

The Truth About the Great Hollywood Murder

TRUE
★
DETECTIVE
MYSTERIES

JULY

A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION
25
CENTS

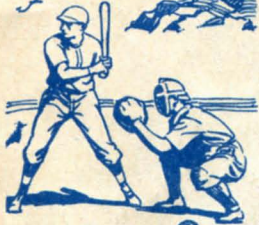
A woman with dark, curly hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a white, textured mask that covers her mouth and nose. She is holding a handgun in her right hand, which is raised towards her face. The background is dark and textured, suggesting an outdoor setting with foliage. The overall style is reminiscent of classic pulp magazine illustrations.

*How I Captured
"Bluebeard" Watson*

*Revelations of a
Crooked Detective*

*My Encounter
with the King of
Cracksmen*

Let Sportlife Help You Plan a Great Vacation



Days in the open! Vacation days. Hills—shore—streams—the sea. Each is about to draw the yearly throngs of devotees for recreation and relaxation. Even as you read this the great march is already under way—in almost countless numbers people are journeying to their favorite vacation spots.

Whether you turn your steps toward the wooded slopes and peaceful solitudes of some vast mountain or make your destination a populous watering-place completely equipped for competitive sports, added enjoyment is yours if you read Sportlife—the magazine of all outdoors.

Whether you plan your trip by motor, Pullman, boat or hiking, Sportlife will provide you with invaluable hints on kit and equipment. It offers practical, helpful suggestions that insure in advance against the disappointments of inexperienced planning and unsatisfactory equipment.

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Partial Contents of the July Issue of Sportlife

- Why Ban Johnson Is Back In the Saddle
- Baseball's Most Important New Player
- The Official Scorer Tells His World's Series Woes
- Umpiring Under Difficulties
- The Twirling Ghost
- Beating the Bushes With a Baseball Scout
- Cripples Who Have Made Good In Athletic Sports
- Nine-Two or Nothing
- Jethro Boggs, the Snake Creek Liar
- The Frame-Up That Failed
- Along Minnesota's Lakeland Trail
- Touring and Fishing Through Minnesota
- The Canoeists' Guide to Minnesota Waters
- The Wife Becomes a Disciple of Izaak Walton
- The Most Dramatic Ball Game Ever Played
- Sportorial
- Many Interesting Departments

No matter how small your budget for recreation may be, Sportlife will show you how to get maximum returns in fun and improved health from whatever expenditure you make. In fact, even if circumstances prevent the usual trip this season you will undoubtedly find vividly told, graphically illustrated stories in Sportlife that will take you to your favorite haunts in spirit and afford you a generous measure of enjoyment.

Special Offer

For your own benefit as a sportslover we want you to become acquainted with *Sportlife*. We know that once introduced you will become fast friends. To make sure that you obtain the July issue even though no news-stand is convenient we have arranged a special offer. By taking advantage of it you can get not only the current issue but the next four as well, and at a saving! Use the coupon.

July Issue
Sportlife
 On Sale June 23



MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
 Dent. T. D.-76
 64th Street and Broadway, New York City

I want to take advantage of your Special Offer. I enclose \$1.00, for which please enter my name on your mailing list to receive 5 issues of *Sportlife*, beginning with the current number.

(If you prefer to examine the magazine before subscribing, simply mail us 25 cents and we will send you one copy of the current issue at once.)

Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....



Read "The Ghost of Death's Gap" on Page 15 of the new book "Finger Prints." Thirteen thrilling detective stories and every one true. Everyone showing how it is possible for trained men to capture desperate criminals and earn big rewards as finger print experts.

Send for this Free Book!

A FASCINATING BOOK of Detective Stories that shows how ordinary boys and men have won nationwide fame, thousands of dollars in rewards, and important official positions by solving finger print mysteries!

... shortly before midnight a young couple slipped away from the dance. They sought out a long, low, rakish roadster. With powerful headlights picking out the path, it moved cautiously through the parking space and out onto the high road. Youth, joy and love occupied the front seat. Sinister peril, lawlessness, brutality crouched behind.

"Early next morning — a farm boy found the girl's dead body crumpled in the wayside ditch. Concealed in the bushes at the side of the road lay the boy's lifeless body, also shot from behind."

Who had committed the murder? Who had killed those gay young lovers? Who were the brutal, mysterious occupants of the back seat?

Read the rest of the story on page 15 of our new Finger Print book. Find out how the murderers were traced, tried and convicted, and how a certain finger print expert solved five murder mysteries and secured 97 convictions in less than a year!

Find out how you can become a Finger Print Expert.

Thirteen Thrilling Stories of Mystery and Achievement

Thirteen stories of crime, daring robberies, mysterious murders, thrilling escapes. You'll be thrilled and inspired by every one. You'll enjoy "Snowflakes," a great dope story—"The Invisible Finger Print," a blackmail mystery—"The Handwriting on the Wall," a tale of bold robbery. Every one of these stories is true.

In "Folled," a true account of a great political coup, you'll read of the astounding rise of a young country photographer who saved the Mayor of his city and was later appointed to the most important identification position in the state.

You'll read of men under twenty and men over sixty who started the study of finger prints and achieved fame, big rewards and important positions in a short time.

Any man who can read and write can become a finger print expert.



- PARTIAL LIST**
Graduates U. of A. S.
Recently appointed
Finger Print Experts
of these
States, Cities and
Institutions.
- State of Iowa
 - State of Idaho
 - State of Colorado
 - St. Paul, Minn.
 - Columbus, Ohio
 - Detroit, Mich.
 - Pittsburgh, Pa.
 - Great Falls, Mont.
 - Idaho Falls, Idaho
 - East Lansing, Mich.
 - Schenectady, N. Y.
 - Lorain County, Ohio
 - El Paso, Texas
 - Galveston, Texas
 - Houston, Texas
 - Lincoln, Nebr.
 - Everett, Wash.
 - Ogden, Utah
 - Butte, Mont.
 - Pueblo, Colo.
 - Albany County Penitentiary, N. Y. (tiary)
 - Wilkes Barre, Pa.
 - Livingston, Mont.
 - Alhambra, Calif.
 - Tulsa, Okla.
 - Havana, Cuba
 - Pensacola, Fla.
 - Fort Collins, Colo.
 - Calgary, Ala., Canada
 - Indiana Reformatory
 - Jeffersonville, Ind.
 - House of Correction
 - New Haven, Conn.
 - Birmingham, Ala.
 - St. Joseph, Mo.
 - Marquette, Mich.
 - Waterloo, Iowa

Finger Print Experts Needed!

More and more the detection of crime resolves itself into a problem of identification. Trained men are needed every month to fill the new positions that are created and to handle the new bureaus that are established. Records show that University of Applied Science graduates get first choice at the big positions. Listed below are some of the city and state bureaus to which U. of A. S. men have been appointed.

You can learn finger print identification in a few months in your spare time—at home.

Send the Coupon!

This book cannot be bought at any newsstand or bookstore—but it will be sent to you FREE if you write to us at once. New edition just off the press. Thirty-two pages, illustrated in color with weird crime pictures. This book explains in full your opportunities in the finger print world—shows how you can get your training in a few months—tells how you can get a professional finger print outfit free. Write for this book today.

University of Applied Science
 1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. B-143 Chicago, Ill.

University of Applied Science, Dept. B-143
 1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free your 32-page illustrated book "Finger Prints." I understand that there is absolutely no obligation. Also tell me how I can become a finger print expert by studying a few months in spare time—and how I can get a professional finger print outfit free.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. V

JULY, 1926

No. 4

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The pictures used in this magazine to illustrate the stories are of actual people, but are not intended to be a likeness of, nor to depict the individuals named in such stories, unless such pictures are specifically labeled

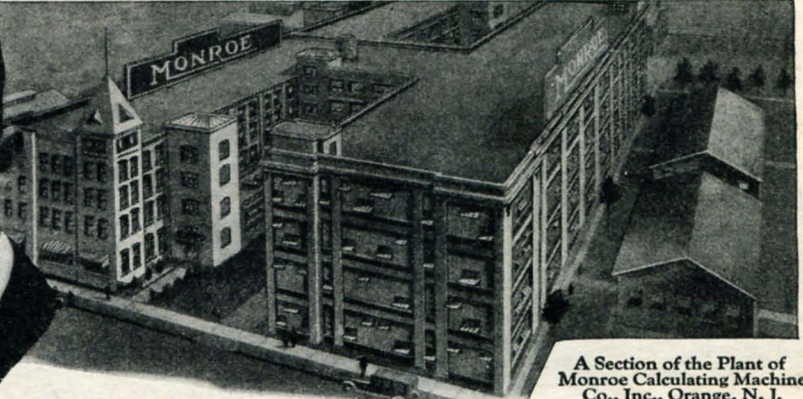


J. R. MONROE, President
Monroe Calculating Machine
Co., Inc., Orange, New Jersey

At the right—

J. L. ALDRICH,
District Manager, Fargo, N. D.,
Monroe Calculating Machine
Co., Inc.

Learns "Management"— Increases Income 153³/₄%



A Section of the Plant of
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"One of Our Most Consistent Producers"

"I have been interested in learning that Mr. J. L. Aldrich, manager of our Fargo District, has been a student of your Business Management Course.

"Mr. Aldrich joined our sales organization two years ago, and has increased steadily the volume of his sales. His work is of a very high order, and he is one of our most consistent producers." (Signed) J. R. MONROE, Pres. Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc., Orange, New Jersey.

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"When I enrolled for LaSalle training in Business Management, I was an order clerk. I had never sold anything. After completing about three-quarters of the training, I stepped out from my salaried office job to a commission proposition selling Monroe Calculating Machines.

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Order Clerk Becomes District Manager —Gives Credit to LaSalle Training

J. L. ALDRICH, Fargo, N. Dak., was an order clerk. He had never sold goods; he had never held a managerial position. Today he signs himself "District Manager." His territory is all of North Dakota, and the firm he represents is the Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc.

What this advancement means to Mr. Aldrich—aside from an increase of 153³/₄% in income—may be grasped from the fact that the Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., operates the largest factory in the world engaged exclusively in the production of calculating machines (at Orange, N. J.); maintains offices in all the principal cities of the United States and Canada; sells its product in every corner of the globe.

Unusually careful in the selection of managerial timber, J. R. Monroe, president of this great institution, chose Mr. Aldrich for this post solely on the basis of actual results.

Mr. Aldrich, in turn, does not hesitate to attribute his advancement in large measure to LaSalle training in Business Management. LaSalle, he says, gave him the confidence to cut loose and start selling on commission. He is one of twenty Monroe men who are winning advancement thru LaSalle. Read his letter—and that of his employer—quoted in the column at the left.

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your possibilities—simply for lack of training in Business Management?—Especially when it can be so readily acquired in your spare time at home, without loss of an hour from work or a dollar of pay?

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION
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HE TUNNELED HIS WAY TO EUROPE

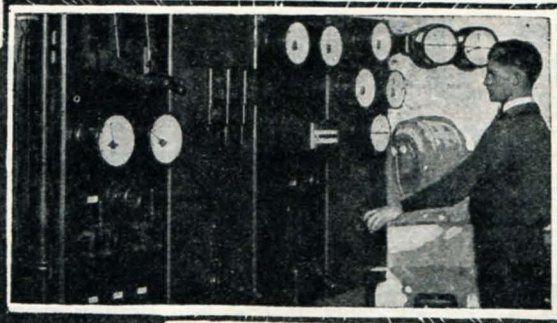
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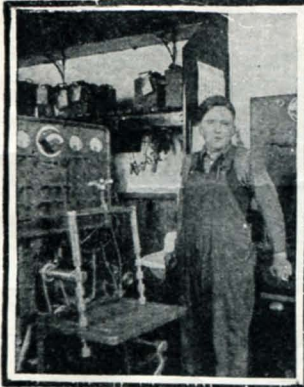
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L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

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And since a motion picture is only another way of telling a story it is equally true that a picture based on a true story is more true to life and therefore more absorbingly interesting than pictures based on tales of fiction.

It could hardly be otherwise that among the vast number of true stories necessary to the publication of four great true story magazines some should be peculiarly well fitted for filming.

We have always wished to film them and now after long and careful preparation True Story Pictures are a fact. Already four great true pictures have been completed, motion-picture masterpieces which will hold you spellbound just as the printed versions of the same stories held you spellbound when you read them in True Story or True Romances. Undoubtedly you remember them, "Wives At Auction," "Broken Homes," "The Wrongdoers," all of which ran recently in True Story magazine and "False Pride" which appeared in True Romances a few months ago.

As one of the great Macfadden reader audience we are sure that you will enjoy True Story Pictures more than any other pictures you have ever seen. Arrangements are now being made for their distribution on a nation wide basis. In all probability they will soon be shown in your vicinity.

In the meantime there is something you can do to make doubly sure that you will



"WIVES AT AUCTION"
Probably you remember these scenes from "Wives at Auction," in which Edna Murphy, under the splendid direction of Elmer Clifton, makes live before your eyes the glorious story of triumphant love which held millions spellbound in the March, April, May and June issues of True Story Magazine



be given the opportunity to see them. It is natural that any exhibitor will contract for a picture, much more readily if he is certain that a large number of people in his district are anxious to see it.

Therefore we ask everyone wishing to see True Story Pictures to sign and mail the below coupon to us. They will be carefully sorted and when the distributor's representative talks with your near-by theatre managers the coupons will be displayed as evidence that many local people are familiar with True Story Pictures and willing to patronize the theatre in which they appear. We have already received thousands of similar coupons and found them to be very effective. Will you not sign the coupon and send it to us today, being careful to write the name of your favorite theatre upon the designated line?

We Welcome Your Suggestions

When you see these pictures remember that we wish to make True Story Pictures examples of photoplay perfection. To do this we ask your co-operation. We want the viewpoint of our patrons whose helpful suggestions already have aided in making TRUE STORY and its sister publications the successes they are. Criticisms will be welcomed. If your suggestion proves available for improving future productions, Mr. Macfadden has arranged to have mailed to you, with his compliments, a copy of his great book, "Keeping Fit." Address suggestions to Suggestion Editor, Macfadden Productions, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

TRUE STORY PICTURES, 1926 Broadway, New York

I am one of the many millions of readers of Macfadden True Story magazines.

I want to see "The Wrongdoers," starring Lionel Barrymore; "Wives At Auction," starring Edna Murphy; "Broken Homes," starring Gaston Glass and Alice Lake, and "False Pride," starring Owen Moore.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
Please write the name of your local theatre on the above line

Ask Your Theatre Manager to Show True Story Pictures

O. C. MILLER
Director
Extension
Work



3 Drafting Lessons Actually FREE!

I will make this contract with you —

—to prove you can learn at home in spare time!

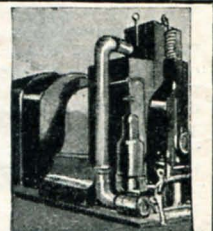
We have invented a new, simplified way to teach Drafting—the first real improvement in Drafting home-instruction in history. We want you to see it, try it—without one penny of cost or obligation. We want to show you how we get away from the copying methods used in the past. See how we make you think, solve problems, do actual drafting room jobs from the first lesson!

Draftsmen Wanted! \$60 to \$125 a week!

70,000 fine jobs advertised last year. Get ready to fill one. Get out of the rut. Make something of yourself. Plan your future in Drafting. Even if you have only common schooling, even if you know nothing of Drafting, we guarantee to make you a real Draftsman or to refund your money! Special surprise offer right now to the first 500 men who answer this ad—reduced price, easy terms. Coupon brings complete information.

A new, rapid, simplified training

Copying drafting lessons prepares you to be only a "tracer." This new "Job-Method" gives you actual drafting-room jobs in a new one-step-at-a-time way. With pictures which you can understand almost without reading the "lessons." And that is why the American School-trained Draftsmen can qualify for a good job at big pay when they graduate.



Electricity needs Draftsmen who know Electrical principles as well as general Drafting practice. I give you this training.



The demand for Draftsmen experienced in concrete and structural steel work is enormous. Many big-pay positions open.



Every great Auto factory employs Draftsmen who specialize in Automotive work—men who design bodies, plan engines, etc.



AMERICAN SCHOOL
—the Million Dollar
Educational Institution



When you enroll for our home-training in Drafting, we agree to give you:

1. Complete Drafting training, by the new Practice-Method.
2. Professional Drafting Outfit, as illustrated.
3. We will help you get a good Drafting position at a substantial increase in pay,

4. or we'll refund every cent of your money.

O. C. Miller

WIN SUCCESS thru DRAFTING

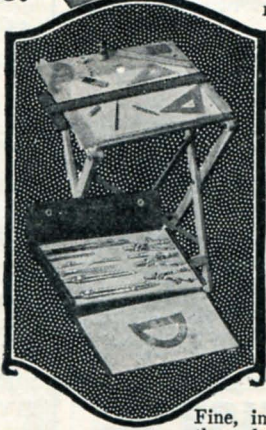
Drafting is easy, fascinating work. Short hours. Big pay. And the Draftsman is always in line for promotion to executive positions. This training is complete. It includes high school subjects (if you need them) and all the Engineering and Mathematics Drafting experts require.

5 BIG-PAY Branches

The big money in Drafting goes to men who specialize in Machine Design, or Electrical Drafting, or Architectural Drafting, or Structural, or Automotive. It is not enough merely to know general Drafting practice. You must know how to calculate and design and plan original work. You need many Engineering subjects to fill the kind of a Drafting position that pays \$60 to \$125 a week. The American School now includes this specialized training in its Drafting course.

FREE Job Service!

The American School now offers its students and graduates, without cost, the services of an efficient employment department keeping in constant touch with employers of Draftsmen all over the U. S. We have placed hundreds of men in good, big-pay Drafting positions. We've made this training so complete, so practical, so easy to master, that our students are bound to make good. And so, because the demand for real Draftsmen continues to exceed the supply and because this training actually prepares men for good Drafting positions we back it with a Free Employment Service.



Costly Drafting Outfit Given!

Fine, imported instruments like these help you learn Drafting quickly and easily. These standard quality, full size instruments, board, table, triangles, T-square, ink, protractor, etc., given to every student without extra cost.

Coupon Brings 3 Lessons FREE!

Get them. Test your own ability to learn Drafting and get ready for a fine job and big pay. Coupon also brings surprise offer, and complete information about your opportunities for success in Drafting. Mail it Today!

3 Drafting Lessons Actually FREE!

O. C. MILLER, Director Extension Work
AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. DB-264, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

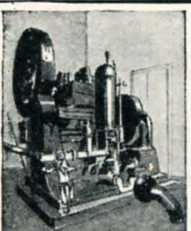
Rush 3 Free Drafting Lessons, Job Service and Raise Offer, complete information, money-back guarantee, etc., to prove I can become a real Draftsman at home in spare time.

Name

Street No.

City..... State.....

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL, a million dollar No-Profit Educational Institution, now offers men a double service—training for a specific job, then finding the job. For one small price, on terms of only \$5.00 a month. Write for complete information—today.

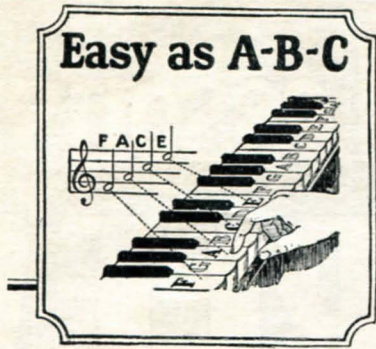


No machine can be built until the Draftsman first builds it on paper. My training prepares you for this work.



Never has the world seen anything like the building boom of today. This has created enormous demand for real Draftsmen.

O. C. Miller, Director Extension Work Dept. DB-264
AMERICAN SCHOOL Drexel Ave., and 58th St., Chicago



Here's a Queer Way To Learn Music!

No teacher—no monotonous exercises. Just a simple, easy home study method. Takes only a few minutes—costs only a few cents—a day. Every step as clear as A.B.C.

WHO would have ever thought that the learning of music could be simplified. Seems almost too good to be true to think of learning to play your favorite instrument without long hours of practice—tedious scales and expensive teachers, doesn't it? Yet that's exactly how you learn this new way. The only thing that is queer about this amazing method is the fact that it's so different from all ordinary methods.

But although this marvelous home study method is different and comparatively new it has already been carefully tested and proved by almost half a million people all over the world. Judge from that how satisfactory, reliable and easy it must be.

Musical Talent Not Needed

Even if you have never touched an instrument before you can't go wrong this amazingly easy way. For every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. You always know what to do and how to do it. No guesswork. No delays. If you make a mistake you correct it yourself and continue. It's really fun learning to play this way, you proceed so rapidly. From the start you are playing real tunes perfectly by note. And almost before you realize it you will be able to play anything—the popular "Jazz" or those classical selections for which there is always a big demand at concerts and home entertainments.

Best of all, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost of learning is just the same in each case, just a few cents a day!

Have Fun—Win New Friends

Just think of all the pleasure you've been missing by not being able to play some musical instrument. Instead of being the center of attraction at parties—you've been unnoticed—out of the social picture.

While you've been playing wallflower others

have always had something to offer. Now you have a wonderful chance to turn the tables—to treat yourself to some real fun—to surprise your friends! Take some good advice.

Learn to play this new easy way. Get your share of a musician's pleasure, popularity, profit. Start Now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really do want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play like a professional at little expense. Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 4397 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
4397 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, demonstration lesson and particulars of your special offer. I am interested in the following course:

What Instrument for You?

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Piano | Cello |
| Organ | Guitar |
| Violin | Ukulele |
| Drums and Traps | Hawaiian Guitar |
| Mandolin | Harp |
| Cornet | Piccolo |
| Clarinet | Trombone |
| Flute | Saxophone |
| Automatic Finger Control | Harmony and Composition |
| Sight Singing | Voice and Speech Culture |
| Piano Accordion | Banjo (Tenor, 5-String and Plectrum) |

Are You a Detective?

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES magazine invites you to send in the histories of cases that can be run in this magazine. Undoubtedly you have had experiences which you feel at liberty to put on paper for publication. This magazine wants them.

In building a detective magazine that is founded on fact, we recognize that there is no more prolific or sensational source of information than the detectives who work on cases themselves. From time to time we have carried stories of cases handled by well-known detectives. In this issue you will find another notable collection. Why should not your story be one of them?

For all stories we accept we shall pay from \$25 to \$50, depending upon the importance of the case. Don't concern yourself with literary style; we want the facts and the truth—told in your own words.

Are you a private investigator? A secret-service agent? A post office inspector? An amateur detective? Write out your most sensational case—your biggest case—your most baffling case—and send it in for our consideration.

Be a Beauty Specialist



Many Earn \$50 to \$75 a Week Earn while you learn in spare time. 8 weeks easy lessons make you expert. Marcel, Bleach, Waves, Dyes, Packs, Diet, Facial, Manicure, Massage, Formula, etc. Authoritative—Diploma—Money back guarantee. No experience necessary. GET FREE BOOK. Oriental System of Beauty Culture Dept. 87, 1548 Belmont Ave., Chicago

\$25 ONYX RING \$1.98

Words will not do this beautiful imported ring justice. The setting is an unusual example of fine workmanship and is wrought in genuine Platinum F., in stylish basket design. Set in to the black stone is a gem of dazzling brilliancy that only a diamond can equal. Ideal gift. Send No Money the ring arrives, deposit \$1.98 with your postman. Wear the ring for five days. Money back if not delighted. So send today. ONYX IMPORTING CO., Dept. 2402 Arlington Heights, Ill.

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Write to JANE MEREDITH Dept. M-1 Forest Hills, Long Island, N. Y. She will tell you how—Free

BE AN ARTIST

WE CAN TEACH YOU DRAWING in your own home during your spare time. Twenty-five years of successful teaching proves our ability. Artists receive large salaries. Write Today for Art Year Book SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART ROOM NO. 17 BATTLE CREEK MICH.



FREE RAILROAD FARE TO CHICAGO WHEN YOU ENROLL

**Learn Electricity
In 12
Weeks**

In the Great Shops of

**Many
Earn
\$60
to
\$200 a
Week**



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IMPORTANT NOTE: COYNE does not teach by correspondence but by practical, personal training in the great COYNE Shops

MAKE this the most profitable and enjoyable season of your life. Come to Chicago, on beautiful Lake Michigan, the greatest Spring and Summer Resort City in the country and the Greatest Electrical Center in the World. Twelve weeks from now you can be an *Electrical Expert* no matter what you are doing today. I stake my reputation and that of the great Million

Dollar Institution I head, with its 28 years of honest successful methods. I have started thousands of men, young and old, on the road to real success and happiness. I can do the same for you. I'll pay your Railroad Fare from any place in the United States. Clip Coupon NOW for Full Particulars, and for my Big, New, Free Book. Don't miss this opportunity.

Learn in Chicago, the Electrical Center of the World

Master Electricity right in the Electrical Center of the World. You see everything Electrical here. Along with my Shop Training you visit the big organizations and power plants—you see the greatest electrical plants in the world.

Great Summer Resort City

Chicago, on beautiful Lake Michigan, is the Nation's Spring and Summer Playground. Free Bathing Beaches, Beautiful Parks, Excursion Boats and the great Municipal Pier, Zoos, Ball Parks. The daylight saving plan makes it possible for you to enjoy all this, and still have plenty of time for your electrical education.

Complete Electrical Training in 12 Weeks

Get my Free Book. See how I train you for the Big Jobs in Electricity by actual work on the largest outlay of Electrical Machinery in any school in the country. Everything from Doorbells to Power Plants. Everything to make you an Electrical Expert, ready to step right into a position paying from \$60 to \$200 a week.

You Don't Need Education or Experience
It makes no difference how little Education, Mathematics or Ex-

perience you have had, or what kind of work you are doing now, I'll make you an Electrical Expert through the Coyne LEARN-BY-DOING METHOD! I've done it for thousands. I will do it for you. Send for Big Free Book. See how great is the demand for Coyne Trained Electrical Experts.

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My Employment Department

helps you get a job to earn a good part of your expenses and assists you to a good job on graduation. This great organization will always be behind you.

**Hear Coyne on the Air
WGES—250 Meters**

Hear the Coyne Radio Station on the air each night. Always an interesting program.

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Big Saving in Tuition and I Pay Your Railroad Fare

Radio and Auto Courses Included FREE!

I'll pay your Railroad fare to Chicago from any place in the U. S. if you act quick. And right now I am including absolutely Free of extra charge my complete Radio Course and Auto, Truck and Tractor Electricity.

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Send Coupon NOW for My Big, New FREE Electrical Book

Right now I am making the greatest offer ever made by a Practical Training Institution. Even if you are not planning on coming right now don't delay a single minute. Send coupon right away for full details. No obligation at all. Remember Coyne is a School with an established reputation. Endorsed by Electrical Industry. Backed by over a *Quarter of a Century* of Success. You owe it to yourself to investigate. Act NOW!

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**H. C. LEWIS, President, Dept. B-620
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1300-10 W. Harrison Street, Chicago, Ill.**

Dear H. C. — I sure want one of those big handsome 12x15 books, with 151 actual photographs printed in two colors. Send it quick. I'll be looking for it on the next mail. I want the facts without placing me under any obligation. Be sure and tell me all about the *Free Railroad Fare* and *Two Free Courses*.

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Not a Correspondence Course: All Practical, Personal Training!

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

B. W. COOKE
CHICAGO

**BE AN
AUTO
EXPERT**

**I WILL
TRAIN
YOU
AT HOME**



**AUTO
FACTS**

**BIG
AUTO
BOOK
FREE**

**Use Scissors NOW
for this Amazing
FREE AUTO
BOOK**

If you're earning a cent less than \$75 a week, get this Free Book now! See the million amazing opportunities for Quick Raises in Pay in Automotive Field. See how Ernest E. Tucker, Cotton, Minn., jumped from low pay to \$215 in a week—in only three months! See what you can do.

**CLIP
COUPON
6
BIG
OUTFITS**

**I'll train
you
AT HOME**

Don't sell your time for low pay! You don't need to with W. B. Cooke "Job-Way" Training. Get my Free Book. Find out how you can become a Big Pay man in amazingly quick time! Keep your present job. Stay home. You don't have to leave your doorstep. Master every Branch of Auto Work right in your own home. See how I train you QUICKLY and EASILY to BOSS the Job, or GO INTO BUSINESS where Big Pay comes QUICK—and up to \$10,000 a year can easily be made!

Coupon brings full details of my wonderful 6 Outfits Offer. Includes Tools, Tool Bag, Portable Electrical Test Bench, Radio Receiving Set, 303 Wiring Diagram Charts, Ignition and Socket Wrench Sets, and Tire Repair Outfit—also Automotive Magazine—all FREE of Extra Charge! Send for it now!

The World's BIGGEST BUSINESS Needs You!

Get into this gigantic Auto Business! IT NEEDS YOU! Think of it—5 Thousand Million Dollars paid to Auto Men every year for upkeep alone! That's why there are so many Tremendous Opportunities for Big Raises in Pay QUICK for the trained Auto Man—opportunities waiting for YOU! If you want to boost your pay QUICK, clip coupon now. Common schooling all you need. I help you do it. I give you Lifetime Employment Service—Lifetime Consultation Service too!

Get the Facts! **Make Money QUICK**
Don't wait. Make your start for a QUICK RAISE in pay TODAY. CLIP COUPON NOW!
Send for this amazing Free Book right NOW! See how hundreds of men are boosting their salaries, making Big extra Spare-time money, and getting into Money-Making Businesses of their own —NOT IN YEARS—but almost right from the start—in a FEW SHORT WEEKS, OR MONTHS!

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MAIL THIS "JOB-WAY" COUPON

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Send me FREE Auto Book and proof that I can become an Auto Expert at home in spare time. Also send your 6 Outfits Offer. It is understood that this obligates me in no way.

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.....Address
.....Town.....State



Mr. James A. Stapp, author of "Found in a Well," and "Hunt the Other Woman!"

JAMES A. STAPP

runs strongly to stirring, human stories that can be written from the basis of dry statistical books of records. He is a feature writer and general assignment man for the Omaha Bee, of Omaha, Nebraska, and has been since he gave up writing sport news. In many of the stories he has written recently, particularly those which have appeared in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, he actually participated in the events recorded; he writes from fifteen years of newspaper work and an intimate association with the men who played the part in the dramas he depicts. By far most of these fifteen years were spent in police stations and courthouses, recording "police." Consequently much of his work has been associated with crime mysteries. It is from one of these associations that he

wrote the story of the capture of "Bluebeard" Watson, on page 31 of this issue. The working of the criminal mind always has interested him. He has made a concentrated study of it. As a result he has acquired an understanding and grasp of underworld problems enabling him to tell his stories with a realism mastered by few men. His detective stories have appeared in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES for more than a year; others are coming. Watch for them.

NEIL JENNINGS

in real life has duplicated the accomplishments of Sherlock Holmes and Vidocq in fiction. It is unnecessary to add that Jennings has had recourse to neither "the needle" (as did Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous sleuth),
(Continued on page 14)

LUMINOUS PAINT

Make Your Watches, Clocks, Etc., Visible by Night

Scientifically unobtainable except at an exorbitant price, we have at last succeeded in producing this remarkable LUMINOUS PAINT, which, applied to any article, emits rays of white light, rendering it perfectly visible in the dark. THE DARKER THE NIGHT, THE MORE BRILLIANT IT SHINES. Quite simple to use. Anyone—you can do it. A little applied to the dial of your watch or clock will keep you by night. You can coat the push buttons or switch plates of your electric lights, match boxes, and innumerable other articles; make your own Luminous Crucifixes, Luminous Rosaries, etc. Bottles containing sufficient to coat several small articles. Price 25c. Larger sizes 50c and \$1 postpaid. Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 556, Racine, Wis.

Microphone Transmitter Button

\$1.00 POST-PAID

You can easily make a highly sensitive detectophone by using this Transmitter Button to collect the sound waves. You can build your own outfit without buying expensive apparatus. It is simple and inexpensive. You can install an outfit in your home and hear conversations being held all over the house. You can connect up different rooms of a hotel. This outfit was used by secret agents during the war. It is being used on the stage. It is ultra-sensitive and is the greatest invention in micro-phones. You can mount the button almost anywhere—on board boxes, stove pipes, staff calendars, on the wall behind a picture frame, etc. Button is so light and small it cannot be detected. Persons can be overheard without suspecting it. You can listen in on conversations in another room. A deaf person in the audience can hear the speaker. Connected to phonograph, piano or other musical instrument, music can be heard hundreds of feet away. Button may be used to renew telephone transmitters; often makes an old line "talk-up" when nothing else will. The ideal microphone for radio use carries heavy current and is extremely sensitive. Amplifies radio signals. Countless other similar uses will suggest themselves. Experimenters find the Button useful for hundreds of experiments along all lines of telephony, loud speakers, etc. Many fascinating stunts may be devised, such as holding the button against the throat or chest to reproduce speech without sound waves. \$5.00 is given to anyone who sends in a new suggestion for the use of the Button providing the manufacturer find it suitable for use in his literature. **PRICE \$1.00 POSTPAID ANYWHERE.**

JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 556, Racine, Wis.

Female SEX INDICATOR

25c

Hold the MAGIC INDICATOR over a man's hand—instantly it shows in a straight line backward and forward. Hold it over a woman's hand and it describes a complete and continuous circle. The same action can be obtained over a letter written by a man or woman. We have never been able to locate any other novel and entertaining feats may be performed with the Sex Indicator. For example, similar results can be obtained with animals, cats, over birds, chickens, canaries, etc. Also used to predetermine the sex of chickens and birds, etc., in fact it is sold as a patented egg tester in Europe. **Price 25c, or 3 for 65c, postpaid.**

ANARCHIST BOMBS

One of these glass vials dropped in a room full of people will cause more consternation than a limburger cheese. The smell entirely disappears in a short time. **30c a Box, 3 Boxes for 25c**

MIDGET BIBLE

GREAT CURIOSITY

Smallest Bible in the world. Size of a postage stamp. 200 Pages. Said to bring good luck to the owner. A genuine work of art. Must be seen to be appreciated. Make good money selling them to friends, church acquaintances, etc. **PRICE 15c each, 3 for 40c, 12 for \$1.35, 100 for \$7.50.** Also obtainable in Leather Binding, with gold edges. **Price 50c each, 3 for \$1.25, \$4.50 per doz.** Magnifying Glass for use with Midget Bible, 15c.

KU KLUX KLAN

Everything about the Ku Klux Klan told in a clear, fearless manner. Book tells all—How it started and was suppressed in 1871—The New Ku Klux Klan—How organized—How members are enrolled—Oath of the Klan—Questions for Candidates—Creed—Objects of the Order—Obedience—Fidelity—Pledge of Loyalty—Ku Klux Klan and the Masons—The Jews—The Masons—Real K. of C. Oath—The Negro Ku Klux Klan, etc., etc. Latest and most complete book on the Klan published. **Price, 35c, postpaid.**

MAGICIAN'S OUTFIT

Apparatus and Directions for a Number of Mysterious Tricks Enough for an Entire Evening's Entertainment

ANYONE CAN DO THEM 75c

It is great fun mystify your friends. Get this Conjuror's Cabinet, and you will be the greatest fellow in your district. It contains the apparatus for seven fantastic tricks, including The Disappearing Rose, that, when placed on the lap of your host, vanishes from sight at will; the Magic Vase and Ball Trick (a Wooden Ball is placed inside and upon replacing the lid has disappeared and is found in someone else's pocket); the Magic Nail (with which you can approximate cut your finger almost in two); the Wonderful Card Trick (a card is placed in an envelope, and when opened an entirely different card altogether is found); The Disappearing Coin Box (a coin is placed in the little wooden barrel, and when opened again, is found to have vanished entirely, or can be made to change into a coin of another denomination); The Famous Dissolving Penny Trick; The Glass Goblet and Vanishing Coin Trick (a coin is dropped into a glass of water, and when the water is poured out the coin has vanished). With the tricks described above we have printed instructions for performing each trick, so that anyone can readily perform all the tricks to the great amusement of their friends or the public. Any boy of ordinary intelligence, with this Cabinet of Tricks in his possession, can entertain his friends and neighbors in a more regular magician. Besides the tricks contained in the Cabinet, there are many other feats and illusions fully explained with full printed instructions, for which you easily make or procure the necessary apparatus. **Price \$1.00, 3 for \$2.50, 10 for \$7.50. Postpaid.**

A DeLuxe Edition of our new 1926 CATALOG mailed on receipt of 50c. Handsome cloth binding. Only binding. Includes all the latest tricks in magic, the newest novelties, puzzles, games, sporting goods, interesting books, curiosities and plants, etc., unapproachable elsewhere.

STAGE MONEY

With a bunch of these bills, it is easy for each person of limited means to appear prosperous by flashing a roll of these bills at the proper time and peeling off a genuine bill or two from the outside of the roll, the effect created will be found to be all that can be desired. **Price, postpaid: 40 Bills 20c, 125 for 50c, or \$3.50 thousand postpaid.**

Wonderful X-Ray Tube

A wonderful little instrument producing optical illusions both surprising and startling. With it you can see what is apparently the bones of your fingers, the lead in a lead pencil, the interior opening in a pipe stem, and many other similar illusions. A mystery that no one has been able to satisfactorily explain. **Price, 3 for 25c, 1 dozen 75c.** Johnson Smith & Co.

Good Luck Ring

Quaint and Novel Design

A VERY striking and uncommon ring. Silver finish, skull and crossbones design, with two brilliant, flashing gems sparkling out of the eye. Said by many to bring Good Luck to the wearer, hence its name, Good Luck Ring. Very unique ring that you will take a pride in wearing. **ONLY 25 CENTS.**

Exploding Cigarettes

JUST LIKE ORDINARY CIGARETTES. BUT SUCH REAL STARTLERS! This contains ten genuine cigarettes of excellent quality. They appear so real, but when each cigarette is about one-third smoked, you get a very great surprise as it goes off with a loud BANG! A most startling provoker yet entirely harmless. **Price 5c per box.**

Popular Watch Charms

15c

ONLY 3 for 40c; \$1.35 doz.

Very pretty little curiosities and decidedly novel. Fitted with Magnifying Lenses that enlarge the pictures to a very surprising extent; in fact, it seems almost incredible that a clear picture could be possible in such a small compass, and how sharp and distinct they show through you look through. Come in assorted views: Advertisers, Views of Panama Canal, Lord's Excise in 1704, etc.

CIGARETTE MAKER

Roll your own and save money. Makes them better and quicker besides saving more than half. Use your favorite brand of tobacco. Neat, useful and handy. Pocket size, weighs 3 1/2 oz. Made entirely of metal, nickel-plated. **Price 25c postpaid.**

MAGIC FLUTE

Wonderfully Sweet Toned and Musical

The Magic Flute, or Humantone, is a unique and novel musical instrument that is played with nose and mouth combined. There is just a little knack in playing it which, when once acquired, will enable you to produce very sweet music that somewhat resembles a flute. There is no fingering, and once you have mastered it you can play all kinds of music with facility and ease. When played as an accompaniment to a piano or other musical instrument, the effect is as charming as it is surprising.

Novelty Badges

GARTER INSPECTOR

Kissing Permit 70c. Garter Inspector 10c. Two very novel metal badges, nickel plated, that you can wear, giving you fun out of all proportion to their trifling cost. **Price each badge, 3 for 25c, or 75c per doz. p.p.d.**

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

Price \$1.00 Postpaid.

This well-made and effective Pistol is modeled on the pattern of the latest type of Revolvers, but the appearance of which is so different that it 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 Blank Cartridges, that are obtainable everywhere. Even the most timid women can use it with perfect safety and frighten a thief without risk to herself 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. 556, Racine, Wis.

Sneezing Powder

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 car will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. It is most amusing to hear their reactions, as they never suspect the real source, but think they have caught it from the other. Between the laughing and sneezing you receive a very good laugh for the time of your life. For parties, political meetings, car rides, or any place at which there is a gathering of people. **Price 10c or 3 for 25c**

Mystic Skeleton

10c pd.

A Jointed figure of a skeleton 14 in. in height, will dance to music and perform various gyrations and movements while the operator may be some distance from it.

Serpent's Eggs

Box contains 12 eggs. When lit with a match, each one gradually hatches into a snake. A very novel and interesting foot-long, white, with a black and white pattern, which curls about in a most lifelike manner. **Price per box 10c p.p.d.**

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS! THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling the teacher, policeman or friends.

THE VENTRILO

a little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it.

Never Fails. A 32-page book on ventriloquism, and the Ventrilo, ALL FOR 10c postpaid.

ITCHING POWDER

This is another good practical joke; the intense discomfiture 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 relied upon to do the rest. The result is a vigorous scratch, then some more scratch, and still some more. **10c box, 3 boxes for 25c or 75c per doz boxes postpaid.**

Great Fire Eater

Most Sensational Trick of the Day!

With the Fire Eater in his possession, any person can become a perfect salamander, apparently breathing fire and ejecting thousands of brilliant sparks from his mouth, to the horror and consternation of all beholders. Harmless fun for all times, seasons and places. If you wish to produce a decided sensation in your neighborhood, don't fail to procure one. We send the Fire Eater with all the materials, in a handsome box, the cover of which is highly ornamented with illustrations in various colors. **Price of all complete only 30 cents, postpaid.**

SQUIRT ROSE

25c

A REAL STARTLER. This is the most popular of all squirt tricks. The flower in your coat looks so fresh and sweet that everyone is tempted to inhale the delightful perfume. Then is the moment to press the bulb. Geniussential! Don't they jump? There is a very long rubber tube that easily reaches to the pocket of your coat or trousers, and the bulb is large enough to make a dozen shots with one loading. **PRICE 25c each, or 3 for 65c postpaid.**

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of customers in every part of the country. But ZANOL Products are never sold in stores. Instead, we appoint an authorized representative in every community to represent us and handle all of our business with our customers. For doing this easy, pleasant, dignified work, our representatives made over a million and a half dollars last year. This year they will make two million dollars. And if you will accept my offer now, you can get your share of these tremendous profits.

Look At These Earnings

Joseph Williams, of Texas, made \$26 in a single day by devoting only a few hours to this pleasant work. R. L. Marshall, of N. J., has cleaned up \$80 in five hours' time. H. T. Pearl, of Okla., made a net, clear profit of \$750 in one month. And right now I am offering you a chance to make this big money for yourself.

I want men and women to represent us who know a real proposition when they see it, who are ambitious to make big money, who would like to become the most successful person in their community. If you act quick, this wonderful opportunity is yours. Then, if you will simply follow a few instructions, you will find it easy to make \$100 a week, or even more.

Amazing Profits Waiting For You

We are the largest and most successful company of our kind in the world. We have been in business for eighteen years. We have hundreds of thousands

Your Income Starts Immediately

You can begin to enjoy a big income immediately. I furnish you with a complete equipment for doing business, absolutely FREE. I tell you exactly what to do. I tell you where to go and what to say, and how to make money. T. R. Anders, of Pa., made \$15 his first day. Mrs. K. R. Roof, of S. C., earned \$50 the first week in spare time. Glen Kiser, of Va., ended his first day with a profit of \$16.68. Christopher Vaughn netted \$125 in one week. And there isn't a reason in the world why you can't do as well, or better, than any of these representatives.

Get The Facts Today

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started in this wonderful money-making business. I will give you all the details. I will show you how you can make \$100 a week, and even in your spare time \$8 to \$10 a day for a few hours work. And besides all that, I will show you how you can get your Hudson Coach absolutely free. I don't want you to send me a cent. You risk nothing. Let me tell you about this marvelous opportunity. Let me prove to you that you can make \$100 a week without working half as hard as you do right now. Mail the coupon today.

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 Dept. 5287 Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co., Dept. 5287, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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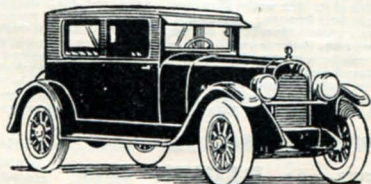
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GET YOUR typewriter *now*. A genuine Shipman-Ward rebuilt Underwood is the one you want — "the machine you will eventually buy!" Everyone needs it; now anyone can afford it. Don't send a cent—but do get our big special offer —our valuable book on typewriters and typewriting —*free*.

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\$70 a Week

Yes, you can make \$70 a week. We have helped many people to success and independence and can help you too, if you will get your outfit now and follow our suggestions. Just look at these big sales made in a single week: J. E. Boyd, Penna., \$117.60; E. H. Sconyers, Okla., \$170.80; M. Sullivan, New Jersey, \$202.35; Miss Eiseman, Mo., \$26.00. Everywhere Walker representatives are making \$25 to \$70 every week. Work full or spare time. Make \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00—even more in an hour. New representatives make \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, their first day. Many make \$10.00 to \$12.00—you can do the same. Perhaps you don't realize that there is an enormous amount of business to be had right in your own territory. Some one ought to—and will get it! That person should be you!

Only \$9.98—Total retail value \$21.69

The Complete Outfit consists of: 1 box Butter-milk Soap (3 bars); 1 box Baby Soap (3 bars); 1 box Conutoil (3 bars); 1 Medicated Soap; 1 tube Tooth Paste; 1 tube Shaving Cream, large; 1 bottle Almond Cream; 1 can Baby Powder; 1 bottle Bay Rum; 1 jar Cold Cream; 1 bottle Rose Cream; 1 jar Vanishing Cream; 1 bottle Hair Shampoo; 1 bottle Hair Tonic; 1 Fleur de Vigne Talcum; 1 box Flesh Face Powder; 1 bottle Toilet Water; 1 bottle "Ideal of America" Perfume; 1 bottle "Lily of the Valley" Perfume; 1 bottle Beef, Wine and Iron; 1 package Blood Purifying Tea; 1 tube Capsules; 1 can Carbolic Salve; 1 can Aspirin Tablets; 1 bottle Vanilla, large; 1 package Chocolate Pudding; 1 can Baking Powder; 1 jar Silver Polish; 1 can Chocolate Iceing; 1 package Jelly Powder; 1 fine Sample Case; 1 Sales Manual, Complete Set of Advertising Literature, Price Lists, Order Books and Blanks, Business Stationery, \$1,000 Guarantee Bond, etc. Total Value \$21.69.

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Act Now!

This big liberal money-making offer is for a limited time only and may be withdrawn at any time. Don't send a single penny. No deposit is required. Get your outfit and watch the profits roll in. Don't hesitate—act while this offer lasts. First come—first served. Send no money. Just mail the coupon now—today.

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Please send your Complete Business Outfit worth \$21.69 for which I will pay you \$9.98 in 20 days.

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Give names and addresses of at least two merchants, banks or business men who know you personally.

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 10)

nor absinthe (as did the fascinating Frenchman). When called upon to solve a criminal problem Jennings needs no urge other than the thrill of matching his wits against those of the lawbreaker. His methods are based upon common sense, a good memory, wide experience, a faculty for deduction, and intuitive skill in accurately judging the character of those with whom he comes in contact. This story, "The Man With Two Left Hands," to be found on page 50, is one of the most thrilling he has had anything to do with.

CYRUS CHAPIN

hardly needs an introduction to the readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. For a number of years he was private secretary to a truly great detective. For reasons of his own Mr. Chapin wishes to withhold the name of his chief.

At this time Mr. Chapin is in France. He went over just before Christmas last year to work on a sensational case, and having cleared it up, he remained in what he calls "one of the sunniest, brightest spots on earth."

