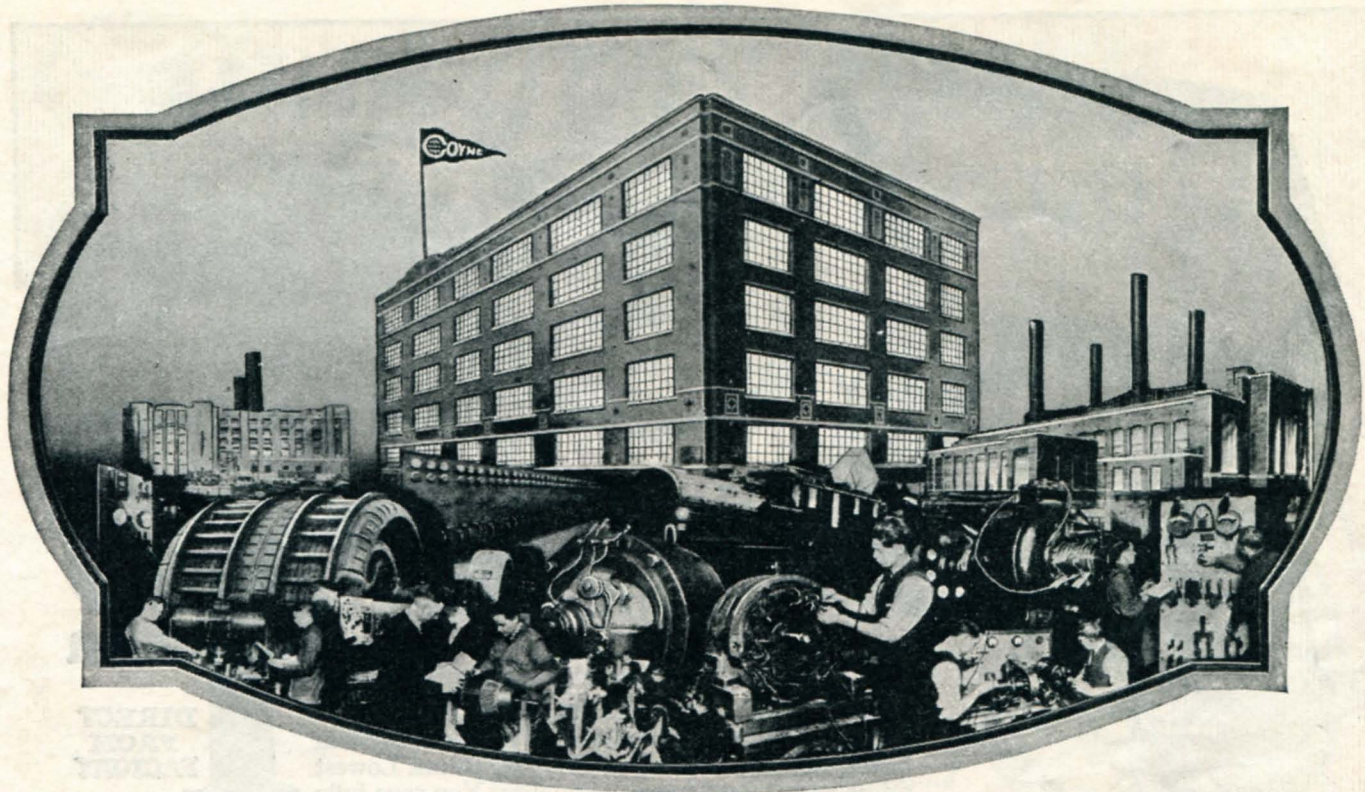
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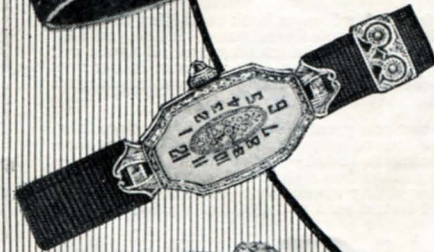
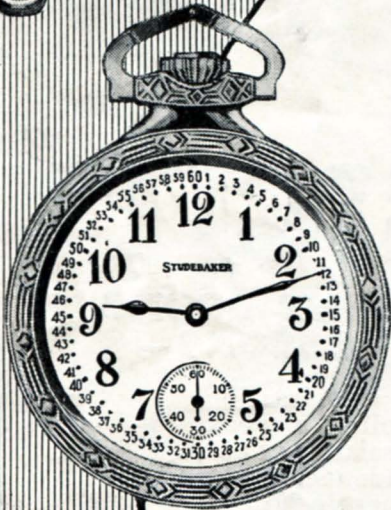
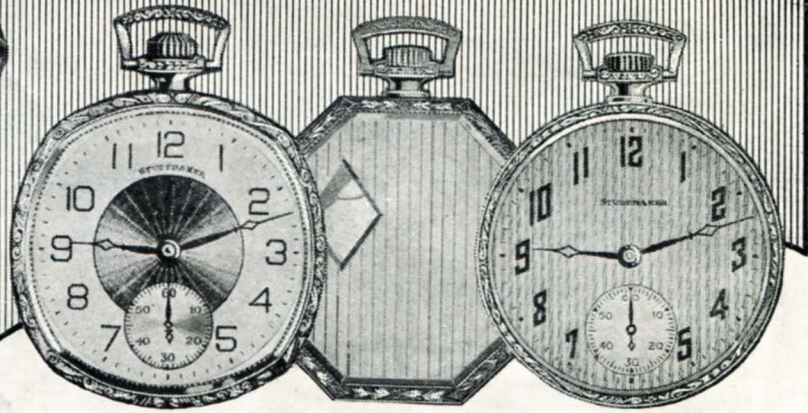
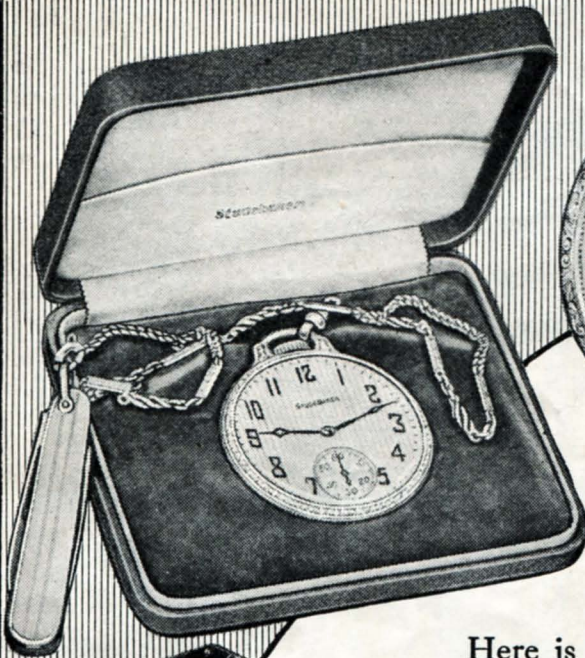
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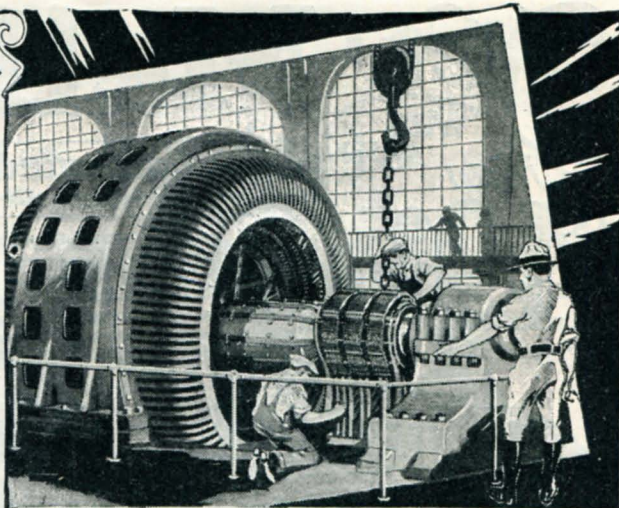
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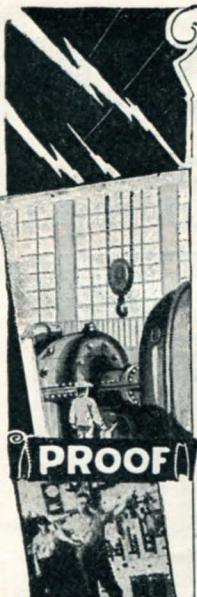
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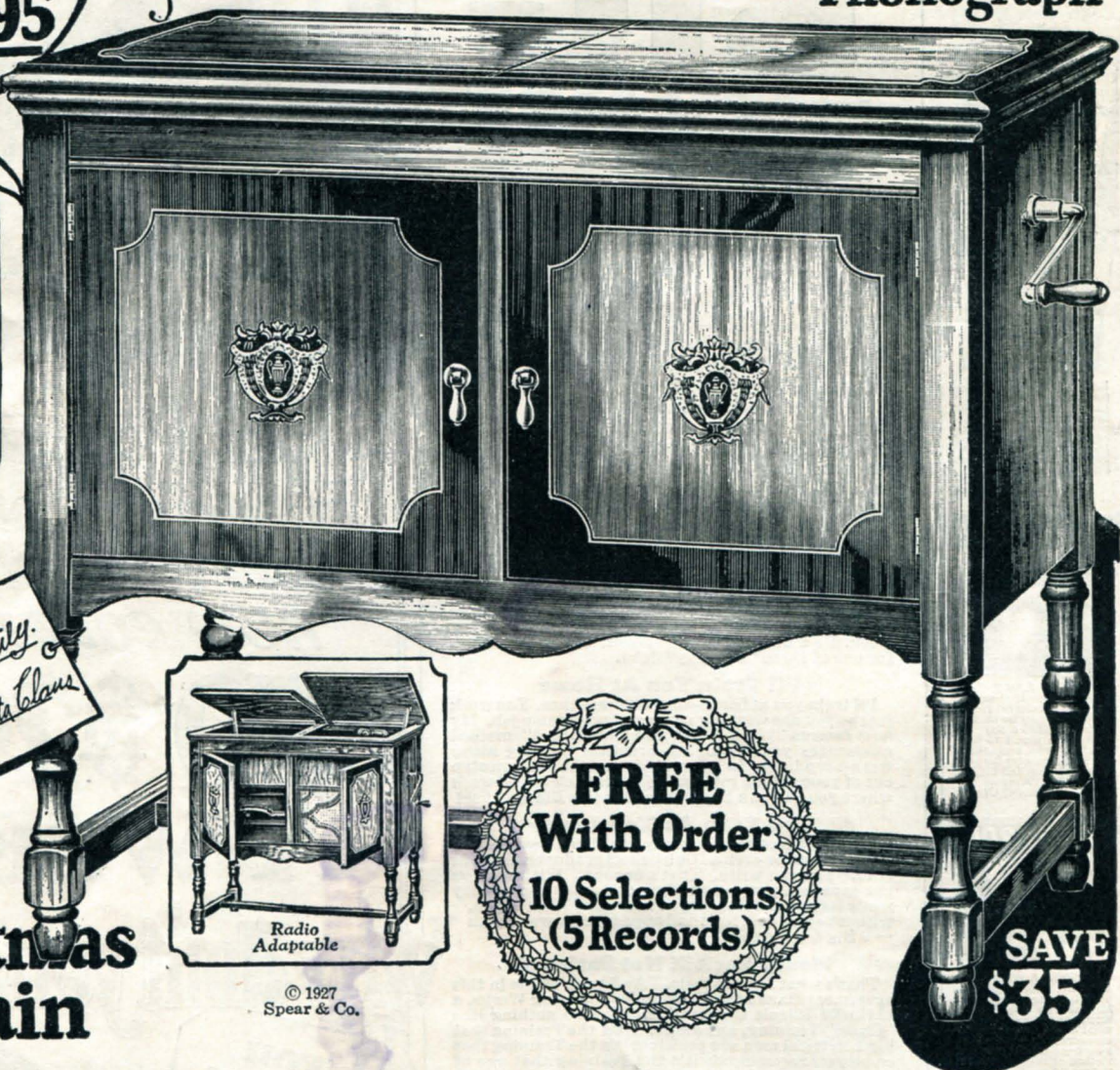
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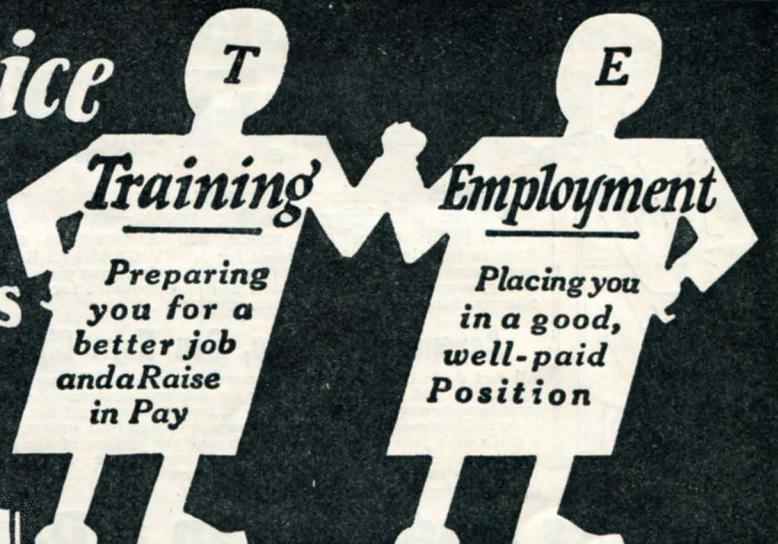
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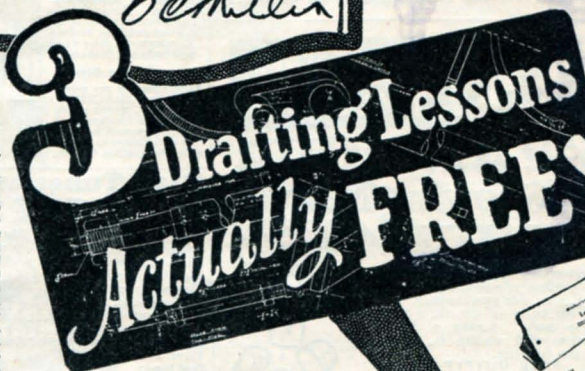
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The American School is the first in the home-study field to recognize the need of guaranteeing its courses with a money-back contract, if the training fails to accomplish the benefits you expect. Thus all risk and doubt are eliminated—either the training will help you to a better job and a raise in pay or it will cost you nothing. To better carry out this important service, we maintain a National employment department which keeps in touch with the employers of Draftsmen all over the U. S. All this without extra charge to our students and graduates.



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You will naturally expect the American School to give you the best kind of instruments and tools with the best kind of training. This outfit is good enough to use professionally after you finish your training. Mail coupon for description.

O. C. Miller, Director Extension Work

O. C. Miller, Director Extension Work
American School, Dept. D9264
Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Your offer to send me 3 lessons free and facts about the opportunities in Drafting and about your course, looks good to me. It is understood I am not obligated in any way in making this request.

Name

Address

Occupation Age



Dept. D9264, Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Chicago

Amazing New Glass Cleaner Offers \$15 a Day PROFIT!



HERE'S an absolutely new, money-making proposition that will bring you big profits—easy profits—QUICK PROFITS! You can make \$50 a week in spare time—\$100 in full time—taking orders for JIFFY GLASS CLEANER—a new, pure, harmless liquid that easily and instantly cleans glass surfaces without water, soap or chamois. Think of it! Unequaled for cleaning windows, mirrors, windshields, show cases, eyeglasses, etc.

Anyone, Anywhere, Can Earn Big Money

All you do is demonstrate to housewives, automobile owners, stores, garages, etc., and take orders. We do not sell dealers. All business from your locality must come through you, and you alone get the profit on every order. Every demonstration brings you two to four orders. Just moisten a cloth with Jiffy Glass Cleaner, rub over the surface of the glass and then polish with a dry cloth. Instantly removes all dust, dirt, grease and grime without streaking. After one application windows shine, gleam and sparkle like crystal—and stay clean twice as long.

Albers Made \$47 in a Day!

Henry Albers, Ohio, made \$47 in one day and he says that \$100 a week is easy for him. Men and women everywhere are making amazing profits with Jiffy Glass Cleaner and my 350 other fast-selling products. Chris. Vaughn, Ohio, made \$125 in a week; L. C. Van Allen, Ill., averages more than \$100 a week; Mrs. K. R. Roof, S. C., earned \$50 in her first week's spare time; Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., earns \$18 to \$20 a day; H. C. Hanson, N. D., makes \$75 a week in spare time. You can make this big money, too!

Send No Money

I don't want you to send me a cent. All I want you to do is let me show you how you can make \$50 to \$100 a week, without experience and without taking any course of training. I agree to furnish everything you need, to tell you what to do and say in this easy, fascinating work. You positively take no risk whatever. You can't lose a penny and yet you have a wonderful chance to

reap big profits quickly. You can make \$10 to \$20 a day right from the start.

Mail Coupon NOW

Introduce Jiffy Glass Cleaner in your locality while it's new. This is your chance to make more money than you've ever made before. Send coupon for full details—without cost or obligation to you! Act quick for big profits. Send coupon TODAY!

THE JIFFY GLASS CLEANER CO.,
7385 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me full details of your money-making proposition without cost or obligation.

Name

Address

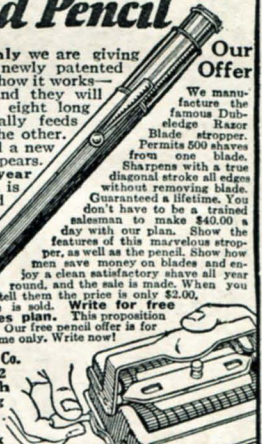
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Make \$40⁰⁰ a Day Giving away Marvelous Patented Pencil

For a limited time only we are giving away our marvelous newly patented pencil. Show anyone how it works—how different it is and they will want one. It holds eight long leads and automatically feeds new leads one after the other. Just press the top and a new lead immediately appears. Writes one full year without refilling. It is beautifully made and handsomely finished. Read every word of this offer. Learn how you can make an easy \$40 a day giving them away.

Writes a full year without refill

Morton Sales Co.
Dept. 512
10-15 46th St., Long Island City, New York



Our Offer

We manufacture the famous Duple Razor Blade stropper. Permits 500 shaves from one blade. Sharpens with a true diagonal stroke all edges without removing blade. Guaranteed a lifetime. You don't have to be a trained salesman to make \$40.00 a day with our plan. Show the features of this marvelous stropper, as well as the pencil. Show how men save money on blades and enjoy a clean satisfactory shave all year round, and the sale is made. When you tell them price is only \$2.00 he is sold. Write for free sales plan. This proposition is new. Our free pencil offer is for a limited time only. Write now!



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Beautiful solid gold sh. Ring with your own initial and two inaic symbols—antique finish—the rabbit for luck and the cross for personality.
SEND NO MONEY—just pay postman \$1.00 plus postage when ring arrives. Money back if not satisfied. Send size and initial wanted.
M. FIELD BROS. CO.
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Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profits. Complete outfits \$8.85. Job press \$11. \$29, Rotary \$149. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, etc. **THE KELSEY CO., P-80, Meriden, Conn.**

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Write today for FREE Book. IT TELLS How to Learn To Play. Your only expense about 2c Per Day for music and postage used.
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\$50 to \$100 a Week
Learn Marcelling, Permanent Waving, Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Manicuring, Facial and Scalp Treatments. These are real shortages of trained Beauty Operators. Marস্য training prepares you to fill a good position, and my Employment Service will help you find one.
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I train you by my new, exclusive PRACTICE METHOD, which gives you actual Professional Practice as well as Theory and Science. Seven valuable Outfits Given.
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Marস্য School of Beauty Culture
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Easy Way to Earn \$50⁰⁰ a Week and FREE Dress
Fashion Frocks, Inc., now selling beautiful dresses direct to wearers at less than store prices. Charming styles for women and children 6 months ahead of stores. Exquisite materials. You can make big money taking orders. No experience needed. Measures easy to take. We deliver. Big Profits in Advance.
Selling Outfit FREE
Money-making opportunity of your lifetime. Cash-in-advance commissions. Free selling equipment to those who write at once. Ask how to obtain free sample dresses. Department K-103.
Fashion Frocks, Inc., Cincinnati, O.

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\$450 AN HOUR
Just Showing New DEVICE.
NEW invention now makes old style can openers obsolete. Flips entire top out of any size can, round, square or oval, at turn of crank. Simple. Absolutely safe. Lasts a lifetime. Housewives wild about it. Agents cleaning up fortunes.
FREE OUTFIT
Big FREE OFFER now ready for first 300 men. Territories being snapped up fast. Send quick for details. Address Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. W-741, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Play Tunes at Once ON JAZZY SAX ONLY \$5⁹⁸
Any one can play this Big imported Jazzy Sax right away. No knowledge of music required, no lessons. Play by numbers instead of notes. Be popular at parties, dances, picnics, entertainments. Handsome polished finish. Over 1 1/2 feet long; weighs 2 lbs. Looks like regular saxophone.
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87 SONGS FREE
Popular music, Jazz tunes, old favorites. Surprise your friends. Beautiful clear tones and delightful harmony.
Send No Money Send your name. When Sax and \$7 FREE Songs arrive pay Postman only \$5.98 plus postage. Or send \$5.98 and we pay postage. Play for the next ten years. Guaranteed or money refunded. Don't delay, act now!
Ferry & Co., Dept. 9940, Chicago, U.S.A.

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Get \$1900 to \$2700 a Year
Easy Work—Long Vacations
Why work hard for small pay? Uncle Sam offers you a fine position as a Railway Postal Clerk. Travel on fast trains sorting mail. Travel expenses paid. \$1900 a year TO START. \$100 RAISE EVERY YEAR until you reach TOP PAY.
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Let Arthur R. Patterson help you qualify for a position as a Railway Postal Clerk or in Customs, Internal Revenue, Departmental, Immigration, Postmaster, Post Office and Rural Branches. He trained thousands now in Civil Service. Write for FREE BOOK. Tells how Mr. Patterson coaches you to pass exams. Also read his agreement that in one year after rating you will be offered a position—or your money back. Mail coupon now.
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Name..... Age.....
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Line up with WATKINS and Make Big Money
This ten-million-dollar concern known the world around for fair and honest dealing, offers you a wonderful opportunity. No limit to what you can make. T. Johansen cleared \$385 in one month. L. Roholt's average earnings for the past ten years, \$3,700. Andrew Mitchell frequently makes \$500 in a month. C. Fischer makes \$15 every day. Just write and say you are interested and we will show you how you can turn your time into gold. Address
WATKINS, C. S. 21 Winona, Minn.

150 Pieces in All—\$1.00 Down

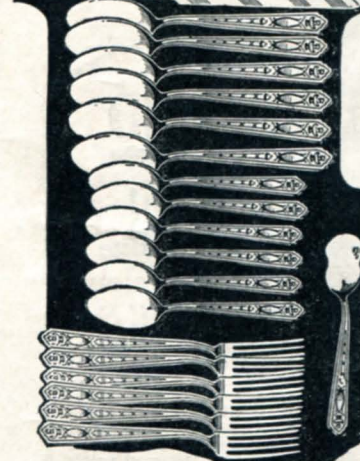


7 Genuine Cut Glass Set
FREE 7-Pieces Genuine Cut Glass

Extra special offer to those who hurry their order for the combination outfit shown here:—7 pieces GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2-qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9-oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparkling clear, thin and dainty; hand cut decorations consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. A useful and handsome set. Only a limited number—so act quick.



26 Piece Silver Set



110-Piece Dinner Set

\$1.00 down

Sent On Free Trial

A sensational offer—only \$1.00 with coupon below brings this 150-piece outfit (the 7-piece Genuine Cut Glass

set is FREE if you send at once) to your home on free trial. Examine the value, the quality, the beauty of each piece. Compare our easy payment prices with local cash prices. After 30 days' trial and use, if you're not delighted with the bargain, send it back at our expense and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid. No obligation—not one penny of risk to you!

\$2.70 a Month If you decide to keep the outfit, start paying only \$2.70 a month until you've paid our rock-bottom price—only \$29.95 for the entire outfit with the 7-piece Cut Glass Set FREE. 150 pieces in all—only \$29.95—and a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and such easy terms? **Send coupon Now!**

Complete Outfit Consists of the Following:

110 Piece Ivory Ware Dinner Set Complete service for 12 people. Popular Ivory Ware now the vogue in rich homes. Rich, creamy ivory



7-Piece PURE LINEN

7 Piece Pure Linen Table Set
 A large tablecloth, 54 x 70 ins. and 6 napkins, 14 x 14 in. made of Pure Linen, bleached to an attractive silver gray. Has beautiful Grecian self pattern. Launderers perfectly.

26 Piece Silver Set. A silver service that will give you years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife.

FREE—7 pieces Genuine Cut Glass (as described above) if you send coupon at once. Shipping wgt. of outfit, about 125 lbs.

Order by No. G9841A. \$1.00 with coupon; \$2.70 monthly. Price \$29.95.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 4279 Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 4279, Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised 150 piece Combination Outfit, (7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE). I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you \$2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

150 Piece Combination Outfit, No. G9841A, \$29.95. 7-piece Genuine Cut Glass Set FREE

Name _____
 Street, R. F. D. _____
 or Box No. _____
 Shipping Point _____
 Post Office _____ State _____
 Married or Single _____ Nationality or Color _____
 If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings mark X here

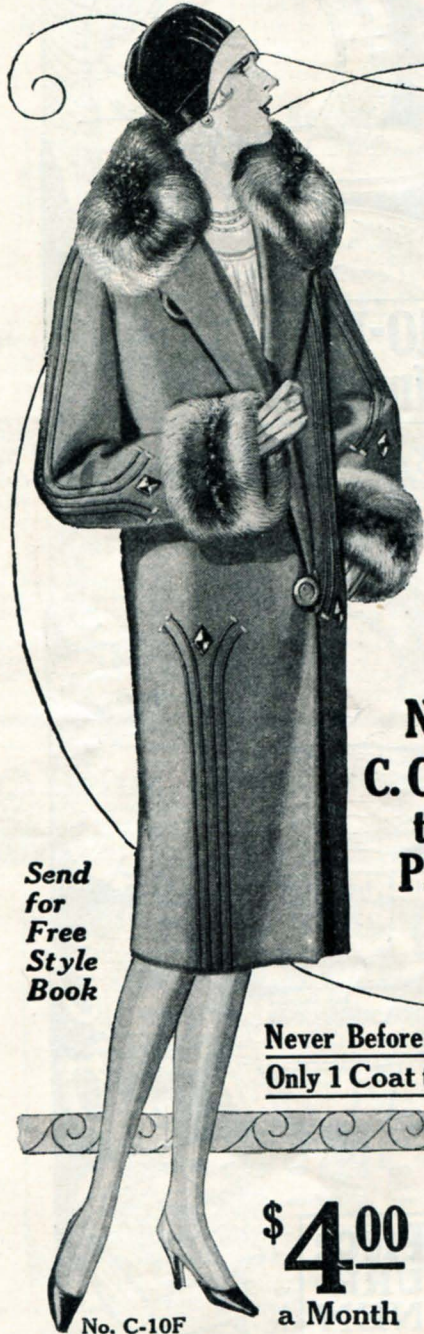
Friend-Making Low Prices during

Your Choice

only \$1 deposit

**Newest Style Creations
-All Amazing Values!**

Here's our sensational offer to acquaint 25,000 new friends with our ultra-quality styles and unequalled low prices: Send only \$1.00 deposit now for your choice of the 6 smart models shown on this and the opposite page. No C. O. D. to pay. Absolutely no risk (see coupon). We'll send you the coat you select. Judge it in every way. Compare it with others any where else. Then—if perfectly satisfied—take 6 months to pay the bargain price.



No
C. O. D.
to
Pay

Send
for
Free
Style
Book

**Never Before Such Values!
Only 1 Coat to a Customer!**

\$4⁰⁰
a Month

\$4⁸⁵
a Month

\$3²⁰
a Month!

**Special Value
ALL-Wool Velour
With Mandell Fur**

A special purchase enables us to offer you this splendid value tailored of serviceable all-wool velour. Fully lined with satin de chine and warmly interlined with flannel. Panels at sides are trimmed with rows of narrow Soutache braid and attractive ornaments. Likewise the sleeves have a trimming of braid to match. Attractive collar and cuffs of good quality Mandell fur. Colors: French Blue or Rust. Sizes: 34 to 44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-14F. Terms \$1 with coupon then only \$3.20 a month.

Total price only \$19.95

**All-Wool Buxkin Velour
Mandell Fur Trimmed**

Right up to the minute in style. Tailored of the well known Buxkin all wool velour—a material which combines rich appearance with excellent service. Shapely collar and cuffs of Mandell fur. Entire garment is lined with serviceable satin de chine and warmly interlined with flannel. Novel tucking and silk stitching has been applied to the front running up on one side and down on the other, likewise the back is trimmed to match with similar trimming on the sleeves. Colors: Grackle Blue or Reindeer Tan. Sizes: 34 to 44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-10F. Terms, \$1.00 with coupon, then only \$4.00 a month.

Total price only \$24.85

**Smart Shawl Collar
All-Wool Buxkin Velour**

Shawl collared coats are the very newest style and extremely popular. The material used is the famous all wool Buxkin velour which gives excellent service and satisfaction. Shawl collar and cuffs are of selected Mandell fur. Entire garment is fully lined with satin de chine, and warmly interlined as well. The sides are in panel effect, enlivened with rows of tucking, while the back of the coat has unique tucking in novel effect. Colors: Grackle Blue or Reindeer Tan. Sizes: 34 to 44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-11F. Terms, \$1.00 with coupon, then only \$4.85 a month.

Total price only \$29.90

Elmer Richards Co., Dept. 4279, West 35th St., Chicago

Send

No. C-14F

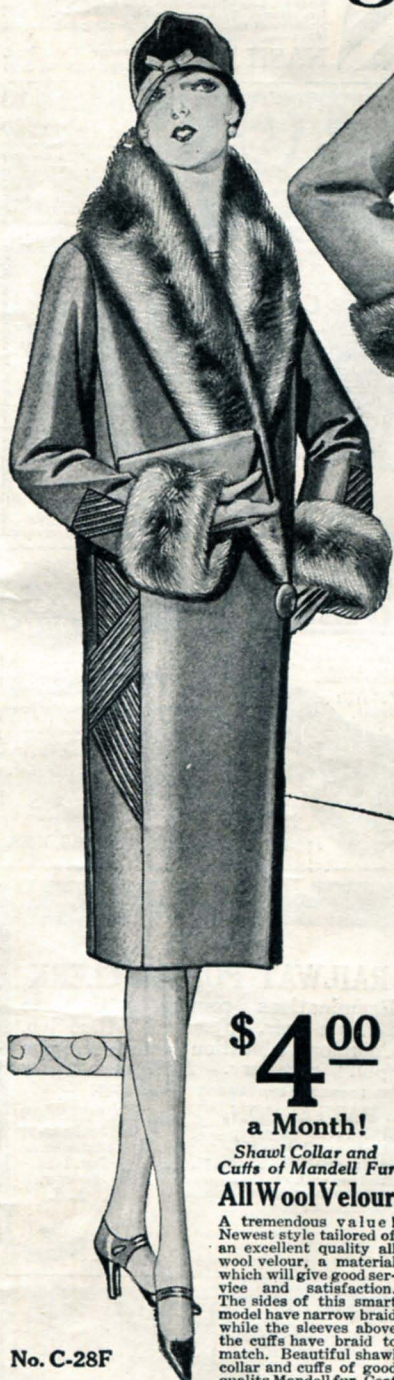
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Why pay cash when you can have one of these stunning coats and never miss the money? On our liberal payment plan you send only a little each month. See what a delightful way that is to have a new coat. Make your choice now. Send only \$1.00 with coupon while this offer lasts!

Only 1 coat to a customer



\$4⁰⁰
a Month!

Shawl Collar and Cuffs of Mandell Fur All Wool Velour

No. C-28F
is fully lined with silk satin de chine and warmly interlined with flannel. This is indeed a strikingly stylish garment and one that you will be proud to wear. Colors: Reindeer Tan or Grackie Blue. Sizes: 34 to 44. Length about 44 inches.

Order by No. C-28F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon then only \$4.00 a month. Total price only \$24.90



No. C-20F

\$4⁰⁰
A Month

Shawl Collared Style of Fine All-Wool Velour

This attractive model is tailored of an exceptional quality all wool American suede velour. This material is of good weight and will give excellent service and satisfaction. Furthermore, it is warmly interlined with flannel and also lined throughout with silk satin de chine. The front of the coat has tucking of self material adding charm to this style. Shawl collar, as well as cuffs, are of excellent quality Mandell fur. Colors: Grackie Blue or Reindeer Tan. Sizes: 34 to 44. Length about 44 inches.

Order by No. C-20F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon, then only \$4.00 a month.

Total price only \$24.90

\$3²⁰
A Month
All-Wool Velour with Mandell Fur Collar and Cuffs

This splendid model is tailored of excellent quality all wool velour, a material noted for its wearing qualities and good looks. The sides of the coat are in a narrow and novel panel effect set off with rows of tucking and diamond shaped silk ornaments. Coat is warmly interlined with warm flannel and lined throughout with silk satin de chine. Large shapely collar and cuffs are of selected Mandell fur. You can well be proud to wear this stylish coat in any company. One of our greatest values. Colors: Grackie Blue or Reindeer Tan. Sizes: 34 to 44. Length about 45 inches.

Order by No. C-17F. Terms \$1.00 with coupon; then only \$3.20 a month.

Total price only \$19.95.



No. C-17F

Send Only \$1.00 With This Coupon

(Check Coat Wanted)

- No. C-28F All Wool Velour**
\$1.00 with coupon, \$4.00 a month. Total Price \$24.90.
- No. C-20F All Wool Velour**
\$1.00 with coupon, \$4.00 a month. Total price \$24.90.
- No. C-17F All Wool Velour**
\$1.00 with coupon, \$3.20 a month. Total Price \$19.95.
- No. C-14F All Wool Velour**
\$1.00 with coupon, \$3.20 a month. Total Price \$19.95.
- No. C-11F All Wool Velour**
\$1.00 with coupon, \$4.85 a month. Total Price \$29.90.
- No. C-10F All Wool Velour**
\$1.00 with coupon, \$4.00 a month. Total Price \$24.85.

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 4279, West 35th St., Chicago

I enclose \$1 deposit. Send the garment I have checked at the left. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it and get my money back. If I keep it I will pay the monthly terms until the full price is paid.

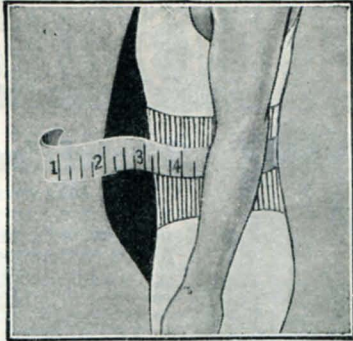
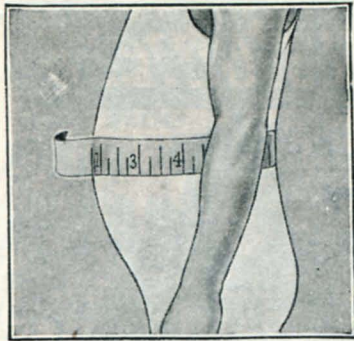
Size _____ Color _____
(Be sure to fill out above lines)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Coupon →



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—without drugs, diets or exercises

INSTEAD of wasting your time—instead of risking your health by weakening diets, exhausting exercises and pill-taking, in an effort to get rid of bulging waistline fat—try the popular **Weil Reducing Belt** for 10 days—at our expense.

Made of scientifically treated rubber, it causes a gentle, unnoticed massage action as it comes in contact with flabby flesh. So that with every move you make unwanted fat is being moulded away—and kept away for good—and at a fraction of the price charged by expert masseurs.

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Take your waist measurement before and after this Free 10-Day Trial. Note the difference in inches. Feel the improvement in your general condition. According to the terms of our absolute guarantee you must be thoroughly satisfied with the results secured—or you pay nothing.

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Write us at once and you will receive our Special 10-Day Trial Offer—a detailed description of this most successful reducing method, the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. For the sake of your health and appearance take advantage of this offer at once. Send no money. Write now. The Weil Company, 10212 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

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Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

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Address.....
City..... State.....

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Earn while you learn in spare time. 8 weeks easy lessons make you expert. Manicure, Bleach, Waves, Dyes, Packs, Diet, Facial, Manicure, Massage, Formula, etc. Authorized Diploma—Money back guarantee. No experience necessary. **GET FREE BOOK, Oriental System of Beauty Culture Dept. 812, 1548 Belmont Ave., Chicago**

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All you do is take orders. We show you how. You invest nothing to start. No experience necessary. Work spare time if you wish. Hundreds of men making biggest money of their lives with this line. You can too. Hurry! Send name and address today for complete line of samples. **FREE!** Nothing to pay. No obligation.

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75c

ALL-IN-ONE holds a package of cigarettes and a box of safety matches, always handy—ready for use. Beautiful, compact, flexible case. Keen and convenient. This is easily a dollar value that we are offering you by mail for 75c. Send stamps or money order. All-In-One will come to you prepaid. Gift suggestion: Send \$2 for three All-In-One cases.

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New Method and Book of 200 Favorite Songs and Strumming Ticks—all FREE with Big Dumbo size Hawaiian Uke. Rich, sweet tone. Beautiful mahogany finish. Patent non-slip pegs. Regular \$3.00 value.

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Be an AUTO PAINTER!

The trade needs men for this big business! Of the 25 million cars 15 million need painting. There are not half enough men for the jobs. And it is easy to learn. **I'LL TEACH YOU AT HOME**—in your spare time. For 10 years I've shown hundreds of men how to do it.

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Be your own boss—own your own business Little or no capital needed. I'll show you how. All the painting you can handle will come to you. As your business grows you can hire others and make a profit on their work. Let me prove all this by my **NEW SHOP TYPE METHOD**. Actual experience as you learn by working on wood and metal panels furnished with the 13 big working outfits without extra charge. No car needed. Greatest advance in home-training ever made. Earn as you learn. Send for **FREE BOOK**, "If I Were You," giving all details. No obligation whatever. Now—it is not going to cost you one penny to get this information. Act! Write today.

G. King Franklin, Supt. AMERICAN AUTO PAINTING SCHOOL, Dept. 303, 425 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

G. King Franklin, Supt. American Auto Painting School, Dept. 303, 425 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago. Send sample shop-tickets free and information on how I may learn auto painting and Duco at home in spare time.

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Street No.....
City..... State.....

Win a Buick or \$1500.00 In Cash

I am going to give away a brand new, latest model Buick Sedan to someone who answers this ad. We have already given away many autos. This is the most liberal offer ever made. It is your chance to win this ideal car. You can win it; why not try? The Sedan will be delivered to the winner, or winner may have the full cash value (\$1,195.00)

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

2 21 93 11 79 22 5 14

Can you make out the two words spelled by the numbers in the squares above? The alphabet is numbered. A is 1, B is 2, etc. What are the two words? Send your answer today—not a cent of cost to you now or later.

\$305 for Promptness

I will also give away a Chevrolet Coach, Orthophonic Victrola and many other valuable Prizes—besides hundreds of dollars in Cash—and \$305.00 Special Extra Prize for Promptness. First Prize winner will receive \$1,500.00 cash or Buick Sedan and \$305.00 cash. All who answer are in cash and prizes. In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated. **EVERY-BODY REWARDED.** Now, get out your pencil and solve the puzzle—send your answer today with name and address plainly written.

WILLIAM LEROY,
Dept. 4229, 315 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

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Examinations coming. \$1900 to \$2700 a year. Steady life-time job. Common education sufficient. No "pull" necessary. Mail coupon for Catalog.

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That girl's diary! "showed me up"!



"There," she sputtered, "read that, and see if you can take your medicine like a man!"



— but when I met her again

WHEN Evelyn gave that party I naturally expected to receive an invitation. We had been good friends for so long. And yet when the night arrived most of our group went along—and I didn't. I wondered why!

The next time I called to see her I determined to find out. If she couldn't give me a good explanation I'd—I'd—anyway, I asked her point-blank. At first she dodged the question. "Just like a woman!" I thought. Then she became defiant. "All right, if you *must* know the truth, I'll give it to you!"

I Learn the Secret

In a moment she had rushed out of the room, returned with a small book, opened it and thrust it into my hands. "There," she sputtered, "read that, and see if you can take your medicine like a man!"

I was flabbergasted! *Her diary!* I read the hastily penned record. The last burning sentence came like a lightning flash—"I wish someone *would* give Jim a tip about his dancing!"

So that was it! Instantly I understood. I certainly did look foolish in her eyes.

All along I had been bluffing my way as a dancer and kidding myself that I was "getting by" with it. Now at last I realized that I hadn't fooled anyone but myself. They all knew I was a stiff, old-fashioned "walk-around"—they laughed up their sleeves when I tried to imitate the steps of really good dancers—and the pity of it was that I never realized how clumsy I looked on the dance floor—until that diary opened my eyes!

A Short-Cut to Good Times

The very next evening I wrote to Arthur Murray, world-famous dancing master. I knew that he charged \$10.00 a lesson in his studio, but I knew also that he had five lessons in dancing that he offered free. I asked him to send those five lessons to me.

When they came I followed the simple directions and diagrams, practicing before a mirror. What a fun-spoiler I must have been! The lessons showed me how many mistakes I had been making in dancing—how many unpardonable blunders I had been guilty of. I had been holding my partner wrong—leading wrong—pivoting wrong—doing the simplest steps incorrectly. And as for the modern style of dancing—I was utterly ignorant of it.

Yet in a few evenings I learned the modern Waltz—the modern Fox Trot, and many delightful variations of the *very latest* steps—all without music, partner or teacher!

On the Road to Popularity

A week later I attended a dance. What a triumph! I glided around the floor like an expert. I did the most difficult steps with the ease and precision of a professional. My dancing was a complete success. And, best of all, Evelyn was right there to congratulate me!

Learn to Dance at Home

This story is typical and it shows you just the chance you have been looking for—a chance to become an accomplished dancer right in your own home at a trifling small cost.

No matter how poorly you dance now—no matter if you've never been on a dance floor in your life—Arthur Murray's new method makes you a finished dancer in ten days, or you don't have to pay a penny for the lessons.

Just think! In ten days' time you'll be able to do the French Tango, the Fox Trot, the Waltz and all the other smart new steps.

Five Lessons FREE

To prove that he can make you a finished dancer in ten days' time, Arthur Murray is willing to send you five lessons from his remarkable course absolutely free. Just send the coupon (with 25c to cover cost of printing and mailing) and these valuable lessons will be forwarded at once. Also a free copy of his new book, "The Short Cut to Popularity." Don't delay. Mail coupon NOW! Arthur Murray, Studio 741, 7 East 43rd Street, New York City.

Arthur Murray, Studio 741,
7 East 43rd Street, New York City.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in ten days, you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 25c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc. You are to include free "The Short Cut to Popularity."

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Own your own business. Inexperienced workers, spare time or full time, build profitable business with our new plan. Show marvelous line of actual shoes. Men's, women's and children's. Also durable silk hosiery. We start you by furnishing \$40 sample outfit. Patented measurement system insures perfect fit. Every day pay day. If you want a permanent business, send for free book "Getting Ahead." Write now. Tanners Shoe Manufacturing Co., 1112 C Street, Boston, Mass.

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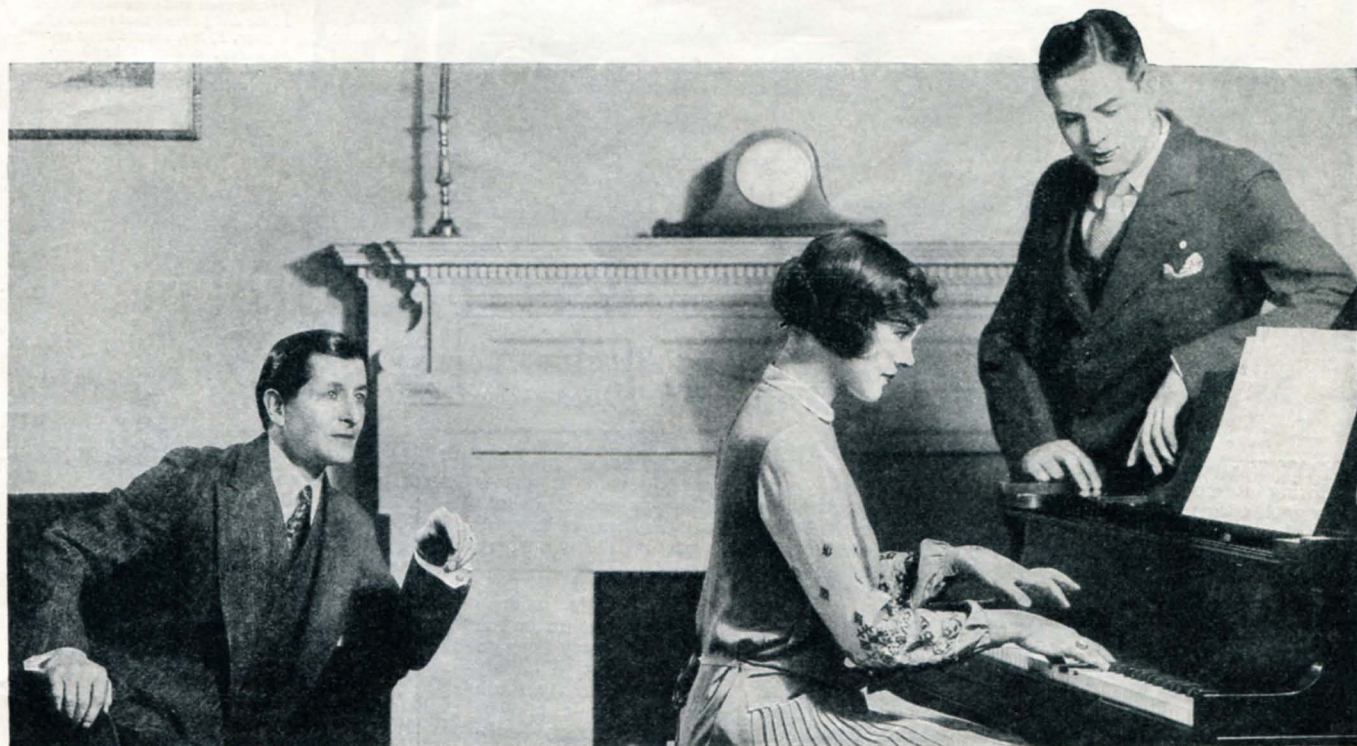
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It Was the Greatest Shock of My Life to Hear Her Play



—how had she found time to practice?

“WELL, Jim—I told you I had a surprise for you!”

She beamed at her husband, delighted to see how surprised—and pleased—he was.

And I was astonished, too. Quite casually she had gone to the piano, sat down—and played! Played beautifully—though I had never seen her touch a piano before. I didn’t even know that she could read notes. Neither of us could conceal our curiosity.

“How did you ever do it?” her husband asked. “When did you find time to practice?”

“And who is your teacher?” I added.

“Wait, wait!” she laughed. “One question at a time. I have no teacher, that is, no private teacher, and I do my practicing between dishes.”

“No teacher?”

“No—I learned to play the piano an entirely new way—without a teacher. You see, all my life I wanted to play some musical instrument, and the piano appealed to me most. I thought I’d never learn how to play it, though—for I haven’t much time to spare, and I thought it would take long, long hours of hard work and study. And I thought it would be expensive, too.”

“Well, it is hard work, and it is expensive,” I said. “Why, I have a sister . . .”

“I know,” she laughed, “but I learned to play the piano through the new simplified method. Some time ago I saw an announcement of the U. S. School of Music. It told

how a young man had learned to play the piano during his spare time without a teacher. I found that thousands of others had learned to play their favorite musical instruments in this same delightful, easy way, and so I decided to enroll for a course in piano playing.”

“But you didn’t tell me anything about it,” Jim said.

“Well, you see, that was my big surprise. Ever since I received my first lesson I’ve been practicing by myself—during the day while you’ve been away at business. I turned my spare moments between house-keeping and shopping into something pleasant and profitable.”

“If you planned to surprise me—you’ve certainly succeeded,” said Jim.

Learn to Play at Home

This story is typical. There are thousands of men and women who have turned their spare moments into valuable time. In hours that would otherwise be wasted, they have learned to play their favorite musical instruments through the U. S. School of Music.

Are you letting priceless moments slip by when you could be learning to play some musical instrument—easily, quickly?

You simply can not go wrong. First you are told how a thing is done, then by illustration and diagram you are shown how, and when you play—you hear it.

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Here is your chance to become a good player—quickly—without a teacher. The U. S. School of Music will make you a capable and efficient player. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

Demonstration Lesson FREE

Half a million people have already taught themselves to play their favorite instruments right in their own home. To prove that you, too, can learn music this fascinating way, let us send you our free book, “Music Lessons in Your Own Home” which fully explains this remarkable method. We will include also our Free Demonstration Lesson.

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Remember—it is not too late to become a capable musician. If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain new happiness and increase your popularity—send off this coupon at once. Forget the old-fashioned idea that “talent” means everything. Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. *At the average cost of only a few pennies a day!* Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating free book and Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. U. S. School of Music, 43912 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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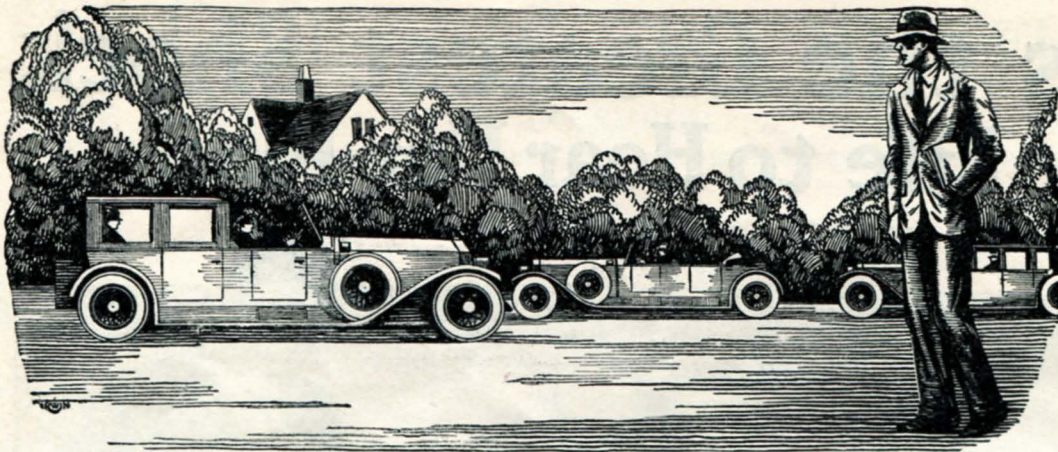
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Many times in the old days, while I trudged home after work to save carfare, I used to gaze enviously at the shining cars gliding by me, the prosperous men and women within. Little did I think that inside of a year, I, too, should have my own car, a decent bank account, the good things of life that make it worth living.

