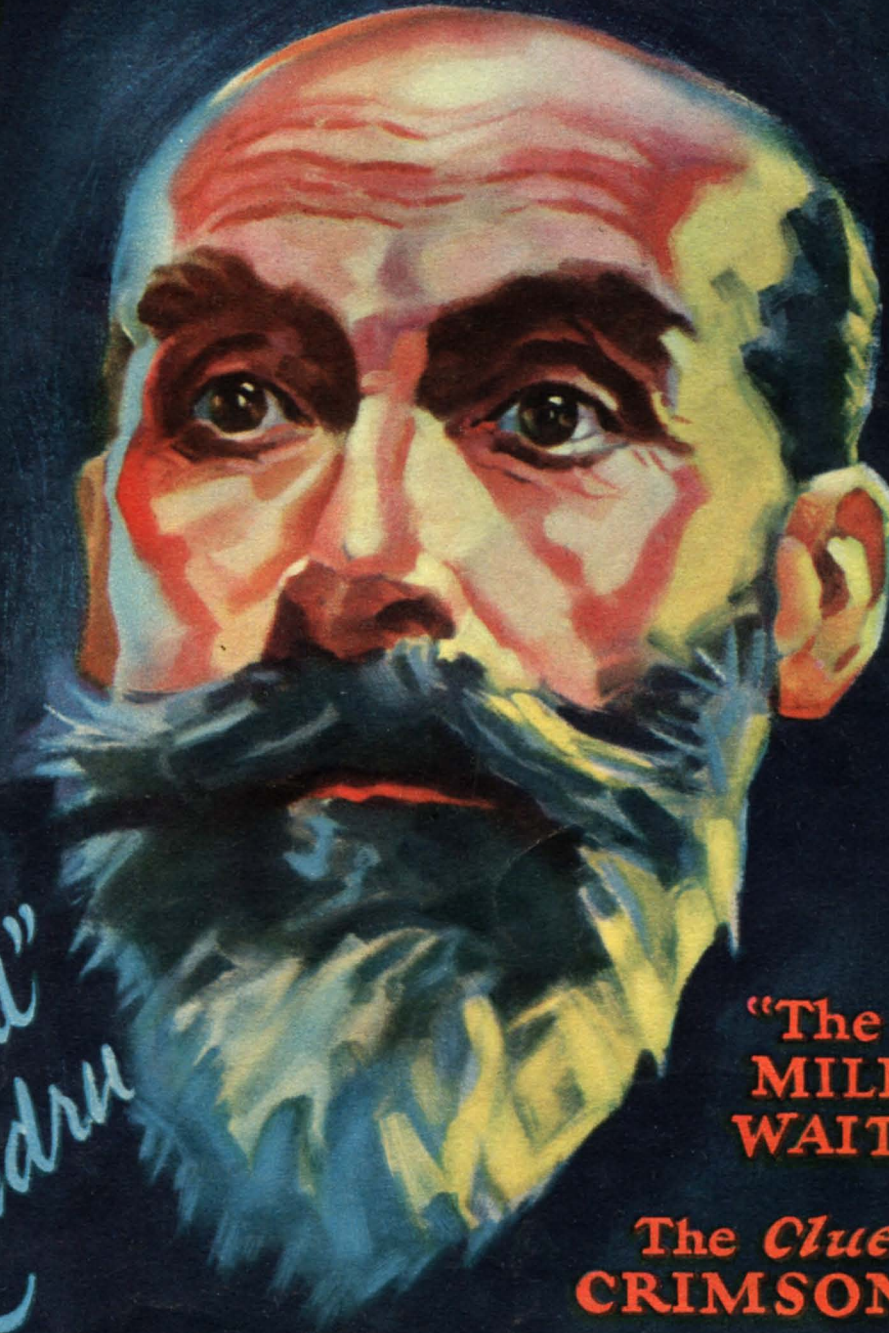


How LANDRU Was Tracked to His DOOM

TRUE ★ DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

JUNE

A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION
PRICE
UNITED STATES
25¢
CANADA
30¢



*"Bluebeard"
Landru*

"The
MILLIONAIRE
WAITER"

The Clue of the
CRIMSON STAIN

The MAN Who FLED to JUAREZ

Magic Face Powder makes skin new, soft, satiny!

"My DEAR, I've never SEEN your SKIN look so SOFT and SATiny! What DID you DO—have your FACE lifted? You say you only use KISSproof FACE POWDER? I've NEVER seen ANY-thing LIKE it! It CERTAINly makes you look years YOUNGer, my dear! Let me TRY some of that MAGIC POWder im-MEDiatelY!"

Kissproof is a new type of face powder made from a secret formula imported from France. Rosalie knows it gives her skin a new, soft, satiny tone that she could never before obtain with any other face powder.

Kissproof stays on!

And unlike ordinary face powder, Kissproof doesn't wear off like a first love affair! It is aptly called the Extra Hour Face Powder—it clings hours longer than any face powder you have ever before used!

We urge you to see what NEW SKIN this Extra Hour Face Powder will give YOU! Most French Powders of its type sell for \$5.00 a box, but Kissproof can be obtained at your favorite toilet goods counter for only \$1.00. Don't delay. Try Kissproof today! Insist on the genuine—be sure the box is plainly marked "Kissproof".

If you would like to try before buying,

Send for Kissproof Treasure Chest

As a Special Introductory Offer we will send you a darling Loose Powder Vanity of Kissproof Face Powder; a genuine Kissproof Lipstick in brass case; a Kissproof Compact Rouge complete with mirror and puff; a dainty package of Kissproof Paste Rouge; a bottle of Delica-Brow with camel's hair brush for applying; all for coupon below and only 30c! Not stingy samples, but a whole month's supply of each—the full size packages would cost over \$3.00! Ideal for week-ends or your hand bag.

Accept, for your beauty's sake, the test offered here. Send coupon now! Find out for yourself what genuine Kissproof Beauty Aids will do; what ordinary unnatural cosmetics will never do! Kissproof are youth's own beauty aids—made to enhance natural youthful beauty. And how they STAY ON!

Only one to a person!



WARNING!

Never accept any cosmetic as "Kissproof" unless the name "Kissproof" is plainly marked on the package. For your own protection insist on the genuine. There are many spurious imitations but none are "Kissproof". Genuine Kissproof cosmetics are on sale at all modern toilet goods counters. Always ask for Kissproof BY NAME.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

[Mailed same day received]

Kissproof, Inc., Dept. A 202
3012 Clybourn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

For 30c enclosed (stamps or coins) send me Kissproof Treasure Chest as outlined above. Include free, 8x10 Art Print of Kissproof Girl and 16 page Beauty Booklet, "The Secret of Perfect Makeup." I use—

- Flesh White Brunette
 Ivory Face Powder. Check which.

Name.....

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



8x10
Art
Print

of this famous painting. The Kissproof Girl, included FREE with your Kissproof Treasure Chest. Printed in 12 colors, mailed flat for framing.

Must your daughter get married before she hears the truth concerning feminine hygiene



WHAT DUTY of a mother is more important than the duty of telling her daughter the facts about feminine hygiene? Yet how many mothers there are who fail in this duty! Some stand by and let the gulf of years widen between them—constantly "putting it off." Others doubt the accuracy of their own knowledge—and with good reason, for the ideas of even five years ago are decidedly obsolete today.

Result: the daughter, upon marriage, embarks upon a new life trusting that new-found friends and associates will enlighten her concerning these intimate matters. And what a tragedy it can be, if their information is wrong or incomplete!

Learn the truth as your physician knows it

What are the dangers that make this subject of feminine hygiene so important? Ask your physician. He has the truth ever before him. His experience is replete with examples of untold harm caused by the use of certain germicidal preparations—deadly poisons such as bichloride of mercury, carbolic acid or their compounds sold under various trade names.

Every mother should keep these products clearly in mind, with the word "warning" associated with each and every one. For these skull-and-cross-bone germicides are indeed dangerous, when employed for feminine hygiene

purposes. In many cases their continued use leads to a deadening of the highly sensitive membranes and ultimately to the formation of areas of scar-tissue.

Then besides the fearful effects of these compounds when so used, there is the continual threat of *accidental* poisoning. Think what it means to bring these deadly preparations into the home—among the family—perhaps into the hands of an innocent child!

Zonite banishes the risks that women run

Only a few years ago women had no choice but to run the terrible risks of poisonous antiseptics or go without germicidal protection. This dilemma no longer exists. In *Zonite* science has provided a powerful germicide that is absolutely non-caustic and non-poisonous. Through this remarkable product women now possess a new standard of hygiene—a degree of protection made possible only by a safe antiseptic.

Zonite is actually far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. But what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is so caustic that its continued use produces an irreparable scarring of the tissues. Zonite, on the contrary, is as *harmless* to human beings as it is *fatal* to germs.