Mr. Chapin looks like a composite picture of a dozen bank presidents. Tall, broad-shouldered, slightly bald, and with white hair, he carries himself with an air of dignity. He is mild of manner and talks slowly, with a well-modulated, soft voice—the last characteristics a person would popularly believe a detective to have. But then the wrapper around a package never is an indication of the quality of gems the package contains. "My Encounter With the King of Cracksmen," on page 26, is a case that gave Mr. Chapin one of his severest tussles and nearly cost him his life.

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"HAMPTON RICE"

is a pen-name for a newspaper man who worked in Los Angeles some years ago when a sensational murder, one that the country still talks about, "broke." He has had wide newspaper experience, having been a reporter and an editor. He is now connected with a newspaper in Florida.

Analyze Your Eating Habits!

You Will be Shocked
but
It May Save Your Life

YOU have heard all your life of bad combinations of food. When you eat a food combination that is so extremely bad that the stomach positively cannot and will not stand it you become violently nauseated or contract diarrhea. That kind of bad food combination you recognize because it cannot be ignored.

But, do you recognize the dozens and dozens of other food combinations that are far worse for you because while poisonous to the system are not sufficiently violent to cause ejection? Those are the foods that kill, because instead of being violently cast forth they are absorbed by the system, which becomes saturated with insidious poisons that slowly but surely sap away health and vitality.

If you knew the countless thousands of cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, gout, rheumatism, nervous disorders, anemia, blood disorders, general debility that have gradually developed due to innocent but protracted mistakes in diet, you would realize more truly just how vitally important a well balanced, properly chosen diet is to you and yours.

"Eating for Health and Strength"

is the wonderful new book by Bernarr Macfadden that covers the subject of diet so completely and at the same time in a manner so simple and easily understood that you are enabled to grasp all of the underlying laws of nutrition almost without an effort.

As a health insurance policy this book by the greatest living physical culturist is worth its weight in gold.

By following its teachings you are enabled to choose and combine your food so intelligently that your body receives exactly the nourishment it should have.

By following its teachings you avoid all of the unhappy consequences of dietary errors that are killing countless thousands.

If you have your own best interest and the interests of those you love at heart, you will wish to examine a copy first hand. All that is necessary is to sign the coupon provided below and mail to us today. Do not send any money with your order but pay \$2.00 plus postage upon receipt. After that, examine the book for 5 days, then if for any reason you do not wish to keep it, send it back. Your money will be refunded promptly.

The following list of subjects covered will give you an idea of the tremendous scope of "Eating for Health and Strength."

Food Science and Personal Efficiency, Food Chemistry, Physiology of Nutrition, New Discoveries of Experimental Biology, What to Eat, Balancing the Diet, How Much to Eat, When and How to Eat, Food Production, Manufacturing and Marketing, Home Preparation of Food, Practical Food Economy and Mental Efficiency, Eating to Gain Weight, Eating to Reduce Weight, Food and the Sexual Life, Feeding the Baby, The Feeding of Children, Eating to Prevent or Cure Disease, The Diet in Old Age.

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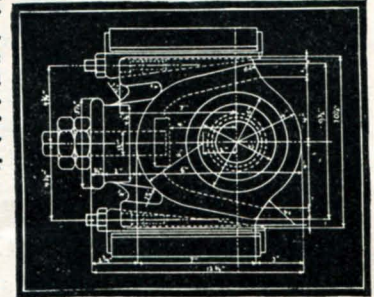
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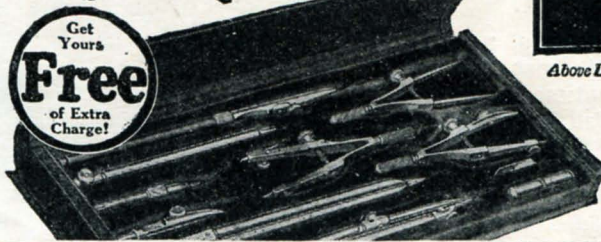


There's big money in drafting. Make no mistake about that! My former students are getting all the way from \$250 a month as juniors, to \$833 a month as chiefs. Here is your chance to take up drafting. Learn practical draftsmanship at home—but under the daily direction of Chief Draftsman Dobe—the man who has made finished draftsmen of thousands of men, young and old—men who had no previous training, or even the average amount of schooling. Give him your evenings for just a few months, and you'll be ready for almost any drafting job that offers. Begin in time to get all your tools without a dollar's extra outlay! Note offer:



Above Drawing by a Two-Month Dobe Student

Money-Making Tools



Get Yours
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A Professional Drafting Set, and All Supplies Furnished!



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Engineering—All Need Draftsmen

NO "TALENT" NEEDED Scores of engineering firms and manufacturers recruit their draftsmen from my classes. I haven't enough men now—and a busier season is coming. Therefore, I make this offer to get action: a beautiful set of imported drafting instruments, all rules and tools, and a drafting table, free of any extra expense to those who join up at once. You needn't decide now, but get your name in at once for this free offer! Clip coupon, and mail it! I want to caution you that this is a limited offer—it isn't one I can afford to keep on making!

WHY DRAFTING PAYS It's in the drafting room that the big ideas come—and the big money. Have you ever known a draftsman who didn't like his work? Or one who ever had to look for work? If a hundred dollars a week sounds big—yes, or \$150—you aren't in the right line of business! Get into a broader field—the broadest of all. That's drafting. Investigate the tremendous field of drafting before you decide on any line of work or career. Drafting fits in with almost any kind of work you can think of.

IN 1926 I predict a shortage in draftsmen. Last Spring, every sort of inducement was being offered men who could draft. Scores of our "boys" stepped right into fine jobs the week they had completed our course. This year will see still greater demand for draftsmen—with big building boom and big production all over U. S. and abroad.



"My new chief says, Dobe must teach right. I can handle everything so far. They pay me \$60 a week."—LEO NIECEBERGER (Pa.)



"Just been made chief and got good boost in pay. Your course has the goods."—W. G. HAZLETT (Col.)



Good for Tools

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Please send FREE and POSTPAID, without obligation, your new, fully illustrated book, Successful Draftsmanship, complete information, terms, etc., in time for free tool offer.

Name..... Age.....
Address.....

"Never!"

"YOU know very well I like you," she said, "but—"

"But what?" he demanded quickly.

"But marry you—never!" she said simply. "There's something about you that I could never put up with."

"And what's that?"

"Oh, well, let's not discuss it—at least not tonight. Sometime I may tell you—still, maybe never."

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. **It puts you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are quite sure to avoid sore throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.**

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1¼ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.*

For
HALITOSIS



use
LISTERINE

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

Get Down to Fundamentals!

By George William Wilder

DURING the past several months there has been greater and greater agitation relative to admitting bail. The agitation has taken the form of a movement to abolish bail. According to my interpretation the case stands this way:

The abolitionists make this claim, that a man commits first-degree burglary, grand larceny, and in some cases even manslaughter, with a range of offenses down to petty larceny, and upon securing a certificate of reasonable doubt, bail is fixed and the man is allowed to go at liberty until the time for his case to be tried.

They claim further that in many cases it takes months for a specific case to reach trial, due to the overcrowding of court calendars—and during the interim Tom Sikes or Lefty the Gun, out and free on bail, continues practicing burglary, housebreaking, department-store boosting, or whatever his particular graft may be.

The abolitionists claim, and to the best of the writer's belief they claim justly, that fixation of bail is an arbitrary thing dependent upon the judge or the magistrate who hears the case. The abolitionists wish to abolish bail entirely; they wish an offender against the law to be held until his case can be tried even though he wait in confinement for a year. They are motivated by what they consider the highest ideal of justice, to the state and the people at large, inasmuch as they believe that wholesale lawbreaking would be checked if their régime were followed.

Do the abolitionists probe deeply enough?

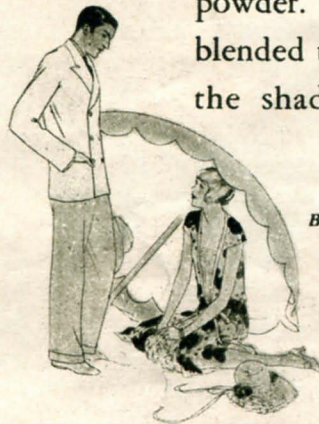
Can the lawbreaker who is caught, the lawbreaker who takes pride in his achievement—can he be blamed if he takes advantage of his freedom to continue practicing the only means of earning a livelihood he knows? What has he to fear from a second or third arrest? One charge is hanging over his head and that charge is paramount.

Neither side has considered the question deeply enough.

If the well-intentioned gentlemen who wish to abolish bail for the lawbreaker who is brought before a bar of justice to be tried—if they only realized fundamentals, they would see that in one way and in one way only would the state and the nation be saved expense and concern. That one way lies straight ahead: check crime—yes, wipe it out entirely—by training children to take care of their bodies. In a healthy body there must be a sound, clear-thinking mind. In a healthy body there must be an instinct to work and fight, to achieve a position in life, wealth, and power, in a normal, law-abiding manner. In a healthy body there must be clean, honorable, idealistic instincts that would make crime absolutely unthinkable.

Natural-Looking Complexions

are the result of using this powder. It is scientifically blended to match perfectly the shade of your skin.



By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What is the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She *does*, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. These women thank me for telling them about Pompeian Beauty Powder. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly. Select this shade from the directions that follow in the shade chart.

Tear off, sign and send

Mme. Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
2518 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose two dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, $\frac{1}{2}$ of 60c box of Bloom, other samples and your beauty booklet.

Name.....

Street.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Shade of powder wanted?.....

This coupon void after Nov. 1, 1926

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its exceptional consistency, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades.

SHADE CHART for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.

Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have dark hair and eyes. This fascinating type, found in the ideal Spanish beauty, should use the *Rachel* shade to match her rich tones.

Pink Skin: This is the

youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use the *Flesh* shade.

White Skin: This type of skin is unusual, but if you are sure you have it you should use *White* powder in the daytime.

In case of doubt about the shade you require, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is 60c a box. Also comes in Compact form in a dainty, hinge-cover box with mirror and puff. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

P. S. I also suggest that you use Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your Pompeian Beauty Powder.



There is fascinating vitality in the type of beauty that combines reddish brown hair with sea-gray eyes—her skin has the tone requiring the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.



SPECIAL OFFER:— $\frac{1}{3}$ of a 60c box of Bloom, the 1926 Panel, samples Beauty Powder and other Pompeian Products—all for 20c.

An opportunity to really know how good is this popular Pompeian product. For only 20c you get $\frac{1}{3}$ of a 60c box of Pompeian Bloom, valuable samples of Pompeian Day Cream (protecting), Night Cream (cleansing) and Beauty Powder, Madame

Jeannette's beauty booklet, and the 1926 Pompeian Panel entitled, "Moments That Will Treasured Be, In The Mint of Memory." This panel, by a famous artist, is reproduced in full color. Art value 75c to \$1.00. Size, 27 x 7 inches.

William Desmond Taylor (below), the movie director, slain in his Hollywood home about four years ago. From a photograph taken on a movie set

Mabel Normand (right) and Mary Miles Minter (below), both questioned in connection with the Taylor murder, recently re-examined by District Attorney Asa Keyes when the four-year-old murder mystery was reopened



(Photos by International Newsreel)



The Truth about the Great *Hollywood* MURDER

By "HAMPTON RICE"

THE night was inky black. The blackness was reflected in the waters of the Travers River, which hardly more than ebbed its way southeasterly. The figure of a man was seen trudging along in the river, the water nearly to his knees. He followed its course until he became but a speck, dimly silhouetted against the night. Then he disappeared from view entirely.

And I, who am telling this story, was that man.

YOU probably remember the Clayton Rogers murder and the stir it created. It was one of those scandals which from time to time develop in Hollywood.

The murder, the speculations and names it involved, took Will Hays, the arbiter of screenland, to the Pacific Coast in a hurry. And the investigation that followed brought into activity the most skilled detective minds of two hemispheres. But the mystery remained unsolved.

And all the time I've had the facts.

Why haven't I turned them over to the police? That is simple enough. I am supposed to be dead! And, anyway, it wouldn't do any good now—

Some years ago I was wrongly accused in one of those unfortunate affairs involving the name of another man's wife. The husband, crazed with jealousy, sent me word he was coming to kill me.

I WAS no coward, but I realized there would be no reasoning with this quasi-insane man. Either I would have to kill him or he would kill me.

That evening I penned a note which would indicate suicide, dug from a trunk a long-abandoned suit of clothes, and changed it for the one I had been wearing. Making an inconspicuous bundle of the latter, I took it and the note and walked out into the night.

Keeping to the darker streets, I made my way to the outer edge of the city, then took to the bank of the Travers River.

About a mile from the city I unwrapped the bundle, throwing the suit carelessly on the ground. Beside it, weighing a corner down with a stone, I placed the note. I then walked to the river's edge, stepped in and paralleled the bank in water up to my knees for a distance of nearly two miles. As far as footprints were concerned, I knew it was safe to

was such a big story, but because it involved Cora.

Cora had had Dr. Napier arrested the night before on a charge of attempting to blackmail her. It was no secret among film folk and characters of Los Angeles' cabaret and night life that she and Napier had had much in common. They had been hitting the pace together for months. He was a known drug addict. But—

Napier, it appears, was in sudden need of money and, knowing Cora had it, he turned to her. Although regarded among her friends as a good scout, Cora was one who wouldn't be worked, and she promptly "gave him the air." Napier got nasty and threatened to circulate certain sordid stories about her. Keltone was in New York and instead of confiding in any of us at the studio, she sought out a detective friend and laid a trap for the doctor. He stepped into it and was arrested.

OF course the evening papers followed up the morning paper stories with big "spreads." It was several days before the story died down. We had convinced Cora that it was for her best interests not to prosecute—that continued notoriety of the kind would defeat the object of the extensive publicity campaign that was being developed for the new picture, the "lot" name of which was "The Long Chance." I was on the point of telephoning the city prosecutor's office

"CORA had had Dr. Napier arrested the night before on a charge of attempting to blackmail her. It was no secret among film folk and characters of Los Angeles' cabaret and night life that she and Napier had had much in common. They had been hitting the pace together for months. He was a known addict. But—"

leave the river now and take to the road. At Wheeling I caught a freight-train and rode into Roxbury.

The first thing I did in Roxbury was to don horn-rimmed glasses and begin the cultivation of a mustache. Six weeks later I went to work in the editorial department of the *Courier*, under the name of Hampton Rice.

I was on the telegraph desk the day the Rogers murder story broke. Rogers was one of the most prominent of the nation's motion-picture producers. I instantly recognized it as a page-1, top-head story, even before Cora Rorebach's name flared from the reams the wires were transmitting.

Six years before, I had left a Los Angeles newspaper to handle publicity for Keltone Slap and Bang Comedies. It was at the time that Keltone had taken Cora from slap-stick leads and placed her in a studio of her own, to produce a higher class of pictures—light comedies.

MY work was to build up a background of semi-culture for the star; to lift her in the public esteem from the pie-throwing queen of slap-stick comedy it was familiar with, to a rôle of innocence, refinement, and breeding. Some job! But I was getting away with it nicely. Cora's first venture under her new contract lacked only another month before completion.

I was just finishing a series of short articles—on cultural viewpoints. They were to appear under the star's name, one of the newspaper feature services having agreed to use them, when Los Angeles, including myself, awoke one morning to the sensational Napier arrest, which carried eight-column streamers on all front pages, not because it

that Cora would not prosecute the case, when the noon editions were brought in by the gateman and placed on my desk.

Just when we thought we were "sitting pretty," there it was. Napier, Cora and all again in eight-column streamers. The wary doctor had taken advantage of the jailer's momentary negligence, slipped from the bull pen where the prisoners were exercising, jumped through a skylight and escaped.

Two days more of unsavory publicity and "The Long Chance" was done for. Keltone hurried from New York, and work on the picture was ordered stopped. I went East, and back into the newspaper business. How I came to Roxbury has already been told.

The day the Rogers murder story broke, Harrington, managing editor of the *Courier*, came out of his glass enclosed office, carrying duplicates of the *Associated Press* report, and came over to my desk.

"I suppose you are playing the Rogers story for all it's worth," he said in his customary friendly manner. "There seems little doubt but that Newton, the former valet, did the killing. The handkerchief with the initial 'N' found beside Rogers' body seems to be conclusive evidence. However, the presence of Miss Rorebach in Rogers' home earlier in the evening will probably be considered more than a coincidence and is certain, also, to attach suspicion to her."

Yes, it appeared obvious—Harrington was right. Newton had killed Rogers, who had dismissed the former weeks previously for a variety of reasons. Rogers had found that Newton had been systematically robbing him and had sworn out a warrant for the discharged valet's arrest on a charge of embezzlement.

Newton had not been found. The warrant was still unserved when Rogers' body, the damning "N"-initialed handkerchief beside it, was discovered by Gregory, the new valet, upon his return from the theater about midnight. It had been his evening off.

The evidence also was tightening about Cora, though she was entirely separated from any connection with the missing former valet.

Girls had been Rogers' one great diversion and weakness. He had many friends among the feminine stars of filmdom. For more than a year he and Cora had been on varying terms of friendship. Passionate notes had passed between them, then colder notes, and Cora paid fewer visits to the Hollywood bungalow.

"So you killed Clayton Rogers!"

The immediate reason had been Forrest Baldwin, clean-cut, young, and comparatively unsophisticated; particularly refreshing to a woman who had lived in a sophisticated world among sophisticated people all her life.

YOUNG Baldwin, son of a prominent Eastern auto manufacturer, had fallen in love with Cora as a result of seeing her in the films. He had gone to Los Angeles and had managed to meet her. Not only that, he had proposed to her—wanted to marry her. It was a way out for Cora and she had reached that point in life where she had begun to wonder about a way out.

"There have been men in my life—lots of them," Cora told him. "My life has been filled with dark shadows. However, if you still want me, knowing this, I'll marry you.

Young Baldwin didn't care about her past or the other men in it. It was a triumph for him that he could take her out of that past.

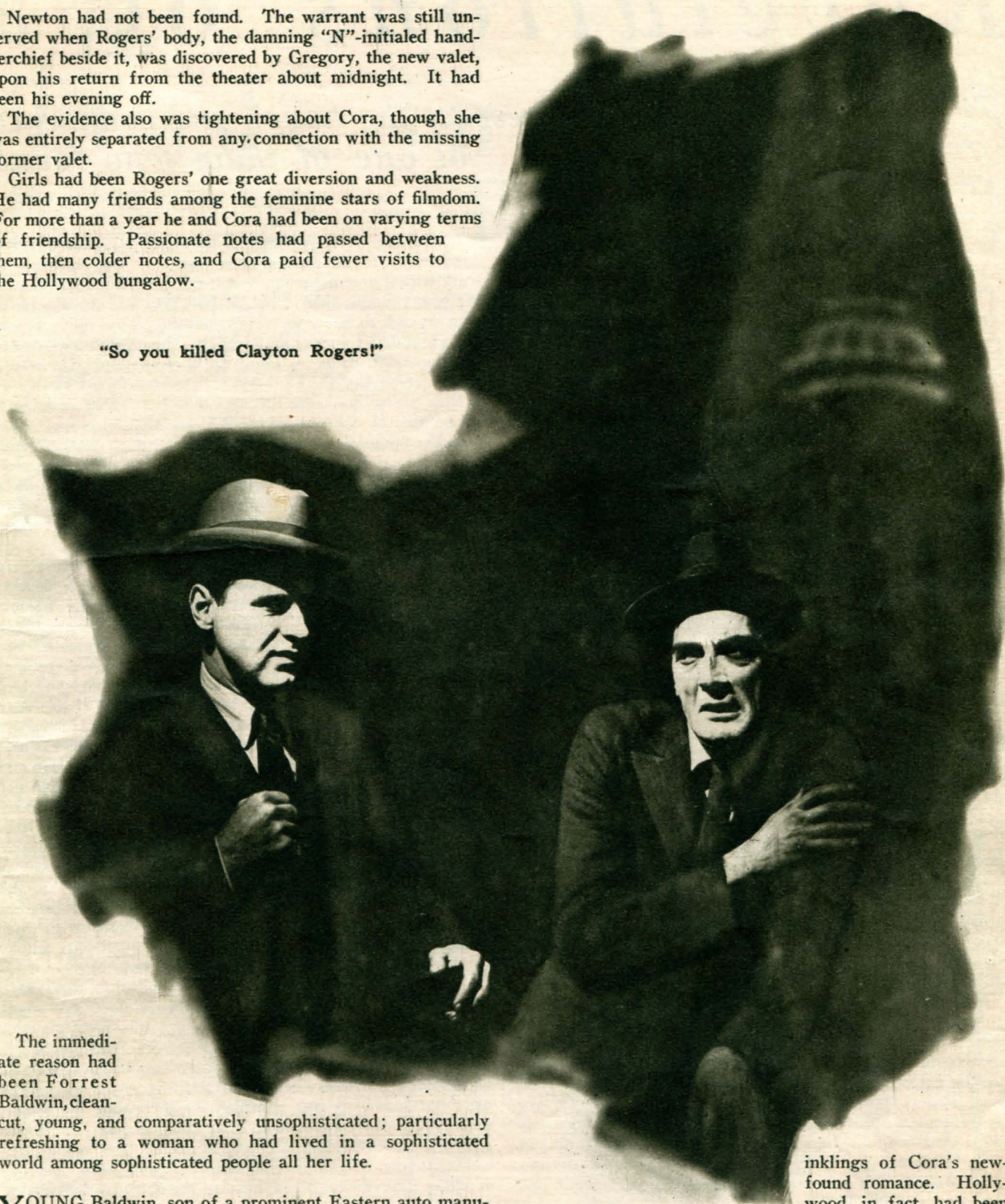
This was the way things stood when Cora had gone out to Rogers to get back her letters. Already Rogers had heard

inklings of Cora's new-found romance. Hollywood, in fact, had been watching Cora with a great deal of interest.

Those who dared had openly taunted Rogers about the love triumph of the youthful Baldwin.

Rogers, despite the many other girls who gloried in his friendship, was sorely wounded in pride when he found he was losing his hold on Cora.

Cora, at odd times, had made certain damaging references concerning their affair in her notes. He knew as long as he held possession of these letters, he could wield them as a club over her. He was glad now he had saved them. She would return to him or he would ruin her—not only in the estimation of Baldwin, but throughout the film profession. It was the fight of a man whose (Continued on page 84)



Revelations of a

Most detectives respect the honor and confidence of one of them who found

By HIMSELF

FOR thirty-five years I have been connected with the Police Department of one of the biggest cities in the United States. I am known to most of the detectives in this country as a "wise copper." It has been said that I know more crooks of all kinds than any other copper in the business. I have been unusually successful, but nobody knows why I have been so successful. Nobody knows what a terrible rat I have been, nobody knows to what treacherous, despicable methods I have resorted in order to build up the reputation that I possess.

I'm getting on in life now. I'm close to seventy and I haven't very long to live, possibly another ten or fifteen years at the most. As I near the border over which all of us must ramble to give an account of our activities on earth I'm thinking of all the terrible stunts that I have pulled on my less fortunate fellows in order to acquire a reputation as a clever detective.

Obviously I cannot afford to sign my name to these confessions. I want to keep my identity under cover and yet at the same time I want to get a few of the things that I have been guilty of off my mind. I think it will do me a lot of good.

When I first entered the police game I was ambitious to succeed. I was determined to be something other than a beat-walking bull or a roundsman, or a desk man. I felt that I possessed all the natural qualifications so necessary to the making of a first-class detective.

First of all I was of Irish extraction. That in itself was an asset. Look over the names of the detectives in the United States who have gone to the top of the police game. First of all there are Byrnes and McCafferty, two of the greatest detectives that ever directed the destinies of the New York Police Department: there were "Big Bill" Devery and "Handsome George" McCloskey; in St. Louis there was Billy Desmond; in Boston there was John McGarr and Mike Morrissey; in Baltimore Tom O'Donnell; in Chicago Mike Mullin. All are first-class detectives and every one of them a son of Old Erin.

IN the employ of the United States there were Flynn and Billy Burns and Moran, head of the United States Secret Service, and his assistant, Joe Murphy. You cannot get away from the statement that some of the best detectives in this country to-day are Irishmen.

But—I could tell the names of all the leading crooks in this country and a good per cent of them carry Irish names. Some of your best confidence men, your best bank burglars, are Irish; the best train robbers and jewelry thieves are often Irish. So now you will understand what I mean when I say that the fact that I was Irish was a big asset to me when I entered the police game.

I was five years walking a beat before I got my first opportunity to do plain-clothes work. I was assigned to work with a precinct man. I will call him Tommy McCarty. He was younger than I but he had been in the department long enough to know the ropes; nothing fazed him. It was from him that I got the first angle on the methods resorted to by coppers in order to build up a reputation. He was a crook detective too.

Now please don't get the idea that I'm trying to make it appear that all coppers are crooked and that all coppers have done the things that I have done. No—I don't want to leave that impression. Because there are square detectives, fellows who are the soul of honor and who wouldn't do a crooked thing for all the money in the world! But in every walk in life there are crooks—and they're probably fewer among the cops than anywhere else.

The first case that McCarty and I worked on was a safe robbery in MacSherry's department store, one of the biggest stores in the city. The robbery had occurred some time between closing time Saturday night and Monday morning. The burglars had blown open a big double-door Mosler safe and had got away with approximately twelve thousand dollars. In those days the finger-printing system had not been developed as it has now. Detective work in those days consisted in patience and a capacity for hard work, and in having a number of "stool-pigeons" on the staff who would give information out of the underworld as to what was going on and what might happen in the future.

And so in the MacSherry safe robbery McCarty and I had to depend on luck and stool-pigeons. We combed the underworld joints from stem to stern. Nobody knew anything about the MacSherry robbery. Every safe cracker that McCarty knew was out of town and had been out for weeks before the MacSherry job was pulled off. But somebody was working like a Trojan, for within ten days exactly eight safe jobs had been knocked off in our precinct. The Captain was raising hell. The newspapers were bawling us out in editorials every morning and demanding the removal of the head of the detective bureau for incompetency.

The Chief was riding us. Every morning after the daily line-up of crooks had been completed we were given a straight-from-the-shoulder talk.

"Eight safe jobs in ten days and no arrests!" the Chief would shout at us. "If you fellows don't get somebody pretty soon you are going to be handed a night-stick and a uniform and sent out to pound a beat in the jungles. I'm not going to be the fall guy for you fellows. Get on the job and bring in some of those 'petermen' (safe blowers) that are tearing this precinct wide open."

"We got to get somebody for those safe jobs," McCarty said to me one morning after the Chief had delivered his red-hot ultimatum.

FOR obvious reasons the author of this story wishes to remain incognito. In suffering the pangs of conscience and the bitterness of remorse he has paid the full penalty for his betrayal of trust. There is no reason for broadcasting his name and identity at this time.

Crooked DETECTIVE

*the public places in them. Here is the story
temptation too great to resist*

"Well, we're trying to get somebody, aren't we?"

"Trying," McCarty said, "but that's all. We ain't delivering the goods. We got to frame some of these underworld rats."

I had heard a lot of talk about how coppers "framed" crooks, but I didn't know just how it was done and at that time I didn't relish the idea of framing an innocent man for something that he hadn't done.

Two days after the MacSherry robbery we learned that "Big-Nose Whitey," an old-time safe man, had been released from "stir" (prison) a few days before the robbery. Now Whitey was what is known as a "can-opener man," a man that never used explosives. He always worked with tools that never required dynamite or powder or nitroglycerine. During

the twenty-five or thirty years that he had been operating as a safe man he was never known to have used explosives, and the supposition was that he didn't know how to use them. And then on the other hand this safe of MacSherry's was the sort that couldn't have been opened with the can-opening outfit. MacSherry's safe was a big double-door Mosler, and a drill or a tool of any kind would have simply skimmed tight over the surface of the door. It was chilled steel.

WHEN McCarty heard that Big-Nose Whitey was in town he immediately set his stool-pigeons on his trail. One of the stool-pigeons, "Scar-Face" Stein, a pickpocket and dope-fiend, was the rat that McCarty selected to frame

up the job. Scar-Face had been in a fight; he had come out with a badly twisted mouth which gave him his name.

"I'm after Big-Nose Whitey for that MacSherry job," McCarty told him.

"I'm expecting you to help me get him and get him quick."

BUT I know that Whitey didn't have nothing to do with that MacSherry pete," the stool-pigeon replied.

"I don't care nothing about that," McCarty said "We got to nail somebody for all these peter jobs that have been pulled off in this precinct, and it might just as well be Whitey as anybody

"I got it fixed. I planted plenty of stuff in the closet of his room"

else. If you don't get busy on it and help me out, I'm going to frame you for it."

This put the fear of the devil in the pickpocket's heart. "Y'know me, Mac," he said. "If y'wants Big-Nose Whitey why I'm the little fair-haired boy on the frame-up."

"You know what to do," McCarty went on. "Go to work and let me hear from you when you have got it all fixed up."

This dirty work didn't appeal to me at all. It seemed like a terrible thing to do and I protested to McCarty.

"If Big-Nose Whitey didn't pull off this MacSherry job, why frame him for it?" I said. "Why not try to get the fellows that did do it?"

"Forget it," he replied. "This was an out-of-town mob's work and we may never find out who they was. We got to nail somebody and it might just as well be Big-Nose Whitey as anybody else. Anyhow, if he had what's coming to him he would be in the stir for the rest of his life. Don't get soft about framing a crook, Jerry."

I HAD brains enough to realize that if I bucked the system I would never get any place and so I kept my mouth shut. I was convinced that it was a part of the system when I heard the Chief say to McCarty the next morning after

to make the pinch. If I hit you a punch in the jaw you'll know that I'm only doing it for effect so don't think there's anything wrong. And then after I bang you in the jaw and say that you and Whitey pulled the MacSherry robbery together you admit that you did. Understand?"

"I got you, Mac." The rat grinned from ear to ear.

After McCarty and I left the stool-pigeon, I asked him how he ever expected to obtain a conviction before a jury on the strength of the statement of Stein's that he and Big-Nose Whitey pulled off the MacSherry job.

"It seems to me, Mac, that you'll have to get something more than that to convict Big-Nose Whitey of that robbery."

He burst out laughing.

"You rookies give me an awful good time, Jerry," he said. "You don't think that this mug Whitey is going to trial, do you?"

"Why, isn't he?"

"WE got to get somebody for those safe jobs," McCarty said to me one morning after the Chief had delivered his red-hot ultimatum. . . . 'We got to frame some of these underworld rats.'

"I had heard a lot of talk about how coppers 'frame' crooks, but I didn't know just how it was done and at the time I did not relish the idea of framing an innocent man for something he had not done.

"Two days after the MacSherry robbery——"

our talk with the stool-pigeon, "Get somebody! Get 'em! And I don't care whether you get 'em right or wrong."

If the Chief sanctioned the frame-up I didn't see where I got off to make a "beef" about it.

Within twenty-four hours after our talk with Scar-Face, the rat had completed the frame-up of Big-Nose Whitey.

He phoned McCarty and me to meet him in one of the underworld joints along the river front. McCarty and I met him at the appointed hour in a saloon.

"I got it fixed," he began. "I planted a bottle of soup (nitroglycerine) a few drills, a bunch of wedges, a brace, caps and fuses—plenty of stuff—in the closet of his room."

"So far so good," McCarty said. "Now for the most important part of the proposition; and if you fall down on that part of it you go to the stir instead of Big-Nose."

"I ain't intending to fall down on no part of it, Mac," the stool-pigeon replied.

"You better not, Scar-Face. You know that I can send you up the river on that Southerland robbery."

THE Southerland robbery to which McCarty made reference was one that had occurred a year back, and in which Scar-Face Stein had had a hand. McCarty had protected him because he gave McCarty the tip which resulted in the arrest of the four other crooks that had pulled it off.

"I have always played on the level with you, haven't I, Mac?"

"As far as I know, Stein," McCarty said, "but don't fall down on this one."

"I won't fall down. Tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it."

"Well," McCarty went on, "to-night at ten o'clock I want you to be in Big-Nose Whitey's room when Jerry and I come

"Listen, Jerry." He laid his arm on my shoulder. "When we get through with Big-Nose Whitey he'll confess to anything that we want him to confess to."

I HAD never seen the old-fashioned third degree applied to a crook, but I thought that it must be a wonderful process if it could make a man confess to a crime of which he was absolutely innocent. I was anxious to see how this much-talked-about third degree was worked.

The night that the arrest was to be made McCarty notified all the newspaper men that "a big sensational pinch" was to be executed that night. The Chief was to head the raid on Big-Nose Whitey's rooming house. There were two other detectives and the Chief besides McCarty and me.

We had three uniformed policemen in front of the house, three of them on the roof, and four in the rear of the house. One would have thought that we were going after a regiment of crooks instead of an old burglar close to sixty who had spent most of his life in prison, and who was, as I subsequently learned, practically harmless at that time.

After all the uniformed cops had been placed, the Chief, McCarty, and the three other dicks and I mounted the dark stairs with drawn guns.

We burst into Whitey's room. He was lying on the bed. Stein was standing over by a window.

"Throw up your hands," the Chief shouted. "If you make a move we'll blow your heads off."

Whitey and the stool-pigeon raised their hands over their heads.

"What's the matter?" Whitey asked grinning nervously.

"What's the capper?" the stool-pigeon queried with a snarl.

"I'll show you what the capper is, you dirty thief."

McCarty walked over to his stool-pigeon and banged him in the jaw.

An oath came from Stein. McCarty banged him on the jaw again. Then he grabbed him by the neck and shouted: "What about that MacSherry safe robbery? What about it? Come across! Come across with the dope, or I'll knock your block off."

"I don't know nothing about the MacSherry job," Stein replied with great indignation. "What do I know about it?"

The Chief and the other detectives took Whitey out of the room. Then McCarty began to curse.

"Holler as if I am hurting you," he whispered to Stein after Whitey had been taken out of the room.

Stein roared and McCarty cursed and shouted at the top of his voice, "Tell me what you know about that MacSherry robbery or I'll kill you."

THEN a few moments of silence after which McCarty and I dragged the stool-pigeon out into the hallway where the Chief and the detectives were standing with Big-Nose Whitey.

"He came across, Chief."

"Jerry, I'm a thief and you're a copper. I'd go to the chair before I'd squeal"

Then we all went down-stairs to the waiting patrol wagon and away we rambled to headquarters.

Immediately upon our arrival, we went into the room where the old-style third degree was staged. This room, incidentally, was in the basement of the building. It sat away off in the corner near the coal-bins, a fine location for an inquisitorial den or a torture chamber. Regardless of how much noise was made it could not be heard either up-stairs or out on the street above.

THERE was a musty odor to the place and the furnishing consisted of a long table and eight or ten chairs and two pictures. The pictures, I learned, were there for a purpose. One of them was an excellent representation of the gallows which preceded the present electric chair in the death house at Sing Sing; the other was one of the prison at Sing Sing. The death picture had a psychological significance. Whenever a murderer was third-degreed he was placed at the table so that the picture was directly in front of him. The

lone incandescent which hung from the ceiling threw just enough light on the picture of the gallows to show what it was.

On each side there were two dungeons into



McCarty smiled as he looked at Big-Nose. "He said he and Whitey here knocked off the MacSherry pete."

Then Whitey exploded.

"Said I knocked off the MacSherry pete?" Whitey was red with rage.

"Now don't try to kid us, Whitey. Don't say you didn't have anything to do with that job," McCarty said.

"My God!" Whitey's voice trembled, "I didn't have any more to do with that job than you did, McCarty."

"We'll talk with you when we get you down to the office," McCarty answered ominously.

which the crooks were thrown now and then, when the detectives tired of quizzing them.

These dungeons were the playgrounds for huge sewer rats, which slept all day and scampered over the floors and squealed all night long.

There was something about that third-degree room that gave even me the creeps. I understand exactly how it reacted upon the crooks who were razzle-dazzled there. Those were days when people didn't worry much about whether or not crooks were human beings. The third degree then was nothing to be laughed off. (Continued on page 88)

My Encounter with the

*Eluding pursuit for years, this bank burglar robs a vault
to accomplish what a dozen*

By CYRUS CHAPIN, Expert Criminologist

THE "Big Eye" assigned me to the Girard bank robbery case. He was the head of the International Police and Detective Organization of Kansas City, and he had had a hurry call from Dr. I. P. Hildebrandt of Girard. Hildebrandt was the town banker, sole owner of the bank, and he asked for a "rush order" of expert detectives. His bank had been robbed.

The vault door had been blown from its hinges. Wet blankets had been used to deaden the sound; the bank was on the town square and no one but the constable and the suspected man had been close enough to hear the explosion. That accounted for the fact that they remained alone in the bank for several minutes. The time of the robbery was 2.10 A. M.

When I got down to the little town, I found it all excitement. Some of "Doc" Hildebrandt's clients had withdrawn their funds from the bank; some had remained loyal and had



If one of the crackmen saw us, our lives would wink out very quickly

not. Doc Hildebrandt was a sort of David Harum in Girard, adored by half the town and hated by the other half. I found plenty of people ready and willing to tell me the story of the robbery, but I went straight to Doc himself. There was one piece of news that was fairly forced on me, however, by the one-legged constable who met me at the station.

"I got him," he declared. "I got the feller that did it. Robert Andrews is the feller's name. And he's the cashier. I seen someone in the bank and went in. Here was this Andrews feller and here was the vault door on the floor. I had a gun and I held him up. He wanted to phone

KING of CRACKSMEN

*in Girard, Kansas. It is squarely up to Detective Chapin
other men failed to do*

Doc, and I says, 'Never mind, I'll do all the phonin'. But he grabs the gun, and calls Doc himself. What he's doing is to try to make Doc think he didn't do the job. 'Come down,' he says to Doc, 'the bank's been robbed.' He puts it over too. Doc don't believe he done it, and wouldn't let me take him in. They come down later and this Andrews feller give himself up, but he's out on bail and Doc put up the bail. Doc don't know who Andrews is. He come here a tramp and Doc hired him to fix the garden, and found out that he'd worked in a bank. Doc, he's a chance taker, and gives him a job in the bank."

Everything did point to Andrews, I thought, as I went to meet Doc, but after I had talked to the town banker, I was not so sure. He swore me to secrecy on what he was to tell me before he began. He said he'd be responsible for Andrews, who was a decent-enough-looking chap. And then he told me all that had passed after the robbery between Andrews and himself.

"Andrews never did it," the banker declared with energy. "I'll stake anything on it. I know an honest man when I see one. And Chapin, you've got two jobs here instead of one.

"Now remember, this stuff is for your ears only, at present.

"Andrews called me at two-thirty this morning.

"Doctor, this is Bob Andrews," he said. "The vault's



been blown off its hinges. I heard the explosion—was walking around the square—couldn't sleep, heard the thing go off and ran to the bank, just in time to see two men beat it out the back door. Haven't had a chance to check up to see what they took, if anything. Small safe's intact, but as you know there was currency and specie on the right-hand shelf of the vault, two thousand and something. It's gone. Constable's here and wants to take me to jail. I've convinced him we'd better wait till you get down here.'

"WHEN I got down, I wasn't the least bit flustered over what had happened. And I knew Bob didn't do it. True the man walked into Girard tramp fashion, and got his first meal off the

blacksmith but he had chopped wood to pay for it. The same day I hired him to fix my garden. Later I learned he had once been employed in the banking business. Now I'm a chance taker, and I hired Andrews as he called himself, to take the place of a cashier who was leaving for another job.

"I looked around the bank, sniffed the air a couple of times, picked some pieces of putty off the floor, then replaced them carefully where I had found them—I thought they might be a clue.

"Then I said to the constable: 'Run along Cartright, I'll be responsible for this man. If he needs bond, I'll fix it up with the sheriff. If there's any credit connected with the arrest, you shall have it—also a reward—if any!'

"Constable, he got out. That mention of a reward fixed

him. Bob and I looked over the contents of the vault. We opened the money safe which stood inside the vault. Everything was all right inside. Everything appeared to be in the vault that belonged there except the two thousand and some odd dollars which had reposed for the night on a shelf of the vault.

"I told Andrews to call the International Police and Detective Organization Kansas City office on the phone and Andrews got Long Distance and put in the call. Ten minutes later, the night watch at the International P. & D. O. at Kansas City, said they would send a man down on the first train. He would be in Girard by 3.30 P. M.

"'Doctor,' says Andrews, 'before he comes, I've got to tell you something.'

"'You mean,' I answered, 'what your right name is and so on. It's up to you. I'm not interested. If I don't know an honest man when I see one, then I certainly never should have been a doctor and must be a failure as a banker. That you've got a past, I know. That you've some good,

"'The name?' I insisted. 'All I want from you is the name of this town in Massachusetts where you were double crossed.'

"'Worcester,' answered Bob—or Tom Stapleton.

"'Thanks,' I said. 'Now, I'll get my man Paul from the house to stand watch for us while we go to breakfast, after which we'll see the sheriff, who doesn't actually love me because I worked against him at the last election. Anyway, we'll see what can be done with him.'

"After Paul came in answer to the phone, Bob and I breakfasted at a hotel diagonally across the square from the bank. The constable had already talked with the sheriff who was debating in his own mind what he should do about it, when we arrived. I gave Bob's bail. The constable had sworn out a warrant on the charge of breaking and entering.

"That ends my story, and your job begins," declared Doc Hildebrandt. "You clear Bob Andrews of both charges for me. If you can't do it—well, he can go to prison. But I know you can because I know he's innocent."

"FIVE days preceding the date set for the trial of Cashier Andrews, I had a cipher wire from the Leavenworth warden, as follows:

"HAMMERLY CALLED ON LOP-EAR. HAD SEVERAL MINUTES CONFAB. NO PAPERS PASSED BETWEEN THEM. NOTHING OVERHEARD. BELIEVE HAMMERLY RECEIVED VALUABLE TIP FROM LOP-EAR. WARDEN.

"I believed my trick had worked. But had it?"

personal reason for keeping it to yourself, I know. It's none of my business, all that. My bank's a private one and I've always got cash enough with Northern banks as you know, to more than cover my deposits, let alone mortgages on farms in this county. If this thing starts a run on our bank, let 'em run. I don't give a hang—we don't need their money.'

"'I'll feel better if I tell you a few things,' Bob answered me. 'Besides this detective who's coming from Kansas City will have to know all about it. In the first place, my name's not Andrews, it's Stapleton, Tom Stapleton. And—I am an escaped convict—I'm wanted by the state of Massachusetts right now. But—I did not commit the crime for which I went to the penitentiary.'

"'I believe that all right,' I said. 'What else?'

"'Nothing—except it would uncover somebody else, make someone else suffer if I told the whole story. It can't be done.' Bob looked pretty sick. 'I'll go back. That's all there is to do—go back and serve my time.'

"'You'll do nothing of the sort,' I answered him. 'Where's the town in which you were supposed to have done this dastardly deed they sent you up for?'

"Bob didn't want to answer me but I caught him by the shoulder and gave him a little shake.

"'See here man,' I said, 'I'm trying to do something for you. I have tried. I'm a chance taker, always have been and I never missed, nor am I going to fall down now. But you're standing in your own way, in my way. You've got an exaggerated idea of a certain peculiar brand of honor or loyalty that's warping you all out of shape. Drop it. Tell me the name of the town. That's all I ask—and remember I'll do nothing you won't approve of, in the end.'

"'Yes—but—'

Well, I was up against it.

While I was morally certain the cashier had not done the job, I was just as certain he would be convicted, especially when it became known he was an escaped convict, unless we could produce some evidence that would convince a jury he was not the guilty man.

I talked to a couple of the bank employees before I went into the vault. They both had lots to say about Doc, and they both liked him.

Years before he had been a skilled surgeon in Chicago, and had fallen heir to a large fortune and decided to quit practicing and start a bank in the small town of Girard. Here he was often in consultation with local doctors who had not enjoyed Dr. Hildebrandt's advantages. For such consultations he refused to take a cent of pay, and he often doctored the poor people who could not afford to pay a physician, for nothing. One thing that made him unpopular with the dyed-in-the-wool orthodox church set throughout the country, was the fact he did not believe in prohibition. In fact he often took a nip by himself or with certain convivial companions.

That the sheriff, the constable, and many others in the country and town would insist on his cashier being tried, and convicted if possible, the doctor well knew. There were only two things that would save him: Either the apprehension of the real criminal or criminals who did the job, or proof that the cashier did not do it even though he had been caught, as it were, red-handed.

My first duty was to examine the vault and the door which had been blown from its hinges. With some assistance I turned the door over and searched for thumb-prints, likewise in other parts of the room. There were none other than those made by the cashier, the doctor, and the constable.

The colored man who had stood watch while the doctor and the cashier were away from the bank had been instructed to stay in the front part of the bank away from the room where the vault was. The result of this part of the investigation was simple enough; unless the cashier had done the job, whoever did it must have used gloves or taken the precaution to erase all thumb- and finger-prints after making them.

The wet blankets used to cover the safe naturally obliterated some evidence of this kind. Putty

"Somebody's waiting in there for you," I said, pointing



always use putty to close up the seams and cracks around the doors of safes and vaults; they leave a small opening at the top over which they place a putty cup. Another small hole is left at the bottom center of the safe or vault door. The cup is filled with nitro and when it commences to drip

in small pieces was scattered about. Experts

through the bottom opening, the cracksman knows the "dope" has permeated all the crevices in the door. A hole is drilled with a cold-hammered steel bit especially made for the purpose. The hole is in or close to the tumblers or dial, the weakest part of any safe or vault, the fuse is inserted and everything is ready for the match, unless, as was so in this case, wet blankets are used to deaden the sound.

There are various ways of opening safes, but this method

described was in vogue with professionals for many years and at the writing of this story is still used to an extent by cracksmen.

After talking with Doctor Hildebrandt and his cashier at some length I decided to lay the whole matter before my boss in Chicago, the head of the International Police and Detective Organization, and one of the cleverest man hunters and crook catchers in the world. Having had charge of his Western criminal department myself at one time I knew that he kept track as far as possible of the movements of all the gangs of crooks, including gangs of safe blowers, in the United States and all foreign countries where safe blowing was done to any extent.

The only piece of evidence I had found in the bank, outside of the putty and the blankets which were practically worthless as evidence, was a small steel bit, without doubt the one that had been used to drill the hole in the rim of the dial, for the inserting of the fuse.

The ability of my boss as a detective was unquestioned. He was clever without conceit.

He never lied to criminals and he performed some of the most daring and difficult detective feats the world has ever witnessed.

I went back to Kansas City and laid my case before him and asked his advice. I went into details as thoroughly as they were mine to give. Then I waited for him to say what he thought—no, what he knew about it.

The first thing my boss did was to buzz for the rogues' gallery clerk and tell him to bring in certain pictures.

"Here are the men who did your Girard job," said the boss, showing me three pictures. "That vault was cracked by Ed Hammerly, alias Glass-Eyed-Eddie, with Art Trimmer, alias the Bald-Faced-Kid, and little Billy Dwyer as the lookout. This bit you found on the (Continued on page 96)

Why I Killed My 22 WIVES

*The astounding truth of how Watson
dodged the gallows*

An Actual Confession by "BLUEBEARD" WATSON

As told by H. EDWIN MOOTZ

AS I have stated before, my plans were made to leave the United States in July, 1920. For over a year I had been working on a perfect disguise to be used for my final get-away to Australia. Little did I think that instead of Australia—

I now went to my home in Hollywood to see Elizabeth Hess. [Editor's note: This woman is still living; therefore her name has been changed. It is not the intention of the Editors or the Publishers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES to bring distress upon anyone.] I thought my attentiveness and consideration for Elizabeth would win her completely, but she continued to ask questions about where I spent my time and what I did during my absence.