I Thought Success Was For Others

*Believe It Or Not, Just Twelve Months Ago
I Was Next Thing To "Down-and-Out"*

TODAY I'm sole owner of the fastest-growing Radio store in town. And I'm on good terms with my banker, too—not like the old days only a year ago, when often I didn't have one dollar to knock against another in my pocket. My wife and I live in the snuggest little home you ever saw, right in one of the best neighborhoods. And to think that a year ago I used to dodge the landlady when she came to collect the rent for the little bedroom I called "home"!

It all seems like a dream now, as I look back over the past twelve short months, and think how discouraged I was then, at the "end of a blind alley." I thought I never had had a good chance in my life, and I thought I never would have one. But it was waking up that I needed, and here's the story of how I got it.

I WAS a clerk, working at the usual miserable salary such jobs pay. Somehow I'd never found any way to get into a line where I could make good money.

Other fellows seemed to find opportunities. But—much as I wanted the good things that go with success and a decent income—all the really well-paid vacancies I ever heard of seemed to be out of my line, to call for some kind of knowledge I didn't have.

And I wanted to get married. A fine situation, wasn't it? Mary would have agreed to try it—but it wouldn't have been fair to her.

Mary had told me, "You can't get ahead where you are. Why don't you get into another line of work, somewhere that you can advance?"

"That's fine, Mary," I replied, "but what line? I've always got my eyes open for a better job, but I never seem to hear of a really good job that I can handle." Mary didn't seem to be satisfied with the answer but I didn't know what else to tell her.

It was on the way home that night that I stopped off in the neighborhood drug store, where I overheard a scrap of conversation about myself. A few burning words that were the cause of the turning point in my life.

With a hot flush of shame I turned and left the store, and walked rapidly home. So that was what my neighbors—the people who knew me best—really thought of me!

"Bargain counter sheik—look how that suit fits," one fellow had said in a low voice. "Bet he hasn't got a dollar in those pockets." "Oh, it's just 'Useless' Anderson," said another. "He's got a wish-bone where his back-bone ought to be."

As I thought over the words in deep humiliation, a sudden thought made me catch my breath. Why had Mary been so dissatisfied with my answer that "I hadn't had a chance?" *Did Mary secretly think that too?* And after all, wasn't it true that I had a "wish-bone" where my back-bone ought to be? Wasn't that why I never had a "chance" to get ahead? It was true, only too true—and it had taken this cruel blow to my self-esteem to make me see it.

With a new determination I thumbed the pages of a magazine on the table, searching for an advertisement that I'd seen many times but passed up without thinking, an advertisement telling of big opportunities for trained men to succeed in the great new Radio field. With the advertisement was a coupon offering a big free book full of information. I sent the coupon in, and in a few days received a handsome 64-page book, printed in two colors, telling all about the opportunities in the Radio field and how a man can prepare quickly and easily at home to take advantage of these opportunities. I read the book carefully, and when I finished it I made my decision.

WHAT'S happened in the twelve months since that day, as I've already told you, seems almost like a dream to me now. For ten of those twelve months, I've had a Radio business of my own. At first, of course, I started it as a little proposition on the side, under the guidance of the National Radio Institute, the outfit that gave me my Radio training. It wasn't long before I was getting so much to do in the Radio line that I quit my measly little clerical job, and devoted my full time to my Radio business.

Since that time I've gone right on up, always under the watchful guidance of my friends at the National Radio Institute. They would have given me just as much help, too, if I had wanted to follow some other line of Radio besides building my own retail business—such as broadcasting, manufacturing, experimenting, sea operating, or any one of the score of lines they prepare you for. And to think that until that day

I sent for their eye-opening book, I'd been wailing "I never had a chance!"

NOW I'm making real money. I drive a good-looking car of my own. Mary and I don't own the house in full yet, but I've made a substantial down payment, and I'm not straining myself any to meet the installments.

Here's a real tip. You may not be as bad-off as I was. But, think it over—are you satisfied? Are you making enough money, at work that you like? Would you sign a contract to stay where you are now for the next ten years, making the same money? If not, you'd better be doing something about it instead of drifting.

This new Radio game is a live-wire field of golden rewards. The work, in any of the 20 different lines of Radio, is fascinating, absorbing, well-paid. The National Radio Institute—oldest and largest Radio home-study school in the world—will train you inexpensively in your own home to know Radio from A to Z and to increase your earnings in the Radio field.

Take another tip—No matter what your plans are, no matter how much or how little you know about Radio—clip the coupon below and look their free book over. It is filled with interesting facts, figures, and photos, and the information it will give you is worth a few minutes of anybody's time. You will place yourself under no obligation—the book is free, and is gladly sent to anyone who wants to know about Radio. Just address J. E. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. P.F.-4 Washington, D. C.

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Dear Mr. Smith:

Please send me your 64-page free book, printed in two colors, giving all information about the opportunities in Radio and how I can learn quickly and easily at home to take advantage of them. I understand this request places me under no obligation, and that no salesmen will call on me.

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Personal Example

By George William Wilder

IN May of this year the American Crime Study Commission was permanently organized in Chicago, and it outlined a program for nation-wide study of the causes of crime and the methods of crime prevention.

One of the chief points brought out at that time was that crime prevention must begin with the child. And this, it seems to us, is the heart of the whole problem.

There is no question but that punishment, as a solution of the problem of crime, has utterly and completely failed. And, while reformation of the adult criminal, including the confirmed, old offender, has in many cases proved successful under humane and enlightened treatment, this phase of the work can, at best, but scratch the surface.

Proper environment and training of the individual child is the solution. The training should start before the child's school days, and this, in itself, is a problem.

How many of us, as individuals, feel the responsibility of this duty in our own lives? One does not have to be a mother, or a father, to be of help to young children. Each one of us, whether approaching manhood, or womanhood, or having attained either, should feel this obligation toward every young child, and older child, too, over whom we can have, or do have, some influence.

One of the most effective aids to the welfare and progress of the human race is the present-day awakening of the individual to the importance of bodily health, though this awakening has only begun. The knowledge of how important this is, is not born in the child; it has to be taught, just as the difference between right and wrong has to be taught. But let a child be taught most carefully the difference between right and wrong, then reared into a sickly weakling as an adult, and all that teaching is lost.

Therefore, in teaching the child, health comes first. It is the foundation upon which all success, prosperity, and good citizenship are built. It is the greatest known enemy of crime.

Teach the child to realize the importance of physical health; that strong, virile bodies make clean, healthy minds; that the young man or the young woman with a healthy mind never becomes a criminal.

With this in view, the best place to begin is at home. And, at home, the best person to begin with, is oneself. Each one of us will then be in a position to teach others by the most successful method of instruction known to man—personal example.

BEYOND the *Barriers*

Stapp as police reporter, has seen the human notorious case of Andy Stoddard, accused of his sympathy for the friendless prisoner led

I TELL you, Jim, Stoddard is innocent. He had no more to do with the murder of that woman than I did." It was Wallace Barnett talking—Old Wally, as he was known. He was discussing with me the city's latest and one of its foulest murders—a beautiful woman had been killed, and her estranged husband was in jail, charged with the crime.

"I know it looks bad for the boy," the old man went on, "but if you'd just listen to him tell his whole story, you'd realize what a mistake it was to ever arrest him." Barnett raised his big frame from the chair, and stepped to the window, shaking his shaggy, grey hair. "I tell you it's the old, old story of mistaken youth, both on his part and hers. Why—" he wheeled to face me—"the Recorder of Things wrote the prologue of this tale long years ago."

Old Wally had called me to his office for no other purpose than to discuss the case with me and, as I saw it then, to try to convince me of the man's innocence. But that was not queer. He was the public defender—and as strange and lovable a character as any with which I, as a newspaper reporter, have ever been confronted.

He, while not wealthy, was well fixed as far as this world's goods are concerned. He was past sixty and had never married, and his practice netted him scarcely a dime—except for his rather paltry salary as public defender—although he was a lawyer of unusual ability and might have had a tremendous practice from which he could have made a fortune. His income was from property left him by his father, and his sole ambition seemed to be to do something for the under-dog. This trait, coupled with his natural ability at the bar, made it hard for Prosecutor Henry Bolte and his staff to convict an innocent man. Old Wally was proud of his sobriquet—"The Guardian of the Innocents."

His history is public property. A few years after being graduated from law school, Old Wally joined the prosecutor's staff and served under three successive prosecutors. Suddenly he resigned and left the city, then returned two years later and sought the defense side of the table. He chose his clients from among the down-and-outers and defended them with a vigor that worried his former associates. In his early youth he had not always followed the straight and narrow path, and it was said of him that just before he left the prosecutor's office, he had been forced to send an illegitimate son to the reformatory for theft. Whether that be true or not, he was instrumental in obtaining a pardon for the young man. Then Old Wally educated him, and to-day, that youth is a practicing attorney in a distant city.

"Why, Jim," he said, after a bit, "just look here—what have they got?" He was referring to the prosecution in Stoddard's case.

Together, we went over the evidence against the man. As a newspaper reporter I had followed the investigation in every detail and was quite as well informed on most points as the lawyer was. And my sympathies—for purely personal and illogical reasons—were with the accused man. But I could not entirely convince myself that he was innocent.

Pretty Mrs. Stoddard had been found dead four days before. Her body lay on the floor of her apartment, on the top floor of a five-story building. She had lived there alone.

I put my ear against the wall and listened



of the LAW

By JAMES A. STAPP
of the Omaha BEE

elements in many sensational crimes. In the cutting the throat of his beautiful young wife, him into the thick of a baffling mystery

Her next-door neighbor, Mrs. Alice Harrison, as had been her custom, rapped on Mrs. Stoddard's door that morning. Mrs. Harrison said she called Mrs. Stoddard every morning as she went to her work; she was due at her office at eight, while Mrs. Stoddard was not due at her desk until nine. But this morning, Mrs. Harrison said, she received no response. She said she knew Mrs. Stoddard had been up late the night before—she had heard her arguing with some man—and so she concluded that her friend was not going to work that day, and went on. Several times, she said, when Mrs. Stoddard had been up late the night before, she did not go to work the next morning.

At ten o'clock, Mrs. Harrison telephoned Mrs. Stoddard's apartment, but still received no response. This worried her, so she phoned the negro janitor, one Jason Murphy, and asked him to go to Mrs. Stoddard's apartment, just to see if she was at home.

He did, and receiving no response to his rap, concluded she was not at home and went on about his duties.

That afternoon, when Mrs. Harrison returned from her work and rapped on Mrs. Stoddard's door and still received no response, she sought Murphy and asked him to use his master-key.

Together, they went to Mrs. Stoddard's one-room-kitchenette-and-bath apartment and Murphy unlocked the door. He swung it open to permit Mrs. Harrison to enter.

She loosed one scream and sank at his feet.

There, on the floor of the simply but tastefully furnished living-room, lay Mrs. Stoddard, her throat cut as neatly as if it had been done by a surgeon.

Jason's shriek, following close on Mrs. Harrison's, was the signal that brought almost every resident of that apartment house to the fifth floor. They found Mrs. Harrison on the floor, but Jason was gone.

While other neighbors called the police, Mrs. Sidney Gruenther revived Mrs. Harrison.

It was mighty few minutes later that police detectives, the Coroner, and newspapermen—myself included among the last-named—were on the scene, and the merciless two-way hunt for a killer was on—the officials digging and searching, and the newspapers blazing forth the details of this latest sensation.

Although every man there, both official and unofficial, literally turned that gruesome apartment wrong side out, not a knife was found. That precluded the theory of suicide. It was murder, cold-blooded and heartless murder.



"You—! Don't you lie to me! I know he was up here!"

Doctor Paul Steinman, the Coroner, fixed the time of death at from fifteen to eighteen hours before, or some time between midnight and two o'clock that morning. That explained her being in negligée and the appearance of the bed—as if it had been occupied.

It was evident to us that the woman had retired, then rose to answer a rap at the door, where she met her murderer. And it became more evident as we talked to the neighbors.

Mrs. Harrison laid claim to being the closest friend of the murdered woman, and so I slipped into her apartment with her and Mrs. Gruenther.

"Mrs. Stoddard left her husband—his name's Andy—several months ago," she said, "but they were never sore at each other. He had been married before and so had she. He had two daughters and she had a boy by the former marriage. He hired a housekeeper to look after his girls, and she put her son in the Saint Bernard's School. It was because of the boy that she left him. She said Mr. Stoddard was mean to the little fellow. But even after she left him, they kept going together. He'd come to see her, and lots of times he spent several days with her.

"He came last night," she continued. "I heard him come, along about midnight. I heard him speak to her and heard her speak to him. They called each other 'honey' and 'sweetheart,' and all that bunk. Oh, I'd know his voice any place. They both seemed happy—that is, judging from the tone of their voices. They closed the door, and I didn't hear them for several minutes.

"Then their voices became louder, and I was frightened. I put my ear against the wall and listened. He called her a terrible name. 'You ——! Don't you lie to me! I know he was up here!'

"She was crying and calling him names, too.

"And then he said: 'Let go of me, you dirty ——!' He called her that terrible name again.

"Then I heard her scream:

"'Don't, Andy! For God's sake——.' But the door slammed and I didn't hear the rest of it.

**Instinctively
I bowed my
head**

"Then, a minute later,

I heard the door open again, and heard his footsteps going down the stairs."

I hadn't interrupted, except to ask a question or two in verification. After she got started talking, the story seemed to flow out of her mouth. There was no doubt but that she believed what she had told.

"So you rapped this morning and she didn't answer?" I asked, to bring the tale up to the minute.

"Yes," she replied. "Once before when he came, they quarreled, and she didn't go to work the next day. So, this morning, when I knocked on her door and she didn't answer, I just supposed she was going to stay at home to kind of get her nerves settled. She was an awful nervous woman, anyway."

I thanked her and slipped out of the room and into the apartment where the undertaker was just removing the body of the murdered woman. I took Danny Benjamin, Chief of Detectives, by the arm and led him to one side, where I told him briefly what Mrs. Harrison had told me.

He and I went back into Mrs. Harrison's apartment. She repeated her story, and Benjamin questioned her and Mrs. Gruenther.

The latter's story corroborated Mrs. Harrison's. She had opened her door when she heard the quarreling, and she saw the man leave. Her description of him tallied with Mrs. Harrison's description of Mrs. Stoddard's husband.

Further questioning revealed that others of the neighbors had seen the man, too—Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Summers, Albert Hotchkiss and his wife, and Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Fitzgerald and their daughter, Georgia, a young woman of eighteen or nineteen. Miss Fitzgerald had just left her "steady" at the front door and met Mrs. Stoddard's husband on the stairs. She had seen him before, she said, and so she recognized him this time.

Benjamin placed Lieutenant Frank Grouseman in charge of the apartment, sent Detective Pat Dietz to watch Saint Bernard's School to see that no one attempted to molest the dead woman's boy, and then he, Detective Tagpalm, and I went out after Andrew Stoddard.

We found that his home was a very modest cottage. He, his housekeeper, a Mrs. Minnie Halpern, and his two little girls were just ready to sit down at the dinner table. It was Mrs. Halpern who answered the Chief's rap on the door.

"Is Mr. Andrew Stoddard at home?" Chief Benjamin asked.

"Why, yes," came the immediate reply.

Then, turning toward the dining room, she called:

"Mr. Stoddard!"

A moment later a man appeared at the door. I remember I was surprised and seemed to feel that there was a mistake. Somehow, he was too open and too frank, too clean-cut. He couldn't be a murderer—he couldn't cut a woman's throat. It wasn't thoughts—it was just a sort of feeling.

"Good evening, gentlemen," was his greeting. "Won't you come in?" He held the door open for us. It was evident that he didn't recognize the men as officers.

"Mr. Stoddard?" Benjamin asked.

"Yes, sir."

The Chief showed his badge and asked him to step out on the porch.

Although I could see his face go white—that was no proof of guilt; many persons become frightened at the sight of an officer at their door—he seemed only too glad to step out. His steps faltered a bit, and the look of fright on his face gave way to bewilderment. I wondered how much of his surprise was genuine.

"Mr. Stoddard," Benjamin said in



almost a whisper, "Mrs. Stoddard's been murdered."

That gasp!

It all but drowned the Chief's words. But he went on as if the man's face had been immobile.

"We'd like to talk to you about it," he said. "Wouldn't you rather come to the Station?" Before Stoddard could answer, the Chief added: "Remember, you're not under arrest, and so you're under no obligation to come."

Stoddard's speech had left him. He stood staring at us for fully a minute. It seemed I could see his back stiffen and his chin go out. Then he spoke.

"I'll go," he said. "Wait until I get my coat and hat?"

"Sure," Benjamin agreed.

We heard him tell Mrs. Halpern and the children that he had to go downtown, but that he'd be back soon. Then I saw him pick up each little girl and hug her to him as he kissed her good-by. They knew something was wrong. Both were crying when finally he released them and turned away. They called to him, but he refused to look back.

"Yes," I thought. "Poor devil! He knows that that's probably the last time he'll ever get to hold them that way."

He came directly toward us, walking as straight as a board, but once outside the door, the tears came to his eyes and he made no attempt to hide them or brush them away.

"I'm ready," he murmured.

He was taken direct to the Station, to the Chief's private office. Only the four of us were there. Except for an occasional sob, he had remained silent all the way to town. But now that we were in the room, all seated but him, he looked at each of us, and then, still unable to speak clearly, faltered:

"C—can't I—I see h—her?"

"You don't want to see her now," the Chief said sympathetically. Then, suddenly, he added, with a sneer:

"Her throat's cut."

"Good God!"

That's all he said as he sank into the vacant chair that had been left for him.

It was several minutes—minutes of painful silence—before anyone spoke. The Chief broke it, his voice cold and hard.

"Just where were you last night, Stoddard, say, between midnight and two o'clock?"

Each word seemed to clang against that stillness.

It was oppressing—as though some monster hand had grasped that room and was squeezing the air from it as a man would squeeze the juice from a lemon.

I felt rather than heard Stoddard's groan of astonishment.

His mouth open, his eyes seeming to look beyond and through the wall, he sat straight and stiff for perhaps two full minutes. Then another groan, and his shoulders sank, his backbone apparently giving way.

"My God," he muttered, "and you think I did it."

"I'm not telling you what I think," Benjamin snapped. "But I will tell you what I know." He rose and stepped over to him, his attitude menacing. "I know that you were jealous of her. I know that you quarreled with her continually when you two were living together. I know that you ran after her when she left you, and that you spent many nights with her, in her apartment. And what's more, I know that you

were with her last night, and that you quarreled with her about another man, and that you were the last person known to have seen her alive. Deny any of it," he sneered, "will you?"

The man, so taken aback he could not speak, just sat dumb, staring at the Chief as the official retraced his steps to his chair. Then he looked first to Tagpalm, then to me, as if in search of a friend.

I could not help it. Perhaps it was selfishness on my part, but I like to believe it was human sympathy that made me shake my head, warningly. It would be best for him to say nothing at this time.

From the selfish standpoint there was the chance that I would get an exclusive story from Stoddard. But I really felt sorry for the man. He was in no condition to talk, to answer questions. Somehow, I felt that even if he was guilty, there must have been some justification—a man like that couldn't kill in cold blood. Undoubtedly he loved the woman, and she had refused to live with him. That is no excuse for murder, to be sure; but to what extent that condition would have enraged him, deprived him of reason, was a different question. And added to that, maybe, was the suspicion of another man having been there. Yet I could not picture this man a murderer.

Stoddard was praying



He must have read those thoughts in my mind, for his eyes lit up ever so little as he turned

back to the Chief, and he seemed to be calm.

"Yes," he said. "We quarreled (Continued on page 66)

On the Trail

Men (with bullet holes in them) had been hauled when last seen alive—they had been

THE man who entered the *Blue Moon* that night was obviously a gentleman. That in itself was unusual. The fact that he was self-possessed and lacking in curiosity was yet more so. The Ohio river-men who came to Cincinnati on packets and barges, frequenting the *Blue*

The new arrival spoke quietly to the bartender and pressed a twenty-dollar bill on the wet bar. The bartender nodded, set a bottle and a glass before him, then passed down the line taking orders.

"Gen'leman's buyin' a round," he advised the patrons, and again curious eyes turned on the visitor, some of them sullen, others grown friendly with the approach of hospitality. Prohibition had not yet taken rank as a serious threat and twenty dollars went a long way in the *Blue Moon*. Several of the drinkers raised their glasses, tipping them in his direction and the stranger responded courteously, then sipped his liquor as befitted a connoisseur.

Presently, when the bartender again approached, the man leaned forward and spoke, using the unmistakable soft accent of New Orleans.

"Do you happen to know a man named Walter Ferguson, suh? I was told down in N' Orleans that he hung out heah a good bit."

Instinctively the man behind the bar registered a blank. The unwritten law of the *Blue Moon* decreed that to a stranger no river-man ever knew another. Slowly, as though he were pondering, he shook his round bald head.

"Never heard of him."

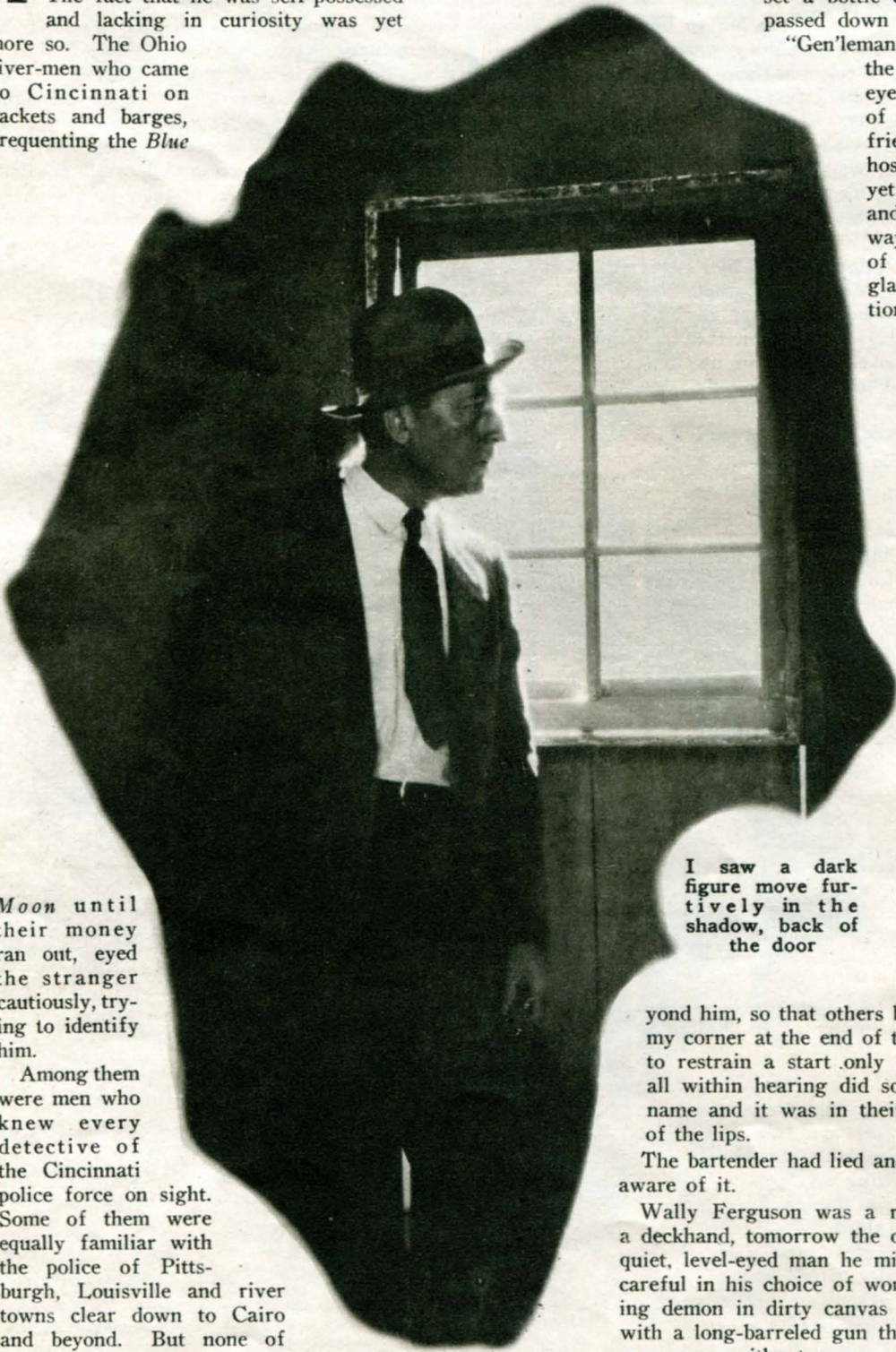
The man from Louisiana had voiced his question loud enough to carry along the line to the fourth or fifth beyond him, so that others behind them heard it too. From my corner at the end of the bar, I heard it and was able to restrain a start only by an appreciable effort. Not all within hearing did so well, for they recognized the name and it was in their eyes, or in a sudden parting of the lips.

The bartender had lied and all who heard his denial were aware of it.

Wally Ferguson was a river-man who today might be a deckhand, tomorrow the owner of a little steamboat. A quiet, level-eyed man he might be tonight, soft-voiced and careful in his choice of words, and tomorrow night a raging demon in dirty canvas clothes, vile-tongued and ugly, with a long-barreled gun thrust naked in his belt. But he was never without money.

The Southerner glanced casually along the line.

"That's right strange," he drawled. "I figured my in-

A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, wearing a bowler hat. He is standing in profile, looking out of a window with a grid pattern. The scene is framed by a dark, irregular shape that resembles a shadow or a cutout.

I saw a dark figure move furtively in the shadow, back of the door

Moon until their money ran out, eyed the stranger cautiously, trying to identify him.

Among them were men who knew every detective of the Cincinnati police force on sight. Some of them were equally familiar with the police of Pittsburgh, Louisville and river towns clear down to Cairo and beyond. But none of them recognized this man, and this was apparent from the quick glances that passed between them, saying what lips were too wary to speak.

of "THE RAT"

*out of the Ohio River with boat hooks, and
on the trail of "The Rat"*

fo'mation was reliable. . . . I'd give consid'able fo' a meetin' with Mistah Ferguson."

In my capacity as police reporter I scented a story, of course. Yet I dared not make a wrong move. The *Blue Moon* was a remarkable source of news and it had taken me

**By GUY FOWLER, formerly of the
Cincinnati COMMERCIAL TRIBUNE**

long months to gain the confidence of its habitues. Of all the dives in the Second Police Precinct, the *Blue Moon* there. But by stretching a meager salary to stand occasional



treat, by omitting some of the things I knew from some of the things I wrote, and above all by keeping a close mouth, it had been possible to work a way into the good graces of those river-rats.

The bartender's voice interrupted my hurried thoughts:

"Nobody by that name ever hung out here, Mister. You got a bum steer."

The tall figure beneath the old-fashioned, soft, black hat shifted one foot to the rail and a pair of keen gray eyes gazed calmly across the bar.

"Well now, I can't understand that," he spoke softly, half to himself, it seemed. "I was told down home that Mistah Ferguson had his mail sent heah."

The bartender smiled.

"Lots of 'em do that." He deftly skimmed the froth from a great mug of beer. "It's a good alibi."

I knew better, of course, than to speak to the stranger, or to follow him when he might leave. Accordingly, I gulped my drink disinterestedly and waved good night to the man in the soiled apron behind the bar. As I passed out, the voice of the Southerner came to my ears in its musical drawl.

"Well now, I didn't 'low Mistah Ferguson would need an alibi."

INSTEAD of turning from the river to head uptown, or to wait for the bartender's reply, I moved swiftly along the side wall of the saloon, past its dimly lighted window, back into the shadows that merged with the docks. In the darkness there, with the heavy river smells assailing my nostrils, I waited. The door of the *Blue Moon* swung back and forth a dozen times, but the stranger remained within.

Crouching there I recalled what I had heard of Wally Ferguson, known by his enemies as "The Rat." He was notorious on the rivers as a spender, a will-o-the-wisp and a killer, yet the police had never been able to produce murder evidence against him. He had served his time at Columbus for piracy on the river, and on a dozen occasions he had done bits in the city jail for lesser crimes. He had

black hat. I don't know his name, but I want to get to him. He just came in."

The clerk scanned the register, then turned to the card index.

"Oh, yeah," he replied carelessly, "Mortimer Gravesend—came in day before yesterday. He's in Four-sixteen."

I called Room 416 on the wire and recognized the voice. I told him frankly who I was and he invited me up to his room.

"Come in, come in, suh," he greeted me cordially at the door. "I can't figure what a repo'ter wants o' me, but come in."

He urged me to a chair and pushed a box of cigars within my reach.

"Now what can I do fo' you, suh?"

"You're looking for Walter Ferguson, aren't you?" I put it abruptly.

He registered surprised amusement.

"Why, yes, I am. Do you know him?"

INODDED. "You were looking for him down at the *Blue Moon* bar a while ago."

He smiled keenly. "I swan, you boys certainly do keep up with a body. Yes suh, I did. That's a right strange place now, ain't it?"

"GRAVESEND'S hand, midway to his breast, moved upward a bare trifle. A red flash . . . a roar from Ferguson's gun . . . a second report cracked out from the long-barreled pistol which Gravesend fired from his armpit—

"Someone hurled a bottle . . . the lights went out. Then—

"Hands up! Line up against the wall there!"

a manner of disappearing that puzzled even those shrewd detectives who knew the river and its ways.

The wait seemed long. Growing impatient, I suddenly decided to go back to the bar and was just in front of the window when the *Blue Moon* door swung outward and in the beam of yellow light that followed it, appeared the figure of the stranger. He was walking slowly, an unlighted stogie in the corner of his mouth, his wide-brimmed hat set jauntily on the back of his head.

Just then I saw a dark figure move furtively in the shadow back of the door and pass swiftly around the corner, up the alley. When the stranger, too, turned the corner, I fell in to dog them both, keeping close to buildings and watching the street behind me as well as ahead. It became easier to follow them as we emerged from the river district into the uptown streets where we came into the crowds, for the night was yet young.

AT the Gibson House the tall Louisianian turned in and his shadow loitered on the curb for a moment. Then he retraced his steps. I crossed the street, for I had been following on the opposite side, and entered the lobby. My quarry was nowhere in sight, but the clerk was an acquaintance of mine and I sought him.

"There's a guest here, I believe, from New Orleans," I told him. "A tall, gray-haired man wearing a wide-brimmed

"It is," I assured him. "It's a bad place, Mr. Gravesend—especially bad for anybody looking for Wally Ferguson. What do you want with him, may I ask?"

THE lean, tanned face grew hard and the steady eyes peered at me from beneath bushy brows with a new expression.

"Beggin' youah pardon, suh," he replied with dignity, "that's my own business, as I see it. Unless," his tone softened—"you are actin' as his agent."

"No, and I don't mean to ask personal questions," I answered. "I'm merely a reporter looking for a story. But if you don't know it—and I believe you don't—you're in danger down there unless they know you and know your business."

Gravesend laughed.

"Danger?" he echoed. "What fo', suh? I have nothin' to fear from any man—and I wouldn't fear him if I did have."

I rose to bid him good night. "Well, it's none of my business, of course. I heard you ask for Ferguson and it sounded like a story. But I'm not joking when I tell you to be careful down there. You were followed back here to the hotel, you know."

Gravesend was standing, still wearing that kindly smile.

"Don't you worry none about me, son. I've been doin' business on these rivers since I was knee high to a hop-toad."

"Oh," I attempted a final effort, "then it's business with Ferguson?"

He beamed on me generously, as though he might be humoring a child.

"Suah, it's business. I want to sell him a boat."

I smiled at that, for it struck me as humorous that any river-man would attempt negotiations with Wally Ferguson by way of the *Blue Moon*. The police had hauled bodies out of the river with boat hooks and found bullet holes in them, then learned that when last seen alive they had been on the trail of Wally.

"I'll give you a call tomorrow," I suggested. "Let me know if you sell him, will you?"

Gravesend shook his head quite seriously.

"Well, now, I'd say you bettah get that information from Mistah Ferguson," he replied.

And again I smiled, thinking how likely it would be that Wally would reveal his floating property to a newspaper man.

"I'll call you anyway, for luck," I promised.

And swore at myself on the way to the elevator for having played an open hand. It was not impossible, or even improbable, that Gravesend was wiser than he appeared. He might be working hand in hand with Ferguson. It would have done me no good to have had word go back to the *Blue Moon* that I was making private inquiries into Ferguson's affairs. They made curiosity a dangerous weakness to possess at the *Blue Moon*.

AS it happened, however, I had no occasion to call Gravesend the next day. On reaching the office of the *Commercial Tribune* I was given no least opportunity to work on private theories. There was a definite assignment for me with plenty of labor in the offing.

"The afternoon papers have a flash on this," the city editor told me, handing out a little packet of clippings. "Get over to Police Headquarters and clean up on it. Give me a call," he added.

The clippings told of the disappearance of four girls in as many days from respectable homes in Cincinnati. They had dropped out completely, leaving never a trace, and frantic parents were besieging the police to find them.

But the significant note came in a series of brief wire reports beneath the local stories—dispatches from Pitts-

burgh, Louisville, Lawrenceberg and some smaller towns along the river, describing similar disappearances, equally mysterious.

At Police Headquarters Chief Jackson told me readily enough that his men were working on the theory of white slavery. The brainiest men of his staff were detailed on the case. The net was spread and there would be surprising events where crimson lights cast their reflections in a district now long abandoned.

"Have you got any definite hunch, Chief?" I asked.

"Several."

"For publication?" I asked—doubtfully.

Jackson smiled.

"Oh, yes, we'll give you the names. You print them in the morning so the birds we want will read about it and call here at Headquarters for interview."

I grinned appreciation of his sarcasm and went



Gravesend caught the expression of alarm in my face as I looked over his shoulder

back to the office. Other men were interviewing the terrified parents and their stories would be brought in later in the night. While I was writing what news was available a dispatch ticked into the telegraph room from New Orleans. The "flimsy" sheet bearing the story was brought to my desk.

Its contents changed the story and, indeed, altered the lives of a number of people. As I read the opening sentence my head swam for a moment as thoughts raced through my brain.

(Continued on page 76)

SLEEPING DEATH

The "Doctor Brandon Case" is about as strange a case as was ever known—and the solution of the mystery of this man's death will go down in the records as one of the cleverest pieces of detective work ever accomplished

As told by **BOB SHERIDAN**
to **O. C. AMMONS**

I HAD just had lunch with Sheldon Kirk at his apartment on Lake Shore Avenue, and we were settling ourselves for a smoke, when the telephone rang. The call was for me.

As I said "hello" into the phone, I doubt if my effort to conceal my irritation was completely successful. I never like to have my hour of relaxation at noontime broken into—especially when I am a guest of that remarkable detective and delightfully charming fellow, Sheldon Kirk. And having been so fortunate, or unfortunate, as you might see it, as to inherit a considerable estate, I had continued my practice of law, not because it is a passion but rather to be kept from being designated as a vagrant, and I now experienced no thrill from the thought that the caller was possibly a prospective client.

I went to the phone with the deliberate intention of announcing, politely, that I would be in my office at three o'clock—but the frenzied feminine voice at the other end of the wire immediately and completely disarmed me. I listened in amazement as the girl's short, broken sentences came to me.

I put the receiver back on the hook with a shaky hand, and, turning, called excitedly to the detective: "Doctor Brandon has been murdered!"

KIRK, knowing Frank Brandon was my personal dentist and intimate friend, said sympathetically, "That is too bad, Bob." Then, the professional instinct immediately coming to the front, he asked quietly, "How was he killed?"

"It was his dental assistant calling—Jane Wharton," I said, "and she was in an extremely nervous condition, but I made out that Doctor Pearson, a surgeon next door—whom you probably know—had found bruises on Brandon's throat, indicating he had been strangled."

"Is anyone suspected?"

"Jane spoke of no one. She said the police had been called. It seems somewhat ironical that only three days ago Frank told me jokingly that if ever he was murdered he wanted my 'celebrated' detective friend to find the guilty party. Frank and I laughed, but Jane shuddered."

"It might not have been entirely in jest that he spoke. Perhaps he felt his life was in danger," Kirk suggested.

"He never appeared to have a care in the world—and if he had an enemy, he kept the fact a secret. He was a likeable fellow, everyone coming in contact with him considered him a friend."

Even while I was speaking I knew that the detective, sensing my own unspoken wish, had decided to look into the case.

"Perhaps we had better go, and we can talk things over on our way uptown," he said, and, rising, made ready to leave.

Arriving down-stairs, we found Kirk's car standing in front of the apartment. Kirk gave the address to his chauffeur, and we climbed in.

"Now, Bob, tell me just as concisely as possible the things that will help me in this case," Kirk said, as the car started forward.

"Well," I began, reflectively, "it was always Doctor Brandon's habit to go to lunch at twelve and return at twelve-thirty. Jane would then go out and stay till one-thirty. The Doctor would lie down on the little couch in his laboratory, smoke a cigarette, and doze till the girl returned and waked him. To-day, Jane said, on being unable to rouse him she ran in and called Doctor Janett, the dentist in the adjoining suite, and Doctor Pearson, who occupies the rooms on the other side. They found Frank dead. The police were called. Then Jane, recalling the conversation a few days ago, phoned my office, and, finding me out, called here. That was all she told me over the phone—except that the window in the laboratory was open to the top. The Doctor, as I myself know, always kept this window closed while he was sleeping, because of the draft."

"You are, I believe," Kirk said, "in the habit of calling quite often on Doctor Brandon at his office and know his social and professional associates quite intimately. I have heard you say he was not married; but did he have a feminine acquaintance who was especially fond of him?"

"He had many. He was quite a favorite with the ladies—even the married ones—and I must admit that he was—entirely unthinking, you understand—a little rough at times with their hearts."

"Do you know of a specific case, man or woman, where the party might have been driven by jealousy to the extreme measure of taking Brandon's life?"

AFTER studying a moment, I replied: "Of course, there may be some husband or lover that I know nothing about, but the women or girls that I know, who were wrapped up in him, strike me as being quite harmless. Jane Wharton, his assistant, a slip of a girl barely out of her teens, fairly worships him, and Norma Jordan—Doctor Pearson's office assistant—has told me somewhat boastfully on occasions that Jane was 'insanely' jealous of her because Doctor Brandon had been paying her some attention. But it was all just inter-office gossip, for I am sure Frank didn't think seriously of either of them, though they are both nice girls. Jane is small

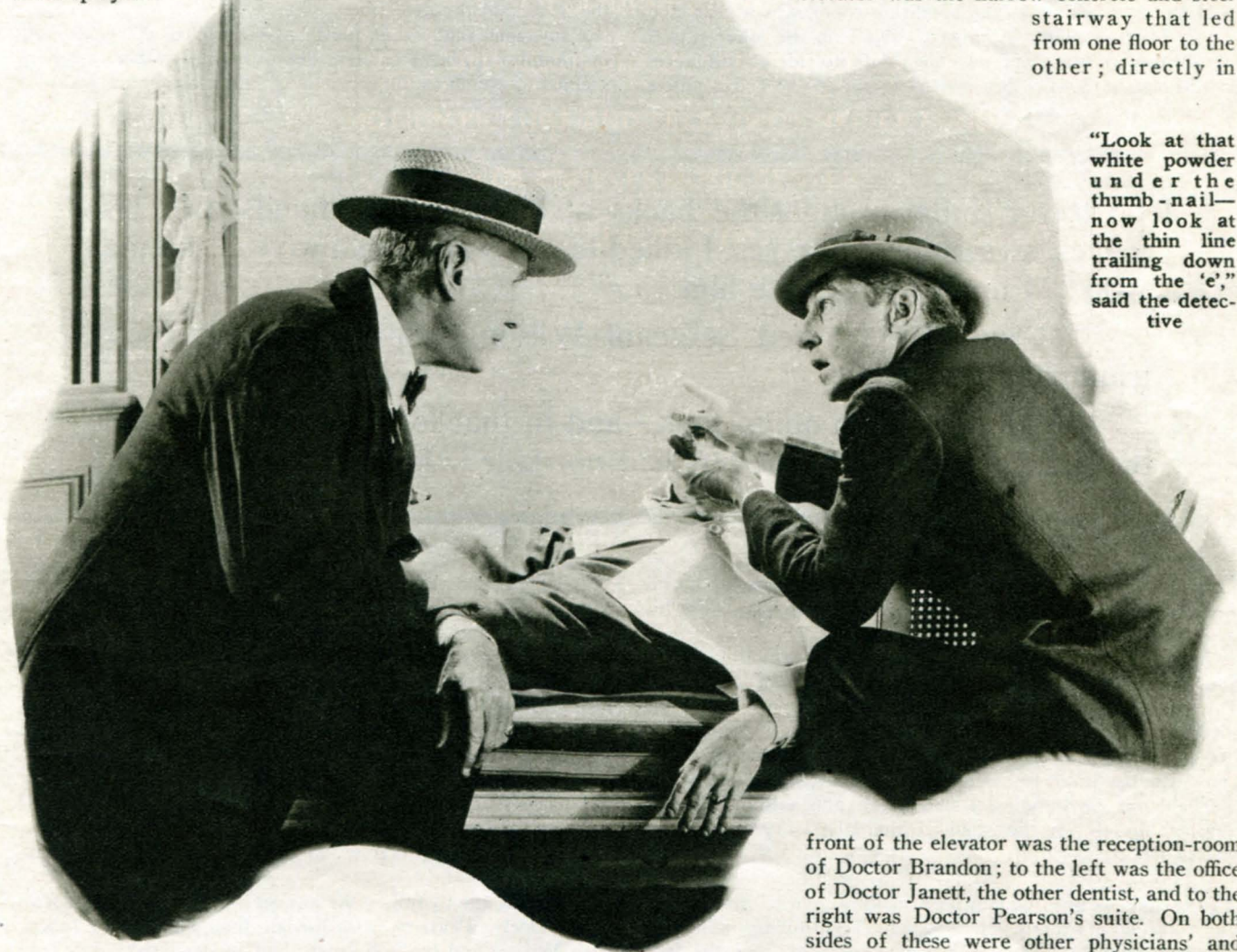
and pretty, and Norma is a very handsome woman. Gossip has linked the latter with Doctor Janett, though he is past forty and married."

"Now, Bob," Kirk interrupted, "although Doctor Pearson has said death was brought about by strangulation, which makes suicide seem a little difficult, I am going to ask whether Brandon's habits or financial condition might supply any reason for self-destruction?"

"He was living, I am sure, within his means, and was wildly enthusiastic about his success. He had only been practicing four years, and he told me in confidence, once, that he was making nearly triple the money that the dentist in the adjoining office, Doctor Janett, was making, and the latter had been there nearly fifteen years."

"Had Doctor Brandon practiced anywhere besides in his present office?" Kirk asked.

"No. He located there immediately after leaving school. The whole floor on which his office is located is taken up by the



rooms of physicians and surgeons. Frank said he had pretty tough sledding for the first year. But his personality and skill soon won the friendship and confidence of the doctors on the floor, and they began to flood him with patients that they had formerly sent to Doctor Janett. It was through Doctor Pearson that I first met Brandon."

"Knowing your fondness for poker, Bob," he said, "I am led to wonder if your friend Brandon had the habit and indulged to any extent in that innocent diversion?"

I admitted that Frank loved the game as much as I—if such a thing was possible—and that he seldom missed a session that we held in Doctor Pearson's X-ray room, which connected by a door with Frank's laboratory.

"But," I concluded, "he was one of the luckiest men I ever saw; it seemed impossible for him to lose, and his winnings for the past year, I dare say, were as much as his income from his practice. So I am confident he had no financial worries."

"Who, besides you," Kirk asked with a smile, "were the big losers on these sittings in Doctor Pearson's room?"

"I think we all donated regularly," I replied. "Doctor Pearson has of late been complaining bitterly of his luck, and Doctor Janett, though he is a brooding fellow and makes few comments whether winning or losing, has been plunging desperately, and his checks to Brandon at the end of the game have always been large. The two other doctors in the game have been losing some also."

We had by this time reached the Eldridge Building. We entered it and took the elevator to the tenth floor. Kirk stopped for a moment in the hall while he noted the plan of the floor. Immediately to the left of the elevator was the narrow concrete and steel stairway that led from one floor to the other; directly in

"Look at that white powder under the thumb-nail—now look at the thin line trailing down from the 'e'," said the detective

front of the elevator was the reception-room of Doctor Brandon; to the left was the office of Doctor Janett, the other dentist, and to the right was Doctor Pearson's suite. On both sides of these were other physicians' and surgeons' offices.

At a gesture of Kirk's I led the way into Doctor Brandon's waiting-room. Upon our entrance a girl arose from a deep chair where she had been huddled limply. Her eyes were red from crying.

"Jane," I said, "this is Mr. Kirk, the detective that you have often heard Doctor Brandon and me discussing." To Kirk I added, "Miss Wharton is Frank's assistant."

The girl murmured faintly some words of acknowledgment; it was obvious she was very much broken up over the

death of the Doctor. She told us the police were in the laboratory.

After a word of sympathy to Jane, I led Kirk through the operating-room and knocked at the swinging door to the laboratory. A rather burly gentleman in plain clothes pushed open the door, and, upon recognizing Sheldon Kirk, an unmistakable look of dissatisfaction came over his face.

"It was Doctor Brandon's wish," I explained politely, "if anything happened to him, that Mr. Kirk was to look into the matter."

The man gestured reluctantly for us to enter, and announced that he was Wilson, a detective-sergeant from Headquarters. There was a policeman in uniform with him.

On our ride over, Kirk had been very attentive to my recital of the history of Brandon and his associates; he had been taking in every detail from the time we entered the building—on the elevator, in the hall outside, in the reception-room, in the operating-room—but now that he was at the scene of the crime, with the victim before him, he was radiant. His great vitality and power filled the room.

THE laboratory was one of those small affairs of an up-town dentist with everything arranged for the conservation of space and energy. Against the partition, in which was the door leading to the operating-room, was a neat laboratory bench-cabinet. Against the wall on the other side of the little room was a narrow couch with no side or end pieces. On its flat top was a thin mattress, and at one end a pillow.

method, stood gazing with reluctant admiration as the latter worked, examining every article and every foot of space with painstaking care. But when Kirk at last straightened up as if he had finished, Wilson's professional vanity returned, and he remarked curtly, "Well, I guess there is not much here to see; I am going to get these people together and do some questioning; they probably know a lot of things they don't care about volunteering to tell. Things that appear insignificant to them may be of importance to me."

HE then instructed the policeman to go after Doctor Pearson and his office assistant, Norma Jordan, and bring them to the reception-room of Doctor Brandon while he went for Doctor Janett.

As Wilson and the policeman left the laboratory, Kirk put a detaining hand on my shoulder. When the reception-room door closed behind them, he stepped quickly to the side of the couch, and, bending over the body of Brandon, touched with his forefinger a spot on the plaster wall a few inches above the place where Brandon's hand now rested at his side. Scratched in the plaster was the word "Jane."

Kirk, seeing the blank look on my face, picked up Doctor Brandon's right hand, "Look at that white powder under the thumb-nail—now look at the thin line trailing down from the 'e,'" said the detective.

I saw then that Frank must have scratched the name with his thumb-nail, but I couldn't grasp the importance that Kirk seemed to attach to the incident. I said a little quizzically:

"IN terror Butler brought the backs of his manacled hands over his eyes, screaming, 'Yes, yes, I killed him! Take me away! Take me away! I don't want to see him!'

"'I knew it!' rasped Sergeant Wilson, throwing out his chest triumphantly.

"Kirk gave me a quick look—and in that look I was sure I read the silent message that the boy had *not* killed Doctor Brandon."

Here, in a white jacket that fitted with a band close about his neck, lay Doctor Brandon; he was lying on his back, his arms at his sides.

At the foot of the couch was the window which Jane had found open when she returned from lunch and discovered Doctor Brandon dead. At the head of the couch stood the nitrous-oxide machine, and behind it a door. Kirk caught my eye and glanced towards this door. Seeing that he wanted to know whether it led to Doctor Pearson's X-ray room in which we held our card-games, I nodded in affirmation. Then I perched myself on the stool at the laboratory bench and watched Kirk work.

WHERE, before, he had been making general and sweeping observations, he was now scrutinizing minutely. The marks on the throat were considered first; then the face and hands were studied closely, the tips of the fingers seeming to be of especial interest to him. At the angle of the dead man's nose, just above the lip, I saw a small scratch, undoubtedly made while shaving that morning; it looked as if it had broken open some time later in the day, for there was a thin smear of blood about it. This place Kirk gave much perplexed attention. He next inspected the ash tray whose light pedestal stood close against the head of the couch.

Wilson, captivated by Kirk's alertness and thoroughness of

"I suppose he put Jane's name there while he lay smoking after his return from lunch. I knew she worshiped Frank, but I hardly thought *him* so deeply interested in her that he would be scratching her name on the plastered wall."

"Doctor Brandon wrote that, Sheridan, just as he was losing consciousness," Kirk said simply. "That line trailing down from the 'e' was undoubtedly made as his arm dropped lifeless to his side."

"THEN," I admitted, "he was, after all, a little wrapped up in Jane—she was the last one in his thoughts."

Kirk's answering nod was more of indecision than affirmation.

Gesturing me to follow, he passed into the reception-room, where Doctor Pearson, Miss Jordan, Jane, and Doctor Janett, with Wilson and the policeman, had congregated.

Noticing the high nervous tension of everyone, Kirk suggested it would be better to gather somewhere more removed from the crime. Wilson frowned, but agreed. Doctor Janett with alacrity suggested his waiting-room, and so we passed through Frank's operating-room into Janett's laboratory and on into the waiting-room, where we settled down once more. There was a marked contrast between the offices of the two dentists. Frank's was neat and well appointed, while Janett's was run-down. The untidiness and disorder spoke loudly of

the need of an assistant. Things hardly looked as though Doctor Janett was enjoying a very extensive or paying clientele.

The assembly in the reception-room was an impressive one. Besides Wilson, the policeman, Kirk, and myself, there were: Doctor Pearson, a man past fifty with bushy, graying hair and brows, strong, rangy body, massive hands, and black, penetrating eyes; Doctor Janett, a man of forty, short and round but not fat, with thin, scraggly hair and blurred, dissipated eyes; and the two frightened girls, Jane Wharton and Norma Jordan.

The latter was a blond creature of remarkable physical proportions and beauty; her expensive clothes and the great, flawless diamond that she wore, hardly seemed to be within the purchasing limits of a doctor's assistant's salary. Nor had this inconsistency escaped the gossip of the other girls on the floor. That she had an immediate appeal to men was demonstrated by the actions of Kirk, who, on more than one occasion during the proceedings, devoured her with his eyes. And Doctor Janett—though married—sat compromiscingly close to her.

Every one of the gathering, with the exception of Wilson, Kirk, and the policeman, was, of course, in a state of extreme perturbation.