Every mother and daughter should read this booklet

More information—vital information—concerning Zonite and the practice of feminine hygiene is given in the booklet, "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This booklet has been prepared especially for women because of an urgent demand for more light on this much beclouded subject. In its pages the truth as declared by modern science is made available to all.

Mothers find the booklet a simple solution to the problem of advising their daughters. Because its information is trustworthy and authoritative, it may, after reading, be passed to others without hesitancy. Send for a copy now. It is *free*. Simply check the coupon below where it mentions "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.



In bottles: 30c, 60c, \$1

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name) T-6

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. IX

JUNE, 1928

No. 3

CONTENTS

	PAGE
WHERE IS IT?.....	George William Wilder 9
THE MILLIONAIRE WAITER..... <i>The great man-hunt for Ponzi, that echoed around the world</i>	Lowell Ames Norris 10
THE CLUE OF THE CRIMSON STAIN..... <i>Sensational mystery-murder of the Philadelphia millionaire, Victor Brooks</i>	Edwin A. Goewey 15
TRAPPING "BOSTON BILLY"—\$1,000,000 CROOK..... <i>The "inside" on this famous case, said to have "baffled a hundred detectives"</i>	District Attorney Elvin N. Edwards 20
A SHOW-DOWN WITH BLACKMAIL..... <i>The clever sleuth, Nesbit, sets out to "get the rat," in the notorious Brewster mystery</i>	Charles M. Colladay 25
ON THE TRAIL OF THE WELLS-FARGO BANDITS..... <i>Gripping, colorful, tense account of the first train hold-up in the U. S.</i>	Jack Bell 28
HOW LANDRU WAS TRACKED TO HIS DOOM..... <i>The "only sweetheart Landru didn't kill," here tells her tragic story</i>	Madame Papillot 32
"ONE CHANCE IN TEN THOUSAND"..... <i>Schultze says of this: "The most amazing case I ever 'covered'"</i>	Frederic O. Schultze 39
THE MAN WHO FLED TO JUAREZ..... <i>"Little Carl's" own story, from back of prison bars</i>	Oliver W. Smith 42
"AND THEIR OWN HANDS SHALL CONVICT THEM!"..... <i>Loren C. Horton, the great identification expert, explains "how criminals convict themselves"</i>	David Lindsay 45
THE THIEF OF THE THREE CHARMS..... <i>How one of the best detectives in England handled the baffling Borowski case</i>	The Late Inspector Moser, of Scotland Yard 50
IN THE GRIP OF THE UNDERWORLD..... <i>Paddy gets the dope on the big Carson robbery in Cleveland—then blindly heads for a trap!</i>	"Portland Paddy" 55
A GIRL OF MYSTERY.....	Isabel Stephen 4
THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS—Who the Writers Are and What They Are Doing.....	6

Cover design painted by Jean Oldham from an International Newsreel photograph of Henri Landru

Next Month's Sensational Story — CAPTURING the "GORILLA MAN"

How They Captured the "HUMAN GORILLA"

This strange creature, half man, half gorilla, strangled to death 21 women and one baby between Feb. 20, 1926, and June 12, 1927—20 of them in the U. S., and the last two in Winnipeg, Canada. The detectives of a dozen cities frantically searched every corner of the country for him, without success—and meanwhile the women of entire communities were terror-stricken, not knowing when or where this monster of death would strike next! Read next month in this magazine the gripping, tense, fact account of this sensational case.

The CLUE of the BLOOD-STAINED BAG

The distinguished New York detective, Felix B. DeMartini, says: "I have investigated hundreds of murder mysteries in my time, but for sheer cold-bloodedness, ruthlessness and ferociousness, not one of them, in my estimation, equaled the murder of Clara Branch at Valley Stream, New York." DeMartini handled that case, and will give in detail just how he trailed the ferocious murderess, when success seemed hopeless.

The MILLION-DOLLAR GLASS EYE

—a mystery of the Paris underworld, giving the

Then there is *The CLIFF MYSTERY—SOLVED!*, *PERJURY For SALE!*, and other absorbing, true accounts by some of the cleverest and best-known detectives in America. All in the JULY ISSUE of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on the news-stands June 15th.

amazing story of the daring robbery of the French National Museum at Chantilly, the loot including the world-famous Grand Condé Jewel—and how the celebrated French detective, Eustache Rops, suspected the "strange glass eye" that led to his astounding discovery. This account is written by Rops himself.

BROADWAY BLACKMAIL!

—a dark corner of the Great White Way, wherein Detective Lieutenant Michael Delaney gives the facts in the Payson Crane blackmail case. Here in the background shadows, the notorious ex-convict, "Scar-Face" Martin, lurked like a prowling ghoul of death. As showing Delaney's uncanny "detective sense," shrewd scheming, nerve, patience, and a cunning surpassing even his fox-like adversary, this story cannot be beaten.

SLIPPERY "ICE"

—the Kimberley diamonds that slipped from crook to crook, as told by the international criminal, Robert Considine, who took the leading part in this tense underworld drama of the South African diamond country.

(MEMBER OF THE MASS MARKET GROUP)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY NEW METROPOLITAN FICTION, INC., 18410 JAMAICA AVE., JAMAICA, N. Y.

Editorial and General Offices: 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

M. A. Wood, Secretary

Philip D. Hyland, Advertising Director

Edwin E. Zoty, President

Copyright, 1928, by New Metropolitan Fiction, Inc. Copyright also in Canada and Great Britain.

Entered as second-class matter March 20th, 1924, at the Post Office at Jamaica, New York, under the act of March 3rd, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y. Price 25c per Copy in U. S.—30c in Canada. Subscription price \$2.50 per year in the United States and possessions; also, Cuba, Mexico and Panama.

All other countries (including Canada) \$4.00 per year. All rights reserved. London Agents: Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co., Ltd. 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C.

Chicago Office: 168 N. Michigan Ave. C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. All manuscripts, photographs, and drawings are submitted at the owners' risk, although every effort will be made to return those found unavailable. 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.



Follow this Man!

Secret Service Operator 38 Is on the Job

Follow him through all the excitement of his chase of the counterfeit gang. See how a crafty operator works. Telltale finger prints on the lamp stand in the murdered girl's room! The detective's cigarette case is handled by the unsuspecting gangster, and a great mystery is solved. Better than fiction. It's true, every word of it. No obligation. Just send the coupon.

FREE The Confidential Reports No. 38 Made to His Chief

And the best part of it all is this. It may open your eyes to the great future for YOU as a highly paid Finger Print Expert. More men are needed right now. This school has taken men just like you and trained them for high official positions. This is the kind of work you would like. Days full of excitement. Big salaries. Rewards.

Earn \$2500 to \$10,000 a Year *You Study at Home in Spare Time*

No advanced education is needed. Any man who can read and write, and think can make good. A wonderful book tells all about what others have done. Shows pictures of real crimes and the men who solved them. We'll send you a FREE copy of the report Secret Service Operator No. 38 made to his chief. Get all the facts about our wonderful Finger Print Course. Mail the coupon now.

University of Applied Science
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. A-143 Chicago, Illinois

UNIVERSITY OF APPLIED SCIENCE
1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. A-143 Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Without any obligation whatever, send me free copy of Operator No. 38's confidential report, also your new, fully illustrated Free book on Finger Prints. Tell me all about your low prices and Easy Terms!

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

A GIRL of MYSTERY

By ISABEL STEPHEN

NOTE: The following is an account of an actual incident which occurred at Staten Island (N. Y.) Police Headquarters. Though it has a humorous angle, it nevertheless represents a class of "nut cases" which are anything but uncommon to the police.

THE official docket of this "find-the-girl" case is given below, but we have omitted the name and address of the young man, as we do not wish to stir up any ill-feeling in this matter.

Jan. —, 192—.

E— B— of — Second Avenue, Manhattan (Phone: Lexington —) Business address: — East 17th Street, Manhattan, is looking for a girl he met on the 6th Avenue "L," with her father and mother who evidently were trying to encourage her to meet B—, but she got off the train before he got her address. If a detective finds out who she is, he (B—) will give a reward of \$100 or more. She is described as follows: 19 or 20 yrs. old; slim build; 5 ft. 6 in.; dressed in the height of fashion, and is supposed to be on Staten Island, somewhere within walking distance of St. George Ferry. She has a scar on the left side of her cheek, below the mouth, and another on the right cheek, above the mouth. He says she is a beauty. He will supply photos for all detectives. His purpose in meeting her is marriage. Lieut. McKay's case.

[Note: This is the same police officer (McKay), who caught the blackmailer, Donato Maschietto. See page 45, this issue.]

The above is the dry detective report, but anyone is given the chance to win the reward of \$100, whether he is a detective or not. All one has to do is find and identify the mysterious young lady whose picture appears on this page.

This bonus was originally offered to Inspector Ernest Van Wagner, now located on Staten Island, but he generously extends it to the public at large.