We motored to San Diego, where I left the car and then we took a trip to Catalina. I felt I should get rid of her. For a day we wandered about lonely canyons but never an opportunity presented itself. The second day I took her for a stroll along a high cliff. "This is a dangerous place, my dear," I remarked, pointing down to the water. I looked around for several moments. Just then a couple of young people turned the curve. It was a dandy place for a suicide or accident. I was in a rage. I gave it up and concluded to take her to Mexico in the near future. Somehow this woman bore a charmed life.

I WAS now at the busiest time of my career. Not only the business of courting and marrying but I was involved in crimes of a commercial nature. My ambitions knew no bounds. It was as if subconsciously, I knew it would be my last effort. Among other things I now engineered the robbery of the Fifth Street Store of Los Angeles.

My continued absence from home greatly aroused Elizabeth Hess. She was inclined to be jealous and thought that I was going with other women. This finally aroused her to such a point that she told her suspicions to the detective agency of which Nick Harris was the head.

J. B. Armstrong, the Agency Superintendent, was placed in charge of the case. Thus, while I was traveling to Mexico—

On my return home I stopped at Pasadena, California, and wired Elizabeth Hess to meet me at the Haywood Hotel.

It was curious how some premonition gave me the sensation of standing on the brink of a precipice. I seemed to be living in an atmosphere of feverish anxiety. For the first time in my criminal career I was possessed by a strange fear.

Elizabeth, when she received my wire, at once reported to the general manager of the detective agency. Detective Armstrong was called from his home to shadow me. Thus it was the irony of fate that I should be betrayed by the fighting spirit of woman. With some fatal premonition I had long felt that Elizabeth Hess would be my inevitable Nemesis.

Elizabeth and I went first to dinner and then to the theatre. Her manner was cordial, but I thought I detected a strangely restless look in her eyes.

After the show I had a presentment, and was nervous with the impression that I was being shadowed. I had the hunch to break and make a get-away. Then the thought occurred to me that my imagination was playing havoc with my nerves. We took the electric car to Hollywood. I could not shake that uncanny feeling that my fate was slowly unwinding itself. Was blind chance going to interpose and reveal my part and lay bare incriminating facts that would bring me to justice? I felt it.

**"BLUEBEARD" Watson
courted or married fifty-
three women! He killed twenty-
two of his wives! Some he sold
in Mexico. He was swindler,
burglar, white-slaver, murderer.
From his prison cell in San
Quentin the most astounding
criminal of the century tells his
story. Here is a human docu-
ment without parallel!**

DRIVING home, I prepared to retire. Elizabeth looked at me thoughtfully. Finally she asked. "Walter, are you going to reveal the contents of that black bag? Our future happiness depends on your action to-night."

"Not to-night, dear," I answered. "To-morrow we'll be lounging in the hills enjoying the beauties of nature. Come, be sensible, and let us go to bed. I'm tired."

The following day was my Jinx Friday—April 9th, 1920.

I left the house for a walk, early in the morning, feeling the need of action to relieve my sense of depression, and little dreaming that the penetrating eyes of the sleuths were on me. My absence provided the opportunity for the detectives to enter the house.

Two men were waiting for me, (Continued on page 32)

How I CAPTURED "Bluebeard" Watson



This is an actual photograph of "Bluebeard" Watson, taken a short time after his arrest. Behind him stands Mr. J. B. Armstrong, of the J. B. Armstrong Detective Service

(This photograph was supplied by Mr. Armstrong)

WHEN a criminal says "I made it," he means that luck was with him—that he knew how to play that luck. That's the only way he can play his game, which is a fight single-handed against society. And the oftener he wins the bolder he becomes. Practice makes perfect.

So it is no wonder that police and detective work has become the luck and wits of society against the luck and wits of the criminal—like begets like. But there are few on either side of this ever-raging war between the law and the crook, who will admit the great part luck, good or bad, plays in the game—to the winner the outcome is due to his superior brain; to the loser it is his hard luck.

A most vivid story of the play of fate or luck is the story of the capture of "Bluebeard" Watson, as told by Nick Harris, Pacific Coast detective. Harris drove his staff, augmented by three deputy sheriffs, a day and a night after this arch-fiend. They placed him under arrest in the belief that he was a bank robber.

It is unlikely that anyone knows yet how many wives Watson murdered. When arrested, he confessed to having killed seven. Now, from his prison cell, comes the story of his acknowledging the blood of twenty-two women on his hands. He admits marrying twenty-six women and it is known he married between twenty-five and thirty without a single divorce. Might it not be that Watson, with his insanely criminal mind, has forgotten one or two? But the

By
Detective NICK HARRIS
and
JAMES A. STAPP

officials found only one body, that of a girl buried deep in the lonely hills of the Imperial Valley; and so Watson, on his confession, drew life imprisonment instead of the gallows.

TO understand how the capture could be brought about as it was, it is necessary to understand, at least to know something of Nick Harris, his kindly nature and his dogged determination.

I doubt if there is a newspaper man—and that is my occupation—who has worked in Los Angeles in the last fifteen years, who does not know Nick Harris. To know him is to call him friend. He knows them all.

He at one time was the star reporter for the Los Angeles *Examiner*. Then he joined the Police Detective Department, and soon after that opened his own agency. It has grown from a small local office to a great net, spread up and down the Coast, making that section of this land better and safer for its existence.

But great as he has become, one of his hobbies still is to hang around the Central Station, especially the pressroom, mixing with the boys.

IT was on one of these nights, a night exceedingly dull as far as news was concerned, that he told us the story. When I say "us," I mean the police reporters for all of the Los Angeles papers. It was after midnight, after all the hangers-on had gone. Harris roused us with:

"You fellows never did know the inside of Watson's fall, did you?"

The arrest had been made by deputy sheriffs and the story handled by other reporters. But we had talked to them and felt we did. When we told him we had heard it, he laughed.

"Listen," he said, "I'll tell you some things you don't know."

(Continued on page 33)

when I returned from that walk. These men, I afterwards learned, were Armstrong and Bell. I could have sworn with anger at my own folly, and the woman's treachery, and the relentlessness of things. I was in a terrible rage at having been outwitted and my eyes must have blazed ominously for the officers were on the alert.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "you seem to have made an unusually early call. Tell me who you are and what you want."

"As to who we are," Armstrong answered, as he threw back the lapel of his coat, "does not matter. What we want to know is—who are you?"

Suddenly I struck the officer a terrific blow. Then I landed on the other. I fought with the desperation of an animal in a trap. Cursing violently, I struck right and

"What is your business?" Armstrong asked.

I explained that I was a Secret Service detective.

"From where are you detailed? Show your credentials."

I TOLD them that I was a government man and that I did not have to show them my credentials.

Elizabeth was standing close by with the black bag. Somehow she managed to get it open.

Armstrong dumped the contents on the table before me. There were jewels of every description, stocks and bonds, numerous marriage certificates and licenses, stacks of signed documents and other mementoes of crime.

Suddenly I struck the officer a terrific blow



left with a hope of making a get-away. Bell caught me under the chin. Then the command: "Stick 'em up, damn you!" rang out, and the cuffs were snapped on my wrists.

I sat down gasping for breath, keenly alive to any emergency that would present itself for an escape. Thoughts like lightning flashed through my mind. I was sparring for time.

I had prided myself on being a "master criminal"—one of superior brain power and yet here I was carrying around with me the evidence of my guilt. (Continued on page 77)

We settled back to listen for we knew Nick well enough to know that he did have something to tell.

"You were talking about luck, this wins the sack," he started. "I never have let it out. You fellows would have laughed at me. But now, I guess, if you let it out I'll be a hero.

"That's the way it is, you know—if you hit it right, you're a hero; but if you miss, you're a bungler."

"To hell with that philosophy," Jack Rooney, of the *Examiner*, interrupted. "Let's have the story."

"Well," Harris went on, "from 1915 to 1919, in almost every matrimonial journal and in one newspaper in almost every city in the United States, there appeared, at various times, this advertisement." He drew a pack of papers from his pocket from which he extracted the following clipping, refusing to tell us what paper it was from:

PERSONAL—Would like to meet a lady of refinement and social standing, and in ordinary circumstances, who desires to meet middle-aged gentleman of culture. Object matrimony. Answer Box No. —.

WHILE we were reading the clipping Nick continued, soliloquizing on the number of women who would answer such an advertisement.

"I have often wondered," he said, "how many women have read such an ad, shrugged their shoulders and said to the girl chum:

"Let's answer it just for fun and see who the old bird is!"

"Or perhaps their curiosity would get the better of them and they would send their own or someone else's photograph in the hope that they would receive by return mail a likeness of the advertiser."

We had all read the advertisement and Harris said, "Now let's follow the courtship trail," as he handed us two letters to read, telling us we should read them to get a background for the story. They were two of the letters published, together with the advertisement, at the time of Watson's confession, and are typical of the dozens, possibly hundreds which have passed between this killing maniac and his victims

or intended victims. The one from a love-starved soul answering the ad, perhaps in a desperate attempt to find happiness, is:

My dear Sir: Last evening after I had finished cleaning up the house and had just sat down to rest for a few seconds, I spied your notice of your desire to meet a lady of refinement. Somehow, that appealed to me. I wondered if you were suffering the same as I; if you, too, had wanted to find just someone who would share your life of happiness or troubles. Now, you know I have never paid any attention to such advertisements, but it strikes me fate, guided by destiny, placed that paper before me, and that is why I am answering your appeal. I seem to feel that I can trust you, that you will guard and cherish any promise you may make me.

Now, to tell you about myself. I am not very old, just thirty-five; tall and slender, weighing 147 pounds. I do not wish to flatter myself, but some people have told me that I was not bad-looking. They say my dark hair matches my eyes and my teeth are even and pretty. Yes, I must tell you, I have been married, but it was only a child's love, I did not know what it really meant. I was only fifteen and he was twenty-two. We ran away from a little town and to a big city (Chicago). He soon sluffed off the little money we had saved and it was not long until I had to go to work in one of the big department stores. Oh, how thankful I was that these big stores did not require trained help, because I had no money to live on while learning

Being rather pretty, I was made a stock girl in the cloak-and-suit department. After my husband deserted me, I was chaperoned by a Mrs. De Vine, the department buyer. She used to tell me of all the pitfalls I would likely stumble into in a big city, and asked me if I would come to her home and live with her mother and sister. Oh, how good fate had been to me. The watchful, guiding

hand of this old mother was ever by me, and the next ten years I lived to see myself advanced from a lowly stock girl to that of head of the department. For the past ten years I have saved the greater part of my salary until now I own my own little home and have sort of retired from active work with a nice little bank-account, which I figure will keep moderately for a long time.

Now, my dear Sir, I don't know why I have unfolded my life's history to you; you, one whom I have never seen.

It may be something magnetic. Then, again, perhaps it is fate, as I said before; or, perchance, it is that longing in the heart of a woman, a starved soul, a craving for company as God intended. So, Dear, please write me and tell me all about yourself and



what you expect in a woman you would want to make your wife.

Chicago, Ill. Yours very truly,
Mrs. J— L—.

AND the one from Watson in response, in which the fiend shows himself the perfect lover, is:

Mrs. J— L—:

My dear Madam: Your most wonderful letter just received and I can hardly find words to express my sincere feeling of the high regard for the faith and confidence you have reposed in me. It seems as if the great heaven has opened and showed me for the first time in my life the real meaning of love. You say it was fate that has guided you. You say you don't know why you have unfolded your life history to me, a total stranger. Why, girl of my dreams, I, too, have the same feeling toward you. Pray, tell me, are you really quite sure you don't know me; are you quite sure that somehow, somewhere in this great world of the living we have not met? Can it be true that two souls with the same thought, the same object ahead, have never known each other before? No, my dear, that cannot be.

We have felt the breath of each other's very lives. It surely must be the radiation of your sweet self that has carried me on and on through this vast space of earthly existence, all to bring but one ending—the ultimate meeting of our starved and hungry souls, as you say; only to reap that

I have considerable property, and your paltry savings would never have to be touched, unless it were to invest for you in some proposition or enterprise which would double its earnings for your very own desires. I dare not send you my picture, because, as I said before, I am not the handsome kind, so please, Dear Heart, send me yours; yet on second thought I know what you look like. How could it be otherwise after reading

what you wrote. Now, I want you to write me, and I will come to you in person and tell you just what my beating heart has dictated.

So, forever remaining your true soul lover, I beg to remain your own dear and trusted sweetheart,
J. P. WATSON.



The idea of these two wives of Watson talking about "currant jam" at a time like this! . . .

happiness as originally planned. So, sweet angel of my dreams, let me try in my simple way to tell you about myself, as you have asked.

I, like yourself, have just passed that middle mile-post, but unlike you, I never have been told I was good-looking. Perhaps, if you will allow me to say, I have certain personal traits which have been considered different from most of sex. A difference, perhaps, that cannot just be explained, but ways that tell me what a woman wants; I might say loving ways. If I were allowed to tell them you might think me conceited. But I feel at this time that if I ever had an honest desire to make a girl happy, it has come to the surface now as never before. But who, after reading your soul-stirring letter, could not find words to convince one that my one desire in life would be to prove to you that I love you, to prove to you that I would always guard and cherish your fondest love.

"I didn't have these letters when I started the case," Nick said as we handed them back to him. "That's where I got the laugh on all of you fellows—you thought I did.

"But those letters are just samples of what passed between Watson and perhaps hundreds of unsuspecting, honest, and love-desiring women.

"Of course some did not fall for that mush; yet others it caught at the psychological moment and they did accept it as truth, probably to be imposed upon and later murdered by Gillam, alias Watson, dubbed 'The Modern Bluebeard.'

"THIS is a picture which should serve as a warning to our women and prevent such creatures as this Gillam from preying on those love-starved souls, if it is possible to do so.

"It was the thirty-first of March. I had just finished dinner at home with my family, when the 'phone rang. It was Armstrong." We all knew Carl G. Armstrong was then the chief of Harris' Bureau of Identification.

"'Chief,' Armstrong said, 'there (Continued on page 80)

The Trade in HUMAN FREIGHT

By EUSTACHE ROPS
Celebrated French Detective

Ah Feng might have chosen any one of the countless ports of entry into the United States to smuggle in his stolen diamond and himself. Detective Rops had to find him

ONE of my most interesting American adventures was practically forced upon me because of my faculty for remembering faces. During the war I helped the military authorities to trace deserters from the Indo-Chinese regiments. These Orientals would transfer themselves to non-combatant branches of the service, falsify their papers, and defy the authorities to say them nay on the basis of checking up photographs and signatures.

But I could identify a newcomer in any given group. The word went around: "Rops is the detective if you want to trace a Chinaman." And after the war the reputation stuck to me.

That is why General Charles Gallifet came to my Paris office last year, though the lowest fee that I could reasonably charge was out of proportion to a French officer's salary.

"My wife has been clubbed and robbed by a Chinese servant," he told me. "The attack occurred yesterday evening at Tours. I had gone into town after dinner, and on my return about nine o'clock I found Madame Gallifet just recovering consciousness. She said the Chinaman was the only person in the room when she was struck from behind. A valuable diamond ring had been wrenched from her hand. There had been no other jewelry to steal, but a few thousand francs had been taken from my cash-box.

"The Chinaman, of course, is already out of the barracks and away from Tours, without leaving any more tracks than a ghost," I said.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"How long had he been in your service?"

"Two months. He was a war veteran who'd re-enlisted. He'd been assigned from the ranks to my staff, as a cook," said the General. "I called on the Minister of War this morning, and he assured me you'd feel it to be your patriotic duty to aid in capturing a thug who was also a deserter from the army."

"Oh, I see!" I commented drily. I was not obligated legally to take an unprofitable case, but in France a detective doesn't

Thousands of
Chinamen are
smuggled into
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States each
year



do himself a bit of harm by standing in right with the army. Then, too, I thought of the poor woman who had been murderously assaulted, and I accepted.

The sensational dénouement is what makes this story worth telling, so I'll sketch my preliminary work briefly.

I found from the military records that the Chinaman was serving under the name of Chin Lung. A careful scrutiny of his photograph, however, convinced me that he was the same individual I had once arrested as Ah Feng, during the war, following his escape from a guard-house. Probably he'd used many other names. But we'll stick to Ah Feng. He was a Cantonese, and he spoke English—an important point.

IT took me two weeks to pick up his trail, only to learn that four days after the crime at Tours he had shipped at Bordeaux on a freighter. The latter was a small French boat which carried no wireless. It was bound for Puerto Barrios in Guatemala, one of the Central American republics. Ah Feng had ten days' start on me, but it would be another week before he would land. I cabled to our consul and to

"You haven't a chance in a thousand of catching that Chinaman," he said. "If he's headed for the United States he'll probably make it all right. We do our best to keep the bars up, but there's a terrible leak at this port, not to mention the Mexican border. You can look over the few Chinks we stop, and welcome! That's the most I can offer you."

"WHAT'S the matter with my finding him after he gets into the country—if he does get in?"

"A pipe dream! There are big Chinatowns in New York and San Francisco, where he could lose himself. And he wouldn't be what you'd call a novelty in any of our cities. The chop-suey restaurant business, or the Chinese laundry game, would absorb him without leaving a clue."

"You have no system of registering those who are here legally?" I asked.

"Oh yes! We have tickets of identification, known as *chock-gees*, especially for Chinamen. It's the only form of registration of aliens in this country, and was adopted away back in 1892."

He pulled out of a drawer a red, white, and black parch-

"WHAT would Ah Feng do now? His final objective was almost certainly the United States, the land which Chinamen the world over dream of invading in search of easy money. He spoke English. He had a stolen diamond which he could sell to better advantage here than anywhere else. The immigration law forbade his entering through regular channels, but——"

the Guatemalan authorities to put him under arrest. Then, since I would have to identify him personally, no matter where he was found, I saved time on the first leg of my journey by hopping across the Atlantic to New York on a fast liner.

The reply to my cable reached me in New York. Its contents did not surprise me in the least. The freighter from Bordeaux had reached port, but no Chinaman answering to my description had been found among the half dozen Oriental members of her crew. I had figured it would be easy for Ah Feng either to bribe or trick his way past the local officials.

What would Ah Feng do now? His final objective was almost certainly the United States, the land which Chinamen the world over dream of invading in search of easy money. He spoke English. He had a stolen diamond, which he could sell to better advantage here than anywhere else. The immigration law forbade his entering through regular channels, but thousands of Chinamen are smuggled into the United States each year. He might cross Mexico, and seek to pierce the border at any point between Brownsville and San Diego. He might make the attempt by sea, sailing direct or trans-shipping at Panama or Cuba.

I looked at a nautical chart and saw that New Orleans was the only big American port in immediate contact with Guatemala. A regular service was maintained by fruit boats. New Orleans, furthermore, was the logical center from which to watch for an alien coming by any of the southern routes. I hurried down there by train, and the really exciting phase of my adventure began.

My mission being in no sense a mystery, I went straight to the Commissioner of Immigration and asked for his help. He stared at me as if I had been crazy.

ment about the size of a dollar bill, engraved with an intricate design. On one side, at the left, it carried a photograph of an Oriental, with his physical description and an account of how and when he had entered the United States, either by birth or immigration.

"That's a *chock-gee*," the Commissioner observed, somewhat derisively.

"Surely it's valuable as a check?"

"It ought to be. But when a Chink needs one, he borrows it or rents it from his 'Tong.' The most expert forgeries are in circulation. Anyway, a paper isn't much to go upon, when you can't tell one of the yellow men from another."

I SMILED, remembering my past success in that direction, but refrained from boasting.

"The man I'm after hasn't a great deal of money in his pocket to pay for being smuggled in a roundabout, expensive way," I said. "I expect him to make straight for New Orleans, and I hope to stop him at the point of entry. You tell me there's a leak in your system. Perhaps I can help to locate it for you, while working on this case."

"If you do, I'll recommend you to Washington," declared the Commissioner heartily. But he did not offer to let me go out with his agents. I was just as well satisfied. Such problems are best approached from an absolutely fresh view-point.


New Orleans is one of the interesting cities of the world, particularly to a Frenchman. Canal Street sharply divides the hustling American section from the quaint French quarter where many of the houses date back to the Louisiana Purchase. Night life centers in the old quarter. Its restaurants are famous, and cater to a cosmopolitan crowd. I took a room in a hotel on Bienville Street, and commenced a

survey of the underworld fringe of the quarter the first evening I was there.

There were Spanish resorts, as well as French, I quickly discovered. Also, a few Chinese tea-rooms. These last were the places that concerned me, and I picked on one of the shabbiest—Ong Leong's Flowery Peking Garden was its extravagant name—as a likely hunting-ground. Raw-looking Chinamen frequented Ong Leong's, jabbering in many dialects, and eating their food with chop-sticks. They were coolies of the sort to be seen by hundreds of thousands in the ports of the Orient, wooden-faced, shock-haired men, still wearing the coarse, brown water-proof jacket that is the coolie uniform. I could not believe that they had been in America long. And yet, under the law, no Chinese of the laboring class has been admitted for several generations.

THE next morning, I went down to the docks and studied the shipping with a purpose that was undoubtedly novel on the New Orleans water-front. Statistics on the state of commerce appealed to me not at all. I cared nothing about the possible outward movement of arms for South American revolutions, nor the inward flow of bootleg booze. The vessels themselves were of minor importance to me.

I was interested in their cargoes, as a background for stowaways



This Tong man offered me a bribe to get out of New Orleans

—for the trade in human freight. For I figured that if any considerable number of aliens were arriving by water, a clever way of stowing them away as freight had been discovered. It would be more practicable to hide them in some cargoes than in others. One kind of cargo might be notably convenient. If so, which one?

I found sugar boats from Cuba, fruit boats from various republics to the South, boats that brought hardwood timbers from Central America and sisal hemp from Yucatan, tramp freighters of all descriptions from Europe and Asia and the Seven Seas. The wily yellow men might favor any of them. I was unable to localize my suspicions. Chinamen are willing to endure discomforts with a stoicism impossible to the more nervous Western races. They have been known to make ten-day voyages, nailed up in packing-cases. I heard

of one who traveled in a coffin, and took no nourishment for a week, except sugar-water which was fed to him through an air hole by means of a straw. Yet, for wholesale smuggling, I felt there must be some simpler method.

New Orleans is situated ninety miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Shipping comes up the main stream of the Mississippi, through a desolate and marshy delta. At the Gulf end is a place called Pilot-town, which is the starting point for immigration and customs inspections. If a stowaway gets past Pilottown, he is reasonably safe, and is likely to leave the vessel somewhere in the delta south of the city. I extended my inquiry to Pilottown, but didn't learn a thing. Three precious days were spent in

this way. If I had been right in believing New Orleans to be Ah Feng's objective, he was overdue. I began to be worried.

Then the big breaks occurred in quick succession.

I went over to the office of the Collector of the Port. There I obtained a permit to board any freighter I chose, before she was unloaded. It was fortunate for my case that a banana boat from Costa Rica had just docked. I went down into her hold.

After a careful examination, this is what I discovered:

AT the stern end, near a large port-hole large enough for a human being to squeeze through at a pinch, the neat packing of the fruit was disarranged. The effect was as if there had been a slide of the bunches, similar to a landslide from the top of an embankment. I was able to tell at a glance that if the bananas in sight were replaced there would not be enough of them to round out the structure. The space to be accounted for might (Continued on page 94)

The Luck of an EMPTY ROOM

From Data Supplied by

Detective W. ANDERSON

of the Southern Detective Agency, Tampa, Florida

HOWARD STENHOUSE made a balloon ascension after he had trimmed the H. N. & C. Railroad out of \$12,000.00. A balloon ascension, in the vernacular of the detective, means that the suspect just disappears leaving absolutely no trail behind him.

Coba Grand, Florida, was the division headquarters of the H. N. & C. Railroad, about seventy miles out of Tampa. I was called to the President's office one morning to handle the Stenhouse case. Stenhouse, a contractor, had been employed by the railroad to do some work at various points along the line.

He was not satisfied with making a substantial legitimate profit. He framed up a scheme with the chief clerk of the road, a fellow by the name of Lankford, to collect a bunch of easy money. When the "blow-off" came, Lankford, who was a married man with six children, couldn't face the disgrace, so he bought a gun and shot himself. Stenhouse beat it for parts unknown.

He had been gone two weeks when the President sent for me and told me that I was to take the case.

"Spare no expense," he said. "Get him, regardless of what it costs. He's not going to get away with this."

"Can you give me the names or addresses of any of his friends?" I asked the President.

"No," he replied, "I can't. Don't know a soul that knows him."

"No idea at all where he went?"

"Not the slightest," the President replied. "He's got a son and daughter in the state somewhere, but we haven't been able to locate them."

So my only clue when I took up the Stenhouse investigation was that he had a daughter and a son somewhere in the State of Florida. Some clue! I saw at once that I was in for a long, hard chase before I ever landed my man. I never started in on a case with less information.

"If my legs and my wind hold out I may catch this fellow for you," I said and laughed.

I had absolutely no idea of where to start when I left the President's office, but I bade him good-bye and assured him that I would bring Mr. Stenhouse back with me or "bust." And to tell the truth I feared it would be "bust!"

I went to the hotel, bought a cigar and took a seat in the lobby. The State of Florida was before me and there were two people in that state somewhere that I wanted to locate. Stenhouse's son and daughter must be found. To save my life I couldn't get my old bean working. I sat there in the hotel lobby until the cigar all but scorched my fingers.

Then I woke up. An idea hit me, and I wondered why it hadn't hit me before. I went straight back to the President's office.

"I want the address of Lankford's widow," I said, when I got in. "I also want a picture of Stenhouse if you have one."

He gave me the address of Lankford's wife, but said that he did not have a picture of the absconding contractor. I left his office and proceeded to Mrs. Lankford's home. She was a nice-looking woman. Grief was written all over her face and my heart went out to her.

I apologized for breaking in on her and then got down to the nature of my visit. I began by telling her a lie.

"Mr. Lankford and Stenhouse were old friends, were they not?" I asked. "One of the boys over in the President's office told me that they had gone to school together."

She gave me the first lead. She fell for the lie.

"They didn't go to school together," she said, "but they have been friends since they were youngsters; they were born and raised in Jacksonville within a stone's throw of each other's homes."

"So I understand." I pretended I had known this all the time. "If it hadn't been for Howard Stenhouse, Mrs. Lankford, your husband might be alive and happy today. Stenhouse always was a crook. I've known him for years."

She sighed. "Frank never had a bit of trouble until Howard Stenhouse came here and started putting big ideas into his head," she said.

I played her along with criticism of Stenhouse. I was quite certain that she could tell me a thing or two if I could persuade her to talk.

"It's a shame, Mrs. Lankford, that Stenhouse is out, enjoying that money. He was to blame for the whole thing."

"Well, I know that the Stenhouses will get what's coming to 'em some day," she declared.

I recalled a piece of advice my old boss had given me one time. "If you're ever up against it for a lead," he said, "find one of your suspect's women and she'll tell you plenty if you can make her talk."

SO I switched my attack. "Why do you think Stenhouse stole the money," I asked. "Was he a ladies' man? His wife is dead isn't she?"

"Yes, she's dead," Mrs. Lankford answered. "I guess he went with women some, but I never heard of anybody special. I think he took the money because it was easy, and he always had big ideas."

This disappointed me. I had hoped I could trace Stenhouse through some affair with a girl. But I spent three hours with Mrs. Lankford and before I left her I had the history of Stenhouse from A to Z.

I learned that his son was traveling the northern part of Florida for a plumbers' supply concern and that he made his headquarters in Jacksonville at the Seminole Hotel. Mrs. Lankford said his daughter resided with his sister in Shreveport, Louisiana.

Now I had some information, but I had to do a little thinking in order to determine just where I should start working.

Liar, Grafter, Burglar, Cheat—be sure your crime will find you out!

I was pretty certain Stenhouse had gone out of the State of Florida and I was also pretty certain that he would keep in touch with his children.

I decided to jump over to Shreeveport where his daughter was living with his sister, a Mrs. Weatherford, whose husband was in the advertising business, Mrs. Lankford had told me. It was up to me to check up on these relatives. I had no trouble locating the daughter and sister. They resided at 6—Broadway. I went to the post-office department for help. The chief called in the letter-carrier that delivered mail to the district in which the Weatherfords resided. I gave the carrier a description of Stenhouse.

"I REMEMBER the name very well," he said, "and I remember the man. I have delivered several letters to him within the past ten days."

"When did you see him last?"

"Let's see." The carrier hesitated a moment. "I think it was yesterday afternoon when he came to the door and took some mail from me. Yes, it was yesterday afternoon."

This was great stuff, I thought, but it seemed too good to be true. This carrier had a remarkable memory. He was one of those small-town fellows that was very much interested in everybody's mail. That fact was evidenced when I asked him if he recalled the postmarks on any of the letters, if he remembered where any of mail was coming from.

"I sure do," he declared. "There was a lot of mail from

Jacksonville and it was all in the same writing."

Those letters, I felt sure, were from his son. I thought I had my man, and I felt so good about all this that I went right out and sent a letter to my client

"Have you a Howard Stenhouse living here?"



telling him that I expected to get Stenhouse within twenty-four hours. I was certain that he was still in Shreeveport. Then I asked the Postmaster to have the carrier phone me at my hotel when he saw Stenhouse again.

I wouldn't take any chances. I didn't want to show up in the neighborhood of his sister's house until I was ready to make the arrest and I didn't intend to go near the house until I knew that he was there. I was afraid he'd beat it if he saw me. The first day I spent in Shreeveport no word came from the post-office authorities. No word came the second day or the third. I went to see the Postmaster.

"The carrier hasn't seen your man," he said, "and there hasn't been any mail for him since you arrived."

I HAD to change my plans. I sauntered out to the neighborhood and engaged a room in a house a few doors down the street from which I could observe everybody that entered and left the Weatherford home. I watched the house for five days and Stenhouse didn't materialize.

"He's gone away for a trip," I thought. "He'll be back." I decided on some action and I got busy. I went to see the Postmaster again and gave him a sample of Stenhouse's

and on the back of the envelope there was written:

If not delivered in five days return 3— Canal Boulevard, New Orleans.

I was out of Jacksonville on the next train bound for New Orleans. Upon my arrival there I went to the detective bureau for assistance. I had never been in the city before. I thought I could make better time and accomplish more with the help of one of the New Orleans detectives.

The Canal Boulevard address was a rooming-house. Here is where I pulled my first "bull" on the case. The detective and I went up to the house like saps and rang the bell. The other man waited at the bottom of the steps. A colored servant opened the door.

"Have you a Howard Stenhouse living here?" I asked.

"Yes sir, we has," she said.

"Is he in?"

"Yas sir," she answered. "He just come in this minute, suh. Just goin' up-stairs."

I reached into my hip pocket for my handcuffs.

"Don't hold me up. I have to get that boy"



handwriting and I asked him to tab all the mail that was received at the sister's house. If any mail came in a handwriting like Stenhouse's I asked him to wire me the information at the Seminole Hotel, Jacksonville, Florida. I was going to look up young Stenhouse, the son.

The morning that I arrived in Jacksonville there was a telegram from the Postmaster telling me that the carrier had delivered a letter to Miss Stenhouse shortly after I had left Shreeveport. The letter was postmarked New Orleans

"Come right up-stairs. I'll show y' his room," and the servant started on ahead. We followed her.

She knocked on the door and called:

"Mr. Stenhouse, Mr. Stenhouse, a couple of white gemmen to see you."

No response. She knocked again and again and still no response.

"I seed him come in just a minute befo' you came in," the servant declared.

I TRIED to see in through the keyhole. Finally I forced the door. The room was empty. The window was open. The bird had flown.

I was sick. It came to me in a flash. I doped it out that

he had seen the two of us, heard me inquiring for him, listened in on my conversation with the servant, spotted me for a dick, hopped out of the window, and made his getaway.

If I had used my brains I would have kept away from the house. I shouldn't have marched up with another man. I should have covered it until I saw him come out. If I had done that I would have had him. I was asleep at the switch. I really felt like kicking myself all over New Orleans. I had the bird almost within my claws and he had escaped.

I returned to Shreeveport immediately after the New Orleans fiasco. I didn't think Stenhouse would go back to Shreeveport, but I was fairly certain that he would communicate with either his daughter or his sister in the very near future. Covering the Shreeveport end at that particular time seemed like the best bet to me. For ten days not a letter came to the Weatherfords or Miss Stenhouse in the handwriting of my man.

"Either he has stopped writing," I mused, "or he is getting somebody to address the envelopes for him."

On every letter that was addressed to the Weatherfords there was a tracing made of the writing on the envelope by the post-office authorities. I examined all these tracings very carefully. I employed a handwriting expert to scrutinize them. There was absolutely nothing about them that showed a likeness to Stenhouse's writing. But I observed that quite a few of the letters bore a Charleston South Carolina postmark.

I HAD an idea. I bought a special-delivery stamp and a registered stamp and addressed a letter to Howard Stenhouse, 6— Broadway, Shreeveport, Louisiana. I sketched faint cancellation marks over the stamps, and then I drew a phony Charleston, South Carolina postmark up in the corner. I marched up to the Weatherford home in my shirt sleeves and rang the bell. Mrs. Weatherford came to the door.

"Special registered letter for Mr. Howard Stenhouse," I said, holding the letter so that she couldn't get a good view of the fake postmark. "Our carrier fell and broke his leg so the boss has pressed me into the special-delivery service."

She reached for the letter.

"Sorry," I smiled, "this is a special registered and it must be delivered to the party personally."


"Mr. Stenhouse is out of town," she replied, "and we don't know when he'll be back."

"Didn't he leave a forwarding address?"

"The last time we heard from him he was at 3— Canal Boulevard, New Orleans," she said, "but that was over a week ago and I don't think he's there now."

I WAS satisfied that she was telling me the truth and that neither she nor the daughter knew anything about him. I think he put two and two together and saw that I got a line on his New Orleans address from the notation on the back of the envelope addressed to his daughter.

Furthermore I had an idea that neither the sister nor the daughter knew anything about his having swindled the H. N. & C. Railroad out of \$12,000.00. I was sure that he was



under cover with them. I beat it back to Jacksonville to check up on his son who lived at the Seminole hotel.

I had decided to register at the Seminole and I had some idea about working on young Stenhouse. Therefore, before I went to the hotel I phoned for the purpose of ascertaining the number of his room intending, if possible, to get a room right next to his. I got the information. He was in 330, so when I put my name on the register I asked the clerk if 332 was vacant.

"I like that room," I told the clerk, "and I should be glad to have it again."

The room was vacant. I was right next door to the son of the elusive gentleman, for whom I had been looking now for about three weeks. I took that vacant room, trusting to the gods of luck to be with me.

I was taking a few things out of my grip preparatory to making a stay of it, when I heard the door next to mine open and close, and footsteps sounded in the room. Young Stenhouse had come in. I decided no (Continued on page 100)

The *RED SPECTER*

*Authorities might have guessed that the person who
old Gochnauer mansion had some sinister motive, but
the terrible*

By R. C. EMERY

A CORONER'S jury said that Gochnauer died a suicide. His body was found hanging in a clothes-closet that opened off his bedchamber. It was suspended by a short length of rope from a ceiling hook used originally as a center support for a wooden rod that extended the length of the closet. An upset chair, apparently kicked from beneath the hook, was mute evidence of the manner of his death. Gochnauer had stood upon this, police believed, while he fastened the rope to the ceiling hook and made fast the noose about his neck. Then he had kicked the chair away.

The rope had been tied in a typical hangman's knot, adjusted at the exact spot just behind the ear where its sudden tension would break the victim's neck.

There was much in the story of Gochnauer's life to support the conclusion of a suicide. Distiller, political boss, owner of a score of saloons and silent partner in as many vice resorts, Gochnauer had built his fortune largely on the weaknesses of his fellow men.

Then, with the weight of years upon him and the day of prohibition near, he had sold his distillery, disposed of other holdings where he could, and sought with wealth to buy position in the world's regard.

But those who lived upon Hollow Hill would have none of him; they would neither visit at his home nor invite him to theirs. He became quarrelsome, hating every man he met.

Even with "Red" Lubahn, who kept a bar beneath the hill and who for years had been his partner and as near a friend as Gochnauer had, a violent difference rose.

And then Gochnauer's wife died.

Now he had chosen death by his own hand, the police believed, rather than face alone the bitter years of solitude ahead.

The Gochnauer house remained vacant for nearly a year after its builder's death. Isolated, outcast, dark from the very outset of its history, it needed but the touch of tragedy to fix upon the place that spectral curse of homes, the name "a haunted house."

In his will the old distiller had provided that all his property be converted as expeditiously as possible into cash for the benefit of two distant heirs. But it was difficult for the executors to sell the home. As months went by, gossip stamped more and more indelibly upon the place the character of a ghoulish haunt. In just at first, then more than half in belief, the rumor grew—of screams heard at night within the lonely walls, of smoke issuing from the chimney, of distorted faces seen from windows of the rooms. A red specter stalked through the house.

IT was not until attorneys for the estate had cut their price in half that two bidders appeared. One was Red Lubahn, one-time friend of Gochnauer. The other was Lucius Draper Buddington. Buddington was one of those pompous personages so certainly conscious of their own rectitude that they can devote their lives to minding the morals of others.

Of large inherited wealth he spent much time in civic affairs, was a leader in the Law Enforcement League, the Better Government Association, the Society for the Suppression of Immorality, and half a dozen kindred groups.

Lubahn and Buddington, lifelong foes, carried their feud into the office of administrators for the Gochnauer estate, bidding against each other so spiritedly that the price of the property rose again.

But the families who lived upon the hill exerted pressure. They had tolerated the presence of Gochnauer upon the slope. He had in life maintained at least an outward show of decency. Lubahn, ex-convict, notorious as a wholesale bootlegger, and even worse, was far beyond the pale. A delegation called upon the executors and—Buddington's offer was accepted forthwith.

Buddington had the property but at a price, thanks to Lubahn's rivalry, greatly in excess of the figure he had expected to pay. It was thus fresh heritage of hatred came with the new tenant to the grim pile of masonry that crouched upon the hill.

Not a fortnight after Buddington occupied the Gochnauer house Margery Mallette, a woman associated with Red Lubahn, was arrested by the district attorney's office on evidence of private detectives hired by the Law Enforcement League.

COVERED the Mallette woman's trial in district court for the *Herald*. It was the ordinary case of a woman of her kind charged with operating a vice resort. But the fact that the evidence against her had been gathered at the instance of Buddington's Law Enforcement League caused details of the trial to get large play in the news columns.

Then at the end of the trial there came a real sensation.

It was dusk when, under guard of a deputy sheriff, Margery Mallette left the district attorney's office to go back to jail. Outside the court-house, as they were walking the three blocks to the jail, Mallette and the deputy came face to face with Red Lubahn.

With him was a woman, the latest reigning beauty of his domain beneath the hill. The two were deep in conversation. Red did not speak to Mallette.

But she had seen him. The oath she ripped out at recognition jarred even the composure of the sheriff's deputy at her side.

At the jail she asked to use the telephone and called the district attorney. Tracy of the *Leader* and I were sitting with Roush when the call came. We could hear Mallette almost scream over the office phone:

"I'm ready to come clean and I don't want no probation either. All I want is to see you put Red Lubahn, that damn double-crosser, where he'll be busy breaking rocks the rest of his life."

Roush hesitated. "You're on the level now, Margery?" he queried. "You'll come through with the straight goods?"

"Believe me I will and believe me I know too," was her reply. "I'll give you enough to send Red Lubahn over and I'll make it hot for a lot of these fat saints too that preach reform all week and split with Lubahn on Saturday night,

of HOLLOW HILL

wanted to occupy that mysterious
the new occupants did not reckon on
Rea Specter

The key witness
kidnapped on the
eve of a vice ex-
posé. What was
behind the case?



"Sure. Go ahead," Roush was ready with his permission. "I know her kind. When they get sore there's nothing will stop 'em. Mallette's in jail and no one can get to her before to-morrow morning."

The papers played Roush's announcement that Margery Mallette was ready to tell a story that would rock the town, all over their front pages the next morning. They emphasized her threat to expose alleged

higher-ups of wealth and ostensible respectability.

But the plans didn't carry.

AS the Mallette woman, a deputy sheriff on either side, was crossing the street within a block of the courthouse the next morning, an automobile, cutting through the traffic signal, slowed for a second before the three.

A man leaped out and knocked one of the deputies sprawling. Another dragged the woman inside—and the machine was half-way down the block before the remaining deputy could draw his gun.

There was a story that did rock the town—the key witness kidnapped on the eve of a vice exposé that had promised to hit high as well as low in Akona's social strata. What was behind the case?

All day long the police searched in vain for any clue either as to the identity of Margery's kidnapers or the whereabouts of their victim. No one had caught the

if you've got nerve enough to go through with me."

Roush was still puzzled. He wanted the woman's information but wished first to know the reason for her change of heart.

"I'll be in my office at nine o'clock to-morrow morning," he told her. "I'll see you then. If you're ready to tell the truth we'll see what the court can do about probation."

Exultant he turned to Tracy and me.

"IF Mallette will come clean," he said, "she'll have a story that'll rock this old town."

"Will it be safe to say in the morning papers that she's going to cough?" asked Tracy.

numbers on the automobile's license plates at the crossing.

Red Lubahn had a perfect alibi. Detectives found him at his saloon not ten minutes after the kidnapping. Every lead that police officials and the distracted district attorney could think of failed. Margery Mallette and her captors seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

At nine-forty that evening the desk telephone at the *Herald* office rang.

A woman's voice asked for the man, "who is working on the Mallette story?"

The city editor called me to answer.

"Would you like to find Margery Mallette?" was the startling query that greeted my ear.

"You bet. Do you know where she is?" I asked.

"She was taken to Lucius Buddington's home this morning. She is still there," replied the voice.

"But Buddington isn't home," I said.

I knew the Law Enforcement League official had told Roush the day before that it was his intention to leave early in the morning for a noonday lecture at Rosedale, a near-by town. Repeated telephone calls to the Buddington home that evening had brought no answer. I thought some one was trying to play a practical joke on the office and on Buddington. My doubt did not shake in the least however the assurance in the woman's voice.

"He's home all right," she insisted, "and the woman's at his house."

"BUT why should he kidnap her?" I was still unconvinced.

"That's for you to find out." The voice was impatient. "She said she'd tell on some of this town's fat saints didn't she? Well? This is a straight tip, kid, but you'd better hustle if you want the scoop. I'm calling the police too."

There was a click. She had hung up the receiver.

It looked like a fake but newspaper men and detectives learn from experience to overlook no leads, no matter how unpromising.

I called a taxi and told Wake-man as I waited for the machine what the woman had said.

"Sounds fishy," was his comment. "Sounds like somebody's idea of a joke."

I had barely alighted in front of the Gochnauer mansion when the police touring-car drew up at the curb.

Big Jim Devery, star detective of the force, moving rapidly for once despite his bulk, brushed by me on the steps. I fell in beside Dean, Devery's pair-up man. Three other

headquarters officers piled out of the car and took station around the house.

"Who called you?" I asked Dean.

"Some woman first; and then Buddington. Buddington says he found Margery Mallette's body in his basement," the detective replied as we were at the door.

BUDDINGTON himself met us at the entrance. I would scarcely have known the man. All his boastful self-assurance was gone. His usually florid face was ashen. Fright possessed him. His voice shook so that it was hard for him to speak. He was babbling, contradictory, in his excitement.

"They will try to accuse me!" he cried. "They cannot. They dare not. But they will. I swear I know nothing of it. But I was at home. I have been for hours alone in the house with the body. It's a trap. I tell you I was away all day."

All the time he was leading Devery, Dean, and me through the house to the basement.

"It's there," he pointed toward the coal-bin and sank on a lower step, unable to go further. "I swear I don't know how it came," he repeated.

We walked to the bin. There was the body of Margery Mallette, hanging from a ceiling beam.

Her hands were tied behind her back although her feet were free. A gag was in her mouth. Blood had streamed down her face from a cut on

the left temple, a superficial wound however, Devery noted in our first quick examination. The body was already cold. From the position of her head we could tell the neck had been broken. An overturned box in the corner of the bin showed how the drop had been arranged.

A deputy coroner came a moment or so later. Devery assisted him to cut down the body. As he did so the old detective examined the rope about the woman's neck.

"Regular hangman's knot," he said, half to himself. "Tied just back of the ear."

"It was the same with Gochnauer. I helped cut him

down in this house too," the deputy coroner observed.

"Yeah?" Devery questioned. "Once it might just happen so. Twice——" He paused, abstracted.

Mechanically he helped the deputy lower the body to the floor then, leaving the physician alone to his task, turned to make a vacant-eyed survey of the room.

There was a horror sight so hideous it paralyzed me with fright



But his empty stare caught a detail the rest of us had missed. Half-way between the coal-bin and the foot of the stairs there was a drop of blood. Devery pointed it out.

"She must have been hit on the head and then carried down here," he explained its significance. Then to Dean, "I'll take care of him," indicating Buddington. "You call up headquarters and have 'em send the gun squad. We'd better search the house."

While he was waiting for reinforcements Devery questioned Buddington, spoke kindly, soothingly to him, tried to calm his mind into connected thought.

Under his influence Buddington became more coherent. He had been alone in the house all day, he admitted. His wife and daughter were at a lake resort. The preceding afternoon, in anticipation of his trip to Rosedale, he had given the caretaker and his wife who acted as housekeeper, permission to visit friends over the week-end.

THE night before, already fatigued by his week in court at the Mallett trial, which he had attended as head of the Law Enforcement League, Buddington had labored late in preparation of a lecture he was to deliver and when he did retire had been too exhausted to sleep. He had risen early, he said, and although feeling ill had started to motor to Rosedale. Becoming still more indisposed he had abandoned the trip however and returned home at about eight-thirty in the morning.

"I intended to telephone the people at Rosedale that I would be unable to fill my engagement, as soon as I got home," he said. "I went to

the library to do so but it was early and I thought I would take a short nap first. I muffled the telephone bell so that I would not be dis-

turbed and went to sleep on the couch.

"When I awakened it was dark. I switched on the light and saw that it was nine-thirty. I must have slept all day. I felt much better and was hungry. I went to the basement to get some food. As I passed the coal-bin I saw the body. I ran up-stairs.

"On my word of honor, gentlemen, that is all I know of this terrible affair. I know it will be hard to prove my story. I have not a single witness who saw me to-day."

Buddington was becoming hysterical again and Devery, the other's story in his mind, no longer played the rôle of comforter.

"Yeah. Does look bad," he agreed non-committally, his eyes once more roving about the basement room.

Four more men from headquarters arrived and Devery directed them in a search of the house while the three who came with him and Dean remained on guard outside.

They found another splash of blood on the cellar stairs.

A drop had stained the back-hall floor. Following the trail further the officers discovered a splotch of red upon the staircase leading to the second floor and a final stain just outside the threshold of Buddington's sleeping-room.