Jane then spoke up, saying, "Just after Doctor Brandon left for lunch, a young man came in and asked to see him. When I told him the doctor wouldn't be back till one-thirty—I always told the patients that because the Doctor would see no one until that time, though he really came back at twelve-thirty—the man left. He was hardly more than a boy, and now, since this other has happened, it seems to me he did act sort of strange." Then Jane, as if a new thought had come to her, continued reflectively, "You don't suppose, Doctor Janett, it could have had anything to do with the patient we had this morning? You might tell them about her."

Doctor Janett, a little bewildered and somewhat reluctant at first, explained: "I gave a patient of Doctor Brandon's a general anesthetic—nitrous oxide—this morning and he extracted a tooth. You see, Doctor Brandon has a nitrous oxide machine; and when he has a patient that wants a 'gen-



"You entered this room, you seized Doctor Brandon forcibly by the throat—then what happened?" asked Kirk in quiet tones

Wilson questioned Jane at length, but he learned nothing more than what she had already told. Then he asked Doctor Janett if he had heard anyone enter Brandon's office while Jane was out to lunch.

"Patients often came and went during the hour Doctor Brandon was in the habit of sleeping, and I got so I never heard them," Janett answered, then added, "I suppose there were some to-day."

eral,' I give the anesthetic, and for my patients we wheel the machine into my office and he gives the gas. This morning when Miss Butler—a girl of about nineteen—came out from under the anesthetic,

she had a bewildered look and became very much agitated. Immediately recognizing the symptoms, Doctor Brandon knew that the girl, while under the anesthetic, had experienced an erotic dream, this being not infrequent to women patients while under nitrous oxide. He tried to quiet her, explaining that Jane had been present during the operation and that no one had harmed her, but she left the operating-room in a hysterical frame of mind."

"And in the reception-room," Jane added quickly, "the girl muttered something about her brother."

Wilson slapped the table and shouted, "Now we are getting some place! This brother (Continued on Page 90)

Why I

*A straightforward account,
various cities of the United
every young man who reads
success—*

By ROBERT CONSIDINE

"THE INTERNATIONAL BURGLAR"

IN the year 1898, when I was seventeen years of age, I ran away from my home in Abingdon, Virginia, and went to New Orleans. Perhaps it was because of the fact that I had been raised in an atmosphere in which good horse flesh was second only to feminine virtue and charm that I gravitated to the race track, which was then in the height of its season, and where I obtained a job as exercise boy with one of the big stables.


Two months later, there in New Orleans, I made the acquaintance of Joe Howard. Joe was always well supplied with money, lived a life of ease and luxury, and this had a great fascination for me. I learned that his occupation was that of a burglar. He wanted a partner and asked me to join him. I accepted.

We operated for a year in New Orleans and during that time I was thoroughly schooled in the art of burglary; in fact, it was from clever Joe Howard that I obtained my degree of master cracksman. There was a great deal of "easy pickin's" in New Orleans at

that time and things went along smoothly until one night we burglarized the home of a close relative of a man high in the city's political organization. Realizing after we had done this that the town was an unsafe place for us, after a judicious outlay of some of our ill-gotten gains, Joe succeeded in getting us booked with a vaudeville troupe that was sailing that same day for Rio Janeiro.

We arrived in Rio on Sunday morning and from the boat went direct to the Casa del Loma, a hotel located just off the Esplanade. There we remained for six months, during which time we did not do one stroke of "work." It was Joe's idea that we needed a rest, and, being well supplied with funds, it was a good time to take it, while enjoying the night life of the Brazilian capital.

One night while we were visiting an exclusive gambling house called the Altamont Club, Joe met and fell in love with Alice Townsend, an American adventuress and crook, who was then posing as the widow of a wealthy American copper king. Alice reciprocated and it did not take me long to sense that Joe wished to cast in his lot with hers. A week later I saw them off on a boat bound for Liverpool, England, and that was the last I was to see of Joe Howard, for in



"The bulls!
The street is
full of them—
we'll have to
run for it!"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A great many newspaper articles and magazine stories have been written about Eddie Guerin, the intrepid Chicago gunman, whose escape from the French penal colony, Devil's Island, located off the coast of French Guiana, in South America, is regarded as one of the most sensational affairs in the annals of criminal history. Likewise, Guerin's partner in crime, the beautiful May Churchill, "Chicago May," as she is known to the police of the world, has received her share of the police spotlight for her daring exploits.

But, outside of the newspaper accounts of his arrest and conviction in Old Bailey Court, London, England, for the shooting of Eddie Guerin, his subsequent sentence to life imprisonment in Dartmoor Prison for this crime, and of his deportation to the United States at the insistence of Lady Astor, after he had served fourteen years in Dartmoor Prison, little is known about Robert Considine, "The International Burglar," the man to whom the beautiful and daring May transferred her affections following her split with Guerin; and for whom Considine shot Guerin.

Following is the story of his life and activities outside the law. This story is being printed for the first time, and it contains the only real and authentic account of the shooting of Eddie Guerin, the cause of this crime, and the events that followed in its wake. It is presented in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES MAGAZINE in the belief that one living example is worth more than a hundred precepts; and, if ever there was a living example of the futility of the criminal life, Robert Considine is that example.

SHOT EDDIE GUERIN

given by this notorious law-breaker, of his life of crime in States, South America, South Africa and England. We hope this will take from it the lesson that there is but one path to the straight path of honor

As told to
MAURICE C. ALLEN

1902 he was sentenced to serve a ten-year term in a German prison for robbery. He came out of that prison wrecked in health. A short time later he stole a sack of currency from a Paris bank, was arrested at the Gare du Nord railroad station, and, with a long term in Devil's Island facing him, committed suicide by swallowing a deadly poison he had in his pocket for the purpose. Thus he fulfilled the threat he had once made to me that if ever he had to choose between Devil's Island and suicide, he would take the latter.

Before leaving Rio, Joe had given me a letter to a friend of his, "American Frank," proprietor of a hotel in Buenos Aires that was the headquarters of a great many thieves and their women. After parting with Joe, I went there and found the place was situated in that part of the city known as *La Boca*—the tenderloin district. American Frank introduced me to Louis Lorenzano, "Italian Louis," with whom I hooked up and who proved to be one of my staunchest friends as time went on.

Under Louis' tutoring, I was introduced into the life of a "gentleman crook," whose working clothes were a tuxedo, a dress-suit, or the morning coat, striped trousers and silk "topper" of the English dandy. Louis, clean cut, and handsome in appearance, made a specialty of diamonds, but was not averse to undertaking any project in which the stakes were high, the risks small and the necessity of using violence, nil.

Louis always lined up with the police whenever possible. Through American Frank, who was a politician of no mean ability, we succeeded in reaching a high official in the Buenos Aires Police Department and religiously set aside ten per cent of our earnings in exchange for the word being passed down from Headquarters that we were not to be molested.

However, things cannot always run smoothly. After a time we again made the mistake of robbing the wrong person. Louis had been making love to a charming lady who fre-



quented the night clubs and who was adorned with an impressive collection of genuine diamonds. After two weeks' planning, I held up her and Joe one evening at the point of a gun, relieved the lady of her jewels (took Joe's watch also to make the hold-up seem genuine) and sauntered back to the hotel. Simple, was it not?

But, in reality, we were the ones who were fooled. The fair señora had told Joe that she had a husband, whereas, she only had a sweetheart. She was, in fact, the mistress of a high ranking official of the Argentine Government and the diamonds of which I had stripped her had been given to her by this official. Louis and I were both arrested. American Frank came to our aid. The diamonds were returned and we were told that Buenos Aires was no longer a healthy place for us. This official suggested that we take passage on a steamer that was leaving that afternoon for Cape Town, South Africa, and hastily packing our belongings and purchasing tickets, we went aboard.

Cape Town, at that time (during the Boer War), was a

busy port. Crooks, adventurers and adventuresses, prostitutes and dance hall girls, all had flocked there to reap the harvest to be found wherever an army makes its headquarters. Everything was wide open day and night, and dance halls, gambling dens, saloons and disorderly houses were flourishing unmolested by the authorities. There we met Anne Thompson, a friend of Louis, who was financially interested in several gambling houses in the city. Through Anne we tried to "reach" some police official and thus gain protection for our operations, but she explained that because the city was under military control the police would not listen to "reason." Although the city was wide open, and there was plenty of money to be had, no one knew when the military authorities might decide to put the lid on tight. For this reason, anything we would do would have to be undertaken at our own risk.

HOWEVER, Anne had a way of learning things through her intimate association with some of the city's most influential men, and from her we found out that on the first of every month a large shipment of currency came through from England, consigned to one of the inland mines, for the purpose of meeting the mining company's payroll. We immediately concentrated on the problem, rented a house in the residential district and proceeded to learn as much as we could about the express company's office and immediate neighborhood. For a time we observed the building both day and night from a room in a hotel situated directly across the street. After visiting the office and making a close scrutiny

safe. The nitro-glycerine, fuse and dynamite caps, because of the danger of their exploding through rough handling, were left with Louis to be brought by him when he would come down to the express office that night. Boring three small holes in each end of the trunk, I inserted therein brass studs that appeared to be part of the trunk's binding. These studs could be moved inward or outward from the inside of the trunk, and when pushed outward to their full extent, left a quarter-inch space between their heads and the trunk wall, which permitted the entrance of sufficient air for breathing purposes.

Strapping a revolver about my waist I shook hands with Louis and stepped into the trunk. Lying down, I made myself comfortable, bracing my feet against one side of the trunk and my back against the other so that I would be immovable when the trunk would be lifted off the wagon. Then, after wishing me the best of luck, Louis lowered the lid of the trunk, slammed the clasps home and securely locked it.

In another minute, from the swaying of the wagon, I knew Louis was on the driver's seat and we were on our way to the express office.

A half hour later we arrived at our destination. There was a moment of quietness during which I could no longer feel the jolting of the wagon, and then I heard Louis call to one of the express company's employees to come and help him unload the trunk. The next instant I felt myself being lifted and deposited inside the building. Through the walls of the trunk I heard Louis talking as he paid the ex-

"REACHING inside his shirt, Von Veltiem produced a small chamois-skin bag. Opening this bag he took a paper parcel from it and, after carefully unwrapping the parcel, spread the paper out on the table, exposing its contents to view.

"Neither Mark nor I could repress the gasp of admiration that escaped us at sight of what the bag contained."

of things therein, while on the pretense of shipping a package, we found out the location of the safe and other details that were valuable to us later.

Our next move was to purchase a large trunk such as traveling salesmen use for samples, of size ample enough to permit a human being to be locked inside of it with comfort. Then, with safe-blower's tools and a supply of "soup" at hand, we were ready for the arrival of the money.

Loitering at the docks the morning the boat arrived with the money, we watched while a large, black steel box was unloaded from the ship, and placed in the express company's wagon. Following at a safe distance, Louis and I trailed the wagon into the city and saw the box unloaded at the express office and put in the safe. With the money in the safe, the stage was all set for the carrying out of our plans.

THAT afternoon, about an hour before the express office was to close for the day, we donned overalls, hitched our horse to the express wagon we had purchased, and loaded the trunk aboard. This, of course, was done in the shelter provided by the barn in the rear of our house.

Lining the trunk with thick, heavy, woolen blankets, we placed the tool kit and several lengths of strong cotton rope inside. The blankets were to be used for wrapping the safe to deaden the sound of the explosion when we would blow the safe door. The rope was to tie the blankets about the

press charges and cautioned the employees to handle the trunk with care. Then he climbed aboard the wagon and drove away.

Lying quietly, I soon heard the men employed in the receiving room prepare to depart for the night. The iron door leading to the alley was slammed to and locked, and the wooden door behind it rolled shut. The typewriters in the front office ceased their clatter and in a short time all was quiet.

For what seemed ages, but was in reality only a few hours, I remained motionless in the trunk. I was in no real discomfort, for as soon as I was sure there was no one in the building, I pushed out the studs from the air holes in the end of the trunk, and with my face close to these holes, managed to breathe comfortably.

From time to time, using a small flashlight, I looked at my watch. Finally, when it was eleven o'clock, I took a brace and bit from the tool kit, and lying flat on my back bored a hole through the top of the trunk at one corner. Into this hole I inserted a small keyhole saw and sawed along the front of the top. When this opening was large enough to permit of its entrance, I exchanged the keyhole saw for a large, stiff-backed saw, and soon had sawed from one end of the trunk to the other. Repeating this operation along the other three sides of the trunk, I then pushed out the sawed-through portions, and stepped out.

Using the flashlight, I guardedly cast its ray around the floor until I located the door leading into the front office. Moving stealthily, I crossed over to this door and passed through it.

Through the plate-glass window at the front of the office I could see Louis loitering across the street, waiting for me to make my appearance at the door. There was no one else in sight, so, gliding forward to the door, I opened it and with a low whistle to attract his attention, beckoned him to enter.

Five minutes later we had retrieved our tools from the trunk in the back room and were ready to begin work on the front of the safe. Our plans were working out fine.

I was just about to commence boring with a breast drill to make a hole above the combination knob, preparatory to putting in the nitro-glycerine for blowing the safe door, when Louis, who was holding the light so I could see to work, tapped me lightly on the shoulder and whispered: "Just a moment—wait."

Setting the light down, he softly crept to the corner of the

On all sides of us were trunks, boxes and packages, and for a moment I considered the plan of finding a hiding place behind these. But, reasoning that the police would tear the place upside down if they did not find their quarry, I quickly discarded this plan.

We were in a tight corner and capture seemed inevitable. But, I reasoned, there was no good going to come from both of us being arrested, so, without stopping to explain, I grasped Louis by the arm and propelled him toward the empty trunk by means of which I had gained entrance to the building.

"Quick!" I whispered. "Get inside! Don't make a sound!" That trunk now had to be Louis' means of escape.

It was but the work of a second to fit the sawed-out piece of the trunk's top over him and cover the trunk with one of the blankets I snatched out of it as Louis climbed in.

But I had scarcely finished when the street door of the front office was thrown violently open and there was a



Our eyes met in a quick, telepathic message over Von Veltiem's head

wall angle that hid our view of the street. One look and he called to me:

"The bulls! The street is full of them—we will have to run for it!"

Dropping the drill, I whipped out my gun and motioned him to take the lead. Face down on the floor he went, and with me following him we wriggled our way to the door leading to the room in the rear. Once on the other side of this door we rose to our feet and looked about us.

concerted rush of feet that stopped about ten feet inside the door.

"Put up your hands and come out of there!" a gruff voice commanded. "We have you covered, and you had better come without any delay."

Taking one last look at the trunk in which Louis was hiding, I walked boldly across the room and threw open the door leading to the front office.

"Don't shoot!" I said, walking (Continued on page 94)

"HOP-HEAD BO"

When "Kid Duster," desperate gunman of New York's East Side, was found knifed, a dagger in his heart, it was "Bo," rat-faced hop-head, who gave the blasé sleuths on the case the biggest surprise of their lives

By
Detective RODMAN BURKE

As told to
EDWIN A. GOEWY

THE murder broke the night I was sent to work under Tom Eldridge in the Middle West Side Inspection District.

In the preceding five years I had done tricks around the Battery, the West Side markets, and the financial district, part of the time under Eldridge, before he was shifted up-town. Finally the tough element in his bailiwick got beyond the curb of the staff assigned him. Hold-ups and gang fights, in which one or more gunmen usually were "cold-leaded" to the hospitals—and occasionally killed—became almost nightly occurrences. Then he had the Commissioner send him several of his old buddies, including myself.

I had been his right-hand man when he had cleaned up things below the "dead-line," and when I reported he informed me he would depend upon me to lead the effort to "strong-arm" the worst of the undesirables out of the district. Although I knew the neighborhood after a fashion, I had never worked there. So, as a means of familiarizing me with the more notorious resorts, as well as tipping me off to any crooks we might encounter, he announced he would pilot me through the section that evening.

It was well after dark, say about nine o'clock, when we left the Station, he in plain clothes like myself. In our first hour of cruising we took a look-in on several dives as tough as any on the lower East Side. Then we headed toward the section about the Central tracks and the North River wharves, where the dance-hall and thieves' hang-out familiarly known as "McGurk's Mop" was located.

"I don't know whether this McGurk is a descendant of John McGurk, who operated 'Suicide Hall' in the old days," he said, "but his place is pretty nearly as bad as that historic den—and the hooch he sells is rotten. The only reason I haven't closed the place is because it's the hang-out of Jake Haslin's 'Kid Duster' gang, and it's easier to locate any of the bunch there—when we want them—than to have to search the city. That's the place down here in the next block, with the revolving electric light out in front."

"Is that the same Kid Duster Haslin, who used to hang out around Delancey Street?"

"Yes. It got too hot for him down there—several scrapes with women, I understand—so he drifted up here. And he organized an even harder gang than his old one. He's more of a brute than ever, rules with an iron hand, and he and his bunch have had many gun-fights with the Car Barns mob. 'Knuckles' Owney Kelly is their leader, and

before the Kid came, they had a corner on crime in this section. Probably our man will be in McGurk's. I'll tip you off to him."

But I never had an opportunity to look over Kid Duster as Eldridge had intended. We were within a few hundred feet of the dance-hall, when a policeman appeared suddenly from the alley which ran beside it and began beating upon the pavement with his night-stick.

"Come on, Burke, quick, and have your gun ready!" cried the Inspector. "Probably another shooting in the Mop."

We broke into a run, but before we reached the officer we noted men and women piling pell-mell out of the dive. Some of them scattered, while others joined those who had come running from all directions.

"What's the matter, Wilson?" queried Eldridge, as we elbowed our way to the bluecoat.

"Murder, Inspector," he said, saluting. "Kid Duster's up in the alley, dead, with a knife in his ribs."

"Anybody near him—any fight?"

"No. I just went in to see that no stick-up boys were hangin' around and stumbled over his body. It's up about twenty feet beyond the back door of the Mop. There's light enough from the windows around to see him plainly."

Just then two other policemen came running up in answer to Wilson's raps for assistance.

"CASEY, go into the hall and hold everybody who's there, until I come," said Eldridge. "You, Sinclair, telephone to the Station for a wagon and all the plain-clothes men who are there, and have the medical examiner notified. Then join Casey." The Inspector next drew Wilson aside. "Burke and I are going to have a look at the Kid. Keep this bunch as quiet as possible, but don't prevent anyone from going into the alley. We may spot somebody we may want to remember later."

Guided by Eldridge's pocket-flash, we soon located Haslin. He was lying partly on his left side, in a pool of dirty water, his cap near by. He was a ghastly sight when I turned him over, for his arms were drawn up and his hands clenched, and his bloated features were contorted into a horrible grimace. He probably had died almost instantly and in agony. Had he cried out, others would have been there before Wilson. The knife which had sent him to his death was plainly visible, for he wore no coat and the handle of the weapon stuck straight out from the knit ~~acc-~~ buttoned about his hulking form. I grunted in disgust.

"We'll get no finger-prints on that," I whispered. "The handle is sticky with blood and dirty water."

"I see. It may be a clue, though, for they usually do their work around here with gats. The fact that a knife was used suggests the killer was a Latin or a Slav—most likely, an Italian."

By that time a considerable ring of wide-eyed and curious men and boys had closed in about us. I looked them over for possible familiar faces, and saw one I recognized. Then I said to the Inspector: "How about searching the Kid?"

He nodded. There were only a few small articles in the vest-pockets, but from the trousers I took a roll of bills, some small change, and a fully loaded seven-chamber automatic. Also, tucked inside the waistband and caught with a loop to a suspender button, was a black-jack.

"There's only one guess now," said Eldridge, whispering in my ear. "The Kid was surprised, caught dead off his guard, and killed before he could do a thing to defend himself. The killer must have waited for him in one of these dark doorways and knifed him as he passed."

"Yes. And note that the knife went in with an up and not a down stroke. Either the murderer was stooping—after sneaking up behind the Kid in a crouching position—or he was below the average height."

At that moment two plain-clothes men pushed their way to us. "Watch the body till the Medical Examiner comes," said Eldridge. "When he's through, bring it over in the wagon. When any other plain-clothes men arrive, tell them to scatter and see what they can pick up. We're going inside. Want anything more here, Burke?"

"One thing," I whispered. "Look as you turn round and note the hunch-back. I think it's Hop-head Bo."

"Correct. I've seen him, but don't look his way again. He knows what he's doing, and so do I."

When we reached the mouth of the alley, the Inspector drew me beyond the reach of other ears and whispered: "That's the same Bo Avaloff who used to be a stool-pigeon for us down-town five years ago. He drifted up here a while back, probably looking for the occasional dollars I'd give him. I think he still acts as a spotter for loft

thieves, but he's given me some good tips. We'll probably hear something about this affair from him later. Some day, however, the crooks will get wise to him and then—good night."

"But can you still depend on him? I always was leery of him because he was such a 'snow-bird'!"

"He's still at the dope. But—well, he's wiser than some of them who don't use the stuff, though he's about all shot, physically."

Entering the dance-hall, we found that the men and women who had not fled the place were huddled about the tables in a far corner, white-faced and whispering. McGurk, in his shirt-sleeves, was talking to his waiters and the men of the orchestra, who formed a tense group on the platform at the far end of the room.

All conversation stopped when we appeared. The proprietor lumbered toward us at once, nervously wiping the sweat from his red, bloated face. "This is a hell of a mess, Inspector," was his mumbled greeting. "If you'll come into my office, I'll set you right—tell you who gave the Kid the works."

Inside the cubby-hole which constituted his personal sanctum, he closed the door, then sank weakly into a chair and motioned us to others. "Listen, Inspector. I'm a damned sight more sorry about this than you are. For that matter, maybe you ain't particularly sorry Haslin's gone. But it's going to kick the devil out of my business and—well, you can see for yourself I try to run a decent place. They went outside to do their killing."

"Who went outside?" snapped Eldridge.

"Can I tell it in my own way? I'll be quick."

"Shoot."

"You see, I hire girls to sing here and dance with the customers an' I put on a special 'single'—high kicker,

you know—for variety. I'm always looking for new talent. Three weeks ago I hired a pretty little kid to do the leg act for me—Helen Carrigan's her name. She ain't long from the country, but can sing and dance well enough for us. She came here looking for a job, and I took her on. You remember Pat Slattery?

His father, old Pat, was a Headquarters dick before he died. Pat ain' as bad as most around here, 'cause he ain't crooked and works—now and then. But he's mussy and always ready for a fight."

"Did young Pat get the Kid?"

"Just a minute, please. You'll see. Pat got stuck



"You got to quit this dump, baby, and come with me!"

on this Carrigan girl from the start; he came here every night to see her. He used to go back to her dressing-room, an' I didn't raise no kick, till one night I heard him say to her: 'You got to quit this dump, baby, and come with me!' Then I told him to lay off that stuff or quit seeing her. He said he was only fooling, so I didn't say anything more. And things would have been all right, I guess, if it hadn't been for Haslin. A week ago he got out of the pen after doing a short bit for disorderly conduct. As soon as he saw Slattery's girl, he tried to 'make' her. But she couldn't see him.

"Pat and he had some words about it, but there was nothing serious till to-night. The Kid came in half boiled, found Slattery sitting at a table with the girl, and ordered him to get out. Pat refused, and they mixed. Pat, of course, got the worst of it. He's fifty pounds lighter than the Kid, and he's a boxer and not a rough-house fighter. Haslin beat him up something awful, kicked him when he was down, then threw him outside. The girl disappeared during the mix-up.

I got a nice shock

I ain't seen her since and guess she went home."

"Come to the point. Did Slattery—"

"Well, Haslin—oh, hell, there's no use trying to kid you. He kept on drinking until he was well lit. Everybody was afraid of him. He hit several customers. Finally he went out the back door into the alley—just a few minutes before he was found dead. You can think what you please, but I'm saying Pat waited for him and put him out. I'll give you the names of no end of witnesses who saw the fight and will back up everything I've said—"

"All right. Know where Slattery lives?"

"Some of the boys can give you his address. He lives somewhere on Ninth Avenue."

"And this Carrigan girl's address?"

"West Forty-ninth Street. I'll get you her number."

Leaving the office, the Inspector directed some of his

men to question those in the dance-hall and get the names and addresses of all witnesses possible. McGurk questioned some of his customers and supplied me quickly with the addresses of Haslin, Slattery, and the girl. Then, at my suggestion, Eldridge sent a man hot-foot to Haslin's flat under orders to permit no one in the rooms until I arrived.

"You remember old Pat?" he asked me, when we were again in the open.

"I'll say so. I worked under him as a rookie detective. He taught me a lot. Things look pretty black for young Pat. If you'll let me, I'll tackle the inside work on the case, locate Slattery and the girl and try to learn the truth. For old Pat's sake I'd like to do this and make sure the kid gets an even break."

"Go to it, and call upon all the men you want for help. Keep me posted, and if you arrest Slattery and the girl, get them to me first, instead of sending them to Headquarters."

As I left the neighborhood of the hall, I couldn't reconcile this murder with a fighting Irishman such as I knew Pat to be. He wasn't the type to use a knife. Besides, he was taller than the stocky Kid; and the upward stroke which killed, naturally would indicate a smaller man.

Reaching the Ninth Avenue boarding-house, I routed out the landlady. Yes, Pat Slattery lived there. He had been in and out of the place several times that evening. She had seen him come in some time before, and he probably was in his room, third floor rear.

"He was all cut up," she finished—

"probably had been in another fight."

Going to the room designated, I tried the door and found it unlocked. Stealthily opening it a few inches, I looked in. I got a nice shock. Slattery sat before a table, loading a revolver. He had somehow sensed the door was being opened, and turned as quick as a flash.

"What's the idea!" came in a growl.

"Hello, Pat," I said. "I want to see you."

The pistol was dropped in the drawer, which was closed with a bang. Pat stepped to the door and flung it wide open. Before he could recover from his surprise, I pushed in, closed the door quickly, and walked to the table. In a moment I had his gun in my pocket.

"What the devil—what do you mean by spying on me?" he snarled, advancing belligerently.

"Cut it, Pat, and listen. What were you loading the gun for?"

"Since you're trailing me, you must know Kid Haslin beat me up to-night in the Mop—kicked me when I was down. I was going to get the rat before—" He paused suddenly and closed his lips.



"Before he could do any harm to Helen Carrigan!" I shot at him.

"So—you found out about her, too. Say, for God's sake leave her out of this. She's too decent to be mixed up in a dive fight. And why did you trail me? Haslin started the fight."

"You're not a gun-fighter, Pat. Where did you get the gat?"

"I borrowed it after the scrap. But I'll never tell you from whom."

From the lad's manner he didn't appear to know Haslin was dead. But he might be stalling. Probably he was loading the gun preparatory to making a getaway. I decided to jolt him.

"Can the play-acting, Pat, and come clean. Why all this bull about shooting the Kid when you left him dead in Mop alley with a knife in his ribs?"

His face went crimson, his jaw sagged, and he stumbled a step nearer me. "I left him—— What—what do you mean? Is the Kid dead?"

"No use, Pat. Get your hat and come along. Inspector Eldridge wants to see you."

The knowledge that he had been placed under arrest—practically accused of the murder—set him to babbling, protesting his innocence and begging me to stand by him and help him prove it. Finally, I picked up his hat, placed it on his head, and told him: "Come along, Pat. We'll get it straight at the Station."

But, just as I reached for the door-knob, the door was pushed open and a pretty girl, her face like wax, rushed in and threw her arms about Pat. I guessed it was Helen Carrigan.

"What brought you here?" he gasped.

"I couldn't sleep—after I got home. I had to come and make sure you were all right. I listened out there, and heard. But"—she turned toward me angrily—"he didn't do it! We came straight from the hall after the fight. I know Pat didn't do it. He took me home."

"How long ago did he leave you?" I demanded.

"About——" She checked herself, realizing she must be careful to say nothing to further incriminate her sweetheart. "Oh, just a few minutes ago. Not time enough to get back to the Mop."

"That won't do, sister. Pat's admitted he went somewhere and borrowed a gun and——"

The little woman began to cry.

"Don't do that," said Pat in a choked voice, patting her shoulder. "We must come clean with Burke. He's square. He was Dad's friend and mine. He'll see that I get a fair break."

"But you didn't do it. You couldn't!"

"Now, miss, we must stop talking here. The Inspector's

waiting for you both. Come along, and we'll hear all you have to say at the Station."

"But why do you arrest Pat? Why don't you arrest that awful Spanish woman—the Kid's woman—who tried to kill me last night? Haslin beat her up and put her out of the Mop for doing it. Tell him, Pat, how she said she'd kill me and Haslin."

"This is a new angle," I cut in—"something that foxy McGurk didn't tell me. Let me have the story."

"I'll spill it," said Slattery, while the girl dried her tears. "Probably you don't know it—I never saw you around here before, Burke—but the Kid has been living with a Spanish woman named Carita Llanos for some months. She didn't live in his flat, but he had a place for her somewhere downtown. He never brought her to the Mop, though she went to other places around the Hill with him—more high-toned places. I don't know how she heard about Helen, but she

did. She's crazy about the Kid. Two nights back, before the Kid got to the Mop, she tore in, wild-like, and had someone point out Helen. Then she came at her with a stiletto, and said she'd kill her if she didn't stop trying to take her man. She didn't un-

Slattery turned as quick as a flash



derstand that Helen didn't want him.

"Then, to make things worse, Haslin came in. When his girl turned on

him, he beat her, threw her out of the hall, and told her he was through with her. The last we heard, she was yelling she'd kill him and Helen. Why don't you arrest her?"

"I will. Where does she live?"

"We don't know."

"All right. I'll send you two to the Station, and you can talk things over with the Inspector until I come. Also you can tell him who I am after."

At the corner I turned my prisoners over to two policemen and directed that they be taken to Eldridge. Then I started to find the Spanish woman. (Continued on page 80)

The "GREEN

"Smiling Tom" Gerharty, with a flower in his gullible world was his apple, and that he could had something

By Captain RICHARD M. MCKENNA

Formerly of the New York Police Headquarters Detective Bureau

As told to ISABEL STEPHEN

JUST the other day I read in the newspapers that suckers are buying fake stocks at the rate of two billions a year.

That was printed as news—but there doesn't seem to be anything new in the methods employed by these "come-on" boys, since the old days when Inspector Stephen O'Brien was head of the Detective Bureau at New York Police Headquarters, and sent me out to round up a bunch of them.

At that time I was working, principally, on cases of general thieving, and I specialized on pickpockets. I had brought in quite a number of "good" thugs and safe-blowers. The assignment to match wits with johnnies whose victims belonged to the sucker class, looked like play to me.

My expression must have conveyed this to my chief, for he regarded me with a mocking, grim smile, as he gave me a few general instructions.

"Now, don't you start off with any superior attitude toward this job," he growled. "That wise old man in the Bible, who said the most marvelous things in the universe, to his way of thinking, were the eagle in the air, the serpent on a rock, and the way of a man with a maid, had never met the fellow who makes it his business to prey upon the gullible. And, my boy, the way of a con man with one of these innocents is most extraordinary. So, keep your wits about you every second. You're going to be up against a suave, white-collared, mealy-mouthed mob, who are just as ready to knife you as 'Humpty' Jackson would be, or any of those tough bozos you are used to."

Well, I was pretty cock-sure, in those days. I had been in some good rough-and-tumble fights, but had never gotten into a corner tight enough to hold me. Knowing this, the Inspector took special pains to impress on me the skill and shrewdness of the dashing gentry I was about to meet.

"Complaints have come in from hard-headed business men who have been duped by this mob," he continued. "The trouble is that they bounce into the District Attorney's office and make their squeal while they are fighting mad at having been robbed; then, when they find out that they will have to appear in court against the con men, their pride forces them to sneak out. What you have to do is to act like a sucker, let them rope you in, and then have them arrested."

The more I thought about the assignment that was being given to me, the less sure I was of my ground. I was well acquainted with underworld characters of nearly every type, but in the more intellectual circles of the confidence workers I was afraid that I would be like a fish out of water. Finally, I confessed my doubts and said quite frankly that I didn't know exactly where to make a start.

Inspector O'Brien was not the sort of chief who gives you an assignment in a half dozen words and shoves you out to sink or swim as luck is for or against you. He was always ready to give you a good shove-off—but if you didn't

succeed, you sure found yourself "in dutch." He went on, to explain at length:

"None of the birds who squealed to the D.A.'s office were able or willing to give enough data for us to work on. However, you will find a promising lead, probably, in one of the 'business opportunity' advertisements in the daily newspapers. Fake advertisements are so sandwiched in between the legitimate ones that it may take some time to spot one inserted by these con men. You will find that they will require satisfactory references, and that they will look these up and trail you for a while so as to make sure you are not a detective. So go prepared.

"Detective Cassassa will be assigned to shadow you to see if you are followed and will advise you. Go to it, and don't come near Headquarters until you bring in your man!"

I SCANNED the classified advertising columns for ten days, and sent in answers to dozens of offers that promised enormous returns for small investments. Here is the last one I answered:

WANTED: Man with \$5,000 to invest. Will double money. Safe proposition. Thoroughly reliable. References exchanged. X312.

My note was as follows:

DEAR SIR:

I have \$5,000 to invest. Please send me full particulars, in care of the Joseph Gardner Realty Company, East 129th Street, New York.

Respectfully yours,
RICHARD MORRIS.

Joe Gardner, of the realty company mentioned, was my friend and had agreed to serve as my reference while I was engaged in this work. Up until the tenth day, no one had called him, although I had, of course, received a number of replies to my letters. All of these came apparently from cranks who wanted to interest me in useless patents, or who wanted partners in business enterprises too shaky for the banks to lend money to. In each case I assumed that the man who wrote me for an appointment was a bona-fide advertiser, and I immediately stepped out of the picture as quickly and gracefully as possible. My belief was that the con man, on the other hand, would look up my reference, first—before getting in touch with me—in order to safeguard himself against detectives.

The name, Richard Morris, was that of another friend, who had a bookstore in Janesville, Pennsylvania. At that time he was selling out his business and preparing to move to New York City. He also had agreed to help me, and I sent my letters to him. He put each one in an envelope bearing his printed name and address, and mailed it in Janesville.

GOODS" Guy

lapel and a big cigar in his mouth, thought the take a bite whenever he pleased. But—he also to learn



"You make twenty-five hundred dollars on the deal! Simple, isn't it?" asked Gerharty

Morris's share of the work was simple enough, but I had quite a time coaching Joe to handle his part.

"Now, Joe," I said; "I am posing as a bookseller in Janesville, Pennsylvania, who has been obliged to sell out his business. If anybody calls up to make inquiries, give him this story and act as my reference. Tell the caller that I

am out of town, but that you expect me to come here any day to see you about buying a house."

Joe's eyes twinkled with amusement. Selling real estate isn't exactly an exciting occupation, and this collusion offered a pleasing diversion. Thrusting out his chin, and hooking his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, he chuckled:

"Let your flim-flam artists come on; I'm just rearin' to meet 'em."

Now, that's just where the rub comes in, when you try to use the services of the laity. Every man is an amateur sleuth at heart, and sincerely believes that he could beat the police at their own game if only given the opportunity. To the public, the hunting of criminals is a diverting sport, just as fishing or big-game chasing is a relaxation to the office worker during his vacation. They want to "act" the rôle and squeeze out every drop of drama it will bear.

"For the love of Mike, Joe," I cautioned him, "don't slip a cog. All you have to do is to tell him exactly what I have told you to tell him. If you try any amateur Sherlock Holmes stuff, you will queer my case. Be yourself, a real estate agent. Richard Morris you know only as a man who is in the market for a home. You have looked up his references and found him O.K. Asked for details, you don't have to give any—the information you have acquired is confidential. Get that?"

"Sure! Don't take me for a nut!" Joe retorted, with an impatient shrug. "I ain't specially interested, but I'm willing to do this as a favor to you."

Seeing that his feelings were hurt, I took care to repeat the Inspector's dissertation on the con men and their wiles.

When the time came, Joe acted his part well.

The next day after I had answered "X312's" advertisement, that gentleman called up the Gardner Realty Company and asked for information about Richard Morris. My friend answered the questions in accordance with my instructions. The man telephoned several times during the three days I allowed to elapse before I personally got in communication with him.

As he kept telephoning instead of writing, I knew that he had some fake to put over, and that he was the sort of crook I was after.

My backwardness in responding to his first call made him anxious, and the fact that I was contemplating buying a house hinted that I had more than the \$5,000 to invest.

On the fourth day, I "happened" to be in my friend's office when X312 telephoned.

"Yes, Mr. Morris is in my office right now," I heard the real estate man say. "You can speak to him yourself."

I took the telephone, and said, in a rather irritable voice: "I'm a very busy man, and I would (Continued on page 100)



"Here are the shares. Have you the money with you?" asked Claremont

"WHITE-PAPER GOLD"

The clever girl
bound the poor
boob to secrecy



By "HENRY GARRISON"

Former Inspector of the Criminal
Investigation Department of Scotland Yard

As told to
CHARLES CONRAD

"HENRY," Chief Inspector Matthews said as I entered his office, "I've called you for an important job. The Assistant Commissioner recommended you, and the work is in your line." (Note: We have deemed it advisable not to give the real names of the officers and criminals who took a part in the events recorded here, and therefore have used fictitious names. The Editors.)

He motioned to a seat near his desk, handing me a five-pound Bank of England note. I studied it carefully, giving

The true account of perhaps the biggest counterfeit case on record, in which the sleuths of Scotland Yard were completely baffled

paper with my fingers. To say I was curious, puts it mildly.

"Winters, of the Bank of England, sent it over. What do you think of it?"

"Almost perfect," I said. "But the paper—why, I'd swear that it is genuine Laverstoke; the texture, weight, watermark—"

vent to an exclamation of astonishment, for it was a forged note, and the cleverest example of counterfeiting I had ever seen.

"Where did you get this, Chief?" I asked, feeling the crinkly

"That's what we want to find out first. Take detective Anderson with you and run down to Hampshire."

That was all Matthews had to say, but it was enough. The famous Laverstoke Mills, where paper for Bank of England notes is made exclusively, is located in the little village of Whitchurch, in Hampshire. Naturally, the process has always been carefully guarded, and the fact that the counterfeit notes had been printed on the same sort of paper presaged a probable shortage in the mill stock.

Indeed, Jim and I found that there was a considerable shortage; enough paper to make millions of pounds of forged notes. The mill proprietors were frantic, being unable to conceive how the stock had been stolen. The employees were all men who had been carefully selected for their ability and integrity, and, moreover, it was pointed out that it would be well nigh impossible for any employee to steal the paper without the knowledge and connivance of one or more of his associates.

BUT the stock was gone, and we conducted a thorough examination, questioning every employee, and checking up on the activities and connections of each one. Before long we found that there had been a scandal in the village, involving one of the young men connected with the mill, a George Symons, and the pretty young niece of a visiting artist, a Paul Flemming. The Flemmings had

"What has Rose to do with Scotland Yard?" he protested, his features reddening; "we just loved each other, and—planned to marry in a year. Oh, this gossip—I can't stand it—as if we were criminals——"

"You had better tell all about your romance," I snapped. "Otherwise, it may go very hard with you. When did you meet her?"

"I—well, it was over two months ago. I—I don't know the exact date, but——"

"Out with it!" I said sternly.

The young man clenched his hands together, giving a resigned exhalation.

"Very well. But—there's been so much talk, and I wouldn't want the papers——"

"The investigations of Scotland Yard," I said dryly, "are never blazoned in the papers. You met her. Where; on the street? And she flirted with you, didn't she?"

"Well," he said, fidgeting uncomfortably, "I wouldn't say just that, though—well, she sort of smiled. But I suppose I had stared at her; she is so pretty, you know. I was coming from work at the mill, and passed her on the street. I saw her again, and then we met at a social, and became quite friendly. I—I began coming to the house, and before long, we realized that we were deeply in love with each other."

"I PLAYED your dirty game, too, Frank Campbell!" the 'Countess' screamed as they took her out. 'You miserable scoundrel! Tell Roger—tell Roger what you told me—how you planned to double-cross him! Oh, if I only had—'

"As her voice trailed off down the hallway, Smith, his features livid, sprang toward Campbell, his manacled hands raised to strike his former chief."

rented a cottage in the village several weeks before, and while her uncle busied himself painting in the nearby countryside, Miss Flemming had carried on a flirtation with Symons, the young man becoming hopelessly infatuated.

THE Flemmings had seemingly been well provided with money, and during their stay in the village had become popular with the leading residents. But the girl, who was known as Rose, soon revealed the fact that she was irresponsible, by flirting with every attractive young man in the village, among these, George Symons. The affair had become so notorious that Flemming had taken his niece away. So gossip had it.

We questioned George, and he admitted that he had been in love with Rose, and still was. He was a blond young man of not an unpleasing personality, and seemed greatly affected by the departure of the Flemmings and the gossiping of the villagers.

"But what has Scotland Yard got to do with Rose and me?" he wanted to know. "Surely, you don't think that I stole that paper?"

He was exceedingly nervous; whether because of the public knowledge of his infatuation, or our manifest attempt to connect him with the disappearance of the precious paper, we didn't know.

"Never mind what we think," I said; "just what do you know about this Rose Flemming, and when did you first meet her?"

"And you proposed to her?"

But it seemed that she had done the proposing. In brief, Rose had confessed her love for George, confiding to him that she would come into thirty thousand pounds (about \$145,000) when she was twenty-five, and then they could marry. The clever girl bound the poor boob to secrecy, not wanting her uncle to know of the arrangement.

"But he knew of your romance, surely?" I interposed.

George's hands trembled, and he avoided my eyes.

"I—well, yes; he knew that—that we cared for each other. But," he blurted out, "he didn't know that I knew of—Rose's inheritance."

"And the Flemmings left the village over a month ago without telling you where they were going?"

"Y—yes, sir."

"How did you manage to steal the paper?" I shot back at him.

He started involuntarily.

"DAMN it, I didn't have anything to do with that!" he said angrily. "Isn't it bad enough—this talk that's going around of Rose and me without——"

But Jim and I each took a hand at trying to wring a confession from him. However, Symons protested his innocence, defied us to connect him with the theft, and after some further questioning, we were forced to allow him to return to work.

Meanwhile a description of both Paul Flemming and

his niece had been sent in to Headquarters, together with samples of their handwriting and a few effects that had been left in the cottage. It soon developed that "Flemming" was Roger Smith, an ex-convict, and that his "niece" was in reality a clever female criminal who was known in crookdom as "Countess" Lucy Morris. Both, however, were in hiding somewhere, and despite the most painstaking search, avoided apprehension.

I was called to London on this angle, another operative relieving me and joining Jim at Whitchurch. While they continued to watch the mill and employees, the Yard made every effort to apprehend "Countess" Lucy and Roger Smith, but days went by without a single clue as to their whereabouts.

Meanwhile, five-pound forged notes continued to stream into the Bank of England, all of which had passed through several hands, and which couldn't be traced to their maker or distributor. It was a baffling and astounding situation, the more so because the forged notes could only be detected by experts. Two dozen reams, 11,520 sheets, of the precious paper had

"I'll tell all; I'll tell all," the young wretch sobbed. "I was tricked—yes, by Rose. But I loved her so—"

He succumbed to a fit of weeping, and we dragged the story out of him.

"She said that—that she was interested in my work; that I was fortunate to have such a trusted position, and she was proud of me. And—later on, she got me to tell her about mill operations." One evening she said: 'Georgie, you'll not have to work after we're married, but it would be nice to have a souvenir to keep. Take a few sheets of that paper the notes are printed on.' Of course," Symons whimpered, "I was horrified at the idea, and told her that I wouldn't think of such a thing! Besides, I pointed out that every single sheet was counted, and it would be nearly impossible for me to get any of the paper.

"Don't be silly," she said;

Smith was seen to covertly pass a package to Jacobs



been stolen, and it looked as though a million or more pounds of the counterfeit notes would be circulated before the criminals responsible were even frightened into ceasing their operations.

"By Heaven," Inspector Lawson, one of my colleagues, remarked one day, "whoever is printing those notes is the king of the counterfeiters. He's even defying the Government; flaunting the bogus money in our very faces."

Of course the Yard was not through with young Symons, but we hadn't enough of a case against him to make an arrest, and he stoutly maintained his innocence. And then, in a moment when the Yard men were off their guard, he disappeared from Whitchurch.

The Criminal Investigation Department proved too big a net for him, however, and he was arrested in London and taken to Scotland Yard. This time we quizzed him pitilessly, and he broke down.

'you can if you try hard enough. Besides, what harm will it do? We just want some to keep, to remember your work by.'

"But I wouldn't consider it, and we had a quarrel. For several days she kept after me; it seemed to have become a mania with her, and she was quite stubborn. 'It was just an idea,' she said; 'but I never dreamed that you were so timid. Now, if for no other reason, I insist that you bring me some paper to prove that you love me.'"

George grew inarticulate, but he was prompted sternly.

"Well—I decided to show her that I cared enough, even to risk being caught taking the stock. One day I nerved myself, and watched my opportunity. I thought I was going to succeed, for I managed to (Continued on page 86)

The Clue That Talked

By Detective JOHN H. SHIELDS

As told to ALLAN VAN HOESEN

FROM far down the trail leading to the little mountain shack in which we had pitched camp to enjoy our well-earned two weeks' vacation, the words of the ancient ballad came echoing through the timber in Bill Smiley's cracked tenor:

*I saw the old homestead,
The faces I loved,
I saw England's mountains and vales.
I remember with je-ho-o-o-y—*

Bill, though ten years my junior, long had been my sidekick on the detective force at Haney Mills, Missouri. None knew his moods better. When Bill gave tongue to that age-old song, I knew something decidedly out of the ordinary had occurred to upset him.

Hastily scraping the scales from the last of our morning's catch of perch and tossing it into a bucket, I tenderly mopped my sunburned face, then strolled down the path to

meet him. Bill slouched into the clearing, a pack of supplies over

"Shut up, you wicked, blaspheming bird!" shouted Mrs. Kelly

his shoulder, a newspaper clutched in his free hand.

"What the hell d'ya think, John?" he spluttered, as we neared each other. "We've only just got nicely settled up here when the biggest case that's happened in the old burgh in years has to break. Don't see why she couldn't have waited till we got back."

"Calm down, Bill, and tell me what you're driving at," I said impatiently.

He shook a newspaper before my eyes.

"Maggie Morton's killed her father and step-mother—"

"You're crazy!" I shouted. I could hardly believe my ears.

"I tell you she did. Finished 'em both with an axe. They've arrested her and—"

I snatched the paper away from him—obviously it was the source of his amazing information—and glanced over the front-page headlines. And there, in big, black type, was confirmation of Bill's startling statement:

JACOB MORTON AND WIFE

SLAIN WITH AN AXE

His Daughter, Maggie, Arrested for the Crime—No Witnesses to the Killing—Prisoner Protests Her Innocence—Murder-Weapon Not Found.

Jacob Morton, life-long resident of Haney Mills and for many years its wealthiest citizen, and his wife, Angie Wheeler Morton, were murdered in their home on Locust Road this morning. The killer used an axe or a cleaver to commit the brutal crimes. The dead man was seventy-five years old, and his wife, fifty-one.

Maggie Morton, the elder of Morton's two daughters and step-daughter of the murdered woman, has been arrested, charged with the double killing. The prisoner declares she is innocent.

There were no witnesses to the slayings, but the mass of circumstantial evidence uncovered by the authorities is so overwhelmingly against the girl that the police are convinced of her guilt. However, among the few who have come forward to champion the cause of the prisoner, is her sister, Lucy, two years her junior.

Relatives, neighbors, and others in town are well aware there has been much ill-feeling between Maggie and her step-mother, ever since the second marriage of her father two years ago. The prisoner does not deny that she and Mrs. Morton quarreled frequently and that she and her father were not on the best of terms. But she declares she knows absolutely nothing concerning the crimes, and in this her sister backs her, insisting that the family discords were not sufficient to cause any serious rupture in the household.



Was it for a miser's gold that this skulking killer slew old man Morton and his wife with an axe? If so, how then could they pin the guilt on Maggie? What daughter could be so inhuman as to murder her own father for money?

The police contend that the motive for the crime was not alone Maggie's hatred for her step-mother, but that she wanted to make certain she and her sister would inherit the Morton properties. It is a matter of common rumor that, immediately after marrying Angie Wheeler, the childless widow of the late George P. Wheeler, Morton made a will by which the bulk of his fortune would go to his wife, should she outlive him. His reason for doing this, it is said, was to punish his daughters, who violently opposed his second marriage.

What was the real meaning of the words that parrot had just spoken?



A check-up of those living at the Morton home indicates that only Maggie and Mrs. Annie Kelly, the cook and maid of all work, were in or near the house at the time of the murder.

Maggie, rushing from the house shortly before eleven in the morning, shrieked the alarm. Her father, reclining in an easy chair in the living-room, where he had gone to read his newspaper after eating his breakfast and completing his morning chores, had been hacked to death quickly. The servant ran to summon a doctor. When neighbors arrived, they found Maggie on the verge of collapse and unable to reply coherently to questions. The absence of Mrs. Morton caused a search to be made for her, and she was found dead in her bedroom. Her appearance indicated she had been sitting in a rocking-chair, sewing, with her back toward the door, when the killer had struck her from behind.

Mrs. Kelly told the police she had been weeding in the vegetable garden and had heard nothing until Maggie appeared screaming. Her statement was supported by two neighbors who drove past the place shortly before the alarm was given and who exchanged greetings with her. These farmers and Mrs. Kelly said others passed along the road at about the same time, including persons in automobiles whom they did not know, but none saw anybody who acted suspiciously.

Maggie stated that for a considerable time preceding her discovery of her father's body she was in the barn, some 300 feet from the house and directly behind it, preparing tackle for a fishing trip she and her sister intended to make in the afternoon. Lucy confirmed the statement concerning the fishing excursion. Hooks, lines, floats, and a fishing-pole were found upon a work-bench in the barn where Maggie said she had left them. But the police say she may have placed them there the day previous, or even before that, and, recalling them, tried to make use of them to support her alibi. Mrs. Kelly could offer nothing to substantiate Maggie's claim, for the vegetable garden is at the side of the house and near the roadway, in such a position that she could not see the barn. However, she did not see Maggie leave the house.

The autopsy indicated Morton and his wife had been killed about the same time. A single blow of an axe or cleaver had cut through the woman's skull, causing instant death.

It is doubtful if she made an outcry. Morton, who the police believe was attacked while dozing in his chair, was not killed by a single blow. There is plenty of evidence he made a hard fight for his life and was literally hacked to death. Obviously, he did not cry aloud. Had he done so, Mrs. Kelly would have heard him.

The authorities consider this fact as confirming their belief that Maggie was the killer. Amazement at her attack upon him held Morton mute. Also, they contend, Mrs. Morton probably heard Maggie's approach—possibly turned and saw her—but, recognizing her, paid no heed.

OTHER damaging facts against the prisoner are these.

A town druggist has admitted that the prisoner purchased a quantity of Paris green from him two weeks previous to the murder. This has not been located. The girl has stated she used it to spray potatoes. The police, however, are searching for the package of poison, believing Maggie hid it, with the intention of poisoning her father and step-mother at a favorable opportunity. This morning, noting a chance to kill both without a witness near, she

Bill, who had squatted beside his kit of supplies while I read, removed his pipe, and asked: "Whaddaya mean—'crazy'? I'll admit, John, I'm only the strong-arm half of our combination and that you do the heavy thinking. But, from what I read and have heard about old 'Tight Wad' Morton and the way he treated his girls, I wouldn't be surprised if Maggie lost her head, got crazy mad, and——"

"You're a wonder—almost as thick as the rest of the Force, or as the author of this newspaper story!" I rapped the paper with my fist. "He practically comes out flat-footed and condemns the girl without giving her side of the case even ordinary consideration."