The Inspector is an internationally known master man-hunter and solver of deep-dyed mysteries, but this, he has confessed, is one he has been unable to solve. And thereby hangs this tale:

JUST as dusk was falling, there appeared at the St. George (S. I.) Police Headquarters, a tall, romantic-eyed youth, who demanded an interview with the "Chief." The lieutenant at the desk, after a few moments' conversation, promptly classified the visitor as an "eccentric." He never would have gotten past the officer on guard at the head of the stairs in Manhattan Police Headquarters, but the Staten Island Department is conducted along very democratic lines.

Ushered by Lieutenant McKay into the Inspector's office, the youth was given a chair and an attentive ear.

"I was riding downtown on the Sixth Avenue elevated in New York City this afternoon, when I saw the most beautiful



The Girl

girl in the world. I knew, on my part, it was love at first sight—and when I caught her eye, it was as if a mighty force sought to draw us together. Neither of us could look away. Her parents were with her, and I should have spoken to her at once. But I was too paralyzed at first, anyway. Just as I had composed a speech which would have proved to her parents my integrity, the train reached South Ferry and she and her folks got lost in the crowd. I am sure this girl lives on Staten Island, though I could not find them on the ferry—and I am sure she lives somewhere on Staten Island within walking distance of the ferry landing. I am psychic—and I know this, Chief. I want you to find her for me!"

The youth ended his tale in a state of considerable excitement.

"Description . . ." Inspector Van Wagner requested, drawing a scratch pad toward him.

"Chief, I couldn't describe her like *she* really is. She is the loveliest being—"

"Yes, yes," the Inspector interrupted gently, but firmly. "I assume that. But you must be definite. How old did she appear to be? How tall? How was she dressed?"

The bewitched sheik studied a moment, meanwhile drumming his fingers nervously on the chair arm.

"She is about nineteen or twenty years old, and about five feet six inches in

height—slim build, and very graceful. She was dressed in the height of fashion. She wore a scar on the left side of her cheek, below the mouth, and another on the right cheek, above the mouth. She is very beautiful. You would know her anywhere if you saw her, Chief. I will give any detective one hundred dollars in cash who finds her."

That is a brief resumé of the youth's description of the girl, and his offer. It was getting late. Knowing it would be useless to bring a few hard-boiled suggestions before him, the Inspector appeared to listen sympathetically. In order to get rid of him, however, he said that without pictures of the young lady, the detectives would be greatly handicapped.

"I go," the youth remarked, taking a hint from the Chief, who had risen, "—but I shall return with the pictures tomorrow." With a deep, sweeping bow, he left.

The next day he returned, as he had promised, and brought with him a drawing, which he presented to the Inspector. (See picture on this page.)

"Gosh, my boy, the detectives could never identify that girl—never in the world," said the Inspector, as he held up the drawing and looked at it fixedly. "What is that—a photograph?"

"No, sir, Chief; that's a painting. Do you want a photograph of her?"

The Inspector replied that photographs were better, but that, unfortunately, dozens of them were required, so that each detective could have one. He figured that this information would sufficiently discourage the youth.

But within two days the young lover was back with a stack of miscellaneous photographs!—also, a strong renewal of the offer of a reward of \$100 for the discovery of the girl.

This was getting to be too much of a good thing to suit Inspector Van Wagner. The Inspector took the youth out to Lieutenant McKay and turned the case over to him with due impressiveness.

"Though we'll do all we can," the doughty lieutenant said, looking especially solemn, "you know there is a chance that the girl took a ferry for Brooklyn. There's a ferry for Brooklyn that also leaves from South Ferry. Better report to Brooklyn Headquarters also."

In spite of the extensive facilities of the police departments of Staten Island and Brooklyn, so far the mysterious girl has not been found—though ever and anon the Inspector and Lieutenant McKay glance wistfully out of the window in the vain hope that they may see her strolling by.

New 8 Piece Living Room Set

Only

\$1.00
down!



Total Bargain Price Only
\$29.95

Thickly Padded Newest Curved Seats Upholstered in Taupe Shade Rich Patterned Velour

Read Description

8 Pc.

Rich Satin Walnut Finish

Yes, \$1.00 brings it—a sensational bargain. A room full of furniture on a simply amazing offer. This is your opportunity to furnish your living room in handsome style and elegance on a most liberal money-saving, easy payment offer. Read:—

30 Days Trial \$1.00 with coupon below brings this entire 8 piece set to your home on 30 days free trial.

Use it as your own for 30 days. See how comfortable it is, how it beautifies your home. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful satin walnut finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price—even for spot cash. Then if not satisfied for any reason, return the set at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you have paid.

\$2.70 a Month

But if you decide to keep the set, start paying only \$2.70 a month until you have paid our special rock bottom price just for this sale—only \$29.95—monthly payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day. We have only a limited number of sets for this sale—so send your order today. We take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied after 30 days trial. No obligation. Send coupon today—now!

FREE Bargain Catalog
Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, porch and lawn furniture, etc. Sent upon request, with or without order.

A Room Full of Furniture

Made of selected gum in a rich satin walnut finish; thickly padded newest curved seats upholstered in taupe shade rich patterned velour.

Library Table with beveled edge top 36 x 23 inches; beautifully turned legs; shaped apron. Well braced. Legs cut out of two inch stock. Sturdy and dignified.

Arm Rocker, a most comfortable rocker with comfortable curved seat—the newest type of construction for beauty and comfort. Seat 19 x 19 inches; beautifully designed back 22 inches high from seat to top; shapely arms.

Arm Chair, massive stately comfortable piece, with newest curved seat; shaped arms; turned legs; handsomely designed back. Seat 19 x 19 inches; 22 inches high from seat to top.

Sewing Rocker, unusually attractive and very handy for sewing or

extra seating. Curved seat 16½ x 14 inches. Height of back from seat to top 22 inches.

Reception Chair, with newest curved seat 16 1/2 x 14 in. Sturdily built; shapely back 22 in. high from seat to top.

End Table; a most companionable table for any chair; 26 in. high with beveled edge top 22 x 11 in. Well braced.

Two Book Ends, add a finishing touch to your table. Entire set shipped knocked down construction. Easily set up. Wt. about 176 lbs. No. B913A, price for entire 8 piece set \$29.95. \$1.00 Down, \$2.70 Monthly.

Straus & Schram
Dept. A 427,
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised 8-pc. Satin Walnut Finish Living Room Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you \$2.70 monthly. If not satisfied I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

8-Piece Living Room Set, No. B913A, \$29.95 Monthly.

Send Now

Name _____

Street, R. F. D. _____

or Box No. _____

Shipping Point _____

Post Office _____ State _____

Married or Single _____ Nationality or Color _____

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here:

Straus & Schram, Dept. A427 Chicago, Ill.

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

ELECTRICITY PAYS
Thousands
of **COOKE**
Trained
Men
\$35.00⁰⁰ to
\$10,000⁰⁰
a year

DON'T
TURN
your
back on this
BIG MONEY

Get in on this, you fellows who want real jobs and REAL MONEY! Take this simple, easy step that has brought \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year jobs to thousands of men no smarter than you. Be a "Cooke" Trained Electrical Man—jump into the Big-Pay field of Electricity—take your place among the men who knock down \$12 to \$30 every day. You can do it! Sure, you can! I'll show you how—just as I've shown thousands like you who never knew a thing about electricity before they enrolled with me!

I Will Train You at Home in Your Spare Time

Don't give up your present job—don't lose a single day's pay to learn Electricity. You don't have to! I'll train you at home. And I'll train you RIGHT! When you finish my Course you won't be merely an ordinary electrician—the common "screw-driver" kind—but you'll be a Trained Man—the kind that bosses the big jobs and gets the big money. For, with my famous "Work Sheet" and "Job Ticket" methods, I give you not only the theory, but the practical side of Electricity. You learn by doing. But you learn in your own home. And all I want is a little of your spare time. Give me half an hour or more a day and I'll teach you Electricity so thoroughly you'll be amazed!

Earn Money While Learning

That's one of the many things you'll like about "Cooke" Training—you can cash in on it practically from the start. In just a few weeks I show you how you can begin earning spare-time money. I tell you where to get work, how to do it and what to charge. Hundreds of my "boys" pay for their training this way and put money in the bank besides. And not only that, but all the tools and equipment you need to learn properly, I give you, without extra charge—Six Big Outfits of material, electrical instruments, and a real electric motor—not toys, but the real thing!

Don't Wait—Get Started Mail Coupon This Minute!

This is Opportunity calling you—this is a Brilliant Future offering you the change of a lifetime—yes, urging you to get ready for one of these big jobs. Electricity needs you—wants you—will pay big to get you! Don't turn your back on big money! Get started—mail coupon—let me send you, FREE, my Big Book of Facts—let me prove I can make you a Big-Pay Man! Mail coupon—NOW!

**L. L. COOKE, Chief Instruction
Engineer, L. L. COOKE
SCHOOL OF ELECTRICITY
Dept. 6-A
2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

FREE BOOK COUPON

L. L. COOKE, CHIEF INSTRUCTION ENGINEER,
DEPT. 6-A, 2150 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send copy of your big FREE book—"The Secrets of Success in Electricity." It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way and no salesman will call.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Residence of Correspondent, R. A. Farrow, Special Representative, 7 Madison Lane, East Windsor, N. J.