Those five blood marks were the only clues the search re-

Suddenly with claws stretched forth to seize the girl, the monster laughed



vealed. The detectives went over every foot of the house from basement to attic. Nowhere did they find a trace of disorder that would have hinted of a death struggle. Nowhere was there anything to (Continued on page 106)

The WOMAN in Lower 11

It has been said that many detectives are made cruel by the nature of their work. If you have that opinion, you will read with special interest Tom Munson's attempt to bring in The Soft Collar Kid

By Detective TOM MUNSON

JIMMY CALLAHAN, alias "The Soft Collar Kid," and I were practically raised together. We were born and reared in the same neighborhood. But the "breaks" were against Jimmy even as a kid. His father died when he was ten, leaving the mother with a family of nine. Jimmy, the eldest, was a harem-skarem youngster, tall and skinny, with a freckled face and a thatch of flaming red hair.

As the years rolled along our paths in life separated. I went into the Police Department while Jimmy drifted into the underworld. He was a criminal jack of all "grifts." It was said that he could pick a pocket as easily as he could walk into a department store and lift a fur coat, a swag of silk shirts, or anything else he could get his educated hands on. Long before I was promoted to the Detective Bureau, Jimmy had cultivated a criminal record as long as your right arm.

Yet all the coppers liked him. On more than one occasion I heard them say: "The Soft Collar Kid isn't a bad guy at all."

Everybody liked him, men and women, especially the latter. He had developed into a fine-looking fellow, and he had a way about him that won the regard of his associates, the crooks, and his adversaries, the detectives.

Our trails crossed again, some fifteen or twenty years after they had separated. I was detailed to investigate a larceny charge in the Tenderloin. "High Hat Annie," an underworld woman, had sworn out a warrant for the arrest of a James Boyle, who she said had stolen a set of silverware from her house. James Boyle was absolutely unknown to me when I began my investigation, but after I had talked with Annie, I soon learned that James Boyle was none other than Jimmy Callahan, the Soft Collar Kid, my old friend from "Hell's Forty Acres."

"How do you know that Mr. Boyle stole your silverware?" I asked her.

"How do I know Mr. Boyle got my set of silverware?" She lighted a cigarette and began to blow rings of smoke in the air. "I saw him going out of the door with the swag under his arm," she said.

I wasn't at all enthusiastic about sending Jimmy to jail. I had known his father very well, and Mrs. Callahan, his mother, and my mother were old cronies.

When I went home that night, I told my mother I was looking for Jimmy Callahan and that if I got him and he was convicted he'd probably go up the river for a few years.

"I hope you never get him," she said. "The poor boy! He never had a chance."

"I hate it as much as you, Mom," I replied, "but I've got to do my duty."

"It's too bad you don't catch some of these big thieves that's walking away with hundreds of thousands of dollars, instead of running your legs off trying to get Jimmy."

For once in his life Jimmy made a wise move. He left the city when he heard I was after him. To tell the truth, I was glad when I got the tip and I hoped he would stay away. He did. He stayed away for three years, but in the meantime he had been indicted for breaking and entering, and the charge against him still stood on the books.

ONE night the Chief called me into his office and told me that Jimmy was back in town.

"I suppose you haven't forgotten that rap against him," the chief said. "That breaking and entering rap three years back."

"No," I answered, "I haven't forgotten it."

"Then go get him," he ordered, "and bring him in."

The Chief didn't have very much use for me because I was known as "an honest copper." In other words, I wouldn't take money from crooks or gamblers for "protection," which the Chief had done on occasion. However, I went after the Soft Collar Kid.

I found him within an hour or two after I left Headquarters.

"Come on with me, Jimmy," and I grabbed him. "The Chief wants to see you."

"Tommy," his voice trembled, "what's the rap?"

"That 'High Hat Annie' charge three years ago," I told him.

"Listen, Tommy," he begged, "give me a chance, will you? I haven't done anything in two years. I've been on the straight and narrow for two years. I'm married and I've got a kid. It'll kill the wife if I get a fall."

"Jimmy," I said to him, "if it was up to me I would pass you up, but in view of the fact that the Chief called me into his office to-night and told me you were in town and to go get you, I can't do anything but bring you in."

His eyes filled up with tears. I thought he was "stalling." I didn't think he was married.

"Well," he said, "take me around to see the wife a minute before you cart me down to Headquarters, will you?"

I still thought he was stringing me along, but I went with him to see his wife.

"Don't run, Jimmy," I warned him, "or I'll take a shot at you!"

"Don't be afraid, I won't run," he replied. "I can't do any running now that I've a wife and kid."

HE really had a wife and a ten-months-old baby. His wife was a nice-looking Irish girl and, as I learned later on, a very good girl. She cried broken-heartedly. She pleaded with me to give Jimmy a chance.

"He's been good ever since we've been married," she cried. "Please let him off."

I took him down to Headquarters and into the office of the Chief.

"Here's the Soft Collar Kid, Chief," I greeted the crooked Chief when I entered his office with Jimmy.

The Chief was of the old school, one of those fellows who subscribed to the belief that no crook ever reformed and that all crooks could be made to talk. He asked Jimmy a number of questions about what he had been doing since he was out of the city. Jimmy told him that he had been on the level for two years, that he was married and had a baby. He asked the Chief to give him a chance as he had asked me.

"I'll give you a chance," the Chief told him, "if you tell me who killed 'Big Head' Reilly. Tell me what I want to know, and I'll turn you right out this minute."

Jimmy declared that he didn't know anything about the Big Head Reilly murder.

"If you can't tell me the truth," the Chief yelled, "keep your mouth shut."

Big Head Reilly, to whom the Chief referred, was an East Side gangster-politician, and had been a collector for the Chief. Reilly had collected the protection money from the East Side joints. One night after he had collected about three "grand," somebody slipped up behind him and hit him over the head with an iron bar and got away with the money.

If Jimmy had told the Chief what he knew about Big

Head Reilly's murder, assuming that he knew anything, the Chief wouldn't have released him. He would tell a crook anything to make him talk, promise him anything in the world, then promptly forget it. The crooks, consequently, never told him anything because they knew he was a double-crosser.

WELL, to get back to Jimmy, he was tried and convicted for breaking and entering High Hat Annie's place. The jury was out fifteen minutes. Jimmy's record helped to convict him. The Habitual Criminal Act had been passed since his last conviction, and since Jimmy



What ticket had she asked for? I figured she would go back to her baby

was up for the third time, in the eyes of the law he was a habitual criminal and liable to life imprisonment. There was a "hard-boiled" judge on the bench. I felt sorry for the Soft Collar Kid.

Before he went up for sentence Jimmy sent for me. I went over to the jail to see him. He asked me to speak to the judge.

"Tell him a word or two for me, Tommy," he pleaded. "Tell him I'm going square, that I'm married and got a kid, and if he turns me out I won't toss him down."

This was an impossible request and one that I couldn't entertain for two very good reasons: First of all the judge was cruel. He gave all crooks who came

before him the limit. If I, the prosecuting officer, asked him to be merciful, pleaded for Jimmy, His Honor probably

would laugh at me. On the other hand, there was the Chief, who didn't have very much use for me. He had told me to go get Jimmy. He wanted Jimmy sent away under the Habitual Criminal Act because, as he told me, Jimmy was "under cover" on the Big Head Reilly murder. If I did anything to help Jimmy, the chief would be more down on me than before. I was, so to speak, between the devil and the deep blue sea. I told Jimmy I simply couldn't talk to the judge.

"Talk to him yourself," I advised him. "Have your wife come into court with the baby. Get letters from the men you've worked for during the past two years. Ask, beg, for a chance. He may give it to you."

The day Jimmy came up for sentence his wife was in court with the baby. Jimmy had letters from business men

of the court is that you shall be confined in the State's Prison at hard labor for the term of three years."

Jimmy's wife screamed and fainted. The tears were rolling down the Soft Collar Kid's face. I took him back to the jail. He never uttered a word. He seemed crushed!

SEVERAL days later I was detailed to take him to State's prison. I didn't handcuff him when he left the jail for I knew he wouldn't run away. He asked me to take him over to the house to see his wife and kid before we boarded the train for the ride up the river to the place where he was to spend the next three years of his life. I thought it no more than human that I should grant his request to take him home to see his wife and baby.

"I don't know how the wife and kid are going to make out," he said, "while I'm doing that three 'specker. I thought they might have given me a chance on account of them."

I thought so too. I tried to cheer him up as best I could.

"It'll be all over, Jimmy, before you know it. Three years isn't such a long time."

The wife was a picture of abject despair. I stepped out of the room when they began to talk. I walked out to the front of the apartment to have a smoke. I thought they might want to talk in confidence. I left them alone for about five or ten minutes, then I went back to the

room where they were. I stood at the door for a few seconds, but I didn't hear anything.

"Jimmy," I called and knocked on the door. No answer.

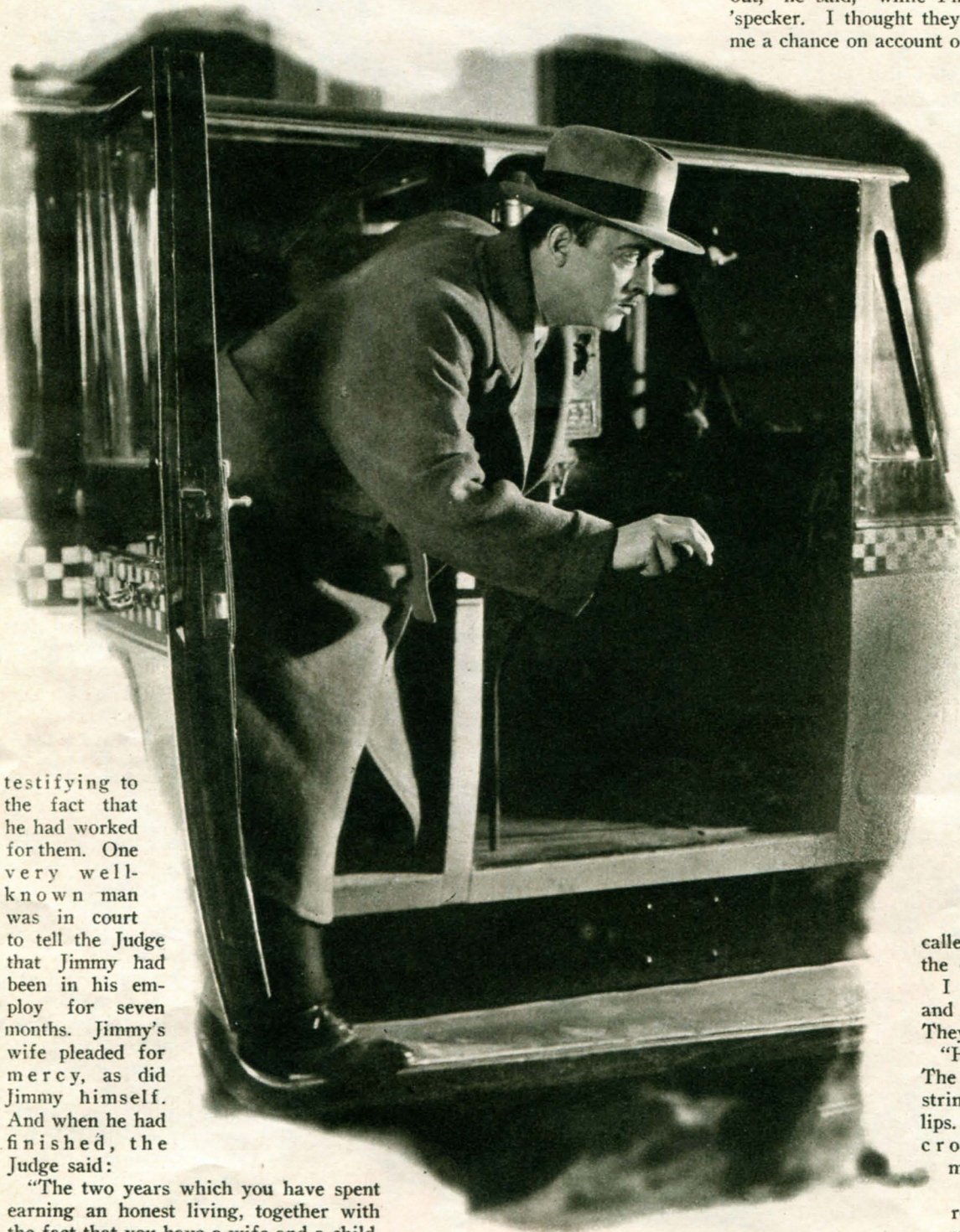
I turned the knob and entered the room. They were not there!

"He's ducked on me!" The thought brought a string of oaths to my lips. "He's double-crossed me!" I muttered.

I ducked to the rear of the apartment house and down an alley in the back to the side street. A uniformed cop was standing on the corner. The street was deserted.

testifying to the fact that he had worked for them. One very well-known man was in court to tell the Judge that Jimmy had been in his employ for seven months. Jimmy's wife pleaded for mercy, as did Jimmy himself. And when he had finished, the Judge said:

"The two years which you have spent earning an honest living, together with the fact that you have a wife and a child, just about saves you from going to prison for the rest of your life under the Habitual Criminal Act. The sentence



"Did you see a man and woman and baby go by here?" I asked the cop.

"Sure," he replied, "they went away from here about ten minutes ago in a taxicab. The cab was standing here for about two hours. I spoke to the driver and asked him what he was doing there, and he said he was waiting for a party."

"Say where he was going?"

"No, he didn't," the cop answered.

ANY regard, any sympathy I had had for the Soft Collar Kid was dynamited now. He was just a double-crossing underworld mongrel in my opinion. I had tried to treat him kindly, like a human being, and he had played a trick on me like this!

"I'll show him when I get him," I swore. "And I'll never rest until I get him in the toils where he belongs."

I didn't notify the Chief right a way that Jimmy had got away from me, for I thought I'd try to get him before I said anything to anybody about losing him. I prowled the city until midnight, visiting all the joints he had frequented in the old days. I talked with people who knew him. I set all the stool-pigeons I knew on his trail, promising to reward them if they found him for me. But nobody had seen him.

In despair I went home. My mother asked if I had taken poor Jimmy Callahan to prison. I told her that he ran away from me.

"Glory be to God, my prayers are answered!" my mother exclaimed. "I hope the poor boy stays away."

The next morning I went to Headquarters and reported to the Chief what had occurred. He filed charges against me and the intimation went abroad that I had let the Soft Collar Kid walk to liberty.

"Have him cuffed?" the Chief asked me.

"No," I said, "I didn't cuff him."

I was hailed before the Police Board to answer to the charges of neglect of duty, incompetence, and permitting a prisoner to escape. I told my story of the affair as it happened, pointing out that I had known Jimmy since he was a kid and that my mother and his mother had been lifelong friends.

"I just permitted my sympathy for him to get the better of my judgment," I told the Board. "I should have handcuffed him. If I had, I wouldn't be up on these charges."

They found me guilty and suspended me for sixty days without pay. I didn't care so much for the sixty days without pay, that was comparatively unimportant. The important thing was the suspicion that I was "crooked," that I had been bribed

by the Soft Collar Kid. Here was a stigma that could only be wiped out by my capturing him. I made up my mind that I would get him if I had to follow him to the end of the earth.

I started the manhunt just as soon as the Board pronounced the sentence on me. I spent my own money right and left. Every tip I got, I followed out. And every tip was a bloomer. When the sixty days' suspension was up the Soft Collar Kid's whereabouts remained as much a mystery as the day he left me in the apartment.

I went over to Boston on my own time and at my own expense to try to get a line on his wife's relatives.

"If I can locate some of her relatives," I thought, "I may be able to locate Jimmy through them."

I had exhausted every other possible lead, and this seemed like the last straw. I asked for three months' leave of absence so I could devote all my time to the hunt. The

Chief wanted to know what I wanted a leave of absence for. I told him.

(Continued on page 110)



"You thought I was The Soft Collar Kid's wife, didn't you?"

The Man with Two

*If you had had the clue of the dust in the trouser
the only clue that Neil Jennings had,*

By NEIL JENNINGS

As told to

EDWIN A. GOEWY

"WELL, Neil, here's something will interest you." Across the breakfast table Professor Malcolm held the morning paper, his thumb indicating a certain item.

"If it's crime news I don't want to see it," I said, continuing to stir my coffee.

"It's crime all right. Three express messengers killed by train bandits. Happened just a few stations up the road."

I lowered my eyes to the head-lines:

Chicago Overland Dynamited

Three Express Messengers Killed. \$300,000
in Money and Gems Taken. Trio of Rob-
bers Escape Leaving Scant Clues

"Rather unusual for this part of the country," I commented, then read on:

The Overland Special, bound from Chicago to Oakland, and carrying \$150,000 in currency, and unset gems worth almost an equal amount, as part of its express consignment, was held up at Paulding, a few miles west of Mansfield last night, by three masked bandits.

The thieves had piled a quantity of ties across the rails and placed a red lantern upon them. The engineer, noting the obstruction in the glare of the locomotive headlight, brought the train to a halt.

Instantly the raiders took command of the situation. One covered the engineer and fireman, another held the train crew and passengers at bay, while the third ordered the men within the car to open its doors. The messengers replied with a fusillade of shots. But, because of the pitch blackness which surrounded the third bandit, he escaped. He then must have crawled beneath the car, adjusted several sticks of dynamite and set them off by wires attached to three combine portable batteries. The charge of explosives wrecked the car and killed two of the messengers outright. The third messenger died before medical aid arrived.

The bandits got away upon horses left in the near-by underbrush. None of those in the train could describe the hold-up men sufficiently to help the police. The only clues left by the thieves were the portable batteries and a pair of greasy overalls, recovered where they had been discarded at the point where the horses had been left. The dying messenger stated the leader wore overalls.

"WELL," I said, finishing my coffee, "I had intended spending the day renewing acquaintanceship with my friends here. I might as well begin at Police Headquarters with old Chief Lynch."

Malcolm winked knowingly. He realized I couldn't pass up a crime in which there appeared to be so much mystery.

Our greetings over, Lynch inquired if I had read of the previous night's hold-up.

"Yes," I replied. "Kind of foggy case, isn't it?"

"Foggy nothing. We'll have the ringleader under arrest in half an hour sure. And there's the evidence which will convict him." He led me to a table upon which were the three portable batteries and a pair of overalls. The garment once had been white, but was worn and soiled. The legs showed many black stains, such as would have been caused by oil and grease, and a few dark red patches, which might have been either rust or dried blood. I wondered if the bandit leader had been wounded.

TAKING up the overalls and examining them with some care, I noted numbers of black streaks on the under side of the left leg, where the owner had scratched innumerable matches. There were no similar scratches on the right leg. I made no comment but inquired whom he intended to arrest.

"Joe Hardy. Guess you don't know him. He runs an automobile repair shop on the other side of the town."

"How do you know he's guilty?"

"Oh, we got a straight steer from a fellow who knows most of the crookedness going on around here. You'd call him a stool-pigeon in the city."

"I'd call him worse than that." I said. "I never take a tip from one of them. More than half the time their information is N. G. Usually they squeal to satisfy a grudge or to keep the police from bearing down too hard on themselves."

"Maybe you're right, Neil. This stool's no good, but this time I'm sure he's right. This isn't Hardy's first hold-up."

On the way across town Lynch told me this story concerning the man he was after. Hardy was twenty-three years old, educated, and possessed of more good looks than the average. His father, an invalid, had conducted a paying shop at Paulding, but he had lost his business when the very railroad, whose train had been robbed, had taken his store and the adjoining properties, in which his customers lived, for the purpose of establishing additional switching yards. Physically unable to go elsewhere and build up a new business, and grieving because of the loss of his interests and associates, the old man had died.

Joe, holding the railroad responsible for his father's death, had nursed his grudge until he was eighteen. Then, in a foolish effort at revenge, he had single-handed, held up and robbed the express car of one of the through trains. He was arrested, and confessed. He had returned the plunder, and because of the circumstances which had actuated the crime and the fact that he made full restitution, he had been paroled after serving a year of his sentence.

Leaving prison, he had come to Mansfield, opened a shop and by strict attention to business and irreproachable conduct, had won general respect.

"There he is," said Lynch, as we crossed the yard fronting Hardy's place. The youth, smoking a cigarette and pounding upon a strip of steel on an anvil with a small sledge, looked curiously toward us.

Two things I noted in the first hasty survey. There was nothing to indicate Hardy had been injured. More important, he was wielding the sledge with his right hand.

LEFT HANDS

cuff, with which to find a murderer and robber, how would you have handled the case?

While Lynch introduced me two of his men, carrying the portable batteries in a suitcase, went inside the shop. They came out again in a few minutes bearing others which were new and clean.

"We got these inside, Chief," said a detective. "They're exactly like the ones used last night."

Lynch then told Hardy he was under arrest. As we started back toward the station, the youth protested he was innocent. But, when asked where he had been the night before, he suddenly went white and refused to answer.

At the station he was asked if he recognized the overalls. He insisted they never had belonged to him. Requested to put them on, he promptly drew them over his trousers. They came just to his shoe tops, with the suspenders resting snugly upon his shoulders.

"NO use stalling, Joe," said the Chief. "We've got the goods on you. These fit. We found batteries in your shop just like those

"Neil, this is Betty Wheeler. She came to consult me, but it's a matter in which you can be of far more help"

"It's enough to make a start with anyway," said Lynch.

"Listen, Chief," I began, "all you've got is a squeal by a stool who saw the lad out in his car last night,

used in the robbery. And you were seen leaving town in your flivver just before dark. It'll be easier for you if you come clean. Tell me who was with you and where the stuff's hidden."

The boy insisted that he knew nothing of the robbery.

"And on this evidence you're convinced Hardy is guilty?" I asked, when the youth had been taken from the room.

these batteries, and the overalls. It's the flimsiest kind of circumstantial stuff. It wouldn't convince any jury on earth. The only thing that really tells against Hardy is his refusal to say where he was last night. But that doesn't



make him a criminal. Maybe he has good reasons for not talking."

"Neil," interrupted Lynch, just a bit angry, "I know you're a good detective. But you overlook the most important thing. This isn't Joe Hardy's first train hold-up."

His reply so exasperated me that I said nothing of the decidedly important thing I'd noted. Hardy was right-handed; while the man who had been accustomed to wear the overalls had scratched matches on the left side of his overalls only.

I ASKED Lynch if he would object if I looked into the case a bit on my own hook.

"Go as far as you like, Neil. Anything you want?"

"Yes. I'd like a copy of Hardy's finger-prints when you take them."

"I can do better than that. I've got two sets, taken at the penitentiary when he was sent there under sentence. I'll see that you get one set of them right away."

When I reached the Malcolm home I was surprised to find the Professor trying to comfort a pretty miss, of perhaps nineteen, whose eyes betrayed she had been crying.

"Neil, this is Betty Wheeler, one of my dearest young friends and a student at the college. She came to consult me, but it's a matter in which you can be of far more help. That's why I kept her here till you returned."

The young woman dabbed at her eyes with a bit of handkerchief and gave me her hand. "I'm so glad you're here, Mr. Jennings, I know you can help me if you will."

"Surely, if I can. But what's the trouble?"

"It's about the train robbery—and Joe Hardy. We've been keeping company for a long time. They say he did it. But he didn't. He couldn't. He was somewhere else last night."

"You know that, eh? Where was he?"

FOR several minutes she sat with downcast lids, her lips trembling, fighting a mental battle. Then: "Mr. Jennings, Joe and I are in more trouble than you guess. But I've got to trust you, for we must have your help. We both were reared in Paulding and have known each other from childhood. We were sweethearts before Joe—I suppose you've learned about the scrape Joe was in before?"

"Yes. Go on."

"We became engaged just before he was arrested the first

time. When he was sent to prison my mother demanded that our interest in each other must cease. We are of an old family, Mr. Jennings, and Mother is very proud. She insisted she never would consent to my marriage with a man who had committed a crime. And she refused to change her attitude even after he started to live down the past by hard work. However, Joe and I saw each other clandestinely. And nearly a year ago, when I went East to visit relatives, he followed and we were married."

That information was a surprise.

"Last night Joe and I went for a ride in his car——"

"Great!" I interrupted, relieved. "That's his alibi right there."

SHE shook her head. "No. After he left me he had plenty of time to drive to Paulding, obtain a horse, and reach the scene of the hold-up long before the train arrived. I know he went straight home. But he lives alone, and there is no one who can say they saw him there. If I told about our marriage and last night's ride it would make matters worse for him. The police would argue that he stole so we would have a lot of money to go to some other place and make a new start. Besides, Joe never will tell because of the trouble it would cause at home, where I still live. He has been saving so that we could go elsewhere next year, where we could live our own lives."

There wasn't a doubt that her argument was sound. But there was one thing I wanted to establish before I made any more promises.

"Tell me," I said, "is Joe Hardy right- or left-handed?"

"Right, of course. Why do you ask?"

"Never mind now," I parried, "but that fact may be important later."

I was convinced that Hardy was not the one who had touched off that dynamite; not the actual murderer. And, even with the meager facts in my possession, I was certain I could convince a jury of that. But I had no proof that he was not one of the other two train robbers. Where had he been between the hour he left Betty and daylight? He had said he went directly home and to bed. But, living alone, there was none to support his statement.

There was just one way to get the youth out of his trouble with a clean slate, just one way to save Betty from being forced into court and compelled to reveal their secret marriage; and that was to fasten the crime upon the actual killer.

But the clues I possessed were insufficient to make a promising start. The only thing which might yield something which would help me was the pair of overalls.

Chief Lynch consented readily the following morning when I asked if I might have the overalls for a few hours for the purpose of close examination. When found, the pockets were empty. There was no maker's tag upon them by which they might be traced. And they were of a style



common enough everywhere through the whole district.

Back in Professor Malcolm's laboratory I locked myself against all interference, then went to work in earnest. First I took careful measurements of the overalls, noting the unusual waist size; that the garment had fit so snugly the seams had burst in places, and that the suspenders had been shortened two or three times when the elastic had stretched.

It was while examining the buckles, from one of which I took several hairs, that I made my first important discovery. The outer sides of the supporters were stained and discolored from repeated handling. But on the under side of one of the flaps which extended below the teeth of the buckle, I found several fairly distinct fingerprints. Obviously they had been left there at some time when the man, with dirty hands, had shortened the suspenders.

I felt like shouting at my find. It took two hours of work with an enlarging camera in the dark room before I obtained good prints. But the time was well spent. Comparing them with those I had obtained of Hardy, the whorls and cross-lines were so dissimilar that they couldn't possibly have been made by the same person!

I placed the bits of paper in my wallet. Some day I hoped they would help me to send a certain unknown murderer to the gallows.

Returning to my survey of the overalls I decided their owner was below the average height, of stocky build, decidedly stout about the waist and weighed about 160 pounds. Joe was about five feet five, and stocky, but his weight was not more than 135 pounds.

When he had tried on the garment at Police Headquarters I had noted that, while the length was all right, they fit very loosely around the waist. He did not spread those seams.

Then I went over the overalls most carefully, removing the dirt, grit, and chips from the pockets, seams, and cuffs, keeping each pile separate and marking them so I would know exactly from which place each had come. The few hairs I had collected were put aside with the other things.

By a chemical test I found that the dark red stains were human blood. Also that no other matter had become mixed with the stains. This fixed the stains as recent. Probably

no further back than when the overalls were discarded the night of the robbery.

THIS clue looked good. The murderer had either been shot or had cut himself. When I was ready to start after my man I would look for one who had been injured recently, probably in the hand.

Another chemical test and I satisfied myself that the innumerable marks upon the left leg had been left there by the heads of matches of the cheaper grades, which could be scratched upon any rough surface.


That was satisfying, but my next discovery was a real find. The supposed automobile grease and oil, by chemical analysis, proved to have been made by spruce fir

pitch. Right then I recognized that I had uncovered a clue so vital that, properly followed through, it should lead to definite results. The man wanted was probably a lumberjack; certainly he was one who was ac-

customed to being in the forests among spruce fir trees. However, I knew that few jacks wore overalls. The fact that the unknown suspect did this (Continued on page 68)



"What the devil are you doing here?"



The girl's voice
was one in a
million

The

VOICE

That Came

Out of the NIGHT

I WALKED home pondering the enigma that had been suddenly thrust upon us for solution. The story that Agnes Dunham had told us was fresh and clear in my mind. I could see nothing that would indicate the slightest suspicion of wrong-doing.

Her employer was a radio fan who was experimenting in his own way with this mysterious science. That he should have called upon her to recite certain passages from the Bible into the microphone gave no indication of evil. The few disjointed and disconnected phrases that had roused her fear could have little significance.

By A. P. LORIMER
as told to EMIL RAYMOND

What had they been? References to some persons called George and Bill, one of whom was favored, the other feared. "You must help George.

Keep Bill away——" she had repeated these enigmatic phrases often enough for them to have stirred some vague misgivings in her subconscious mind! that was certainly the reasonable explanation of her reactions.

I felt that Bardgett's interest had been too easily roused in this instance, and that we were bound on a fool's errand. To-morrow would prove it to be all a harmless experiment on the part of a radio bug. I went to bed not overly

In terror of the unknown, Bardgett continues his search for the mysterious Thatcher. What did those inexplicable midnight messages over the air mean?



With bated breath we listened to the calm, even repetition of the Twenty-third Psalm. Then—

concerned with this subject as material for a front-page story.

I had some work to do the next day in the regular course of my preparation of a weekly column for my paper and it was with reluctance that I tore myself away from my typewriter to attend to the details that Bardgett had entrusted to me.

A BRIEF inquiry and a few moments' consultation of the records proved that Mr. Thatcher's School of Radio was not licensed as a transmitting station, neither was it a registered trade name. If he was organized to do business

at all, he had certainly neglected an important preliminary. In ascertaining this I had rather reinforced the girl's suspicion of the man than otherwise.

THE problem of trying to identify him was a longer one. His name appeared neither in the telephone directory nor in several directories of scientific and trade names that I had access to. Of course he might be an out-of-town resident, who had merely taken an office in New York to carry on his experiments, so this proved nothing.

My curiosity had again been intrigued by my inability to secure any clue to his identity, so I arrived at the loft

building on Seventh Avenue some time in advance of my appointment. I made some inquiries at the office of the building.

My questioning there was as unprolific of results as had been my previous investigation. They could only tell me that A. R. Thatcher had requested office space on an upper story, and as they had a small room that had been difficult to rent, they had permitted him to occupy it without the formality of a lease. He had paid two months' rent in advance. They had no other address for him, or any information whatsoever. The only entry opposite his name on their books was his business, listed as "radio operation." He had not even requested telephone connection.

I DESCENDED to the lobby disappointed at my failure to learn anything that would throw any light on this personage who had suddenly grown mysterious. I was joined a few minutes later by Bardgett, who also was early in keeping his appointment. Miss Dunham had not yet appeared.

Bardgett was in high spirits, as was his habit when something of interest claimed his attention. His enthusiasm communicated itself to me, and briefly I told him what I had discovered, or rather, what I had failed to discover.

the elevator without further words, and were whisked up to the topmost floor of the building. Bardgett, with his usual thoroughness, took note of the offices and lofts we passed on our way to the office. There was a trousers manufacturing concern, a firm with a quite unpronounceable name that dealt in buttons and findings, whatever they may be, and another establishment that seemed to make overmuch of its brand of belts and buckles. Nothing, certainly, to indicate connection with a radio school.

THATCHER'S office was at the far end of the hall. Miss Dunham unlocked the door, and we stepped into a small room situated in an angle of the building that was obviously unfitted for any such uses as the large lofts that adjoined it. Barely larger than an ordinary office, it contained only a small window that looked down upon miles and miles of roofs.

As the girl had described it, it was almost bare of furnishings. A table, one chair, and the stand upon which stood the radio set formed the entire outfit of the so-called school. The place was thick with dust, and Bardgett gave a snort of disgust.

"Don't they have janitor service in the building?" he demanded of Miss Dunham.

"ONE o'clock struck. . . . It was a strange task, feeling out into the voice that circled the earth for—what? . . . If Agnes Dunham's voice did not come to us— But I shuddered and put all thought of a terrible alternative from my mind."

"It's no matter," Bardgett said lightly; "in any case we would have no starting-point until we had visited the place where these strange things transpire."

"If there is really something criminal about all this, do you think it wise for us to go up with Miss Dunham?" I asked. "She may be watched."

"Not the slightest danger in the world, Lorimer," returned Bardgett. "Whatever his game is, this man Thatcher is playing it alone, without aids or assistants, and Miss Dunham is the only tool he possesses. To give her up would ruin his entire scheme. But here comes the young lady now. In a few minutes we may have something more than mere theories to go on."

Agnes Dunham came up looking very girlish and pretty. She looked like the last person in the world to attract untoward adventure. Bardgett had said that she was necessary to Thatcher's scheme. Did he imagine that she had a hand in whatever shadowy transactions might be going forward under the guise of science? I could not believe it as I looked at her sweet, girlish face and the troubled expression in her big blue eyes.

SHE seemed worried in spite of Bardgett's admonition to her, but I could see that she brightened up at the sight of him.

"You are quite sure I am doing right in taking you up with me, Mr. Bardgett?" she inquired. "It is positive disobedience to Mr. Thatcher, you know."

"You are acting on the very best judgment, Miss Dunham. If our suspicions should be groundless, Mr. Thatcher will be in no way a loser. On the other hand, if there should be anything amiss, it is only right that we should know the truth."

Miss Dunham seemed satisfied with this, and we entered

"Oh, certainly; but Mr. Thatcher positively ordered them not to come in. You see, they work at night, and he was afraid they would disturb me while I was sending out his tests. Besides, I believe he wanted to keep everybody away from his invention."

Bardgett was moving swiftly around the room, his eyes darting here and there and everywhere. Suddenly he turned swiftly on the girl.

"You haven't been in here this morning, have you, Miss Dunham? Before you met us?"

"Why, no; of course not!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Well, someone has been in here just a short time ago," declared Bardgett. We both looked at him in amazement. "See here!" he exclaimed, pointing to the table, "this book has been moved within a very short time. All over the table the dust has been gathering for days. But in this spot, where the book lay, there is hardly any dust at all. It can't have been moved more than an hour or so ago."

It was true. The place from which the book had been picked up was almost entirely free from the dust which had settled thickly everywhere else.

"Do you know of anyone else besides yourself and Mr. Thatcher who has a key to the place?" demanded Bardgett.

"No, indeed; I'm sure I don't."

"Then it's safe to infer that your employer has paid the office a visit this very morning. How disappointing that he could not have come while we were here."

And just at that moment, as if in answer to his wish, the lock rattled, and a small, nervous, near-sighted man entered quickly and confidently. I say he entered that way, but the change that came over him when he caught sight of us was appalling. For a moment I thought he was going to faint from shock; there was a whistling in his throat as he gasped for breath, and his hands clutched like steel pincers at a

small bundle he was carrying. His eyes danced frantically about from one to the other of us; he seemed caught in a trap.

Bardgett stepped forward, smiling amiably. "Mr. Thatcher," he said, "I'm very glad to know a fellow scientist, sir." And he extended his hand to the newcomer. But the latter withdrew still gasping audibly, and obviously unequal to words.

Miss Dunham stepped forward, frightened but smiling.

scoundrel! You think you can steal that from me? What I'm giving my life to perfect? I'll show you! I'll have you arrested! I'll have the whole gang of you thrown in! I'll show you!"

"See here!" said Bardgett irritated at the needless abuse. "you're quite mistaken. We have no intention of stealing your invention, or of inconveniencing you in any way. Miss Dunham has done nothing wrong."

"I'll show her! I'll show her how I act to traitors!" There was really no use talking to the man. In his present frenzy every word drove his fury to a higher pitch.

Bardgett turned to me. "We'd better be going; no use trying to deal with this madman. Will you go with us, Miss Dunham?"

"I'll stay; I've got to stay," she wailed. Poor girl, it looked as if her promising position was just about done for.

We got out as best we could, with Thatcher still pouring a torrent of abuse after us.

I didn't like leaving the girl alone with him in his present condition, but Bardgett scoffed at the idea.

"You spy! You scoundrel! You think you can steal that from me?"

"Mr. Thatcher," she stammered, "these are friends of mine—they were so interested in my work—I just brought them along—"

"Friends of yours! Friends!"

The man's panic was pitiable. "You're thieves! Robbers! That's what you are! All of you!" His face was distorted with fear and rage. The girl cowered before him, and for myself I did not know what to do.

Bardgett waited for the storm to subside.

"Permit me to explain, sir," he interjected at his first opportunity. "There was really no harm in Miss Dunham bringing us here; we—"

"No harm!" shrieked the scientist. "You spy! You

"She's all right," he said. "He's harmless."

Bardgett and I walked slowly for a couple of blocks.

"What do you make of it?" I asked finally.

The all-knowing for once shrugged his shoulders. "There's absolutely nothing to go on, Lorimer," he said. "That fussy little man interfered before we could accomplish anything. What wouldn't I give for a look at that sending machine!" And he relapsed into silence. I didn't interrupt for some time, turning the matter over in my own mind.

"It looks on the level as far as I can see," I ventured at last. "That man is evidently a crank, and like all scientific cranks, he's working it out in absolute secrecy. There's no doubt in my mind of this fellow's sincerity."

"Possibly not, Lorimer; possibly not."

When Bardgett became an echo, (Continued on page 102)



Robber, Waiter,

From Data Supplied by

Detective O. WALLACE

*If you think that a detective's
of living at expensive hotels
lionaires and living like one of
not read*

RATTLER prowlers" is the vernacular for that class of thieves known as box-car robbers, and I will say right here that there is no more clever crook in the American underworld than the rattler prowler. He is one of the hardest thieves to catch, simply because the railroad detective never knows where he is going to pull off a robbery. Even after the robbery has been pulled off, the railroad detective is stuck, so far as knowing at what point on the division the trick was turned, and to what point the goods were carted for disposition.

I have spent some ten or twelve years running after rattler prowlers throughout the Western country. On occasion I have had to do with Post Office safe-crackers, forgers, counterfeiters, bank robbers, and most every type of criminal. But the birds who work the freight-trains in the dead of night, have more than once had me in the air, trying to get a line on them. This story is around one of the cleverest gangs of rattler prowlers with which I ever have had any dealings.

Strange as it may seem, this was the first railroad robbery case that I ever handled and it is the only case where defeat stared me in the face from the time I started my investigation. Briefly, the details as handed to me on a memorandum were as follows:

Somewhere between Pueblo and Salida, Colorado, a gang of freight-train crooks are at work. During the past two months we have lost approximately \$50,000 worth of merchandise of a miscellaneous nature, from silks to cigarettes. You will proceed to this Division immediately and stay there until you have rounded up this gang.

The distance from Salida to Pueblo is about a hundred and twenty-four miles. My boss didn't know at just what point the stealing occurred or who was doing the stealing. It was a case of "Button, button, who's got the button;" not a lead, not a clue of any kind.

I PUT in the first few days riding trains between Salida and Pueblo disguised as a tramp, meeting hoboos, eating with them, drinking with them, and exchanging reminiscences of the road. Ten profitless days, for none of the weary willies were rattler prowlers. They might have stolen a nice fat ham, a chicken, a loaf of bread, or anything else that was eatable; but when it came to plundering silk trains that was "a horse of another color." The average tramp is a perfectly harmless person who is merely concerned about a meal and a place to sleep at night.

The officer in charge of the Pueblo and Salida Division had instructions to advise when the next robbery occurred. Six weeks passed before a report came. The robbed car was in Chicago. It was a car-load of silks from Japan. The robbery wasn't discovered until the car had arrived at its destination. The seals were intact.

I was discouraged. I had been working for nearly seven weeks and yet I didn't know any more about these mysterious train robberies than I did the day I began my investigation. And it looked to me as if I might be on the job a hundred and seven weeks before I would get a clue upon

which I could work. Day and night I was haunted with the thought: "If I could only get a lead, just a start of some kind."

After I had ridden the rods of freight-trains until I was all tired out I eventually reached the conclusion that the crooks were not hoboos, but probably natives of some town along the railroad; possibly railroad employees themselves. So I switched my methods and began to cultivate the town bums and some of the railroad boys who spent most of their time in pool-rooms.

IN time I had formed an acquaintance with some of the town bums, or "sharpshooters," as they are labeled through the Western country. I made it a point at first to get in with the fellows who were always dressed up, and who, apparently, never worked. But I soon learned that most of these were crooked gamblers, game steerers and confidence men.

In desperation I went back to riding the freight-trains at night between Pueblo and Salida. I rode on top of box cars so that I could have a clear view of the train. I knew that rattler prowlers worked from the top of the trains with a rope ladder. That is to say, after they had spotted the car which they intended to rob, they fastened the rope ladder under the running-board on the top of the car and then went down the ladder and broke the seal and entered the car.

But this gang, my boss had informed me, had a sealing equipment of its own. After they robbed a car they sealed it up again so that the robbery wouldn't be detected until the car had arrived at its destination. Here was a problem!

One night I was riding the "deck" of a merchandise train out of Salida when I saw three fellows board the train on a heavy grade between Florence and Canyon City. They were about fifteen cars in front of me. Presently I saw one of the three men go down over the side of the car. After a few moments I saw the other two men disappear down over the side of the car. I knew that these fellows were rattler prowlers!

I waited for about ten minutes before I started to crawl over the cars toward the head of the train. When I got to what I thought was their car, I stopped. Almost simultaneously I saw a head pop up and a fellow started to climb up to the top of the car. When he saw me he ducked, hurried to the forward end of the train, and disappeared between two cars. I saw all three jump off the train when I leaned over the side of the car.

FOR a moment I was tempted to jump off after these men, but on second thought I decided to stick to the train until it stopped. I wanted to be sure that a robbery had been perpetuated. Above all I wanted to clear up the mystery of the seals which the robbers had been using. If the original seal on that car had been broken and a new one substituted, and I was able to determine the spot where the switch in seals had been made, I knew that I was on my way to a solution of the mysterious robberies which had been pulled off on the Missouri Pacific and the Denver

Gunman, DETECTIVE!

life is a gay round shadowing mil-them—you should this story

and Rio Grande Railroads.

When the train pulled into Canyon City I dropped off and hurried up to the car. I didn't have a lamp, and I couldn't see very well as it was dark. I went back to the caboose and called for the train conductor. I introduced myself and told him what I wanted. We dashed up to the car. The conductor threw his lamp on the seal:

"HUH," he grunted, "this car was sealed in San Francisco, but here's a seal on it without any number or name on it—a phony seal."

"Let's break it open and have a look at the car," I suggested.

"You can, but I won't, brother." The conductor stepped back.

I broke the phony seal. The car was loaded with silk. About ten or fifteen rolls of it had been stolen.

"Why didn't you catch 'em if you saw 'em break into the car?" the conductor asked me.

I told him that I had my reasons for not trying to make an arrest of three men on top of a freight-train. And I had very good reasons for not trying to arrest these fellows when I saw them come up the rope ladder. It would have been a ridiculous undertaking. I never would have been able to get all three. And aside from that fact I wouldn't have known who the fence was, even if I had succeeded in landing all three of the crooks I wanted to get the fence. He was more important than the thieves. I would rather let the thieves get away than let the fence get away.

NOW that I knew the general locality where these fellows were working I felt confident that it was only a matter of time until I landed the whole gang. Of one thing I was reasonably certain: these fellows were making their headquarters in either Canyon City or Florence.

I hadn't got a good look at their faces but I had catalogued their general build. One of them was quite a tall fellow, possibly six feet or thereabouts, while the other two fellows were slim and short.

It is nine miles from Canyon City to Florence. I started to walk back toward Florence. I wanted to get a line on



After this gang robbed a car they sealed it up again. Here was a problem

the exact spot where the cases of silk had been dropped off, for I had an idea that this was the usual dropping-off place for the swag. After I located the dropping-off place I then could go ahead and try to find the robbers.

When I had covered about three miles it dawned on me that I had better wait until daybreak. It was an unusually

dark night and I couldn't see where any indentations had been made in the soil along the right of way. I crawled into an old deserted shed and laid down for a few hours. When day came I went out on my pilgrimage. A mile from where I had stopped I found the spot where the swag had been thrown out of the car. The ground and bushes were torn considerably showing marks of truck or automobile wheels. Lying around were pieces of wood and paper which evidently had come out of the shipping cases in which the silks were loaded.

FOR a mile east of this spot the grade was very steep and the freight-trains didn't go over eight or ten miles an hour—an ideal spot for a car robbery.

I prowled the joints of Canyon City for three days looking for three men who corresponded to the three fellows I had seen on top of the train the night before. Whenever I saw three fellows together who resembled the three rattler prowlers I kept after them until I had checked them up and found out who they were and what they did for a living. I checked up every man in Canyon City who tallied with the impression that I had of those three fellows and then I left for Florence just a little sad and weary, and not quite so optimistic.

I got the breaks in Florence. Within twenty-four hours after my arrival in the little Western town, I ran across three fellows who were always together—one of whom who looked like the man I'd seen on top of the box car. I spent four days trying to get a line on these three men and so far as I could learn they were boys who were not related to work, in any way whatsoever. Neither were they gamblers, game steerers, nor confidence men. They dressed well and spent money freely.

I frequented the joints that they patronized in an effort to get acquainted with them but all to no avail. There was one place in Florence where they spent a lot of time and that was a restaurant at the end of the Main Street called Jakes' Eating Palace. I went in there time and again to cultivate patrons with whom I had seen the three suspects talking, but I never could get next to any of them. One night I was in the restaurant having dinner when I heard the proprietor remark that his waiter had quit him.

"I'm in a hell of a fix to-night," he said to a customer. "That waiter of mine is on another drunk and I've got to get another some place or other."

"Here," I thought, "is the golden opportunity for me. If I can get a job in this place I can get acquainted with this gang."

When the proprietor came over to take my order I spoke to him.

"Any chance for a job here, boss?" I asked him.

His face lighted up with a grin.

"Are you a waiter?" he asked.

"Yes" I replied, "a waiter and a first-class short-order cook."

WELL, the Lord must have sent you to me to-night," he said. "My man quit on me to-day and if we can agree on terms you can start in right now."

I would have gone to work for nothing, but I didn't want to appear too anxious. I was afraid that he might be the fence and that I might arouse his suspicions if I appeared too anxious for the job. So I said to him, "What'll you pay me?"

"Fifty-five a month and meals," he responded.

And so I went to work just as soon as I had finished my dinner of pork and beans.