"But look at the evidence they've got against her," Bill said sulkily.

"Evidence—hell!" I retorted. "Why, a kid lawyer, taking this as his first case, could shoot that evidence so full of holes that even a hill-billie jury would bring in a verdict of 'not guilty' in less than an hour."

"Then what are you belly-achin' about? *We* can't be kidded when the case falls flat."

"Listen, 'Old Sleuth,'" I said seriously. "It isn't the fact

"I SEE you've heard the yarn that a stranger was seen in the neighborhood that morning,' the Chief said, smiling. 'Well, it's the bunk. We've investigated and have found no one who can give a definite description of any stranger seen near the place. Besides, why would a stranger want to kill Morton and his wife? There wasn't a thing stolen from the place.'

"The deuce there wasn't!' I exploded. 'I've got something to tell you about that!'"

changed her mind and used an axe or a cleaver. The murder weapon has not been recovered.

After Maggie first talked with the authorities, she disappeared somewhere in the house. An officer was sent to find her and located her in the kitchen, burning an old dress in the range. She explained her action by stating she had spilled red ink upon it and, "because of the fuss being made," had thought best to get rid of it. A portion of the dress, showing no stains of any kind, was recovered, but Mrs. Kelly could not say whether the girl had worn it the morning of the murders. The authorities have called attention to the fact that Maggie is of strong and robust build and could easily have wielded an axe with sufficient power to kill.

Lucy, who was making purchases in town at the time of the murders, has done everything possible to aid her sister and promptly retained Attorney Nelson Archer to defend Maggie. When the girl was brought before Magistrate Simmons, Archer succeeded in having her formal arraignment postponed until Saturday, when he will offer a plea for his client. In the meantime Maggie Morton will be held in the town jail.

— o —

"Well, I'll be dashed," I blurted, jamming the paper into my pocket after noting it was two days old. "Of all the crazy acts ever perpetrated by the police department of which I've been a member for more than forty years, this bull of theirs tops them all. Why the devil did I take this vacation, anyway?"

that Maggie's certain to escape the death sentence that's got me seeing red. It's the fact that the boobs we left behind have lost a lot of precious time and are going to lose more. Maggie's guilt is so obvious to them that the evidence against her almost looks as if it was planted. The solution was too easy. It should have excited suspicion—would have, if there'd been any brains left among the police back home—and caused some smart detective to look for another trail. By the time they wake up, the actual murderer may be in China. And what will happen if he never is arrested and convicted? People in these small towns are only too ready to believe the worst of their neighbors. Hundreds always will believe that Maggie is guilty. She will be shunned, disgraced, for the remainder of her life."

"You seem to be awfully interested in this girl. Know her personally?"

"ILL say I do. And I've known Jake Morton for years. Maggie went to school with one of my girls. She used to be at my house a lot. So did Lucy. They're good girls, both of them. Neither of them would any more kill a person than she'd abuse a baby. The very fact that they stuck around home, working for their father, till both of them became old maids—and getting darned little in return, considering what other children receive from their parents—proves they've got the real stuff in them. Maggie should have left home long ago. I urged her to. If she had, she would have been married now, and not mixed in——"

"Let's get this truck to the cabin, John. I'm hungry. We can talk there."

"All right," I said, swinging the kit over my shoulder and starting along the trail. "But get another fact or two in your noodle, for you may be called into the case. Nelse Archer wasn't hired by Lucy to defend her sister. He's trying to save Maggie because he's in love with her—has been for eighteen years. I know what I'm talking about. He's tried to persuade her to marry him ever since he was graduated from law school, but she wouldn't leave Lucy and her father. I tell you, Bill, this is a rotten break for her—and Nelse. I hope it turns out all right in spite of the police blundering.

"But—and get this from one who's been rubbing shoulders with crime and hard luck all of his working life," I went on—"I never knew a wealthy family in which the money had been acquired through stinginess, the wife and children being denied the things which could have been theirs without causing hardship, that didn't, sooner or later, find itself figuring in a murder, a robbery, or some serious scandal. The law of averages always works out. I'm about as far from being rich now as when I first started to work, but I've got the respect of my family and know that I have always gone to the limit of my resources for them."

While Bill was preparing dinner—he was a wizard with the frying-pan and the coffeepot, even if a bit shy on some other qualities—I sat outside on the steps, smoking, thinking and arranging my plan of action. For I was determined to get into the case *pronto*—had been, in fact, ever since I clapped eyes on the headline telling of Maggie's arrest—even if, by clearing her and getting the actual killer, I had to make monkeys of the remainder of the Department.

Of course, I would leave for Haney Mills that afternoon. But, after thinking a bit, I determined not to send word of my coming. I wouldn't get in until late that evening. Then I'd pick up what I could by gossiping around the depot and elsewhere, before I reported to Chief Carmody and informed him I'd declared myself "in." I would try to learn the things the newspaper hadn't printed—and, maybe, I might find out some things the authorities were not wise to—before those who had "flivvered" on the case, knew of my return.

When Bill called me and I pushed myself against the table, I informed him of my plan.

Instantly, he volunteered to accompany me. But, because of the kind of sleuthing I knew lay ahead of me, I didn't want him around. So I persuaded him to remain and fill out his vacation, promising to summon him as soon as I required his help.

"Tell me, John," he asked, finally, "are you holding out something on me, some inside stuff you're wise to?"

"Nope. I've got to start at the very beginning, when I reach home. My only advantage is that I happen to know the family better than anyone in town, barring relatives."

"Wasn't old man Morton awful tight? He had a barrel of money, didn't he?"

"Yes, to both questions. If Jake was worth a cent, he was worth a million. For years he'd been the largest grain shipper in the Missouri valley, retiring from that game only a few years back. But, as you know, he still was president of the Inland Bank, a director in several milling concerns, and part owner of the big power plant. But he always was stingy. Never let go of a cent if he could help it. I suppose he was born that way, for his father was close-fisted before him, and really founded the fortune to which Jake has been adding.

"Seems queer, though," I added—"considering that Jake, as a young fellow, frequently quarreled with his father because the old man wouldn't send him to college and made him earn his own board and keep in the mills. The big break came before my time, but I've heard it was bitter—the old man cursing and striking his son. Jake promptly ran away and went to sea. People

My fingers fairly trembled as I took a single sheet from the envelope



back home didn't hear much of him for years. Then he came back for a visit and showed papers proving he had cleaned up a nice pile trading with Far Eastern ports."

"That ought to have pleased his old man," Bill suggested.

"I guess so. Anyway, they made up. Jack sold his ships and settled down in Haney Mills. He didn't marry until

five years later, after his father had died and left him everything. I don't remember much about his return—I was only about fifteen then—but I do remember clearly how he treated his wife. It was a crying shame. He had only one servant in that big, old house—this same (Continued on page 107)

The *Capture* of the

Birch Kuykendall's break from the Colorado State patience and carried out with a total disregard of he underestimated the

By JACK

"**B**ELL, our graveyard shift is scared so badly that the majority are leaving. From what little information we have at hand, we gather that they have seen the highgraders and have been threatened with death if they revealed the names of those in the gang. I want you to go down in the mine alone and hide yourself on the third level to watch for the thieves, so that we can trap them. You are the one man in our nine hundred that I would care to have handle this ticklish and dangerous job. Will you do it?"

The speaker was Harvey A. Shipman, general manager of the Independence Mine in Cripple Creek, the year was 1902, and the reason for the request was that following the discovery of new, rich, ore-bearing veins that dipped into the adjoining Portland Mine, extensive highgrading had begun which was weekly robbing the owners of the Independence Mine of untold thousands of dollars in the precious gold ore. Steps had to be taken to stop this. I told Shipman I would do as he wished—and right then and there I let myself in for a part in the greatest drama that ever centered about a gold mine.

For fourteen nights I stood watch there in the bowels of the earth, the only living soul in those miles and miles of underground workings amid the mazes of drifts, cross-cuts, stopes, winzes, and raises—a veritable honeycombed ant-hill. I knew a mis-step meant death, with five hundred feet of open void beneath me, and there was added to the depressing sense of loneliness the knowledge that the highgraders might approach at any minute—led, according to well-founded rumor, by the Philippine Kid, the most dangerous killer in the Cripple Creek district. This man's real name was Birch Kuykendall and he had gained his appellation in the Philippines, where he had served with Company G, First Regiment N. G.,

Colorado outfit, during the Spanish-American War.

On the fourteenth day, at two o'clock in the morning there came three shadowy forms within arm's reach of me, where I stood immobile behind a supporting timber. With the greatest difficulty, I made my way back to the main drift, and to the station and main shaft 350 feet away, through the impenetrable black, and pulled the bell cord which gave the signal to the Pinkerton watchman up above to have me hauled up. The rattling "donkey" brought me to the surface.

Manager Shipman was notified and he quickly organized two parties to advance to the attack—one to cover the outlet at the junction of the Grant and Emerson stopes, consisting of Grant, assistant manager, Gill, one of the miners, Glockner, ore boss, and myself; while he himself, together with Lobb, Miller, and Strickland, started for the main cross-cut.

Shipman, when he and his men came near where the highgraders were at work, called out: "You fellows come up out of there! You are under arrest!"

The thieves called back: "Come and get us. To hell with you!" They immediately snuffed their candles and started to shoot.

Shipman's party returned the fire, and in an instant that black hole was an inferno. A block of solid ground between where Shipman flushed the thieves and the post taken by Grant's men, made a barrier from which no sound issued. Glockner, ahead of the rest, was sighted by the robbers

as they came near the junction point, and before he had time to join his mates, he found himself a target for the highgraders' guns. Handicapped by Glockner's position and by the darkness, we could not fire a shot without the certainty of killing him.

Every man there stood tense and rigid, with his six-



Birch Kuykendall, the Philippine Kid—from a photograph on record at the Colorado State Penitentiary

"PHILIPPINE KID"

Penitentiary was planned with inconceivable human life. The killer made only one mistake—courage of his pursuers

BELL

shooter ready for action. The workings were dense with the powder smoke. The battle passed in a few seconds of time. The thieves had gone through Number Two Shaft, and this would mean a climb of 400 feet for the escaping men, to get to the surface. Precious moments were lost before Shipman's party joined the group.

"Where did they go? Why did you let them escape?" shouted Shipman.

"Why didn't you stop them yourself? You saw them first!" retorted Grant, as we got in the cage and started up.

The two Pinkerton watchmen, with Miller and Strickland, were sent by Shipman to Old Number Two Shaft, a hundred feet higher up the slope than the main working-shaft. The Pinkertons returned and reported seeing the three men disappearing well up on the mountain. The thieves had made the climb up that 400 feet of shaft in less than fifteen minutes!

It was discovered that Glockner was missing, and Gill and I went back into the mine to look for him. We found him unconscious, shot in both arms, caught in the center of the wall-plate and a two-inch iron air-pipe—one arm, one leg, and half his body hanging in space over the murky, 500-foot death-hole below.

Assistant Manager Grant had information that Superintendent John C. Fraser, of Pinkerton's Denver office, was in Cripple Creek at that moment. He was called by telephone and made the eleven-mile run out to the mine in record time. Fraser, in consultation with Shipman, secured the name of the man from whom he (Shipman) first obtained his information about the outlaws entering the property. Fraser called upon this man, whose name has always been held secret, and, after some difficulty, finally obtained from him the first real clue as to the identity of the robbers.

Meanwhile, I had been sent down into the mine again to look for evidence, and now turned over to Fraser portions of two letters torn into minute particles, a bandanna handkerchief, and butts of a popular cigarette, all of which were carefully wrapped and filed away by the great Pinkerton detective, who again hurried off, alert and keen on the man-hunt.

It was ascertained that the three robbers had, after climbing over the mountain side, escaped on the High Line electric road, and from the conductor of the car an accurate description of them was obtained by Fraser, also the information that they often rode in his car to a point near the Number Two shaft-house of the Independence Mine—always in the hours between midnight and 3 A.M.—and sometimes on their return they carried sacks (apparently filled with ore) and their pockets bulged with the heavy material.

Fraser's informant had told him that these men frequented the "Red Light" Dance Hall and that one of them was Kuykendall. On visiting the dance hall, the detective obtained the information from a "swamper" that Kuykendall had a sweetheart who lived across the street from this unpurged rendezvous of the half-world. He visited this girl and from her secured the location and house number where Kuykendall and Lake, one of his partners, lived.



Judge William P. Seeds, who conducted the Kid's trial fearlessly, in spite of the threats of the desperado and his lawless friends

The house was situated out on Myers Avenue in Old Town, the first settlement in the Cripple Creek district.

Fraser, with Under-Sheriff Squires, whom he aroused out of bed, went to this house and arrested the two suspects. They were hurried to jail and locked up in separate cells. In a cheap boarding-house on Myers Avenue, a short distance from where Kuykendall and Lake had been apprehended, they found the third man, Freidenstein, in bed. He, too, was taken to the county jail and locked up in a cell, *incommunicado*.

The trial attracted a huge crowd to Cripple Creek. The camp mysteriously filled up with undesirables, who were frankly in sympathy with the Philippine Kid. Rumors were rife that plans for the rescue of Kuykendall and Lake had been laid. It was said that a revolver would be passed to the Kid in the court-room and that he would fight his way to freedom.

Judge William P. Seeds took every precaution against such an outbreak. When the men were brought into court, the Kid was heavily shackled. As the trial progressed, and the evidence against him was laid before the court, the Kid began a tirade of abuse. He frothed at the mouth like a madman and rattled his chains and tried to escape from the "Oregon boot" which held him. The court directed the Sheriff to take any means he thought best to silence the prisoner. An officer stood over the Kid with a handkerchief and a piece of wood, and said:

"One more word of this sort, and I will buck and gag you!"

Then the officer sat beside the prisoner, with gag in hand, and the Kid was comparatively quiet as the trial progressed.

The Philippine Kid's witnesses had melted away like birds of the night. The only witness in his defense was his old father, who testified that his son was home on the night of the battle—evidence which was disproved by other witnesses. The old gentleman was asked a few simple questions by the attorney for the prosecution and discharged.

When the Kid was called to the stand in his own defense, he said:

"I wish I had a gun, and I would clear this court-room in a hurry and put away some of these liars!" He abused the attorney for the prosecution in such terms that the officer again took his stand at the Kid's side, with gag in hand to silence him.

"Utter a sound when I let up, and I'll slit your throat!" rasped Kuykendall

the trial proceeded, and the Kid was found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years at hard labor in the Colorado State Penitentiary.

Kuykendall and Lake were taken to the prison, which is at Cañon City, forty miles below camp, the next morning. On account of the rumors that rescue would be attempted, extra precautions were taken. A pilot engine ran ahead of the regular train. There were thousands of men at the depot when the prisoners were entrained. Kuykendall had never uttered a word after he was taken to the jail, following sentence. That same evening they were delivered to Warden John Cleghorn, and each was given a number.

Some months after, Eugene Engley, the Kid's attorney, was found dead from heart failure.

Freidenstein, who had made a confession, was given a suspended sentence of twelve years, and left the state.

Shortly after this sensational trial, there was reported from every mine in the district that had highgrade, increased activity of what appeared to be a well-organized and desperate band of ore thieves. Ore as low in value as \$20 per pound was being stolen, and from that up to \$100 per pound. Every mine and rich lease suffered day after day. The crooked "assay" offices were running night and day, and on stolen ore.

High up in the councils of mine-owners and lease-holders, secret meetings were being held to find the means to combat and minimize the wholesale looting.

It was noticeable that Superintendent Fraser remained in the district, directing his large force of men.

It was plain that the arrest of the chief highgraders had not stopped the looting of the mines. The ore was being sold to "assayers" who had opened offices in the district, but who in reality were only "fences." Twenty-one notices were delivered simultaneously to that number of "assayers," reading:

You are hereby notified that your shop, "fence," called an "assay office," will be razed and demolished at exactly 3 o'clock to-morrow morning. You are further notified and warned that your life will be

in jeopardy if you are within the building wherein your alleged assayer's office is situated.

(Signed) THE COMMITTEE.

When five minutes before three came, that morning, there was an unusual quiet all over the district, in anticipation of what might happen. The music had ceased in the dance

A dramatic touch to the trial came when it was announced that the prisoner's father had died. A recess of several days was taken for the funeral, which was witnessed by an immense crowd.

Kuykendall rode in a hack, with a deputy on either side of him and others flanking the vehicle. After the funeral,



halls, and the raucous calls of the gamblers were silent. Then, at the zero hour, 3 o'clock, there was a tremendous blast, such as an explosion of an ammunition dump. The displacement of air from the concussion brought all residents of the district out from their homes. Streets in several of the camps were filled with excited, half-dressed men and women.

The twenty-one "assay" offices had been blown to atoms and scattered over the terrain. Not a building left—all demolished, together with their entire contents! The time-pieces of those engaged must have been carefully oriented, as the twenty-one buildings were destroyed together, as one. Consternation ran riot among the owners of these fences. There had been but one man slightly injured, a highgrade "assayer" at Victor, whose little building was in the rear of the Victor Hardware Store. The robbers engaged in pilfering the mines joined their brother thieves, the "assayers," that morning in a stampede out of Cripple Creek district.

BIRCH KUYKENDALL, the Philippine Kid, became a model prisoner at the State Penitentiary. After a few months in the tailor shop, he was transferred to the limestone quarry gang, the quarry being situated immediately north of and adjoining the prison walls. It was at the southern point of the hogback, where the famous "Sky-Line Drive" winds around with a magnificent view of the Arkansas Valley, Royal Gorge, and the Sangre de Cristo mountain range. There were sentinel boxes hanging along the sheer walls of the mined rock, above the convict workers below, and a guard patrolled among the laboring men. From early spring until fall, all summer long, of the second year of his imprisonment, Kuykendall had toiled faithfully with never a mark against his record.

The quarrymen use a great deal of dynamite in the work, but each cap, every inch of fuse, and every stick of the explosive was carefully checked by guards every half hour.

The warden's house adjoins the prison, and its lawn extends to the base of the massive walls and towers where riflemen pace back and forth all day and all night. From the residence, a walk leads into the prison administration building, thence into the Warden's private office, and on into the hall dividing the offices. A double steel door bars the end of the short hall or main entrance, which extends on back into a blank room where a guard is locked in. Double gates lead into the interior of the prison grounds proper. The keeper of this door, diligently on watch through a small port, is virtually a prisoner himself.

Very often members of the Warden's family run through the office. Then a member of the office force unlocks the door leading into the watchman's room. The watchman in turn opens the door leading to the prison yard. The Warden has a desk in the Deputy Warden's office, where he listens to reports and hears prisoners who ask for conferences. It is nothing out of the ordinary for a woman of the household to go through the Deputy Warden's office within the walls.

Warden John Cleghorn was serving his second term. He was the first Western official

to inaugurate the honor system and permit his charges to work on highways and make camp in the hills. He was fair and humane. Any prisoner could have an audience with him for the asking. He was their friend and helper. During his entire administration there had never been an escape from his many road crews. Any prisoner who made the attempt would have been garroted by his fellows for "throwing down the Big Bull."

The Kid's break for liberty came on a beautiful morning, when the sun was shining with unusual brilliancy. The small growth across the valley, along the slopes of Green Mountain, was a riot of multi-coloring. The willows along the adjacent Arkansas River were in shades of greens and yellows, and the grass-plots were a vivid, restful green. Smoke curled up into the sky in vertical black and white.

The prisoners had been through their early morning duties and were ready for the tasks of the day. Sick call was announced by Tom Clark, yardmaster. Kuykendall, Lopez Martinez, a lifer, and six other (Continued on page 116)

At the same instant Lopez Martinez started for the guard



At the Seventh Cross

By Detective MIKE GRADY
as told to E. M. JOHNSON

AS a rule, there is some deliberation by their lieutenants or captains before plain-clothes men are dispatched to the scene where a crime is committed. Since I had left Headquarters only at three o'clock that morning, with the understanding that I was not to be called before noon, I was totally unprepared for the startling events that followed the ringing of my telephone.

"Hullo! What the h——" I began sleepily. But I checked myself, suddenly wide awake. Instead of the deep, gruff tones of the desk sergeant that I expected, there came over the wire a clear, tremulous feminine voice.

"You are Mr. Grady, aren't you—Mr. Michael Grady?" the voice asked.

"Yes, madam," I answered. "What can I do for you?"

"What time may I call at your office? I must see you as soon as possible."

"Usually I do not arrive until noon," I informed her, chuckling to myself at that "office" stuff.

"But this is urgent!" cried the fair unknown. "It is a matter of life and death!"

I GULPED. Women, I knew, sometimes had the unpleasant habit of making a life-or-death matter out of the most trivial thing, in order to get themselves heard, or to get their own self-willed way. And I wasn't anxious just then to forego the sleep I needed, and desired, for the sake of gratifying any such whim.

"Can you not tell me over the telephone?" I asked. "Can you not give me some hint or clue as to your needs? Perhaps I can advise——"

"Oh, no, no!" cried the voice at the other end of the wire. "I cannot divulge one word until I see you, privately."

"Well," I assented, "in that case, if you will call—at the office—in forty-five minutes, I'll hear your story."



"It was not suicide, Mr. Grady. He was shot through the neck—from behind"

Imagine that—at half past five in the morning!

Where my fair inquirer got the idea of my office I couldn't fathom, for I had only recently been promoted from the ranks to the plain-clothes force, and any office that could in any way be referred to as mine would be that of a private conference room allotted me for the time being only. The idea amused me.

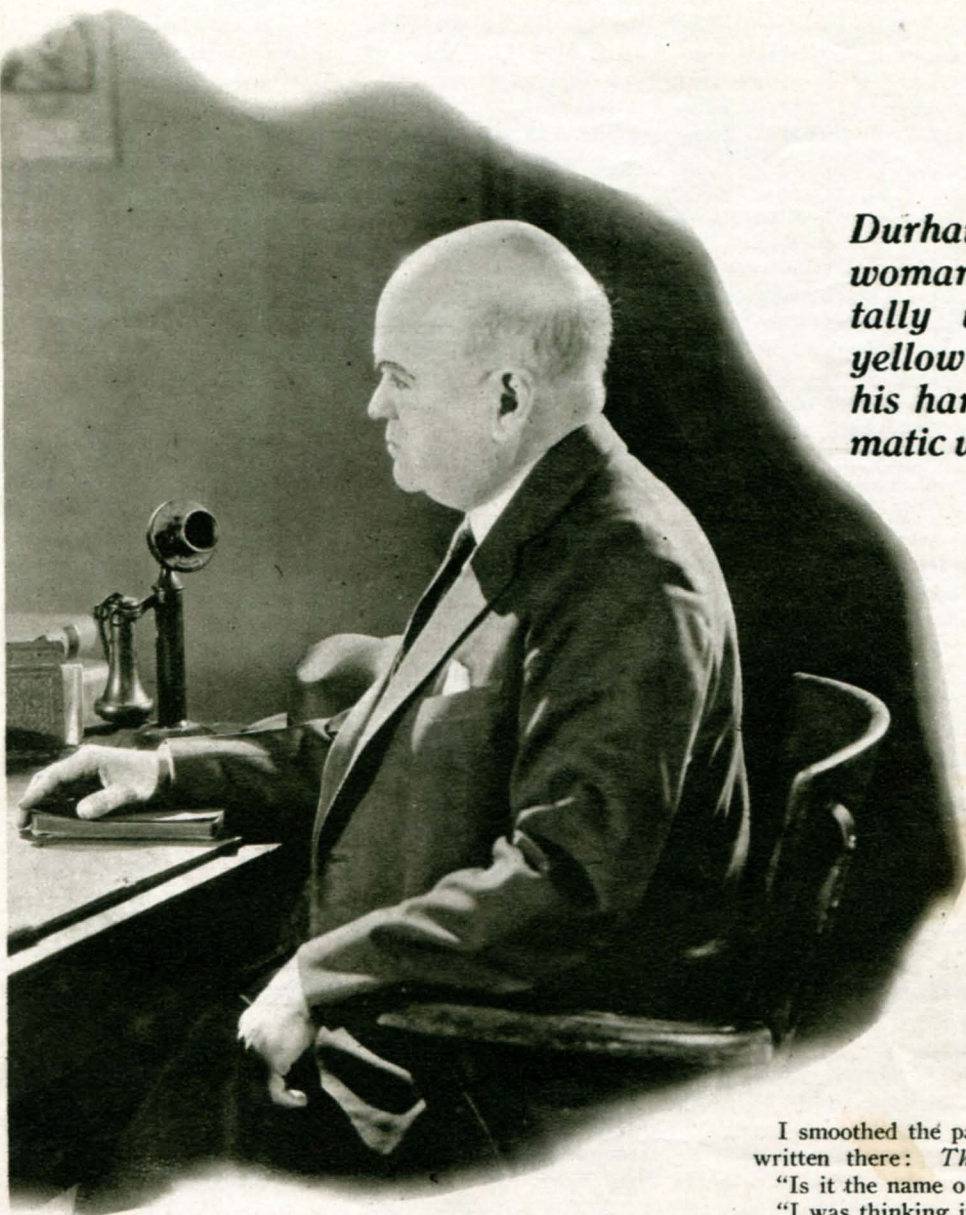
At shortly after six o'clock I reported at Headquarters, and was greeted with an inquiring scowl on the hawk-like face of Detective Lieutenant Smythe.

I briefly sketched my reason for being there at that hour, together with my anticipated need of a private consulting room.

Ordinarily, Lieutenant Smythe's eyes possessed an unrelenting, steely glint, a sure quality of mercilessness, and I was suddenly abashed when I noted the quick flash of amusement that came into those same hard eyes. He was laughing at me, and I knew it. And it made me mad clear through. Not being particularly wild about women at best, I strongly resented the fact that this unknown woman was making me the butt of Smythe's surly enjoyment.

But Smythe said nothing more than to assign me the use of his own office.

In a very few minutes a smartly dressed girl came in. And I then and there forgot my grievance against Smythe.



Durham staggered into a woman's apartment, mortally wounded, a bit of yellow paper wadded in his hand, bearing the enigmatic words, "The Seventh Cross"

She seemed to be in great distress and very agitated, and as she entered, she dabbed nervously at her eyes with her handkerchief. This woman was not over twenty-one, I thought, and exceedingly lovely to look upon. Her full, pretty lips were free from rouge, and her cheeks were as fair as whitest alabaster. However, deep circles of fatigue were underneath her pretty, violet eyes.

"Miss," I said quickly, offering her a chair, "I am Mike Grady. What can I do for you?"

INVOLUNTARILY I wondered if Smythe was still giving me the merry ha-ha, now that he had glimpsed my visitor.

"A girl is simply a fool to care about any man," the girl astounded me by saying, dropping dejectedly to the proffered chair. "Just as long as she doesn't care, why she's 'sitting pretty.' But just the minute she lets any real sentiment slip in, it's—it's hell!"

I certainly hoped she hadn't got me out of bed that early in the morning for the sole purpose of handing me a line of sob stuff, because some man had been heartless enough to disappoint her.

"My dear lady"—I tried to be gallant—"if you will kindly tell me——"

She burst into a fresh flood of tears, exclaiming through them: "Oh, Mr. Grady, Fred's been murdered! He came staggering into my room this morning, and crumpled to

the floor beside my bed. He died before he could tell me anything—but he had this wadded tightly in his hand." She was fumbling in her purse nervously, and presently she handed me a slip of yellow paper.

I smoothed the paper and read the three words typewritten there: *The Seventh Cross*. Nothing more.

"Is it the name of some order or other, Mr. Grady?"

"I was thinking it might be," I said.

"Perhaps, if you will tell me the entire circumstances, Miss——" I waited for the girl to supply her name.

There was genuine distress in the violet orbs as she turned them full on me. "Luella Montgomery is my name, Mr. Grady, and Fred was—Fred was——"

I smiled understandingly. "Yes, he was your sweetheart. I see."

"No—yes—that is, Fred lived at my apartment——"

I stared hard at the girl. It was unbelievable. She, with the face of an angel, was—— "You mean you were not married?"

The girl inclined her head. A detective should, of course, be ready to absorb almost anything, no matter how impossible or incredible it might seem on the surface. It is often hard to do so, however.

"I see." I nodded solemnly. "You were Fred's common-law wife. Now kindly tell me who Fred was."

"But surely you have heard of Fred Durham!" the girl exclaimed in surprised tones.

IT was then my turn to register surprise. And I was put out with myself for failing to have thought of Fred Durham, one of the craftiest, most dangerous criminals known to the city police. Smythe would certainly have occasion to snicker if he knew how nearly a complete imbecile I had become in those few moments when I had been a sympathetic observer of beauty in distress. He always had said that a good detective didn't dare be "soft."

Immediately I was thrown into a turmoil of surmises. This beautiful girl was the common-law wife of Fred Durham. Was she also his tool? And if so, what was her specialty—decoy, gun-toter, spotter, or merely lookout? Further, if she was his tool—why should she come to me?

BUT perhaps she hadn't known that Fred was a notorious thief when she had first taken up with him, and had never consented to lend herself to his aid. Perhaps she was just one more of those jazz-mad, excitement-crazed girls who had been flattered by a handsome man's attentions, without ever so much as guessing his real vocation in life. And then, when she finally did learn his real character, might it not be possible that she had let the fear of personal violence keep the attachment unbroken, at the same time refusing to share his dangers?

Again, it was possible that, upon discovering the true situation, she had adapted herself to it, even learning to like that kind of life. It really couldn't be possible that she was ignorant now of Fred's reputation. Indeed, she had practically proved that she did know, by showing such evident surprise when I hadn't identified her Fred right off the bat.

There was also the possibility that in taking up with

was not suicide, Mr. Grady. He was shot through the neck—from behind. I came to you first of all because I wanted you to understand, and I—you couldn't think that I—did it—"

She was sobbing again; uncontrollably, it seemed. But as I looked upon her quivering shoulders I was strangely devoid of sympathy. It had struck me, all of a sudden, that this girl was pulling a line, the object of which was decidedly in doubt. I did not know how I had come upon that sudden decision, unless it was a plain hunch. Anyway, I seemed to have acquired suddenly the necessary hardness Smythe said was essential for a detective to have. I had both eyes wide open now.

"Suppose we go to your apartment and look things over," I said. "That's where we'll find Fred, and—"

"Yes—let's go." She jumped quickly to her feet and stood regarding me in silent interrogation as I calmly slipped my revolver from its sheath, whirled the chambers, and carefully inspected the cartridges therein. Perhaps I took an unnecessarily long time in doing this. It was a beautiful piece of blue steel mechanism, murderously dainty; perhaps I fondled it overlong. Anyway, the girl seemed to grow nervous as she stood waiting—which was what I wanted, just to give her a suggestion of that slow, sure precision with which the law functioned.

"I LOVED Fred better than anyone else on earth," the girl declared softly. "Why, then, should I wish to take his life?"

"There might be reason enough for her guiltlessness, but then—"

the girl, Fred Durham merely had allied himself with another law-breaker. In fact, her first outburst practically had said as much—that all had been fair sailing until someone had begun to care, somebody had become sentimental. Was it the girl, or was it Fred who had brought in that sentiment? To all appearances, judging from what the girl had said, it had been herself—her love for the man had either interfered with her own career, or it had been too great to permit her to break off their relations.

I formed the conclusion that Fred and this girl had worked together, successfully perhaps, and then had formed their apartment partnership. And for that bit of sentimentalism which had caused them to agree to share that apartment, the girl was now experiencing regret, because it was sure to bring her into the spotlight of police investigation.

And right here I became mighty interested to know just why she had singled me out; why she had come to me, demanding a personal interview.

"Now, Miss Montgomery," I began severely, "it is imperative that I be told everything in connection with the case—why you have come to me, and what it is you wish me to do."

"WHY, I want you to find out who it was that murdered Fred. And I came to you because Fred often said that you were the squarest guy on the police force."

I passed up the compliment without comment. Anyway, I had always handed it to myself on my unsusceptibility to flattery.

"You have made no report of Fred's death, besides telling me? No! And you're sure it was murder, and not suicide?"

The girl hitched suddenly to the edge of the chair. "It

There was just a hint of contempt in her tone as she observed: "You wouldn't need that—for Fred."

Her voice broke on the words, and she turned away. I more than half suspected it was to hide something other than tears. For I had by now become firmly convinced that some unusual scheme was in the making.

I ANSWERED solemnly: "It's rather more than a habit, carrying these things. They're a part of the works, you know. Why, without a gun a detective would be completely lost in a pinch."

She offered no reply, and as we passed the Lieutenant's desk I gave him a sign that told him we were to be followed. I was taking no chances where Fred Durham or his friends were involved.

Smythe answered with a slight nod.

Arrived at the apartment, about two and a half miles away, I found Fred Durham dead on the floor beside the bed. As Lluella Montgomery had said, the bullet which had brought death had evidently entered the neck at an angle, from somewhere behind. I judged it was impossible he had shot himself, agreeing with the girl.

I took a quick inventory of the room. It was one of a modestly furnished suite of three. I was struck with the air of complete femininity with which the room was filled. There was nothing to denote the regular presence of a man. The clothes closet was filled with feminine apparel. Not a single man's suit was to be seen. Nowhere were there a man's shoes or ties or shaving paraphernalia in evidence. What sort of story had this girl given me, I wondered.

Lluella Montgomery had backed against the wall, her face half turned from the tragic figure on the floor. "Fred was so seldom able to be at home that he found his suitcase was his real clothes closet, as well as his dressing-table,"

she offered, as an explanation for my evident failure to satisfy myself that Fred actually had lived there.

But I found no suitcase anywhere. Mentally resolved to come back to that later, I paused in my inspection of the room and confronted the girl.

"Miss Montgomery," I said, "after all, you have told me very little of the facts in this matter, you know. Suppose you start at the beginning of your acquaintance with Fred Durham—"

"But there is so little to tell," she protested. "I

he told me that we couldn't be married after all—that his wife had persuaded him to come back—"

I was stumped at the girl's amazing frankness. "I'd better warn you that any statements you make, may be used against you," I told her.

She looked at me with panic in her eyes.

"You must know, of course, that this thing may become quite serious—for you," I baldly told her.

Her shoulders moved slightly in a shrug. Did she mean by that, that she, knowing she was innocent, had no fear that the world might have difficulty in believing it? Or, was it a shrug of cool defiance?

"I met Fred at a dance one night. . . . I liked him from the start"

met Fred at a dance one night at the Criss-Cross, where I'd gone with a boy friend. He asked me to dance, and I liked him from the start. We became good friends, and for a time I saw a great deal of him. Then he had to leave town—and I didn't see him again for several months. And when he came back, he told me for the first time that he was married. But he said he was trying to get a divorce. His wife, who lived in St. Louis, was holding it up. He finally persuaded me to let him live with me in my apartment—that just as soon as we could, we would be married. I was working all the time as buyer for one of the department stores, and I just kept on working after Fred came.

"But yesterday, when Fred came back from St. Louis,

woman in love usually resents having her lover leave her, to return to the wife he has apparently abandoned somewhere along the line. And that resentment has been known to direct the course of no small number of bullets.

I approached her then from another point of interest. "Just what was Fred's business, Miss Montgomery?" I wanted to be sure that in suspecting the girl of knowing Fred Durham's real character, I had formed the right conclusion. I wanted her to make some statement that would clinch the idea.

But she turned wide, incredulous eyes on me. "Why—surely Fred has helped the Police (Continued on page 70)



"I loved Fred better than anyone else on earth," the girl declared softly. "Why, then, should I wish to take his life?"

There might be reason enough for her guiltlessness, but then—

TRAPPED by a

No camera is so much to be feared by the crook, as when he looked full into the eyes of Adams,

By Detective PHIL DAY

As told to JACK GREY



I got a look at the man's face that I was never to forget

F“FRISCO SAMMY” HARDIN, one of the most versatile crooks in America, gave me the longest chase I've ever experienced. If he had specialized in some one line of criminal activity—that is to say, if he had been merely a burglar, a con man, a pickpocket, a forger, or a bank “sneak”—his capture would have been a matter of days

instead of months. But Sammy placed no limits on his activities; he was all these things—and more. He forged checks, burglarized the homes of the money barons, picked pockets, talked suckers out of their hard-earned coin, and “copped sneaks” in banks. He did everything and anything; and he did all his work cleverly. He was, I repeat, the most versatile crook that I've ever encountered.

It was in the middle of August, 1923, that I was sent out of the Chicago office of an international detective agency to run to earth a fellow who had been “burning up” the banks in the central part of Kansas with phony checks. The agency by which I was employed was paid an annual retainer by the American Bankers Association, and whenever a crook “took a crack” at any bank belonging to that organization, we never let up until we caught him. If he got a nickel, we went after him with as much enthusiasm as we would have gone after the cracksman that got thousands.

I went straight from Chicago to Frankston, Kansas, where the forger had made his most recent haul. When I talked with officials of the two banks there, they told me the following facts.

Around noon on August 10th a well-dressed stranger entered the First National Bank and approached the paying teller's window.

“My name is Anderson,” he said. “I'm expecting a check in settlement of my mother's estate from the executor, Mr. Samuel Adams, of Adams and Macrea. I have had to wait in the city longer than I anticipated to get matters settled. I have run short of cash, and I'm wondering if you would be good enough to cash my check when I get it, in view of the fact that I must start for home to-day. I should be awfully obliged to you, old fellow, if you would do that little thing for me.”

The paying teller knew the Mr. Adams to whom the stranger referred. His brother, Wilbur Adams, was the president of the Bank. The teller had cashed hundreds of Samuel Adams' checks, and he was sure—so he told me

Memory PORTRAIT

is the human eye. Hardin, the forger, learned this his victim—and in that instant signed his doom

later on—that he would know Mr. Adams' signature out of a million.

"I have read that signature so many, many times," he told me, "and would cash it on sight for any amount in the world."

But the teller didn't know the stranger, and so he concluded to "pass the buck" to the cashier who in turn decided to refer the matter to the president when the stranger returned that afternoon. However, the cashier told the stranger tentatively that he would be glad to accommodate him.

At a few minutes after half-past two that afternoon the man returned with a check for \$1200. He handed it through the window to the teller, who examined it carefully. It looked good. He was sure that it was the signature of Samuel Adams. He would have staked his life on that. The stranger also produced papers covering the settlement of the estate of which he had spoken, and he showed letters and cards bearing the name "W. H. Anderson," to whose order the check was made payable. He looked good. He talked well.

The cashier was called in. He was not suspicious, but as a matter of professional caution he excused himself and stepped into the president's office with the check and the identification documents which the genial Mr. Anderson had offered.

The president scrutinized his brother's check.

"This is Sam's signature," the president said. "This check is O. K., but I'll just call Sam up as a matter of form."

He phoned Sam's office. The office boy told him that Mr. Adams and his secretary had taken the noon train for the State capital where he was going to argue a case before the Supreme Court. No other member of the firm was expected in the office until the following day.

The banker brother sat there looking at the check. He glanced at the clock. "Twenty minutes to closing time," he muttered.

"The signature is your brother's writing, I'm sure of that," the cashier interrupted him.

"Ask Mr. Anderson to step in here a minute."



The bank cashier delivered the message to the stranger. Mr. Anderson walked into the president's office with a smile on his face.

"I've known your brother for ten years," he said. "I've heard him speak of you frequently. As a matter of fact, he and I were discussing you yesterday. He told me that he was going to introduce me, and if he had done so—" Mr. Anderson grinned from ear to ear—"all this red tape about a small check would have been obviated."

The president got the impression that Mr. Anderson was a substantial person. He talked charmingly and convincingly. He looked and acted the part of a man of means. Mr. Adams didn't want to offend a good client of his brother's, and so he apologized, put his O. K. on the check, and escorted Mr. Anderson to the cashier's cage, where he collected the \$1200.

JUST three minutes later Mr. Anderson appeared in the other bank, which was located a few doors down the street. Here he presented a check for \$500 from a merchant who was known to the cashier. The check was in payment of a bill. Mr. Anderson had a duplicate of the receipted bill in his pocket. He handed it to the bank employee together with other papers. The signature of the merchant was well known to the cashier, and this check looked like the goods to him. When he questioned Mr. Anderson, that astute gentleman staged an act worthy of the underworld giant that he was.

"My dear fellow," he said impatiently, with a sigh, "if this were a check for a large amount of money, you might be justified in acting as you do—but if you insist, just call up

"How did he get into Ellington's and Adams' offices?" I mused. "How did he get these checks and use the check-protectors without their knowledge? Can it be possible that he had an accomplice?"

I began to believe that he must have been helped by some employee of one or the other of the men he had fleeced.

But before I started to work on that phase of the job, I went about gathering a description of Anderson. It has always been a remarkable thing to me how people will differ in their impressions. The description given by the president and cashier of the First National Bank did not tally with the one given by the cashier of the Farmers and Merchants Bank. The latter said Anderson was about five feet nine inches tall and weighed around a hundred and fifty, while the First National officials said he was nearer five feet eleven and that he must weigh a hundred and eighty. One said he was very dark, while the other said he was "betwixt and between," neither very dark nor very light. The only point upon which they all agreed was that he was smooth-shaven and had "very good teeth."

I went back to see Mr. Ellington and questioned him again. But he could give me no help. He hadn't seen any suspicious

"Some of the boys around Frisco was telling me about him," I said, seizing my opportunity. 'Hardin, isn't it—or some such name?'

"It was a chance shot in the dark—but it landed!

"Yes," replied Big Mitt Eddie, a look of blank astonishment on his face. . . .

"I felt like shouting with joy . . . felt I already had my hands on this slippery fugitive from the law."

Sam Adams, of Adams and Macrea, and ask him if he knows Bill Anderson or, call up Mr. Ellington, who wrote that check! Call up Wilbur Adams over at the First National and ask him if he would cash a check for Bill Anderson! I—"

"Here you are, Mr. Anderson." The cashier counted out five one-hundred-dollar bills. He had fallen for the crook's "ace in the hole." Anderson had talked the cashier right off his feet.

THE bank officials were the first people I talked with. When I had carefully listened to the details which I have just recited, I was convinced beyond all question that I was on the trail of one of the cleverest forgers in the United States.

My next move was to interview Mr. Ellington, the merchant. I carried the forged checks along with me.

In his office I asked first to see his check-book and his check-protector. It was only a matter of moments until I learned that the blank used by the forger had actually been taken from the back of Mr. Ellington's own check-book and that it had been stamped for the proper amount in his own machine! Mr. Adams was still out of town and I had no chance to talk with him, but I soon learned at his office that the same was true of the other forged check.

Neither of these gentlemen, needless to say, had issued any checks to the elusive Mr. Anderson.

characters around his store, and he couldn't imagine how "in the name of God" the crook had got that check out of his check-book or how he had managed to use his check-protector to stamp it.

"I've been in this store every day for the past ten years," Mr. Ellington declared, "and when I'm not here, my son is here. The store is never deserted."

While I was waiting for Samuel Adams to return to Frankston, I took up another angle. I checked up the trains that left the town around three in the afternoon. I learned that there was one at 2:59 and another at 3:21.

My investigation had already revealed that the forger had been in the First National bank at 2:35 and that he had left there at 2:50. He had been at the Farmers and Merchants bank at 2:53. He might have caught the 2:59 train, I thought, and if he didn't get that one, he probably left on the 3:21.

I VISITED the two principal hotels in the town. I scanned the registers for guests who had left on August 10th. Small-town hotel clerks are fountains of information. They can give a detective more information than anybody in this man's world that I have had the pleasure of meeting. They are able to do this primarily because they are inordinately inquisitive. They get acquainted. They ask questions, and if a man stops at the hotel more than once, they know his business and his family history.

There was one clerk in the Holbrook House who was a wizard. He knew everybody that had left his hotel on the day that the forgeries were committed. The clerk in the other hotel was almost as good. These two boys convinced me that Mr. Anderson had not put up at either of the hotels while he was making the preparations for his job.

I put the proverbial two and two together. This job, I was positive, had required a lot of planning. The crook didn't come into the town one night and leave the next morning. He had been there for a few days, at least, and possibly for a month.

"By God," he gasped. "I do recall having seen a fellow in my office one morning, now that I think of it. Yes, sir," he snapped, "now I remember him. I——"

"And so do I, Mr. Adams," Miss Bartlett cut in. "It was on a Monday morning, the Monday after the Sunday that we worked here."

"Now, Mr. Adams," I began, "I have talked with your

"Why, that looks like a man that roomed here about two weeks," exclaimed the landlady



I started to make a house-to-house canvass of the town, and was engaged in this tiresome task for two days without result. Finally, I decided that my best chance was to cultivate the acquaintance of a Mrs. Ferris, who "accommodated roomers."

At this point in my investigation, Mr. Samuel Adams and his secretary, Miss Bartlett, came back to town. I dropped everything else and went to see them. I hadn't yet cleared up the mystery of how the genial Mr. Anderson got his hands on one of Mr. Adams' checks, or how he managed to use the lawyer's own check-protector.

When I first chatted with him, Mr. Adams couldn't recall having seen any strangers in his office, but later on in our conversation he came to life.

brother and his cashier. I have talked with everybody that saw this man Anderson. Before you start in to give me a description of him, please think it over very carefully."

I took out my pad and pencil. I intended to make a sketch of the crook as Adams recited his impressions of him.

"I remember him very distinctly," he said. "It was on the morning of July the twenty-eighth—one of the hottest days we've had. I usually get here before Miss Bartlett, but on this morning I was a little later than usual. When I arrived, I found my office door unlocked and standing a little ajar. I pushed it open and stepped in—and then I saw him. He was standing by my desk and had laid his hat on one end of it. I got a look at the man's face that I was never to forget.

"My first thought," the lawyer continued, "was that he had broken into the office. I went up to him and demanded to know what he was doing here and how he got in. But his manner dynamited my sus- (Continued on page 113)

The MURDER

*Detective Hosmer had tracked many a desperate
a more cunning and ferocious monster*

By DAN B.

Superintendent of the F. N. BURNS

WHEN I was called to John Baintree's country estate, *Pinchurst*, I tackled the biggest case I ever had. On arriving, I learned that old Baintree had been slugged by an unknown assailant and that he had been robbed of an immensely valuable collection of jewels. But that was only the beginning! A few minutes later we found the mutilated body of his nephew, George Giller, who had been literally hacked to death with an axe or a knife.

blood-stains from the floor of a spare room. And when we started out to record the finger-prints of all the persons in the house, Kitty Haney resisted violently, and Carson appeared with his finger-tips sandpapered.

Mysterious happenings followed each other in startling succession. Late at night, when I was examining the death-chamber, someone turned the door-knob. I saw it distinctly. But when I leaped to the door and flung it open, there was no one in sight. On leaving that room, I not only locked it, but also sealed the door with a piece of thread. The next morning the broken seal told me that someone had been in the room—but who. I picked up a black hairpin from the floor, and it only added to my perplexity.

One clue came to light by accident. I saw a bloody hunting-knife in the hands of Willie Cronk, the half-witted son of the cook. He showed me where he had dug it up, but he could not tell me who had hidden it. After Carson had identified the knife as belonging with a collection of trophies in Baintree's den, I put it away in my dresser. But when I went back to examine the knife, it was gone! After a search, I found it—washed and cleaned—in its proper place in the den. I was amazed!

These baffling events engaged my interest entirely, and I was sorry to be called to Waverly for the Coroner's inquest in connection with George Giller's death.

When I got back to *Pinchurst* that afternoon, I found Crane, my

assistant, waiting for me impatiently.

"Well," he said, "I think we have the guilty person."

Then he brought in a stranger who had been caught while trying to break into the grounds. When I saw this man's face, I stood stock-still with astonishment. There was something so familiar about him! Where had I seen him before? What dealings had I had with him?

He was a large, raw-boned fellow, roughly dressed. His appearance suggested that he might be a lumberjack or a dock hand. His face was heavily lined, and he showed unmistakable signs of years of dissipation, despite the fact that he was still in his early thirties.

The man made no attempt to conceal the fact that he was disturbed. I explained to him that a murder had been committed in the house only a few days before, and that his



I was dumb-founded — hardly able to believe my eyes

All indications pointed to the fact that both crimes were "inside" jobs, and so Sergeant Kane and I devoted our first attention to the inmates of the house—both servants and guests. A thorough search of the rooms revealed one important clue—some blood-stained towels hidden in Frank Baintree's bag. This young man, also a nephew of John Baintree, refused to answer our questions, and so we had him locked up. A number of mysterious telegrams were also found in his room, and it was later established that these had been sent by a James Fisher, residing at the Jackson Hotel, San Francisco.

Our search of the other rooms—including the ones occupied by Mrs. Hess, John Baintree's sister, and her daughter, Ethel—was without result.

Suspicion was later directed toward Carson, the butler, and Kitty Haney, the housekeeper. I saw the two whispering together, and I once ran across the latter mopping up

at PINEHURST

killer, but never in his whole career did he deal with than the murderer of George Giller

HOSMER

DETECTIVE AGENCY of Wichita, Kansas

presence and actions warranted my questioning him. He was surly but offered no objections.

"What is your name, please?" I asked, nodding to Crane to make note of the information.

The man hesitated for a moment, then said, "James Fisher."

Trained as we both were to mask our emotions, Crane and I were nevertheless guilty of registering our surprise. Our eyes met and we gazed at each other for a full second in the most absurd, amateurish fashion. Here was our man!

"You are the James Fisher who has been living for some time at the Jackson Hotel in San Francisco—are you not?" I asked.

It was James Fisher's turn now to register—and he registered consternation better than any movie actor could have done it. When he answered my question, it was in the affirmative.

"According to information furnished us by Mr. Frank Baintree," I went on, "you are no doubt one of the men who robbed John Baintree of a fortune in jewels last week, at which time a man lost his life."

"Say," spat the man venomously, as soon as he had recovered sufficiently to speak, "what's the big idea of springing all this mystery stuff on me? Who was killed? What do you mean?"

I saw we had him coming our way.

"I mean just what I say, Mr. Fisher. Frank Baintree has furnished us with sufficient evidence to convict you of robbing John Baintree, and perhaps warrant binding you over for murder."

"And you are going to hold me for murder on what that dirty crook told you?" Fisher blurted out. He had been nervously pacing up and down the library, but now he stopped and faced me.

"Yes. We have sufficient evidence to hold you. You are under arrest," I said, and I laid my hand on his shoulder.

"Under arrest—hell!" he snarled, jerking away from me. "I'm not going to stand for it. I've been double-crossed—but it don't go. Get me? I'm ready to talk."

"Ask Carson to send Miss Phipps here," I directed Crane.

Miss Phipps was our stenographer, who had come to *Pinehurst* the day before to take statements from persons in the house. When she was ready, I turned to the man.

"All right, Mr. Fisher, now you may tell your story. The straighter it is, the better it will be for you. Keep that in mind."