LOWELL AMES NORRIS, who gives the inside story of the capture of Charles Ponzi of Boston, under the title, *The Millionaire Waiter*, appearing on page 10, this issue, says that a newspaper man is essentially an observer and not a participant, and that, he being a newspaper man, there is little that may be said about him which would be of interest to our readers.

We know, however, that he began life in Boston in April, 1895. Later his folks moved to Braintree, Massachusetts, where, while still in grammar school he began writing for the local weekly paper in that town—formerly known, before he arrived, as the birthplace of two of our presidents, namely, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, and where also the Sacco-Vanzetti shot was fired that was heard around the world.

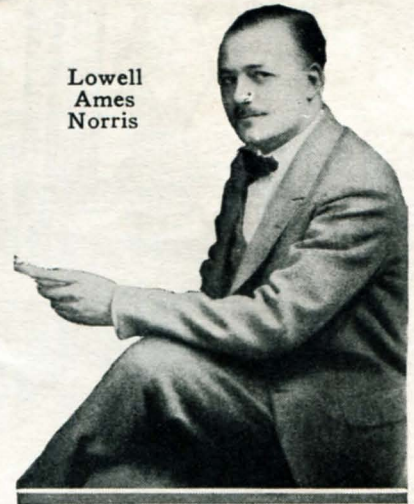
Norris continued writing throughout his high-school days, also managing a school paper. Then he wrote a play, which saw production, and won him a special course under Professor George P. Baker, then of Harvard University. Mr. Norris says that he tried hard to become a business man after his school days were over, but made a miserable failure of it, the last day of his business career being the day of the Harvard-Dartmouth game of that particular year, when he hung a Harvard banner in the office of his boss, who happened to be a Dartmouth man. Dartmouth lost that day—and Norris says that he also lost. He worked on several small daily newspapers in Quincy and Brooklyn, then found himself caught in the maelstrom of the Great War. After coming out of that, he became associated with Joe Mitchell Chappell, on Chappell's *National Magazine*. Then motion picture work caught his attention, after which he became associated with the *Boston Herald*, writing special stories for the *Sunday Edition*.

Speaking of newspaper work, Mr. Norris says that of course it is more or less routine and that there are interesting stories, and other stories that are not so interesting, but that generally his experience has been that the most interesting part of any story is the part that cannot be published.

It is possible that some of our readers might be interested to know just what a newspaper man's life consists of when he is at work, especially a feature writer. Asked to explain how it goes in his case, Mr. Norris said:

"Blinding lightning, deafening thunder, and driving rain in the midst of lonely mountains at Henniker, New Hampshire, standing under wrenching, creaking trees on an almost forgotten dirt road once traveled by Lafayette, waiting for the ghost of Ocean-Borne Mary to arrive at the haunted well in her phantom coach, drawn by specter steeds. Aboard a pitching, tossing tug on rolling seas, re-living the horrible journey of a diver into the compartments of the ill-fated submarine, S-51, where dead men rose to greet me.

"Driving a taxicab on the streets of a crowded city, or else plunging through squalid alleys into unlighted cellars with



Lowell
Ames
Norris

the raiding squad, creeping up flight after flight of stairs in the darkness, revolvers drawn, half expecting, half fearing a suddenly opened door and a fusillade of bullets.

"One never knows where the next story is going to break. Perhaps a day with Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of *A Perfect Day*. An interview with the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Nicholas Longworth, genial and debonair, between courses of a dinner, and later a trip about town in my machine. Again, Donald McMillan leaving for the North Pole, or Olga Petrova, Ann Pennington, Edna Wallace Hopper, or perchance Miss America in her dressing-room back stage, as she hurries into another costume between changes.

"And then from music, bright lights, and spangles to the bedside of the destitute 'Hot-Dog King,' who gave free bows to the kiddies at Christmas. Or a trip to the humble shack of a dishwasher, once the greatest bare-back rider in the world—coming back for pastry and coffee on marble-topped tables with a Hindu prince, traveling incognito. A reception by Ex-President Taft, staged for service men. A brief peep into a broadcasting studio for a friendly chat with artists before they go on the air. An interview with August, *maitre d'hôtel* at the Ritz-Carlton, Boston, one-time personal attendant to King Edward and Kaiser Wilhelm, the man who bet on losing horses from tips furnished by the Prince of Wales, and helped make Clemenceau, 'the Tiger,' take his medicine like a little lamb.

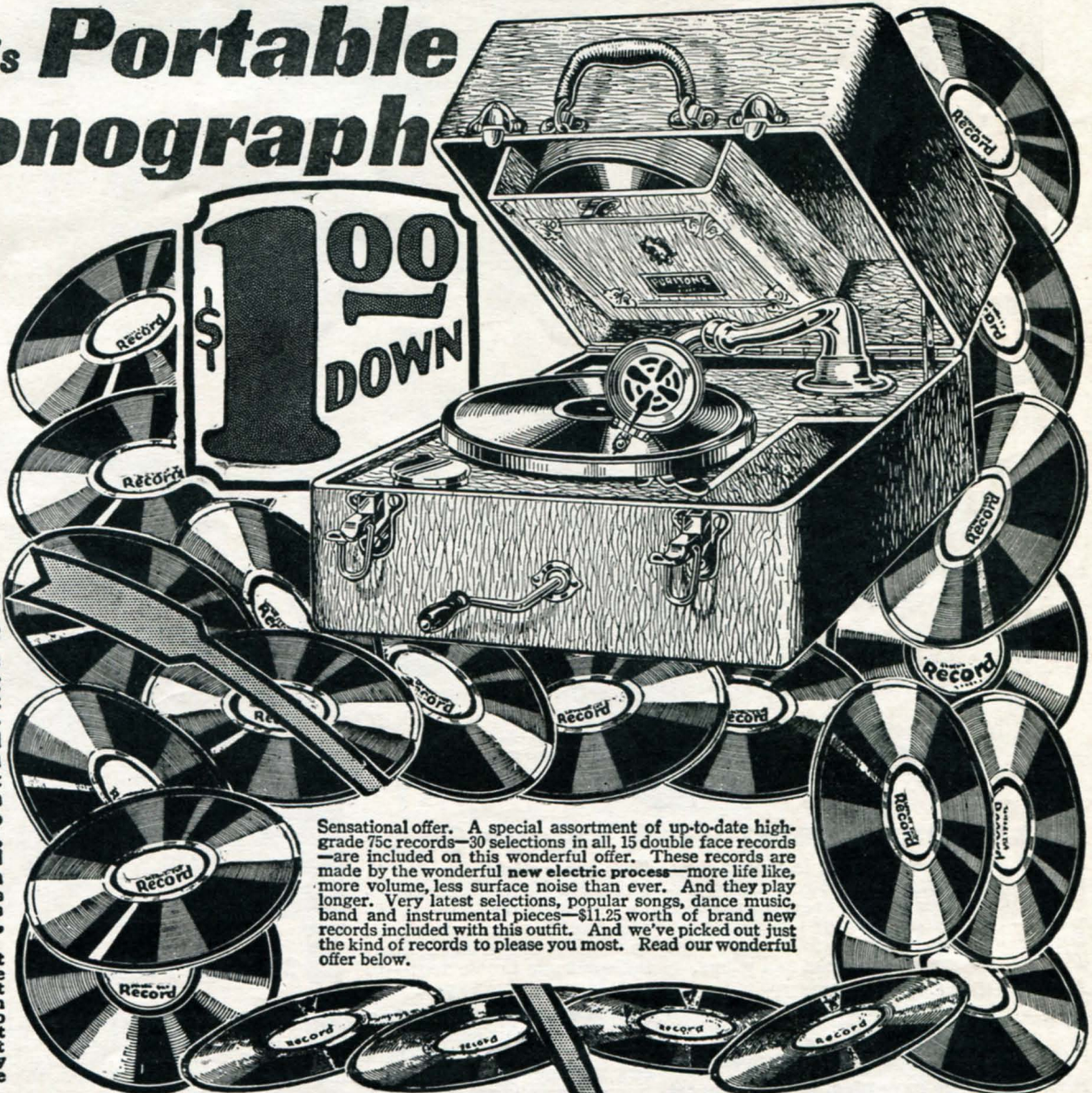
"Such is the daily grind of a feature writer on a metropolitan newspaper.

"My greatest thrill, I think, came when one of my stories helped to save a well-known woman from the poor-house—a woman whose name I cannot give. May she rest in peace.

"Concerning the Ponzi affair, I have tried to express the real part Inspector Mitchell played. He was the guiding hand, back of it all—the invisible, long arm of the law that reached out and finally caught the slippery 'Wizard of School Street.' In my judgment it was a fine piece of work, for which he deserves full credit."