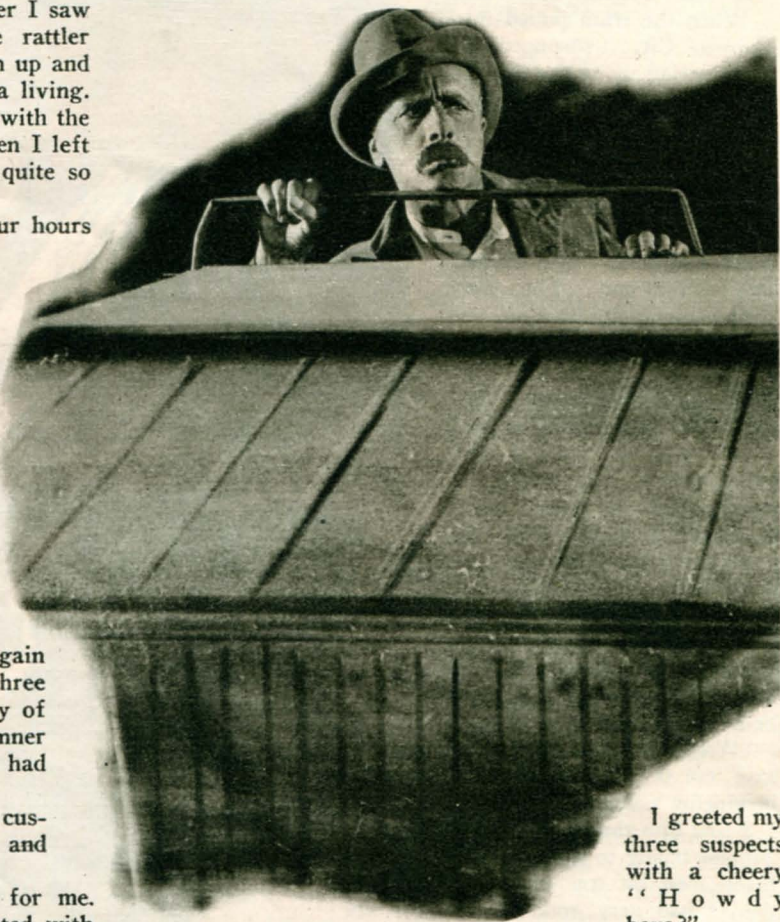
I had never done any waiting, but I had been waited on enough in my life to know just what a waiter should do.

The first hour I worked in that beanery I did many things that a waiter wouldn't do. I washed the dishes, cooked the short orders, swept the floor, waited on the customers, attended to the cigar stand and made myself generally useful. The boss was delighted.

"Listen to me," he said, "you're worth more than fifty-five a month to me, Joe." (I had given the name of Joe Larkins.) "Good men are hard to get and I don't want to lose one when I get him. I'll give you sixty-five a month if you'll stick by me."

I assured him that was the way I worked. And while we were in the midst of the conversation I stepped the three suspects.

"Hello, Jake," the tallest one of the three greeted the proprietor. "See you got a new waiter on the job to-night. Where's Tommy, drunk again?"



I greeted my three suspects with a cheery "Howdy boys?"

They had been drinking and were in a gabby mood. I took their orders and then they began to talk to me.

"Where you from, Pardner?" the tall fellow asked.

"Oklahoma," I replied. "Tulsa."

"Know Charley Bartlett out there?"

Charley Bartlett was a gambling-house keeper and while I didn't know him personally I had heard of him many times, so I told them that I knew Charley very well.

"Well, why did you ever leave a good town like Tulsa to come to a burg like Florence?" one of the others asked me.

I SAW an opportunity to sell myself to them when this fellow asked me that question. I concluded to resort to a little mystery. I looked all around the restaurant before I replied. Then I leaned over and whispered:

"I didn't like the Oklahoma climate, Buddy."

"No?" He grinned and looked wise, as if he had got the drift of my remark.

"Nor the bulls in Oklahoma," I went on.

"You don't like the Oklahoma bulls, eh?"

"There's only one good bull and he's dead." I laughed with them.

"Well you won't find any better bulls in Colorado, Buddy."

Before they finished their meal another fellow joined them at the lunch counter. This fellow aroused my curiosity. He was an entirely different type. I particularly observed his hands. They were the hands of a working man, while the hands of the three suspects were hands which had done very little manual labor. The fourth party's name was Craig. I tried to overhear what they were talking about, but every time I went near them they stopped talking.

Just as they were leaving the restaurant the night policeman entered.

"That's a jolly gang that just went out," I said. "They all seem to be democratic fellows."



When he saw me he ducked, hopped to the forward end of the train and—

"Stranger here, ain't you, friend?"

"Yes, sir, just got in to-day. Why?" There was something in his manner, in the manner in which he answered my remark about the gang being good fellows which furthered my suspicion.

"If you think that gang are nice fellows," he leaned over and lowered his voice, "you better wake up!"

I PRESSED him for more information about my three suspects. I was sure that he had plenty more dope on them, but he wouldn't talk.

"Give 'em a wide berth," was all he would say. "Keep away from 'em."

The next morning about eleven o'clock the gang came in. They were sober this time and consequently were not so talkative. I adopted an indifferent attitude. I didn't want to go too strong at first. They tipped me liberally, each one of them giving me fifty cents.

When they returned for dinner that night I tossed out a little hint which they fell for hook, line and sinker.

"You boys are the goods," I said.

"The goods?" Hogan, the tallest of the three, spoke. "What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you later on." I had to dash into the kitchen again.

"A wise egg," I heard Logan say to Green. I had got their names from the proprietor.

When I caught up with my work I went over to Logan and began to buzz him.

"You didn't get me when I said you boys were the goods, eh?"

"No, not exactly," he replied.

"Well," I went on, "I've been waiting all over the country, from Frisco to New York, and I know regular people when I meet them."

"Yes?" He grinned knowingly.

"This is my first restaurant job," I said. "I usually work cabarets and joints where there's a chance to make a dollar on the side."

I RAMBLED back into the kitchen when I sprung this on him to give him time to think. I had a hunch that he was going to do some more gabbing when I returned to his table and I was all ribbed up to give him a line of stuff that would win him and Miller and Green. Incidentally, I knew most all the hang-outs between Frisco and New York, had learned of them through detectives, police correspondents, and police papers.

"Ever work in Chicago?" Logan asked me.

"The best joints in Chicago," I replied, "Ike Flooms, Jimmy Delaney's, and Buddy Ransom's."

All these places were crook hang-outs.

Then I mentioned the names of some crooks about whom I had read or heard, fellows whom I knew to be in prison at that moment so that I was playing dead safe. Logan was all attention. Green and Miller began to warm up to me. They were small-town boys and they thought I was a big-town boy. When Logan asked me what I was doing in a burg like Florence, I once again injected a little mystery into the scene.

"I'll tell you some time, but don't think I'm here to wait in this beanery because I need the dough this mug can pay me."

I had captivated them. When they paid me I handed them back their money.

Before they went out Logan made a date with me. I was to meet him in Sammy Israel's gambling-house that night at ten o'clock.

They were not there when I arrived. Sammy Israel didn't know me so he wouldn't let me in and while I was waiting out in front of the place for Logan, who should come along but the man named Craig whom I had seen in the restaurant with the gang.

Craig, you will recall, was the fellow whom I said had the hands of a working man. He was dressed in a suit of blue overalls and he carried a switchman's lantern and a lunch pail under his arm. I followed him down into the railroad yards and learned that he was a switchman and a car checker. When the night car checker went to supper Craig relieved him. Here, I thought, is the connecting link between the rattler prowlers and the railroad. Craig, I was sure, was the fellow who tipped the gang off to what certain cars contained—the inside man.

I HURRIED back to Sammy Israel's joint and met the gang, with whom I played cards and drank until after midnight. When I left them I told them I was dog-tired, but I didn't go to my room. I went up the street and planted in an old shed and kept tabs on Israel's. About two in the morning I saw Logan come out of Israel's and beat it in the direction of the railroad yards. I followed on at a safe distance, wiggling in and out of the maze of tracks which were lined with cars, trying to keep Logan within range of my vision.

Suddenly I saw the flash of a gun, fired seventy-five yards in front of me.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

I heard the bullets whiz by my (Continued on page 85)

He Motored Himself

*Two young, ambitious
appeared as completely
abscond with the sales*

By
PRESTON LANGLEY HICKEY
Formerly of the *Minneapolis News*



(This is an actual photograph.
International Photo)

**Harvey Church, the man whose craving for
an automobile led him to disaster**

CARL AUSMUS and James Daugherty had been missing for ten days.

Both were sales representatives of a well-known firm manufacturing an expensive automobile and were last seen by their fellow workers on the morning they drove a new machine out of the company's display-room garage on south Michigan Boulevard. They were to give a demonstration to a prospect, Harvey Church, a young man living on the west side. Ausmus had been after Church for some time endeavoring to sell him a machine. On this particular morning a new model had come in. Daugherty, an older hand at the game, accompanied Ausmus in an effort to close the deal.

Some hours later, about the middle of the afternoon, the manager of the agency, Edward G. Cartwright, received a telephone call from Daugherty to the effect that a successful demonstration of the machine had been made and the sale had been consummated. That was the last heard of the two men. The fact that they did not report back to the office that day was not surprising, as the sale of the car carried with it a good-sized commission. It was thought they had knocked off for the balance of the afternoon. But late evening came and their respective wives phoned the office and inquired for their husbands. They had not come home to their suppers. There was still no sign of them by the following morning, and it began to look as though something were amiss.

Of course, the police were notified at once that the two men were missing and, accompanied by Cartwright and other officials of the automobile firm, went to the last known place that Ausmus and Daugherty had been, the home of Harvey Church. In front of the latter's house stood the automobile that Daugherty reported he had sold.

Church greeted the party and appeared greatly surprised at their visit. He was a youth, about twenty-two years old, and with dark-brown eyes and hair. He had a frank, easy-going manner. Though still very young, he was in the bond business and had achieved no little success, as his appearance and the furnishings of his home plainly indicated. His mother was with him when the officers and automobile men called, and also a young woman, Miss Anna Barrett, his fiancée. She was visiting the Churches from out of town.

When informed of the reason for this unexpected visit, Church disclaimed all knowledge of the missing men's whereabouts or their activities after they had settled their business with him.

"I see that the car the boys drove is outside," Cartwright said. "You bought it, didn't you?"

"Why, yes," replied Church. "I bought it. Didn't you know? I remember one of the men calling into the office after the deal was made."

"Yes, I got the call," Cartwright admitted. "Daugherty phoned me that you had made the purchase. I made the inquiry simply to check up on him. On what terms did you take the car from Daugherty and Ausmus, Mr. Church?"

"I paid them six thousand in cash and drew up an agreement on my typewriter here that if they would not turn the account over to a financing house I would pay the two thousand balance within three months," Church replied.

His statement of such a large cash payment came as a surprise, and he went on to explain that he had had the agreement drawn up because of the fact that if the account was turned over to a financing house, there naturally would be an investigation and, for business reasons, he did not care to have his firm know that he had purchased such an expensive car.

Asked if he had a receipt, he readily produced one signed by Daugherty—Cartwright knew the signature well—and showing that an initial payment of six thousand dollars had been made, just as Church had stated. He also showed a carbon copy of the agreement that he and the two men had drawn up with reference to the balance payments. This

to the GALLOWS

automobile salesmen sold a car. Then they disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them. Did they have the money? Were they kidnapped? Were they killed?

was signed by both Ausmus and Daugherty and by Church himself. Cartwright at once identified the signatures of his two men as genuine and Church explained that the original copy of the agreement had been

turned over to Daugherty, while he kept the duplicate.

It was evident that any mishap that might have befallen the two men occurred after they left the Church

home. Church had paid them an exceptionally large sum of money instead of the usual initial payment, and it had been made by cash instead of check, so one of two things

now was certain. Ausmus and Daugherty were either victims of foul play or had absconded with the money.

THE first theory was discredited immediately. Even though they had six or even sixty thousand dollars in cash on their persons, what could have happened to the two men in the city of Chicago in broad daylight? Had it been a tough neighborhood and at night and had they flashed the money so that prying eyes might have seen it, the theory of foul play might be well founded.

But such was not the case. Church's home was in a residential district. No one knew that the two automobile men were in possession of the money. Even if it had been known, it was hardly probable that they could have been waylaid and robbed en route to the car line, two blocks away, without the affair being seen. An inquiry of the immediate neighbor-

"God! . . . I believe I've solved that automobile mystery"

hood revealed that nothing of this sort had taken place.

Cartwright hesitated to suspect his two salesmen of theft. He had known both a considerable length of time and both men bore, as far as he

or any of their individual associates knew, spotless records. However, at the expiration of another three days when they had not put in their appearance, he acceded to the demands of the company's head office and swore out warrants charging both Ausmus and Daugherty with grand larceny. The hunt was on in earnest.

AT this point, I unwittingly entered the affair. The facts I have told so far were recounted to me by Joseph Cohen of the Chicago Police Department's Intelligence Bureau who, with his wife, was spending a week-end with my father's family. I was on leave of absence from the Minneapolis *News*, recuperating from a slight attack of influenza. Accompanied by my cousin Otis Trevor, an artist, I was spending a few weeks at Marlboro, the summer resort owned by my father at Crystal Lake, Illinois.

I had read the daily reports on the case as they appeared in the press, but the newspaper stories did not give the detail which Mr. Cohen's narrative did. Neither had I

course of the Des Plaines river which, though a comparatively short narrow stream, is very beautiful.

We reached Maywood, twenty-six miles out of Chicago about eight-fifteen, passed through the town and continued on to a point a mile or so beyond. We were just in the act of making the turn where the road swings away from the river, when a cry reached our ears. Bringing the machine to a stop and looking down the slope in the direction of the river we saw two boys gesticulating wildly with their arms and running toward us. They were dressed in the uniforms of Boy Scouts.

THEY reached the roadway well out of breath. In voices that quivered with excitement they told us that they had found the body of a man lying in the water near the shore. They were on a hike, they said, and had come upon the body quite by accident. Would we please come down and take a look at it. We would and did.

Arriving at the spot and preceded by the two scouts we

"WE trooped down the flight of narrow stairs and found ourselves in a pit of impenetrable blackness. Stumbling and feeling his way about, with the aid of his pocket torch, Detective Noonan finally discovered the electric switch and a moment later the basement was flooded with light. . . ."

"The entire rear end of the basement between the coal-bin and the stairs leading to the yard, bore evidences of a terrible struggle."

manifested any real interest in it other than a piece of news; though I had some curiosity as to how it would end. However, the morning after the *Associated Press* and *United News* wires carried the announcement that warrants for the two men had been issued, I received the following telegram from W. C. Robertson, then Managing Editor of the *News*:

Should anything of importance in James Daugherty, Carl Ausmus case break cover it for both St. Paul and ourselves. Daugherty is native of St. Paul, graduate of Minnesota and a well-known athlete here.

BOB.

After this I kept my eyes on the morning and evening newspaper reports of the police activities, ready at a moment's notice to speed into Chicago and get on the job for an interview or feature, should either of the two men be apprehended. Another five days brought no clue of them, though the hunt had now assumed the proportions of a nation-wide affair sponsored by the insurance company who covered the automobile concern. The time for my return to Minneapolis was near so I concluded to drive in and see Cartwright personally.

THERE was a possible chance that some progress might have been made which, for one reason or another, had not been revealed in the papers. I had learned through Mr. Cohen that the police, suspecting a theft plot in which the wives of the two men were implicated, had kept a close watch on both and had intercepted all telephone messages from the home of each; but nothing had been learned.

Saturday, September 17, 1922, Otis and I arose early and left the Manor for the fifty-mile drive into town. We followed what is now the great, concrete, Northwest Highway, then a graveled road and frequented very little by motorists. Our road, for a good portion of the way, followed the

saw the fully clothed, partially submerged body of a man lying about ten feet from shore. To all appearances it had floated down the river and either grounded in the shallow water, or had run up against a dead head or some other obstruction.

Testing the ground for quicksand beds, we waded out to the corpse and with the aid of the scouts, succeeded in dragging it up on the bank. Considering that the body weighed about two hundred pounds and dead weight at that, it was no simple task.

It took but a glance to see that the man had been murdered. The body had been frightfully manhandled. A single handcuff bracelet was attached to one of the wrists, a small rope was twisted about the throat and the head had been almost severed from the trunk. There were bruises about the head and face. The body had been in the river for some time.

AS soon as we had the body on the shore, we dispatched the two scouts to Maywood to notify the police, and during their absence made a hasty search of the clothing in an effort to establish its identity. The pockets of the trousers and vest revealed nothing, nor at first did those of the coat. We were on the point of giving up and merely standing guard over the corpse until the arrival of the police, when Otis made a discovery that we had both overlooked previously. The coat of the man had two inner pockets, one on either side, which is very unusual and, as a rule, only occurs in the case of some made-to-order clothes. From the pocket on the left side Otis pulled out some water-soaked papers. There were but two. One was a typewritten sheet and the other was an envelope, the letter which it originally contained being missing.

Though almost obliterated by the water, the typewritten

sheet revealed itself as a bill-of-sale agreement, but so blurred that a comprehensive reading of its text was practically impossible. We then turned our attention to the envelope and when we finally deciphered the name thereupon, also typewritten, we both gasped in astonishment. It was addressed to James Daugherty at a south-side address and was postmarked from Minneapolis some two weeks before.

"My God! Otis," I cried, "I believe this is that automobile salesman. I believe I've solved that automobile mystery!"

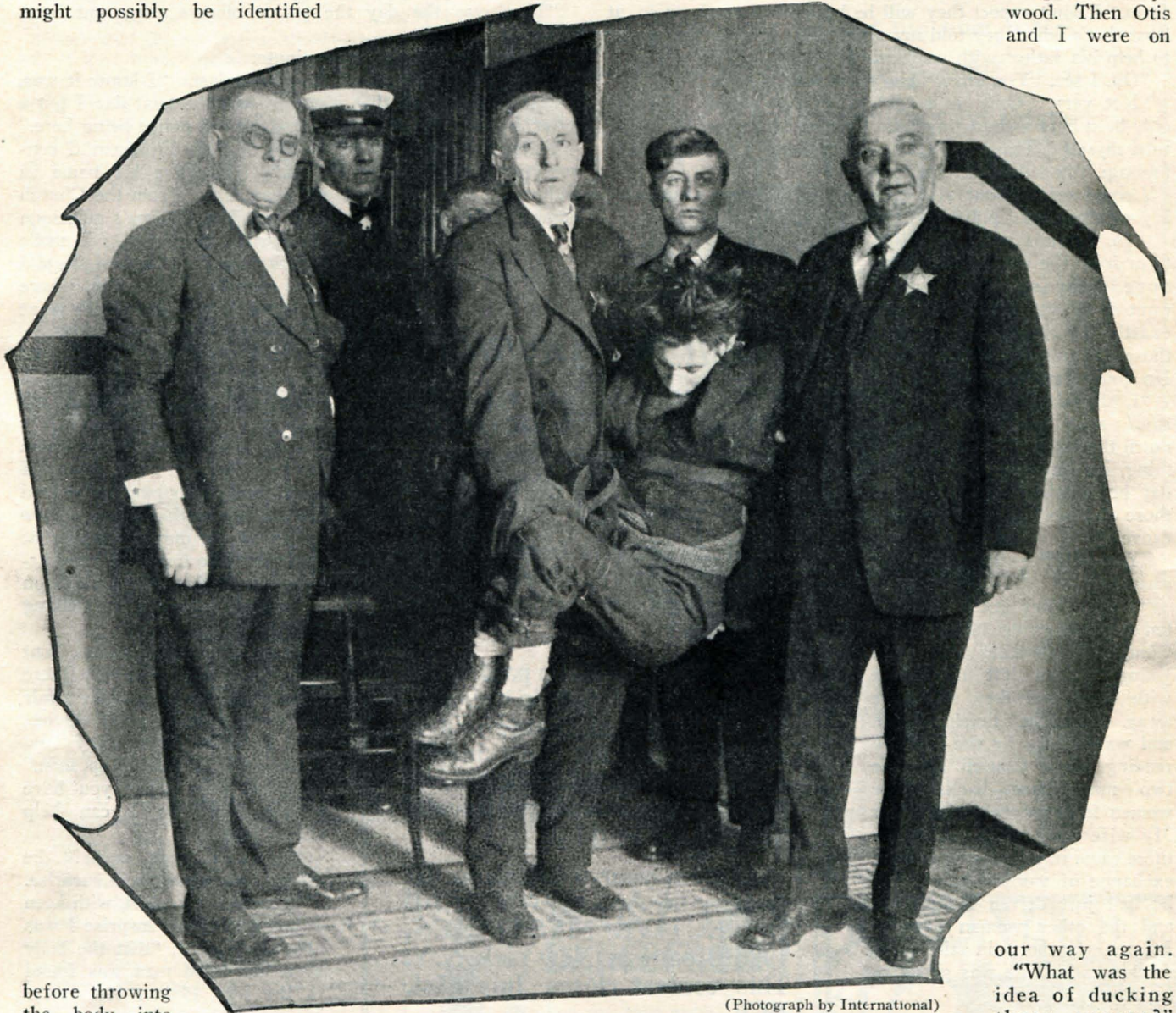
Otis agreed with me. It was evident that Daugherty's murderer had stripped his victim of everything by which he might possibly be identified

County, whom I knew slightly, and a score or more other men, attracted by curiosity to the spot.

With the oncoming men less than fifty feet away and obscured, for the moment, by a clump of trees, I turned to Otis.

"KEEP mum about our finding these papers," I said, placing them in my pocket. "We haven't searched the body, nor have we any idea who this is, see?"

After a brief examination of the spot where the body had been found the sheriff had it carried to the waiting truck to be taken to the morgue at Maywood. Then Otis and I were on



(Photograph by International)

Only ten minutes to live. This is an actual photograph of Harvey Church being taken to the gallows

before throwing the body into the river, but had overlooked that extra pocket, as we had done at first.

Convinced beyond a reasonable doubt that the man was Daugherty, we once more began a scrutiny of the blurred typewritten sheet, and by dint of much guesswork and ciphering, we found that it was the original copy of the agreement given by Church to the salesman pertaining to the balance payment on the car. We were speculating on the possibility of Carl Ausmus' body also being in the river near abouts, or the vague chance that he was now a fugitive murderer as well as thief, when approaching footsteps and voices attracted our attention. Looking up we saw the boy scouts returning, followed by the sheriff of McHenry

our way again.

"What was the idea of ducking those papers?" Otis asked me. "We might get into a jam if they

should find out that we have tampered with anything on that body."

"I know it," I replied, "but I've got a hunch. It's worth the try anyway."

REACHING the city I drove directly to the home of Harvey Church. Upon arriving there I found it to be a duplex building. Church and his mother lived on the lower floor.

To this day I don't exactly know just what my intentions were nor what I would have said had there been an answer to my ring. I pressed the bell simply on the impulse of the

moment. But there was no answer, and after several unsuccessful summons, it became evident to me that there was no one at home.

We were on the point of leaving the house when a door opened on the floor above. There were heavy footsteps and, presently, a man appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Looking for someone?" he inquired politely.

"Yes, I came to see Mr. Church, but there doesn't appear to be anyone here. At least, I don't get any response to my rings."

"THEY are away," came the reply. "Left yesterday morning for Addison, Wisconsin, where they have a farm. I don't expect they will be back for a week or so, at least that's what they told my wife. Mr. Church was going to help his father with some work."

"Oh, I see. You know them quite well, do you?"

"Not very. Only as neighbors in the house. They've only been here a short time, and I am away a good bit of the time myself. Travel. Was there anything I could do, any message you would care to leave?"

I could see that our visit had aroused the man's curiosity beyond the casual politeness that he affected.

"No, I guess not," I replied.

"I'm from the automobile insurance company, and I just wanted to see him and learn exactly what took place before those two missing salesmen left. No doubt you've read about it."

"I should say I have—and, say," said our host, coming down the stairs, "that is a funny thing, isn't it? I was home the day he bought that car. I saw those fellows when they first drove up."

"You did?"—casually—very casually.

"Yeah. They got here about ten in the morning. After a bit, Church, his mother and some young woman left the house with them and they all drove away. I had just finished lunch and was sitting by the window reading when Church and the two men came back. The women folks weren't with them. My wife was going out as the three came in and during a brief exchange of words Church said he had just driven his mother and the other woman over to Indiana Harbor, in the new machine which he was going to buy.

"WELL, sir, I was mighty interested in this when my wife told me about it, because it was a beautiful car and must have cost a lot of money. I knew young Church was in the bond business but I didn't think he could afford cars like that. I

sat there looking at it and wishing it was mine. This was maybe, three o'clock, and by and by I saw Church come out and get into the machine and drive away. He was alone this time. That struck me as sort of funny, because I had been parked by the window ever since lunch and I hadn't seen those other two fellows leave, but I guess I just missed them."

I was very interested by now in this narrative of my voluntary informant, though I endeavored not to appear so.

"Is that all that happened?" I inquired. "Didn't Church come back?"

"OH, yes—in an hour or so. He had some bundles with him, and drove the car around to the garage. I didn't see any more of him that day, but I heard him drive away again about seven o'clock that night. He was gone, I guess, till the following morning, because he hadn't returned when I went to bed—and I stayed up later than usual putting over some reports that I had to get off. When he came back he had his mother and that young woman with him."

"That was the day the police officers came out here, wasn't it?"

The fellow thought for a minute.

"Yes, I believe it was," he said at last. "I know it was, because I left town that morning, and the next day I got a letter from my wife telling me about the police being here."

Following a few moments more of inconsequential conversation, we thanked the man, who gave his name as Fulton E. Ross, and took our departure. From the Church home I drove directly to the automobile concern's offices on

Michigan Boulevard. I made inquiry for Mr. Cartwright, and was shown to his office, where I found that he was on the point of going out to lunch.

Introducing myself, I showed him the copy of Robertson's telegram, and explained my mission.

"My leave of absence down here is coming to a close," I said, "and as my paper requested something on this story, I have called on you on the chance that perhaps there might be some developments that for one reason or another you are not making public."

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but there is nothing. I wish there were, though. This whole affair has been a great shock to me, and I hope the mystery surrounding it is cleared up soon."

"Well, then, since you have nothing, perhaps I can help things a little."

"What do you mean?" he asked, looking at me in surprise.

"I mean," I replied, with keen enjoyment of the surprise I was about to spring, "that the body of a murdered man was found in the Des Plaines river near Maywood by two boy scouts this morning. The body is now in custody of the police and although they probably will fail to identify it owing to disfiguration, I have every reason to believe and am positive that it is James Daugherty."

"What makes you think so,"

exclaimed Cartwright, his eyes wide with wonder. "Did you know Daugherty?"

"No," I replied, "I didn't know him, but I found these papers in one of the man's pockets, and they seem to make the identification certain."

I handed the documents over and Cartwright scrutinized the envelope and paper carefully. (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 poorest? Why? Have you any suggestions for improving the magazine?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of this award, 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 July 31st, 1926.

Three awards will be made promptly. See that your opinion gets one of them.



Fine Pores Make Fine Skins

Will she
"live happily ever after?"

RADIANT, starry eyed, she looks inquiringly to the future. Will her rosy dreams come true? Will he love her always? Will he be as proud of her five years hence?

Who can tell? It depends so much on her—on her tact, her loyalty, but most of all, her skill in retaining her vibrant, youthful loveliness. For it is only too true—love often fades as beauty fades.

Don't let happiness flit out of your hands. Whether you are a bride of the past or present—or one for future years—make up your mind now to be and *stay* as beautiful as *he* would have you. Make up your mind to keep your skin always fresh and youthful—always satiny-soft and fine-textured as that of the youngest bride. It's all a matter of proper care—care that will refine the pores and keep them normally invisible. For, as you know, *fine pores make fine skins*.

If you would learn the secret of a lovely complexion, learn to refine the pores

All beauty specialists will caution you against powdering over open pores. For the tiny particles of powder enter the little openings, clog and enlarge the pores and make the skin rough, coarse and unlovely.

That's why most beauty parlors finish their treatments with the application of ice to close the pores. Ice does the work all right, but it is a little too harsh for most skins and quite inconvenient to apply at home.

*A new and better way—
Princess Pat Ice Astringent*

Fortunately you no longer have to bother with chopping ice nor risk its harsh effect upon your skin. For Science has now pro-

vided a new and better way—Princess Pat Ice Astringent—a delightful, fresh, "freezy" cream that is really both *ice* and *finishing* cream combined—an astringent that has all the pore-refining and skin-firming qualities of ice without any of its disadvantages.

At the first touch of this magic cream you will feel a reviving, cooling sensation—a joyous tingle that will flush your cheeks with new life and vigor and leave your face glowingly refreshed for hours. In a second this cream has disappeared and you have a splendid foundation for your make-up. Your pores are closed and you can powder without clogging and enlarging them; without causing that "flaky" effect which comes from powdering over open pores. Your make-up stays on longer and looks more natural; your complexion is protected against dust, wind and exposure; you have the lasting loveliness that comes only with a satiny-soft, fine-textured skin.

Keep your skin fresh and youthful this new way

Begin today to win and keep the beauty that all men adore. Get Princess Pat Ice Astringent at your favorite toilet goods counter and always apply a little before putting on your powder and rouge. You'll be rewarded with an added loveliness and charm you have never known before.

If you prefer to try this delightful Ice Astringent before purchasing, simply mail the coupon and a generous sample will be sent you without cost or obligation.



Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., Chicago, U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 107 Duke St., Toronto, Ont.

This new Ice Astringent is the second "twin" of our famous Twin Cream Treatment—known everywhere as the ideal pore-refining method. It is a Princess Pat discovery and only Princess Pat can offer it to you. Do not confuse it with ordinary "astringent creams." There is no similarity. Princess Pat is the *one and only* Ice Astringent.

Free So that you may know for yourself the lovely effect of Princess Pat Ice Astringent, we take pleasure in sending you a free trial tube. Just mail the coupon.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 1557
2709 South Wells Street, Chicago.

Without cost or obligation please send me a free trial tube of Princess Pat Ice Astringent.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(Print name and address plainly)

The Man with Two Left Hands

(Continued from page 53)



There's a difference
worth knowing!



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Face Powder
JOLI-MEMOIRE FRAGRANCE

Sample—Generous sized package in your own favorite shade sent for 10c. in stamps or coin. The House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th Street . . . New York.

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Easy to stick—Does the trick—Quick—Artistic.
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My beauty methods will correct, coarse pores, wrinkles, pimply or oily skin, freckles, flabby muscles—and give you a smooth, clear, lovely skin. It is easy to become a radiant, alluring woman if you just know how to beautify yourself at home. Thousands of women have used my methods with such marvelous benefit that I actually guarantee results to you.

Method Book Free

I shall be glad to send you a free copy of my book telling how to solve your beauty problems. Write for it today!
LUCILLE YOUNG, Room B-124, Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

indicated he was more fastidious concerning his clothing than most of his kind. I would search for a woodsman who was unusually particular about his personal appearance.

Next I turned to the carefully arranged piles of dust, and adjusted the large laboratory microscope, one of the newer stereoscopic type, capable of magnifying 500 times. Little could be hidden from such an instrument.

THE dust from the left-hand pocket was tobacco, bits that had been burned in a pipe, shreds of unburned that had been cut from plug. Again was Hardy helped. No right-handed man would reach round and put his pipe and tobacco in a left-hand pocket, particularly when there were no holes in the other pockets. I must look for a pipe smoker. That would not be Joe. He was smoking a cigarette when I first saw him in his shop. And he had smoked cigarettes during his walk to Headquarters.

I placed the hairs beneath the glass. They were of a peculiarly dark shade, the kind usually accompanied by dark eyes, and surely were from the head of a white man. The fact that none was gray indicated the unknown probably was under thirty, possibly twenty-five. That particular shade of hair begins to turn gray early as a rule.

Other pinches of dust resolved themselves into bits of leaves and small chips, confirming my lumberjack theory.

But the most important discoveries, the ones which set me tingling all over to be on the move, were some needles which I recognized under the magnifier as from Douglas fir-trees, and a few grains of red soil common in but one place for hundreds of miles around, just across the line in Willard County.

Taking stock of my discoveries, I was decidedly pleased with my morning's work. Not only had I satisfied myself absolutely that Hardy was guiltless, but I had obtained a pretty accurate line on the murderer and the point where I might pick up his trail.

Summed up, the unknown suspect was left-handed, white, below the average in height, weighed about 160 pounds, was around twenty-five years old, and had dark hair and eyes. He was a lumberjack, somewhat more fastidious about his dress than his fellows, smoked a pipe, and had worked in the fir forests in the adjoining county. Let me locate a man answering that description, and it would be all over but obtaining his finger-prints.

I started for Willard County that afternoon, well armed. When I reached Cuyler, the little town from which most of the lumber was shipped, I introduced myself to Sheriff Tom Kennedy. I placed all my cards on the table, telling him exactly how I had built up my lead.

"Well," he said, "that beats any detective work I've ever heard of around these parts. But I think you're on the right lay. I'll go through with you, all the way."

WITH little delay he learned that the only camp then cutting firs was at Kelly's Dam, up in the hill country. In the guise of a buyer for an Eastern lum-

ber firm, I at once headed for the place, via a buckboard. Kennedy was to come up the next day, giving as an excuse for snooping around that he was searching for a stolen horse.

At the Dam I was forced to be satisfied with quarters on the second floor of a ramshackle old road-house at which many of the neighborhood lumberjacks lived. Almost immediately I made a feint to support my rôle by opening negotiations to purchase several thousand feet of Douglas fir, cut lumber. The Sheriff came at the appointed time. He also was assigned to a second-floor room. We were introduced, but conversed little in public. However, we met for consultation after dark on the outskirts of the settlement.

By the end of the first day we had made certain there was not a left-handed jack in the camp. Also that most of the huskies hung about the hotel and a rival saloon across the way at night, practically never leaving the Dam until the season's work was completed. However, there were two exceptions: Bud and Zack Clements, brothers, who bore unsavory reputations. Frequently they were away from camp for days. The nights when they were there they sat at the gambling tables and were fairly consistent winners. Some whispered they were crooked dealers. Neither, however, except in height and stockiness, bore any resemblance to the description I had fixed upon as that of the man I wanted.

"Yes, I know," said Kennedy, when I met him that evening. "I never saw them before to-day, though I've heard of them. They belong fifty miles down the line at Smelter. They come from a bad family. Their brother Sid, who's younger, is the worst, though. He's done stretches for shooting a man and stealing lumber. I never saw him, either. Don't know what he looks like. But I hear he's mighty quick with his gun. He was working up here for quite a spell until two weeks ago."

His statement roused me. "Maybe, Sheriff, these three might be the robbers we're after. In my rôle I can't ask too many questions without exciting suspicion. Find out to-morrow, if you can, whether Bud and Zack were away the night of the hold-up."

I DIDN'T see Kennedy the next day. But I did find a note from him in my room, telling me he had news and would see me right after dark.

"You made a good guess, man," he blurted, when we came together in the shadows. "These two were away that night. But that ain't all. I got a pal of the Clements boys drunk to-day and he spilled a lot. Get this: Sid's left-handed."

"What?"

"Yes. And he smokes a pipe all the time and is good and fat in the waist. Whether he's working or not, he always dresses better than the other lumberjacks."

"Then we've got to get after him, pronto."

"We won't have to stir from here. He's been in Smelter for some days buying clothes and spending money like a sailor. But to-day his brothers received word he's returning to camp."

STRAIGHT HAIR *Made naturally wavy*

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No Longer Guesswork or Uncertainty

Do you know that you can now have your hair made naturally curly? Not waves of a day or a week, but permanent waves that will withstand washing, bleaching, dyeing, shampooing, wind or rain, sea or spray. *And what is more*—you may have the exact style of wave you want—small or large, tight or loose, with perfect results assured in advance.

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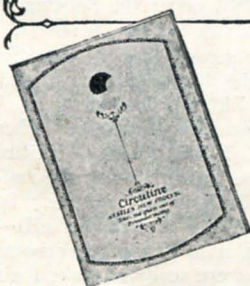
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Enclosed find \$1 Deposit and sample of my hair for an official laboratory reading on the Nestle Meter Scale. It is understood that my \$1 will be deducted from the cost of my next permanent wave at any hair waving establishment using the Nestle Circuline Process. You are to send me a record of your findings and your free booklet on permanent waving.

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BLONDEX

The Blonde Hair Shampoo

The day following Sid reached Kelly's Dam, drunk and swaggering. One look and I was satisfied he was the man I wanted. His appearance, including his new suit of lightest grey, tallied almost identically with what my laboratory investigations had caused me to fix upon. The only links missing were his finger-prints and confirmation of my theory he'd been hurt. The latter was clinched when he went to the counter to obtain his room. I was at his elbow. As he scrawled his name I noted a surface scar on his left wrist. His injury obviously was not serious, for he used his hand freely to write.

In some places I'd have taken a chance and arrested him on suspicion right then. But it wouldn't do in the lumber country. The jacks would fight for one another at the drop of a hat. You simply had to have the goods on a man beyond question to get away with a collar without a free-for-all battle.

I'd have given big money right then to have had finger-prints of Sid.

The room assigned to Sid was next to Kennedy's. When he headed for it, carrying two suitcases, I thought of a scheme by which I might obtain the prints I desired. Following, I got into Kennedy's quarters with a skeleton key. There was a door between the room I was in and Clements'. Through the keyhole I watched him. His grips lay upon the bed unopened. Remaining only long enough to wash his hands, he left. From a window I saw him cross the street and enter the saloon.

I DECIDED to take a long chance to carry through my plan. I knew, if discovered, a fight was certain. So I slipped my gun into my coat pocket to be ready for instant use. With the tin containing the powder I used after shaving, I entered the room just vacated, again using a skeleton key.

Stooping so that I could not be seen by anyone outside, I sprinkled powder over the tops of the suitcases, near the locks and straps. Then, with my handkerchief, I removed most of it, leaving only a thin film which I felt certain he would not note or would mistake for dust.

Later I told Kennedy what I had done. It was arranged that he should go to his room, wait for Sid's return, and watch what he did. I would keep out of sight until evening, when he was to hunt me up. No words were to be exchanged. But if the man had opened his grips, the Sheriff was to nod to me while holding the right lapel of his coat. If he omitted the signal I was to understand they had not been touched.

I did not encounter Sid again until dinner-time, when he and his brothers sat across the room from me. Determined not to lose sight of him again, I followed the three to the saloon-gambling house. Most of the men, some of whom I had met, treated me with rough cordiality, but Sid and his brothers held aloof, eyeing me with disfavor, as one who did not belong. I pretended not to notice. Kennedy came in, and his signal was, as I had hoped, favorable.

Waiting but a few minutes, I gave up my place at the table and slipped out alone. I made a bee-line for Clements' room, leaving the door unlocked for a quick

getaway in case I heard someone coming.

The lamp on the table was burning brightly, but the curtains were drawn. Carefully I carried one of the grips to the light and studied it with my pocket magnifier. Finger-prints were there all right, plenty of them. From my wallet I took the photograph of those I had made from the overalls. They surely seemed the same. I had completed my case. Sid Clements and the Paulding murderer were the same. Nothing remained but—

I caught the creak of the door behind me and swung to look full into the evil face of Sid Clements himself. His eyes narrow and threatening, he hunched in the doorway. I also saw that he was in his stocking feet, which explained why he had been able to creep upon me without noise.

"WHAT the devil are you doing here?" he said with a growl. I saw the suggestive bulge in his pocket, where his left hand grasped a revolver.

"Stick 'em up." He beat me to the draw. Instantly I stopped trying to get my own gun from my hip pocket, and my hands went high. Then he moved closer and shot a glance at the table.

"Finger-prints, by God! I thought there was something phony about you. That's why I followed when you sneaked away. Now quick, out with it, Mr. Copper. What in hell's the big idea?"

The man was insane with fury. Knowing full well he was liable to shoot any second, I tried an old ruse to beat him. Suddenly opening my eyes wide and looking across his shoulder, I shouted, "Hit him, Tom. Hit him."

The man whirled sharply to learn who was behind him. The next instant I was upon him, striving to strangle him with one hand while I clutched his pistol with the other. Three times he fired, but the bullets only ripped into the floor. Then his superior strength began to tell and, bending quickly, he catapulted me over his head. As I struck the floor I anticipated a bullet would clip me, but I rolled over just in time to see my antagonist facing Kennedy, who, with several others, jammed the doorway.

Like a flash Sid fired. The lamp went out amidst a clatter of broken glass. The next moment he stumbled over me as he made a dive for a window. I caught and pulled him down. Over and over we rolled, fighting, kicking, cursing. But I held on until someone brought another light. Kennedy tore the man from me. In seconds he was handcuffed, a prisoner.

Shortly after Bud and Zack were captured by the Sheriff and several lumberjacks while attempting to reach their home, obtain horses, and make a dash for the mountains. Practically all the loot, except a few hundred which Sid had squandered, was recovered under the flooring of the shack occupied by his two brothers.

Bud and Zack swore that it was Sid who touched off the dynamite, thereby saving their necks. Sid was hanged.

Inasmuch as I was "on a vacation" when I cleared Hardy, I did not feel entitled to my share of the reward which the railroad company paid Kennedy and me. So I sent it to Betty—for a wedding gift—telling her to use it to furnish her home when she and Joe were ready to make their marriage public.

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For 40 years I have searched the world for the utmost in beauty helps. In that quest I have made 34 trips to France, have consulted famous beauties and great experts everywhere.

Thus I acquired, I believe, the greatest beauty aids in existence. By their help I gained a glorious career as a beauty of the stage and films. By their help I have preserved my youth. At a grandmother's age I still look a girl of 19.

Now I have placed these supreme helps at every woman's call. All drug and toilet counters supply them as Edna Wallace Hopper's Beauty Helps. And I am doing my best to bring to millions what they brought to me.

Edna Wallace Hopper

My Gift to Girls who want more beauty —and to women who love youth

By Edna Wallace Hopper

These are my chief beauty aids. Each combines from six to sixteen of the greatest helps I found. Each is so efficient that the very first use amazes and delights. This is to offer you a test of any at my cost. I want you to know what they mean.

White Youth Clay

This is a new-type clay, the final results of 20 years of scientific study. It is white, refined and dainty. It combines with three clays other factors which every skin requires. So don't confuse it with the old-type crude and muddy clays.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. It brings the blood to the skin to nourish and revive it. The quick result is a rosy afterglow.

I have seen Youth Clay bring to countless girls new beauty in half an hour. Older women often seem to drop ten years. The sample will prove to you that no girl or woman can appear at her best without it.

A Multiple Cream

My Youth Cream comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. One is for night use, the other for day. No skin should ever be an hour without it.

My Youth Cream applies many valuable factors, all in one application. These

include products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and preserve the skin.

The first night's use of my Youth Cream will be a revelation to you. And my baby-like complexion shows what daily use can do.

My Facial Youth

My Facial Youth is a liquid cleanser which I found in France. Today this formula is recognized everywhere as the greatest of skin cleansers. The leading beauty experts advise and employ it, for nothing else known can compare. But my Facial Youth is first to offer this great cleanser at a modest price.

Facial Youth contains no animal, no vegetable fat. It cannot assimilate in any way with the skin. It simply cleans to the depths, then departs. And with it goes all the grime and dirt, dead skin and clogging matter.

I never knew what a clean skin meant until I found this product. Nor will you. And a clean skin is the foundation of beauty. I urge you to learn what it means.

My Hair Youth

Millions marvel at my hair. It is thick and lustrous, far more luxuriant than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair or dandruff and never a touch of gray.

This I also owe to France. Her great

experts gave me what is now combined in my Hair Youth. The product is concentrated, so I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. There it combats the hardened oil and dandruff which stifle the hair roots. It tones and stimulates the scalp. You feel that instantly. Hair thrives on a scalp so cared for as flowers thrive in a well-kept garden.

The sample bottle which I send with eyedropper will show you what Hair Youth does.

This coupon will bring you a sample of the help you most desire. My Beauty Book will come with it, also some samples of my powders. Clip it and send it to me.

Your Choice FREE

Mail this coupon to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Check the sample wanted. My Beauty Book will come with it, also samples of my face powders.

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One sample is free. If you want more than one, enclose 10 cents for each additional sample. 87-MU



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He Motored Himself to the Gallows

(Continued from page 66)

"By George!" he said, "I bet you are right. But if these papers were on the body, how is it that the identity is not already known to the police?"

"WHEN I found out who the man was, or who I thought he was, and that it was apparent that he had been murdered, I figured that the less known of his identity just yet, the better. Should the man who killed him read that an unidentified man had been found, he will feel safe and probably will not take the precautions to cover up his trail that he might under different circumstances."

"That's so, too," agreed Cartwright. "What's on your mind now. What do you propose to do?"

"There's only one thing to do—notify the police," I answered. "I'm not a detective and the affair is nothing to me, but I've been in the game long enough to know that criminals, a lot of them, base their activities on newspaper reports as to what the movements of the police are. So far, this has been kept in the dark. My only purpose in coming to you first, or at all, before notifying the police, was to learn if you might have something to add to the case."

Cartwright called the police department and before long two plain-clothes men who previously had been assigned to the case were ushered in. Cartwright introduced them to Otis and myself as Detectives John Noonan and Walter Schoumaker, and proceeded to relate my story to them. I had described as best I could, from the appearance of the body, what the dead man looked like, and Cartwright declared that the description, in a general way, fitted Daugherty. The two detectives said that the department had been notified of the finding of the man's body but, of course, had no notion as to who it might be.

"And now that we are all together," I said when he had finished and I had answered several questions put to me by the officers, "here is another point. After leaving Maywood this morning, we drove to the Church home and had a talk with the tenant up-stairs. He's just gotten back from a business trip. I wasn't trying to butt in on the police, but I'm a newspaper writer and I guess just naturally newsy, and I knew that regardless of whether I saw Church or not, I wouldn't be doing any harm." I then told them the result of my conversation with Ross, following which there was a general discussion all round.

I learned that Cartwright was aware that Church was out of town. Church had been in to the office the day before, asking if anything had been heard of the two men, and telling Cartwright that he was leaving with his mother for a brief trip to his father's farm up near Addison.

I ALSO learned that a thorough check on Church's cash payment for the automobile story had been made by the police. They had found that he had made a large withdrawal from the Continental & Commercial Trust & Savings Bank, where he kept his account, on the day previous to

his purchase of the machine. In a round-about way, so as not to hurt the young man's standing, they learned that he was held in high regard by the firm for which he worked. He recently had received a commission check for bond sales which, with the amount he had withdrawn from the bank, made a total of considerable more than he had paid the salesman.

The officers did not take so much stock in the fact that Ross had not seen Ausmus and Daugherty leave the Church home upon returning from Indiana Harbor, and I agreed with them. They were inclined to believe now that Daugherty had met foul play at the hands of Ausmus, either in an attempt to retain possession of the money paid him for the company or as the result of a "falling out among thieves," which conjecture was not illogical. One thing, however, which they admitted puzzled them, was the handcuff around Daugherty's wrist. Only one bracelet of the pair had been locked on the dead man's arm. The other was missing.

"We have investigated this fellow Church pretty thoroughly," declared Detective Noonan at length, "and I'm satisfied that he's not in this. So far, though, we've been working only on hunches and we've got nothing. Daugherty's body has been found. That makes several things possible.

"It might be that he and Ausmus had some quarrel and that Ausmus killed him and beat it with all the money, or it may be that both of them were murdered and thrown into the river, and that Ausmus is still there. Now, what this bird Ross did or didn't see may not make any difference and then, again, it might, but I'll tell you what we might do—we might take a run out to Church's house and sort of look things over on the quiet."

"What do you mean, search the house without permission?" asked Schoumaker.

"Sure," agreed Noonan.

This sounded pretty high-handed to me, breaking into a man's home without a warrant and I guess it must have sounded the same way to Schoumaker, for he seemed doubtful.

"And after we ransack this guy's house and find nothing, what then? A sweet bawling out from the chief for disobeying orders, and maybe suspension. I'm not strong for it," he said.