He sat down, took a large chew of tobacco, and remained silent for a moment, staring at the floor. As I watched him, I again experienced the feeling that I knew him, that somewhere, sometime, I had seen him, had had dealings of some sort with him. But when? Where?



Mrs. Hess was pulling out a black bundle that seemed to hold some bulky object

"A minute ago you asked me what my name was, and I told you it was James Fisher,"

he began slowly, "but it isn't. My right name is Frank Baintree."

"Frank Baintree!" Crane and I repeated in the same breath.

"Yes."

"But how can that be when Frank Baintree has been at *Pinehurst* for ten days past?" I asked.

"That's not hard to answer," Fisher replied, with a grin, which displayed large, discolored teeth. "The man you thought was Frank Baintree has been here. As a matter of fact, his real name is Tony Moretti. I sent him here to represent me."

"REPRESENT you?" I repeated. "You mean that the man who has been at *Pinehurst* is an impostor?"

"Correct."

"But have you any proof that what you say is true?" I asked.

"No, I haven't," he admitted frankly. "I have nothing but my word. I gave all the junk to him—the marriage certificate, my birth certificate, and the letters I got from the police officials at Genoa."

In spite of my surprise and the lack of proof, I realized that the man was telling the truth. Now I understood why I thought I had seen him before—it was because of his resemblance to the other members of the Baintree family. He had all the outstanding family characteristics—the same steel-gray eyes, the stern mouth, and angular figure.

"I see," I said. "You panned off a thief and killer as yourself in order to obtain a larger portion of the estate. Is that correct?"

"It is not!" the man replied promptly, and added with fire: "You don't know a damned thing about it."

about it. Tony Moretti was a slick-looking little Italian gambler, and together we figured out that he would take my place, present my proof of relationship, get into John's good graces, and we'd be set for life. And so we came to San Francisco, and I went to the Jackson Hotel, while Tony came to *Pinehurst*.

"He got away with the deal fine," the man went on, "and I was just killing time, waiting. He kept me informed as to the impression he was making, and everything was O. K. Then I didn't hear for several days. I wired him and didn't get any reply. I wired again and didn't use the code, and still I got no answer. Then I got worried. I didn't trust Tony out of my sight, and I was afraid he was up to something crooked. He was on the inside, and I was on the outside, you see. So, I hopped on the train and ran down here—and this little bird"—he pointed to Crane—"picked me up. The only reason I came in peaceably was to find out what was going on." He paused a moment and then asked: "You say Tony killed John and made away with the jewelry?"

"Do you think your friend would commit murder?" I asked.

"Say," he sneered, "I think that fellow would do anything."

THE man had told the truth. After all, Tony Moretti must be the murderer, but why had he killed young Giller? Why had he not just taken the jewels and disappeared? What could have been his motive in slaying the young man? And if Moretti had stolen the jewels, what had he done

THE madwoman was pacing up and down the floor, muttering to herself. Suddenly she whirled about and dashed toward the window, her staring, insane eyes fastened upon me with murderous intent.

"'Here's where I have a fight on my hands,' I said to myself."

"Very well, then," I replied, quickly. "I will hear your version of the transaction before I say any more. Go on, please."

"My father was Frank Baintree, Senior, the brother of John Baintree," he said. "He hated John like poison"—I noted that he did not say "Uncle John"—"because my grandfather left the entire estate to him. My father spent most of his time planning revenge on John. But it never worked out. My mother was killed in an accident. After she died, the old man tried to drink up all the liquor there was, and he got delirium tremens. Before he died, he told me that he had wronged John. He advised me to stay in Italy, take whatever came to me from the trust fund, and be thankful for it. After the old man died, I used the money that had been coming to him. I quit work, and played cards and drank until I got news that there would be no more funds from the States—that the trust fund was finished and the principal was to be divided. I was asked to come to *Pinehurst*."

THE man paused and began looking about nervously.

"A cuspidor, Crane," I ordered.

When one had been provided, he continued his story.

"Well, I was in a fix. I hadn't drawn a sober breath in months, and the old man had told me that John was to divide the fund as he pleased. I could see, lookin' as I did, about how far I'd get with him. He would probably cut me off without a cent. then I had an idea. I talked to Tony

with them? Could it be that, perhaps, Ethel Hess had assisted him?

I did not tell Fisher—or, rather, Baintree—just then that Tony had not disappeared, but was merely in jail, but I did tell him that it was George Giller, his cousin, and not John Baintree, who had been killed.

"You don't say!" he ejaculated. "Why did he want to kill him?"

THAT was what I wanted to know more than anything else in the world, but I began to doubt seriously that the question would ever be answered.

The man was placed under surveillance and kept at *Pinehurst* temporarily.

I got in touch with Sergeant Kane and reported developments. Although it was late and I had not had dinner, I made arrangements to go immediately to Waverly and question Tony Moretti.

When the Sheriff brought Tony into the room where I was waiting for him, I saw at a glance that he had recovered his poise and was feeling much better physically than when I saw him last.

"Well, Tony, I have come for your story," I said by way of greeting, and at the sound of his name the little Italian seemed to wilt. "Your little game is up. I know the whole story, or most of it. All I need to know now is how you committed the murder, and why; where the jewels are; and what you did with the instruments with which you accom-

plished the murder. You might as well come clean, Moretti, for you're in trouble up to your neck."

After a few minutes conversation he said, "All right, I'll talk." These were almost the identical words Frank Baintree had used only a short time before in making his confession.

"It will be best for you," I said dryly. "Now, why did you kill George Giller? And where are the jewels?"

"I didn't kill Giller," Moretti said quickly. "Neither did I get the jewels."

"You don't intend to try to make that bluff stick, do you?" I asked in astonishment.

"It's no bluff, man; it's a fact. Listen! I knew about the jewels, and I was after them—I admit it—but I didn't get them. I learned of their existence, first, from Frank, then from the little Hess girl. I clamped onto her and pumped her for all she was worth, but she didn't know much about the jewels and didn't know at all where they were kept. I thought about it and thought about it, until I couldn't think about anything else. I saw that the thing to do was get the jewels; then, if old Baintree cut us off without a cent, we'd still have something.

"I was sure the jewels were in the study or the old man's bedroom," Moretti continued, "but getting into those rooms to look around was not easy. I had keys that would unlock anything, but I couldn't get a chance to try them. It was out of the question to get the old butler's keys, so I had to use mine. One night I got a chance, and was trying a key in the door, when somebody came up the stairs and almost caught me. My room was in the south wing, and I had no business in the north wing. Another time that cat-eyed maid caught me stooping in front of the study door. I laid low for a few days after that.

"Then, on the night of the robbery, I did just as I said in my statement, except that I did leave my room. I waited until the dead of night, probably three o'clock; then I took my keys and a small flashlight and went to the north wing where the old man's suite was located.

"I stopped in front of the door to the study," he went on, "but before I inserted the first key, something prompted me to turn the knob. To my surprise the door was unlocked. I should have been warned then and stayed out, but I didn't. I advanced into the room cautiously,

thinking there might be someone there. I stood still for a few moments. Everything was quiet. I then played my light about the room, trying to get my bearings. About the third time I flashed it, I turned it directly and unexpectedly upon old Baintree lying on the floor. His head was bleeding. I thought he was dead. Panic-stricken, I backed out of the room. As I did so, I was struck twice in quick succession in the back with a knife or dagger.

"There was a dim light in the hall, but when I turned about to defend myself, I could see no one. I hurried back to my room, got rid of my clothing, and tried to doctor the wounds in my back. The next morning I didn't have an opportunity to ditch the blood-stained things because you were in the house, and I thought I wouldn't be suspected, anyway, because I was supposed to be one of the family. Then Giller's body was discovered, and I was arrested."

"Do you expect me to believe that you had no part in the slugging of John Baintree, or the murder of George Giller?" I asked, contemptuously.

He looked me straight in the eye. "I have told you the absolute truth about what occurred, and if I swing for that



"When I saw this dark figure backing slowly out . . . I didn't hesitate."

boy's murder, they'll be putting an innocent man to death."

"When you were in the study, did you see that the jewel-safe had been robbed?" I asked.

"I didn't see anything except the old man lying on the floor. I didn't have time. After that, I couldn't get out quick enough. I was sure he was dead."

"Do you have any idea who your assailant was?"

"No. I haven't the slightest idea."

I did not believe Tony Moretti's story, but I was glad to know as much as he had seen fit to tell. It cleared up some points, at least.

I returned to *Pinehurst* a little before midnight. The place was dark and silent. I expected to take Miss Phipps to Waverly the next morning and get a complete statement from Moretti.

I found Crane waiting for me in the dimly lighted library. He reported that nothing had happened in my absence, and that things were quiet. I did some work in my room, and then retired. I lay thinking of the strange developments the day had brought. Frank Baintree's story, I felt sure, was true. But I was not so sure about Moretti's tale. Even if part of his statement was true, he had not told everything. He was out after a fortune; perhaps he had reasoned that, with young Giller out of the way, and with the Hess girl in love with him, he would have a chance of inheriting the whole Baintree estate. This might be motive enough for the murder.

I was growing drowsy when I heard a noise. Having heard it on two previous occasions, I knew about what it was. Nevertheless, I got up and put my ear to the wall. Yes, it was Mrs. Hess moving things about in her room. What was she doing, prowling about, moving things, at one o'clock at night? I knew that I would not be able to sleep until I had had a look and satisfied my curiosity.

Mrs. Hess's room was next to mine, on the south, and was situated in the middle of the building between the two wings. There was no balcony, but the window ledges were broad and heavy, and thickly matted vines clung to the stone walls. I opened my window and tested the vines. They were strong, and would, I believed, support my weight.

I stepped out on my window ledge. I looked down on the flower bed far below. If those vines failed to hold, I would probably be "planted" in the garden shortly. Should I brave the danger involved just to satisfy my curiosity? I did not debate the question long. Grasping a heavy strand of the vine, I gave a quick swing and landed on Mrs. Hess's window ledge.

I crouched there, in a perilous position, and watched Mrs. Hess pacing up and down the floor. She was talking to herself in a monotone. I heard her say, "Oh, oh, what shall I do! I can't sleep."

After a pause, she spoke again, "Oh, the terrible, terrible pain! Oh, oh!"

A case of nerves! Here I had gone to no end of trouble to reach this ledge, had risked my neck in order to satisfy my curiosity—and all I got for my pains was the "ohs and ahs" of a nervous woman.

I was about to grasp a vine and swing back to my window ledge when Mrs. Hess crossed the room and passed out of my line of vision. There was a grating noise. What was she doing? I craned my neck and pressed my face against the pane in an effort to see her. Suddenly she turned, and I caught a glimpse of her face! If I had been any place except where I was, I am sure I would have jumped back at the sight that met my eyes.

Mrs. Hess was clad in a dressing-gown of some sort, and her hair was hanging in a tangled mass about her shoulders. Her face was distorted; her eyes were wide and staring, and blazed with a strange, unnatural light. And now I saw that the object she was dragging across the floor was a flat steamer trunk. She tugged at it and turned it about until she had it in front of the door leading into the hallway. Then she moved a dressing table in front of the trunk.

She paused for a moment to get her breath, and I saw her start violently and run toward the bed. I thought that she had seen me, and I was about to draw back when I saw

her snatch a coverlet from the bed and, rushing to a vanity dresser, throw it over the mirrors. Then she threw her head back and laughed.

Beads of cold perspiration stood out on my brow, for suddenly the terrifying truth dawned upon me. I was looking upon a raving maniac, a madwoman!

I have always been cool and collected under extreme excitement, and so I was quick to recover from the shock of my terrible discovery. I remained in a crouching position upon the window ledge, watching the strange scene which was being enacted before me.

The madwoman was pacing up and down the floor, muttering to herself. Suddenly she whirled about and dashed toward the window, her staring, insane eyes fastened upon me with murderous intent.

"Here's where I have a fight on my hands," I said to myself.

I thought she had seen my face at the window and meant to dash me from the ledge to the ground below. I tried to rise to a standing position, but my legs were cramped from the twenty minutes I had spent in a squatting position, and I was unable to move. I

braced myself as best I could, hoping that I would be able to grapple with her before she could push me from the ledge.

She reached the window in an (*Continued on page 72*)

CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which do you like the least? Why? Have you any helpful suggestions in mind?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of these awards, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; \$5 to the letter considered second best; \$3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, c/o TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes December 31st, 1927.

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Office heat... chilly street... sore throat!

From over-heated offices into chilly streets . . . out in the cold waiting for transportation . . . into germ laden cars crowded with coughers . . . is it any wonder thousands are laid up with colds or sore throats—or worse?

Don't be one of them. After exposure of this kind, gargle with Listerine when you get home.

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Gargle when you get home



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and nose more
than**

50 diseases

have their beginning or development. Some of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

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LISTERINE

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Beyond the Barriers of the Law

(Continued from page 21)



"George insists he first admired my beautiful complexion and now he knows I owe it to MELLO-GLO. I can conscientiously recommend it to anyone."

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MELLO-GLO Facial-Tone Powder is part of a new famous French Beauty Treatment. This new process powder is hardly affected by perspiration, prevents large pores, stays on indefinitely. It is made in an exclusive shade that blends with every complexion, producing a natural beauty so charming and attractive.

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when we lived together, but not over other men. And I didn't run after her. She seemed to want me to come to her apartment—and why shouldn't I? There were no hard feelings because of our separation. And it's true that I was with her last night."

Here his voice rose.

"But I—God!—I left her alive."

That last word was almost a shriek.

He seemed to have reached the end. He crumpled back into his chair, exhausted, moaning:

"God, man, I didn't kill her! I couldn't! I couldn't!"

I WANTED to believe him. I felt that he was telling the truth. But reason, as I saw it, pointed in the other direction.

"He's all in," Benjamin said to Tagpalm. "Lock him up! Book him for investigation, and if things are as they look, I'll get a warrant out in the morning."

So he was taken to a cell, too exhausted to protest, too bewildered to talk, except to mutter over and over again: "I didn't kill her! I didn't kill her!" He was held *incommunicado*.

But I—it won't do any harm to tell this now, because the jailer has left the city—I was permitted to get in to him for a moment.

He was sitting on the edge of the bunk, his head in his hands.

He had sense enough, and he knew Benjamin's reputation well enough, to know that even then the police machine had started to grind out evidence against him.

"Come, Stoddard," I said in a whisper.

He jumped as if suddenly pricked by a pin.

"Listen," I started, "this won't do. It's not going to get you any place to go all to pieces this way. Brace up! If you're not guilty, they can't convict you, and if you are, there must be some reason, and you want them——"

"You believe it?" he interrupted.

"I don't know," I replied. "But I——"

"Then why did you nod to me to keep still?"

"Because," I answered, "if you're not guilty, you don't want all your past bared, and if you are, the man to tell everything to is your lawyer."

"But, good Lord, man," he moaned, "I've got no money for a lawyer."

"That's probably so much the better for you"—I wanted to encourage him, but at the same time I really believed what I was saying—"because the judge will appoint Old Wally Barnett to defend you, and, take it from me, he's the best there is in this town, even if he is the public defender."

"Now listen," I went on, "Benjamin will expect you to make some kind of a statement, to sign it, about to-morrow. You make it, see! Just like you told it to us there in the other room. But keep everything else for Old Wally. Then when you're arraigned, plead that you're a pauper, and the judge will turn your case over to Old Wally."

"Say, will you do me a favor?" he asked, as if I had never said a word.

"You bet I will," I told him. "What is it?"

"Go to my house," he said, "and tell Mrs. Halpern—she's my housekeeper—not to tell the girls. Let them think that I've gone away on a long trip. And tell her that I said for her to come and see me as soon as she can."

"I sure will," I promised, as I turned to go. But I stopped long enough to say to him:

"Now quit worrying and get some sleep!"

HE made no answer and I went on, my conscience bothering me a bit. It was the first time I had ever deliberately thrown a monkey wrench into the cogs of the police machine. One minute I was glad I had, and the next minute I was sorry. That alternating feeling followed me a long time.

I phoned my office, told my city editor briefly what I had, and said that I'd be in to write the story as soon as I had talked to Mrs. Halpern.

I found her middle-aged, much older than she had looked when I was there before. Then, I had obtained only a fleeting glimpse of her. The word "Mother" was written all over her face—she was just a good old soul who simply had to have someone to mother. And now, mother-like, she knew that something was wrong, although what, she had no idea.

As the children were in bed, there was no need for her to hide her feelings when she saw me at the door and recognized me as one of the men who had gone away with Mr. Stoddard.

"What is it?" she demanded. "Where is Mr. Stoddard?"

I didn't tell her until I had stepped into the house. Then I gave her the facts as briefly and as kindly as I could.

The very gravity of the situation seemed to calm her. When I had finished, she looked at me coolly with:

"You don't believe it?"

Before I could answer, she went on:

"Why, it's silly. He's a man—one man in a million. How many men do you know who would have stood by their motherless children as he has? Mighty few, I'll tell you. And you don't suppose a man who would stick by his children, through thick and thin, the way he's done, would kill a woman, do you? I tell you there's been some dreadful mistake."

I said I hoped so, and I was honest about that. It was then I told her that Mr. Stoddard wanted the children to believe that he had gone on a long trip.

She went on talking, and it was several minutes before I had a chance to ask her if he had been at home the night before—the night of the murder.

"Why, yes," she replied.

"All evening?"

"No," she said, "he was out of the city and didn't get back until late."

"What time?"

"Five minutes after two."

"How do you know the exact time?"

"I heard him come in, and when I did, I looked at my alarm clock. You know it's one of those—what do you call them?—you can see it in the dark."

"Oh, yes, I know," I replied, and then I asked: "Where had he been?"

(Continued on page 68)



"I agree, Princess Pat face powder does give 'twice the beauty,'" says Mary Philbin, beautiful Universal Film Star.

Twice the Beauty from Face Powder if You use PRINCESS PAT

THE FAMOUS ALMOND BASE MAKES IT DIFFERENT

FACE Powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat Face Powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It is noticeable at once that Princess Pat goes on differently. It gives to the skin a wonderful, velvety smoothness. It lends to the face an appearance of perfection that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat Face Powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different—bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

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The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

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Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately—as powder—as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities.

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TWILIGHT . . . the day's work done . . . the room a soft blue dusk. Two . . . you and he . . . together . . . among the shadows. In the little Chinese Urn the slumbrous glow of a tiny coal. Incense is burning. Silence . . . The slender smoke streams greyly upward . . . and then . . .

Wisteria blossoms in a velvet darkness . . . faintly stirring at the breath of night . . . then . . . to him . . . to you . . . the dim sense of an old ecstasy . . . like the memory of a caress . . . beside the tranquil Jade of a lily pool . . . strewn with the dust of stars.

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"He was in Chicago for several days." I could not help but feel that this woman, so unintentionally, was drawing the net tighter about the man she admired, for I knew that the last night train into Omaha from Chicago was at 11:40.

"How was he dressed, do you know?" I asked.

"Why, yes," she replied. "He had on his grey suit."

MRS. STODDARD'S neighbors had said that the man who quarreled with Mrs. Stoddard has been dressed in grey, but Stoddard had had on a blue suit when he was arrested. I was about to ask her to let me see the suit when someone rapped at the door.

It was Detectives Trapp and Schneider. They came to search for the knife and anything else which might incriminate the man.

They searched for an hour, and didn't find the knife, but they did find the grey suit of clothes and—

It had blood on the front of it.

The officers left and I remained just long enough to let them get well out of sight of the house; then I said good night to Mrs. Halpern, and beat it back to the Police Station as fast as my car would take me. The housekeeper's last remark to me was: "I always told Mr. Stoddard that no good would ever come from him a-fussin' around with that woman that way."

At the Station, when Stoddard was confronted with the grey suit, he readily admitted that it was his and that the spots on it were blood—but he said the blood was his own and came from his nose; that many times when he became excited or nervous, he had the nosebleed.

It sounded ridiculous, but when Detective Trapp asked him contemptuously if he had ever been treated for that particular ailment, his reply was the prompt and immediate statement:

"Yes, sir."

"Just what doctor?" Chief Benjamin demanded with such a sneer as only he could master.

"Many of them," Stoddard replied, "but most recently, Doctor J. O. Rouse and Doctor Hixenbaugh."

I couldn't help but smile. Doctor Rouse was one of the best-known eye-ear-nose-and-throat doctors in our part of the country, and Doctor Alfred E. Hixenbaugh was a nerve specialist of little, if any, less prominence.

The Chief turned to his phone and ordered the operator to get both doctors on the line for him. His purpose was to frighten Stoddard, I believe. But Stoddard just smiled. He seemed to have regained most of his composure since I talked to him in his cell. That smile meant confidence. He knew.

Each of the doctors verified his story of the nosebleed.

I WENT back to the office and wrote my story. I played fair. I called him merely a suspect whom the police believed to be guilty. Also, I called attention, really played up, the one weak link in the chain of evidence—the knife had not been found, nor had it been connected with Stoddard in any way.

Although the police questioned him the rest of the night—"grilled," I believe, is the favorite word with cub-reporters—they were unable to obtain an admission from him that he had ever possessed a knife, let alone having hidden the one with which his wife's throat had been cut. Early the next morning I learned the details of the all-night session.

That afternoon the Coroner's inquest was held. No new evidence was presented, but the known facts were marshaled in such a way that they seemed to bind him that much tighter.

The murder itself and the queer love angle made it a newspaper story which the public devoured. But the publicity did him little good; the sympathy of the readers was turned toward the woman who had been big enough to offer her life and her labor for his children. Most persons forgot that she had profited by the marriage to the extent of obtaining a home for herself and her son, and those who did think of that side of the case believed that Stoddard had mistreated her boy.

All these things struck me a little later when he stood before the police judge and was held to the Grand Jury—this man who had striven so hard to keep a home so that his two little daughters would grow to womanhood in as wholesome an atmosphere as possible. Was he a killer? I asked myself time and again, and always answered by evasion—reasoning that there's no telling what a man will do when he's in love with a wife who won't live with him.

As the Grand Jury was in session, it was only the matter of a few hours until he was indicted for the murder. So, twenty-four hours after he had faced the police judge, he was before District Judge James M. Hannigan, who, on learning he was without funds or lawyer, appointed Old Wally Barnett to look after his interests. That was Friday afternoon, so the Judge continued the arraignment until Tuesday afternoon.

Old Wally had talked to him, heard his story, questioned him and cross-questioned him during Saturday and Sunday, and now it was Monday, almost noon, and he was discussing it with me.

He had phoned that he wanted to see me, and I, knowing him full well, and scenting a story, had gone. I found him with his old familiar smile, but after the first greeting, he had waved me to a chair and his face became set and purposeful.

"Jim," he had said, "I've got a job for you."

I STRAIGHTENED up. Once before he had said those very words to me and together we had run down a guilty man and thus freed an innocent one. Instinctively I knew that this job had to do with Stoddard—it was characteristic of Old Wally that he would believe the man innocent—but his next words, spoken with hardly a pause, struck me as a bit positive, even for him.

"Stoddard's as innocent as a babe. That kid had no more to do with that murder than I did."

I know he was the only official, with the possible exception of Judge Hannigan, who did not believe the man guilty beyond a doubt, and it seemed to me he was

the only person in the city, except for Mrs. Halpern, and possibly myself, who had any doubt of his guilt. I must confess that my doubt was small indeed.

The old defender must have seen my skepticism in my face, for he banged his fist on the table and almost shouted:

"He is, I tell you. Damn it, the kid's innocent!"

"Maybe he is," I said with a smile, "but he's sure in bad."

"Yes," Wally replied, "but I tell you that even arresting him was a mistake. It has done him irreparable damage." The old man was warming up to his subject. His voice rose and he became oratorical. "I tell you the prologue of this story was written by the Recorder of Things years ago, that night in July when young Andy Stoddard and Margie Crandall saw each other for the first time. It was then that the wind of destiny blew that seed willy-nilly and deposited it, and from it grew this weed, this murder, and the terrible predicament for this boy."

I knew what it all meant; that his whole heart was into this thing and that if there was a chance in the world, Stoddard would go free. I had heard him talk to juries that way when convictions seemed certain. But acquittals came. I started to say something, to wish him luck and be on my way, but his upraised hand held me.

"No," he said, "I didn't expect you to believe me, and I'm not going to try to convince you— No, don't ask me a thing! I'm going to give you a note to him over there in the jail. I want you to go over and listen to his story. Don't interrupt to ask him questions—just let him tell it! He's nervous and gets twisted, and I want you to hear it as I heard it. Then, if you feel as I believe you will, you can go back to-morrow and ask him anything under God's sun. But come back here when you're through, and maybe I can light some of the dark corners for you."

"The boy's innocent, and somewhere there's something that will prove it, and, so help me God, I intend to move heaven and earth to find it!"

HE looked at me intently as he finished, then turned to his desk and started to write the note.

I knew he expected me to say something, but I couldn't find words. So in silence, broken only by the scratching of the pen, I sat and waited, and in silence, took the note and made my way out of his office.

I didn't feel equal to appearing before Stoddard then; so I violated the law myself—visited my up-town bootlegger. There, after two drinks of what passes as whiskey, I became human and curious, and opened the note. It read:

"Dear son"—I smiled. How many wayward young men, I wondered, had been "son" to this grand old man? I read on: "I am sending Stapp to you. You know, he is the man you said you believed was your friend, and he's the newspaper reporter who wrote the story you said was fair. He is; I know him. Now, boy, he is going to help you and me, so I want you to tell him all about yourself just as you told me the other day." It was signed: "Dad Wally."

I didn't smile then. I marveled. How that old man must have worked himself



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INDIGESTION

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A simple, safe, home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet

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"My friends are constantly admiring my clothes and wondering how I manage to dress so well on a small income. They just can't believe that I do my own sewing, for my clothes never have a home-made look. It's really fun making dresses now that the Woman's Institute has shown me the right way to design, cut, fit and finish."

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn right at home in spare time to make all your own clothes and hats at great savings, or earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home. The Woman's Institute will show you all the important secrets that make the professional dressmaker so successful—how to plan becoming costumes—how to fit all types of figures—and, above all, how to make clothes that are distinctive for their smartness and style.

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Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

- Home Dressmaking Millinery
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Name.....
(Please state whether Mrs., or Miss)

Address.....

into the very heart of Stoddard!

So Stoddard thought I was his friend! Was I? I wondered. Had it been best for him to withhold his story from the police? If he was innocent and was to be convicted, would it be my fault? Those were just a few of the questions which raced through my mind and for which I could find no answer as I made my way to the jail.

There I made use of the friendship between Jailer Fred Sherry and myself, and was permitted to watch the accused man without him seeing me.

When I reached his cell, I saw that Stoddard was praying. He was sitting on the edge of his bunk, his head bowed. I almost felt that I could read his

thoughts. He was praying not to get out of jail, not for himself—but for something to happen, some way to be shown him, whereby his little girls would be cared for. Instinctively I bowed my head.

The sardonic finger of circumstantial evidence points straight at Stoddard. Public opinion brands this man—whose depth of tenderness for his children is so touching—as the one guilty of cold-bloodedly murdering the woman he loved. Read in the January issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES the stirring story which Stoddard tells of events which led up to the misunderstanding with his wife on the night of the terrible crime. At all news-stands on December 15th. Don't miss your copy!

At the Seventh Cross

(Continued from page 55)

Department sufficiently in tracking down bootleggers, and such, as to be well known to them all. Fred was a private investigator, Mr. Grady, and besides his work here in town, he has done a great deal of the same kind of work in Kansas City and St. Louis. I just know it was one of those criminals he helped send up who has killed him!"

The light that I saw then did not come a-glimmering; it struck me with a blinding glare. Fred's posing as a "private investigator" had explained with one broad swoop, to this girl who had loved him trustfully, his familiarity with the city police. Fred had been caught in the police net often enough for him to have learned a great deal. Oh, yes, the police were familiar with Fred's work, all right. And he had done the same kind of work in Kansas City and St. Louis—Fred, it seemed, had been quite an adept "investigator," and his work had covered a wide territory.

And Fred, being the slick gent that he was, had always managed to slip through any net into which he had unwarily fallen, without having anything fastened upon him. And apparently he had returned to his lady-love, triumphant after each encounter. Clever Fred, to find himself this apartment in which to hide! But surely Fred must have loved the girl, else he would not have cared so much about keeping her faith in him unspoiled. The usual thing among men of Fred's stamp is quite the reverse.

This surely was a puzzling case.

But I wasn't convinced as yet that Luella was as ignorant of Fred Durham's real profession as she appeared to be. Smythe always had preached the inadvisability of jumping at conclusions. "It's one thing for the Police themselves to solve a shooting case," he would say; "but it's another thing for the prosecuting attorney to go in and make a 'case,' without the right kind of evidence." And, as this case looked just then, there was, without any doubt, enough evidence against Luella Montgomery for the grand jury to return an indictment against her.

But damned if I knew where I stood myself! I couldn't decide whether the girl's story was true, and that she was therefore the unsuspecting victim of one of the most stupendous cases of duplicity

on record, or, whether she was deliberately working up a case of sympathy and protection for her own benefit.

"Perhaps we'd best call Headquarters now," I suggested, in an effort to loosen her tongue. "I'm subject to orders from there, you know—"

"And you won't try to find Fred's murderer—you refuse to justify the high esteem with which he regarded you, Mr. Grady?"

IGNORING her withering scorn as best I could, I took from my note-book the slip of yellow paper she had given me, and studied it intently.

"Has Fred ever, to your knowledge, been in possession of a slip similar to this one?" I asked.

The girl shook her head. She seemed about to utter a denial, when she suddenly paused. "Why, I do remember now. Fred lit his cigarette with a scrap of yellow paper before going out the last time he was home. He kidded about it. But I didn't see where he got it."

"You do not know how Fred came by this one?"

"No."

"You say he returned only yesterday from St. Louis. When did he leave the apartment again?"

"Early in the evening."

"He went alone?"

"Yes."

"He did not tell you where he was going?"

"Of course. He said there were some papers at the office he wanted to study carefully, and that it probably would be late when he returned."

"Have you ever been to his office?"

"No. I didn't even know where it was. I never cared—I didn't like to have him mix business with our—our relationship, and Fred never talked business when he was at home, for that reason."

I thought there might also be other reasons why Fred had been willing to leave business out of their conversations. And I felt reasonably certain that Fred's "office" was purely fiction.

"What time was it when Fred returned this morning?"

"About five o'clock."

"You say he lit his cigarette with that scrap of paper before he went out the last

time he was home. Do you mean by that that he burned it just prior to his leaving for St. Louis?"

"Yes. It was the evening before."

"How long was Fred away on this last trip?"

"About two weeks."

Two weeks. I tried to connect up with some crime of significance dating back two weeks. I recalled the McAuliffe jewelry haul, which had been pulled off somewhere out on the public highway between the city and Emporia. As I remembered it, Eugene McAuliffe's chauffeur had been sandbagged, and his coat and cap utilized by the thug. This thug then had driven the millionaire's limousine, in which were McAuliffe's wife and two daughters, to the country, where they had been waylaid by a gang and robbed of thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry.

Fred Durham's hand had been suspected in the affair, but an alibi for Fred had been established in St. Louis.

"What day did Fred leave for St. Louis?"

The girl apparently struggled with certain mental figures as she drew her face into a puzzled frown.

"Why—it was Friday, I think—yes, it was Friday, two weeks ago."

FRIDAY! The day following the McAuliffe robbery! Fred's alibi was smashed, for he was not in St. Louis on Thursday, as had been said. He hadn't left until Friday.

I felt certain now that Fred Durham had had a hand in the McAuliffe affair. But what connection had the slip of yellow paper with it? What possible connection had the slip I held in my hand with Fred's death? Was it that the words, as Luella had suggested, represented some secret order, probably one that made it its business to deal out vengeance? Had Fred made a slip, and had he then been summarily dealt with by his own crowd?

As I pondered this thought, the real solution came to me suddenly, crystal clear. The words on the paper said "The Seventh Cross." In my state, the Highway Commission, in an effort to promote more careful driving, marks as a warning, with a white, wooden cross, the scene of each fatal accident wherein a life has been sacrificed through reckless driving. These crosses are appallingly numerous along old highways.

Supposing Fred was the substitute chauffeur in the McAuliffe robbery. His instructions from the chief of the gang were, say, that he was to be on the lookout for the bandits after he had reached and passed a certain designated number of these crosses. The directions would be to him clear and unmistakable, and at the same time, not so readily interpreted by anyone not "in the know," as any other specified landmark would unquestionably be. I was positive I had unearthed the clue to that robbery, and was on the trail of Fred's mysterious demise.

As I went to the extension telephone I had noticed hidden beneath the flaring skirts of a French doll, I felt Luella Montgomery's eyes burning into my back. She would have to lay down her last card now, I reflected. And if she was entirely innocent and unsuspecting, she was soon due for an unearthly jolt.

GROW—YES GROW



Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

By Lucille Young

America's most widely known Beauty Expert for fifteen years. Beauty Adviser to over a million women.

Now Eyelashes and Eyebrows can be made to grow. My new discovery MUST accomplish this, or its cost will be refunded in full. Over 10,000 women have made the test. I have the most marvelous testimonials. Read a few here. I have attested before a notary public, under oath, that they are genuine and voluntary.

The most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows **actually grow**. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can have them—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I know that women will be wild to put my new discovery to test. I want them to—at my risk. While everything else has failed, my search of years has at last disclosed the secret.

So now I say to women that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. There are no strings attached to my guarantee! No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes!" New growth or no pay. **And you are the sole judge.**

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Not just a few, but over ten thousand women have proved that my wonderful discovery works. I have from these women some of the most startling testimonials ever written. I print a few of them on this page. And I have sworn to their genuineness before a **notary public**. Please note the first testimonial—an amazing statement that my discovery actually produced hair on the forehead, for a "dip," as well as growing eyelashes and eyebrows.

What My Discovery Means to BEAUTY

To fringe the eyes with long, curling, natural lashes—to make the eyebrows intense, strong, silken lines! Think of it. All the mysterious, alluring charm of veiled eyes, the witchery and beauty only one woman in a hundred now possesses in full. But now you, everyone, can have this beauty—impart to loveliness this greatest of all single charms.

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. You merely follow simple directions. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that all you have to do is carry out use of my discovery the allotted time.

An Entirely New, Scientific Principle

For years, I have sought my discovery—tried thousands upon thousands of ways. But they were the ways others have tried. I, like others, failed utterly. Then I made a discovery, found that the roots of the eyelashes and eyebrows were marvelously responsive to a certain rare ingredient—found that this ingredient must be applied in an entirely **new way**. There is a secret about my discovery—but no mystery. It accomplishes its remarkable results just as nature does for those women who possess beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows. I **know** I have now given women the wish of their hearts—made the most astounding beauty discovery yet recorded

You Can Have Proof at My Sole Risk

Remember . . . in 30 days I guarantee results that will not only delight, but amaze. If your eyelashes and eyebrows do not actually grow, if you are not wholly and entirely satisfied, you will not be out one penny. The introductory price of my discovery is \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Send No Money With Order

Send no money . . . simply mail coupon. When package arrives, pay postman only \$1.95 plus a few cents postage. Use my wonderful discovery for full 30 days. Then if not delighted, return it and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to

Lucille Young

Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Screen Stars, Actresses, Society Women, and Professional Beauties please note. You are vitally interested in this discovery.

If you prefer, send \$1.95 with this coupon and I will pay the postage.

Read These Amazing Testimonial Letters

Dear Miss Young: I have just used your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier and have received good results. Furthermore, while I was applying it to my eyes, I thought I'd put it on my forehead at the side, to make a dip. I continued to do so and was astonished one day when I saw that there actually was hair on my forehead. I will have a natural dip on my forehead.

Luretta Prinze,
1952 Cudaback Ave.,
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Dear Lucille Young: I am more than pleased with your Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. My eyelashes are growing thick, long, and luxurious.

Miss Flora J. Corriveau,
9 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.

Dear Miss Young: I certainly am delighted with the Eyebrow and Eyelash Beautifier. I notice the greatest difference and so many people I come in contact with remark how silky and long my eyelashes appear to be.

Mlle. Hefflinger,
240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.

Lucille Young: I have been using your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier Method. It is surely wonderful!

Pearl Provo,
2954 Taylor St., N. E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Friend: A million or more thanks to you Miss Young. I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now. I will praise you to all my friends and I do not need to speak that praise—my appearance tells the tale.

Naomi Orstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.
My Dear Friend: Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous. The longer I use it the better the results.

Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2,
Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.



Lucille Young, 72C Lucille Young Bldg. Chicago, Ill.
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.95, plus a few cents postage. If not delighted, I will return it within 30 days and you will at once refund my money without question.

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St. Address _____
City _____ State _____

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Make your eyes deep pools of enchanting loveliness

THE witchery that smolders in heavenly eyes can now so easily be yours. Just a deft flick... and marvelous Winx weaves its magic spell. Your entire appearance is changed. Quickly, you become smarter, more beautiful and utterly fascinating.

With a naturalness that is supremely individual, this modish liquid lash dressing makes the eyes divinely beautiful... by framing them in a shadowy fringe of softly curling, luxuriant lashes.

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To capture such elusive beauty is now very easy. Lightly cover the lashes with Winx, using the dainty little plume. Then to obtain the most natural effect use a small, soft brush and instantly flick the top lashes upward and the lower lashes downward. This spreads Winx evenly from lid to lash tip.

This beauty will not vanish when you need it most. It is not transient or fragile... A tear... an unexpected cinder... glorious hours of swimming in fresh or salt water... Never fear for Winx. Its beauty remains undimmed because it is waterproof as well as lasting.

And unlike ordinary lash preparations you can apply Winx without fear of injuring the eyes or the lashes. It is harmless.

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It is better to remove Winx nightly, as most fastidious women do. Just pat cold cream or Lashlux on the lashes... then gently remove it with a cloth moistened in warm water, always stroking the lashes downward, not across. Winx comes off with the cream. You can also remove it easily with soap and water.

To be sure that your lashes are fashionable and beautiful insist upon Winx... the originator of the vogue. As only Winx can give your eyes the alluring charm which distinguishes the smart woman. Your choice of black or brown... 75c complete. At all toilet goods counters. At all drug stores. Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York City.



WINX

The Original Waterproof Liquid Lash Dressing

I called Headquarters, and got Lieutenant Smythe. "Lieutenant," I asked, "have you any reports of hold-ups anywhere outside the city limits last night?"

I was aware of a sharp intake of breath behind me.

The Lieutenant's voice came back, full and resonant: "About ten miles out, on the Turnpike, Henry Jarvis, of the Jarvis and Burke brokerage house, was waylaid and a robbery attempted. Jarvis was taking some valuable notes to their St. Louis office, and was well armed. He was quick with his gun, and frightened the thugs off. He thinks he got one of them, but he's not quite certain. Why do you ask?"

"Jarvis got his man all right, Lieutenant. You can tell the Chief to send a couple more men to the apartment where I am now," and I gave him the address. "I'll wait until they arrive." I gave him a complete report of the case so far as I

knew it, and hung up. Then I turned to face Lluella Montgomery, standing there against the wall, pale, hollow-eyed and tense. I saw that she understood, and in that moment something seemed to give way all at once, as if a current had suddenly been turned off. Before I knew it, the girl lay at my feet, a tragic, pathetic heap. Her illusions had vanished.

MY theory proved the correct one. Smythe himself went with me to count the pitiable, mute symbols of the dead. It was just beyond the seventh cross, out of the city limits, that the attempted hold-up had been staged by the gang of which Fred Durham was a member and where he had received the fatal bullet that had ended his colorful career.

After the case was cleared up, Lluella Montgomery must have left town, for I never saw, or heard of her again.

The Murder at Pinehurst

(Continued from page 64)

instant, but to my surprise she turned about again. Inwardly, I offered thanks to Providence. She had not seen me.

After pacing frantically about the room, the madwoman dropped to her knees and began scratching at the floor. Again I pressed my face against the pane. She had a small cuticle-knife in her hand, and was taking the screws from the corners of the hot-air register. She worked rapidly, and in a moment she removed the grating, and peered down the hole. As if satisfied at what she saw, she clasped her hands together over her breast and rocked back and forth on her knees, talking crazily to herself. What was the meaning of her strange actions?

As if in answer to my mental query, she again leaned over the open register, and cautiously reached her hand down the hole. I was dumbfounded—hardly able to believe my eyes. Mrs. Hess was pulling out a black bundle that seemed to hold some bulky object. I heard her horrible laugh. When she had laid the bundle on the floor, she carefully untied it and threw back the loose ends of what I then discovered was a black silk dressing-gown, disclosing a blood-stained hand-axe, the instrument with which, I had no doubt, young Giller had been killed.

I had seen enough. I watched my chance, and when the madwoman's face was turned away from the window, I pulled myself to a standing position, and made my way back to my own room. Then I got into touch with Crane and told him what I had seen.

"Ye gods!" he ejaculated excitedly. "We've got to get her in a straight-jacket before she has another spell and kills us all."

Young Doctor Martin was still in the house, and after enlisting his help, I called Carson, told him about Mrs. Hess' mental condition, and instructed him to knock on her door and tell her he had a telegram for her. I felt sure that she would open the door if she thought no one but Carson was there. I dared not use my key to gain admittance; I was afraid that she might, in her madness, dive through the window.

TIMIDLY Carson approached the door and rapped lightly. There was absolute silence for a moment, then some shuffling about, and finally Mrs. Hess' husky, rather masculine voice said, "Yes?"

"It is Carson, ma'am." The old man spoke in a low, quavering voice which grew noticeably stronger at a sharp jab in the ribs from me. "A telegram for you, please."

I could hear her moving the trunk and dressing-table so that she could open the door wide enough to receive the telegram. When the door was finally opened very cautiously, we burst in upon her. She fought us with all the strength of her madness, but we soon had her under control. Her arms were pinioned so that she could not injure herself. Then Doctor Martin administered an opiate.

All of us were pretty much excited, and none of us thought of going to bed again. I got in touch with Sergeant Kane and made arrangements to have the woman removed to a private hospital early the next morning. I attended to some other detail matters and was sitting in the library, smoking and talking with Crane about the many strange features of the case, when Carson came up to the open door.

"Could I speak to you, sir—alone, on a very important matter?" he asked.

"Yes, you may, Carson," I replied, motioning to Crane to withdraw.

When Crane had left the room, Carson closed the door cautiously, then walked up and stood before me, rubbing his hands together in a troubled manner.

"Something on your mind, Carson?" I asked helpfully.

"Yes, sir" he answered in a low voice. "Yes, sir. I have a confession to make."

"I am glad, Carson," I said encouragingly. "I am sure it will be to your ultimate advantage. What is on your mind?"

"I am the man who stole the Master's jewels, sir. I—I have them now."

"You stole the jewels?" I repeated in shocked surprise. I was not surprised especially that Carson was the thief, but I was astounded that he had decided to come clean and admit it.

"Yes."

"Where are they?" I asked quickly.

The old man stepped to the door, opened it, and beckoned to someone. He then stood aside, and in walked the Irish housekeeper, Kitty Haney, carrying the plunder. So, there had been team-work here, after all! Carson took a large box and two small jewel-cases from the woman, and placed them on the table before me.

"Everything is here, sir," he said, lowering.

"So you two teamed up and robbed your Master, eh?" I said, pushing the boxes aside, and looking at the couple coldly.

"We did not," snapped Kitty Haney, bristling. "We—"

"Now, Kitty, please!" old Carson said soothingly, pushing her back gently into a chair. "You promised not to blow up. Shall I explain, Mr. Hosmer?" he said, turning to me with an imploring look.

"Yes, please."

Carson bowed.

"I have been the Master's man, his valet, for many, many years, sir," he began proudly, "and I worship the ground he walks on. Miss Haney has been with us seven years, sir, and she, too, is very devoted to the Master. Shortly after Mr. Baintree's relatives came to *Pinchurst*, Miss Haney and I seemed to sense that things were not right. We could not tell what inspired the suspicion, but we both had the same impression. Then one night I came upon a dark figure slinking along the hall, and once Miss Haney came upon Mr. Frank on his knees before the study door, trying a key in the lock.

"We put two and two together," he continued, "and decided that there was a conspiracy on foot to rob the Master, so we became very alert and watchful. About a couple or three days after Miss Haney came upon Mr. Frank in the hallway, my keys were stolen. I do not know how or when they were taken, but they disappeared. I am always very careful of them, and I was sure I had not lost them. I was afraid to tell the Master about it, for fear he would think me negligent; so I said nothing about the matter, but had a new set made from the master-keys. After that, we were doubly watchful, knowing that someone in the house had keys, not only to the Master's sleeping apartment but to the study also. Miss Haney and I usually busied ourselves about the house and kept an eye on things until well after midnight."

I began to see now the real significance of the team-work existing between Carson and Miss Kitty Haney.

"On the night of the robbery and murder," Carson went on, "I was not feeling well and mentioned the fact to Miss Haney. She said that she would stay in the house that night and keep an eye on things while I got some rest. She occupied the room across the hall from the Master's sleeping apartment. For her protection she carried with her a hunting-knife from the case in the den."

So, that was how the knife got out of the case!

"Miss Haney lay down about midnight—without undressing—and fell into a light, uneasy sleep. She awoke some time later, and thought she heard a noise. She stepped to the door, and opened it. As she did so, she saw a dark figure——"



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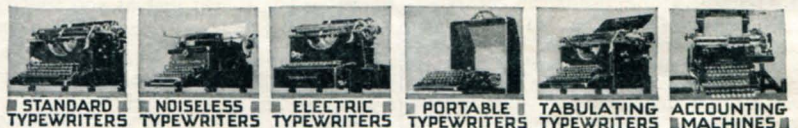
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"Just a minute!" I said, interrupting him. "Suppose we let Miss Haney tell what happened at this point." I turned toward her. "Go ahead, Miss Haney."

"When I saw this dark figure backing slowly out of the Master's study," she said quickly, her eyes snapping, "I didn't hesitate. I gave him a couple of good digs in the back with the knife I had in my hand. I meant to mark him so we'd know who it was. Before he could turn, I was back in my room and had closed the door silently."

"Do you know who it was?" I asked.

"I do not. I never saw his face. But I knew that whoever it was, he had no business there. I had a suspicion that it was Frank Baintree, because I had seen him trying to get into the study once before. When I looked out in the hall again, the man was gone. Then I called Carson, and we made an investigation. We found the Master on the floor, his head bleeding—"

"I thought you found Mr. Baintree at eight-thirty o'clock, when you went to call him," I said to Carson.

"I did tell you that, sir," Carson admitted, hesitatingly, "but that was before we decided to tell you the truth."

"I see. All right, now, Carson, you may take up the story again and tell me what occurred after that."

"Well, Miss Haney and I were together when we found the Master. We put him on the bed and tried to revive him, but I saw that he was in pretty bad shape. I saw the thief had been trying to get into the cabinet where the Master keeps his papers, and I was afraid that the jewels were gone, but they weren't."

"How did you know about the jewels?" I asked.

"I came into the study one day from the Master's sleeping room and saw him work the releases, open the safe, and take out the jewels. I withdrew without him hearing me. I wouldn't have touched the gems if Mr. Baintree had left them spread upon the library table every day, sir, but I was curious to know how that safe worked, and I finally found out—that is, I could work it all but the combination. When we found the Master unconscious I told Miss Haney about the jewels, and we decided that we ought to get them out of the safe and hide them before some of those crooks stole them. I didn't know who would take charge while the Master was incapacitated, and I didn't want to take any chances. I worked the releases and got to the safe, but I had to knock the dial off to get the gems. Together Miss Haney and I hid them."

"Where did you hide them?"

"Behind the small altar in my room, sir," Kitty Haney spoke up, "where the Blessed Lady could watch over them."

"Either my daughter Mona or Miss Haney was in the room all the time," Carson added.

"You left things just as you found them, did you not?" I said, "in order to make it appear that whoever slugged Mr. Baintree and attempted to force the cabinet safe, was also the jewel thief?"

"Exactly, sir." Old Carson beamed.

"You are a huge success, Carson," I said in highly complimentary tones. "You had even me fooled."

"And now, Miss Haney, there are a few

questions that I want to ask you," I said, turning to the housekeeper. "You have told how you got the hunting-knife from the case and struck the intruder in the back. What did you do with the knife after that?"

"I hid it in my room, and after we found the Master, we had our hands so full I forgot all about the devilish thing for a while. However, your investigation worried me, and when I thought of the knife, I took it out to the garage, dug a hole, and buried it. But how did you get it?"

"I never reveal my methods, Miss Haney," I said, smiling. "What I want to know is how you discovered I had it, and how you regained possession of it."

"Carson told me you had it. Getting it back was no trick. I washed it, and put it in the case in the den, where it belonged."

Carson and Kitty had been discussing the matter of the knife when I came unexpectedly upon them, the day before.

"And when I found you mopping the floor in the room across from your Master's study—" I suggested.

"I was afraid some blood might be there, and that you'd get inquisitive, discover I slept in the room, and connect me with the killing of poor Mr. Giller—may the Lord rest his soul."

There were still some things to be explained, but I felt convinced that the other happenings could be laid at the door of the madwoman, Mrs. Hess.

IT was more than a month before I was able even to see her. She had been undergoing treatment at a private hospital for the insane, and I was surprised to find her apparently as sane as any one when finally I was permitted to see her. I was told, however, that her madness was caused from a nervous disorder and was incurable. She would always have periods of sanity, but at any moment a fit of madness might come upon her, and she would become violent and brutally vicious.

I was very cautious about how I proceeded with her, even though I knew that she was normal, for the time being, and that two white-coated attendants stood just outside the door. I led up to the murder of young Giller gradually and with tact. She did not become in the least disturbed when I asked her point blank why she had murdered him.

"I was mad," she said, shaking her head sadly—"mad as a hatter. When I was normal, I liked the boy, but when one of these spells would come upon me, I hated him. I was obsessed with the idea that John was going to give the bulk of the money to him, leaving Ethel and me penniless. I thought about it until it drove me mad. I kept away from the family all I could, for fear that they would see by my eyes that I was insane. I stayed to myself, and planned, planned, planned."

"I would stand at the door every night," she continued, "and watch and listen for him to come up. I would spy around and try to figure out how I could get to him. Then I hit upon the idea of getting the keys from Carson. It was easy. I discovered that he carried them on a ring in his right coat pocket. I loosened a heel on my slipper, and watched until I saw him coming down the hall. I met him just as the heel came off my slipper and tripped me. He caught me as I stumbled, and I

slipped my hand in his pocket and got the keys."

The woman laughed shrilly at the repetition of her own cleverness, and I began to feel vaguely uncomfortable.

"With the keys in my possession I gained confidence in myself. A plan came to me. I knew that there was a codicil attached to my father's will, directing how the trust fund should be disposed of in case John should not be living when it expired. If I could get that codicil and destroy it, and then if George Giller should die, the only heirs would be myself and Frank Baintree. Then, if Ethel could marry Frank, we would have all of the money."

So that was what had inspired the terrible tragedy. She was in the study, trying to get into the cabinet and destroy the codicil when she had been surprised by John, and she had had to strike him down to cover her act. Believing him dead, she did not hesitate to carry out the rest of her plan, which involved the killing of George Giller. In her haste she had left the study door unlocked, and thus it was that Tony Moretti had found it unlocked shortly afterward when he went there to steal the jewels.