30 UP-TO-DATE Selections 30

with this **Portable Phonograph**



Folds Like a Suitcase

with snap locks and carrying handle. So light and convenient—easily carried wherever you want it. Take it along to parties where you want to dance and sing, or listen to good music. Take it with you on trips. Holds 15 records. Weighs only 17 lbs. Full size, not a toy.

When you play it, put it on the table, on the floor—anywhere that is handy. And when not in use, fold it up if you wish and put it away. You don't have to give up any space to this portable phonograph.

Sensational offer. A special assortment of up-to-date high-grade 75c records—30 selections in all, 15 double face records—are included on this wonderful offer. These records are made by the wonderful new electric process—more life like, more volume, less surface noise than ever. And they play longer. Very latest selections, popular songs, dance music, band and instrumental pieces—\$11.25 worth of brand new records included with this outfit. And we've picked out just the kind of records to please you most. Read our wonderful offer below.

30 Days Trial

15 double face 75c records, to your home on 30 days' trial for only \$1.00 with the coupon. Use it as your own and see what a wonderful convenience it is to have a phonograph that you can carry from room to room, from place to place, wherever and whenever you want it.

We Guarantee: that you get everything in this phonograph so far as concerns music reproduction that a \$250 phonograph can give you. True, you don't get the big furniture, but you do get (and we guarantee it) the exact reproducer, the exact style of tone arm and the same grade of records you get in the most expensive phonograph ever made. That's why you get, on this wonderful offer, the best in music that any phonograph ever gave.

\$2.60 a Month

Use the outfit on 30 days' trial, on that guarantee. If within 30 days you decide not to keep the outfit, send it back and we'll refund your \$1.00 plus all transportation charges. If you keep it, pay only \$2.60 a month until you have paid that sensational price on this special sale—only \$26.85. Think of it, a first-class high grade phonograph, more convenient and more

Yes, we'll send this Puritone portable phonograph outfit, with 30 high grade selections, useful than an ordinary phonograph and 15 high-grade, up-to-date, double face records—(30 selections) a complete outfit, ready to play for only \$26.85!

Send NOW

Seize this opportunity on this special sale, while it lasts. Only \$1.00 with the coupon brings the complete outfit on 30 days' trial. Remember, 15 Double Face 75c New Electric Process records, 30 up-to-date selections—are included with this outfit. Send the coupon NOW.

FREE Catalog of home furnishings sent on request with or without order. See coupon.

This Portable Phonograph

plays any make of 10-inch disc records including Edison, and plays two ten-inch records with one winding. Weighs 17 lbs. Waterproof imitation leather case, with hinged lid, closes up like a small suitcase with snap locks and carrying handle. Measures 14 1/2 x 12 x 7 1/4 in. Records placed inside of lid and secured so they will not rattle or break. Holds 15 records. Has quiet spring motor, tone arm and reproducer with indestructible diaphragm and wide throat for full sound volume. Reproducer is reversible for Edison records. Outfit includes 15 double face 75c New Electric Process records—30 selections. A complete record library without buying a single one! Shipg. wt. packed about 25 lbs. Order by No. W8824JA—only \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.60 monthly. Total price, \$26.85.

Straus & Schram, Dept. A-927 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised Puritone Portable Phonograph with 15 Double Face 75c New Electric Process records—30 selections. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you \$2.60 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the phonograph and records within 30 days and you are to refund my dollar and express charges I paid.

Puritone Portable Phonograph and 15 Double Face Records, W8824JA, \$26.85

Name _____
 Street, R.F.D. _____
 or Box No. _____
 Shipping Point _____
 Post Office _____ State _____
 Married _____ or Single? _____
 Nationality _____ or Color _____

If you want only our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here

Straus & Schram, Dept. A-927 Chicago, Ill.

All On CREDIT Much Less Than Cash For DOWN Price Anywhere

Money Back
If You
Can Buy
For Less



3
Piece Suite
\$
49⁹⁵

© 1928
Spear & Co.

Luxurious Overstuffed Velour Suite

NEW! New beauty, new style, new luxury, new comfort in a fine 3-piece overstuffed parlor suite. The new curving lines, the new side wings—the new contrast of plain Blue Velour arms and ends, against Blue and Taupe Figured Velour seats, backs and wings.

And above all else, a new low CREDIT price, \$49.95—a year to pay. New—all the way through—but the same quality, same workmanship, same sturdiness found in suites selling for \$85 to \$90 CASH. You save almost 1/2—all because of a new Spear idea.

And here's the new idea. The davenport is 63 inches wide, instead of 72 inches. (You'll have to measure it yourself before you believe it's not as large as the \$85 models.) Removable cushions have been eliminated—new smartness of line gained. Simple— isn't it? Why wasn't it thought of long ago? Just think how easy it is to save folks \$35 on their living room furniture. Smaller homes, smaller rooms are coming into vogue—smaller suites, too.

This one is slightly smaller in size—but bigger in real comfort and BIGGER IN VALUE too. We cut corners on costs without sacrificing quality—cut our profit, too!—to give bigger value to you.

You'll be astounded at the value. Just send \$1—try this suite 30 days FREE in your own home. Seeing is believing. You risk nothing—you stand to gain everything in home happiness.

Davenport, rocker and wing chair have comfortable side wings. The delightful curved backs invite lazy lounging. The sturdy hardwood frames are in rich Brown Mahogany finish. You will love the way the serviceable blue and taupe Figured Velour is tailored over the backs, wings and trim seats—so smooth and snug. For contrast there is plain Blue Velour over the roll arms and outside ends.

30 Days FREE Trial A Year To Pay

Inner construction—9 coil springs in seat of each chair, 18 coil springs in seat of Davenport, together with high quality, sanitary, interior upholstering materials, thickly padded backs and seats—guarantees perfect comfort and long wear.

Note the size of these pieces: Davenport—width overall, 63 inches; between arms, 52 inches. Arm Chair and Rocker—width overall, 33 inches; seats 21x19 inches; height of backs from seats, 24 1/2 inches. Read these measurements over again. Convince yourself that these pieces are the ideal size—most comfortable of all for the modern home! Then send only \$1. Use them as your own for 30 days FREE. If you don't believe this Suite the greatest bargain of 1928, return it and we will refund your \$1 and transportation charges both ways.

Spear's Greatest Bargain Book

1278 Bargains. Bigger than ever. Savings of 25 to 40%. All on easy CREDIT. A year or more to pay. Everything for your home. Everything on 30 Days FREE trial. Furniture, Rugs, Lamps, Chairs, Davenports, Beds, Curtains, Dish-cups, Silverware, Stoves, Linoleum. Bargain Street at your door. Mail the coupon—now. No obligation to buy.



N
E
W

F
R
E
E

Order No. BA 4310—3-piece Overstuffed Velour Suite, Sale Price \$49.95. Terms: \$1 down, \$4 monthly.

Nathaniel Spear
President

→ **Spear & Co.** ←
Dept. M809 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Home Furnishers to the People
of America for 35 Years

SPEAR & CO., Dept. M809 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the 3-piece Overstuffed Velour Suite as described above. Enclosed is \$1 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of 30 days trial, I am satisfied, I will send you \$4.00 monthly. Order No. BA 4310. Sale Price \$49.95. Title remains with you until paid in full.

Name _____
R. F. D. }
Box No. or }
St. and No. }

Post Office _____ State _____

FREE CATALOG { If you want the FREE Catalog only, send no money, put an X in the square and write your name and address plainly on the above lines.

Where Is It?

By George William Wilder

THERE is such a thing as getting a thrill out of committing a crime, if one is to believe certain fiction writers. It's the big gamble. It is win or lose all—with the stakes high. From that comes the thrill.

But—is it so? Is there any lure in crime from this angle? Could this be said to be one of its contributing causes?

To account for crime's present popularity, we will have to look further than this for a cause. If there is, by chance, any thrill in committing a crime, that, in itself, is not the complete story, and no one can know this better than the criminal himself. One inevitable phase, in which there certainly can be no thrill, is the prison sentence, which, if it is not already being served, is always hanging over every crook.

If *not* caught, is there any thrill in being chased by a policeman, or trailed by a detective? If one is successful—in burglary, let us say—it would seem that if there is any thrill in the game at all, then it ought to be in spending the money one has not had to work for. Yet—does the criminal ordinarily get a thrill out of spending his ill-gotten gains? In most cases, it is safe to say he does not.

The world's best-known woman crook, or ex-crook, wrote a letter to us the other day and in her letter stated that some persons still seem to think the criminal gets a thrill out of pulling a "job." She said, in commenting on this: "It's the bunk."

Down in our hearts we all know "it's the bunk."

Another ex-criminal writes us: "It's not 'thrills' one gets—it's 'chills'." He's right, too—at least, he speaks out of a rich experience in that line, having spent ten years in crime, and double that time in prison. He ought to know.