NOONAN put up an argument probably more from a desire to win his point than any wish to search the Church home. In the end he prevailed.

Leaving my car in the company garage, we all drove out in the police machine, stopping en route at a news-stand where we secured a copy of the Chicago American noon edition, which contained the story of the "Unidentified Murder Victim Found in Des Plaines River." Arriving at the house the police went at once to the Ross apartment and after a long interview with that worthy, decided that, come what might, they were going to search the Church home.

Entrance was gained by means of a pass-key through the kitchen door which,



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though locked, had not been fastened with the night-bolt from the inside. The apartment was in spick-and-span order and very tastefully furnished. A very thorough search, in which the officers exercised care not to disturb the order of the place, failed to reveal anything that would connect young Church with the disappearance of the two men. In a small metal box in what was evidently his den they found the receipt for the car and the carbon copy of the original and besmeared agreement taken from Daugherty's body. The place was as barren of clues as a hen of its proverbial teeth.

"I think we'd better get out of this joint, and get out pronto," declared Schoumaker who was plainly ill at ease. "We'd be a fine-looking company if those folks should walk in the front door now, wouldn't we?" Then turning to Noonan who was opening and shutting doors and creating a general racket—"What are you snooping around for now?"

"May be off on the wrong foot," declared Noonan, "but while we're here we might as well make a good job of it. There must be a basement door somewhere. Yes, here we are"—opening a door that led off from the short hallway connecting the kitchen and dining-room—"Come on, everybody."

We trooped down the flight of narrow stairs and found ourselves in a pit of impenetrable blackness. Stumbling and feeling his way about, with the aid of his pocket torch, Detective Noonan finally discovered the electric switch and a moment later the basement was flooded with light.

OUR search here was of short duration. Revelations came so thick and fast as to leave us paralyzed with amazement.

The entire rear end of the basement between the coal-bin and the stairs leading to the yard, bore evidences of a terrible struggle. The floor and walls in this area were literally covered with blood stains. Following this discovery the police began their efforts in earnest, and presently Schoumaker emerged from the dark interior of the coal-bin carrying a blood-stained quilt wrapped about a double-bladed timber axe, besmeared with the telltale stains.

Almost simultaneously, Noonan, who had been flashing his light under the cellar stairs gave a cry, and dragged out a bundle similar to that found by Schoumaker. Unrolling it on the floor, we found it to be a suit of clothes of light-grey material, with great dark-brown splotches down the front of the coat and pants. The suit had been wrapped about a blood-stained hammer and a baseball bat, to the end of which clung wisps of matted hair.

So shocking were these discoveries and so utterly surprised was everyone at finding them, that we were speechless. Nor was the evidence that now lay piled up on the floor all that the basement revealed. Pawing through a box of junk in a corner, I found a salesman's manual bearing Daugherty's name and, not to be outdone by the others, Otis and Cartwright, who were on a little expedition of their own, produced a dark fedora hat containing the letters "C. A. A."—Ausmus' initials, and a brown cap which Cartwright

immediately identified as belonging to Daugherty.

Nothing more was revealed by further search. Nothing more was needed. The evidence was complete. And yet, withal, evidence that would make one stop and wonder. Even the most amateurish criminal or murderer, especially the latter, through instinct alone it would seem, would have made an effort to have disposed of as nearly as possible every scrap of evidence that possibly might incriminate him. Here we found initialed hats, clubs, clothes, an axe and quilt, each in itself a document of horror and on top of these, the stained floor and walls, on which not the slightest effort had been made to efface the marks.

It appeared that the murderer, in a frenzy of fear, had sought to hide his guilt by hurling the damning tools of his work helter-skelter at any spot that offered a hiding-place, much as a child might throw a dish it has broken under a sink.

"THIS is sure one hell of a business," Noonan declared, when at last we had our various finds laid out on the floor in a motley heap. "I'm thinking it spells the rope for Mr. Church. To my way of reasoning, Daugherty and Ausmus were trapped down here and slain.

"And that handcuff bracelet isn't a puzzle to me any more. When he had finished with his dastardly business, Church drove the bodies of those men to some point along the Des Plaines river. He handcuffed their wrists together and the probability is that he then tied a piece of stone to the leg of one of them and threw them into the river. I believe that those handcuffs broke, allowing Daugherty's body to float to the shallow spot where it was found, and that the remains of Ausmus will be found in the deeper water.

"That was the wisest thing you ever did arguing with me against coming here," he continued, addressing Schoumaker. "I wasn't particular about coming and I didn't expect to find anything if we did come, but when you talked against it I was stubborn and insisted on having my way. Had you agreed to it readily in the first place, the chances are that we wouldn't have come.

"My God, there's one thing I can't understand—why that damn fool didn't dispose of this stuff? He could have left this place as bare of evidence as the floor above had he had any brains. But we've got a lot of work to do. Let's get busy. We can talk later."

The machinery of the law was immediately put into action. Within the hour, in response to a telephone call to headquarters by Noonan, a deputy coroner accompanied by several detectives and a representative of the state attorney's office, had arrived, carefully examined the premises and made photographs of the basement and the evidence found. The bloody relics were then appropriated by the state attorney's representative for safe-keeping and presentations to the grand jury.

In the meantime a wire had been dispatched to the chief of police at Addison, Wisconsin, ordering the immediate apprehension of Harvey Church. He was arrested driving in the streets of Addison,

accompanied by his mother and father, and though extradition papers had already been issued, it was learned—somewhat to the surprise of the police—that Church would not fight being brought back to Cook County. It was at first suspected that he had not been made aware of the nature of the charges against him, but this was later learned to be wrong.

ONCE started on a clue, the police work with remarkable rapidity. Before nightfall, squads from the Town Hall station, Chicago, were busily engaged dragging the Des Plaines River, around the vicinity where Daugherty's body had been found, in an effort to bring that of Ausmus to the surface.

With the first definite knowledge that Church was safely under arrest, the information was released to the papers that the man found in the river was Daugherty, and thousands of persons from Chicago and the near vicinity crowded the river banks watching the officers at work.

The following morning Harvey Church was brought under heavy guard from Addison, Wisconsin. He was taken immediately to the office of the state attorney where, after brief and unimportant preliminary questioning, he was accused of the murder of both Daugherty and Ausmus and faced with the evidence of his guilt.

During the first part of the interrogation, Church made brief and, for the most part, unsatisfactory answers to the questions put to him, but at sight of the bloody relics he shut up like a clam and seemed stunned. When pressed harder he became impatient and made a vehement denial of having had anything whatsoever to do with the killing of the two men—"if killed they indeed were." In view of what lay piled on the table before him—and bat, axe, hammer, quilt, and other articles found, all bearing the telltale blood stains and so close that had he reached out his hand he could have touched them—this line of argument was extremely ridiculous.

However, any surprise that his stand may have caused those in the room was as nothing as compared to that which came when, pressed harder and harder for a confession, he suddenly made an astounding declaration. He admitted that what had been found in the basement of his home placed him in a "very embarrassing position," but said that if he really had killed the two men he had absolutely no recollection of the deed. To the authorities, this statement carried about as much weight as his flat denial of any knowledge of the affair had, but argue and threaten as they might, he could not be persuaded or intimidated to change the statement a bit; nor did three days of merciless grilling suffice to break him down.

In the meantime, having failed in their efforts to locate Ausmus' body by probing or with grappling hooks, the police began dynamiting the river at many spots where the water was quite deep and where they thought it likely the corpse might be. But this, too, proved equally futile.

HAVING denied any knowledge of the murders and having declared that if he had done the deed he didn't remember it,

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it was hardly natural to suppose that Church would shed any light on the whereabouts of Ausmus' body. This guess proved correct. Approached on the subject, he gave a bored laugh.

"In view of the fact that I know nothing of the affair, how could I be supposed to know where the man's body is?" he inquired.

For the time being the authorities decided to leave him alone and pursue their own course. With Daugherty's mutilated body and the instruments of the terrible deed in hand, they had enough evidence to assure a conviction, but they wanted, if possible, to make the case absolutely complete. In this they suddenly were successful.

Detectives Noonan and Schoumaker were still chasing down clues in the case. They made a second visit to the Church residence and talked again with Ross as well as near-by neighbors, but without success.

Now it happens that while the automobile which Church had purchased was in the hands of the police, it was stored under lock and key in the garage at the rear of the Church home. As it was a remarkably beautiful machine, the only one of its kind in the city, the detectives went into the garage simply to look it over before returning to the station. Noonan was attracted to one corner of the large room, where the concrete flooring showed signs of having been recently pulled up, probably for a plumbing repair to some pipe underneath. Noonan and Schoumaker poked about the broken cement and were suddenly rewarded with the discovery of blood stains. Grabbing up a shovel and crowbar that were in the garage, they fell to work, and before long, the disfigured body of Carl Ausmus had been exhumed.

With the last link of their case complete, the authorities again went at Church with renewed vigor, and succeeded in drawing from him a signed confession. But their efforts were time wasted, as the contents of the confession were of such a nature, that the state declined to use it as part of its case, nor did the defense try to introduce its substance into court at the time of the trial. It is without doubt one of the most peculiar documents ever entered in the criminal history of Cook county, and its text is herewith reproduced in part:

"ALL my life I have been a peculiar sort of a fellow. I have known it, but whether or not others did, I have no means of telling, but a peculiarity that one sees in one's self must certainly be apparent to others.

"I was born and brought up in Addison, Wisconsin. I was just like other boys, full of mischief and always ready for a frolic. As a young child I was not vicious but, growing older, I would have spells when I wanted to kill. Not a very commendable quality, to be sure, but the truth nevertheless. I used to torture insects and small animals.

"Of course when I grew to be seventeen or eighteen, I practically got over this and even when I was overcome with this emotion I wouldn't think of going out and killing a dog or a cat. I never knew what hatred against a human being

meant and my inclinations were never directed toward persons.

"Then came this dreadful affair—a horrible nightmare to me. I had been earning good money and I wanted to buy a car. I looked at several makes but decided on the one that I was driving when arrested. Both Daugherty and Ausmus had been trying to sell me for weeks and I got to such a state finally that I could think of nothing but that machine. It was a very beautiful automobile; equipped with all modern appliances. The price was eight thousand dollars. It was considerably more than I had planned to pay, but I had set my mind on it and decided that I just must have it.

"On the day that I—that Daugherty and Ausmus died, I had been out riding with them, giving the car a final tryout. On the spur of the moment I decided to take it and told them to drive me home and I would make out a check. We drove up an alley and into a garage and I left them there while I went for my check-book. When I returned I found that Daugherty had already made out a receipt. Then, of a sudden, came the impulse. Things went red before my eyes, and great drops of perspiration broke out all over my body. If I could only get them to my house and into the basement, the car would be mine and I would have a receipt to show for it. Then I could cash a check for six thousand dollars and bury or hide the money to make my story hang together.

"I gave Daugherty the check and then invited the two over to the house to have a drink. When we arrived we went down to the basement where I had several bottles of liquor. We each had a number of drinks and from that time on things are very indistinct in my memory. I attacked the men with the axe. Daugherty fell at once and even though Ausmus attempted to defend himself, my assault was so sudden and terrific that he was unprepared and had no chance.

"WHEN it was all over I waited until nightfall to hide the bodies. I intended to throw both bodies in the river, and handcuffed them together for that purpose. Then the weight was too great for me to carry, so I severed the cuffs and buried Ausmus in my garage under the floor. There wasn't enough room in the hole for Daugherty, so I had to take him to the river, though I realized I was in great danger of being caught. I drove out to the Dempster Road bridge over the river at a spot where I knew the water to be fairly deep. Then I tied a rock to one of Daugherty's legs and threw him in the water. First, however, I removed all traces of identification, but I must have missed the additional inside pocket in his coat.

"I drove around all night and in the morning went to Indiana Harbor for my mother and sweetheart. On the way back I stopped at the bank and withdrew several thousand dollars. That same day the police visited my home looking for Daugherty and Ausmus, and you know the rest from then on."

Damning though it was, the state's attorney declined to use Church's confession in court. Though he never expressed a reason for this it is generally

believed that he feared it had too much of the smack of insanity to present to a jury.

On the eighteenth of December Church was placed on trial, and true to predictions, used "insanity" as his defense. But, despite the testimony given by Miss Anna Barrett, his fiancée; her father, Charles Robey, hotel proprietor, and Dan Willard, both of Addison, Wisconsin, to the effect that at times Church suffered mental lapses; and that of Dr. Hugh T. Patrick, specialist in mental diseases, that Church was inclined to be a victim of amnesia, he was found guilty and on December 23rd in criminal court before Judge Caverly—famous trial judge of the Loeb-Leopold case—was condemned to be hanged. His execution was set for February 17th, but was subsequently extended to March 3rd for a further investigation into his sanity, which proved futile. Even then, because there was so much doubt as to whether or not the carrying out of the sentence would be a miscarriage of justice, the execution did not take place until sunset, instead of dawn, as is the custom in Illinois. This gave Church plenty of time to secure a further stay or a commutation of sentence to life imprisonment, but he failed to get either.

It can here be said that when Church finally did go to the scaffold, he cheated the law. For forty-one days he had gone on a hunger strike. It was necessary to feed him forcibly and often while he slept to keep him alive. He sank into a coma three days before he was executed, from which it was impossible to arouse him. There was a death march. There always is, but Church was not among the marchers. Two stalwart deputies carried him in their arms and he went to meet his God, strapped to a chair, his head drooping forward on his chest.

Now that it is all over and past history, were the State of Illinois and Cook County justified in the hanging of Church, or did they, in the name of justice, commit a crime no less grave, if less brutal, than the one for which Church paid the supreme penalty?

Why I Killed My 22 Wives

(Continued from page 32)

There would not have been a chance for the State to have convicted me had it not been for my foolishness in having the black bag with me.

The detectives arranged the papers and jewels on the table, while I was held covered with a gun. Armstrong waved his hand over the evidence.

"Well, 'Mr. Andrews,' what have you to offer in regard to this volume of stuff?"

I did some fast reasoning. I told Armstrong that I had purchased the bag at a sale; that the contents were exactly as I had found them.

"Let's go," said Bell suddenly. "We'll take a chance on this bird! I think we've got a bad hombre."

They made a search of my person, but failed to find two very small penknives



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that I carried in the soft folds of my shirt cuffs.

AS we neared Oceanside, California, I contrived by some maneuvering to extract one of the knives from my cuff. Pulling my coat closely about my chin, I quietly cut a gash across my throat. Holding the coat collar about my chin, I continued to converse with the officers, and succeeded in hiding the wound until San Diego was reached.

I had bled so profusely and was in such a weakened condition that I was rushed to the San Diego County Hospital.

The next day, Saturday, April 10th, I was afraid I would recover too quickly, and I wanted to be considered to be in a dying condition until I knew just what the officers had on me. So I decided to make another pretended attempt at suicide. However, forestalling such an attempt, my hands had been manacled to the side of the iron hospital cot.

During the afternoon I pleaded with the nurse and then with the officers to have the manacles removed, complaining that I was growing stiff and cramped from my strained position. I finally succeeded. The nurse interceded in my behalf, saying: "Please take them off; the poor man is in a dying condition."

About an hour later I addressed the nurse weakly: "Nurse, will you please bring me a cold drink? I am burning up."

As she returned with the water, I took the second knife I had secreted and cut the arteries in my wrist. With a scream for help, she knocked the knife from my hand. Prompt treatment staunched the flow of blood, and then the wounds were sewed and bound.

The mystery of where I got the knives puzzled the officers. One of them remarked: "Where in hell does he get these knives?"

No one suspected that I was not in dead earnest.

As soon as I was pronounced physically fit, I was brought back to Los Angeles, where for some days I was supposed to be hovering between life and death.

I now began paving a way to fight for my life. I was fortunate in securing the services of J. Morgan Marmaduke, one of the best criminal lawyers on the Pacific Coast, to conduct my defense.

IN the meantime, through a confederate, a member of my organization, I dispatched a number of letters to wives, some of whom I knew would dodge the humiliation of a connection with a man of my type, and others in whom I had some confidence, like Mrs. Bussé [see previous editorial note regarding names], to whom I wrote, as the following text indicates:

DEAR MADAM: I am writing in behalf of a certain person whose name I will not mention, but whose identity you will recognize. His message to you is the following:

Under no circumstances attempt to come to Los Angeles, as you could in no way be of assistance. And do not attempt to communicate with me unless advised by my attorney. Owing to my mental condition for the past few years I am not altogether to blame for this trouble.

I am having a certain property transferred to you, and the 500 dollars in the San Diego bank is still there, less what

you have checked out. Go ahead and draw the entire amount at once.

The above is his message and should you desire to do so you may communicate with his attorney, J. Morgan Marmaduke, of this city.

A. B.

Sheriff Cline and his staff were working diligently on a voluminous bulk of evidence—a conflicting and confusing mass—to get it in legal shape. In a week's time, Chief Al Manning, Superintendent of the Criminal Department, and Detectives Coutts and Bell, had sufficient evidence to convict me on a bigamy charge.

A wire from the Washington officials now overwhelmed me with a ghastly fear. The message stated:

We expect identification of the body found at Plum Station, Washington, as that of Betty Pryor.

I was in a serious frame of mind, not knowing what progress the officers had made. I felt I could fathom the situation. Somehow I could intuitively plan the certain sanctuary of life and future possibilities. This unknown equation, finally, like an enormous pressure, forced me to submit to the plan of my confession, on condition that I receive a life sentence in San Quentin.

I was trying desperately to come to definite terms with District Attorney Woolwine.

Not knowing what my confession would be, he insisted on taking my statements first, and then, he promised, if it impressed him as being truthful, and appeared to be a full and free confession, he would agree to recommend a life sentence.

I MADE a partial confession—enough to gain my point.

Successful concealment of the Corpus Delicti was my hope of security and immunity. I drew a map of the place where the body of Nina Lee Deloney could be found. I still pretended to be in a dying condition, and I knew that they never would find the body without me.

The next day a posse formed to engage in the hunt. They left Los Angeles at eleven o'clock in the evening and drove continually for twelve hours, with a short stop at San Diego.

As the road winds down from the precipitous mountain trail and reaches the flat of the desert at Devil Cañon, a bridge marks the beginning of the paved road to El Centro.

I told the officials that I had hidden the body of Nina Lee Deloney in a cañon between there and Coyote Creek, farther along the road.

But when they arrived at the spot they found the directions and the map indefinite. All day the men persisted in their gruesome hunt with a dogged determination to find the corpse of my slain wife, but the desert had refused to give up its dead and Nina's body lay buried in the sands of Imperial Valley where I had placed it. It was impossible for anyone to have found the spot.

And now, even after my confession, the Corpus Delicti was lacking. There could be no conviction unless the body could be produced. I now had things coming my way.

We arranged the details of a compromise. I called for my attorney, J. Morgan Marmaduke, and a pact with the authorities was completed substantially as follows:

In return for a complete confession of my crimes, and information as to where the body of Nina Lee Deloney could be found, and a plea of guilty to first-degree murder when arraigned, the prosecutor's forces would request the Trial Judge that a life-imprisonment sentence be passed.

I began my confession. I assured him I wanted to make a clean breast of all my crimes.

I gave details as meagerly as possible, yet I recalled the District Attorney's injunction that my confession should show evidence of being true and complete, so I confessed to the murder of four women, and numerous bigamous marriages.

I now expressed my willingness to go to Borego Valley at once and show the burial place of Nina Lee Deloney, as soon as I was physically fit to travel.

WE left El Centro in the morning for the lonely cañon. I was taken by ambulance over the smooth concrete road, about thirty miles, to the vicinity in which some time ago I had left my camping automobile, and from which I proceeded with my burden to the remote spot where I buried it. From there, and in the region where the vain search had been made, this remarkable procession moved.

"I'll find the body," I declared confidently. "I'll show you I didn't lie about it."

A hundred people or more followed that strange caravan, so like a funeral, across the desert to the grave.

It was at 9.55 A. M. May 4, 1921, that Nina Lee Deloney's grave gave up its dead. Thus I linked the proof to my chain of amazing crimes.

Nina was taken from her nameless grave to be buried in her old Kentucky home.

My fate now apparently rested in the hands of Judge Frank P. Willis. But one contingency could relieve the court of that responsibility—the verdict of the alienists. Another fact was evident: The identification of Nina Lee Deloney would depend solely upon my testimony. The body was unclad and its condition precluded identification by her relatives.

For these reasons, Judge Willis decided he would accept the District Attorney's recommendation.

Pointing out that the question of my sanity had been raised, Judge Willis designated Doctor Louis Webber and Doctor Charles Allen, both of whom were experts, to submit a report to him. Should they declare that I was insane, I would be incarcerated in an asylum. If I was found sane, however, then the court would either sentence me to life imprisonment or to death on the gallows.

Following the many delays and setbacks encountered by those investigating my case prior to the location of the body of Nina, the rapidity with which the legal machinery now moved was remarkable.

At 11.10 the Grand Jury voted an indictment.

At 11.17 the indictment was filed with Judge Willis.

At 11.30 I was brought into the courtroom.

At 11.32 I was arraigned.

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Each additional line, 10 cents extra. Kute Kards make it easy to get acquainted. Pass unnoticed. Send stamps or money order.

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It sets them going. Young folks are enamored by those tantalizing tunes. Be the Jazz King with your

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Teach yourself, 3 free lessons give you quick easy start. Try any instrument in your own home 6 days free. See what you can do. Easy terms if you decide to buy. Send now for beautiful free literature. A postal brings details.

**Buescher Band Instrument Co. (6)
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At 11.35 I pleaded guilty to the charge of murder.

At 11.40 I was being escorted from the court-room to the county jail, where I was officially photographed for the rogues' gallery and was then returned to my cell in the county jail.

JUDGE WILLIS said, in part:

"You offered to plead guilty and furnish proof of the Corpus Delicti of the case in exchange for a recommendation for life imprisonment. You have furnished the evidence of your own infamy and they have made the promised recommendation.

"From the nature of the case, all who know the District Attorney are convinced that it is with the utmost reluctance that he accepts a plea of guilty under these restrictions. In the opinion of the Court, however, his decision in this matter was a wise and judicious move and warranted by the difficulties which must be overcome to bring the defendant to justice.

"According to the report of the physicians appointed to examine into your physical and mental condition, I find you to be physically unsound, mentally deficient, and morally depraved. I further find you are capable of distinguishing between right and wrong.

"Under the medical report made in open court, and upon the recommendation of the District Attorney, I have concluded to fix the punishment as imprisonment . . . in the State Prison at San Quentin for the period of your natural life."

All too soon came the day for my departure for San Quentin. I was accompanied by a heavy guard and a large num-

ber of newspaper correspondents. Various and conflicting were my thoughts as we went on the ferry-boat across the bay. I thought of the many times I had crossed this way with wives and sweethearts, on pleasure and business bent!

I viewed the beautiful outline of the shores—a vast and wondrous amphitheater, encircled by the deep green of nature's radiant smiles. It was near the noon hour as the cars sped over the smooth highway that skirted the hills of Marin County on the winding lap of my last journey. The sun disappeared behind a cloud and was hopelessly struggling to throw a ray of light on the grey walls of San Quentin Prison—those grim battlements of lost hope and desolation. As I stood at the mammoth iron gate of this huge mausoleum wherein was my sepulcher, its terrifying power overwhelmed me. To spend the balance of my natural life behind these grim walls!

A key grated in the ponderous lock. The huge gates swung open. . . .

FICTION written by the novelist is weak in comparison with the tragedy in real life. All life teems with tragedies. Strange and awful deeds are perpetrated—crimes the world never knows—and when a career like mine is brought to light it is received with amazement and incredulity.

But, as Lucretius says in his immortal work, "On the Nature of Things":

"Violence and hurt tangle every man in their toils, and for the most part fall on the head of him from whom they had their rise."

THE END

How I Captured "Bluebeard" Watson

(Continued from page 34)

are two women in the office. One wants some work done, but she has no money.

"She says she wants us to find out where her husband spends his time. She also says that he took \$2,600 from her and that she wants it back; that he took the money to invest in a bank up North and that she never has been able to get anything out of him about it. She says she will pay us out of that money if we get it back for her, and that if we don't she will pay us some way as fast as she can.

"Also, she says he goes away for several weeks at a time and she does not know what he does—he refuses to tell her."

"**BOYS**, I want to tell you that last sentence was enough to keep any detective off the case. It almost kept me off of it—the biggest wholesale murder case on the Coast, if not in the whole country. I thought it was just the ordinary domestic trouble.

"But I gave the order which started the unraveling of the tangled facts destined to startle the entire world.

"When and where could you find a detective agency which would undertake such an investigation as this appeared to be? This woman said she would give us part of the money we recovered; but what were the chances of recovering any of it? There would be days, perhaps weeks, of shadowing before we uncovered the slightest clue—would it be merely to a missing hus-

band? These family squabbles come so often to the office of every detective; how were we to know that this might be different?

"Fate played the first card—the call—and I played back by telling Armstrong to dig into the facts and help the poor woman out.

"He did dig into the facts. And he found plenty. So much that he became excited and called me back a little later.

"The woman told Armstrong she was Mrs. Walter Andrews; that she lived in Hollywood, and that she was formerly Miss Elizabeth Hess, a dressmaker of Spokane, Washington. [Editor's Note: This is not this woman's actual name. She is still living. It is not the intention of the editors or the publishers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES to bring distress upon anyone.] She said she married Andrews in Spokane, November 8, 1919, some time after she met him in Chicago. After the marriage, she said, they moved into a little bungalow in Hollywood. Soon after their arrival there, she went on, Andrews told her he was engaged in secret-service work and that he would have to be away from home a great deal of the time.

"He did leave her for weeks at a time, she said, until, when he refused repeatedly to give her any definite information about her money, she determined to ask our office to investigate.

"On Sunday, March 7, he was away all

night and returned about daybreak March 8. After sleeping several hours, he took her to Catalina. On the boat, he opened a mysterious black bag that he always carried, took out a pack of Liberty Bonds, several thousands of dollars' worth, wrapped in a strip of linen cloth, and said they were for her.

"Now, as you know, to mention March 7 to any of my men was like throwing a red flag before an already infuriated bull."

WE knew. That night two men rang the night-bell of the Fifth Street Department Store, told the night-watchman they were Nick Harris' detectives, placed him under what he thought was arrest, handcuffed him, and bound and gagged him with strips of linen cloth they tore from the counter coverings. They then found the sweeper on the second floor and treated him in the same way. With the only two men in the store bound and gagged, the burglars blew the safe and escaped with \$32,000 in cash and a lot of Liberty Bonds and private papers.

"So when this woman mentioned March 7, Liberty Bonds, and strips of linen cloth," Harris said, "Armstrong lost no time in calling me and telling me he believed we were on the trail of one of the men mixed up in that Fifth Street store job."

"In checking other dates on which Mrs. Andrews said her husband had left her, we found that they corresponded with the dates of various bank robberies in Hynes, Norwalk, and Los Molinas, all small suburbs of Los Angeles.

"We were convinced this fellow was one of a robber gang and I determined to spare neither time nor expense in running him down. I told Mrs. Andrews to let us know when she next heard from her husband, and with her promise to do so she thanked us and left.

"On the evening of April 8, Mrs. Andrews phoned us that she had heard from her husband and that she was to meet him at the Haywood Hotel at 7.30 that night.

"Armstrong, knowing I had gone to San Jacinto to locate a girl who had been passing some worthless checks, took things into his own hands. He instructed Mrs. Andrews to act as if she never had suspected her husband. He warned her that everything depended on her actions at the greeting.

"She played her part well. Her greeting was affectionate.

"After the greeting, 'Andrews' left the black bag of mystery on the sidewalk while he went across the street to buy a cigar.

"Armstrong, thinking he would have time to borrow the bag long enough to see what was inside, attempted to get possession of it, but was balked by the quick return of the mystery man. He had to abandon the plan for the time being.

"The husband and wife then went to Armstrong and Carleton's restaurant down on South Spring Street for supper, while my Armstrong waited outside. In the meantime, Wray and Switzer" (two police detectives) "came along and Armstrong told them of his suspicions. Wray went in and gave the fellow the once-over, while Switzer called Headquarters to make the hourly report. A few minutes later, when



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I would like FREE generous trial boxes of both—Jarnac CREAM AND Jarnac POWDER—and don't forget the little Jarnac Book of Big beauty secrets!

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Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Kobi Co., 634 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

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He used to suffer after eating—but no more! He carries Stuart's in his pocket. Hearty eaters—hard smokers—high livers—find Stuart's a boon and blessing!

Why have gas—sour stomach—or bad breath? One or two tablets, and your stomach has the alkaline it needs for smooth, serene digestion.

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Every druggist has Stuart's tablets, 25c and 60c. Or, a full box free if you write the F. A. Stuart Company, Dept. 182, Marshall, Mich. Get a metal box of Stuart's for the pocket—and keep it filled! It's instantaneous relief.

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Othine Will Remove These Ugly Spots Surely and Safely

This preparation is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all drug and department stores with a guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time on lemon juice or cucumbers; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength; it is this that is sold on money-back guarantee.

the three met again in front of the restaurant, Switzer told Wray they had been called to the office."

WE newspaper men got quite a kick out of that, for it explained why Wray and Switzer, a team for many years and pals almost inseparable, would not speak to each other now. We knew that both of them had asked Captain Louis Oaks for another partner. We remembered now that after Watson was pinched, Wray blamed Switzer for something and Switzer always retaliated by saying he did only as Wray told him to do—but, as far as we knew, neither had told a single soul what started the trouble. We realized now that each blamed the other for cheating the pair out of the biggest pinch in modern times.

After our laughter subsided, Harris continued:

"Armstrong felt the city police were not interested enough to stick with him, so he phoned the Sheriff's office, and Harvey, Bell, and Bob Coutts, three deputies who had worked with us on some other cases, responded to the call.

"These men are officers who appreciate the value of co-operation with a private detective agency, something which has proven valuable so many times, yet something which many peace officers are prone to scorn. The combined efforts of several always are better than one lone officer working for individual glory.

"The three deputies followed Andrews and his wife to the Kinema Theater and from there to the little bungalow in Hollywood. Here they maintained an all-night vigil.

"Couts and Bell," Harris continued, "as you know, have been in the Sheriff's office for years, and could have been depended upon to handle the fellow if he had made one false move. But, of course, they knew nothing of the list of murdered wives. They wanted to peep into that black bag and they wanted to talk to him about the Fifth Street store robbery and the several bank robberies.

"The next morning Andrews started for a walk into the hills just back of his home.

"When Andrews went out, Armstrong entered. And when Andrews returned our men seized him. He finally was handcuffed and taken to the county jail.

"Then I was called, and the next day met for the first time the famous wife murderer.

"The black bag was opened. Before our eyes lay the evidence which was to send 'The Modern Bluebeard' behind the great grey walls of San Quentin for the rest of his life.

"There were seven marriage licenses, each taken out under a different name; Liberty Bonds, women's jewelry, deeds to real estate, and a mass of letters from women, many of which proved to be from parents of the victims asking why they did not hear, some begging for just a word of news, and others still from relatives who believed the loved one safe in the arms of her husband.

"We knew the murders had been committed. We knew this man had killed those women. But where were the bodies? No one knew. No one held the key to unlock the door to the hideous hidden closet; no one but the man himself.

"When we asked him about the things in the grip, he professed total ignorance. He said he bought the grip at a Wells Fargo sale and all the stuff was in it when he bought it.

"What a wonderful alibi! What a wonderful 'out' he had planned for himself.

"But the carefully laid schemes of criminals usually fail just at the time they feel most secure; just at the time they think nothing has been left undone. Suddenly they see their air-castles tumble to earth because of one fatal slip. That was the trick that fate had in store for James P. (Bluebeard) Watson, Gillam, Andrews, or whatever other names he might have called himself.

"This was a plain writing tablet, one of those carried in every stationery store. On this pad he used to have his wives write their names at the bottom of a blank page. He always managed to get their signatures there somehow. We found several. When we asked him about this, he professed ignorance. He said he had found the tablet in the bag when he bought it and so knew nothing about it.

WE kept digging through the pages until, near the last of the sheets, we found the name of my client—the name of the woman who had started us on this blood-red trail—the woman who merely wanted to find out what had become of her \$2,600, and why her husband left her alone so often.

"To 'Bluebeard' Watson that name was the cord which was to pull the curtain behind his beastly existence; the key which was to lock the great gates of San Quentin Prison behind him forever. It was the one thing he had overlooked.

"When confronted with it, he shut up like a clam. He knew he was trapped. He knew he could bluff us no longer.

"Couts and Bell took him to San Diego the next day to open some safe-deposit boxes, while Armstrong and I took two of his living wives, Elizabeth Hess, and Grace Walker of Sacramento [see previous editorial note], to Santa Monica to identify the contents of a trunk abandoned in a rooming house there by Watson and located by two of my men.

"Both parties had their share of experiences. The Watson-Couts-Bell party's experience was a serious affair, while the incident of our party was one to impress every home-loving housewife. It was this:

"We had returned from inspecting the trunk which contained the blood-stained fur, later identified as having belonged to Nina Lee Deloney, whose body, as you know, was dug up from the mountain grave down in the Imperial Valley. She had married Watson December 5th, 1919, as Charles N. Harvey.

"Mrs. Walker suddenly dropped her head and seemed about to break down. Elizabeth Hess, in trying to brace her up, said:

"Dear, don't give up now when the officers will need our help so much. Just think how fortunate you and I are that we are alive and well. Think of those other poor women lying somewhere out there in unknown graves!"

"Yes," Mrs. Walker replied, "I know; and I'm not going to break down. I was only thinking—thinking how I used to sit up, just a short time ago, and put up jelly

and jam; and how I always put a jar or two in his grip when he would make those trips, because I knew he would not be able to get any at the hotels he stopped in. And to think how he was deceiving me!

"MISS HESS spoke up and, with a brave attempt at a smile, asked: 'Dearie, was that currant jam you made?'"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Walker. "Well," said Miss Hess, "he used to bring it to my house and we would eat it. I want to tell you it was good and I want to ask you for the recipe."

"The idea of those two wives of Watson talking about 'currant jam' at a time like this! It seemed ridiculous. Then the seriousness of it dawned on me—just the touch of a woman's hand—that last thoughtfulness of the true, loving wife."

"Meantime, Coutts and Bell were having their party. They stopped their car at San Juan Capistrano. In some mysterious way, Watson obtained a knife. After getting back into the car, he cut his throat from ear to ear."

"He rode, with his throat cut, for nearly two miles before he could be taken to a hospital."

"Later, in the hospital, he managed to cut the arteries in both wrists."

"Fate, however, was not going to permit him to escape the wrath of outraged Justice. After a few weeks, he recovered."

"But, fearing the death that mortal man-made laws would mete out to him, he planned a way to prevent it. It was then that he called the District Attorney to the county hospital and offered to make a confession if he would be granted life imprisonment."

"What else could the prosecuting officers do? What could District Attorney Woolwine gain?"

"Down in my heart, I know Woolwine would have given a good deal to have sent Watson to the gallows. But he could do nothing but that which he did—promise this fiend life imprisonment to get a confession. If he had not, we only could have convicted him of a lesser crime, sent him up for a few years, then again he would have been free to attempt to practice his dastardly deeds on others of our unsuspecting women."

"So the promise was made and Watson confessed to killing four women, among whom was Nina Lee Deloney, whose grave we afterward found. We are sure he killed sixteen to twenty."

"And my only plea now," Harris said, concluding his story, "is that the great God, in His wisdom, may guide the minds of the future officials of California so they never will permit this or any similar monster in flesh and blood again to insert an advertisement in any newspaper stating that such a monster would like to meet a 'woman of refinement.' May God forbid!"

She Sensed the Depth of His Admiring Glances

HOW it thrilled her to note his new tenderness and interest. She felt at perfect ease for once; she knew she reflected a feminine beauty heightened by a smooth, lovely skin, free from offending hair.

Her good friend Janet had told her about the wonders of Del-a-tone.

For nearly twenty years this perfect, effective, safe, easy-to-use hair remover has graced the toilet tables of discriminating beauty-seekers. Millions rely on it today. No other method will do. Del-a-tone is the aristocrat of depilatories—once used, experimenting is at an end.

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You may test Del-a-tone (powder) or the new Del-a-tone Cream, without a cent of expense.

Read the generous offer below. Send today for a liberal supply, or purchase at your favorite drug or department store. They all have it, or can get it, for Del-a-tone is needed and wanted.

Apply Del-a-tone to arms, limbs, face, back of neck—large surfaces or small. After only three minutes, rinse off and all hair is gone. It will not return thicker or coarser. Notice how white and velvety smooth your skin is after using Del-a-tone. Prominent physicians and beauty experts recom-



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The new Del-a-tone Cream is the only snow-white, fragrant hair-removing cream that removes hair in 3 minutes. Has the same wonder working qualities of old reliable Del-a-tone (powder). Demand Del-a-tone; shun substitutes.

At drug and department stores or sent, prepaid, anywhere in U. S. A. in plain wrapper for one dollar—a big economy. State whether you wish Del-a-tone or Del-a-tone Cream.

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See page 66 for Important
Announcement



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GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

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Test it free if you wish. Simply write for special outfit. Or go to nearest druggist. A few cents' worth restores color perfectly. Money returned if not amazed and delighted.

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CLUZELLE, Dept. 27
45 West 57th Street, New York City

The Truth About the Great Hollywood Murder

(Continued from page 21)

vanity, and not his heart, had been pierced. That it was his vanity and not his heart made him the more dangerous.

Rogers, past forty, was too keen and too worldly-wise to threaten Cora or even suggest he intended to keep her letters. He was kind and attentive to her, trying to reawaken in her the interest which had smoldered out with the entrance of Baldwin into her life.

NEVER had Rogers been more solicitous. Certainly she could have the letters, kept only as mementos of their friendship. They were scattered about—he would gather them in a day or so and would send them to her or she could come and get them.

Cora didn't encourage Rogers in making love to her. He didn't stress the point, after his evident failure. There would be other evenings—he would see to that.

She went to his home about a week later, when the letters were not forthcoming, and Rogers promised he would send them the next day without fail. This time he told her something about their being in a trunk that had been placed in storage. Cora was in no mood to be trifled with, she told him. He had better be pretty certain that she got the letters the next day. She had begun to suspect Rogers' game.

Gregory, the valet, had heard them quarreling.

Cora, taken into custody on suspicion two days later, told the district attorney she had gone to Rogers' home the next night with her pistol in the bosom of her dress. The letters had not been delivered. She virtually admitted that she had intended to kill the film producer.

"He swore the letters had been placed in the mail that morning," Cora told Blanton. "He said he had mailed them personally at the post-office. I gave him the benefit of the doubt. I told him his life wouldn't be worth two cents if I found he had lied, but I swear by all heaven I didn't kill him."

Blanton, the district attorney, ordered her held pending further investigation.

Questioning of Cora's chauffeur later revealed that the facts were as she had stated. Rogers had accompanied her to the auto, nodded in recognition to the chauffeur and was seen walking back into the house as they departed. A passer-by, whose character was acceptable to the police, corroborated this story. Cora had been driven to the home of the Morrisons, where she remained during the rest of the night. Three persons testified to this.

There was nothing to do but to release Cora and centralize efforts on finding Newton, whose guilt now appeared to be established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

DESPITE my earlier acceptance of the conclusions of Harrington and the turn the investigation was taking, a doubt began to enter my mind. It had been eight days since the murder, but it was still holding the importance of the first

page. In every corner of the Western Hemisphere and in England, the land of his nativity, Newton was being sought. Suspects answering to his description were constantly being arrested in many localities only to be let loose again.

I began to reflect—to analyze the facts as I had followed them in the columns upon columns of news we had received on the murder. In my reasoning I was reversing the theory held by the police. I now began to see Newton as the very last man on earth likely to have killed Rogers.

The very fact that his former employer had sworn out a warrant for his arrest on a charge of embezzlement seemed to me to be the very reason Newton would have for not showing himself around Hollywood, unless he was an absolute idiot. And such a belief had not been advanced. If he didn't know of the warrant then there was no remaining motive for the slaying. He would naturally have felt himself lucky that he had got away with Rogers' money.

True, there was the handkerchief with the damning initial "N." Also, if Newton wasn't the slayer, who had been the killer?

Suddenly, like something from afar, a mental picture of the past loomed before me. I applied the principle of comparative analysis. What would be the reactions of a man who had been thrown over and double-crossed by a woman? What would have been my reactions? Would I have wanted to kill her, or would it have been my desire to wait until she had found happiness and then slay the object of that happiness?

Napier, doctor-blackmailer, had been thrown over by Cora!

Excitement gripped me. It was only with a struggle I was able to keep my mind centered on my work throughout the balance of the day.

Clearing my desk when the final edition went in, I made a grab for my hat and hurried out. I wanted to walk—walk and think.

IHAD been walking rapidly, regardless of direction, piecing together fragments of facts into a convincing, logical whole.

It was as clear now as if I had been an actual witness to the murder the night it was committed in the Hollywood bungalow.

Yes, the motive had been revenge, all right—revenge carefully plotted and planned.

The real object of that revenge, however, had not been Clayton Rogers, the man who had been murdered. He was only the pawn. The bullet that had pierced his heart was intended to break the heart of Cora.

I was turning on to Hill Avenue, a momentary calm enveloping me.

My God! Were my eyes deceiving me? Was I the victim of some queer trick of the brain?

That man! That face—with its deadly pallor, the deep sunken, beady eyes, and

those thin, cruel, weak lips from which dangled a cigarette. An abject, miserable, beaten specimen of a man—an example of a victim of the vicious drug habit about at the end of his rope.

I glanced hastily around. There was nobody approaching from either direction.

In two steps I was at his side. "No cause for alarm, Napier!" As his startled gaze indicated he might break and run, I added quickly, "I'm no copper."

Without seeming to, I had sandwiched him closely between myself and the high fence against which he had been leaning.

"What do you mean by that Napier stuff?" he mumbled, hesitatingly.

"No use trying that innocence gag on me," I replied.

He was sullenly silent.

"So you killed Clayton Rogers!"

I had looked him straight in the eyes as I said it. The words petrified him.

"Killed him," I continued, "because you had heard that Cora Rorebach was desperately in love with him and you supposed that she still was when you got back in Hollywood determined to make her pay for that little matter of six years ago."

Napier, who had stood tongue-tied by the shock of my indictment, with difficulty recovered his speech.

"I'll go along with you, if that's what you want." His words were husky, hardly audible.

"I told you before I wasn't a copper," I said. "What I am or who I am doesn't matter."

I gazed steadily at the tragic figure, worse off than if dead, and my mind

drifted to Rogers, who was dead and buried, and to Cora, whom I knew would be as dead professionally as if she had never existed, and then I considered myself—safe only as long as I was believed dead.

"Beat it!" I told him.

Turning abruptly, I crossed the street toward the opposite corner and waited for the car to Spottswood Park.

"UNLESS you have something pretty good in the early wire report, you can give me the top streamer," Cartwright, city editor of the *Courier*, called across to me, as I went to my desk next morning. "Unidentified suicide at the Stacey House. Not much class, but the first one in a couple of months," he added.

I glanced at the story in proof later. The man had shot himself. There were no letters or papers on his person. He had removed marks of identification from his clothing. He hadn't engaged a room. Went into the Stacey House and entered the elevator about eleven o'clock at night. He had got off at the fifth floor. He fired the shot as the elevator was descending, and was found dead. The description interested me.

That afternoon, out of curiosity, I sauntered over to the morgue. I viewed the body of the suicide. Only one glance was necessary. I had been right.

"Know him?" asked the attendant, as I turned to depart.

"No," I lied without batting an eye, and walked out into the fresher air of the street.

Robber, Waiter, Gunman, Detective

(Continued from page 61)

head as I dropped to the ground between two box cars. I was shaking like a "cancan" dancer. It seemed to me that I tried to move and couldn't. The suddenness with which the affair occurred disorganized me mentally and physically. Somebody dashed over the cinders down the track away from me. The thought that the assassin, or would-be assassin, was flying away from me, gave me courage. But I didn't move. I let the fellow go on. I sat there between the two box cars for about ten minutes, thinking faster than I ever had thought before in my career as a detective. Then I crawled to the other side of the car and walked slowly up the track toward town.

"Who was he, and why did he try to knock me off?" were the thoughts that were flitting through my brain.

I WAS certain that Logan hadn't seen me following him. If he was the shooter, did he know he was shooting at me?

I hurried to my room, undressed and stretched out on my bed. I couldn't sleep. I must have been in bed about an hour when a knock came on my door. I decided that I wouldn't go to the door. Again and again the knock came. Then I heard somebody talking.

"It must have been him," I heard a voice say.

"Sure it was him."

I got up when they knocked again.

"Who's there?" I shouted.

"That you, Joe?"

"Yes," I replied, "who's that?"

"Open the door, it's Logan; I want to see you."

I slipped into my trousers, grabbed my gun, and went to the door.

"What's up?" I said.

"Did you come right home to-night when you left Israel's place?" Logan asked me.

"Sure I came home. I've been in bed for hours. What's up?"

Then he told me the story of the shooting in the freight yards.

"What the hell made you think I was the fellow that you shot at? Where do you get that stuff?"

"I told you that it wasn't him," Green spoke up.

I acted as if I were infuriated at the intimation that I was a copper.

"Well, I tell you, Logan, if that's the way you feel about me, the sooner you get out of here the better I'll like it; and if I don't ever see you again it'll be soon enough."

He protested that he was sorry and said that he didn't know why such an idea ever entered his head.

"I didn't even get wise that I was being tailed," he said, "until I cut into the yards and then I looked back and saw somebody. Why I ever thought it was you I don't know."

When they came into the restaurant the next night for dinner I still pretended that I was sore. Logan and Green were very



Woman to woman Knowledge passes rapidly concerning feminine hygiene

IN certain circles there is a frank discussion of this subject, but there are other women who constantly stumble along unguided. Many of them, of course, believe they know the truth, but their knowledge usually goes no further than the employment of poisonous antiseptics, such as bichloride of mercury and various compounds of carbolic acid.

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apologetic and so was Miller, the third member of the gang.

"Suppose somebody told you that they had you pegged for a copper," I asked, "would you feel like kissing them?"

"Anybody is liable to make a mistake, Joe," Logan argued.

"Personally, I don't like such mistakes," I told him, "and I don't see how you could connect me with being a copper. Do I look like a copper or do I act like one?"

"WELL," he replied, "here's how I came to connect you with the affair. When I got back to Israel's, I told Green and Miller about the shooting. I said to them that I couldn't make out who the mug was that was tailing me. We know all the bulls in Florence and we know all the railroad bulls. When I told the boys that it wasn't either a railroad bull or a town bull they were as much in the air as I was. Then I wondered who we'd been talking to lately that we didn't know very well. 'Nobody but Joe Larkin, the waiter in Jake's,' I said. 'That mug ain't no bull,' Green here said. Still you were the only one that we had been talking with that we didn't know; so Logan proposed that the best way to settle the argument as to whether it was you or not that I shot at was to go up to your room and see if you were in bed; when I saw you in bed I knew that I had made a mistake, Joe."

"You mustn't think that because I'm slinging hash in this joint," I raved on, "that I'm a tramp or a cripple or that I haven't been on the grift as long as any of you. You don't know me so don't make any more cracks to me about being a bull or I'm liable to take a shot at somebody."