"I was like some mad beast," the woman went on, telling of the actual slaying, "when I thought I had killed John. My blood seemed to boil, and I had the urge to kill—kill all who stood between me and the money that would make me independent of everybody. Young Giller and the butler's daughter were friends, although I think no one knew except me, and they were out somewhere together that night until about eleven o'clock. I was watching and saw George enter his room. After I thought I had killed John, I decided to do for George Giller, too. I had a small hand-axe which I had purchased after I had made up my mind what I was going to do. After leaving the study, I stepped into my room only long enough to get the axe. With my keys I opened the door to Giller's room noiselessly. He did not hear me. I struck. He did not move. My hate of the boy surged over me, and I struck him again and again to make sure that he was dead."

I shuddered as she related in a cool voice how she had done for young Giller.

"You did all that in a darkened room, Mrs. Hess?" I asked, remembering how the man had been cut almost into ribbons.

"No. I switched on the lights after I struck him a few times. I had to see—don't you know I did?" She leaned forward with a searching look, as if she couldn't understand my denseness. "I did not think of the danger of detection then. My one object was to be rid of George Giller—rid of him forever."

"And it was you who visited the death-chamber the night after the slaying?" I asked.

"Yes. I did not know that you were there. I barely reached my room when I heard you running down the hall."

"Why did you return to the death-chamber, Mrs. Hess?" I pursued. "Surely you must have known, before you left the room, that your victim was dead and your trail covered."

"That is just it. I wasn't sure. I was drawn there against my will, haunted by the fear that he wasn't dead, that he would live and tell of what I had done. I had

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seen the ambulance come and go, they told me he was dead, and yet it seemed to me that he was still in the room. I wanted to see if he really was gone, and to see if I had left anything behind that might connect me with the murder."

"But you visited the room later on—after I had left—did you not?" I asked, remembering the small black hairpin which I had picked up the next day.

"Yes. How did you know?" she asked quickly.

"I found a small black hairpin," I answered, saying nothing about the sealed door.

I rose to go. So far as I was concerned, everything had been explained to my entire satisfaction. The woman rose also.

"John has been to see me," she said, tears coming to her eyes, "and I begged him to take me away from here, but he wouldn't."

I looked at her. She was a handsome, elderly woman, intelligent, well poised.

On the Trail of "The Rat"

(Continued from page 25)

Police of this city to-day are investigating a nation-wide search for Eileen Gravesend, 17, daughter of Captain Mortimer Gravesend, wealthy retired river man. The girl either left home voluntarily, or was lured away. Her mother is prostrated. Captain Gravesend is in the North on business, and could not be reached. The girl has talent for a stage career, and it is believed that she may have gone out with a road troupe, although relatives scout this theory.

I THRUST the "flimsy" into my pocket and went to the city desk, pleading what is known as a "hunch" in the parlance of the newsrooms.

"Have one on me, too," a copy-reader called blithely, and the others joined in the laugh as I sped out with my chief's permission. The gibe was natural enough, for reporters who rushed from their desks at a critical moment were frequently known to go out for liquid inspiration in those days. In that instance, however, I went to the Gibson House.

"Gravesend checked out to-day," the clerk advised me, and, seeing my expression of disappointment, added: "What's the matter—did he owe you money?"

I turned and made for the *Blue Moon* by the shortest route. This night, I determined, I had better enter the place slowly and as inconspicuously as possible. Accordingly, instead of approaching by way of the swinging doors, I moved silently into the alley towards the side entrance.

The sound of voices, the clink of glasses and the tinny music from a nickel-in-the-slot piano came to me through the thin-boarded walls.

The piano suddenly ceased its tune as the roll ran out, and, while some one inserted a coin in the slot, there came one of those momentary silences that occur occasionally in almost any crowd. But in that fleeting instant I heard voices above me. They were drowned again as the music resumed and the bar broke into its customary clamor. Looking up I saw a slit of light at a window on the second floor in the rear.

That room was used, I knew, by a privi-

leged few who gambled there, and sometimes entertained river women from the big dance floor below.

It was hard for me to realize that she was the brutal slayer of young George Giller and the madwoman whom I had seen through the window, gloating over the weapon with which she had put to death the only man, as she thought, who stood between her and fortune.

"Well, thank Heaven we are done with this case!" Crane remarked, as we left the hospital and started back to town. "It sure had my goat."

"You should crab," I said dryly. "I did most of the work, and it's probably the biggest case we will ever have the honor of working on. Besides, you wanted to be in on the deal, didn't you?"

"Surest thing!" answered Crane, apologetically, and added with a chuckle: "I wanted to be in on it, but I was expecting just a mystery, and not a flock of mysteries. But—we solved 'em all, didn't we?"

"We did," I replied thankfully, and Case No. 560 was officially closed.

"We did," I replied thankfully, and Case No. 560 was officially closed.

It was impossible to hear voices from that room with the din of the bar in competition. Lying on a set of wooden horses in the alley was an ancient rowboat, useful at floodtime in the spring when the Ohio on a rampage overflowed its banks. Cautiously I climbed up on this boat and swung to the rickety fire-escape on the adjoining building, used as a warehouse. By lying flat I could peer across the blackness of the alley and into the narrow slit of light at the window.

I COULD make out several figures, yet not clearly enough to distinguish them, even had I known them by sight. While I strained my ears a heavy step sounded below in the alley, and I shrank against the wall as I peered down. The newcomer moved to the side door rapidly and pushed it violently inward. In the sudden glare of light I recognized Wally Ferguson.

"Cut the racket," he boomed, with a huge oath, and the barroom became silent as though stricken, but for the ragtime tune from the reedy piano.

"Shut that damned thing off!" he barked, still framed in the doorway, a great, bulking figure in stained overalls.

The notes of the music died in a weird squawk. "The bulls'll be down here to-night you—" The door banged behind him and I took a long breath, my first since he appeared beneath me.

The quiet in the barroom continued, but almost immediately I distinguished Ferguson's voice in the room opposite me across the alley.

"Why didn't you rats keep that gang quiet below?" he growled. "It's fine to be raisin' hell around here now, ain't it? The bulls are wise, I'm tellin' you. Now listen—we gotta pull out quick, see? I've done the dirty work in this deal—you guys get the rake-off easy—"

His voice rumbled off into an angry monotone that I could not make out.

Then I caught the voice of another man.

(Continued on page 78)

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"He is registered from N' Orleans, Wally."

"New Orleans. T' hell you say!"

I could read Ferguson's blank astonishment in that last.

"He's a dick—an' you let him hang around here?"

"If he's a dick he's a new one, or a private," said a third man. "I know every mug on the force down there, Wally. This ol' gink don't b'long. But he's lookin' for you, all right."

"Was he alone?"

"Sure."

"Some'n is all wrong," Wally continued. "He couldn't be wise to no job in New Orleans yet. The gang only got that dame night before last. What t' hell? Ain't they bringin' her up the Mississip this minute? Ain't we headin' down wit' our dames now? G'wan, you rats are scart before you're caught!"

"We ain't welchin', Wally," the first man spoke again. "Only we'd better be movin' if we're goin' to. You got the boat ready, you say?"

There was nervous tension in his words.

"Sure, she's ready. What t' hell you think I been doin'?" Wally spat scornfully.

THE sound of scraping chairs and foot-falls sent me sliding to earth. In some way I had to reach the police before Ferguson pulled out. Swiftly I walked to the street as the door of the *Blue Moon* swung back and forth after a figure that had entered a moment before. I followed, trying to appear casual, and nodding to the heavy-jowled bartender, went to my accustomed place near the door, intending to wait but a minute or two, and depart. As I raised my eyes to look along the bar, they went straight to the amused gray eyes of Mortimer Gravesend.

In the same instant a river-rat detached himself from the crowd and started for the rear door that led to the stairs. Gravesend had not been served. He was on the point of speaking to me, fatal error, when Ferguson loomed at the rear door, almost stepping on the man who had started to warn him. The psychological moment had arrived, and my muscles grew taut as I tried to keep emotion from my face.

The would-be messenger spat a hasty warning from the side of his mouth and the men in that vicinity shifted. Gravesend, about to speak to me, caught the expression of alarm in my face as I looked over his shoulder, and he half turned to face Wally Ferguson.

"You lookin' for me?" Ferguson's red eyes narrowed and his right hand dropped into the pocket of his overalls.

"Are you Mistah Ferguson?" inquired Gravesend mildly.

"Yes, an' what t' hell of it?"

Gravesend looked startled and a little bewildered. His eyes shot a question, but he remained calm.

"Why, I've been lookin' fo' you fo' quite a spell, suh."

He moved from his place at the bar and his left hand went up to the inner pocket of his coat. "I've got somethin' heah—"

"Keep it!"

Ferguson's words shot from his lips like bullets as he whipped a flat blue-steel automatic from his pocket.

"You don't serve nothin' on me, see! Git your hand away from that pocket!" he shouted.

Gravesend halted, and it seemed that pale blue lights sped from his eyes. His hand, midway to his breast, moved upward a bare trifle. A red flash and a roar burst from Ferguson's gun, and a second report cracked out from a long-barreled pistol which Gravesend fired from his armpit. Ferguson reeled as his automatic went spinning to the floor and his voice rose to a thick yell. Some one hurled a bottle, and the lights went out, while the bawling of men, the pounding of running feet, sounded over and above all else.

THE doors burst open and a dozen searchlights pierced the semi-gloom, revealing the shimmer of as many guns, as the police raiders made their entry in a headlong rush.

"Hands up! Line up against the wall there!" boomed a lieutenant.

Some one turned on the lights, and those that had not been smashed cast their radiance on the scene in a swift flood. Standing where he had first approached Ferguson, Gravesend was gazing about with an expression of great bewilderment. On the floor, gripping one bleeding wrist in a massive paw, Ferguson blinked up at the police.

"What's the matter with you, Wally?" inquired the Lieutenant, carelessly pointing the business end of his gun at the prostrate figure.

"And who are you?" He had turned swiftly upon Gravesend. "Here, drop that gun!"

For the first time the Lieutenant noticed that the lank figure held a long pistol, its awkward barrel pointing to the floor, the smoke from its powder still acrid in the room.

"My name, suh, is Gravesend—Mortimer Gravesend, of N'Orleans."

Quick recognition gleamed in the policeman's eyes, followed instantly by doubt.

"Gravesend, eh? Maybe you know a girl named Eileen Gravesend? She's from New Orleans too, and she—"

"I beg youah pardon, suh; that is my daughter. What do you mean, suh, by mentionin' her name in this—"

A second squad of police crashed in, drowning his words, and a sergeant ran toward the Lieutenant.

"We've got 'em, Loot," he snapped grimly; "boat an' all. It was Wally, all right—found the girls—tied and gagged below. He had steam up ready to go—"

The Lieutenant nodded.

"All right, Jim. Round 'em up!"

"The guard on the boat squawked, Loot," continued the Sergeant. "We'd better get the wires workin'. Wally was to meet his other boat comin' up from New Orleans—they got that dame aboard and maybe some others by now."

Suddenly Gravesend forgot his daze. In a long stride he was standing before the Lieutenant, and the old pistol still hung in his hand.

"What does this mean, suh?" he was demanding, his eyes flashing blue electric fire again.

That was my cue. I pushed in beside him. "Lieutenant, this is the father of that girl from New Orleans."

(Continued on page 80)

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Gave pen thorough tryout. Enclosed find sample of work I have to perform. Have been using pencil. Never got entire satisfaction. Hard pencil makes original too pale and soft pencil makes poor copy. I am highly pleased. S. M. Cooper, Inkograph Division, P. O., South Bend, Ind.

I found the Inkograph all you represent it to be and I was very well satisfied with it. I made a great mistake when I bought the Inkograph, as I did not take out Loss or Theft Insurance on the pen, for the pen is worth more writing this to ask that you send me another Inkograph by return mail, charges C.O.D. I can recommend the Inkograph very highly to anyone who needs a pen which will stand up under very hard usage. George B. Moore, Columbia, Fla.

It sure has improved my hand writing—I never took home any medals for penmanship but I can almost read my own writing since I got this pen. M. F. Johnson, Medina, Wis.

I want to thank you for the return of my Inkograph pen, which you repaired for me. I feel rather lost without this pen in my pocket. I prefer it to any pen I ever carried principally because of the ease with which one can write with it, not having to be careful whether you slide the pen to the North, East, South or West, it flows freely in all directions. Wm. B. Brown, New York, N. Y.

Received my Inkograph and same is filling a long-sought want. Kindly send two more of the same style by parcel post collect as soon as possible. Theodore Priestley, Akron, Ohio.

I bought one of your pens a year ago. You sure build the best pen on the market to my notion. Frank R. Ellsworth, Fargo, N. D.

I wouldn't take \$5.00 for the pen I am writing this letter with. I have a good fountain pen but don't write any more with it. I am proud of the Inkograph and that I can say this to you and mean every word of it. R. H. Wilson, Beckley, W. Va.

Paris Does Know Beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Every summer I go to Paris, when my stage work ends, to learn the latest aids to beauty. Paris gave me as a girl the beauty that made me famous. She has kept my youth. So I go there yearly to get her latest discoveries, just as dressmakers go for styles.

I bring them back to you. Every help I use is supplied by all toilet counters. It is at the call of every girl who wants more beauty, of every woman who wants youth.

One is Edna Wallace Hopper's Youth Cream. That combines many helps in one. It contains, among other things, products of both lemon and strawberry, the greatest of complexion aids. But there are several other modern helps of great importance to the face skin.

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I apply one at night, the other in the morning. Never is my face skin without this care and protection. Please note the result. Few young girls have a complexion as soft and as rosy as mine. Yet mine is a grandmother's age.

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THE officer studied Gravesend fleetingly, then his eyes went to Ferguson, still on the floor, with a patrolman standing guard over him.

"Then you shot this fellow for kidnapping your daughter?" asked the Lieutenant.

Gravesend again was bewildered.

"My daughter, kidnapped—Eileen—Lord, no, suh. I came all the way up heah from N'Orleans to see this man on a business mattah. I been wantin' to sell him a boat. An' when I did run plumb into him right heah in this barroom, suh, he acted bel-

ligerent and insultin'. I got the plans of my boat right heah in my pocket, suh. He pulled a gun on me, suh, so I just shot it out o' his hand—"

"Then you didn't know Ferguson's gang had taken your daughter? You didn't know he's a white-slaver?"

Gravesend spun about, and the Lieutenant stooped to grasp the heavy old pistol as its barrel came up.

"If I'd known that, suh," asked the man plaintively, surrendering the weapon, "do you reckon I'd have shot him in the wrist?"

"Hop-Head Bo"

(Continued from page 37)

On that trail I again played in luck.

Going straight to Haslin's room, I looked over things there and found a letter signed "Carita" and postmarked the previous day. In it she first begged for his forgiveness, but concluded by threatening that if he did not come to her, she would kill him and the Carrigan girl. The letter had been sent by special delivery, and the required return address was on the corner of the envelope.

A taxicab took me to the place double speed—a little hotel in the Spanish quarter in West Thirteenth Street. Picking up the policeman on post, I entered the place and learned that the woman was ill in her room and was being cared for by a physician summoned by the clerk. Going to the room, we found her talking to the doctor.

She admitted her identity and that she was the Kid's woman, but insisted she had just been informed of his death by telephone and that this had caused her collapse. She refused to make any other statement—even when I told her what I knew about the affair at the Mop and her threats to kill Haslin.

Her silence only became more sullen and determined when I found a stiletto concealed inside her dress and another in her trunk. I placed her under arrest and took her to the station in a cab.

Eldridge then tried to get something from her, but she would do no more than give her pedigree. Following that, she was sent to another station where there were accommodations for women. Next, Pat and Helen again repeated the stories they had told the Inspector and me, and signed the statements taken down by a stenographer. In neither statement did they make any admission indicating they had known of the killing until they heard of it from me. Pat was sent to Headquarters to await further questioning by the District Attorney, and the girl was transferred to a different station from the one to which Carita had been sent.

The Inspector and I then went into conference in his office, but soon were interrupted by the Medical Examiner. In substance, his report was that Haslin had been killed by a single knife-thrust. The weapon had reached the heart and the Kid had died practically upon the instant. The doctor was unable to estimate the force behind the blow, as the knife had not encountered a bone and the thrust had been so true that even a slight woman could have delivered it. His judgment confirmed mine—either a person of small

stature had struck the blow, or the murderer had been crouching when he knifed Haslin.

WHEN the Medical Examiner had departed, I examined the murder-knife. It was an ordinary affair, with a six-inch blade of good steel fitted into a black wooden handle. The two things which made it distinctive were that the blade had been filed until it was virtually a stiletto and some one had cut a notch in the handle; probably an identification mark.

My deduction was that the knife, before being mutilated, was of the kind generally used to cut tough substances such as leather and rubber. I hoped to trace it, though there was no chance of finding finger-prints upon it.

When I put the knife aside, Eldridge turned to me. "Well, Burke, we've got plenty of prisoners, but at this moment I'm not prepared to say which one is guilty. What do you say?"

"Tell you the truth, Inspector," I said, "I think we're still a mighty long way from actually being able to pin the killing of Kid Duster on any one. Take Slattery, first. Though we already have sufficient evidence to obtain a grand-jury indictment, or pretty nearly enough, I simply can't believe he turned the trick. He isn't the kind who'd use a knife. He admits freely he intended to try to kill Haslin. But he was going to use a gat, face him, and shoot it out. He's got a bad temper and is a scrapper. But in every fight I know of, in which he took part, he fought fairly. Besides, he was loading that gun when I arrested him, and he wasn't doing it as a play to throw the police off. That's too thin.

"And this Carrigan girl didn't do it. I'm almost convinced she can be counted out entirely. The Kid's girl, the Spanish woman, is vicious enough and has the nerve, but I don't think she's guilty. If she was going to put him out, why did she use that old filed knife for the job when she always carried a real stiletto and had another in her room? Besides, I'm convinced she was so dead crazy over Haslin that no beating would have made her turn on him. Because of her jealousy, she might have knifed the little singer if she'd gotten the chance. But she wanted the Kid back and she'd have fought any one who tried to harm him."

The Inspector nodded slowly, "I'm inclined to think you're right, Burke. We've got three prisoners, but probably not the

murderer. Just the same, Slattery got himself in 'dutch' with his threats. The Mop gang believes he killed the Kid. They're certain to frame a case on him. They'll swear his life away if ever he goes to trial."

"I know," I admitted. "And that means I've got a real job cut out for me. I've simply got to dig up the truth and clear him—for the sake of old Pat, who isn't here to do it himself."

JUST then the buzzer rasped, and the Inspector placed the receiver to his ear. Then, "Yes, this is Inspector Eldridge." Watching him, I saw his brow suddenly go up and a one-sided grin twist his mouth. Next, "I'll be there; in a half an hour."

"That was our friend, the Hop-Head," he said, reaching for his hat. "He didn't offer much. But from the way his voice trembled I think he's run across something important. He always talks like that when he's excited and in need of a sniff of coke. Come on, we're going to meet him at a place down-town where our 'stools' report."

In a taxi we made the trip quickly to a shabby and dilapidated studio building on the edge of Greenwich Village. Hop-Head Bo crept out of the shadows and joined us, as the Inspector used his latch-key and led the way to a room on the ground floor, rear. When the door was secured behind us, Eldridge switched on the lights. The Hop-Head, who had been there before, sat-slumped in a chair, his limbs trembling, his features twitching, his eyes almost as wide and wild as those of a maniac.

"You remember Burke?" asked the Inspector.

"Sure. I never forget me friends. I seen him in the alley with you. But I'm all shot now. Been working—busy as hell ever since you left. I need—"

"I know, I'll give you some money when you've told us what you've learned."

The dope-ridden wretch, weakened, wrinkled, unkempt, looking three times his age—which I knew was about twenty-two—moistened his dry lips.

"You've pinched Slattery and his girl and the Kid's woman. I found out all right." A cunning leer twisted his shrunken features. "But you're all wrong. None of 'em done it; even if Slattery did make a sucker of himself in the Mop."

"Well, who do you think did it?"

"I don't think; I know. It was Knuckles Kelly."

"Nonsense. Knuckles wouldn't have dared go near the Mop. Any of the Dusters who saw him would have dropped him on sight."

Hop-Head Bo burst into sudden fury and beat his clenched hands upon the arms of his chair. "I tell you he was there. Listen." Then, quickly, though his sentences were a bit disjointed, he told us on what he based his charge—facts he had learned after hours of persistent searching through the San Juan Hill district. A week before, some of Kid Duster's hi-jackers had stolen a load of liquor being smuggled to Knuckles from Newark, and had beaten up his men. The robbery, one of several recent indignities forced upon Kelly by the Dusters, had caused him a financial loss of some thousands of dollars.

Thoroughly aroused, he had told his followers he intended to "get" Haslin—

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and alone. And he had gone about armed with two automatics since that time, waiting for a favorable opportunity to kill. The night of the murder, disguised as a chauffeur, Knuckles had driven past the Mop several times in a borrowed taxi, hoping to see the Kid in the street, shoot him, and make his get-away in the cab. The Hop-Head would not tell how he had learned this, but insisted it was true.

GIVING him a \$5 bill, Eldridge told him to go home and get some sleep, and next day return to the vicinity of the Mop and try to learn something more.

It was nearly daylight when the Hop-Head left us, but we determined to act upon his tip at once. Eldridge knew where Knuckles lived, and it was the best time to catch one of his ilk in bed and asleep.

The capture of the leader of the Car Barns gang was easy. Slipping into the tenement where he lived with his mother, we made our way to his flat and found the hall door ajar and the old woman cooking her breakfast. Tiptoeing into the room with revolvers drawn, we caught her off guard. Her arms went up, and she gave no cry.

With Eldridge covering her—so that she would not shriek a warning—I moved quietly to the door from behind which came a rumbling snore. It was unlocked, and I was inside and had jabbed Knuckles in the ribs with my automatic before he awoke and attempted to reach the gat beneath his pillow. Pocketing the weapon, I summoned the Inspector. Before permitting Kelly to dress, we searched his clothing and found a chauffeur's badge.

When he was informed that he was arrested on suspicion of having killed Haslin, he protested his innocence, and insisted he could produce many witnesses who would swear he hadn't left his speak-easy the night before until long after word of the Kid's death reached there. His explanation of how the badge came into his possession was that he had found it and did not know its owner. The Inspector took him to the station, while I, with the badge in my possession, began a systematic search of the neighborhood garages. Not being known—and I'm glad to say that I do not look like the typical "flattie"—I was met without suspicion. I said I had found the badge in a near-by street and desired to return it to its owner. It required time, but persistent effort brought a reward. In a little garage up an alley, in which were several taxicabs, the owner identified the badge number, and showed me a car with a corresponding number and a picture of the driver in a little frame inside. Immediately I disclosed my identity, took possession of the machine, and drove it to the station. When I searched it there, I found stuffed beneath the rear seat the cap and coat of the real driver—which Knuckles probably had worn—and a fully loaded automatic.

THESE were important clues against Kelly, but something else interested me even more. The gasoline tank was almost full. I wondered if Knuckles had discovered he was low on "gas" after cruising about for a time and had the tank filled at one of the stations near the Mop. It was worth investigating. And, if I learned this to be a fact, I would have something con-

crete to contradict his story that he had not been near the place.

I spent two more hours on that job before making a strike. At an all-night station on Tenth Avenue I located the man who had supplied Kelly with the gasoline the night previous. He was a distant relative of the Kid, was bitterly angry over the killing, and admitted the truth under persistent questioning.

Confronting Knuckles with the evidence I had obtained, he refused absolutely to talk—except to repeat his statement that he hadn't killed Haslin and did not know who had. For some reason, and despite his other lies, I had a hunch he was telling the truth. He was not a knife man. Guns were his weapons. He had set out deliberately with two gats to kill his enemy, and he intended to use the car for a get-away. He had counted upon the cap and greatcoat to so disguise him that he would not be recognized. Why, then, should he go into the alley next to the Mop, where anyone at close quarters might recognize him—a circumstance which would place him at a disadvantage and probably cost him his life?

Four long days of hard work by myself and others of the Department dragged by without one new fact of importance being turned up. The four prisoners had been arraigned. Slattery had been held without bail on a charge of suspicion of murder, and Knuckles, the Carrigan girl and Carita Llanos as material witnesses. Helen Carrigan was sent temporarily to a home, but the others were behind bars. Neither Kelly nor the Spanish woman attempted to get out on bail. Perhaps they followed this course because they hoped to convince the authorities they were innocent and were willing to remain where they could be watched at all times until they could be cleared by new discoveries.

My guess, however, was that neither dared go into the open lest some of the followers of the Kid should kill them. In the circumstances, with four persons being held by the police as being concerned in Haslin's killing, the gangsters were likely to kill both Kelly and the Spanish woman—if they could reach them—to make certain they got the right one.

I ALSO learned that Slattery was marked, and that an attempt might be made to kill him on his way to and from the District Attorney's office—where he was taken frequently for questioning. Thereafter, he was closely guarded.

But, though we had four prisoners, any one of whom had cause, according to the underworld code, to kill the Kid—and although practically everyone in the Department and thousands outside believed one of them was guilty—I was up a tree. For not only was I unable to get any A—Number One evidence against any of the quartet, but a sort of sixth sense warned me I was on the wrong trail.

Several times the Hop-Head had reported to Eldridge or me concerning instances where Knuckles and his band had been robbed or peached upon by the Dusters. And shopkeepers and other reputable persons told us they had heard Kelly threaten to get his enemy. We kept track of these things for future use, but were careful not to frighten any who volunteered information, lest they hold back



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anything new they learned. Never, however, did the Hop-Head deviate from his assertions that Knuckles was the killer. And in the hope that he would uncover something to clinch his contention, Eldridge kept him supplied with sufficient funds so he could keep himself keyed up with dope and remain on his job.

Several times a day the Inspector and I discussed the case, schemed for new trails, and personally worked on every lead we could think of. But he finally had to agree with me that we faced a stone wall. The newspapers were clamoring for action. Our utmost endeavors failed to uncover anyone else who had reason to put the Kid out of the way and was near the Mop on the fatal night.

Possibly, despite my belief to the contrary, we actually had the killer in custody. If so, which was the guilty one? We didn't feel like going before the Grand Jury and asking for an indictment against any one of the three. Down in our hearts we knew we had no more evidence against one than the others. Our only hope was that, under the strain of confinement, one of our prisoners would break down.

Almost another week rolled by. Each night—or, rather, early morning—I would return home disgusted. Finally, pretty close to sun-up one morning, after hours of smoking and thinking, I got a new hunch. Why not trace back the record of the Kid with particular attention to his escapades with women? Perhaps, by doing this, I might uncover a new lead which would tend to strengthen the case against one of the prisoners, or point toward a new suspect.

AFTER a brief sleep, I confided in Eldridge, received his approval to work the fresh trail, and started forth, hopeful but not sanguine. Incidentally, I carried with me the murder-knife. I didn't know how I would use it, but, considering the many persons I expected to question, there might be some one who would recognize it.

It wasn't long before I was back in the old neighborhood where Haslin once had held forth, where Eldridge had seen much service, and where I had worked for a rather brief time. I met many former acquaintances who were tickled to see me again and gave me the glad hand. The Kid had come into prominence after I had left that precinct. But, with the assistance of my friends, I not only picked up his trail, but uncovered two important leads, the names of two women with whom he had lived and whom he had deserted before going up-town.

By nightfall I had run down these clues and was compelled to admit that neither of the women could be classed as a promising suspect. One had married a hard-working laborer, and was making him a good wife. The husband was of the rather dull, unimaginative type, not the kind to seek out and kill a former lover of the woman he'd married. And she surely had no reason to commit a crime likely to upset her delayed happiness.

The other woman was living with a prosperous gambler, having more money to spend and better clothing to wear than when she was with the Kid. By no stretch of imagination could I figure either her or the gambler as working up sufficient

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resentment to murder Haslin. However, the gambler got wind that I had been making inquiries concerning him, sought me out, and advised me to locate a youth named Billy Farnum, who had often talked loudly about the Kid's shabby treatment of a woman some time back. I recalled that I had once arrested Farnum for some schoolboy prank.

The following day I located him. After laughing over the incident of his arrest, I confided to him that I was trying to uncover the back trail of the Kid, particularly any woman he had treated badly.

"He sure was a dirty rat," said my companion. "I'm glad someone put him out of business. I wouldn't be surprised if it was a woman, considering how many he abused and cheated. There was one who had all the cause in the world to kill him—but she died mo'n a year back."

"Tell me about her. Who was she? Some of her relatives may have evened the score."

"HONESTLY, if they were that kind, I wouldn't tell you. This girl's relatives are not the murdering kind; only poor Polacks or Russians. I don't remember her name, but here are a few facts. This girl was pretty, about sixteen, when Haslin found her somewhere and got her to live with him. But she wasn't strong, and life with him soon ran her into quick-consumption. Then he threw her into the street without a nickel.

"The girl was picked up and sent to Bellevue Hospital. My sister was a nurse there—still is, for that matter. She told me this story. Haslin's girl had a baby in the hospital, but it didn't live. And, after six months down there, the girl also died. You can see my sister, Julia, at the hospital if you want to get more facts and the girl's name."

Twenty minutes later I was at Bellevue. Julia confirmed what her brother had told me, and said she would make certain of the girl's name from the records. I was on uneasy street until she returned and passed me a card.

"That may not be her people's address now. But there's where we sent the body."

Her notation read: "Nadya Avaloff, 17½ years old. Father, J. Avaloff, Allen street."

Avaloff—a familiar name. Then its significance struck me so forcibly that it was a full minute before I could put the query pounding in my brain.

"Do you recall if this girl had a brother? If he came to see her?" My heart seemed to be missing beats as I waited for her reply.

"Yes. He appeared much older than the girl. He was a cripple, a hunchback—"

"Are you certain?"

"Why, yes. Do you know him?"

"What can you tell me about him?"

"We were so very sorry for him here; he was so deformed and helpless. And he seemed to love the girl so much; more than others of the family who came to see her. He was with her every visiting-day. They cried and talked together; he always told her she was certain to get well. Often I had to leave the ward to keep from crying, too."

Thanking her, I shuffled into the street, partly in a daze, my temples pounding, my brain in a whirl. Right then I felt

certain of the identity of the one who had killed the Kid. There was no question that Nadya's brother and Bo Avaloff, the Hop-Head, were one and the same. His affection for his sister had been so stirring it had all but moved a hard-boiled city hospital nurse to tears. Boris was a Slav; the kind who would use a knife. Now I knew why the stroke had been upward. He was much smaller than Haslin.

PROBABLY he long had planned to take the vengeance to which he, with his dope-crazed brain, believed he was entitled. He had waited long for his opportunity—until he was certain he could both kill and escape. Finally, probably nerved with cocaine, he had caught the Kid completely off his guard, and—it had been all over in a second.

Then came a new thought. The Hop-Head had not counted upon the arrest of Slattery and the two women. He probably wouldn't injure a woman even to shield himself. And he would protect Slattery, too, because that young Irishman had been trying to save an innocent girl from Haslin—the beast who had sent his sister to her grave. Above all, these two must be saved. That was why he had labored so desperately to uncover another suspect upon whom to fasten the crime. Inadvertently, Knuckles had played into his hands, and the Hop-Head had done everything possible to fasten the crime upon him. Even a fully sane gangster—let alone a hop-head like Avaloff—would not have hesitated to sacrifice the leader of a rival band if he wanted to save two persons in whom he was interested.

I hated to do it, but I just had to play the game—the police game. Duty compelled me to do my level best to uncover such additional evidence as would fasten the crime positively upon Bo.

Not long thereafter I stood before his family's address in Allen street. A dingy sign over the doorway of the filthy basement shop read, "J. Avaloff, Shoemaker." I thought of the knife in my pocket. It flashed upon me that, before the blade had been filed, it had been of the type used to cut tough leather. Entering, I questioned the old man squatted at his bench, the father of Boris and Nadya. Within a few minutes he forged the last link in the chain of evidence which would convict his son.

The boy had been there about two weeks back, after a long absence, begging for money. The father had given him a little, though perfectly sure he would spend it for drugs. The Hop-Head had told little about himself, but had promised to come again—soon. Then I showed the old man the knife. He recognized it as one of his, by the cut on the handle. He showed me other knives similarly cut. His explanation was that shoemakers in the neighborhood all marked their knives, because sneaks stole and pawned them. The marks enabled them to identify and recover their property. He admitted the knife had disappeared about the date I stated—that of the murder—but was more concerned because the knife had been spoiled than in anything else.

IT was not until he was examining it that his blunted intelligence caused him to inquire who I was and how I came by the

knife. I put him off, stating I would see him later and explain.

When I told my discoveries to Eldridge, he was even more upset than I had been. But he also agreed we must go through with it. In the evening he received a telephone call from the Hop-Head, and we met him at the accustomed place. What followed was one of the hardest jobs I ever performed. I don't particularly like to recall it. I interrupted Bo when he began telling of some new discovery he had made, and in short, sharp sentences told him the case I had against him. He didn't quite realize his position until I informed him he was under arrest. Then he collapsed utterly.

Next morning when he recovered consciousness in the hospital to which he had been removed as a prisoner, he admitted his guilt and told his story. It was almost identical with what I had figured.

But Boris Avaloff did not go to the chair. He, too, suffered with consumption, and his persistent use of narcotics had robbed him of practically all vitality. He never recovered from the strain of the killing and his arrest, and died within the month.

Slattery, following his release, removed to Washington, buckled down to hard work, made good, and married the little dancer he had protected.

Knuckles Kelly was killed in a fight with the police while he and some of his gang were committing a loft robbery. I don't know what became of the Spanish woman.

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hide a few sheets.” He shuddered. “Then—well, Gus Williams—he caught me; gave me a lecture, and threatened to expose me.”

“Williams, I snapped; “that’s one of the mill workers.”

“Yes. But when I told him about Rose, and pleaded with him, he promised to let me go through with it if I’d take him to the house and introduce him to Rose and her uncle.”

Accordingly, George and Williams had taken the stolen paper to the Flemming cottage. The girl had received the stock, and called in her “uncle,” who had bargained with the two mill workers to steal more of the paper—a small portion every time they could. “Flemming” had convinced them that even when the fact that stock was missing was disclosed, it could not be proved that they had taken it—if they were careful and worked together.

“It was strange,” the young man said, “but Mr. Flemming seemed to know just how the stock was kept without our telling him, and the way it was watched. He even told us just how to go about taking it.”

This information, of course, was carefully noted. George confessed that he and Williams had been tempted by the large sum promised them by Flemming, and that, working together, they were convinced it would be a simple matter for them to get a great deal of the stock. Actually, in a few weeks, they had stolen over two dozen reams. And then, satisfied with results, “Mr. Flemming and his niece”—Smith and “Countess” Lucy—had left the village. No; George didn’t know where they had gone.

Williams was promptly taken into custody, but failed to add anything to George’s statement. They had only been pawns in the game, of course, and the chief malefactors were still at large.

The bogus notes continued to pour into the Bank of England, and finally, in desperation, one of the high officials of the Yard proposed a plan to the president of the Bank. This was, if the Bank would turn over fifteen hundred pounds to the Yard, we would circulate the information among Smith’s known friends in the underworld that a reward of a thousand pounds would be paid over without question to any one disclosing the whereabouts of Smith, alias Flemming, and that five hundred pounds would be similarly paid for information leading to the arrest of “Countess” Lucy.

The Bank was only too glad to consent to this, but in circulating the information regarding these rewards, Scotland Yard was confronted by an extremely delicate situation. Obviously, if Smith and Lucy learned of the rewards, they would be harder to find than ever. Few criminals will “snitch” on their contemporaries.

But the “no questions asked” feature made it easier than it would have been otherwise, and within a few hours both rewards were paid. Smith and Lucy, we found, were living in a dingy apartment in South London.

But the silent circle of the law only

closed around them craftily without their suspecting it, for the Yard was far from ready to apprehend them. We knew that, even as George Symons and Gus Williams had been, Smith and Lucy represented only a part of the organization. Scotland Yard moves warily at all times; waits until all malefactors connected with a crime can be taken “with the goods.”

So it was that Smith was shadowed; not by a regular sleuth, but by the little daughter of one of the inspectors, who in turn was trailed by our operatives. The little girl followed Smith to the shop of a Westminster butcher by the name of Thomas Jacobs. Smith was seen to covertly pass a package to Jacobs. Then Jacobs was trailed to a shop in New Cross.

This shop was a known “fence,” and was conducted by a Mrs. Stockwell. We waited until Jacobs left, and while operatives followed him back to his shop, I and another Yard man entered the place and accused the Stockwell woman of receiving and passing fraudulent bank-notes. Despite her indignant denials, we searched the place and found several of the forged notes.

“Who is Jacobs getting these from?” I demanded.

“I don’t know,” the woman said sullenly.

“If you do, and you’re lying, it will be all the worse for you,” I told her.

But either she didn’t know, or she wouldn’t tell, claiming that she hadn’t known that the notes were counterfeit. But it was no use, and she finally confessed—still maintaining, however, that she had no idea where they had been made.

“Honest to Gawd, gentlemen,” she said, “I don’t know; that I don’t!”

And she pleaded to be allowed to help in what way she could, in the hope of being granted immunity.

We didn’t compromise with her, however. Instead, we told her that she wouldn’t be arrested right away, proposing that she receive another consignment of the notes from Jacobs while we watched through a hole in a partition.

She had no alternative, and when Jacobs made another visit, we witnessed the transaction. The woman, knowing our eyes were upon them, didn’t betray us by word or sign, and we had proved beyond a doubt that the Westminster butcher was an “utterer” or distributor.

BUT still the game of watching continued, the woman fence being pledged to secrecy. It was a very delicate situation, but the Yard is accustomed to such operations, and this is where the Criminal Investigation Department differs from most detective organizations. Controlled in every move by sub-chiefs, under the orders of the Assistant Commissioner himself, the Yard organization works as one unit, always striving to completely surround the enemy, taking all culprits in the case at one concerted stroke.

Now, your habitual criminal has a sixth sense, it seems, that warns him when he is being “tailed off,” or shadowed. Yard operatives have long been aware of this,

and the utmost precautions are taken. For example, when Jacobs left Mrs. Stockwell, it was fairly certain that he was returning to his shop. Men trailed him, however, and men were watching the shop itself, as well as Smith and Lucy in South London. Mrs. Stockwell's place, I need hardly add, was also being watched. And at all times, Chief Inspector Matthews and his superiors at the Yard knew every move being made.

But Jacobs sensed that he was being followed. Rounding a corner, he stopped to see if the operative he suspected (myself) would also turn the corner, with the expectation of finding him continuing down the street. But instead of turning at the corner, I continued on. His reflection in a shop window opposite had disclosed the fact that he had stopped. The operative who had been "tailing" me took his cue and cut around the block in a way that was calculated to bring him across Jacobs' path. A third operative had preceded Jacobs at a considerable distance ahead, using a small pocket mirror.

So when I passed on, the butcher's suspicions left him, and he proceeded directly to his shop. It wasn't until the next afternoon that he went to get another supply of forged notes. He was discreetly trailed to Smith's apartment. Neither Smith nor his fair young companion had yet been arrested, for we knew that they, like Jacobs, were only distributing the notes. One or the other would have to go to the base of supply.

It was Smith who was trailed next, and it was a task that required patience and cunning. Here was an ex-convict who had had his taste of penal servitude, and a man who had his eyes open. Six of us alternated in tailing him off, and he led us a merry chase through streets and alleys, making a complete and wide circuit of the district where he lived. It wasn't long before we were wise to his game; he was trying to determine for sure whether or not Scotland Yard was "on" to him.

Once before, several years ago, I shadowed another criminal whom we were not ready to arrest. This fellow had led three of us around for nearly two hours, ending by bolting into a side street, doubling back on a walk, and surprising me running around the corner right into him.

"Mornin', Garrison," he had said, grinning at me; "nice day for a walk, isn't it?"

It was a blunder I have never forgotten, and I knew that Smith was "feeling" his way. It was our task to reassure him without losing track of him. This we did, and at nightfall Smith returned serenely to Lucy and his apartment.

Early the next morning I was routed out of bed, Chief Inspector Matthews being on the telephone.

"They're taking breakfast now, Henry. Looks like Smith intends to get an early start. Run on over right away."

I dressed hurriedly, my wife calling a taxicab and fixing a package of food for me to eat on the way. Seven minutes after Matthews had called, I was on the street in South London where Smith's and Lucy's apartment was, marshaling my subordinates. Ten minutes later, Smith left the house, proceeded warily for several blocks, and finally deciding that he wasn't being

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followed, went directly to the station, buying a ticket for Birmingham.

I COMMUNICATED by telephone with the Yard, and by telegraph with police headquarters in Birmingham, while two of my men boarded the train. I barely had time to get aboard after making my reports, catching the train as it pulled out.

Smith was evidently satisfied that he was not being tagged, and remained in his compartment during the entire trip. At Birmingham he left the train, and proceeded directly to the shop of one of the town's foremost engravers; a Frank Campbell. Here, at last, was the end of the trail. Invading the shop, we placed every one under arrest. An investigation disclosed beyond a doubt that Campbell, reputable merchant though he was, had been manufacturing the counterfeit notes, and that Smith had been his accomplice. We found several reams of the precious Laverstoke paper, as well as the plates used for the actual counterfeiting.

We closed the net completely then. Jacobs, Mrs. Stockwell, and "Countess" Lucy were arrested, and all, including Smith and Campbell, made a complete confession. Campbell's confession was not fully complete at the start, however, and it was only after he was connected with the forgery of twelve Bank of England notes made months before that he consented to tell the complete story of his career. This is so remarkable that it is worthy of mention, in part. Also, Campbell's statement provoked a dramatic epilogue.

"I have been experimenting for many years," he said, "and had I waited a while longer, keeping that Laverstoke paper hidden, I could have perfected my plates to such an extent that my notes would have deceived experts. But I became impatient.

"Naturally, the greatest obstacle in making such notes is in duplicating the paper. For five years I experimented, using genuine Bank of England notes, crushing them to a pulp and extracting the ink by a process I had perfected. I destroyed something like seventy five-pound notes in this manner in an effort to make a successful analysis of the Laverstoke stock, and duplicate it. At length, I manufactured a paper that approximated the genuine, both as to its texture and watermark."

He shrugged.

"I wasn't satisfied, of course; I knew that experts would detect it, but, as you know, I struck off a dozen notes and sent them to the bank to be changed. The messenger was detained."

He little realized what concern those first notes had occasioned bank officials and Scotland Yard.

"A short while later, I attended a lecture before the Society of Arts in London, given by Professor Noyes, and bearing upon engraving and paper manufacture. He gave a detailed description of the manner in which the note stock at the Laverstoke Mills was kept, stating that it would be impossible for any one to steal any of it."

Campbell surveyed us with a grim smile.

"**F**EW things are impossible," he said dryly. "I immediately decided that, somehow, I would contrive to obtain some

of this stock. Smith," he said, glancing at the set features of that worthy, "undertook to get some for me, and as the white-bearded and white-haired artist, Paul Flemming, he went to Whitchurch with 'Countess' Lucy posing as his niece; a girl," he added with a dry humor, "who, like Scotland Yard, always 'gets' her man."

Lucy's eyes filled, and she hung her head. Could it be, I wondered, that she felt remorse over having lured young George Symons into the plot—that she really loved the credulous youth?

"Lucy," continued Campbell, "got her man——"

The young woman leaped to her feet, eyes blazing.

"I can't stand this—I'll not——"

An officer pushed her back into her seat. Smith, his features livid, glared at her, his thin lips working. Here was drama; a drama of emotions; of love, that none of us had been prepared for.

"Yes—damn you!" raged Smith in a sudden gust of passion; "you can't forget the bloomin'——"

"Forget?" the young woman said icily, fixing her pseudo-uncle with narrowed eyes. "I played your game, didn't I?" she cried shrilly; "you said that the boy would be safe. He's in gaol—safe! I—I put him there——"

We attempted to quiet her, but she refused to be quiet. Smith's features had grown taut and pale, and an ironical smile twisted his lips.

"Smirk, Roger Smith," she hissed at him; "go on; tell them that I'm no good. They know I'm not; so do I—I—well, deep down in me, Roger Smith, is what is left of a heart!"

Smith gave a short and bitter laugh.

"Heart!" he muttered contemptuously.

"Yes, heart!" she cried, leaning toward him, her body tensed, fingers gripping the arm-rest of her chair. "Perhaps it is a heart that has never opened for you. Love—I loved—once." Her voice, quivering with emotion, dropped to a faint muttering. "George——"

She gave a graceful shrug of her shoulders, her lips compressing in a straight line.

"I didn't love George—the way a woman loves a man. He is just an ignorant boy. But he loved me; with his heart and soul, poor boy. And——" She laughed bitterly. "I can't be all bad," she murmured, her features relaxing into a wistful expression, her eyes taking on a strange glow that touched us all—all but Smith, and perhaps Jacobs and Campbell. The latter seemed to be enjoying the spectacle, a sardonic smile on his lips. She noted the smile, and her eyes fixed those of the master counterfeiter.

"Not all bad," she repeated defiantly. "I begged you to save George. You—you laughed at me!"

"A sort of maternal instinct, I presume?" Campbell taunted. "Most unbecoming, in a woman of——"

IN a flash, Lucy sprang from her chair and seized him by the throat. A matron and two policemen had to drag the infuriated young woman off.

"I played your dirty game, too, Frank Campbell!" the "Countess" screamed as they took her out. "You miserable scoundrel! Tell Roger—tell Roger what you

told me—how you planned to double-cross him! Oh, if I had—”

As her voice trailed off down the hallway, Smith, his features livid, sprang toward Campbell, his manacled hands raised to strike his former chief. He was seized, and together with Jacobs, was taken out. Campbell, unruffled, gazed after him contemptuously.

“To resume, gentlemen,” he said coolly, “Lucy ‘got her man’—such as he was. He was tempted by her wiles and charm to get some of the paper I wanted. He thought the matter would be ended then; merely souvenirs, to view after their wedding. By a freak of chance, one of his co-workers, Williams, played into our hands. Williams had no foolish scruples, and between Smith and Williams, the boy was obliged to see the thing through.”

He laughed shortly.

“There’s no use wasting sympathy on him. He was intrigued by the idea of making some easy money, just as much as Williams was. The trouble was, he was timid; continually afraid of being caught red-handed at smuggling out the paper. Even dear ‘Countess’ Lucy, with all her maternal instinct,—the words dropped like acid from his lips—“even Lucy was disgusted with him, though she swore that he would never be arrested, and that after this little deal, she was ‘going straight,’ and they would go to America and live.

“Maybe she meant it, after all. Smith didn’t think so, but after you picked the boy up, she begged both of us to do what we could to free him. When he fled from the village we could have hid him here in London, but he didn’t know much about our operations. Besides, Lucy and Smith were quarreling over him.”

He frowned.

“I don’t know how you located them, but if it hadn’t been for Lucy’s sentimentality, Smith’s mind would have been fully on the alert.”

Chief Inspector Matthews beckoned to two officers, and pressed a buzzer.

“That will be all, Campbell, for the time being,” he said crisply. “Take him out.”

The king of counterfeiters was conducted to his cell, and Mrs. Stockwell brought in. She had nothing to add to previous statements, and after a thorough questioning, she was taken out again, and Williams was brought in.

WILLIAMS also had little to say, except in condemnation of “that young bumpkin”—George Symons. He seemed to think that somehow Symons had furnished the clues that had enabled us to round up all the others. His *sang-froid*, for a first offender, was remarkable, and he looked forward to his sentence with a calm indifference. (Williams, since his release from his first imprisonment, has served several sentences.) He was taken out, and George Symons, pale and trembling, was brought in.

He answered questions falteringly, but truthfully, and it was soon obvious that something other than fear affected him.

“I’ll take my medicine,” he said; “it isn’t that; it isn’t that. I—I loved Rose, still—”

“You mean Lucy,” Matthews said softly.

“No matter,” the young wretch said in a moaning voice; “I loved her, and still

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Name.....

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do, in spite of everything." His head went up, and his eyes searched our impassive faces steadily. "I'd never have done what I did, if it hadn't been for Lucy. And," he added savagely, "they couldn't have made me go through with it, if I hadn't felt that I had cast my lot with her. We were going straight. Afterwards—"

"Symons," the Chief Inspector interposed kindly, "did you intend to marry her?"

The young man stared at him blankly. "Why, of course, sir; whenever she would have me."

Matthews' face never betrayed the sympathy that we, who knew him, could read in his eyes.

"And if she'll have me after we serve our sentence, I'll be content," the young man declared devoutly. "Why, she promised me that we would be married, after—this 'job,' as she called it; that we'd go to New York, and start life anew."

"Didn't she also promise you," Matthews continued, "that despite the criminal nature of your operations, you would never be suspected or apprehended?"

The prisoner fidgeted, paling, his eyes on the floor.

"Yes, sir," he murmured. "But," he said with a pitiably and forlorn faith-tinging in his tones, "she couldn't know for sure. I don't blame her; I blame myself. And I'll take my medicine."

Matthews gestured to an officer.

"Remove his handcuffs, Tim."

The officer did so, the youth staring open-mouthed at the Chief Inspector.

"You—this doesn't mean—that—"

"That you are free? No, son," Matthews said, picking up a typed report on his desk. "Come here, young man."

Symons rose trembling, and approached the desk.

"You will pay the penalty for your association with these criminals," Matthews said sternly. "The sentence will probably be only six months—six months in which to think over what you have done; to make resolutions to re-enter the world as a man, worthy of the name. Understand?"

"Yes, sir." Symons was plainly awed by Matthews' personality.

"You will come out a man, instead of a mean, sneaking criminal; will take a grip upon yourself, and think things over calmly; will not hesitate to condemn past actions and emotions that your conscience and intelligence tell you were wrong, no matter how difficult the struggle?"

"Y-yes, sir."

"Take this," Matthews said, handing the young man the typed report. "This is the complete criminal biography of Lucy Morris. Call upon every atom of courage you possess before you read it—but read it."

The young man took the manuscript with trembling fingers. Matthews nodded to the officers, and he was taken out.

"Poor young devil," Matthews muttered; "he'll not believe, for a while. Then he'll hate her. But it will pass, and then—"

He shrugged.

"Perhaps he will come out a man."

The Chief Inspector was right. It was just as Lucy would have wished, for she and Smith and the king of counterfeiters were sentenced to penal servitude. The others received six months' imprisonment. Such was the end of their rainbow—their fortune in "white-paper gold" that melted into thin air.

Sleeping Death

(Continued from page 29)

is the fellow we want; get me the girl's address."

Jane got him the address from the girl's chart, and Wilson dashed away, leaving the policeman in charge. He told the two doctors and the assistants that they could go for the present.

I was anxious to see what Kirk thought of this new development, but was unable to find out, for he stepped quickly to my side and whispered: "Remain around here till I return." Then he whipped away, leaving me staring after him. It hardly seemed possible that he was going after the girl or her brother, for that surely was now the work of the police. But if it wasn't that, what else could have caused his sudden and enthusiastic departure?