Taken all in all, it seems to be the person who reads about the criminal's exploits who gets the thrill, if any. The criminal, for his part, can count on demoralization of his own principles and ideals, if he ever possessed these. He can count on making himself into a furtive, worthless being who has to watch everyone for his own protection, not excluding his own friends in this, while in the meantime he is ostracized from association with men of self-respect. He lives a life constantly subject to sudden disaster, with the rewards precarious, to say the least, and in no way commensurate with the risks. And then, if he follows the game long enough, at the end of the long trail, his lot is a bare prison cell, with only his own thoughts of a wasted life for company.

Is there any thrill in any of this, worthy the name? If so, where is it?

The MILLIONAIRE



(Above) Police Inspector John F. Mitchell, the man behind the guns in the "big hunt"

(At right and below) The fateful "moustache mug" picture, which was destined to cause Ponzi so much misery, years after he had posed for it. This photograph, from the Rogues' Gallery at Montreal, Canada, was taken by the police authorities there on August 31, 1908, when Charles "Ponse," alias "Bianchi," was arrested on a charge of forgery



NOTE: Romance, gun-play, disguises, exciting chases, an attempted jail delivery, and the use of that modern sleuth of the air, wireless transmission—in fact, all the necessary mechanical devices of a successful detective thriller—go to make up the real, inside story of Charles Ponzi's escape, and the country-wide search for him—one of the most intensive man-hunts ever undertaken in the United States. The amazing, true story of how this search was conducted, and especially the strange incidents that took place in connection with Ponzi's own actions while he thought he was safe beyond the clutches of the hated law, form a romantic story with a genuine thrill. It is here given to the public for the first time in any magazine, by a Boston newspaper man, the writer of this article, as revealed by that master-detective himself, who had direct charge of the man-hunt—Police Inspector John F. Mitchell, of Boston.

CHARLES PONZI had escaped!

Over land and sea, wireless messages were dispatched by frantic officials at Police Headquarters, and from the Attorney-General's office in Boston, Massachusetts.

Ponzi, the dapper Italian "Financial Wizard of School Street," was wanted by the police!

Back in 1919, everybody knew Charles Ponzi. His name was on the tongue of almost every man and woman in the United States. He had come to this country to make money. He had peddled fruit, waited on table, worked as a clerk—and, incidentally, which was not so widely known, had served time at Atlanta Federal Penitentiary for smuggling Chinamen. Now he declared he had gotten hold of the "Big Idea." And this "Big Idea" was so vast, so audacious in conception that the financial world stood aghast. It seemed impossible—a mad figment of the imagination.

Ponzi, it was rumored, had started his career on a five-cent postage stamp, but whether that was true or not, he had now rolled up a business, based upon the profits said to have accrued from the difference in value between foreign and domestic exchange notes in International Reply Coupons, which called for payments aggregating the stupendous amount of *fourteen million dollars*.

Charles Ponzi promised a profit of 50% in 45 days!

The news spread.

Money poured in so fast that it had to be stored in waste baskets. Vehicular traffic on School Street was stopped for two days while investors, with fists full of money, fought to get into Ponzi's office.

Police were called to keep the crowds in line.

Charles Ponzi was riding on top of the world. He bought a magnificent house in

WAITER

By **LOWELL AMES NORRIS**,
of the Boston *SUNDAY HERALD*

Lexington, Massachusetts. He drove about in an expensive limousine. He installed a staff of servants at his home, and bought his wife magnificent jewels. Somebody named a five-cent cigar after him. It was even intimated that he might run for the office of Governor of Massachusetts.

Then the Government, always inconsiderate in cases of this kind, grew suspicious. Investigations were started. Investors who had mortgaged homes and automobiles, to get in on this get-rich-quick scheme, grew alarmed. A "run" started, but the first notes presented for payment were promptly paid.

More money poured into Ponzi's coffers. Policemen who were called to quell a near-riot, stayed and invested! Officials became frankly puzzled. Ponzi claimed he had secret agents stationed in all countries, buying International Reply Coupons by ways in which it would be impossible to trace. Foreign countries became worried. It looked as though existing financial standards of interest might be turned topsy-



(Above) The smiling Charles Ponzi that Boston knew and liked during the brief existence of the famous "Ponzi Bubble," when its creator was riding on the crest of the wave

(Below) "50 per cent. in 45 days!" A section of the crowds that daily surged around Ponzi's offices in old Pi Alley, all seeking to "get rich quick with Ponzi"

turvy. Investigators hesitated about calling Ponzi's scheme fraudulent. They honestly didn't know but that he might have discovered some "secret" way of manipulating the foreign exchange.

However, patient investigation proved his operations to be fraudulent—and the crash came. Ponzi was convicted of using the mails to defraud, and received a sentence of five years. The Hanover Trust Company, and several other Boston banks, closed as a result of these wild speculations. Investors who had made enormous profits were forced to make restitution. Ponzi went to jail. When released, he was rearrested, and faced state indictment. There were more trials and delays.

Ponzi went to Florida and announced to the world that

he would sell house lots, at \$10.00 a lot, to pay back his investors. Money flowed in, and more trouble followed. He was ordered back to Massachusetts to stand trial and—mysteriously disappeared.

The man-hunt was on.

Charles Ponzi had become a fugitive from justice.

Once again the "Wizard" occupied front-page space in all of the newspapers. There were plenty of rumors concerning his whereabouts. Most of these rumors were carefully investigated. It was said he had been entertained at a roadhouse in New Hampshire. Later he had vanished in the direction of the Canadian border, driving an expensive, speedy roadster.

Others said he was in Florida. There were reports he had been seen in Paris, and one correspondent even insisted that he was in Rome. It began to look as though Charles Ponzi had escaped.

In Boston, disgruntled and disillusioned investors demanded action. Police Inspector John F. Mitchell was assigned to the case.

MEANWHILE, down on the Gulf of Mexico the *Sic Vos Non Vobis*, a foreign ship flying the Italian flag, was leisurely making her way towards Galveston, the last port of call but two, before returning to Italy.

On board, disguised as a waiter, was Charles Ponzi, man of mystery.

He had escaped the man-hunt by a very clever scheme.

When the news came that he was wanted back in Massachusetts, Ponzi was in Tampa, Florida. By luck he happened to meet an old friend of his from Boston, one Italian Joe. To him he explained his plight.

"I'll do my best," Joe promised him, "but I don't know what that will be. Lie low for a time, and I'll see what I can do."

A little later Joe sought Ponzi again. This time his face was wreathed in smiles.

"I think it can be arranged," he said. "There's an Italian ship in port, the *Sic Vos Non Vobis*. She's returning to Italy within several weeks. I think I can get you a job on board of her, as a waiter. Shall I try it?"

"Yes, yes," said Ponzi, "only hurry."

Wires were pulled and Charles Ponzi found himself on board the Italian ship, headed eventually for his native land and freedom. Charles Ponzi, the foppish, smooth-faced American, had disappeared; in his place was "Andrea Luciana," dressed in the rough clothing of an ordinary seaman. It was a good disguise. Head and eyebrows were

shaved; he wore long side-whiskers and a mustache. "Luciana" was apparently what he represented himself to be—an ignorant foreigner who understood no English, and was not particularly bright.

The ship sailed from Tampa. Ponzi breathed a sigh of relief as he saw the shore recede in the distance. That night he became acquainted with the young wireless operator on board the ship. Day by day he cultivated a friendship with this native-born Italian, until they were upon intimate terms.

Night after night he "listened in" on the wireless, and heard the police searching for one Charles Ponzi. The Italian wireless operator said that the country seemed quite disturbed about this man Ponzi, and "Luciana" smiled.

He was safe. His scheme had worked. His exaltation grew as he learned he had been located first in one place, and then in another. The stupid American police had been completely fooled and he, Charles Ponzi, had done it.

He was safe! Safe!

But Ponzi, who had so successfully shut tight all avenues of information for the time being, had overlooked the most important factor of all, which would make his escape a success or a failure. He had neglected to take his own egotism and conceit into consideration. And this egotism came to the fore-

front as he saw safety within his grasp, and realized that once more he had outwitted the Massachusetts authorities.

This feeling grew more intense as the police messages became more urgent, and Ponzi appreciated the situation. Finally he grew so pleased with himself that he was unable to keep his identity a secret any longer.

He was up in the wireless room. He had just listened to a long message reporting his whereabouts in some middle-western city, and heard with gusto the steps being taken to bring about his arrest.