And when I did mix with the gang again I was aces high with them. To convince me that they "had all kinds of confidence in me," they proposed that I go out with them on a rattler job.

"That's out of my line," I told them, "unless you've got a good fence to peddle the swag to just as soon as you get it."

"We've got the swellest fence in the country," Logan replied. "He'll buy anything we bring to him."

"In town?" I was all attention.

"Right here in this man's town," he replied.

"Where?"

"Sammy Israel's brother, who runs the Bee Hive Store down the street. We've sold him fifty grand worth of swag within the last two years." Green volunteered this very valuable information.

But there was that fellow Craig about whom I hadn't been able to obtain very much information, except that he worked in the railroad yards as a switchman and relief-car checker. I wanted to get Craig's connection with the gang. I had an idea as to what it was, but I wanted to hear the relationship from the lips of some member of the gang, so that I would be able to work on the crooked employee in the event of his standing pat and denying that he was a crook.

"WHERE is the rattler of silk that we're going to prowlf?" I asked Logan.

"In the East Yards," he replied.

"Where are we going to prowlf it, in the yards or out on the road while the train is traveling?"

"On the road about three miles out between here and Canyon City."

"Are you guessing that it's a rattler load of silk or do you know that it's loaded with silk?"

"Listen, Joe," he went on, "the whole works is framed. We don't do no guessing about nothing. We got a guy in the yards that gives us the tip-off on anything we want to know. We know what's in the car before we dig into it, know the number of it, and everything else."

This satisfied me that Craig was in the know and that he also was the fellow who supplied the seals. And while I was holding this conversation about the job, in comes Craig! He calls Logan off to the side. They stood buzzing for a few minutes and then came over to where I was sitting with Green and Logan.

"Well," Logan was smiling, "the mystery of the shooting match has been all cleared up. The guy that I thought was Joe was a new dick who's working in the East Yards. Craig has just tipped me off."

"You got to be careful to-night," Craig cut in, "for this fellow watches all the trains and he looks at all the seals before the trains pull out of the yard."

"Well, boys," I said, "if they got dicks

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, published monthly at Jamaica, N. Y., for April 1, 1926.

State of New York) ss.
County of New York)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Harry A. Keller, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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2. That the owner is: (if the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Owners—New Metropolitan Fiction, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Stockholder—Macfadden Publications, Inc. 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, 50 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.; O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is, through the (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) HARRY A. KELLER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1926.

(Seal)

BELLE LANDESMAN.

(My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

riding the trains, why, you can count me out of this matter."

"Forget it," Logan said, with a snarl. "You don't think we're going to let that one lonesome dick steer us away from a bunch of dough, do you?"

"You can give him a stall, get him to the other end of the yards when that rattler gets ready to pull out, can't you, Craig?"

"Sure, I can," Craig said. "The train is due to leave at one-thirty; about one-twenty I can tell him that I saw somebody fooling around the cars in the west yards. He'll beat it down to the west yards when I tell him that, for he's all het up about catching somebody digging into the rattlers."

And so it was arranged that Craig was to stall the dick while we boarded the train.

EVERYTHING was all set. I left them about nine o'clock, telling them that I had a date with a Jane, and that I would meet them at Sammy Israel's place about midnight.

When I got away I phoned my boss, telling him to prepare for the round-up, and to tip that new man off, because he might complicate matters and spoil our plans for a round-up of the gang.

"Forget about the gang," the Chief said, "unless you've got the dope on the fence and the railroad employees who are in with that gang."

"I have the dope on the fence," I told him, "and I have the dope on the inside man, and to-night I'm going out with them to prowl a rattler."

The boss came right down in his automobile from Canyon City with five of his detectives. I met them on the road between Florence and Canyon City. When I told him about my affair in the yards with Logan, and how Logan had tried to kill me he was worried about my going on with them.

"I think they're wise to you," he protested, "and I think they're just framing up to kill you; you better not go out with them. Tell them that you're all in, sick or something, and that you can't go."

"If I don't go with them to-night," I protested, "they'll surely think I'm wrong; I've got to go."

"I would rather not catch them," the boss argued, "than have you walk right into death."

I had completely dismissed from my mind the idea of the gang entertaining any doubt as to my being on the level, but the boss's remarks made me do a lot of thinking. Nevertheless, I decided to go through, now that I had started.

We laid our plans. We agreed that we wouldn't make the arrest until the swag had been delivered to Israel's Bee Hive Store. The boss suggested that he place a man along the roadside every mile between Florence and the scene of the robbery, which would be about three miles out of Florence. He also told me that under no circumstances should I board the train or drive the car to the spot where the swag was to be tossed off the train.

"Don't get on that train," he said, "and don't sit in the front seat of that car so that they can kill you from the rear. Get out of the train end of the job and the car-driving and when you get in the car, ride in the back seat and keep your hand on your gun. And for God's sake keep your eyes and ears open. The boys will be

planted along the road at every mile, so that you won't be very far from help at any time."

THE boss's remarks, I repeat, had upset me. I wasn't exactly scared, but I must say that I wasn't enthusiastic about the job when I met the gang in Sammy Israel's joint, after I had left the boss. His advice kept ringing in my ears and I think I was oversuspicious. I thought Logan and Green and Miller acted peculiarly when I met them at midnight.

"All set, Joe?" Logan looked me in the eye.

"All set," I assured him, "ready to go through."

Then Logan proposed that he and I board the train in the yards and do the heavy work, while Green and Miller would drive the automobile out to the cut where the swag was to be unloaded.

The boss's advice was still ringing in my ears: "Get out of the train end of the job and the car-driving end of the job and when you get in the car, ride in the back seat."

"Listen, Logan," I interrupted him, "I've never been mixed up in a rattler job before and I don't know a hell of a lot about this racket. I would rather not be in on that end of the job."

"It's simple, Joe, it's simple," he protested. "Come on with me."

"This rattler prowling is new to me, Logan," I stood pat, "and I would rather not take the train end of the job."

It seemed to me that he was determined to get me on the train and finally after I was certain that he and I would be the only two on the train I gave in to him and told him that I would go with him.

I figured that he couldn't draw any quicker than I could draw, and that I would at least get an even break since I was expecting a double-cross.

At one-fifteen we started out from Sammy Israel's place for the east yards. On the way out I caught Logan whispering something to Green. I got the impression that Green was acting peculiarly and that he was extremely nervous. Indeed, I thought Logan's demeanor was entirely different from what it had been before in my presence. A maze of morbid forebodings whirled through my disordered brain. But I went on with them, possessed with the idea that I was either going to my death or going to get my men.

Logan and I boarded the train when she pulled out of the yards. I kept him in front of me all the time. Not once did he get back of me and I had my hand on my gun all the time. When the train got about a mile out of Florence on the grade and began to slow up, Logan pulled out the rope ladder.

"**H**ERE'S where we do the monkey act, Joe," he said. "Here's the jimmy; you go down and break the seal and get in the car. I'll follow you."

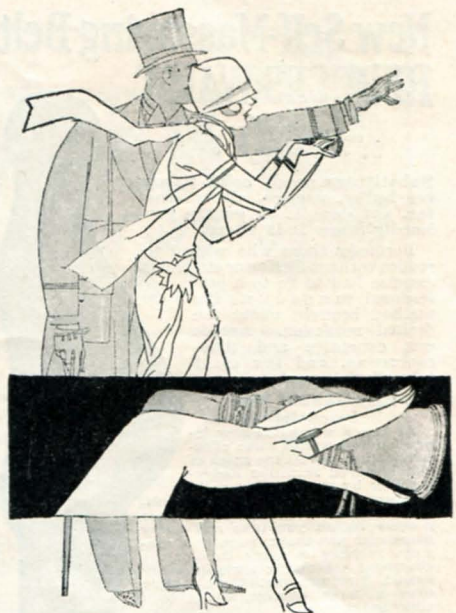
"Nothing doing," I exclaimed; "that's your job."

He protested that I go on and break the seals. I let him understand that I wouldn't.

"I get off right here," I started for the box-car ladder.

"Well, all right." He went down the ladder. "I'll go myself."

And so down the rope ladder he went,



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to break the seal. He got the door open and began to toss out the swag. I heaved a sigh of relief.

Just at that moment I saw the figure of a man come out of the caboose and come rambling over the top of the train toward us.

"Duck!" I shouted. "Here comes somebody!"

Logan clambered down the box-car ladder and we got off the train. We were about twenty-five yards from the spot where Green and Miller were picking up the bundles of silk along the track.

My fears that I was going to be framed were unfounded. These men were not wise to me. We hurriedly threw the ten or twelve bundles of silk into the car and began to drive at break-neck speed back to Florence and to Israel's Bee Hive Store. Benny Israel was waiting for us.

When the car had been unloaded and the swag hidden in the cellar, the Chief with his five men stepped in and shouted:

"Hands up!"

Logan and Green drew their guns, but I had the drop on them:

"Put those guns on the floor," I commanded, "or out go your lights."

"Holy smoke," Logan yelled, "a copper!"

Craig, the railroad employee, was the weak one of the combination. He made a confession, telling us all about the robberies that he had framed up for the gang over a period of two years. When Logan, Miller, and Green ascertained that Craig had turned, they decided that the jig was up so they pleaded guilty and received terms of five years. Benny Israel went to prison for four years.

I had to be robber, waiter, gunman—detective! But I landed my men!

Revelations of a Crooked Detective

(Continued from page 25)

The Chief, McCarty, the three Central Office men, and I gave Big-Nose Whitey the third degree in the fashion of thirty years ago. We sat him in the center of the table and first started to work on him with the sympathetic approach. We talked to him in a nice easy fashion; we told him how sorry we were for a fellow like him; we told how much we would help him, how light his sentence would be, if he would come across and tell us the truth about the MacSherry robbery. A good third-degree man always tries to work on his subject's feelings before he resorts to the rough stuff. Many men respond to the tender appeal who wouldn't respond to the tough racket.

WHITEY was one of those who wouldn't respond to the "con stuff." "Chief," he said, "I'm dead innocent of this charge. I'm as innocent of it as you are. When that rat, Stein, tells you that he and I knocked off that MacSherry pete he's telling you a damn lie."

"Now, now, Whitey," the Chief said. "Stop your bulling and tell us the truth. We got you dead to rights, and if you come across, why, you'll get off with a light sentence; not over three years at the most. If you fight us and go to trial

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you'll get at least twenty years and you might possibly get life under the Habitual Criminal Act."

Whitey continued to protest his innocence, so we gave him the second part of the third degree. First one of us would shoot a question at him and before he could think up a reply somebody would shoot another at him.

We kept this up for three or four hours, after which he was thrown into one of the dungeons. Just about the time that he was falling off to sleep we came back, woke him up and started at him all over again. The devil himself couldn't stand such a terrible grilling, and Whitey didn't stand it. He finally confessed that he and Stein burglarized the MacSherry Department Store.

The next morning the information that we had rounded up the man who was doing all the safe cracking in the city was given to all the newspapers. The newspapers spoke in glowing terms of the fine detective work that McCarty and I had done, and poor old Big-Nose Whitey went up to the State Prison for life under the Habitual Criminal Law. It was his fifth conviction for safe cracking. Two years after his arrival at the prison he died. Many, many times after that I told McCarty that I felt that he and I were Whitey's murderers.

"Don't make me laugh, Jerry. Don't make me laugh!" was his response. "You'll get over all that stuff."

And I did get over it. I finally got so hardened that framing an innocent crook didn't mean any more to me than smoking a cigarette. After two or three years in the detective bureau I became a human rattlesnake. Possibly I was a grade below the rattlesnake, because I did some things besides framing crooks.

MY district was the Tenderloin, where the gamblers and women of the streets lived in apartment hotels. I soon had collected enough money to build myself a fine home in the suburbs. After I had cultivated the acquaintance of all the high-class pickpockets and stone-getters (crooks who make a specialty of stealing diamond studs out of ties), I made a business arrangement with them offering them protection if they would split the proceeds of a day's work with me.

"Work the crowds in the shopping district, and in the theatre district, and in the subways, and if you play fair with me and divide with me on a fifty-fifty basis, I'll see that you're never pinched."

This paid me on an average of one thousand dollars per week, which was split four ways, between me and the other three Central Office men in that district.

Along about this time I did what I consider to be the most despicable act of my thirty-five years in the Police Department. There was a girl in the Tenderloin called Lily Bell. She was one of the cleverest female thieves that ever lived, and she had for a sweetheart a bank burglar named Eddie Callahan. I never could get anything on Callahan and neither could any of the rest of the dicks at Headquarters. We knew that he was a high-grade bank burglar, but that was all. Callahan never associated with any of the underworld rats who gave information to the police.

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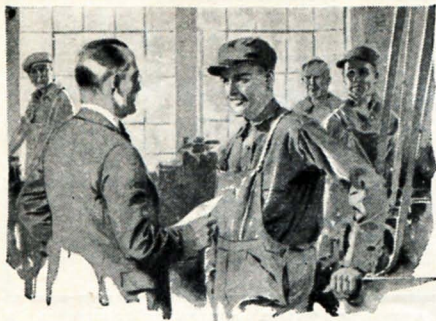
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Lily was a swell-looking girl. She had a lot of sense and she was absolutely on the level with her pals. Many times I went to her for a piece of information, but always and ever she came back at me with:

"Jerry, I'm a thief and you're a copper. I never talk about my pals and I wouldn't give you or any other copper in the world a tip about them. I'd go to the chair before I would squeal."

I wanted to get something on her sweetheart Eddie Callahan. I wanted to send him to prison because I was in love with Lily and I figured that if I could get him out of the way that I might possibly be able to win her. She knew that I was stuck on her and she had told me a number of times that next to Eddie she liked me better than any man that she knew.

"Does that mean," I asked her, "that we could be sweethearts if you didn't know Eddie?"

She admitted the possibility of such a relationship and right away I began to plan to put Callahan away.

THERE was a fellow in the underworld who was a well-known gambler. He had the reputation of being a right fellow among the high-class grifters like Eddie Callahan. As a matter of fact, he and Callahan were good friends. This gambler, "Sport" McCloskey, ran one of the biggest gambling houses in the old Tenderloin. He was as crooked as a dog's hind leg. All his games were crooked. His faro bank and his roulette wheel had never been beaten by a sucker. McCloskey was taking in on an average of ten thousand dollars a week, out of which the crooked coppers in the district received about three thousand five hundred dollars. The police protected him right and left, and he was getting away with everything, while small-time tin horns who weren't doing half the things that he was doing were being closed up.

McCloskey had a good name as a square shooter. He never had been known to tip off a crook. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that I could get to McCloskey. I decided to make an effort to induce him to help me frame up Eddie Callahan.

He was dead cold—absolutely unresponsive when I first put the proposition up to him.

"Jerry," he said, "I've never squealed on a friend. I've been a square shooter all my life and I'm not going to turn rat at this stage of the game."

"Sport," I replied, "this is the first favor that I have ever asked of you, and I want you to think it over before you decide for all time that you won't do it for me. And while you're thinking it over, just remember that I can close up your joint within twenty-four hours if I make up my mind to do so."

The intimation that I could close up his joint probably made him do a lot of thinking. The next time I talked with him he was not quite so unresponsive and cold.

"I hate to think of doing anything to hurt Eddie Callahan," he told me. "Eddie's such a swell fellow, Jerry."

"A thief's a thief, Sport. If you're going to string along with the thieves in preference to the coppers, why, that's your business. You don't have to do what I ask, Sport."

"I'd like to help you, Jerry," he said. "And I need your help, Sport, worse than I ever have needed it. If you help me, I'm your friend for life."

For a week or more he and I talked about the matter every time we met. Finally he said that he wouldn't do it.

"To hell with it, Jerry," he said. "I've never double-crossed a friend and I'll go out of business before I'll do it for you or any other copper in the world."

I HAD a hunch that this was simply a bold play. I had a hunch that he didn't think I could close up his joint and so I proceeded to show him just how strong I was and how far I could go. He didn't know that I had the Chief on the hip, that he would do anything I said and that he would stand for anything I did regardless of what it was. The Chief and I were two of the biggest crooks in the Department. The Chief knew that I could break him and send him to prison if I ever started talking. So he told me to go as far as I liked when I intimated that I was going to put Sport McCloskey out of business if he didn't help me to frame Eddie Callahan.

The Chief, incidentally, didn't know that I was in love with Lily Bell. He just thought that I wanted to get Callahan and send him to prison because none of the rest of the coppers at Headquarters had ever been smart enough to nail him with the goods.

The night of the day that Sport McCloskey delivered his ultimatum I raided his joint. I preferred charges of running a disorderly house against him. He paid a fine of \$500. From that time on he and I were bitter enemies. A few nights after the first raid I pulled another one, but before it I got busy with the District Attorney.

"Fines mean absolutely nothing to McCloskey," I told the District Attorney. "What he needs is a jail sentence."

"Very well," the District Attorney agreed with me. "The next time you get him I'll see that he goes to jail, in addition to paying a big fine."

And on the occasion of the second raid Sport McCloskey received a sentence of thirty days in jail. This woke him up, and he sent for me. I replied by letter, telling him that I had given him a chance to come across and since he hadn't taken advantage of that chance that I was through with him for all time. He sent for me again. When I got the second message I went over to the jail to see him. He was licked. I had him on the hip. He decided that he would help me frame Eddie Callahan.

"I'll help you, Jerry," he said, "provided I can do it in such a manner that nobody will know that I did it."

"That's easy, Sport," I assured him. "Nobody ever need know that you had a hand in it if you'll follow my instructions carefully."

"You're sure that I won't be tipped off?"

"Dead sure. All I want you to do is to find out where Eddie Callahan pulls his next bank job. Get me that information and I'll do the rest."

THE fact that he had been sent to jail left all the underworld gang with the impression that Sport McCloskey was a

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right guy. If he had been an informant he never would have been raided, so the raids that I staged simply made him so much stronger with the crooks that frequented his gambling house.

Eddie Callahan came to see him several times while he was serving that thirty-day sentence and the day before Eddie left town to pull off a bank robbery I knew where he was going, how he was going to get there, just what bank he was going to burglarize, and who was to be associated with him in the robbery. Sport obtained the information from Callahan.

The trap was all set. There was nothing for me to do now but wait until Eddie Callahan walked right into it.

While he was out of town I saw a great deal of Lily. I took her out to dinner and to the theatre. The more I saw of that girl the more I loved her, regardless of the fact that she was a thief. I was plumb mad about her and I made up my mind that I would get her if I had to resort to murder.

I had promised her that I would quit the copper game if she ever decided that she and I were going to double up. "I could never live with a dick," she declared.

During the year that I had known her I never even could kiss her. She loved Callahan and she was the personification of loyalty in every way. Yet she would discuss her regard for me. I really thought that she had a warm spot in her heart for me, and this conviction intensified my determination to put Callahan out of the way so that I could win her. If I only could have foreseen the future!

Callahan and his gang were to be gone a week. I knew almost to a day and an hour the time of their return and by what road they were coming in on. The morning that they were due I beat it to the station with McCarty to make the pinch. I anticipated a gunning match with them, so I went loaded for bear. And to tell the truth I rather relished the prospects of a gun fight. It would be a good excuse for killing Callahan. I was ready to kill him.

"If he's dead, he's out of my way forever," I told myself. "And then Lily and I—"

If Callahan dies, will Lily Bell fall for Jerry? How far does a crook's loyalty count? Read another installment of this gripping story of the real life of a crooked detective in the August number of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, out July fifteenth.

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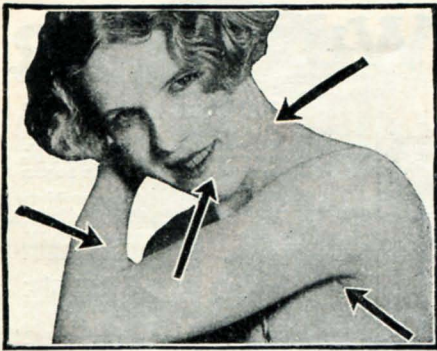
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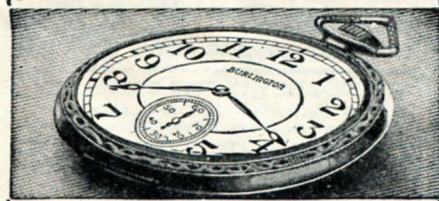


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The Crime on the North Shore Road

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RITA HASKELL was happy. The mother of two children, aged four and two, the wife of a prosperous garage owner, mistress of a home on the North Shore Road just outside of "Midland," South Carolina, popular among her friends and a score or more of relatives, she had much to be thankful for. To crown her happiness, her younger brother, Jim, aged

drew from the "Midland" Savings Bank \$900 on the eve of Jim's departure.

That night many of the Haskell—cousins and in-laws—came to Rita's home for a farewell party. Many of the Bennetts were there also—and therein lay the suggestion of trouble.

Years ago the Haskell and the Bennetts were residents of the valley in which Midland is located. The two families controlled the territory.

There came trouble and a feud broke out. Although the feud

Rita had the fright of her life at what she saw



twenty-one, had worked hard and secured a diploma from a correspondence school certifying that he was an expert surveyor, and he was about to leave home to go North and enter business for himself.

Then came tragedy.

Rita had been saving money from her household expenses during the years of her married life and had laid aside close to a thousand dollars. In Jim's need of money for implements and living expenses, he had no one to whom to turn but Rita. Rising to the emergency, she cheerfully

was settled with the death of old Glen Haskell two decades ago, and active warfare had not been in evidence, still there was bitter feeling between the families. Some sort of friendly relations had been established between the factions as a whole when the two families inter-married.

On the night of Jim's farewell party there was dancing, gaiety, and considerable "moonshine."

The party broke up about two in the

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morning, Rita, a careful housewife, wanted things tidied for Jim's leaving in the morning. She stayed up after the guests had gone and straightened out the living-room and dining-room. Jim was to take an early train and his thoughtful sister spent an extra hour at night arranging things so that his going would be pleasant.

The following morning bright and early Rita Haskell came down-stairs to prepare the family breakfast. Rita had the fright of her life at what she saw. The living-room was in wild disorder. Pictures on the wall were askew. The living-room table was overturned. Vase and scarf had been pulled from their positions on the mantel shelf.

Thoroughly alarmed, Rita awakened the household. Their first suspicion was robbery. In a flash, Rita took thought of the \$900 she had in the house for Jim. Going immediately to an empty salt jar standing on the shelf in the cupboard, in which she had placed the money, she discovered that the money was gone. It was quite clear that somebody who knew of the money had turned the living-room up-side down in an effort to find it, then had continued the search into the kitchen and cupboard until the cash was located.

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine is offering its readers an opportunity to show what clever detectives they can be. In each issue we propose to state the facts of an unsolved crime, taken from records of police departments throughout the country. We offer awards of \$15, \$10 and \$5 for the best three letters showing, in the opinion of the judges in charge of this department, that the readers displayed greatest ingenuity in arriving at a solution of each of these crime mysteries. We are concerned with: Who is guilty? How was the crime committed? What was the motive?—as the case may be.

Go to it now, and show how cleverly you would handle the following case, if you were the detective assigned to clear it up.

Rita immediately notified the town police. Policeman Campbell came at once, looked over the ground, and took charge of the case.

He began by finding out from the Hasskells which of the visitors of the night before knew of the money.

Art Steffon was paying teller at the bank. He had been there. He knew of the money. Dave Haskell, a second cousin of Jim, and Jim's close friend, had been told the good news also.

Steve Witkins, a local "busybody," had overheard Jim telling Dave—and, as old Campbell expressed it, "there was no telling how many ears Steve whispered the news into."

Jim abandoned his trip. Without the money he could not go ahead. He made up his mind after being delivered a blow so vital to his future that he would not rest until he located the money and the person who stole it. Jim was a close student of people in a small, limited way. He weighed and balanced all the evidence in the case and the thought occurred to him again and again that the disorder in the living-room was not natural. The idea persisted in his mind that the person who stole the money knew right where to lay

Ever Take An Internal Bath?

By T. A. Ballantyne

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to duplicate my experience now.

To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge. So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below, and, in return, got a booklet named "Why We Should Bathe Internally."

What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona fide bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water sterilized by a marvelous antiseptic tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J.B.L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleans it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does.

Why Take An Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of those poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing.

Immediate Benefits

Taken before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—re-made. That is not my experience alone—but that of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health!

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally," by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. 291, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

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their hands on it, and that the person who stole it also upset the furnishings of the living-room for a blind.

When this idea occurred to him, he went over in his mind the number of persons who knew that that jar was the hiding-place for his sister's money. Rita's husband, Will, knew, of course. The children knew. To the best of Jim's belief, that was all.

Following his reasoning logically, Jim came to the conclusion that Will took the money. Investigating this line, Jim uncovered the fact that Will's business was not going well. He was heavily in debt and his garage business faced bankruptcy. Though the facts were against Will, Jim could not find it in his heart to accuse his brother-in-law, much as he needed the money. Nor could he uncover any evidence to show that Will had benefitted to the extent of \$900 assuming that Will had spent the money to help himself out of his difficulty.

Policeman Campbell, working on the case persistently, found out that Art Steffson bought an automobile over in Georgia and put it in a garage there. The natural supposition would be that Art did not want his friends and neighbors in Midland to know that he possessed a car. Upon being charged with keeping it under cover,

Art admitted that he was courting a girl in Georgia, and his naturally shy disposition prompted him to keep his courtship under cover to protect him from small-town gossip that was bound to occur when the truth of his crush on the girl became known. Campbell could not bring to light any definite proof that Art Steffson bought the car with money possibly stolen from Rita Haskell.

Then came an astounding development.

Three weeks after the robbery Jim was going over the entire situation again. He went into the cupboard to look over the arrangement of jars there on the shelf. He took down the jar that had contained the money, and there, inside the jar, were nine crisp one-hundred-dollar bank-notes.

To this day the theft of that money remains a mystery. Who stole it?

Here is a problem to challenge your ability. Someone will collect the awards for the solution to this problem. Why not you?

Send us your opinion. Letters should not be more than three hundred words in length. Address your letter to JUDGES OF AWARD, "Unsolved Mysteries," in care of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Letters must be received on or before July 31, 1926, to be considered.

The Trade in Human Freight

(Continued from page 37)

easily represent a cache that had been used for human cargo. I found no actual evidence that this had been so. Telltale litter had been removed. But a good many bananas had been plucked off those bunches which had begun to ripen, and I made a mental note of the fact.

Since all boats were inspected at the mouth of the Mississippi, it was clear that smuggled Chinamen remained buried pretty deep among the bananas through the whole voyage. They'd be released between Pilot-town and New Orleans. I'd already formed a theory as to the method of their release, and shall explain this when I come to tell how I tested it.

My immediate plan was to tip off the immigration officials. But there were further adventures in store for me that day.

I HAD just turned into an alley that connected with Bienville Street near my hotel, when I was politely accosted by a well-dressed Chinaman, who, in spite of his American clothes, bore an amazing resemblance to the fugitive Ah Feng. Here was something more than the racial similarity that puzzles Westerners. I am an expert, and I swear that for a few moments I believed I was face to face with the man I had traveled five thousand miles to arrest. To this day, I suspect he was a blood relation of Ah Feng. I might so easily have made a fool of myself by seizing him. But I kept a close grip on myself, and presently I realized that the moulding of the corners of the mouth, as well as certain lines in the cheeks, established a difference.

The Chinaman named himself as Yuan Koo. With elaborate ceremony and numerous contemptuous references to his own

unworthiness, he invited me to take tea with him at a near-by restaurant and discuss a matter of interest. I knew that I was about to receive a veiled threat. The secret service of the Chinese Tong is an institution of uncanny efficiency. But, with a revolver in my pocket, I was not afraid to meet him half-way.

We sat at a marble-topped table in a tea-room, and he treated me to the following line of talk:

The honorable French gentleman, he said, deigned to take note of Chinese problems in the United States, doubtless with the intention of writing a book. But the Mongolian colony in New Orleans was not large or important. San Francisco or New York would yield me much richer material. He and other compatriots would like to see me go where I could make progress, and had collected an insignificant purse to help me with my studies.

Thereupon, he took from his pocket and showed me ten one-hundred-dollar yellow-backs.

If the average American reader thinks I am romancing, I can only assure him that the episode was typically Chinese and that it occurred as told. This Tong man offered me a bribe to get out of New Orleans, not so much on Ah Feng's account as because I was threatening to spoil the entire game of smuggling aliens through that port. With a face almost as impassive as that of my tempter, I replied that I was a rich traveler who could not think of imposing on his generosity. I then bowed myself out of the restaurant.

I HAD not walked three blocks before I perceived that I was being followed. The neighborhood was a shady one. I doubled down the next alley. A group of

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Chinamen flattened themselves against the walls to let me pass. Had there been time for the word to be slipped along to them, it would have been my last hour on earth. As it was—the shooting did not begin until the Chink who had shadowed me from the restaurant caught up with them. I was then a hundred yards away.

A bullet whizzed through my coat, under my left arm. Another nicked my straw hat. I sprinted to the corner and around it. A policeman coming from the opposite direction asked me where the riot was. I pointed over my shoulder with my thumb, but did not wait to learn the result of his charge down the alley. What would have been the use? It was certain he'd never lay hands on the slippery Tong men.

In the office of my first adviser, the Commissioner of Immigration—he who had so scorned the value of *chock-gees*—I created a sensation half an hour later by describing what I suspected concerning the banana ships, and what had occurred to me.

"I want you to let me go with some of your men to Pilottown, and aid in the inspection of the next few banana boats that arrive," I said.

"You bet your life, you can go," the Commissioner answered. "Here's hoping that if your net catches any fish, the one you want will be among them!"

He turned me over to a deputy named Caspar Dietz, and that same evening we started for the mouth of the Mississippi.

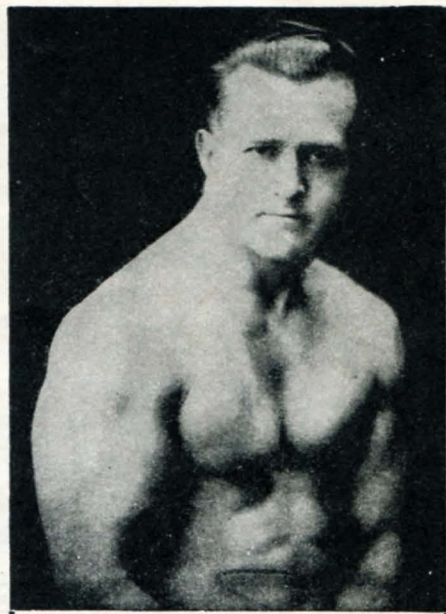
Our first test gave me about as much satisfaction as anything to my credit in a long career.

We boarded a boat from Jamaica. Dietz and another deputy went through the accepted routine of questioning the officers, then searching the cabins and the nooks and crannies of the hold. I immediately went aft to where the bananas were stowed. The bunches were packed between decks with a certain symmetry, one above another, for half a dozen rows, and then a row laid sidewise to relieve the tension. A pungent, warm odor floated up from the ripening fruit.

In my careful survey, my eye was caught by an irregularity in the structure. The bananas here were crisscrossed loosely, and one large bunch in the topmost layer protruded for half its length. I seized the latter by its stem—it was what I had been looking for—and pulled with all my strength. As it swung free, the entire end of the stack collapsed. The bananas rolled away and disclosed, about three feet down, a lean-to of boards. Here was huddled one of the most bewildered and hungriest-looking Chinaman anyone would want to see! I pulled my gun, but he offered no resistance. He merely climbed out and stood stretching his cramped arms and legs. The calm acceptance of defeat is part of a Chinaman's philosophy—unless his life is at stake.

SO this was the way the Chinamen were being smuggled in.

My success lay in my having foreseen that the fruit would be packed in such a way that the removal of a key bunch would set the stowaways at liberty. Quick work must often have been necessary in getting them off the ship at some lonely point between Pilottown and New Orleans. The discovery revolutionized the proce-



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ture of the immigration officials. Boat after boat was raided in the next week, and nearly a hundred Chinamen captured. The leak in the service appeared to have been plugged. But my own mission remained as far as ever from success. Ah Feng had not appeared among the smuggled aliens.

I began to fear I had been outguessed, in either one of two ways. My man might so easily have taken another route to the United States. Mexico had been open to him, and there were boats running on the Pacific as well as in the Gulf. Again, I might have misunderstood the motive of the Chinaman who had tried to bribe me, the yellow plotter who looked like Ah Feng's own brother. He might have wanted to get me out of New Orleans because Ah Feng was already there. If so, I was wasting my time absurdly on the Mississippi Delta.

I could not bring myself, nevertheless, to abandon my hunch. Deductions from known facts are of vital importance in detective work, but so is intuition.

The twelfth boat that I boarded had cleared from Puerto Barrios, Guatemala. The freighter on which Ah Feng had shipped at Bordeaux had been bound for Puerto Barrios. I had great hopes. There was reason to believe the boat I boarded had been loaded before any rumors of our activities had drifted back.

But when we sent the bananas tobogganing, no lean-to was revealed. No discomfited Orientals came crawling out. The immigration officials were for calling it

a day. I lingered, puzzled by the fact that the fruit had been piled in the way to which we had become accustomed, had not been previously disturbed, and still had failed to yield even a single stowaway. Likely enough, I would have given up the problem in a few minutes. But as I stood and stared, I heard the faint squeaking of rats.

RAPIDLY, I set to work to throw the bunches of bananas to one side. At a depth of about four feet, I came upon the dead body of a Chinaman. He had evidently been traveling alone, and his small shed of two crossed boards had collapsed upon him, smothering him. There were signs that he had stirred around a good deal, and so brought on the disaster. But he had had no choice in the matter. The rats undoubtedly had attacked him. The face was unmarred. And the pinched, blackening features were those of Ah Feng.

I found the diamond ring that had been stolen from the General's wife sewn into the lining of the dead man's coat. It would have been overlooked and buried with him, had the body been discovered in the ordinary course of events by stevedores at the dock.

It was a second-rate diamond, really. Its outside value was \$1,200. General Gallifet pressed it upon me in Paris later, in lieu of a fee. I received no other payment for my work on this case. But both the United States Bureau of Immigration and the French War Department wrote me letters of thanks, which gave me more satisfaction than money could have given.

My Encounter with the King of Cracksmen

(Continued from page 29)

floor is of Australian, not American, make. It was made by a crook who manufactures these hand-made outfits in a bicycle repair-shop near Melbourne. The shop, of course, is for cover. Crooks pay him as high as five thousand for a kit of tools made from the best cold-hammered steel obtainable. One of these kits can be carried in a man's overcoat pocket."

"Would you mind telling me at this point why you are so certain this job was done by the Hammerly gang, and how you know who made the bit?" I asked.

"**N**OTHING complicated about it," answered the boss with a smile. "I've seen samples of all the burglar tools made on earth. That part is only a question of close comparison. I know this kind of a bit comes from only one place, and that's the shop near Melbourne. That helps prove part of the rest of the problem, because Hammerly is an Australian crook and he comes from Melbourne originally. Right now, unless some gang has landed in the last few hours on the Pacific Coast, Hammerly's gang is the only Australian gang of safe blowers working in America.

"I've had reports through our criminal department lately that a safe was blown in Oklahoma and ten days later one in Missouri. The work is identical with the work done in the Girard bank, and they have been so close to Kansas previously in those two depredations reported to us, it's reasonable to suppose it's the same gang

who did the Girard bank job. Besides, the methods used on all three jobs correspond, and in none of the three jobs were any thumb- or finger-prints left. That's unusual, as you know."

"Then," said I, "it sifts itself down to my finding Hammerly and his gang."

"Certainly, and it's easier said than done. I'll give you a tip that may start you on the right road. In the Leavenworth government prison is as cunning an old crook as ever enjoyed spending other people's money. Name is Wilson, known as Lop-Eared Wilson. Major MacCloughry is warden at Leavenworth; he'll give you all the chance you want to talk to Wilson. Be careful, though; he's as foxy as they make 'em. But he knows the Hammerly gang, and you may get a tip."

Appreciating the fact that "Big Eye," as we called him, would not give me further pointers, preferring to throw me on my own initiative, I thought out a plan very carefully and followed it practically without deviation.

I secured permission from a safe and vault company to pose as their traveling salesman and got out cards for that purpose. I made a trip to the Leavenworth Penitentiary and called on the Warden, Major MacCloughry, who had previously been President of Monmouth (Illinois) College, Warden at Joliet, General Superintendent of Police of Chicago, and Editor of Bertillon's English and American edition



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book on "Identification." A scientific as well as a practical criminal-anthropologist, we could always depend on Major Mac-Cloughry for any assistance we might need. I told him I was at present a safe and vault salesman and I desired to talk with Lop-Eared Wilson. He gave me all the time I wanted with Wilson.

AFTER presenting my card to Wilson, I made the following talk:

"As you see by my card, Mr. Wilson, I'm a traveling salesman for the Blank Safe and Vault Company. Whenever it's possible, I always like to meet the most clever safe blowers in the world. I have heard of you often, but never had a chance to meet you, so I took a run over to this prison just to have a chat with you. Have a cigar—take several of them—you'll find them the best and purest Havana."

He accepted the cigars and looked at me warily, but in the end he talked. He told me how long it took to open the old style of safe, how long it would take to open Blank and Company's latest bank vault, how long it would take to crack England's far-famed Chub safes, and referred casually to some of the best cracksmen in the country, all of whom were in the police records. Otherwise he would not have mentioned them, for he was no stool-pigeon.

When I had listened long and attentively to Mr. Wilson, I made a remark which I hoped and prayed would have a certain effect. I said, "Mr. Wilson, I was recently in Hutchinson, Kansas, and I noticed something about the location of a bank there that reminded me of the time Max Swinbourne blew the Maryland Casualty Company's safe in Baltimore. You remember that, of course?"

"Sure," answered Lop-Eared Wilson, smiling reminiscently. "Max was a good man, always worked alone, too. Very clever German."

As a matter of fact, I had been in Hutchinson a few weeks before, passing through the town on another case, and I had noticed something in reference to one of the banks, and this something I was about to spring on Lop-Eared Wilson.

"If you remember, Mr. Wilson," I continued, "when Max Swinbourne first blew into Baltimore previous to blowing the casualty company's vault and safe, he rented a barber shop and ran it right next to the bank."

"Yep," replied Lop-Ear, "I remember." "Well—this bank in Hutchinson is slambang up against a barber shop, in fact the shop is in the same building, and funny—but the vault of the bank is against the back room of the barber shop. Strange how careless banks are. Understand, they're not using one of our makes, and you know—" Here I registered a grin and forced a chuckle that I was fairly certain made my listener reasonably sure I didn't give a hang whether the Hutchinson bank was robbed or not.

"Can you beat it?" I finished. "Anybody could bust that bank."

I N this conversation I let Lop-Eared Wilson think I had less sense than I possess; that is, I tried in a natural way to give him the impression I was a trifle feather-brained and careless, and not over-cautious in my talk. Judging from the

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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.

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effect my talk with him had, I had played my cards wisely.

After leaving Wilson, I arranged with the Warden to advise me what crooks called on Wilson at the prison, and with whom he corresponded. All mail going and coming to the prison was officially inspected by the officials of the prison.

I returned to Girard and the attorney for Cashier Andrews had arranged for a postponement of the trial. This gave us time to work. I sent a secret letter to my boss asking him to look up the Stapleton affair in Massachusetts.

I wired Chicago for two good men who had worked with and for me on various previous occasions. One was Orville Hobbs, the famous shadow who had been with me on such cases as the "Trail of the Forrest Diamonds" at New Orleans; also Weems, who had been with Hobbs and myself on that and several other important cases. Both were good shadows and both capable of doing all-around clever work, and active enough in trouble when it was impossible to avoid it. My cipher wire to Chicago instructed them to go to Hutchinson and stop at the best hotel as book salesman, an old gag, but a good one. Other operatives would go from Chicago to towns in adjoining counties, and all would watch for Hammerly and his gang, provided of course they attempted to rob the Hutchinson bank.

All good safe burglars stick together, and "the underground grapevine" reaching from prison to prison all over the world would undoubtedly put Lop-Eared Wilson in communication, one way or another, with Hammerly. The question was, would it be soon enough—and would my plan work out, in case Hammerly did attempt to blow the Hutchinson bank vault and safe?

Five days preceding the date set for the trial of Cashier Andrews, I had a cipher wire from the Leavenworth Warden, as follows:

Hammerly called on Lop-Ear. Had several minutes' confab.

No papers passed between them. Nothing overheard. Believe Hammerly received valuable tip from Lop-Ear.

WARDEN.

I BELIEVED my trick had worked. But I had it? Would an innocent man go to prison for the Australian's crime?

It was possible for Hammerly to reach Hutchinson or any one of several villages close by in three-quarters of a day, via Kansas City, from Leavenworth Prison. This is just what he accomplished. In the middle of the afternoon of this same day I had a wire from one of my assistants in the county-seat of the next county to Hutchinson, stating Hammerly and his two men were there and later in the evening they had driven to Hutchinson, ridden by the bank, glanced at it casually, and Hammerly himself had gone into the barber shop next to the bank and had had a shave. One of his two men had gone into the bank to get some bills changed. After these two inspections, they had driven back to where they were stopping.

I reached Hutchinson as quickly as possible; that is, the following morning. I was in plenty of time, as I knew the crooks would attempt nothing until nightfall, either that day or perhaps the next. There was

always a possibility that they might throw up the job, believing themselves suspected or for some other reason.

In this case I determined not to take any local officers into my confidence nor inform the bank officials. There was too much danger of a leak. I fixed on a hiding-place for myself, an archway across the street from the bank.

By midnight the town was dead as to noise. There were two night watchmen on duty in Hutchinson, which was larger than Girard. At midnight they were nowhere near the bank, nor at one o'clock, when three men whom we knew to be Hammerly and his two men, walked into the main part of town from the north, leaving their auto on a side street near the edge of town. There were lights burning in the front of the bank and one over the vault. It was easy enough to approach the barber shop from the rear, so Hobbs and Weems let themselves into the shop with a skeleton key. The partition between the shop and bank was nothing but thin lath and plastering. The vault was an old cast-iron contraption which a blacksmith could have opened with a crowbar, but the money safe inside was steel.

There was a cellar underneath the barber shop and it extended under the bank as well.

NO sooner had Hammerly posted his lookout, Billy Dwyer, outside to quiet the watchman (if the one who was supposed to cover this part of the town showed up) than he entered the back door of the barber shop with his other co-worker, Art Trimmer, alias the Bald-Faced Kid. They each had flash-lights. My men, Hobbs and Weems, were hidden behind some coal barrels in the cellar and could hear all and see part that went on.

Hammerly and his man nosed around inside until they found a flight of wooden steps leading down into the cellar. They tried a trap-door which led up into the bank and broke the bolt loose with which it was fastened from the upper side. Then, warily, they both climbed up into the bank itself, leaving the trap-door open. This would undoubtedly be their getaway if they got away. There were three ifs to be considered which Hammerly had not figured on in his calculation, viz., Hobbs, Weems and myself. In fact, it was more than likely that because Hammerly had been passing through a remarkably successful season as a safe burglar in America he had grown overbold, and had decided he could do about as he pleased in these United States.

Each of the Hammerly gang would be heavily armed and desperate, that was a certainty. No safe blower is or ever has been a coward. He wouldn't be in such a hazardous profession if he was yellow as to physical prowess.

Hammerly and the Bald-Faced Kid carried what appeared to be blankets, evidently deadeners.

I watched my chance while Lookout Dwyer's back was turned and managed to get into the shop through the back door, and make my way down-stairs. This was accomplished while Hammerly and Bald-Face were up-stairs in the bank.

"Listen," said Hobbs. "Water running up-stairs—they're wetting the blankets, getting ready."

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I looked at my watch. We would give them just a certain number of minutes and then we would creep up-stairs after them, for Hammerly was a fast worker. I counted, "One, two, three, four," and up to eight. Then we ascended the steps, Hobbs and I, while I dispatched Weems out to take care of Billy Dwyer.

"Biff him a good one with your silencer," said I, "so he won't wake up until morning."

NO use to tell Weems to be careful getting in and out of the bank; he knew enough for that.

Twice we heard autos pass the bank, but as Hammerly and Trimmer were managing to keep out of sight, no outsiders knew of the near tragedy about to be enacted in the bank.

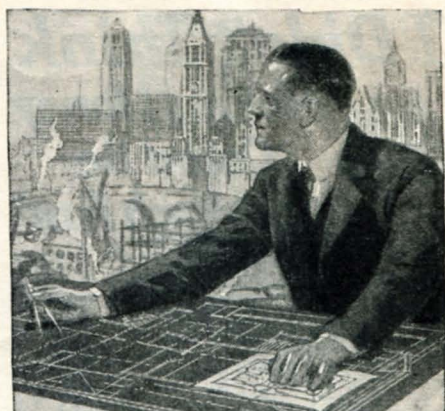
Necessarily the ascending of the steps by Hobbs and myself was a very careful operation. I preceded Hobbs. If one of the cracksmen saw us, our lives would wink out very quickly. Men of the ilk of Hammerly and his pals shot to kill and made no bones about it. They would shoot and kill first, then get away if possible. True, they might lose the swag, the money they expected to take from the vault, but such things were all in the business. Unless they happened to swing a flash-light our way, we would not be discernible. Still it had to be taken into consideration that criminals, as well as skilled detectives, have ears that are trained to a delicate nicety.

From close to the top of the steps I could see Hammerly's fingers closing the cracks in the vault door with putty. This done, he took brace and bit and started to drill the hole at the edge of the dial in which he would later insert the fuse. I stood silently, with Hobbs just below me, until Hammerly began to drill the hole. Hobbs and I both had our pistols cocked and ready for action. Hobbs was so close to me when I made a last step out onto the floor of the bank that he was beside me, but with one foot still on the stair.

Careful as I tried to be, precautions were unavailing against an old floor in a twenty-year-old frame building. For as I took one step forward, intending to cry, "Hands up," Trimmer's head jerked around in our direction. Just as his pistol exploded harmlessly at us, I fairly leaped across the few intervening feet and hurled myself upon Hammerly in such fashion as to send him smashing against Trimmer. We fell to the ground in a heap. Hobbs brought his heel down on Trimmer's gun hand and tore the pistol from his fingers.

While Hobbs subdued the Bald-Faced Kid with comparative ease, I was having a worse time with Hammerly. I tried to handcuff him, but he kept tearing one hand and then another loose from my grasp, until he finally got his pistol into action. He fired one shot which might have ended me, but instead tore through the side of my coat, dangerously close to my flesh. Hobbs helped me put the handcuffs on him after he had a pair on the Bald-Faced Kid.

WE marched the pair outside, where we found Weems standing before Billy Dwyer, who was seated on the ground with his back to the rear wall of the barber shop.



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"He was too little to get rough with," said Weems, "so I just pinched him."

"Now, Mr. Hammerly," said I, "come across about both jobs."

"What d'ye mean, both jobs?"

"The Girard job and this one."

"I didn't do no Girard job."

I soon convinced him that he was mistaken—that we had the goods on him.

Hammerly and his two pals, the latter completely under their chief's influence, pleaded guilty to the blowing of Doctor Hildebrandt's vault at Girard, and were each convicted for ten years.