For the next hour and a half I loafed about the different offices. Then, finding myself alone with Jane, and thinking it would be a good opportunity to do a little detective work on my own part, I decided to fish about a bit and learn if possible what relationship actually existed between her and Frank. So I began casually, "I guess you thought quite a lot of the Doctor?"

"Yes," she said timidly, "but I don't think he cared much about me."

"Oh, I don't know about that," I quickly assured her, having in mind her name scratched on the plaster wall.

"He has so many girls, and of late he

was paying lots of attention to Norma Jordan," she said a little bitterly.

"I don't imagine he cared much for Norma; she was hardly his kind of a girl," I said, trying to console her.

"Just the same, he spent the last week-end with her in the country and just got back late this morning," Jane said with a flash of jealousy. "She and I are not on speaking terms, but I learned from the other girls on the floor that Norma had boasted to them about it."

This was something new, and it immediately aroused my interest. I would have questioned her further, but she felt at once she had said too much and changed the subject. Before I could get back to it, the phone rang.

The call was for the policeman, who, after listening a moment, put up the receiver and announced that Wilson had arrested Will Butler, the brother of the girl patient of the morning, and that he had admitted he was the person who came to the office while Doctor Brandon was out to lunch. He maintained, however, that after the assistant told him the doctor wouldn't be back till one-thirty, he had gone back to his work and hadn't returned. Wilson said he was bringing the man up in a few minutes and intended to put him through the third degree, feeling sure he would confess.

In about a quarter of an hour Wilson ap-

peared with a tall, pale young man, who was handcuffed and on the verge of collapse. Wilson told the policeman to get Doctor Janett; then he stepped out of the office, too. The policeman soon reappeared with Janett, and Wilson returned in a moment with one of the elevator girls. Kirk entered a few steps behind.

Addressing the elevator girl, and pointing to the boy he had brought up, Wilson asked, "Is this the fellow you brought up in the car?"

"Yes, that's the one. The reason I remember him is because I brought him up and took him back, the first time, just after the twelve o'clock rush was over, and the second time, a little while after the one o'clock rush. He seemed excited, and every time he got in the car he took off his cap. You know in an office building it is not customary for men to take off their hats in the elevator, and when one does, we girls usually notice it."

Wilson then dismissed the girl, and, turning to Butler, said, "You see we have the proof that you returned here a second time." He then seized the youth by the shoulder and hurled him into a chair. "Now, Butler," Wilson said fiercely, "confess you killed Brandon! We have the goods on you, and you will only make matters worse by denying it!"

"I was up here right after twelve," Butler said trembling, "but when the girl said the Doctor wouldn't be back till after one-thirty, I went back to work. I can prove at the office that I started back to work at one—honest, I can!"

"I don't doubt you went back to work at one," Wilson clamored, "but before then or between one and one-thirty you came back here and killed Brandon. Cut out your lying, and kick in!"

Butler only kept repeating, "I didn't kill him; I didn't kill him!"

Knowing Kirk's distaste for rough-house third-degree methods, I glanced furtively at him. He was leaning against the wall, his features impassive, as if to say the case was not his and that, as an onlooker, he had no right to comment.

Wilson now seized Butler by the collar, jerked him to his feet, and dragged him into the operating-room and through the swinging door into the laboratory, while he bellowed: "I'll show you your dirty work; maybe that will change your tune!"

Kirk followed close behind Wilson and the young man, and Doctor Janett, Jane, and I, carried away, surged after them. Jane and I stood huddled in the door, with Janett in front, and the big policeman behind us, looking over our shoulders.

Wilson hurled Butler headlong against the couch and the body of Brandon, and roared, "There! There's your filthy work!"

In terror Butler brought the backs of his manacled hands over his eyes, screaming, "Yes, yes, I killed him! Take me away! Take me away! I don't want to see him!" Then he sank to the floor, sobbing.

"I knew it!" rasped Sergeant Wilson, throwing out his chest triumphantly.

Kirk gave me a quick look—and in that look I was sure I read the message that the boy had *not* killed Doctor Brandon.

Between sobs Butler cried, "I didn't mean to kill him—honest I didn't! I wish I hadn't done it. I was crazy when Sis told me at noon she had been mistreated, and I



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BEFORE | AFTER

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rushed up here and found the Doctor out. I went back to work, but the more I thought about it, the madder I got. So I came back, and finding the doctor asleep, I took him by the throat and strangled him. I didn't know what I was doing. I'm sorry I killed him; honest I am. But Sis is everything in the world to me, and I was crazy."

He stopped and tried to gain control of himself. Then he said more quietly: "Now I have only made things worse, and they'll hang me. And then what will become of Sis! You see, I have always taken care of her since our folks died, and we have been so happy together. She did the housekeeping and I worked, and we had just saved enough money to start to buy a little home—and now this has happened. I know now that I was wrong because this afternoon at the office my friend told me that girls sometimes have bad dreams when they take nitrous oxide, and so the Doctor was right when he told Sis that."

"Come on, now," Wilson broke in roughly. "Stop your blubbering. You killed a man, and being sorry won't keep you from paying for it."

"Yes, I killed him!" Butler said piteously. "But I wish I hadn't!"

During this scene Kirk had been standing silently near the head of the couch, and Butler was huddled limply at his feet. He now bent over and put a lean, white hand gently on the young man's head. He helped him into a chair and said quietly, "Come, my boy, it may not be so bad as you think."

"I'll hang, or be put in prison for life—and then what will become of Sis? I killed him; I killed him!" Butler cried.

Kirk put his arm about the quivering shoulders of the young man and, in a soft, placating voice, said tenderly, "You came into this room with the intention of vindicating your sister for a fancied wrong, and though killing was not part of that intention, you would have been guilty of murder just the same, if you had killed Doctor Brandon. But, fortunately for you, you didn't kill him. Now, tell us just what you did. You entered this room, you seized Doctor Brandon forcibly by the throat—then what happened?" asked Kirk in quiet tones.

A feverish silence filled the room as the speaker paused. Butler raised his head slowly and looked with bewildered eyes at Sheldon Kirk. He was too surprised to speak.

When Kirk began to talk again he was still apparently addressing Butler, but it was obvious there was someone else in the room he meant to reach. His voice was low and restrained, but the tremendous power be-

hind it held us as though we were hypnotized.

"No, my boy, Doctor Brandon was not asleep when you came in here. In your frenzied condition it never struck you as strange that the man did not awake or struggle. I know that he did not struggle, because here, close against the couch, is this flimsy pedestal with a light ash tray on top—and its contents have not been disturbed. If you have one of these contraptions about the place, you know that the slightest touch will send the whole affair scattering about the room. Anyone asleep, upon being attacked, would wake long enough for a short struggle. No, Doctor Brandon was not strangled to death."

Kirk now paused, and, from the corner where it stood at the head of the couch, he rolled out on its wheels the nitrous-oxide machine. "This," he continued, in the same quiet, forceful, penetrating manner, "is the cause of Doctor Brandon's death."

As he paused, there flashed across my brain the one word—suicide! Frank had taken his own life with nitrous-oxide!

Yet, why was Kirk making such a deliberate effort to dramatize it as murder?

There was surely some deep-laid purpose behind this. It was not the man's nature to play for effect. No, there was surely someone in that room he was trying to wear down. I listened breathlessly as he continued:

"The open window, which was contrary to the Doctor's habit, was to let out the odor of the gas. And see this little smear of blood on the victim's face from a cut probably made while shaving? I think we will find a spot of blood on the nose inhaler of this machine." Turning up the inhaler, he pointed to a dark splotch on the fold of soft rubber. "Ah, yes, I thought so. Here it is. I was quite sure it would be there."

Then Kirk leaned over the body of Brandon and, indicating the scratch on the plaster wall, continued: "The victim awoke for a moment, and in a dying effort to leave a clue to his slayer he attempted to put a message here on the wall—'J-a-n-e.'"

He spelled the word slowly, emphasizing each letter. My heart was pounding, my skin clammy; I thought my legs would wilt beneath me. Jane!

As if speaking now to everyone, yet driving his words into the very soul of someone in particular, Kirk continued with a slow, measured cadence—the pitch steadily rising, the intensity increasing till he seemed to be crushing everyone in the room.

"But—sixty seconds of nitrous-oxide with

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the air and oxygen excluded, will kill. And so, before Doctor Brandon completed his message, his arm dropped to his side and he passed into unconsciousness. But not before he had written enough to identify his slayer!"

Then, with deadly force, the words piercing my brain, Sheldon Kirk hurled: "Officer, for the murder of Doctor Brandon I ask you to arrest—Doctor Janett!" The last word he threw like a white-hot iron at the accused man, who screamed like a cornered beast and sprang through our midst for the door. But the policeman blocked the way, and his powerful hands crushed the man to the floor.

IN the car, on our way back to Kirk's apartment, I listened in silent admiration as the man explained.

"After seeing that the marks on Brandon's throat had not been the cause of his death, I was deeply perplexed as to what was the cause. I am ashamed to admit, with the nitrous-oxide machine standing at the head of the couch, that the thought of it being the means escaped me, for, as you know, Bob, I am quite familiar with all kinds of anesthetics. It was only as the incident of the girl patient was related that I grasped suddenly that nitrous-oxide had been the means of killing Brandon. The open window, death without appreciable struggle, the uncompleted message, the smear of blood on the victim's face, all pointed convincingly towards it.

"When I was assured of the means by which death was brought about, it was only natural that I should suspect someone who knew of nitrous-oxide and its potency. My first thoughts were of Jane because of the name on the wall and of her jealousy of the Doctor, but, upon seeing the reluctance with which Janett approached the subject of the morning—he did not care to talk of anything connected with the machine because it was the means by which he had killed Brandon—and suddenly appreciating that the first four letters of his name spelled 'Jane,' my suspicions immediately jumped to him.

"I recalled at once what you told me about Doctor Brandon having taken away a great share of his practice, and a glance at his office convinced me his income must be small. His losses at poker and the checks he had been writing, coming to my mind, I went to Doctor Brandon's bank and found these checks had all been returned, 'Not Sufficient Funds.' At Janett's bank I learned the man was in a ruinous financial condition.

"Returning here, I talked with Dr. Pearson, who confirmed your statement that the doctors on the floor no longer referred patients to Janett. You said also that gossip had linked him with Norma Jordan, and, upon setting eyes on that girl, I realized emphatically she could easily drive a man mad. And her expensive tastes—as reflected by her clothes and jewelry—could also bring financial ruin to a man in Janett's already precarious condition.

"So, after talking with Dr. Pearson, I got Miss Jordan alone and questioned her. With considerably less effort and tact than I anticipated, I got her to talk freely. Among the things divulged was the fact that she had spent the week-end in the country with Doctor Brandon and had just got back the

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morning of the crime. This Doctor Janett very likely learned, and it was the last straw.

"And so, in brief," Kirk said in conclusion, "the murder was the result of Janett's blind, secret hatred of Brandon for the past three years, his months of brooding over his growing financial insolvency, his jealousy of Brandon's interest in Miss Jordan, with the week-end trip as a climax, his familiarity with Doctor Brandon's habit of sleeping after lunch, and his knowledge of

the fact that the nitrous-oxide machine stood at the head of the couch. And my discovery of these various links convinced me of his guilt."

Seeing that Kirk had finished, I remarked, "It came near being a tragic coincidence for young Butler that he took it upon himself to attack Doctor Brandon when he did; he certainly owes a debt of gratitude to you."

In answer, Kirk only shrugged his shoulders.

Why I Shot Eddie Guerin

(Continued from page 33)

toward the officers with my hands aloft.

One of the officers stepped forward and took my gun. Another produced a pair of handcuffs and snapped them on my wrists.

"Caught in the act!" the sergeant in charge of the detail exclaimed, relieved at having captured me without bloodshed. "How many more of you are there?"

"None." I lied, hoping he would take my word for it. "I am alone."

THE sergeant would not take my word that I was alone, and with two other officers in his wake, passed through the door into the back room.

They located the lights, turned them on, and then I heard them moving about. They were searching to make sure no one was hiding there. Nervous though I was, I managed to conceal my anxiety from the two officers who were guarding me.

After what seemed to me an interminably long time the sergeant and the other two officers returned. Going over to the safe they gathered up the tools scattered on the floor in front of it.

"All clear!" the sergeant said, when they had finished this task. "We'll take this fellow to the Station."

What a relief it was to leave that place knowing Louis had not been captured. Although the prospect ahead of me was not a very pleasing one to contemplate, I was satisfied to have cleared Louis. I knew that as soon as we left the building he would lose no time making his escape from the scene of our failure.

To the sergeant in charge of the desk at the Station, I gave my name as William Brown. I was then booked on a charge of burglary and placed in a cell.

The next morning I was taken before a magistrate. As there was no hope of acquittal before a jury, I immediately pleaded guilty to the charge against me.

The sergeant in charge of the detail that had arrested me was put on the witness stand and testified as to how he and his men, in answer to a call put in by someone in the hotel across the street from the express office who had seen Louis enter the building, had arrived at the express company's office and found me inside, a complete outfit of burglar tools in my possession and about to open the safe.

It was fortunate for Louis, I thought, that the person who had seen him cross the street and enter the building had not also seen me standing inside, for had such been the case, both of us would have been standing before the bar awaiting judgment.

Satisfied with the evidence of my intention to commit a crime, the magistrate excused the sergeant from the stand. Then adjusting his glasses he assumed a stern dignity and glared down over the bench at me. Clearing his throat, he scathingly denounced me for my criminal activities.

"William Brown," concluding his harangue, "I sentence you to four years at hard labor in the Breakwater Convict Prison."

WITHOUT further ado I was led back to my cell, there to await my transfer to the grim prison overlooking Table Bay.

I had scarcely reached my cell when I was called out for an interview with a lawyer who had been sent by Louis. I explained to this lawyer what had already happened, and although he expressed regret because he had arrived too late to make a plea for me, he was of the opinion that such would not have helped me to any great degree. I commissioned him to inform Louis what the outcome of the trial had been, and to also instruct Louis to do all in his power toward securing a pardon for me as quickly as possible.

That afternoon, in company with several other men who had been convicted of felonies, I was transferred to Breakwater Prison.

We were received by a burly warder, and under his command marched through a large iron gate into the inner compound of the prison. Before a long stone building the warder ordered us to halt. Producing a monster brass key from his pocket, he unlocked a door leading into the building. At another gruff command we moved forward and found ourselves in the cell-house of the prison.

The stone floor, the whitewashed walls, the brass locks on the doors and the steel railing along each gallery of the cell-block were spotlessly clean and shone from the hours of toil put in on them by the convicts whose duty it was to police the cell-house. But over all hung the odor of chloride of lime and the stench of human bodies too long confined in inadequately ventilated quarters.

At one end of the building a corner had been partitioned off, and to this room our guard marched us. Once inside it we discovered that it housed a barber chair, a shower bath, and an office from which clothing was dispensed to new arrivals.

Divesting ourselves of our clothing, we were herded into the shower bath. Emerging from the shower, and going to the



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bench upon which I had left my clothing, I discovered it had been taken away and replaced by a suit of crudely constructed white jeans on which were broad black arrows. The shoes given me were heavy, cumbersome brogans. Underwear was an unknown article in Breakwater Prison.

With a wry smile I thought of Louis, who, attired in the most fashionable of clothing, was probably then sitting in Anne's dainty living room sipping a high-ball while he bemoaned the misfortune that had overtaken me.

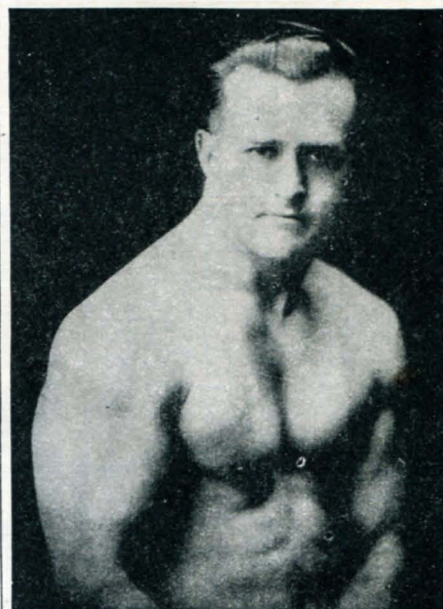
ONCE inside my new raiment I was motioned to the barber chair. The convict who acted as the barber picked up a pair of clippers and in almost less time than it takes to tell, my hair was clipped entirely off.

For nine long, weary months I toiled with my fellow prisoners in the Breakwater Prison's stone quarry. For twelve hours a day, rain or shine, I swung a fourteen-pound sledge hammer "making little ones out of big ones." Days of misery those were, when every nerve in my body protested at the strain of physical torture, the brutality of the warders and the nauseating, indigestible food we were forced to eat. On many of those nights during the long months I returned to my cell too weary to even get up from my hard, wooden bunk and accept the greasy stew and dry bread that were put into my cell for my supper. Nor could I, on many of those nights, find the solace that comes to a prisoner behind the bars when he can fall asleep and forget, in happy dreams of home and loved ones outside the grim walls, the torture of his existence. Try as I might, and even though I resorted to nearly every mental cure for insomnia known to medical science, and to many that were of my own origination, I could not, when my tortured nerves were a-jangle, find sleep. And it was during those dark, torturing hours of the nights when sleep would not come to me that I suffered the most, for then my thoughts would turn to the outside world, to Louis, and to the worthwhile things in life I was being deprived of by my imprisonment.

Many of my readers may wonder why these tortures and the suffering I underwent while a convict in the Breakwater Prison did not turn me against a further life of crime.

Prison discipline, I have noticed from nearly fifteen years of close observation of its influence upon prisoners as a body, has either one of two effects. It either shows a prisoner the error of his ways, and, by fear of again having to undergo such tortures, turns him back into the straight and narrow path through life; or, because of its tortures and starvations, both physical and spiritual, and its brutalities, turns him out into society with a heart steeled with vengeance. In the latter case his only desire is to make someone pay him for the hell he has undergone.

Breakwater Prison, I am sorry to say, failed to put fear into my heart. Had it done so I would have been much the gainer, as subsequent events in this narrative will substantiate. On the other hand, I became one of the embittered type of prisoners, and my only consoling thought through the weary months of my confinement was that when liberty was again



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and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says that takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he-man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead, I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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in my possession, society at large would pay me richly for my suffering.

NINE months elapsed before freedom did come to me. And then I was called to the office of the governor of the prison and informed that I had been given a full and complete pardon by the governor of the province.

For this good fortune I had my two friends, Louis and Anne, to thank, for not a day had gone by during those nine months but what they had been working in my behalf. Louis spent considerable money to accomplish results, and many an influential man in local politics thought himself quite a gallant for having won such favor in the fair Anne's eyes. Which only proves that even the supposedly impregnable government of Cape Town could be taught the lure of gold and a woman's smile.

Louis met me at the gate of the prison and we went direct to Anne's house, where all was in readiness for a big celebration in honor of my return.

What a night of revelry it was! With the only outsider a girl from one of Anne's brothels, we dined, drank and made merry until the small hours of the morning.

But with the coming of daylight and a return to sanity, we planned for our future. It was mutually agreed upon that because of my familiarity to the police, Cape Town was no longer a healthy place for Louis and myself.

With us, to make a resolution was to act upon it. So, without further delay we prepared to depart from Cape Town. A steamer was sailing for Australia that same day and by some fast work we managed to get our luggage aboard before sailing time. Just twenty-four hours after my release from the Breakwater Prison we steamed out of Table Bay, leaving Cape Town behind us forever.

We disembarked from the boat at Sydney. But because of my harrowing experience in Cape Town, and because I wished to indulge in a good rest before continuing with our crooked activities, it was agreed upon between us that we would not attempt anything outside the law while in Sydney.

We remained in Sydney for over a year, living the life of gentlemen of means and thoroughly enjoying ourselves throughout our entire stay there. Then, because I had had sufficient rest and the desire to collect payment for my confinement in the Breakwater Prison was strong within me, we decided to move on to other fields of plunder. Accordingly we booked passage for our return to South Africa. But Johannesburg was our destination this time.

Another precaution taken because of my experience in Cape Town was that I dropped my own name and assumed the name of Charles Jackson. It was under this name I was later to be deported from Johannesburg as the leader of the notorious "Jackson Gang."

Johannesburg, in 1904, was one of the most flourishing mining towns in the world. There we found gambling houses, houses of ill-fame, and other shady resorts even more numerous than in Cape Town, and, as is always the case when government officials grant concessions to unrestricted gaming and vice, money was very plentiful.

Fortunately for us, there was in Johannesburg at that time a man of whom we had often heard our Buenos Aires protector, American Frank, speak. This man was Mark Levi, by occupation a dealer in stolen diamonds and precious jewels.

The day after our arrival in Johannesburg we called upon Mark Levi, made our friendship with American Frank known, and asked what we could expect in the way of protection from the police officials. Much to our satisfaction we found that Mark was lined up with an official who would, in exchange for suitable remuneration, put us "in right" in the city.

With Mark as our spokesman, we held a conference with this official and were given what crooks of the present day would consider as "the key to the city." In other words, we could go as far as we liked, up to the point of arousing public sentiment against us.

After a month of close observation of the trend of affairs in this thriving community, we decided our best opportunity would be in opening a gambling club. Following this decision we pooled our resources, selected a suitable location not far from the Robinson Deep Gold Mine, and opened one of the most select gambling establishments in South Africa.

Two months of operating this establishment and we were convinced that, although we were not digging in the ground for our gold, we nevertheless had a gold mine in our possession. Money fairly rained into our coffers. So successful were we that Mark Levi, who had made this lucrative enterprise possible by intervening with the police for us, requested he be permitted to purchase a third interest in the house. Nothing loath to accommodate him, we accepted his offer and he transferred his business of buying stolen diamonds and jewelry to a quiet, sound-proof room in the rear of the gambling rooms.

If the walls of rooms could talk, the walls of Mark's office could tell many interesting tales about the fortunes in stolen jewels that made their way into Mark's hands for disposal. Old and broken in health though he was, with frowzy gray beard and hawk-like features that tended to instil distrust rather than confidence in those with whom he dealt, Mark was nevertheless the confidant of some of the most accomplished thieves in crookdom.

At the same time he was also a buying commissioner for some of the largest jewelry firms in London and Antwerp. So expert was he in the appraisal of precious stones, that on his word alone the firms for whom he bought stolen gems would not hesitate to cable him any sum of money he might ask for in order to consummate a deal. On the table in Mark's office I have seen jewels worth a king's ransom pass into old Mark's hands to be shipped to the European continent, where, after having been re-cut and re-set, they would be sold.

Into our establishment, after we had been running for about a year, there came one day one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. He was well set up, approximately fifty years of age, and his great height and breadth of shoulder made him an impressive personage as he approached me on the floor of the main gambling room.



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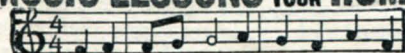
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"My name is Von Veltiem," he said, in a deep, rumbling voice. "Two years ago while in Buenos Aires I made the acquaintance of a man called American Frank. He told me that if I ever needed a friend while in Africa I should call upon either you or Mark Levi. I have some property which, while not exactly 'hot,' is rather warm, and I am looking for a buyer. Can you tell me where I can find Mark Levi?"

Von Veltiem! The name recalled the story I had heard of the shooting of Wolfie Joel in 1897.

"Are you, by chance, any relation to the Von Veltiem who shot Wolfie Joel?" I asked.

"Well, rather," he replied, smiling. "I am the man who shot him."

Wolfie Joel was a millionaire banker in the Transvaal Republic in 1897. A power in politics, he swung a big stick because of his enormous wealth. A cruel, driving type of man, he was feared by every one but Von Veltiem, who was his first lieutenant. A quarrel arose between them, the nature of which has never been satisfactorily established, and Von Veltiem walked into Joel's banking house one afternoon and shot him dead.

At his trial Von Veltiem made startling revelations. Under oath he stated he had been promised twenty thousand pounds by the banker to incite a revolution and bring about the intervention of a great power into the then Transvaal Republic. Evidently the Boers believed his statement, for he was speedily acquitted of the murder charge. Following his acquittal, and as he was about to leave the court room, he was hoisted to the shoulders of admiring Boers who believed he had saved their people from becoming entangled in a bloody war, and carried in triumph to a special train which they had chartered to take him to Delagoa Bay.

I have recently read a novel written by one of the eminent authors of this day, in which the subject treated is the activities of one of fiction's "super crooks." At one place in this novel the author sets forth that the naïveté of criminals is the strangest thing about them. He maintains that because they are crooked themselves they assume that all the world is the same; that honesty is merely a matter of lack of temptation, and, if one intimates that one is open to chicanery, the criminal believes in one implicitly.

Authority on affairs criminal though this author is reputed to be, I take violent exception to the theory that he advances. The crook, and in this instance I mean the big fellow, is as cautious about placing trust in strangers as is the modern-day banker. As a rule, crooks are clannish, and before one can be admitted to their inner circle he must have proven himself worthy of that confidence. The only strangers allowed within the inner circles of the underworld are those who come highly recommended by someone who is, himself, a member in good standing in the clan. And even then the stranger is not always the immediate recipient of absolute trust.

Under ordinary circumstances I would have hesitated to introduce a stranger to Mark Levi for the purpose of selling Mark stolen jewels, even though that stranger bore such a notorious reputation



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"To-day I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

"When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a human machine and that I couldn't expect to advance that way.

"So I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a spare-time study course that would give me special training for our work. Why, do you know, it gave me a whole new interest in our business? In a few months I was given more responsibility and more money. Since then I've had three increases, six months ago I was put in charge of my department, and now my big chance has come—I'm to be manager of our Western branch at \$5000 a year! It just shows what spare-time training will do."

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as did Von Veltiem. But this man, although he was an absolute stranger and I had heard of him only through the stories told about him, had approached me in the name of my good friend, American Frank. No one in Africa, with the exception of Louis, Mark Levi, and Anne Thompson, knew I was acquainted with American Frank, and this fact, coupled with my own instinctive liking for Von Veltiem, convinced me he was worthy of trust.

Motioning him to follow me, I made my way to Mark's office in the rear.

"This gentleman," I said, after introducing Von Veltiem to Mark, "has some business with you. He comes from American Frank. That is recommendation enough for us, is it not?"

"Yes, indeed," Mark exclaimed, beaming benignly upon Von Veltiem. "What can I do for you, Mr. Von Veltiem?"

REACHING inside his shirt, Von Veltiem produced a small chamois-skin bag. Opening this bag, he took a paper parcel from it and, after carefully unwrapping the parcel, spread the paper out on the table, exposing its contents to view.

Neither Mark nor I could repress the gasp of admiration that escaped us at sight of what the bag contained. In a small pile in the center of the table was a fortune in uncut diamonds. Instantly I recognized them as being from the Kimberley mines. Mark's hands trembled with excitement as he reached for the diamonds and put them under the glass for examination.

Satisfied with their genuineness, he slipped the glass back in his pocket and for an instant our eyes met in a quick telepathic message over Von Veltiem's head. It was plain to me that Mark was suspicious of a trap.

And well he might be, for the De Beers syndicate, which has a monopoly on all the diamonds mined in the Kimberley district, is constantly attempting to ferret out the dealers who purchase the enormous amount of diamonds they lose yearly through dishonest employees. Their staff of spies and stool-pigeons is a large and well paid one, and so powerful is this syndicate that it has been successful in putting through legislation which makes it an offense, punishable by three years to ten years imprisonment, for unlawfully having uncut Kimberley diamonds in one's possession. "I. D. B." this law is called, and although it is not an extraditable offense to violate this law, fences and illicit diamond dealers are rather skeptical about purchasing uncut stones from persons unknown to them.

Mark had previously purchased Kimberley diamonds, but never in such a large quantity as Von Veltiem offered. Mark's usual custom in handling such deals was to make the seller drive out to the city limits after dark, leave his cab and walk to a designated spot, where Mark would meet him and hand over the money in exchange for the diamonds. In this manner he kept suspicion from being centered upon his place of business.

This plan he explained to Von Veltiem, stating that in this instance, in order to more fully protect his own interests, he would demand that Von Veltiem meet Louis and me on the appointed night and we would accompany him to the point se-

lected by Mark for the consummation of the sale. Not knowing beforehand where the exchange was to be made, Von Veltiem could not post officers to arrest Mark, nor could he, with Louis and me accompanying him, take officers with him to the scene of the sale. To this point Von Veltiem readily agreed.

Mark immediately cabled, in a code provided for such purposes, to one of the Antwerp houses for whom he was buying, asking that they cable sufficient money with which to purchase Von Veltiem's diamonds. This they did without loss of time.

ON the night agreed upon we rented a cab from a friendly cabby, and with Louis on the box met Von Veltiem in accordance with Mark's instructions. Von Veltiem climbed inside the cab and, seating himself beside me, we drove to the rendezvous with Mark.

Arriving at the appointed place, I instructed Von Veltiem to get out and walk up the road. This he did, meeting Mark about fifty yards from where our cab had stopped. Mark handed him the price agreed upon, accepted the diamonds and entered his cab. He then drove away and Von Veltiem returned to the cab in which I was seated.

For an hour we remained in the cab before starting back to the city. This, I explained to Von Veltiem, was for the purpose of allowing Mark to get back to his office in the city, examine the diamonds to make sure they were the same ones shown him on the occasion of Von Veltiem's first visit, and to give Mark time to get them off his person.

On the drive back to the city Von Veltiem informed me he was stopping at the Bristol Hotel, the most exclusive hotel in Johannesburg, and invited Louis and me to partake of a midnight supper there with him that night. Interested in him as I was, I accepted for both of us, hoping he would entertain us with the story of some of his activities.

Sitting on the balcony of the Bristol Hotel that night, with Japanese lanterns twinkling and glowing above our heads, with native waiters gliding quietly between the tables, Von Veltiem told us considerable of his life's history.

He had started his career as a stevedore on the cotton wharves of New Orleans. From this strenuous labor he had gravitated to the desk of one of New Orleans' leading hotels. It was there, as the most popular clerk of the hotel's staff, he had met a fire-eating Southern gentleman who represented his district in the House of Representatives at Washington. This old congressman had taken a liking to Von Veltiem and hired him as his secretary. Once introduced into the political life of his country's capital, Von Veltiem soon found he had a particularly fond liking for such work. A few years later, through the influence of his congressman employer, he secured the appointment of American Consul at Cartagena, in the Republic of Colombia, South America.

A budding young diplomat, he displayed talent that would have, with a few years of experience behind him, carried him to the top in his chosen field. But, as is nearly always true in all human beings, he was possessed of weaknesses. His particular

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weaknesses were wine and women. As he expressed it: "When the wine was old and the women young, I didn't give a damn how the fiddler who provided the music was paid."

His post at Cartagena had been forfeited following his involvement in a compromising situation with the wife of another government official.

THEN began a series of wanderings over the face of the earth, during which time he had been employed at nearly every occupation known to man. Honorable or dishonorable, he cared not what he turned his hand to, so long as there was money to be had from it.

As the dinner progressed and bottle after bottle of sparkling wine found its way into our cups, life seemed very sweet to all of us. Looking out over the Rand we could see almost as well as if it were day, for the mines of Johannesburg work both night and day. Coupled with the roar of the stamp-mills was the red glare of the furnaces, that lighted up the terrain as though the time was midday instead of close on to midnight. Out there in those mines honest men were perspiring as they toiled for their daily bread, while we three crooks were dining in the most sumptuous manner. But could we have seen into the future we would have been startled, for in that future two of us—Von Veltiem and myself—were destined to meet again. And not in the care-free, happy manner of our present meeting, but as convicts in Parkhurst Prison on the Isle of Wight.

As midnight approached we were joined by three of Von Veltiem's lady friends. Beautiful women they were, and as I looked into the eyes of the one seated at my side and toasted her with a glass of wine, I cared not what the future held for me.

Shortly after the ladies joined us the balcony was cleared and the Bristol Hotel's midnight dance commenced. The gayest dance of the gayest hotel in the gayest city in the world at that time, this sight once seen was one never to be forgotten. All restraint and sense of decorum were cast to the four winds. One danced with whom one liked, made love to whom one liked, and kissed whom one liked, or got out. Such was the rule at the Bristol Hotel's midnight dance. Restraint was unknown to that gay Johannesburg crowd, and Bacchus and Venus vied with each other to win the reveler's favors.

The next day we bid Von Veltiem farewell. As we parted he handed Louis and myself each a sealed envelope.

"A little token of my appreciation of your squareness with me," he explained. "I was at your mercy on that lonely road last night with the considerable sum of money I received from Mark Levi on my person. I am leaving Johannesburg today, but I could not leave without letting you know that I always appreciate square dealing."

There was nothing niggardly about Von Veltiem, for after opening the envelopes we found that each contained four hundred pounds in Bank of England notes.

OUR gambling establishment still continuing to reap us a goodly income with a minimum amount of labor, Louis

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THINK of it! 365 keen, cool shaves a year from the same blade. That's what KRISS-KROSS is doing for American shavers everywhere!

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To introduce KRISS-KROSS, I am giving with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) straight (old style); (3) or diagonal (new way). Gives a sliding, instead of pulling stroke. Simply zips right through the toughest crop of whiskers and leaves your face satin-smooth and cool. Made of rustless metal. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

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Send for details on these surprising inventions and free razor offer. They're much more remarkable than I can tell you here. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!

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Make big money as a KRISS-KROSS representative. J. C. Kellogg made \$200 in 7 days. H. King earned \$66 in one day. Spare-time workers, office and factory men make \$5-\$10 extra a day just showing KRISS-KROSS to friends. Check bottom of coupon and mail at once!

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Now my friends are amazed. They all ask me how I was able to grow new hair in such a short time.

"Hello, 'Baldy,'" said a familiar voice.

I whirled around. There stood Bob Miller. "Where have you been keeping yourself?" I exclaimed as we shook hands.

"Out West—business trip," Bob replied.

I knew Bob's hair was as thin as my own and so I said sarcastically: "Take off your hat and let's see your old bald head."

Bob swept off his hat. The top of his head, once almost bare, was covered with a brand new growth of hair! I was speechless!



New Hair Or No Pay

Then Bob told me of a new treatment perfected by the Merke Institute, 5th Ave., New York, guaranteed to grow new hair in 30 days—or no cost! "It's marvelous!" he exclaimed, "—takes only 15 minutes a day!"

You can bet I sent for the treatment. In a month you could hardly see a bald spot. And in 60 days I had an entirely new growth of hair.

This story is typical. In most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead but dormant—asleep. Ordinary tonics fail because they treat only the surface skin. You don't rub "growing fluid" on the bark of a tree to make it grow; you get down to the roots. That's what this system does. It goes beneath the surface—brings nourishment direct to dormant roots, which grow healthy hair in 30 days—or money instantly refunded.

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and I were content to confine our activities to the management of this enterprise. Therefore, nothing of any great moment occurred in our affairs until the latter part of 1905.

In November of that year, there came into our establishment one night a man known to the underworld of Johannesburg as "The Terrible Greek." This man's chief source of income was derived from several prostitutes whom he had, after first winning their affections, beaten and mistreated until they were in such fear of him they preferred to support him rather than to chance further beatings at his hands. To Louis and me he was a most detestable character. But because personal dislikes have no place in the management of a gambling establishment, we allowed him to frequent the tables. As you may surmise from the name he bore, he was possessed of an un governable temper. He also had an unenviable record as a wicked knife-wielder.

On the night in question he seated himself at one of the roulette tables, where, after placing a few small wagers, he became involved in a dispute with the croupier in charge of the table.

Following out the instructions given to all our employees to the effect that when a patron believed he had a grievance against the house, either Louis or myself was to be called to settle the dispute, the croupier beckoned me to his table.

I listened attentively to the croupier's account of the dispute, as well as to The Terrible Greek's. To me it was very apparent the croupier was in the right, and that The Terrible Greek was only seeking to win his point by a mean display of temper.

In no uncertain terms I informed The Terrible Greek the croupier was in the

right, and that if he, The Terrible Greek, did not care to abide by my decision in that matter, he could get out.

Mouthing an oath that would have made a more docile man than I fight, The Terrible Greek leaped to his feet. As he kicked back his chair I struck. The blow was a well-timed, solid right hand smash to the jaw, and, as it landed, The Terrible Greek, taking his chair with him in his fall, crashed to the floor.

Almost instantaneously pandemonium reigned throughout the big room. Men and women, bent on learning what had caused the altercation, crowded around us as I stood waiting for The Terrible Greek to get to his feet. Knowing I was more than a match for my opponent, Louis, who had dashed across the room at the first indication of trouble, kept the crowd back. They formed a three-sided circle around us, the fourth side of the ring being the wall of the room against whose base the man lay.

With another oath The Terrible Greek sprang to his feet and came at me. As he rose a long, wicked-looking knife gleamed in his hand. Louis screamed a warning to me:

"Look out for his knife!"

When Considine said Louis knew he was more than a match for The Terrible Greek, he had not counted on a knife being used. Read in January TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES what happened to him—and what happened to The Terrible Greek! In this next issue, on the arrival of Considine and Louis in London, the notorious "Chicago May" enters the scene, and things begin to move faster than they ever did before in the lives of these two daring criminals. Don't miss the January issue, replete with thrills—on the news-stands December 15th.

The "Green Goods" Guy

(Continued from page 40)

like to have some idea of what your proposition is before I see you. I don't want to waste my time—or yours."

"Well, now, Mr. Morris, you are a business man yourself, and you know that it is very unsatisfactory to discuss big matters over the telephone," said the brisk, cordial voice which rippled along the wire. "It is just ten-thirty. You have to eat at noon, don't you? Well, what's wrong about your having luncheon with me at the Hotel Tremaine on Broadway. I can assure you I have a gilt-edged proposition—if you're not interested, when you hear what it is, you have only to say so."

"Oh, chut, now, that's too bad, but I have to take the noon train to Janesville," I wheezed back. "I'm just winding up my affairs there—just sold my bookstore, you know, and there's still a few loose ends hanging. But I'll be back in New York to-morrow and can see you then, if you haven't another engagement."

"Well, I'm looking forward to seeing you to-morrow. Just have one of the bell-boys page Tom Gerharty when you reach the Tremaine, and you'll find me waiting for you."

The Tremaine is one of the most ornate hotels on Broadway. On the following

day I approached the desk and requested the room-clerk to have a boy page Tom Gerharty.

I wasn't dressed like the stage idea of a "hay-seed"—that would have been a great mistake. But I was carefully gotten up to represent a dowdy small-town man. My suit was a little too small, and I wore a polka-dot bow-tie such as was very popular in certain sections. In my hand I carried an umbrella. The ensemble produced an effect which breathed simplicity without burlesque. I looked like one of those snappy old boys who stand on the street corners and give the girls the "once-over."

GERHARTY allowed a few minutes to elapse before he hastened forward. I was standing with my back to the desk, facing the lobby, and I spotted him when he was some distance away. As if I had gotten tired of waiting, I made as if to leave, when the clerk touched my shoulder and said:

"There's Mr. Gerharty now!"

Evidently Mr. Gerharty was a much-esteemed guest at the hotel: the clerk's tone implied that importance, distinction and generosity were his earned attributes.



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Railway Postal Clerks have a yearly vacation of 15 working days (about 18 days). On runs they usually work 3 days and have 3 days off duty or in the same proportion. During this off duty and vacation their pay continues just as when working. They travel on a pass, while on duty, and have a wonderful chance to see the country.

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Clerks and Carriers get \$1,700 the first year regular and automatically increase \$100 a year to \$2,100 and \$2,300. They also have 15 days, paid vacation. City residence is unnecessary.

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Pleasant work in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., and elsewhere.

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BIG PROFITS being made by men and women with our WORLD'S SPECIALTY CANDIES new method; no expensive equipment or machinery. System operated anywhere, kitchen, shop or factory. Simplified home study course. Learn today, earn tomorrow. We furnish supplies; few dollars start you. Write today for proof of students' success. Free booklet explains.

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Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, salves, soaps, clay, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.

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"Ah, good morning, Mr. Morris!" The con man, wearing an expansive smile, a big cigar in his mouth, and a flower in his lapel, delivered his greeting in a suave but hearty manner. "So sorry to have kept you waiting, but I just had my broker on the phone.

"Let's sit down here before we go in to lunch," he chattered on, as he eased me into the chair, and settled himself on its arm, swinging one gray-spatted foot nonchalantly.

He talked impressively of his travels in various parts of the country and of his association in business with a number of prominent persons. I was getting secret amusement out of his palpable lies, but I pretended to be sulky and fidgety. At last he said:

"I see you are becoming impatient and skeptical. But it was while I was coming east on the train from San Antonio, that I met the man who is going to help us to reap quite a nice little sum of money without any trouble."

With a resigned expression, I kept looking at him. As if overcome with the good news he was about to impart, he rose from his chair and started pacing up and down in front of me. Following the Inspector's instructions, I kept my eyes upon him, registering his features and characteristics in my memory so that I could report a thorough description to the Identification Bureau.

"This man I met on the train, was a young engineer who had been working in the mines of Mexico and had become so ill with rheumatism that he was obliged to come back home. He told me, he—" Gerharty stopped abruptly in front of me, wrinkled his brows until they met in a straight line over his nose, regarded me thoughtfully for a moment, and then asked point blank: "How much money have you in ready cash?"

I WAS inwardly amused to observe his technique. His transformation from suavity to brusqueness was calculated to take me off my guard.

"Five thousand dollars," I replied, playing up promptly. The words were shot out, as if they had escaped automatically in response to his challenge.

"That's all we need," he replied in a relieved tone. Once more he seated himself beside me, straddling his chair, which he had whirled about so that its back faced me. "The man I speak of has twenty-five hundred shares of Eagle Gold Mining stock, which he offered me at two dollars a share." He spoke slowly and impressively. "This stock is selling right now at three dollars per share. See here!" He leaped to his feet, picked up a newspaper from a near-by table and turned to the stock market quotations. I stood by his side while he ran his eyes down the columns. Suddenly he pointed to a line and thrust the report toward me. "Here is the quotation. Three dollars per share! Now, by buying twenty-five hundred shares at two dollars per share, you make twenty-five hundred dollars on the deal! Simple—isn't it?" asked Gerharty.

The newspaper in which Eagle Gold Mining stock was quoted is one of the most conservative sheets in New York. If the stock was fraudulent, I did not see how

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its would-be distributors had managed to get it on the stock-market page. That, however, was something I would have to find out later on.

"Why doesn't the engineer sell the stock at three dollars a share himself?" I objected, playing nervously with the handle of my umbrella.

"He wants money immediately because his rheumatism is so bad that he has to go to Hot Springs right away," he answered promptly. "Besides, by the time he paid brokerage fees and all that sort of thing, he would be kept hanging around New York, and as he doesn't know much about Wall Street, he is afraid they would sting him. He believes 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'—he's that kind of a man."

"Sounds pretty good," I admitted. "But where do you come in? What do you get out of it? You're not doing this for your health."

"Well, I am the one who is giving you this wonderful opportunity, so I think it would only be fair that I should get forty per cent of the profits and you get sixty per cent. I could have gone straight to my broker, but I know he wouldn't give me that much profit, and my capital is so tied up now that I couldn't touch it without incurring a big loss."

I CONSIDERED a moment or two. I sat down again and began smoothing the loose folds of my umbrella. Sixty per cent of \$2,500 is \$1,500—quite a bit short of the \$5,000 promised in the advertisement. I reached into my pocket, took out a worn morocco wallet, and from this withdrew an envelope and the stub of a pencil. After figuring for a few seconds, I had the result in black and white.

"The advertisement offered to double the five thousand dollars," I grumbled. "In this way I would get only fifteen hundred dollars."

"I put that ad in, in perfect good faith," snapped Gerhart, with an ugly tightening of his lips. "The engineer believed the stock was worth more than it is today. On making inquiries down-town at my broker's office, I found out that it is bringing only three dollars a share, but the price is steadily going up. I called you several times on the telephone to tell you this, but you weren't in. Now, it is up to you: take it or leave it. Fifteen hundred dollars' profit on five thousand dollars isn't to be sneezed at. I had plenty of other answers. Do you want to go on with this thing or don't you?"

"Well, it seems fair enough," I said slowly. "Where is this stock?"

"The young engineer has it, of course," he replied. "I am going to meet him tomorrow at ten o'clock at the Stock Exchange. If you'll come here about nine-thirty, we'll go down together. Now let's have lunch."

The next day was a legal holiday and the Stock Exchange would be closed. He knew this very well, but was simply trying me out, to see just how green I was.

He led the way to the grill. It was a merry luncheon, liberally besprinkled with liquor. Before the waiter brought on the coffee, I appeared to have lost all reserve and garrulously chatted of such intimate business and family affairs as would interest this smooth crook. I perceived no glimmer of suspicion in his eyes, though occasionally a tinge of contempt appeared. I was "too easy"—not worthy of his keen wits—but my money was good.

After leaving him, I proceeded to a small up-town hotel. I had taken a room there in order to mislead any one who might have me shadowed.

THAT evening Detective Cassassa called me up on the telephone.

"I saw you meet 'Smiling Tom' Gerhart this morning," he said, and I heard his chuckle over the wire. "Look out for him. He is a slippery proposition and has never been caught with the goods, though we've had our eye on him for a long time. Just watch your step, and don't step on the soap."

"Was I shadowed?" I asked him.

"You sure were," he answered. "A little wiry fellow with mouse-colored hair, dressed in a pepper-and-salt suit, trailed you right to the hotel and then consulted the register."

When I arrived at the Tremaine Hotel the next morning, Gerhart made all sorts of apologies for his "mistake."

"I ought to have known the Stock Exchange would be closed to-day," he said, in passing it over. He suggested that we spend the day together. That was pie for me. Until I landed him in Headquarters I wanted to keep him in sight as much as possible. He insisted on showing me the town, and we had a great day of it—at his expense.

Smiling Tom's warped sense of humor was rather embarrassing to me, when he insisted, the following day, on walking down Fifth Avenue with me and showing me all the sights while we were en-route to Wall Street.

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When we came to Union Square, he pointed to it and said: "There's where all the union men meet. See that mob of men?" He pointed to the noonday crowd of garment-workers who were sunning themselves on the park benches and strolling about. "Well, those are all strikers. And there on the left is the hotel where all the millionaires live."

We reached Wall Street during the rush hour when Wall and Broad Streets are teeming with clerks and brokers.

"Now, I want to prove to you just how popular Eagle Gold Mining stock is," he announced as we approached the curb market, which until recently did business on the curb of Broad Street—hence, its name.

"But where is the sick engineer?" I inquired peevishly.

"He's too ill to-day to leave his bed," he replied, casually. "Anyway, before you meet him, I want to demonstrate to you just how great Eagle Gold is, and how favorably it is regarded down here among the big men."

Walking toward a young man, dressed in sporty tweeds, who was standing among the curb brokers, he pulled me along with him.

"I'll ask this broker what Eagle Gold is selling for to-day, and you just listen to his answer," he said to me, in a confidential undertone.

"Have you any Eagle Gold shares?" he inquired of the young man.

"Who wants Eagle Gold?" the "broker" returned suspiciously. "No, I haven't any for sale."

"You see," triumphantly declared my come-on man to me. "Some of the big men are getting hold of it. Let's try the offices and see what they say."

We walked into one of the great multi-millionaire banking houses on Wall Street—its immense marble-walled interior and the horde of well-groomed clerks are certainly calculated to impress the out-of-town visitor. Right here, I want to explain that, while the man on the curb was undoubtedly a "plant," placed there by Smiling Tom's organization, no accomplice could have gained entrance to this establishment. Sheer nerve, unaided, had to weave this part of the net.

WE entered the lofty building together. I looked around me with proper awe and respect. Tom went up to one of the busy clerks who were dashing to and fro, and asked:

"Ah, would you be so good as to get me a price on Eagle Gold?"

"I'm sorry. I can't give you a price on that stock," the clerk said in a respectful, pleasant voice.

"You heard what he said! He couldn't sell at any price," Tom whispered in my ear, as he swiftly guided me toward the street.

The difference in the wording was so slight that a dupe would never have noticed it. To still further impress me, he called a page whom we met near the door, and asked him to go out and see if he could get any shares of Eagle Gold.

While we awaited the boy's return, Tom pointed out the various "celebrities" to me. He pointed out various messengers and stenographers, in the crowd that flowed steadily through the bank and identified

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them to me as masters of great houses and heiresses to immense fortunes.

"Let us sit down before the stock quotation board until the boy returns," he suggested. This board was in a room just off the entrance hall. Tom seated himself so that he could see the page when he returned. There we sat for some fifteen minutes and inhaled an atmosphere of gigantic wealth.

"Sorry, sir, but it is impossible to get a share of Eagle Gold anywhere," the page reported to Tom on his return.

"Isn't it wonderful!" he exclaimed, with a mighty good imitation of enthusiasm in his voice. "Did you hear what he said—he couldn't get a share at any price! I tell you, my boy, we have a fortune in our hands."

"But where is the man staying who has the stock?" I asked fretfully. "Let's go to his hotel and get it."

"Oh, he's over in Jersey City," he answered, airily. "We'll go there now, and everything will be all right."

To me it was anything but all right—it was almost a wash-out. We were going out of New York State into New Jersey, which was beyond my jurisdiction. It would be necessary to bring him back before I could arrest him. However, I swallowed my chagrin and accompanied him to the ferry.

Tom was long on personality, but he was short on brains. Each step must have been marked out for him by some guiding mind, and he was following directions automatically. This I recognized when he escorted me across the river, without inquiring whether or not I had the money with me. Here he gave me my loophole for escape—and a lasso with which to catch him.

ARRIVING at Jersey City, we taxied to the Lomax Hotel, where, Tom informed me, the sick engineer was putting up.

"Ah, ha! here he is," he said, indicating a Frank Claremont, who, according to the register, had been assigned to Room 105. "Let's go right up!"

We ascended one flight by means of the stairway and walked down to the end of a red-carpeted hallway. Tom knocked on the door twice without receiving any response.

"Golly, I hope he hasn't left for Hot Springs," he muttered to himself, but loud enough for me to hear. He knocked a third time. "He's just the sort of a bonehead who would run off if the impulse came over him, without a thought of getting in touch with a fellow."

Before he had finished speaking, however, I heard a weak voice call out: "Who's there?"

"It's Tom Gerharty," Tom replied.

In a few seconds, the door opened and a man dressed in pajamas appeared and let us in. He immediately started to limp back to bed, giving an occasional moan. Every now and then he doubled over as if in terrific pain.

"Sorry you are feeling so bad, old man," Tom said sympathetically. "But I want you to meet my uncle who has just sold out his bookstore in Janesville, and is ready to buy your Eagle Gold shares for five thousand dollars."

"Well, I've changed my mind," the



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"invalid" retorted grumpily. "I'm going to keep my shares."

For a full minute there was silence. "Now what?" I asked myself.

But Claremont was master of the situation. After more talk he "admitted" that he was "too sick to bother with the shares, anyway." He would let me have them if I wanted them.

Then he led me on—quite skilfully—to talk about my business in Janesville. We chatted for an hour before he was ready to complete the sale. Then he drew out a wallet from under the pillow.

"Here are the shares. Have you the money with you?" he asked.