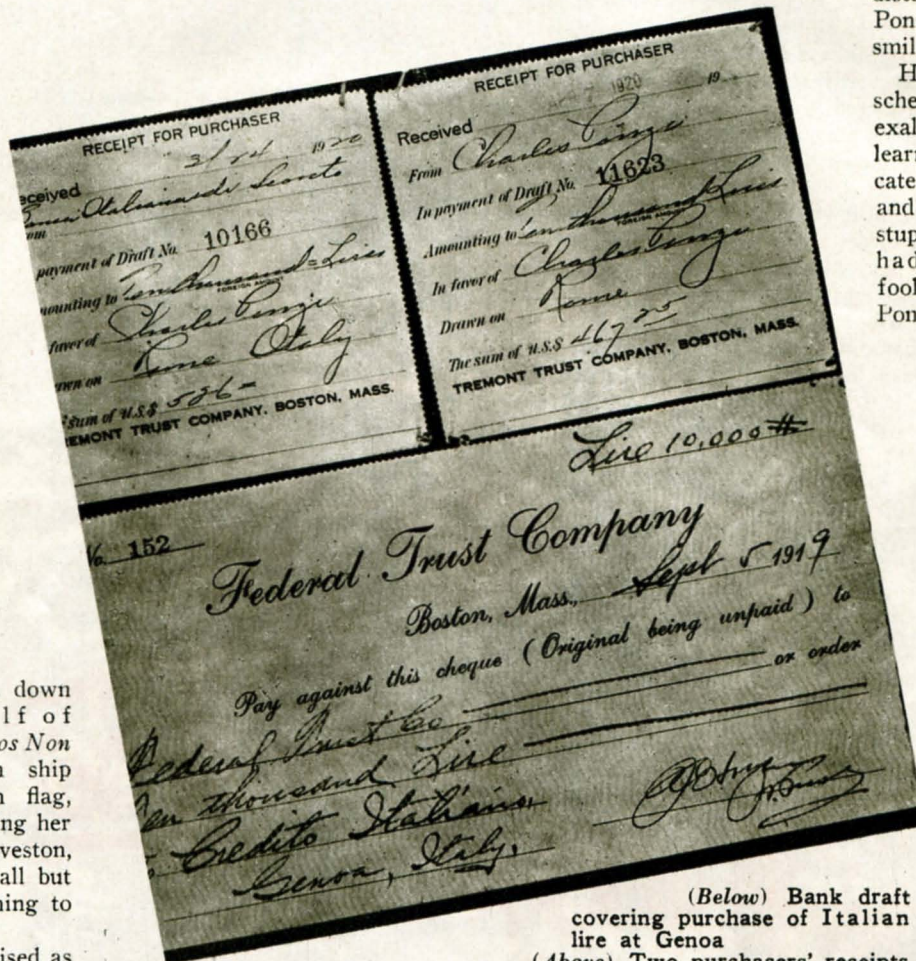
"That chap Ponzi is giving the police a long chase," said the operator as he removed the ear-phones from his head for a few moments. "He's a bright chap."

"You think so?" Ponzi glowed as he heard this praise of himself. "You think so?"

Something in Ponzi's tone made the operator turn.

"Of course I think so!" he replied emphatically. "He is sure one clever guy."

"Listen," Ponzi said softly, looking around to make sure they were not overheard. "If I tell you something very secret, will you promise to keep your mouth shut?"



(Below) Bank draft covering purchase of Italian lire at Genoa
(Above) Two purchasers' receipts

The operator nodded. Ponzi bent still closer.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked. The operator smiled.

"Andrea Luciana, the waiter," he said.

"Not at all. I am Charles Ponzi, the financial wizard."

The operator started. A gleam of admiration came into his eyes.

"Not the Charles Ponzi the police are looking for?"

"The same," replied Ponzi proudly—"but don't you breathe a word of it to a soul."

The operator swore by all he held sacred.

And then Ponzi talked.

POLICE COMMISSIONER Edwin U. Curtis, of Boston, knew what he was doing in assigning Police Inspector John F. Mitchell to the State Attorney-General's office, when the world-wide hunt for Ponzi started. Mitchell had a reputation of always "getting his man." It was Mitchell who uncovered the famous automobile ring which encircled New England. It was Mitchell who brought to a successful unraveling several Boston blackmailing plots not so long ago.

When Ponzi refused to return to Massachusetts and serve his sentence, Inspector Mitchell set the wheels of justice in motion. It was all done very quietly; too much publicity would have defeated his purpose. Ponzi had boasted he would never come back to Massachusetts to serve time; Mitchell intended to see that Ponzi *did* return to Massachusetts and serve his sentence.

The police officer was an experienced man-hunter. He had run down and captured his quarry too often to be dismayed at Ponzi's disappearance. And besides, he knew Charles Ponzi's weakness.

So Inspector Mitchell proceeded in leisurely fashion. In a conference with Attorney-General Jay Benton and District Attorney Thomas C. O'Brien, he suggested that "wanted" circulars be sent out to police departments throughout the world.

The officer took his time; he intended to be thorough. It was decided that Europe, in particular, should be heavily circularized because of the belief that Ponzi had gone to one of the many countries there. For the first time since Ponzi's disappearance, the toils of the law were slowly but surely closing on "the wizard." All unknowingly, Ponzi had made another serious mistake. He had forgotten the fact that back in 1908 he had grown a mustache. But for that, he might have bluffed his way to freedom.

Mitchell spent a lot of time, and put in a great deal of thought, on that police circular. Several conferences were held on the best way to circularize Ponzi. Boston knew him as a clean-shaven chap, but Inspector Mitchell recalled that back in 1908, when he was arrested in Montreal for check-forgery and "mugged" for the Rogues' Gallery, he had worn a mustache.

A mustache is a common disguise, and Inspector Mitchell acted upon the theory that Ponzi had forgotten all about this episode back in 1908. After much deliberation it was decided that the best and surest way to get Ponzi was to send out his description with the Montreal Rogues' Gallery picture. (See lower photograph on page 10.) However, unwilling to take chances, another circular, with a picture showing Ponzi smooth-shaven, was sent along with it.

The circulars went out. Inspector Mitchell settled back to await developments.

One of the circulars, scattered to the four corners of the world, found its way, eventually, into the City Room of a Texas newspaper office.

YET Ponzi's luck still held.

Nothing happened at Galveston to arouse his suspicions. The police knew nothing. Of that he was certain. After a brief touch at Houston, only one more port of call remained before the prow of the Italian ship would at last be turned towards Italy—and certain freedom.

Ponzi grew a trifle careless. He made still another mistake. He let drop the fact that he understood English and the Captain, who happened to overhear the remark, subconsciously made a mental note of it. It might be useful to have an interpreter on board in case of trouble with the Customs. Not that he expected any trouble; but it was just as well to be prepared.

Day by day, as the chances of arrest grew less and less, Ponzi's egotism grew

more and more pronounced. To him, his freedom was sure. "Those American police are fools," Ponzi repeated time after time to the wireless operator, now his confidant. "I have nothing to fear now—absolutely nothing."

And the operator agreed with him, whole-heartedly.

He was proud of his compatriot, and even more vain of the confidence that Ponzi reposed in him. He read the police messages, which he still occasionally intercepted, with much zest and amusement as he realized that he, and he alone, was aware of the identity and whereabouts of the man who had aroused the police all over the world.



(Below) Crowds waiting for Ponzi to leave the court house in Pemberton Square, after his conviction and sentence to the Plymouth (Mass.) jail, in August, 1920, for illegal use of the United States mails

(Above) Charles Ponzi bidding Boston farewell as he started for Plymouth to serve his five-year sentence

If he had only had some confidant to whom he could have boasted a trifle about this knowledge, his contentment would have been complete. It was not often that a wireless operator was the bosom friend of as famous a man as Charles Ponzi. But, of course, he would remain silent. Hadn't he given his word?

THE ship put into Houston, where it was scheduled to remain only a few hours. The wireless operator planned to do a little shopping on shore. Ponzi met him just as he left his state-room.

"Remember," he said in a low voice, "not a word!"

"Of course not!" the operator replied, a little hurt at this implied lack of confidence. "Haven't I promised?"

And with that, Ponzi had to be content. He walked over to the gang-plank and watched the operator out of sight. Then he turned away with a sigh. He would have liked to have gone ashore with him, but that was too much risk, with freedom so near, although he felt there was little chance of discovery from the police. They were too stupid. Still, it was just as well to take no chances. He reluctantly left the deck and went below.

The operator drew a deep sigh of relief as his feet touched solid ground, and he heard the din of traffic a few blocks distant. It was good to be on land again, even if it was in a strange city where he knew no one.

Then happened one of those unexplainable things that readers of fiction would call far-fetched, yet they occur frequently in real life. As the operator turned the corner, he bumped into an old acquaintance from Boston—John Smith, a former Customs officer from that city.

The wireless operator was overjoyed at the meeting. He learned that Smith was now a resident of Houston, and was a ship chandler. His tongue continued to wag. He felt extremely friendly to this one man whom he knew in this city. Without thinking, in a burst of confidence he confided the secret he had promised never to reveal—Charles Ponzi was on his ship, disguised as a waiter.

Smith was apparently unimpressed. He dismissed the subject without comment, and turned to other topics. But Smith did some quick thinking as he carried on a light conversation with the unsuspecting operator. He knew Charles Ponzi was wanted by the police; he knew also there was little chance of extradition if he once got to Italy.