This outcome of the case naturally cleared Cashier Andrews, known to us now as Stapleton.

The County Judge was the one to dismiss the case against the cashier, and as Doctor Hildebrandt, the cashier, and myself left the Judge's office, there was a little surprise awaiting the released man in the private room of the doctor's bank. Good old Doc was bursting with his secret. He looked like a pleased kid.

On the way around the town square to the bank, Andrews—alias Stapleton—said to us, "Well—I suppose I might as well go back now and serve out my time in the Massachusetts penitentiary."

"No," said I. "Your good friend, the doctor here, and I had the organization to which I belong run down the details of that trouble of yours at Worcester. We find that you were the innocent, self-sacrificing goat for your father-in-law over a kited check in his bank, which he told you as teller to credit a depositor with. You went to the pen to save him, because

you had married his daughter. Your father-in-law died the other day, and they've been trying to locate you through advertisements in the papers, not wanting the papers to print the story because it would make unnecessary scandal. But, you see, Mr. Thomas Stapleton, they advertised for a man named Stapleton, while you were using the name of Robert Andrews. That's probably why somebody didn't happen to pay particular attention to it and advise you. I take it that you do not read the papers closely."

"No—I haven't read a paper since—since that trouble back in Worcester. And my wife—my fine, loyal wife—I could not write her because I knew the authorities would be watching the mails. I was waiting until some time when maybe I could sneak back at night perhaps and see her. For God's sake, tell me: is my wife all right?"

JUST then we reached the bank. Doc was bursting with suppressed excitement, but he had given me the privilege of springing the surprise. And, honestly, I got more kick out of it than out of my fee.

The door to the private office was open as we came along the hall. Just before we reached it, I stopped. Doc was chuckling away behind me.

"Somebody's waiting in there for you," I said, pointing.

He looked at me startled. Then it dawned on him.

Within the room Mrs. Thomas Stapleton was holding out her arms.

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The Luck of an Empty Room

(Continued from page 41)

time was to be lost in getting acquainted with him, so I walked to his door and knocked.

HE opened the door a little way and peered out. He was a decent-looking chap; he looked a lot like the picture I had of his dad. They were both the type of blond man who looks very young for his age.

I told him that I didn't have a match in my room, and I was wondering if he'd be kind enough to give me a light.

"Sure, come on in and have a smoke," he answered me genially. As a traveling man, he was used to making chance acquaintances. I had counted on this.

"Why, thanks, I will," I said, and stepped inside and sat down. I got out my fags, and he offered me a light. We began to talk politics, as men will when they get together. I was taking in the room in the meantime, and I saw an envelope lying on the bureau. I made up my mind that by some hook or crook, I had to get a squint at the address on that envelope.

As it happened, I didn't have to make an opportunity.

Young Stenhouse lit another fag, then he said, "Say, want a little drink of likker?"

"Sure," I responded.

"Straight?" he queried, getting out a pocket flask.

I looked around quickly, and didn't see any water-pitcher. Now was my chance.

"Not quite, partner," I said. "About half and half."

He took a glass off the bureau and went into the bathroom to fix my drink at the tap.

I had been sitting near the bureau, and I got up quickly and took the letter into my hand. It was addressed to Mr. Frank Stenhouse and postmarked Charleston, South Carolina. It was in my man's handwriting. On the back of the envelope was written "If not delivered in five days return to George Brooks, General Delivery, Charleston, South Carolina." I saw the end of the trail when I got a "flash" at that envelope.

"George Brooks," I said to myself; "that's Stenhouse sure as the devil. He's under an assumed name."

I had but one drink with young Stenhouse and left his room. I wanted to beat it up to Charleston as quickly as possible, for there was not a bit of doubt in my mind that Brooks and Stenhouse were the one and same person. Unfortunately I couldn't get a train until nine in the morning. I retired leaving a call for eight, but I was awake long before that. I was too close to my quarry to sleep.

IMEDIATELY after my arrival in Charleston I got in touch with the post-office authorities. They didn't know George Brooks. The general-delivery clerk had absolutely no recollection of ever having seen him. There was no mail in



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the rack for George Brooks the day I got in Charleston.

"But maybe he's been getting mail here. I don't pay much attention to who comes for letters," said the clerk.

They arranged to stick a red card up over the general-delivery window. When George Brooks called for his mail the clerk was to lower the card. Of course I had an accurate description of my man and could probably recognize him from that description, but the red card was put up to obviate the possibility of a slip up.

I kept away from the post-office until they notified me that a letter had been received for George Brooks. The letter came in on a late train from Jacksonville and was probably from his son.

The following morning bright and early I began to watch. I stood down the corridor about fifty yards from the general-delivery window. I stood there from seven in the morning until eight at night for three days and still Mr. Brooks didn't call for his mail. On the morning of the fourth day I saw the red card go down. There was nobody at the window that resembled Stenhouse in any particular whatsoever. I was puzzled. I hurried up to the general delivery window and spoke to the clerk.

"I saw the card drop," I said, "but I didn't see anybody that looks like my man."

"A little colored boy called for the mail," the clerk told me

I dashed out into the street. The boy was out of sight. I felt like kicking myself. I was in a rage. How in the name of the Lord that kid ever got away so quickly I couldn't understand. Finally I concluded that somebody must have been waiting for him in an automobile or he had a bicycle. He certainly had not walked away, because the post-office was situated on the corner of two wide streets and it would take him at least three or four minutes to walk to the next corner regardless of which way he went.

I was determined that he wouldn't get away from me again—if there should be another again. I tell you I was ready to explode when I thought that Mr. Brooks might not have any more mail addressed to him at general delivery. This was the second time that I had missed him by a hair. I hired a bicycle and took up watch again in the post-office corridor.

I STOOD there for eleven days, eleven of the longest days that I ever lived. After the sixth day I wired one of my men to come on so that he and I alternated on the lookout job. Another letter came for Mr. George Brooks and this one bore a Shreeveport postmark. This one, I thought, must be from his sister or his daughter.

On the morning of the twelfth day the red card dropped again. There was the same little colored kid going out of the post-office with the letter in his hand. I was right on his trail. He mounted a bicycle at the curb and pedaled up the street like a streak of greased lightning. I tore after him. How that boy could ride! He wiggled in and out of the traffic and once the traffic officer gave me the stop signal just about the time the boy had gone over the crossing and I had arrived at the crossing. I couldn't disregard the stop signals, but I paused just long enough to say, "Don't hold me up. I've got to get that kid!" Nothing short of a bullet could have halted me permanently that morning!



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He pulled up in front of a big lumber-yard in the end of Charleston. The ride just about put me on the fritz. It was approximately five miles from the station. I fell off the wheel just as the kid turned into the lumber-yard.

I staggered (staggered is the word, for my legs were stiff) over to a drug-store and phoned my assistant to come out right away—bring an automobile with him. There were very few houses, residential or business, in the vicinity of the lumber-yard and the street-cars ran so irregularly, a native told me, that I decided to have an automobile ready for any emergency that might arise.

Mr. Brooks and Mr. Stenhouse were one, I was sure, and I wanted to be ready to follow him if he came rambling out of that lumber-yard in an automobile.

And that's just what occurred within a half-hour after my assistant arrived with the car. Brooks came out and got into a machine. I couldn't see his face. He drove off, and we followed him down to the Western Union Telegraph office. Sten-

house got out of the car, and entered the telegraph office. I got a good view of him and recognized him instantly.

I FOLLOWED him into the telegraph office and when I saw him write the name "Frank Stenhouse, Seminole Hotel, Jacksonville, Florida," on the telegraph blank, I laid my hand on his shoulder and said, "Howard Stenhouse, alias George Brooks, you're under arrest."

He dropped the pen. "Who are you?" he asked, his jaw dropping.

"A detective." I exhibited my shield. "The easiest way's the best, Mr. Stenhouse. Guess you don't want a scene, so just come along quietly."

We walked out of the telegraph office. "I'll be out to the yard later on, Tom," he spoke to the man in the automobile.

He waived his extradition rights, consented to return to Florida and that night we boarded a train for Tampa, where he subsequently was tried, convicted and sentenced to serve a term of five years in State's Prison.

The Voice That Came Out of the Night

(Continued from page 57)

it was time to be off, as I well knew.

"Let me hear from you if you get word from the girl," I requested. "I'd like to see the thing through if there's anything to it."

"Certainly. Of course." He was absent-minded in his answer as we parted.

I HAD many things to do during the next day or two that quite took my mind off the peculiar proceedings in the American Radio School. Once or twice, to be sure, the thought of Agnes Dunham flashed through my mind, and I found myself wondering if she had suffered the penalty of dismissal for taking us into her confidence.

The second evening after our visit to the office of the radio fanatic, I found a message from Bardgett waiting for me at my rooms. It was a request to drop in and see him if I had nothing on after dinner. A request from Bardgett was more than a command from any other man, and I made haste to comply.

I found the detective fully dressed for the street, pacing the floor in unaccountable agitation. He waved me to a chair, and for a few minutes said nothing, evidently trying to banish whatever it was that had disturbed him. Finally he spoke, his words coming with an undercurrent of subdued intensity and excitement that I had never seen in him.

"It's no use, Lorimer," he exclaimed "I must do something about it! It won't let me sleep, this thing; I can't get it out of my mind. I'm no good for anything else. I tell you, there's something deep and uncanny about it."

I was amazed at his display of emotion, but carefully refrained from showing my surprise. "You mean the radio case?" I asked.

He nodded. "It's got me going, Lorimer," he said. "For a while I managed to put it out of my thoughts. Just a crank, I said to myself, and to tell you the truth that's the obvious explanation. But it just

won't do. I can't let it go at that. Something inside me tells me there's mischief in that case. It haunts me. It's impossible to let it go on. I've never felt so strongly about a thing in my life. And if my hunch is straight, Lorimer, we'll be in deep waters before we get through."

His tone was grim as he finished, and I knew that there were things that had been revealed to him that were an utter void to me.

"Have you heard from Miss Dunham?" I asked.

"Not a word. It makes me suspicious. And yet I've waited for her. I've felt that she would come back, even if she didn't want us to go on with this thing. But I've waited long enough. If there's anything on foot, Lorimer, it's moving rapidly, and we can't delay any longer, I'm going to have another look at that office to-night and satisfy myself. Will you come along?"

I STARED at my friend in amazement. It was not the first time that he had resorted to daring measures, but never on so slight provocation. What could it be that had driven him to such a sudden decision?

"How are we to get in?" I asked. "There'll be no trouble about that. It won't require housebreaking this time, Lorimer, although you've never flinched even from that in a good cause. But you forget that I'm an honorary member of the police force, and my badge will come in handy tonight."

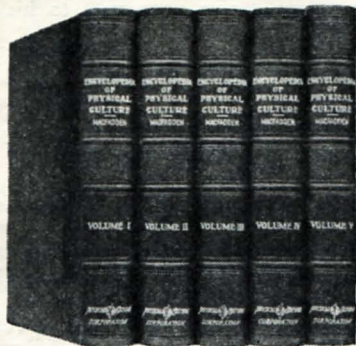
This was an expedient that Bardgett rarely resorted to, but on occasion it had served him in good stead.

"Of course, I'm with you," I said, getting up to go.

We traveled down-town in silence, and in a short time were again in the building of the Radio School.

The night elevator was the only one in service, as it was past eight o'clock. Bardgett showed the elevator operator his badge,

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and asked to be taken to the office. "I'm sure there's nobody up there," said the operator as he started his car. "No matter. We'll have a look, anyway."

The man led us to the door and unlocked it, and we stepped inside the stuffy room. Bardgett switched on the light, and for a moment we blinked in astonishment.

The room was absolutely empty! Table, chair, and radio set were gone. Just a dusty, empty room. Even Bardgett would have his troubles extracting any secret from it. The silence was broken by a chuckle from the elevator man who had followed us.

"Well, what do you know about that? Gave you the air, didn't he, mister?"

Bardgett made no reply. I could feel his disappointment, and the chagrin that must have been caused by this defeat. In a few minutes we were out of the place, on our way up-town.

"That seems to end it," I said disconsolately. "Unless we hear again from Miss Dunham, we've no way to trace the fellow."

"It's all my fault for being too credulous," said Bardgett. "If I'd had the brains to follow this thing through the day we were up here—"

"She may get in touch with you," I put in.

"We'll get in touch with her and at once. I have her address in my book."

I could see that he was suffering pangs because of his apparent negligence, though, after all, there was nothing he could blame himself for. But so perfect was Bardgett in his customary attention to even insignificant details that I knew how he must feel about this.

WE returned to his apartment thoroughly chastened and considerably depressed. For the first time in his career, it seemed that Bardgett was to meet defeat. But a figure strode forward as we entered the small waiting-room that opened from the hallway and served as a general parlor for the house. It was Ernest Clark. His face took on a positively vicious look as he saw us enter; his manner was even more hostile than on the occasion of his first visit.

"Ah!" he said, and fairly snarled at us. "You've come at last!"

"What is it, Mr. Clark?" queried Bardgett.

"You ought to know, you damned fly-dick, you! Where is Agnes? What have you done with her? Tell me or I'll wring both your necks!"

"Agnes? Miss Dunham, you mean?" Bardgett's tone changed. "What has happened, man? Tell me!" His voice rose with excitement.

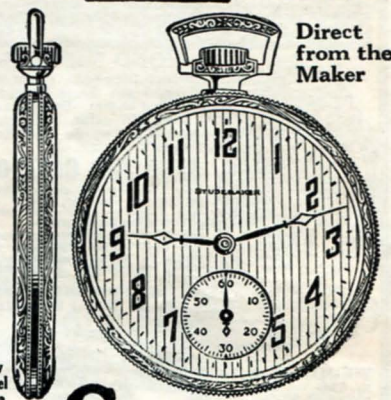
"That's what I want to know!" cried the other. "She's gone, and you've had something to do with it!"

"You're talking nonsense, Clark! We've just been looking for her. I was about to get her address to call on her. You say she's disappeared?"

There could be no misunderstanding the intensity of his tone, and even Clark was compelled to realize the sincerity of his interest.

"She's gone, I tell you," he said in a calmer tone. "Nobody knows where. She hasn't been heard of for two whole days."

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Bardgett gripped his arm. "Come upstairs," he said. "This is serious. Perhaps we can get some light on it."

Seated in Bardgett's comfortable chair, our visitor told us what he knew. Miss Dunham had returned home after her unfortunate visit with us to her office, and had received a telephone call later in the day, according to her landlady. She had gone out immediately, leaving no word, and had not returned. It evidently had not been her intention to remain away, for she had taken no clothing, nor had she made any other preparations for a long stay.

"I waited all of yesterday and to-day to hear from her," said Ernest, "and when she didn't turn up, I decided to come here and see you. I knew she had come to you about her job. I thought you'd know what had become of her."

HE finished his narrative pathetically, evidently in great distress.

Bardgett sprang up.

"Curse my stupidity! Confound my ignorance!" He was furious. "Didn't I tell you, Lorimer, there was foul play in this? And it's all the result of my damned negligence!"

Ernest rose from his chair threateningly. "Tell me where she is!" he demanded. "If anything's happened to her—if this is your fault—you'll pay for it!"

"To Miss Dunham? Don't worry about Miss Dunham, my boy," Bardgett reassured him. "She safe enough. It's someone else I'm worried about; someone else."

Ernest, however, was unconvinced.

"If she's all right, then, where is she? Why don't I hear from her?" he persisted.

Bardgett turned to him impatiently.

"You're worrying yourself about nothing, young man. Take my advice and forget it. Miss Dunham will turn up none the worse for her experience, I'll stake my life. But the other woman—the other woman—" His voice trailed off.

Suddenly he turned to me with new vigor in his tones.

"We will ferret this thing out to-night, Lorimer! We must lose no time. It may be a matter of life and death. You are ready to spend the night at it?"

"Naturally," I returned.

"Then we must get busy at once." He glanced at his watch. "Nine-thirty," he said. "The night is still before us. Young man," and he turned again to Clark, "we can do nothing for you at present. All I can tell you is that you need fear nothing for Miss Dunham. If we are successful, you will hear from her within twenty-four hours. Good-night."

I could see that Clark was in no humor to give up his search for Agnes Dunham, but there was no gainsaying Bardgett's dismissal. Reluctantly he took his departure.

"Lorimer," said the detective, "the next move is up to you. You have friends in every walk of life. I want the use of the finest radio receiving station that you can dig up to-night. I myself know no radio fans. I must depend on you for that."

INSTANTLY my thoughts turned to Max Steinitz, conductor at the Parthenon picture theater, and a confirmed radio fan. His receiving station, located in his palatial suite on the roof of one of the tallest

buildings in the city, was conceded to be the finest and most powerful amateur set in this part of the country. I knew he would gladly turn it over for our purpose.

I explained to Bardgett.

"I know Max well enough to ask this favor," I said. "All we need do is stop at the theater on our way down to his place. He'll give us a note to his man to make us at home."

"Good. I am far from being a radio expert, but I think I can handle any machine."

A few moments later a taxicab was whirling us through the maze of light and color of Broadway.

I tried to piece together this strange affair as the meter clicked off the miles. What sinister meaning had Bardgett divined in the apparently featureless tale of the girl and the radio? What had been revealed to him that was in utter obscurity to me? I knew it would be useless to ask him.

Yet he had let slip a few words that clung in my consciousness and beat upon my brain for solution. It was not for Agnes Dunham that he feared, he had said, but for the other woman. Who was the other woman? Where had he found trace of her? The girl had said nothing about anyone else—of that I was positive.

And the unaccountable disappearance of Agnes herself. That to me was the leading event in the whole chain of circumstances. The abrupt abandonment of Thatcher's office seemed to be connected with it significantly. If he had spirited the girl away, it would certainly indicate that she was in danger.

Yet Bardgett had said no, and had been most positive above it. His sole concern now was someone else—a woman—of whom nothing as yet had been divulged. I felt a thrill as I reflected that out of this seemingly unfathomable maze Bardgett would surely find a way. That was the kind of confidence he inspired. He was thinking as deeply as I, and I had no doubt that the case was slowly taking form in his mind.

The cab stopped with a jolt before New York's most gorgeous picture palace. It took but a few moments to explain my purpose to Steinitz, and soon I was back in the car again.

"All O. K.," I said to Bardgett. "Max is boiling over with excitement about it; he wants to be in at the finish, whatever it is. He conducts his last number at ten-thirty, and will join us in his apartment as soon as he can. Meanwhile, I've a note to his man Pierre, to give us the freedom of the place."

SOON we reached the sky-scraper on the roof of which Steinitz had erected his apartment. Pierre let us in. I had been a frequent visitor, there, and he knew me well. He read the note I handed him, and conducted us at once into the radio room.

Several sets were ranged about the room, for Steinitz was always attempting new experiments and seeking new results. Pierre connected up one that he explained had the widest range.

"It will get anything," he said with a note of pride, for he was a fan himself, and had taken part in its construction. He retired while Bardgett examined the set.

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I myself know little of radio construction, but Bardgett displayed a surprising familiarity with the subject. He expressed pleasure because of the weather conditions. "We should get anything there is in the air to-night, Lorimer," he declared. "You think they will be sending to-night?" "Absolutely. Twelve o'clock was the hour, was it not, Lorimer? We will have our night's work cut out for us." "It should be easy with this set," I said. "Just a matter of picking them up." "But we have no idea of their wave-length!" cried Bardgett with some asperity. "Do you think this man is such an ignoramus as to send on any usual wave-length? He has possibly one of the best sending sets in existence. He will select his wave-length with extreme caution to prevent his message being picked up by random stations. Remember, Lorimer, in the first week the girl was employed, she sent her messages from eight o'clock to twelve, when the air is full of broadcasting. Don't you see that his wave-length must be a most unusual one not to have conflicted with the regular radio programs? He has even been able to evade the Federal stations, who are always on the alert to detect amateurs operating without a license."

It was true, and I could see that it might be a formidable task for even such a detector as we had to pick up Thatcher's signals. And yet we might be successful at the very outset if fortune were with us.

BARDGETT occupied himself with manipulating the set, familiarizing himself with every fluctuation of the dials, and picking up one station after another. Pierre proved himself a man's man by serving a cocktail that helped to pass the time.

An hour later Steinitz appeared, flushed with excitement at the adventure that chance had tossed his way. He was enough of an artist himself to refrain from questioning Bardgett, and he and I sat in a corner of the room while I went over the details of the case with him.

Twelve o'clock was never slower in coming. At last it struck. Bardgett immediately got to work.

We drew near the machine, where he was experimenting with the dials. To the casual eye he might have been merely idling with the set, but to me there was revealed something of the strain and tenacity that he was laboring under.

His fingers were tense as they gripped the dials; they might themselves have been drawing communications from the ether. His eyes saw nothing; every nerve, every fiber, was concentrated on listening.

He motioned toward some spare headsets that were lying about and Steinitz and I eagerly adjusted them to listen in. Scraps of programs, dance music, and addresses reached us, with an occasional announcement of a sending station. It was evident that Bardgett was picking up the Far West, where they were just in the midst of their regular programs.

Frequent pauses accentuated the medley, during which we heard nothing but the faint murmur of static.

"I'm trying only the short wave-lengths," Bardgett explained during one of the pauses. "He can be operating only on a

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short medium. I'm bound to pick him up in time."

One o'clock struck. It had grown cold in the apartment and we put our overcoats on. It was a strange task, feeling out to the void that circled the earth for—what? Did we know? Perhaps Bardgett did, but to me there was a curious thrill of wonder as to what the voice of Agnes Dunham might waft us if eventually we got her message out of the air. And if her voice didn't come to us— But I shuddered, and put all thought of a terrible alternative from my mind.

Bardgett stopped once to make some change in the adjustment. Steinitz, who sensed what was wanted, aided him silently. It was peculiar how these two worked in perfect accord during those brief moments, for in other respects they were as far apart as the poles. But in radio understanding they were as one.

MORE experimenting; successive, minute changes of the dial, and long waits; for Bardgett had evidently remembered that Miss Dunham might be taking one of her recesses at the very moment that he was on the correct wave-length.

One o'clock came, and Steinitz nodded, for not even the suspense of this venture could dispel the monotony of listening into space. He had wandered restlessly about the room, and was gazing out of the windows.

The Red Specter of Hollow Hill

(Continued from page 45)

indicate the presence of a stranger in the house that day.

In the library, where Buddington said he had slept, the pillows of the couch seemed fresh and unused.

"I smoothed them out when I arose," was his explanation when Devery plucked at the cushions questioningly.

DEVERY fumbled at the telephone instrument, followed the cord to its connection with the bells. They were not muffled.

Buddington stammered then. "I took out the envelope I used to deaden them when I called police headquarters," he said.

Devery made no comment. The search of the house concluded, the detectives gathered in the hall outside Buddington's bedchamber.

Devery, Dean, and I entered. The covers of the bed were tumbled as though from recent use, but there were no other signs of disorder.

"Looks as though Buddington got up in quite a hurry this morning," Devery drawled, his glance upon the unstraightened quilts.

The old detective stood silent, abstracted, hands deep in his trousers pockets, rolling his dead cigar from one side of his mouth to the other, while Dean inspected the floor and walls.

The younger man opened the door to the closet off the sleeping-room. It was an alcove almost large enough to have contained a bed itself, wide, deep, and high, its sides paneled. Heavy hooks in the ceiling supported wooden rods upon which clothes were hung.

Dean pointed out one in the center.

He must have slept, but suddenly our startled movements awoke him. Bardgett gave a cry, and I was clutching at the receivers while I nodded ecstatically at the detective.

Out of the ether came the clear, childish treble of Agnes Dunham:

"Thou prepareth a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. My cup runneth over—"

Bardgett had run them down at last! There could be no doubt of it; the girl's voice was one in a million. My first sensation was one of relief that she had not come to harm. With bated breath we listened to the calm, even repetition of the Twenty-third Psalm.

Then, as we waited, the message suddenly changed. The voice went on: "Mother, I need you. Come to me. I'm lonesome. I'm afraid. Come at once. Oh, don't be long!"

Agnes Dunham still was living, but—where was she? Was a supercriminal forcing her to broadcast those sinister messages over the radio? Why did Bardgett fear that a deadly crime was being committed? "The Voice That Came Out of the Night" is a story of terror and mystery—and the next instalment will be in the August number of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. Don't miss it.

"It was there they found old Gochnauer," he told us.

"That so?" asked Devery, and for the first time since he had entered the room took an active part in the inspection. While Dean scanned the floor for additional blood marks, even lifting the carpet in the outer room, Devery, in the closet, tested the strength of the various hooks, tapped the walls, even climbed upon a chair to examine more closely the pinion from which Gochnauer's body had been suspended. But in the end he stood in the closet door, apathetic again, his shoulders sagging, discouraged.

Dean admitted that his search, too, had been fruitless.

"The woman must have been slugged here and carried down-stairs," he commented, "but there isn't a drop of blood nor the sign of a fight. What'd we better do? Take Buddington down to the station and give him the works?"

"Nope. Don't believe so," Devery decided. "Buddington's a pretty big man in town even if his nerves are shot right now. If we made any mistake he could bring suit for false arrest against the Department. Think I'll let him stay here to-night and you and I'll stay too. Keep him under guard without a pinch that way and I'll talk it over with him again."

HE glanced at his watch. "Pretty near midnight," he said. "Guess I'd better have the rest of the boys go back to the station."

While Devery dismissed the other officers I went down-stairs to telephone my story to the office. Devery and Dean were with Buddington in the latter's bedchamber when I returned. Buddington was

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Devery rose when I entered the room. "Better rest awhile," he counseled his prisoner. "Try to get hold of yourself. Dean, you'd better call headquarters," and he led the way into the hall.

He closed the door behind him and he and Dean drew to one side for a conference while I loitered toward the staircase, out of ear shot, and lit a cigarette.

At the end of the hall was a window looking out upon the mansions that crowned the crest of The Hill. I wondered how often Gochnauer had gazed from that window at the heights of social prestige to him so unattainable. From the windows in his own bedroom, I had observed, he had another view, of the lights that beckoned from the shacks along the river bank, the realm from which his wealth had come to build this place of mystery and death.

I turned from the view to toss the remnant of my cigarette away.

As I turned there came from Buddington's chamber a shout of such mortal terror as I hope I may never hear again.

Devery and Dean, whipping out their guns, rushed for the door. I was but a pace behind them.

The room was as it had been before, but empty.

Buddington had disappeared. Dean rushed to the window. Devery flung wide the closet door.

But neither outside nor in the room was there trace of the man they sought or any clue as to the manner of his vanishing.

They looked beneath the bed, tumbled the covers on the chance that Buddington was hidden beneath. They pounded the walls of the closet, seeking some spring that might reveal a hidden door or hollow-sounding panel to betray a secret chamber. They tore the clothing from all the hooks. But all to no avail.

Outside the windows there was a sheer drop of nearly twenty feet, too far for a man of Buddington's weight and years to leap unscathed. Besides, the windows were closed except for a few inches at the top.

At last, no further places left to search, the two detectives paused.

"They say this house is haunted," Dean almost whispered. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead.

Devery shook his head. "Beats me," he admitted, nonplused. "He's gone all right. We might as well go back to the station."

He led the way down-stairs, putting out the lights as he went. The three of us kept close together, dreading every shadow that we passed.

Devery paused a moment, fumbling at the lock to the back door.

"Thought the morgue-keeper might have left it unfastened when he took the woman's body," he explained.

We left by the front entrance and started walking toward police headquarters. A block from the house Devery halted.

"Guess Dean and I better go back," he said. "You can come if you want to, Emery. I have a hunch someone is watching the house. They saw us leave and the lights go out. Now we'll slip around the back way. I left that door unlocked. We'll go up to Buddington's bedroom. We won't talk and we won't put on any lights. There's a chance Buddington, if he's just

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hiding, or whoever grabbed him if he's kidnapped, will come back if they think the house is empty. "Tain't much of a chance, but it's the best we've got. No use going to headquarters clean licked."

So we turned back. I'll admit I would have liked to take advantage of the opportunity Devery had given me to retreat gracefully. I was pretty thoroughly frightened and so was Dean, I think, but no man likes to be thought a coward. Also there was that lure of mystery unsolved.

Devery led the way in the darkness of the house. He had impressed his memory with the position of the furniture and the stairs. Dean and I came close behind. Once the forgotten drapery on a door brushed against my arm. I started, almost cried out, my nerves were so taut.

Silently we found chairs in the dark bedchamber and settled, facing the closet door. The two detectives held their revolvers in their laps. It must have been an hour that we sat thus at our vigil. Devery, more calm of temperament than we younger men, began to nod. The dead quiet of the place, disturbed but seldom at this hour by the whirr of belated motors on the street below, weighed soothingly at last upon the jaded nerves of Dean and me.

I CLOSED my eyes. It may have been a few seconds only that I dozed, perhaps minutes.

As in a nightmare I heard a quick muffled thud from the direction of the closet. A woman, young, scarcely more than a girl, clad only in a single garment, sprang shrieking to the center of the room.

Behind, pursuing her, there was a horror sight so hideous it froze my blood and held me paralyzed with fright.

Like some foul creature from some hellish sphere it was, a huge, luminous red bat. It seemed to move on wide-stretched, taloned wings that spread a sickening yellow luster as they beat the air. From where we sat the creature seemed suspended in the air.

Then suddenly, with claws stretched forth to seize the girl, the monster laughed, such sound a fiend might make.

Stark terror seized the girl. She swooned and fell. As she dropped, Jim Devery's revolver barked.

"Dean, the lights," he yelled, and shot again.

The creature crumpled, coughing, gasping to the floor as Dean, with panic-palsied fingers found the switch at last.

With light the apparition lost its ghostly semblance.

It was a man that lay there dying, victim of Devery's shot. He wore a hood about his head, a mask over his eyes, a hideous disguise, designed in likeness to some ghastly bird of prey. The wings were fan-shaped lengths of cloth ribbed with slats of some light wood. His hands, cased in gloves, had seemed as talons at the end of the wide pinions.

Over all this mask there had been daubed some phosphorescent stuff that made it weirdly luminous in the darkened room. The trousers and the shoes were unpainted with the phosphorus. It was this contrast of light and dark that had made the figure seem detached from the floor, disguised its act of walking as a sort of flight.

Even as we observed these things Devery

and Dean were stripping the mask from the wounded man's eyes.

The "Red Specter of Hollow Hill" was—Red Lubahn.

His eyes were already glazing. Blood was running from his mouth and nose. Devery's bullets had pierced both heart and lung.

YET with death's shadow on him, Lubahn's brain was still alert. He knew Devery, sought confession in his last moment.

"You got me with the goods, Jim," he whispered. "I hung old Gochnauer and Margery Mallette. Buddington you'll find below."

There came another gasping effort to catch his breath. Lubahn's eyes closed. He died in Devery's arms.

The girl in the center of the room stirred. Devery lowered Lubahn's head and went to her.

"Get some water," he ordered. "She's just fainted."

Dean brought some water from the bathroom adjoining. We splashed her face and held a glass to her lips. In a moment she revived. She was one of the girls who a fortnight ago had been traced to Lubahn's place. Her street clothing taken from her, she had been held a prisoner since in some place underground until that night when Lubahn, bearing Buddington a captive from above, had left her prison door unlocked. She had found a stairway leading upward, had followed it to its end before an apparently blank wall. She had crouched there hidden for a long time, had slept perhaps, she said, and wakened to see a ghastly, flaming beast coming up the stairs. In panic she had pressed against the wall. Her foot had touched a button and a door had opened. She had fled through it and fallen in a faint.

She led us to the closet. One section of the alcove wall had fallen. Behind it was revealed a staircase landing. Devery paused there, examining with his flashlight two metal plugs sunk in the floor, one projecting for an inch or more, the other depressed below the boards. He pushed the upper plug. Immediately the movable panel began to rise. He checked it level with his gaze.

It was a complete wall section, solid in its composition as the other panels.

"No wonder there was no hollow sound," he observed and searched for corresponding plugs inside the closet.

MINUTE scrutiny disclosed what his examination had missed before, two circular indentations so slight as hardly to be visible. He poked at them with his knife, dug from each a fleck of putty.

"Lubahn must have fixed it so the panel would only sink from the inside the night he killed Gochnauer," was his conclusion.

We followed the narrow stairway down. Devery counted the steps.

"Must be eight or ten feet below the basement floor," he announced when he reached a landing and turned a corner of the tunneled masonry.

We came to a door. It was unlocked. We opened it. There beyond was the secret of the Gochnauer mansion's mystery. In a room some ten feet wide by twenty long was complete operating equipment for four one-hundred-gallon stills, barrels, vats, mash, mechanical apparatus,

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all perfectly installed but apparently for some time unused. Exhaust-pipes led upward to the base of the Gochnauer house chimney, we found later.

"Gochnauer must have fixed this room up." Devery surveyed the plant. "He was a distiller by trade. This is where Red got his stock. Funny the Feds didn't tumble. This explains the quarrel Lubahn and Gochnauer had and why Red killed him. This is why Lubahn was so set on buying the Gochnauer place, too. He didn't dare run the still with Buddington living up-stairs."

There was a room partitioned off at the further end of the distillery. In it a man lay bound and gagged. It was Buddington, half dead with fright but otherwise unharmed. We freed him. He told us how he was captured. While the two detectives and I were in the hall he, pacing the bedroom floor, had passed the closet door. What seemed to be a giant bird had reached out, seized him, smothered his shouts with stifling wings, and borne him through a hole in the alcove wall.

In the distilling room Lubahn had removed the phosphorescent disguise, Buddington said, before carrying him to the smaller chamber where the girl was also a prisoner. She had slipped out unnoticed while Lubahn bound and gagged Buddington.

BUDDINGTON shivered, white at the thought of how near death had been. "Lubahn told me I had only an hour or so to live," he told us brokenly. "He said he would wait until you men left the house and then would take me back and hang me where he did Gochnauer, but that first he was going to his own place, he said, where he would be seen in case he wanted an alibi later."

Devery waited for no more. "We'd better get Lubahn's lady," he told us. "She's likely the one who telephoned the paper and police headquarters when she saw the lights go on in Buddington's house. She and Red thought they'd frame Buddington with the Mallette murder that way. They knew they'd missed when they saw the gun squad leave without Buddington and Lubahn decided to make certain himself of getting Buddington out of the way. We'd better hurry or she'll be getting restless with Red away so long."

We raced along the tunnel which led under the street-car tracks to Lubahn's place. We found the woman. She realized the game was up the moment Devery flashed his star.

"Is Red dead?" she asked. When we answered in the affirmative she told her story in the hope that frankness might avert a charge against her of accessory to the Mallette murder.

Her statement cleared details that had puzzled us before. Lubahn, she said, had not actually kidnapped the Mallette woman, but when he read of her threat to talk, he had ordered his aides to do so and to deliver her at his place. He had taken her through the secret passage to the Gochnauer house.

The woman explained Lubahn's use of his fantastic disguise.

"He always put it on when he went above," she said. "For one thing, he said he could throw such a scare into girls who tried to run away when he chased them with that on, that they'd never try to run



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again. For another, it shed light when he was going through the dark tunnel. It suited his purpose, too, to have people believe the Gochnauer house was haunted. He thought even if he was seen with that mask on that anyone would be too scared of ghosts to try to catch him."

"He was darn near right, too," conceded Devery, "only for one thing. I was pretty near sure there was a trick door in that closet, though for the life of me I couldn't

find it, and I knew if there was, that it'd be Red who came out."

"Why were you so sure?" I asked.

"Lubahn was pardoned out of the penitentiary for service to the state," Devery replied. "There's only one service that'd bring that reward and no man who hadn't been a professional executioner would have known how to adjust a noose the way it was done in the cases of Gochnauer and Margery Mallette."

The Woman in Lower 11

(Continued from page 49)

"All right, go on," and he grinned at me knowingly. "You ought to catch that rat and square yourself. It's the only way in this man's world that you ever can."

I swallowed the intimations, and hit the trail again.

I KNEW Jimmy's wife's maiden name was Elizabeth Farrel, and I knew that she came from Roxbury, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. From the birth records in the City Hall and the baptismal records in the Church of the Sacred Heart, I got the names of her parents and her three sisters and two brothers.

Now I had to find them. I began to check up the mother. I found she had died when Elizabeth, Jimmy's wife, was ten years old. Next I went after the father. I spent three weeks before I ascertained that he had gone to Portland, Maine, to live. I traced him from job to job over a period of nine years and at last I found him working in Portland. It seemed to me that I was nearing the end of the trail that would lead me to the Soft Collar Kid. I was as positive as could be that the daughter would write to her father if she wrote to anybody, so I decided to cultivate him.

I met the old man in a boarding-house run by a Mrs. Mulcahey. I posed as Tom McGovern, a plasterer in search of work, and spent a full week at the boarding-house. And then I learned that the father didn't know where his daughter was. I knew he was telling me the truth, so I beat it back to Roxbury to look up the three sisters and two brothers.

Two of the sisters were married and one worked in a large department store in Boston as a store detective. I thought I'd take a chance with her. I got a very good break at this stage of the game. I knew the detective who protected the shopping district, an old-timer, now dead, by the name of Joe Knox. I had met him many times, had done several favors for him. While I realized that he might hesitate and object to doing what I wanted, assuming that he and the store detective were friends, it seemed to me that I would be able to talk him into it when I pointed out to him that I was "living under a cloud," as a result of the Soft Collar Kid's getaway from me.

Joe saw my predicament and consented to help me by introducing me to Jimmy's wife's sister Belle. Belle was a wise bird. Within an hour after I had been introduced to her, she let me know that she was aware of the fact that I was looking for her sister's husband.

"I know where they are," she said, "but you wouldn't want me to tip them off and break my sister's heart, would you?"

"Why not?" I didn't know what else to say; her attitude knocked me flat.

"I HAVEN'T any particular love for Jimmy," she went on, "and neither do I approve of Betty's choice in marrying a fellow with a record. But," and she emphasized the word, "I don't care a rap about that. She's still my sister and I love her and I'm going to protect her just as you would, if the positions were reversed. Further, Jimmy's living on the level. Why don't you forget him? Give them a chance. If he was still stealing, I'd tip you off to where they are. Be a good fellow and give them a chance!"

Of course, I secretly admired her stand. I couldn't blame her for protecting her sister. I admit I'd have taken the same attitude if our positions had been reversed, but I didn't let on that I understood and approved. I had a hunch that I might appeal to the "copper" instinct in her. I talked to her from the angle of a brother officer's reputation being at stake.

"Reputation!" she exclaimed sarcastically. "Reputation!" she repeated. "Did you let Jimmy get away? Did you accept any money from him?"

"Certainly not," I said, "but everybody thinks I did."

"Then what difference does it make so long as you know in your own heart that you're a square copper? What difference does it make what anybody thinks so long as you know you're right?"

I went back home, but the bitterness that I felt for the Soft Collar Kid hadn't mitigated a bit. I still loathed him for double-crossing me, and I was still determined to get him!

Six months had flitted by, then a year. The suspicion that I had permitted Jimmy to breeze away was gradually petering out, as I made important capture after capture, earned the commendation of the Police Commissioner, press notices galore, and ultimately a promotion after the crooked Chief had been retired. As a Captain of Detectives, I worked harder than ever to locate the Soft Collar Kid.

Almost three years after Jimmy's getaway, Old Man Farrel, Jimmy's father-in-law, died in Boston, where he was living with his daughter. I dropped everything in the office and rushed up to Boston.

"Jimmy's wife will be at her father's funeral," I mused, "and I'll have her shadowed. I'll certainly find out where Jimmy is now."

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I had a friend who was Manager of the Boston office of an internationally known detective agency. I told him the story and then he put a shadow on the Farrel home. About an hour after the shadow had been assigned to the case, I got word that Elizabeth was in town. I never was so happy!

"Don't let that shadow lose her," I warned the Manager. "Tell him to keep close tabs on her every minute."

I HADN'T expected Jimmy to show up at the funeral; that would be too much to hope for. He was too wise for that. But I was quite satisfied to have located his wife.

I was afraid to go abroad in daylight because of the sister, the store detective, for I knew if she saw me it would "gum up the works." I also was certain that she would tip off Elizabeth to look for me if she had any idea I was in Boston. Still I didn't think she knew that I was in Boston, or had any suspicion that I even knew that her father was dead.

The night of the wake I was planted in an empty house across the street from the Farrel home. I saw Elizabeth, Jimmy's wife, enter, after taking a walk alone. She hadn't the baby in Boston with her. The funeral took place the following morning. I suspected that Elizabeth would be leaving town that night, for I didn't think she'd remain in Boston very long after the funeral. She'd probably want to get right home to her baby.

The afternoon of the funeral she went to the South Station and purchased a through ticket for Altoona, Pennsylvania. She also bought a sleeper on the train leaving for New York at ten o'clock that night.

I was advised of this by the shadow, who had been on her trail. At seven that evening I took up watch near the home. About nine-fifteen a taxi pulled up in front of the door.

"Elizabeth's going to the station in the taxi," I said to myself. I hailed a passing cab, showed my shield, and told the driver to pull up to the curb.

"Follow that cab," I instructed the driver, "when it pulls away, and don't lose it."

A woman wearing a veil came out of the house a few moments later and entered the cab.

"South Station," I heard her say, and the cab started away.

I followed in my cab.

"Well, Mister Soft Collar Kid," I muttered to myself as the cab rolled along, "after three years I'm going to get you. It's all over now!"

SO I thought! But the lady who got out of the cab at the station was the store detective. She raised her head and laughed when I came up near her.

"You thought I was the Soft Collar Kid's wife, didn't you? Well, she left by the back way an hour or two ago, so you're out of luck!" and she laughed.

I felt like a dunce. I was furious when I realized that I had been tricked. I threatened her, but she only giggled. In disgust, I turned and left her standing at the entrance to the South Station.

I think I did more cursing that night than ever before. I certainly was on the warpath. But while I was infuriated be-

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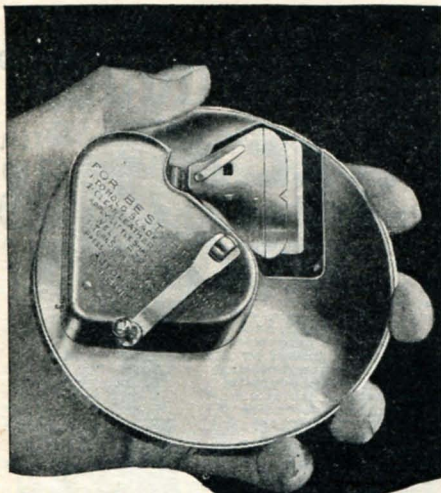
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yond description, I was also thinking, planning.

Suddenly it occurred to me that Elizabeth might have taken the train to Altoona.

"Why," I thought, "did she buy a ticket to Altoona? Why not Pittsburgh, Chicago, New York, or any one of a hundred other places, unless she really was going to Altoona?"

The more I thought about this, the stronger became the conviction that after all there might possibly be something to the Altoona racket. But the train had been gone several hours now!

The next morning I got in touch with the Chief of Detectives of the railroad. I knew him by reputation. He, fortunately, had heard of me. I told him the story.

"I'd like to talk with the agent that sold tickets at the first window on the right, between the hours of one and five yesterday afternoon," I told him. He took me over to the ticket-room and introduced me.

"Did you sell any tickets to Altoona yesterday afternoon?" I asked the ticket-agent.

Without a second's delay, he said he had sold a ticket to a lady.

"I also sold her a berth for last night, too," he went on. "I remember her well. I gave her Lower 11. That's the only Altoona passage I sold yesterday."

"Was the berth reservation canceled?" I asked.

He said it hadn't been while he was on duty, but it was possible that the man who relieved him might know something about it. We got him, but he didn't recall anything about it. We finally got a record of the day's cancellations, but Lower 11 had not been canceled. We wired to the Pullman Company asking if Lower 11, the berth Elizabeth bought, had been occupied from Boston. The answer came back:

"Lower 11 occupied last night by a woman."

"Well," I decided, "the store detective was pretty foxy, but she slipped when she didn't make her sister cancel the ticket to Altoona to cover up her trail."

IF the tickets had been canceled, the Soft Collar Kid's location would still have been a mystery, but now I was reasonably certain that he was in Altoona, since that was where the woman in Lower 11 had gone. There was absolutely no doubt in my mind that Jimmy and his family were in Altoona!

But the holidays were at hand. It was just two days before Christmas. If I went to Altoona there was a possibility that I wouldn't get back home to spend Christmas with my family.

"The family can wait," I decided. "I'd rather catch that rat than spend Christmas with the family."

I never was so sore at a human being as I was at Jimmy Callahan. Three years had elapsed since he ducked away, and yet there had been absolutely no diminution in my bitterness toward him. I couldn't wait for an opportunity to make him sweat blood. This was the "copper" instinct in me, the primordial yet perfectly human desire to hurt the man who had abused my confidence.

I boarded a train for Altoona. On the way over the Alleghenies we ran into a

blizzard. The train pulled into Altoona four hours late, arriving at seven in the evening instead of three in the afternoon. Altoona is a town of approximately twenty thousand inhabitants. The first thing that reached my ears when I got off at the station was the jingle of sleigh bells.

It was a clear, cold night. A bright full moon shone high in the blue, and the stars glittered with an unusual brilliancy. I hopped into a sleigh for the ride to the hotel. The little shops along the main street were crowded with last-minute holiday shoppers. The streets were jammed. Off to the left on the mountain-side a church bell tolled joyously, I thought, though they usually suggest the opposite to me. A peculiar feeling swept over me when I entered the dining-room for supper. I was a little depressed! I attributed it to my being away from home on Christmas Eve.

I hurried through supper, intending to call on the Chief of Police, locate my man, and get a train back home before midnight, arriving Christmas morning.

The Chief, however, didn't know Jimmy; had never heard of him. We consulted the town directory and found there were three James Callahans living in Altoona.

The first one we went to see was not the Soft Collar Kid, and neither was the second. As a last hope, I went out to the house of the third one alone.

I WAS in a pessimistic frame of mind. Not until then had it occurred to me that there was a possibility that Jimmy's wife might not have been the woman in Lower 11 from Boston. The department store detective might have fooled me, after all. I was in the grip of a premonition that my man was not in Altoona and that my trip to this third and last house would end as had the other two—in failure.

It was almost midnight. The church bells were tolling, calling the Christmas worshippers to the midnight services. Sleighs flitted by me with jingling bells. A flurry of snow was falling. Everything was peaceful and beautiful. The only discordant note was my own mood. For, as I made my way to the house of the third James Callahan, I became more and more depressed.

At last I neared the house. A light was burning on the lower floor. Uncertain whether or not to ring the doorbell, I mounted the steps and tiptoed across the porch to a window. Peeking under the lowered window shade, my heart suddenly began to beat like a trip-hammer. For there, on his knees in front of a Christmas tree, was the Soft Collar Kid himself! Elizabeth stood over him, helping him trim the tree. A tiny stocking hung from the mantelpiece near by.

The scene held me. And as I stood there watching them, all the bitterness I had treasured against this man who never had a chance left me. No longer did I harbor bad feelings against him. No longer did I want to get him.

Noiselessly I turned from the window and went down the steps away from the house. Through the storm I wended my way back to the station and boarded a train for home. In my ears the Christ phrase was ringing:

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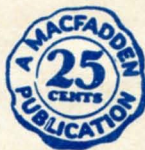
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