"Why, no," I stammered. I fumbled with my umbrella in an apparent effort to hide my embarrassment. "Nephew never asked me to bring the money. If nephew will come along with me, I'll get it right away, and we'll be back in a jiffy."

I turned toward Tom as I spoke. Out of the corner of my eye, however, I caught the flash of anger and disgust which the sick engineer cast toward his debonair accomplice.

There was nothing else for my "nephew" to do but agree. As we left the room, I flung back, cheerily:

"I'll be back early this afternoon, Mister. I'm a man of my word. But you just think things over, and be sure you want to sell. I don't want to take advantage of a sick man."

Smiling Tom's grin was not quite so mirthful as usual while we were returning to New York by ferry. He had been severely stung by the contemptuous glance of his master. None are so sensitive to ridicule as those who enjoy inflicting it.

By the time we had reached Chambers Street landing, however, his buoyant spirits had reasserted themselves. While we were passing the 42-story Singer Building at the corner of Cortlandt Street and Broadway, I asked him:

"And who owns that place?"

He glanced up at it. I saw the corners of his lips curl themselves in preparation for a juicy quip. Before he had time to deliver it, however, I had snapped the handcuffs on his right wrist.

"Ah, my boy," I said to him softly, "you've had fun with me for two or three days. Now I'll have fun with you. I know you don't want to make a scene and draw a lot of attention to yourself, so you had best come along quietly."

He was too wise to make a scene. He could not race off without dragging me with him, for the other half of the handcuffs was attached to my wrist.

"Well, I'll be doggone dashed!" he hissed. His face had gone an ashy gray. For a moment I thought he was about to keel over.

We got into a cab. I ordered the chauffeur to drive us to Police Headquarters.

When the fact that I was really a detective, and had pinched him, had thoroughly penetrated his feathery brain, he was so overcome that he became hysterical.

"I see you got him," said Inspector O'Brien when I brought my prisoner to his office. "What sort of a come-on roper did McKenna make?" he asked Smiling Tom, whose lips were still twitching nervously.

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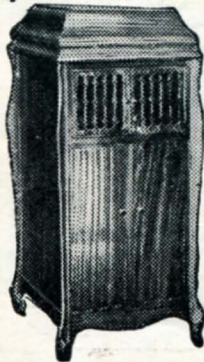
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"Well, he got me," Tom replied. He was led to a cell and later held on \$10,000 bail for extradition to New Jersey, as the offer of the fake stock had been made there.

During all of his lavish entertaining he had carefully refrained from actually selling me the stock in New York. He had described the golden opportunity and taken great pains to overwhelm me with proofs of its desirability. When it came time to make the actual sale, however, he had led me to the man who was the brains of the deal; and this man had taken the extra precaution of keeping outside the jurisdiction of New York detectives.

Accordingly, the Inspector immediately got in touch with the New Jersey authorities. I went over, got a warrant and had Detective Gilivarry assigned to me by Chief of Detectives Cosgrove of Jersey City.

Together, then, we visited the Lomax Hotel and ascended to the room of the sick engineer. I repeated the performance of my former companion; knocked thrice and then remarked: "Guess he's gone to Hot Springs." This must have been the password, for scarcely had the words left my mouth when the door was opened.

We crashed in before the "invalid" had a chance to see that his partner in crime was not with me.

"YOUNG man," I said, "I gave you my word that I would be back this afternoon. I want to explain that this is a New Jersey detective." I pointed to my companion.

"Where's Tom?" he asked, feebly. Looking from one to the other of us, he proceeded to climb back into bed.

"Locked up in New York," I replied. "Gentlemen, there's a grave mistake here. I'm Frank Claremont of Hot Springs."

"Get out of that bed!" commanded the Jersey detective. "You'll get it hotter than Hot Springs where I'm takin' you, me lad. Now, just you get a hustle on. Here's your ticket." He displayed the warrant accusing him and his accomplice of trying to sell fake stock to the value of \$5,000.

"Damn that nincompoop!" He cursed Tom fervently. Then, throwing off the covers, and sitting on the edge of the bed, he turned to me and said: "I had a hunch this morning that there was something wrong, and I told Tom over the phone that I thought it was better to drop you. The darned fool said that if I was the Creator Himself he would ask me to make them all like you."

Cursing and swearing, Claremont was escorted to the City Jail, where he was shortly afterward joined by Smiling Tom. Both were held under \$10,000 bail.

A search of Claremont's room disclosed an amazing sucker list, with exhaustive data concerning each one's business and the possibilities of roping him in. Prominent and well-to-do men were represented there—men with reputations of high standing in business circles. One or two were recognized as men who had lodged complaints with the District Attorney, but who had refused to press charges because they were afraid of ridicule.

I visited the offices of the newspaper in which the stock had been listed. A bright

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young fellow there explained how the trick had been pulled.

"They must have purchased blank certificates and then filled in the name of the stock," he said. "Then this Gerharty or an accomplice took them to a broker and offered shares of Eagle Gold for sale, paying the regulation fee of twelve dollars and fifty cents. Later on in the day, another accomplice called and asked for Eagle Gold at three dollars per share. The broker sold him the deposited shares. Gerharty, or the person who deposited the shares, then called, collected the money, and paid twelve and a half for the transaction. So, for twenty-five dollars, he managed to get his fake stock listed among the legitimate sales."

THIS happened some years ago, and I think he would experience more difficulty in putting over this same trick to-day. In the language of those persons experienced in these things, this transaction is called a "wash sale."

Pausing, he shrugged his shoulder, then continued: "Since an actual sale of the stock had appeared in the day's transactions in Wall Street, we naturally considered that the business was legitimate."

The case dragged on for a year. The organization back of the two men engaged the best criminal lawyers that money could buy. Finally the prisoners were acquitted for lack of evidence. The defense was slick. It argued that as I hadn't \$5,000 to invest, I couldn't have bought the fake shares, and that I wouldn't have bought them if I could.

When Smiling Tom left prison, however, he found a new alias awaiting him—the underworld greeted him sarcastically as "Singer Building" Tom. He was so mocked and ridiculed that he lost confidence in himself, and his career as one of the star come-on men was ended. He turned pickpocket, and wasn't very successful at that, for he was arrested several times. The other day I saw him on the Bowery, down at the heel, forlorn and destitute.

The organization moved on to another city, and I hear the "sick engineer" is still capitalizing on his rheumatism and doing a thriving business among those who are looking for easy money.

The Clue That Talked

(Continued from page 47)

Annie Kelly the paper speaks about. Tim Kelly, her husband, looked after Morton's cattle. Mrs. Morton didn't live to rear her two daughters—she was worked to death, I expect."

"And the girls?"
"They got the same dose of hard work, after they'd been graduated from school. Yep, it was hard work, shabby clothing, and practically no entertainment. Mrs. Kelly, then a widow, continued as the only house servant. The kind of life those girls lived—oh, hell, you understand. They had reason enough to dislike their father, but they just weren't that kind. Too much like their mother, I guess."

"And this second wife—was she another grouch? Did she 'ride' the girls?"
"I never heard so. Of course, there was

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no love lost between them and, naturally, she wasn't tickled, because they had opposed the marriage. This second wife had more spunk than his first, and made him loosen up some on the money. I have heard she handled the household cash."

"That makes me think of something," said Bill, nodding. "The paper didn't state whether anything had been stolen from the house."

"I'm some hours ahead of you in thinking of that point, Bill. As soon as I read the article I began to wonder. And it's one of the things I'm going to learn mighty soon after getting home."

Immediately upon stepping from the train at Haney Mills, I began making inquiries, first of the loiterers about the station, then of acquaintances and policemen I encountered on the way to my home. I learned some significant things not in the newspaper account, and determined to talk them over with the Chief later. But what, for the moment, caused my anger to again reach the boiling point was that the authorities had unearthed nothing in Maggie's favor and that the public feeling against the prisoner had increased.

REACHING my quarters, I telephoned Carmody's home and learned he had left town in the afternoon and would not return until morning. This pleased me, for it afforded me opportunity to think over the new facts I'd learned, get a good night's rest, and pick up additional information before I went into conference with him. However, before lighting my pipe and dropping into my favorite chair, I called Archer by telephone, informed him why I had returned, and arranged a meeting with him and Maggie next morning. Our talk was brief, but before hanging up, I had obtained an answer to one important question which had been bothering me. Maggie had confided this information to him.

I was well primed with theories and fairly itching to get on the trail, when I located Carmody at Headquarters next day, and we retired to his private office. His greeting was cordial, for we had been pals for years. With us rank and dignity counted for little, and I never hesitated to tell him when I thought he was wrong, nor did he side-step admitting an error.

"As soon as I heard you were in town, I knew you'd thrown up your vacation to get in on this Morton case," he said, with a grin. "But you'd better have remained with Smiley and enjoyed yourself. We've cleaned up—got a dead open-and-shut case against Maggie."

"If I didn't like you, Chief, I'd laugh right out loud." As I said this, the smile disappeared from his features and his face reddened. "Just a moment—before you explode," I went on—"please tell me the case you've built up against her—all the facts that the papers have printed, and everything you're keeping under cover."

Relighting the stub of the cigar he had been chewing nervously, he told me the full story—as he knew it. But his information contained nothing I had not read or learned since my return.

When he had finished, he looked me straight in the eye, and said: "Pick it to pieces if you can, John, but I think we have the goods. You know I respect your skill, and you're the best man on the Force.



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If you can point out weak places, tell me frankly. I'm in this game to send the guilty over—not to find a victim just to uphold the Department's reputation. What we have is circumstantial evidence, but I think it will bring conviction. There was no witness to the killing of Angie Morton and only one to the murder of Jake—his old gray parrot, 'Bum.' A hell of a lot of good that witness will do you. Now shoot."

"In the first place," I said quickly, "Mrs. Kelly has stated she didn't see Maggie go to or leave the barn, and is certain no other person entered the house. Her statement isn't worth a rap. I know the Morton place as I do my own home. A person in the vegetable garden couldn't even see the barn, the back door of the house, or the door on the side away from where she was weeding. Maggie could have done just what she said, and Mrs. Kelly never would have known. But here's something far more important. A person, any number of persons—neighbors or total strangers—could have approached by way of the woods, entered the house, and gone out, without the old servant knowing. You get me?"

"I see you've heard the yarn that a stranger was seen in the neighborhood that morning," the Chief said, smiling. "Well, it's the bunk. We've investigated and have found no one who can give a definite description of any stranger seen near the place. Besides, why would a stranger kill Morton and his wife? He had no enemies around here who'd resort to murder. If it was a prowler or a yegg, why should he kill? There wasn't a thing stolen from the place."

"The deuce there wasn't!" I exploded. "I've got something to tell you about that. Because Lucy reported nothing was missing and you located the money Mrs. Morton had on hand for household expenses, you jumped to the conclusion nothing was stolen. Maggie and her attorney could have told you different. But they didn't, because you'd have turned her statement against her, as you did others she made. But they have confided in me, because they know I'm working to clear Maggie. Get this. For years Maggie has kept her father's books. Lucy knows this, of course, but she does not know one thing about what is in the records."

"The night before the murders, Morton went to the station and met Carter, his Eastern representative, who was passing through here on his way to Denver," I said slowly. "Carter gave Morton five thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills, all new and issued by one New York bank. Jake intended to deposit the money the day he was killed. When he brought it home, he showed it to Maggie, who made the proper entry in her books. Then he turned it over to his wife to hide. As on previous occasions, Mrs. Morton placed the money in a chamois bag and put it in her corset. That money has disappeared. You didn't even know about it and—"

"JUST a minute, John. If what you say is true, it don't help the girl. After killing her step-mother, she could have taken the money and hid it. It's up to you to find it."

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a few more truths before I go on the war-path—and I'm going, all right. Maggie forgot about the money when first arrested; she was too frightened." I paused, then asked abruptly: "Have you found the axe, cleaver or whatever it was that was used to do the murders?"

"Maggie hid—"
"Oh, forget it. You found the only cleaver the family owned, and Jake's two axes. None showed bloodstains and there was no indication they had been cleaned recently. Maggie told Nelse there were no others. I believe her. The murder-weapon was carried away by the killer. I'll locate it if I can. And, in addition, I'm going to try to prove that Maggie actually used the Paris green to spray potato plants and that the stains on the partly-burned dress really were made by red ink. As the stained portion was burned, I'll have to try some other way than by chemical analysis."

I left Headquarters with Carmody's permission to make any investigation I chose, and with his good wishes. But he prophesied I would fail to clear Maggie.

Within an hour I had talked with Archer and Lucy at the former's office and was certain both were convinced of the prisoner's innocence. Then, accompanied by Nelse, who had informed Maggie I had returned to work in her behalf, I went to the jail and heard her story. She had recovered her nerve and talked clearly. One thing of importance I learned from her—where I could locate the book upon which she had been working when she spilled the ink on her dress, and the pages upon which I would find spatters from the same ink. She also informed me she had used the Paris green upon a field of potatoes well to the rear of the house, and that there had been but one heavy fall of rain since.

Outside I instructed Archer to enter a formal plea of "not guilty" when Maggie was arraigned next day, and to prevent her from making a statement in court or from talking to anyone but Lucy and himself until I gave the word.

ACCOMPANIED by the chief chemist from the health department, I drove to the Morton farm, located the potato patch where Maggie stated she had used the Paris green, and picked a basket of plants. Beneath many leaves was a white deposit which I believed, and hoped, was the poison. Taking them, the chemist left me. He promised to make a quick analysis and report.

Rogers, the policeman who had been on duty at the house since the murders, met me as I entered the living-room. I had been there but once since Jake's second marriage—then, soon after the wedding—and looked about with interest. However, as I rounded the big door, I was greeted with a harsh cry of, "Hell's bells, Blighter, pipe all hands!" The call so unexpected startled me, for I had forgotten Bum, the household's pet parrot.

"Well, Rogers," I said, laughing, "you should be ashamed of yourself teaching this bird naughty words."

"Not me." He grinned. "He's been yelling that stuff ever since I came here."

"Then some one else is guilty. I've known Bum a long time, but never heard him cuss before. He's a great parrot though, and very old."

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I soon located the account-book I sought and found the red ink stains on the pages Maggie had indicated. Turning this over to Rogers to be taken to Headquarters, I started to examine the house from cellar to garret. After a very thorough search I was satisfied that the missing murder-weapon, the stolen money and the poison were not hidden there. The only thing of particular interest I encountered was a small desk in Morton's bedroom. It contained a number of documents and old letters. I passed these over, intending to examine them later, and then turned my attention to the barn and other outbuildings. These yielded nothing. At this point Mrs. Kelly summoned me to answer a telephone call. It was the chemist. He had found Paris green on the potato plants. It was another point in Maggie's favor.

AS I left the house through the side door, I noted the distant houses of some neighbors, and recollection of the mysterious man, alleged to have been seen in the vicinity the day of the killings, came back to me. I might as well run down that clue right then and there, I thought. My investigation yielded better results than I had anticipated. Though none was certain he had seen any unknown acting suspiciously, one stated he thought he had seen a man enter Morton's woods, and another reported having noted a peddler in a small automobile drive into an old dirt road running through Jake's farm. A description of the stranger, or strangers, I could not obtain.

Learning there had been no rain since the murders, I made my way to the dirt road, inches thick with dust. It curved sharply after leaving the main highway, and anything a few feet back would be concealed by high bushes. Behind these I found impressions where a small car had been parked, then turned around. I knew Jake's only car was an old, heavy model, too big to have made the tracks. Was it possible the reported stranger was the killer—that he had come in a car, hidden it in the shrubbery until after the killings, and then driven away? If so, he probably was familiar with the place and the habits of the family.

Anyway, the stranger was no longer a myth but an entity. In my mind he suddenly had become of such importance I determined to learn all possible about him before doing anything else. Hoping that under persistent questioning Mrs. Kelly might recall having seen him, I returned to the house. The old woman was dusting in the sitting-room. When I entered, the aged parrot's shriek greeted me. "Hell's bells, Blihter, pipe all hands!" Mrs. Kelly turned and regarded the parrot reproachfully. "Shut up, you wicked blaspheming bird!" she shouted, then after a pause she spoke to me. "I don't know what's gotten into Bum lately. I thought he'd forgotten that cuss expression, but he's been sayin' it ever since the—" She didn't finish the sentence.

But she had given me a jolt which set my nerves to tingling. I leaned my elbow on the chest of drawers and stared at Bum. What was the real meaning of the words that parrot had just spoken? Were they a real clue to the killer? It might be a 100 per cent hunch.

I turned to Mrs. Kelly. "You've heard

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the expression 'Hell's bells' before. How long ago?"

"Oh, many years. It was when the Blighter brought him here—and after, till the first Mrs. Morton broke him of sayin' 'em."

"Who was this Blighter?"

"HE was Mr. Morton's mate when they was at sea. They had Bum with 'em on their ships. After Mr. Morton married the first time, the Blighter brought the parrot here and left him—said he couldn't keep him any longer. He came to visit here a few times after that. Then he didn't come no more."

By that time my pulses were fairly jumping. Could this Blighter have come back after some thirty years? Had it been his appearance which had recalled the expression to the old bird? Was he—the murderer?

"What was this Blighter's right name?" I asked.

"I can't seem to recollect, it was so far back. Oh, wait, it was Cleary. I can't remember his first name. He was older than Mr. Morton—and drank."

The tip seemed good; to be acted upon without delay. Puzzling over the matter—trying to think of some way to pick up this elusive Blighter's long-lost trail—I recalled Morton's desk, which was jammed with papers, old records, and correspondence. Perhaps I might find some ancient document referring to the man—possibly, some letters from him. Hastening to the bedroom of the murdered man, I plunged into my task. Good luck favored me; good luck which brought a ten-strike.

In the desk I discovered a packet of letters, all written in a peculiar, wabbling hand. Most were old, yellow, and dust-stained. But one, on the bottom, was cleaner and the postmark indicated it had been mailed at Cedar Grove, Kansas, about three weeks previous to the murders. My fingers fairly trembled as I took a single sheet from the envelope. And I could scarcely repress a shout as I read the signature at the bottom of the scrawl—"Clem Cleary." But it was the letter itself which snapped me into action.

Jake Morton, sir—

I am writing you again for \$200. You must send it. I haven't forgotten that I promised the last time you sent me money, not to ask you again. But I got to have \$200. I been very sick. I couldn't peddle for a long time. I am broke.

You wrote your new wife was so expensive you can't afford to send me money. That is a lie. You got a bank full of money. And you know you promised always to see I didn't want, after I got drunk in Calcutta and sold you my share in the ships. Please, Jake, send the money. I am sick and poor. If you don't, I'll come to you and talk to your wife. She is a mean woman not to let you send a few dollars to an old mate.

CLEM CLEARY

By noon the following day I had crossed the state line and was closeted with the sheriff of Cedar Grove. I asked him to tell me all he knew concerning Cleary, stating I would explain my errand when he had finished. What he told me was this: The man had settled in the town some thirty-odd years back. He purchased a small farm where he lived alone.

He had money when he arrived, and for a long time it was understood he received remittances from a friend or relative. Ten years back he announced he was getting too old to farm. But, being too restless to do nothing, he purchased a small automobile and supplies, and started out as a country peddler. Between trips he lived on his farm. However, his lonely life seemed to have upset his mind, and in recent years he had been looked upon as demented, though harmless.

Three months before he had broken down, and for a time he was cared for in a hospital. When he was released he appeared to have regained his physical vigor, but was more flighty than ever. Without funds, he borrowed money, purchased new supplies, and started forth on a peddling excursion. He had returned unexpectedly within a few days, very drunk and with an unknown amount of ready cash. The date of his return, given by the Sheriff, was sufficiently long after the murders to have permitted him to drive from Haney Mills.

When questioned about his money by neighbors, Cleary had replied that he had received an unexpected inheritance. He had been intoxicated most of the time since his return, had become more morose and ugly daily, and various residents of Cedar Grove had asked the authorities to place him in confinement until he became sober. Although that had not been done, the Sheriff had had him under observation.

"The queer thing about his money," said the Sheriff, "is that it appears to be all in one-hundred-dollar bills and issued by the same New York bank."

"That settles it," I fairly shouted. "He's my man all right."

Then I told the Sheriff the inside facts of the Morton case. I explained how I had come to suspect Cleary, and I showed him the letter to Jake. Though he was surprised, he agreed I probably was correct, and accompanied me to a Justice, from whom we obtained a warrant for Clem.

The Sheriff then drove me to the man's home. He was absent. We took advantage of this to break into the barn and search the peddler's car, which was dust-covered and mud-caked, indicating it had traveled far recently. It required time to hunt through the mass of articles inside, but we finally uncovered an axe, with clotted stains upon the blade and handle. Examining these through a magnifying-glass, I discovered a few gray hairs held in the dried clots. I was satisfied I held the murder-axe.

Returning to the house, we searched for the money, but failed to find it.

TOWARD dusk, Cleary came staggering up the path. The Sheriff nodded for me to take the lead, and I wasted no time in forcing the issue. As the man entered, the Sheriff slipped behind him and closed the door, while I grasped him by the shoulder.

"Clem Cleary," I said, "you're under arrest for the murder of Jake Morton and his wife."

"What—what do you mean?" he gasped. If he had been drunk, my words sobered him on the instant. His face turned parchment yellow, and his jaw sagged.

"You heard me. You killed them. There's the axe you used." I pointed to

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the implement on a nearby table. "And here's the letter you wrote to Morton, threatening him."

With a cry like a maddened animal, he broke from me and bolted for the door. But the Sheriff blocked him, and I was upon his shoulders in a flash. The battle was brief. Cleary collapsed suddenly, and dropped unconscious at our feet. We carried him to a couch and, while the Sheriff brought water to revive him, I searched his clothing. Next his skin, in a cloth belt he evidently had fashioned, I found more than \$3,000 in \$100 bills.

When Cleary recovered consciousness, it was apparent his half-crazed brain had cracked entirely. But, between fits of babbling and in reply to my soft-spoken queries, he told sufficient for me to learn definitely how he had committed the murders.

He had left Cedar Grove with the deliberate intention of facing Morton and compelling him to give him money. He had taken his car of supplies, in order to earn his keep on his way to Hancy Mills. Reaching the Morton farm, he had hidden his machine, and then approached the house from the woods, intending to confront Jake before the latter should see him and lock his doors. Slipping inside the rear door, axe in hand, he had heard a sound upstairs. Creeping above, he had discovered Mrs. Morton seated in a chair, her sewing on the floor beside her, counting a pile of bills in her lap. His dislike for the woman and the sight of the money were too much for him. He killed her, stuffed the bills and the chamois bag into his pockets, and then tiptoed down to the living-room. There he saw Jake asleep.

A maniacal desire to kill, to rid himself of a possible avenger of the woman, caused him to attack his old friend. The latter was not killed by the first blow and fought desperately until Cleary literally hacked him to death. Then the killer slunk away to the woods and escaped.

Maggie was freed immediately following a telephone talk I had with Carmody, in which I explained all that had occurred since I left him. I obtained extradition papers and took my prisoner back with me. He never went to trial, but was sent to an insane asylum, a hopeless maniac.

As soon after Maggie's release as legal matters could be settled, she married Archer. Then she and Lucy sold the property formerly owned by their father, and, with Maggie's husband, removed to a Pacific Coast city to begin a new life in happier surroundings.

Trapped by a Memory Portrait

(Continued from page 59)

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "but your office door was open. I was looking for a Mr. Frank Howard. Is he employed here?" Then he exhibited an envelope with the name Howard on it and this building. I didn't believe, however, that he had found my office door open, and I intended to hand him over to the police.

"BEFORE I resorted to that measure, I thought I would phone Miss Bartlett. Her sister told me over the phone



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that she had gone to the office a half hour before. Just as I hung up the receiver, Miss Bartlett stepped into the room. Then I recalled that she had both sets of keys. 'I waited outside until I saw you coming down the street,' Miss Bartlett told me, 'and then I went over to the restaurant to get a cup of coffee.' Of course, I figured that if the man had walked in after Miss Bartlett left the office, he hadn't had much chance to pick up anything. And when I looked around and saw that everything was all right, I rather regretted that I had been so abrupt with him."

"Now, give me your impressions of him, Mr. Adams," I said.

"Well, he was about five feet ten inches tall. That's about right—isn't it, Miss Bartlett?"

"Yes," the secretary replied.

"He was clean-shaven," Adams went on. "He had bony features, high cheek-bones, a big nose, and an unusually high forehead. His eyes were small and gray."

I was sketching rapidly as he talked.

"But did you notice how straight and hard his mouth was?" Miss Bartlett asked abruptly.

"Does that look like him?" I showed them the sketch.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Adams exclaimed, as his face lighted up with a smile. "Say—you're some artist. That's fine. Almost a photograph of that fellow—"

"It's wonderful, wonderful," Miss Bartlett declared. "It looks just like him."

"WITH one exception." Adams looked at the sketch closely. "The head should be a little broader and the nose should be thicker and heavier. Otherwise, it's perfect."

All the bank officials agreed that the sketch was an almost exact reproduction of the forger.

Then I went back to see the rooming-house keeper, Mrs. Ferris. I showed her the sketch.

"Why, that looks like a man that roomed here about two weeks," exclaimed the landlady. Her face lighted up with a smile.

I was elated. "What's his name?" "Sanderson," she replied—"Arthur Sanderson. He said he was a writer."

"Do you recall the exact date that he rented your room?"

"Let's see." She hesitated for a moment. "Yes, it was on a Sunday—Sunday, July the twenty-seventh."

"When did he give up the room?"

"He gave it up," she went on, "on a Friday. Was it Friday?" She hesitated again. "Yes, it was Friday, August the tenth. He left about two o'clock in the afternoon."

Now I was certain that I was on the trail of the forger. He had left the rooming-house on the day that he "cleaned up" on the two banks—and he had rented the room on the day before Mr. Adams had caught him in his office. I asked her to let me see the room he had occupied. I wanted to search it.

It was lucky for me that no one had taken the room since the man left. Knowing the slovenly habits of landladies and the rather desultory way in which they clean their rooms, I was sure I would find something.

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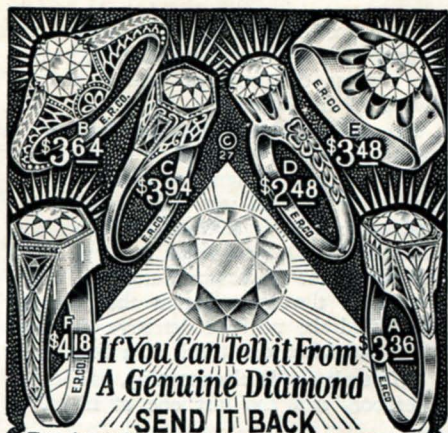
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I was not disappointed. In a table drawer were three pens, a blotter, a bottle of ink, and an envelope torn into very fine pieces. I spent seven hours putting the pieces together, and my labors were handsomely rewarded. There was a return address on the back of the envelope, "If not delivered in five days, return to Edward Daly, 621 Rogers Street, San Francisco, California."

I beat it into Kansas City—the nearest big town—to search the rogues' gallery for a picture that would correspond with the sketch and the descriptions of Anderson. I found one "mug" that fitted in with every detail of the sketch, but this fellow, Frisco Sammy Hardin, was a burglar.

I WAS surprised, but anyway, I obtained the rogues' gallery photograph of Frisco Sammy, and then I went over to interview the bank officials again. I showed them the picture. Every one of them was positive that Hardin and Anderson were one and the same person.

However, I had my doubts. I was afraid it was nothing more than a case of mistaken identity or of striking resemblance.

I beat it out to California to look up Mr. Daly.

Unfortunately he was not in San Francisco when I arrived, and the local detectives did not know where he had gone. However, I went to work.

I knew quite a few of the big-time grifters in the East, and I was sure that none of them ever came west of Chicago. So I felt quite safe in posing as "Broadway Alec" Ramsay, a New York con man who would not be personally acquainted with any of these Western crooks.

I played all the joints that catered to grifters—Big Tom Ayres' Place, Little Johnny Bull's, Jimmy Fairchilds', and the Lone Pine Inn. I met quite a few "moll buzzers" (pickpockets who operate on women) that knew Frisco Sammy, and I found three or four gamblers who were intimate friends of his. But none of these had seen him for five or six months.

"I think he's living in Chicago," was the opinion that most of them entertained.

"Sammy is a prowler," they said. None of them ever intimated that Sammy Hardin had ever been mixed up in the check racket. He did go out on the "con" once in a while, but nobody had ever heard of him "shoving bad paper."

I knocked around Frisco for nearly three months and I was on the verge of tossing up the sponge—for I was just about convinced that W. H. Anderson and Frisco Sammy were not the same person—when I got a tip that Edward Daly, alias Big Mitt Eddie, was living in Pomona, California.

I rambled down to Pomona. He had an apartment on Ventura Avenue, out in the suburbs. I watched it for a day or two, and found that he motored into Los Angeles every afternoon about five o'clock. I hired a car and followed him to a card-joint on Hoffman Street. I learned later that this was a rendezvous for "tin horns" and con men.

I went to the place next day, and had no trouble convincing the gang there that I was an Eastern "cannon" (grifter). They welcomed me with open arms. I made no effort to get acquainted with Big Mitt Eddie. I wanted him to come to me. I was

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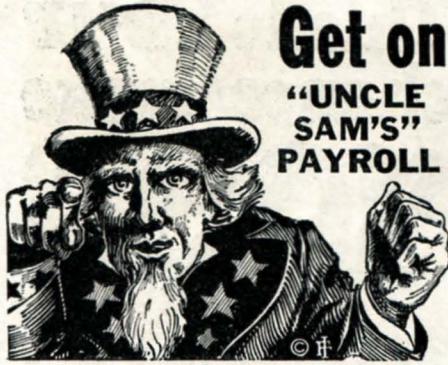
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afraid that I might arouse his suspicions if I went to him.

Finally, he was introduced to me one night by "Los Angeles Billy" Barton.

Within twenty-four hours after I had been introduced to him, I had won his confidence. I had represented myself as a "pen man," a forger. I was sure that if he knew any "pen men," he would talk about them to me when I told him of my line of work. I purposely spoke of Kansas, where I had been operating for a couple of months, I said.

"Those Kansas 'jug' men," I continued, "are an awful lot of saps, Eddie."

"YES," he said, with a smile. "I hear they are pretty simple marks. A friend of mine has been down there burning 'em right and left with phony checks."

"Some of the boys around Frisco was telling me about him," I said, seizing my opportunity. "Hardin, isn't it—or some such name?"

It was a chance shot in the dark—but it landed!

"Yes," replied Big Mitt Eddie, a look of blank astonishment on his face. "Do y' know Sammy?"

I felt like shouting with joy. Close as I had come to betraying myself, I now felt I already had my hands on this slippery fugitive from the law.

"No." I had a hard time suppressing my feelings. "But I've heard a lot about him. He's a clever grifter, so I hear."

"One of the smartest cheaters that ever took a chance," Big Mitt went on. "He's been mixed up in the check racket for three years, and there isn't a dick in the country that's wise to him. They all think he's a prowler."

So for the first time, I was sure that Frisco Sammy Hardin, the genial Mr. Anderson, and "Mr. Sanderson the writer" were the same person.

Now I had to "con" Big Mitt Eddie for Sammy's address. In perfect trust he told me Sammy was living in "Chi." And when I informed him that I was on my way back East, he gave me the street address.

BUT when I arrived in Chicago, Sammy had left his Michigan Avenue rooms. The landlady didn't know where he had moved to.

I learned from this woman, however, that he had three trunks, and I was reasonably certain that I could trace them. After some trouble, I found that they had been shipped to A. F. Schwartz, Omaha, Nebraska.

I went to Omaha. He was three days ahead of me. The trunks had been shipped to Denver in the same name.

I followed on to Denver, and there Sammy disappeared. There was a record of the arrival of the trunks and his signature

for the receipt of them. But he had arranged for removing them himself, and so the express company, of course, had no record of his address.

His fade-out in Denver worried me. I had to have help. I called on the Chief of detectives, who assigned one of his best men to work with me. He, in turn, introduced me to a railroad detective, and then the three of us began to comb Denver for a line on Frisco Sammy. In the course of the investigation the baggage agent told the railroad detective that our party had taken one trunk at a time.

"He took one in the morning, one in the afternoon, and the last one at night."

THIS meant that he had hired a taxi every time he took a trunk from the station. Interviewing every taxicab driver in Denver looked like a gigantic and a heart-breaking job, but it had to be done. At least, we started in to do that. We tried to find and question every driver who had delivered a trunk on December 12th. On the fourth or fifth day a man gave us a description of a passenger that tallied with Frisco Sammy.

"I picked him up on Larrimore Street," the driver said. "I drove him to the railroad station, where he got a trunk, and then out to a house on Walnut Street. I remember him particularly because he gave me a big tip."

The driver took us to the place mentioned. It was an apartment house that rented furnished apartments. Discreet inquiries to the janitor revealed the fact that a newcomer had rented Apartment 4B, on December 11th.

It was around three in the afternoon when we talked with the janitor, and we expected that the party would be out. If it was our man, we were sure that he would be. We asked the janitor to investigate for us. After going up-stairs, he reported that Mr. Sherwin, the name that the new arrival had given, was not at home.

We decided to "plant" in the apartment and wait for him. About seven that evening, in walked the versatile Mr. Anderson, alias Frisco Sammy Hardin—forger, prowler, and con man. The four months' chase was over.

He admitted his identity, waived his extradition rights, and went back to Kansas to stand trial for forgery. He pleaded guilty and was sent to prison for three years. When he completed that term, he was turned over to the Omaha authorities to answer to the charge of the theft of a package of greenbacks, amounting to \$1000, which he "copped" out of the Republic Bank in Omaha three days before I arrived there. His sentence for that job will keep him safely behind the bars for at least nine years more.

The Capture of the "Philippine Kid"

(Continued from page 51)

long-termers signified a request for medical attention by raising their right hands. They were marched off in double rank under the watchful eye of a guard. Clark hurriedly left the prison for a short assignment in the town. Kuykendall and

his companions were delivered to the orderly and nurse in the hospital ward.

Doctor Palmer, prison physician, arrived at 8:45 that morning. He went through the gates and up to the hospital, located in the south end on the second floor of

Cell House Number One. When he entered Kuykendall and his companions arose.

"Doctor Palmer," volunteered the convict attendant, "each one of these boys shows a fever."

WILLIAM MILLS, a guard, stood inside at the entrance to the ward, at the grated door, with the keys of the room. Doctor Palmer told the men to stand in line and undress for examination. Kuykendall dropped on a cot in an attitude of extreme pain. Doctor Palmer stooped over him. Kuykendall groaned. There was nothing to indicate the coming of the swift, dramatic scene that followed. The groan was the signal for action. Each one of these convicts had a table knife—stolen from the prison dining-room—that had been fashioned into a stabbing instrument.

Kuykendall grasped the elderly physician by the throat as Palmer leaned over him to apply the stethoscope.

"Utter a sound when I let up, and I'll slit your throat!" rasped Kuykendall. At the same instant Lopez Martinez started for the guard. He and the other convicts soon had the guard at their mercy.

"Strip off all your clothes down to your underwear," Kuykendall ordered Palmer and Mills, "and be quick about it. Martinez, you and Fisher stab them if they make a movement to disregard my orders."

The desperado was at the same time taking off his convict garb. He was particularly careful of a half-pint bottle that he took from his apparel.

"Have to be gentle with this 'soup,'" he said, referring to the pure nitroglycerin that filled the flask to the stopper.

In less time than it takes to tell it, Kuykendall had donned the uniform of the guard, and Fisher was dressed completely in the citizen clothes of the Doctor—shirt, collar, shoes, and eye-glasses. The other convicts retained their prison dress.

Stealthily, the Philippine Kid looked down the long corridor of the Cell House. No one was in sight. The bar that locked every cell with the movement of the end lever was thrown. The turnkey was busy at his desk. The prison was comparatively quiet, with the exception of the sounds from the boiler and machine shop.

Kuykendall gave the sign to follow. "Bring that 'croaker' and the 'screw' along. I am going to hold them both up against the gate and use them for a mattress when I blast hell out of it. Come on!" he ordered.

Doctor Palmer was conducted in his underclothes, and with a knife biting in his side, in the hands of the Kid. The guard was surrounded by the other six men. "Group together, you — so the damned wall guards can't take a shot when we reach the gate; it will only take a moment to make the outside."

A few seconds prior to the desperate band of convicts leaving the Cell House, Mrs. John Cleghorn, wife of the Warden, the latter having gone downtown, entered the prison enclosure and had taken only a few steps towards the inner yard office of the Warden, when Kuykendall saw her.

"Now we have it, and a safe getaway! Everybody surround the woman. We will have her for a shield, and they won't dare to shoot."

The little group was under the guns of the wall guards, who dared not take a chance of firing, now that the Warden's wife had been captured by the maddened animals who held life valueless.

KUYKENDALL at first asked the inside guard to open the gate. Mrs. Cleghorn ordered him not to. Kuykendall turned on the woman and with a curse applied epithets to her that fairly cracked with malice and hatred. In two seconds Kuykendall had the big lock plate filled with nitroglycerin and an inch fuse with cap, and from a cigarette lit the fuse.

"Hold the Doc up against the lock. Either that, or maybe this is better." And with that he attempted to force the guard up against the great door. The other prisoners jerked the Doctor and woman away, just as the explosion demolished the locking system of the great steel door. Kuykendall, with a yell, roughly shoved the woman into the anteroom and again loaded the locking system plate with the deadly explosive and blasted away. Then, with the doctor, guard, and woman bunched, prisoners in their midst, the convicts ran out the front entrance to freedom.

They dropped Doctor Palmer and the guard at the door. With Mrs. Cleghorn weaving in and out among them, they ran into the plaza fronting the penal institution. Kuykendall was screaming curses at the wall guards and daring them to shoot.

"The first shot you fire," he called, "I will cut off this woman's head. And I've a notion to do it, anyway."

Through the long lane of cottonwoods bordering the vacant area between the Rio Grande railroad and the river, they ran, dragging the woman along. The tall cottonwoods made a screen for them as the wall guards tried to take toll through the dense growth.

The civilian engineer grabbed the cord of the siren, the largest in the West, which can be heard twenty miles away. The blasts rose to a shriek like a lost soul's, then sank to a menacing growl, and then ran the scale through every true tone to the tempest whine. The sounds were heavy on the morning's clear, quiet atmosphere, echoing and re-echoing through cañon and valley—the tocsin to every home within hearing.

THE prison is in the immediate west end of Cañon City. With long-drawn continuous blasts of the siren beating on their ears, the residents knew that something more pregnant than an ordinary escape was being heralded. Automatically every home was closed and the male citizens took loaded rifles and shotguns from ever-ready racks, swung on their heavy belts and pistols, and started for the prison. A minute after the call to arms by the monstrous siren, more than 600 armed men were on their way to the prison.

At that time I lived just three blocks from the west wall of the institution. At the first blast, with Henry Beecher and Charlie Mitton, I hurried to the prison,



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running down Main Street, which fronts the prison wall. Just as we reached the plaza, Warden Cleghorn drove by like the wind behind fast trotters in a single-seat road wagon. Reaching the entrance to the prison, he jumped from the conveyance and began issuing orders.

In the middle of the plaza, in full view of the skirmish line of kneeling guards, with rifles at the ready, was closely huddled the bunch of milling figures, with Mrs. Cleghorn in their center being roughly manhandled.

Then the awful cries of the Philippine Kid could be heard above the din and confusion.

"Make a move to shoot, and I will cut this woman all to pieces! I dare you to shoot! I just want an excuse to see fresh blood spurt from her neck." Then curses and unprintable threats and demands were hurled across the barren park.

"Fire, you men! Good God, isn't there a shot among you? Can't you pick off that bunch of men? Shoot, anyhow—I can't stand this! Here, give me that rifle! I'll shoot!" yelled the half-crazed Warden.

The guards, cool, level-headed men, paid not the slightest attention to their superior. They were waiting for an opening to pick off the Kid, and would do so if given the slightest opportunity without jeopardizing the life of the woman.

Around the corner of Main Street came Tom Clark, yard-master. Straight for the group he ran. No hesitancy, just a figure of deadly intent and purpose! Four of the convicts now ran into the brush, but Kuykendall, Fisher, and Martinez were still grouped about the drooping, half-fainting woman. When they turned and glimpsed the deadly menace of the approaching man, they knew sure death was upon them.

At this moment Mrs. Cleghorn became a dead weight and was dropped. Fisher and Martinez ran; Kuykendall faced Clark. The skirmish line of guards was advancing. Warden Cleghorn reached his wife, whose clothing was in tatters and whose face and body were bruised from the inhuman treatment. All were thankful that she was temporarily in merciful oblivion.

Clark yelled to Kuykendall to throw up his hands.

"Get 'em up and come here quick," demanded the yard-master.

"You can go plumb to hell," the Kid said. And with a string of oaths he started towards the mill ditch, fifty yards away. Clark never made a move to shoot the fleeing man, dressed in the guard's uniform, but took after him. I and two friends were fifty feet away with firearms ready for any emergency.

"Never mind, fellows," spoke Clark. "I'll get this hound."

KUYKENDALL looked behind and saw that Clark was gaining rapidly. At this time he was within a few feet of the culvert that bridged the swiftly running mill ditch. Then Kuykendall stopped in his tracks, and faced his pursuer. In his hand appeared the bottle, almost half filled with the nitroglycerin. He held it high above his head.

"Clark, you come an inch nearer, and I

will smash this 'soup' on this rail and we will both be blown to hell!"

Clark kept up his steady advance with his eyes mere slits, his gun hand at his side, fingers outspread ready for the movement that would necessitate his lightning draw for a death shot.

"You will, will you?" growled Kuykendall, who realized that this man had no fear.

With a yell that could be heard for blocks, he smashed at the steel rail with enough high explosive to have demolished a large building. But the bottle had not reached its objective before Clark made a movement like a striking adder and his .45 Colt's roared from his hip. Kuykendall rose in the air as if thrown from a spring-board at the shock of the heavy bullet, and, with body bent backward, he resembled a fancy diver doing a backward stunt, as his head struck the water and his body slipped into the ditch.

"Whew!" exclaimed Clark. "That was a close one, and if it had not been for this soft sand and dust, where this bottle struck, we would all have been scattered over the scenery. This is the first time in my life I ever had a feeling that every single hair on my neck and the back of my head, had individually become a nice, tight little curl."

With the same wonderful dexterity he had holstered his revolvers and requested that we retrieve the body from the ditch. The shot had gone through Kuykendall's left temple.

Pretty soon Lopez Martinez, who had cut the traces from a wagon and mounted one of the horses, and had galloped through South Cañon, came across the bridge with a 14-year-old boy behind him with a .22-caliber rifle. This boy had heard the alarm, and was standing in front of his home on his way to go hunting when he saw the convict riding low on the animal's shoulders. The boy cried out for him to stop, and when he ignored the order, had fired and knocked him from the mount, hitting him in the leg.

Every single man who had taken part in the crash-out with Kuykendall was returned to the prison before dark. The last one to be brought in was Red Fisher, who was still dressed in the clothing of Doctor Palmer and still wore his glasses.

Investigation showed that Kuykendall had occasionally acted as powder "monkey" at the limestone quarry. With patience almost inconceivable he had from time to time managed to pack away enough dynamite under his long finger-nails to make a half pint of pure nitroglycerin. It had taken months and months of patient effort. He had percolated the deadly stuff in his cell. He had used a dark medicine bottle to hold his dangerous explosive. The material looked like cough medicine, and the daily searchers never for a moment doubted the contents, as he invariably sent for another bottle, but always had the dark bottle on his cell shelf, in plain view.

It is doubtful if there ever has been a parallel case of attempted escape fraught with the spectacular incidents that surrounded this attempt under the leadership of Kuykendall, the Philippine Kid. This arch-criminal went out of the world as he had lived, with a curse on his lips.

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Novelty Badges

Who the Kiss Me Pretty Oh Honey Give Me Some Won't You Be My Jazz Baby

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Price \$1.00 Postpaid

This well made and effective Pistol is made on the pattern of the latest type of Revolver, the appearance of which alone is enough to scare a burglar, whilst, when loaded, it will probably prove just as effective as a revolver with real bullets, without the danger to life. It takes the standard .22 Calibre Smith & Wesson Cartridges, that are obtainable most everywhere. Even the most timid women can use it with perfect safety and friction a thief without risk to himself or anyone else. A Great Protection Against Burglars, Tramps and Dogs. You can have it lying about without the danger attached to other revolvers. We sell large numbers around the 4th of July. Well made of solid metal. PRICE ONLY \$1.00 Postpaid. Blank Cartridges, 22-cal., shipped by express only, 50c per 100. Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 870, Racine, Wis.

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Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and blow it into the air, and everyone in the room or every will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. It will probably prove just as effective as a revolver with real bullets, without the danger to life. It takes the standard .22 Calibre Smith & Wesson Cartridges, that are obtainable most everywhere. Even the most timid women can use it with perfect safety and friction a thief without risk to himself or anyone else. A Great Protection Against Burglars, Tramps and Dogs. You can have it lying about without the danger attached to other revolvers. We sell large numbers around the 4th of July. Well made of solid metal. PRICE ONLY \$1.00 Postpaid. Blank Cartridges, 22-cal., shipped by express only, 50c per 100. Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 870, Racine, Wis.

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a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it.

Never Fails. A 16-page course on ventriloquism, and the Ventrilo, ALL FOR 10c postpaid.

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This is another good practical joke; the intense discomfort of your victims to everyone but themselves is thoroughly enjoyable. All that is necessary to start the ball rolling is to deposit a little of the powder on a person's hand and the powder can be rolled upon to do the rest. The result is a vigorous scratch, then some more scratch, and still some more.

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PISTOL, OPERA & FIELD GLASS

PRICE POSTPAID \$1.00

It is made in the shape of and looks like a regular Automatic Pistol. No one is likely to stop and ask you whether it is real or not. Thus it is likely to prove itself very handy in an emergency. On pressing the trigger it opens up, as shown in the illustration at the right, revealing nine most useful articles: Pistol, Opera Glass, Telescope, Mirror, Magnifying Glass and Burning Lens, Reading Glass, Sun Dial, Sun Compass, etc. In the handle of the revolver there is a place for various pocket necessities, such as First Aid Articles, Buttons, Pins, etc. The Pistol is of sheet metal, blue finish that can be carried comfortably in pocket. PRICE \$1.00.

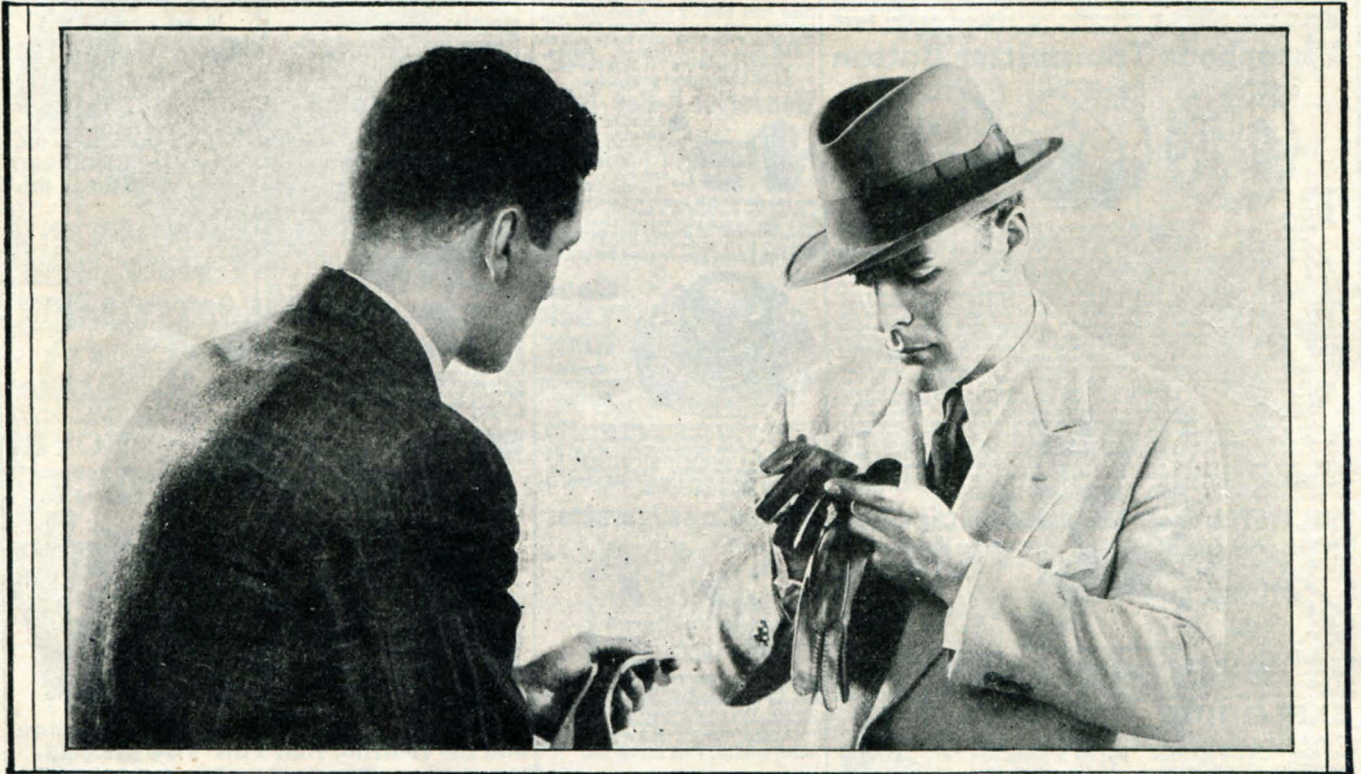
LOOK!

It is made in the shape of and looks like a regular Automatic Pistol. No one is likely to stop and ask you whether it is real or not. Thus it is likely to prove itself very handy in an emergency. On pressing the trigger it opens up, as shown in the illustration at the right, revealing nine most useful articles: Pistol, Opera Glass, Telescope, Mirror, Magnifying Glass and Burning Lens, Reading Glass, Sun Dial, Sun Compass, etc. In the handle of the revolver there is a place for various pocket necessities, such as First Aid Articles, Buttons, Pins, etc. The Pistol is of sheet metal, blue finish that can be carried comfortably in pocket. PRICE \$1.00.

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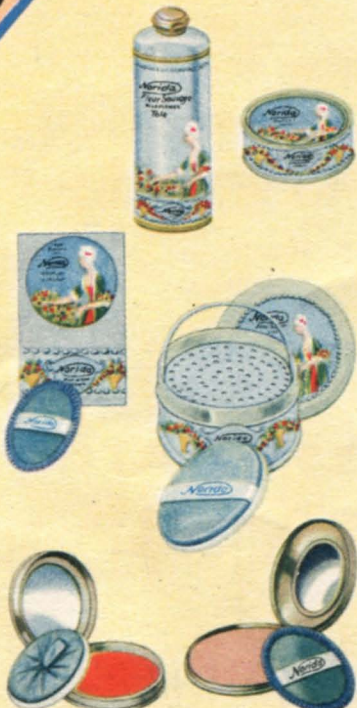
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