"Can't you meet me tonight for supper and a show?" Smith asked finally. The operator's face clouded with disappointment. He was very sorry, but it would be impossible. The ship was sailing just as soon as they took their cargo on board—a matter of only an hour or two. Smith's eyelids barely flickered at this intelligence. Another time perhaps—

Smith was no longer interested in the operator. He had learned what he wanted, and there was little time in which to act. He glanced at his watch, pleading a previous engagement. The two men chatted a few seconds longer, and then parted. Smith waited until the Italian was out of sight. Then he hurried to the Sheriff's office.

"Charles Ponzi is on board an Italian ship in the harbor," he said, as he burst into the Sheriff's office.

"Is that so?" said the Sheriff, "and who is Charles Ponzi?"

Smith explained as best he could, but the Sheriff took little interest, and refused to take any action. He was sure

it was a case of mistaken identity; he doubted his authority to board a foreign vessel—

"I don't reckon there's anything we can do, Smith," he said at last. "We'd best keep out of it. Let Massachusetts get her own criminals. We have enough right here to keep us busy."

Undismayed, Smith took his leave and started for the newspaper offices. Time was growing short. At the *Houston Press* he met City Editor Webb C. Artz, and in Artz found an interested listener. He told him the entire story.

"Sure, I know about Ponzi," said Artz, fumbling among some papers on his littered desk.

"Here's the police circular that the Attorney-General's office sent me some time ago."

"Ponzi is on that boat," said Smith earnestly. "I'm certain of that."

"If he is, we're going to nab him," promised Artz—"foreign ship, or no foreign ship. We should worry about that. If it's really Ponzi, it's a whale of a story, and one that every newspaper from coast to coast will play up in banner heads. And you say the boat is only here for a short time? Let's go!"

Smith and Artz returned to the Sheriff's office. That official was still there. This time Artz did the talking. He was terse and to the point. He used very few words, and those few he did use were eloquent. (Continued on page 59)



Ponzi (center) as he looked on his arrival in Texas with his captors (left), Deputy Sheriff Bert Lacy and (right) Sheriff T. A. Binford, who held him awaiting the arrival of Police Inspector Mitchell from Boston

The CLUE of the CRIMSON STAIN

A spot of blood on the window-sill was the only clue to the prowling menace that had snuffed out the life of Victor Brooks, young Philadelphia broker. Was that enough for Detective Fynes?

By Detective Sergeant BERNARD FYNES
As told to EDWIN A. GOEWEY

AT Inspector Burke's suggestion, I stopped by old man Hatton's house about midnight to give things the once-over. A reception—in honor of the return of Hatton's daughter, Madeline, from a year's honeymoon in Europe—was in progress there.

As Hatton was a multimillionaire, and his daughter's husband, Victor Brooks, was a wealthy Philadelphia broker, their personal affairs were made a matter of public information by the newspapers, and I was well acquainted with the romantic story of Madeline's elopement with Brooks and of Hatton's subsequent forgiveness of them. Hatton had only one other child—another daughter, somewhat older, who was a paralytic.

When I arrived at the house, I found that Clancey, the policeman on the beat, was keeping a close lookout on the place. He reported that everything was dead quiet, and that reporters and the rubber-necks had departed early. The guests, he thought, would be starting for home before long.

"Better keep an eye on the place until they're all gone," I said. "Some porch-climber might try to take advantage of the excitement to sneak in for a quick clean-up."

Relighting my cigar, I was just starting away—when a series of frightened screams came from the house!

As I whirled, the front doors were thrown open, and a maid appeared at the top of the steps, crying, "Police!"

The next instant she was seized by a man, who pulled her inside and then ran down the steps toward us. I met him half-way. I knew by his dress that he was a servant.

"I'm Detective Fynes," I said. "What's the matter?"

He was so unnerved that he could hardly speak. "Quick!" he rasped. "It-it's murder!"

"What do you mean—who—"

"Mr. Brooks! Somebody's killed Mr. Brooks!"

"My God!" I cried. Then, without a moment's delay, I turned to Clancey and said as calmly as I could: "Call the Station for the Inspector. Then come inside."

I ran up the steps and into the reception hall, which was a scene of wild confusion. A frightened crowd was milling about in front of the stairway leading to the floors above,

while other guests were banked in the doorways opening into the great ball-room.

Only one person appeared to have kept his head. He was Billy Dale, son of the automobile manufacturer. He and I were acquainted. I made my way to his side, admiring the manner in which he was trying to restore order.

I touched his arm.

He wheeled, and looked at me. "Hello, Bernie!" he said. "I'm glad somebody with a cool head has arrived!" Then, raising his voice in an effort to make the crowd listen, he shouted, "Ladies and gentlemen! This is Detective Fynes. He will take charge."

Clancey had just entered the house, and with his help I herded the guests into the ball-room. I told Clancey to stand at the door and let no one out. Then I singled out the coolest-looking servant in sight, and placed him to guard the front door until the Inspector and his assistants arrived.

WITH Dale as my guide, I started up-stairs. He led me to the body, which lay, face up, in front of a curtained door, about fifteen feet from the head of the staircase. A quick examination showed me that he had been stabbed in the back and that death had been practically instantaneous. No knife or dagger was in sight. I noticed that several packages of cigarettes were scattered about.

I turned away. "All right, Dale, tell me what you know," I said.

In his usual crisp, business-like tones, he gave me a sketch of the events, so far as he was acquainted with what had happened.

Brooks and Madeline had arrived only that morning on the *Arconia*, and the reception was arranged so that society might welcome them formally. Everything had gone smoothly until only a few minutes before. Then Brooks had announced that he had brought several cartons of cigarettes from Turkey for his friends. Before dancing was resumed, he went up-stairs to get them.

"It appeared to me that he was gone a considerable time," Dale went on, "but he had explained that the cigarettes were

in a trunk he had not unpacked. Suddenly there was a terrible shriek from the upper hallway. Madeline and I were the only ones who went up—Hatton kept the others back. We found him dead—as you see him there. Madeline threw herself upon him, touched his face, and then collapsed, unconscious. At that moment, her maid, Lucy, appeared—from where, I don't know. Together, we carried Madeline to her room, and placed her on a couch. She's still there, with her father and Doctor Logan, who was one of the guests, and who has been the family physician for years. Before going to Madeline's room, the Doctor examined Victor, and found him past human aid."

"Is Mrs. Brooks' sister with her?"

"No. Marie is completely paralyzed, and can't even lift a finger. She has been so for nearly a year."

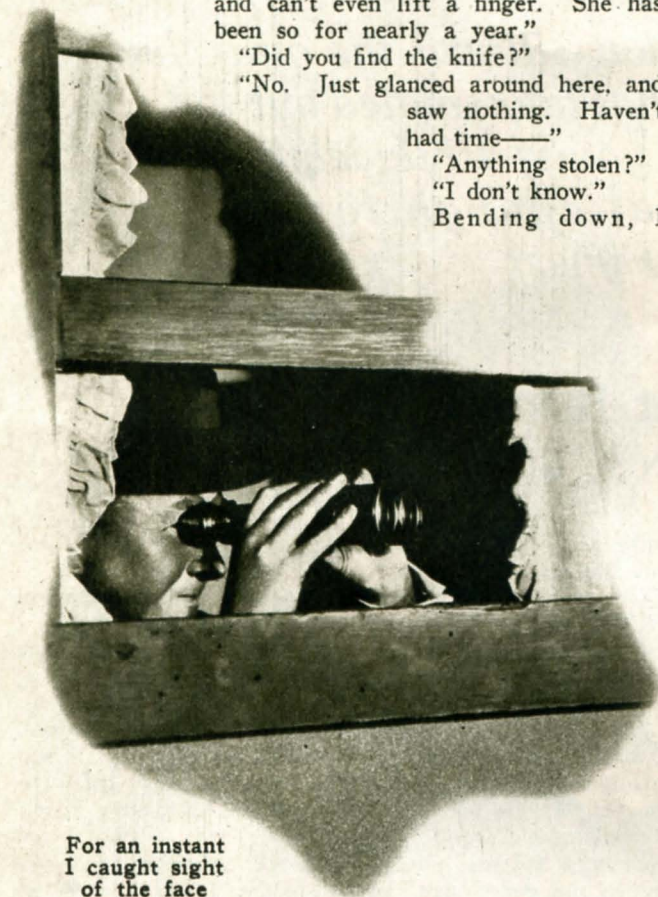
"Did you find the knife?"

"No. Just glanced around here, and saw nothing. Haven't had time——"

"Anything stolen?"

"I don't know."

Bending down, I



For an instant
I caught sight
of the face

looked again at the wound in the dead man's back. The knife had entered his body just below the left shoulder, and had penetrated to his heart. It was a strong, sure blow—and the wielder must have possessed considerable strength to withdraw the weapon from the wound.

I pushed back the curtains from the doorway, revealing a part of the great room beyond. However, it was unlighted, so I could not see far. Dropping to my knees, I began studying the floor near the rug upon which Brooks lay. Instantly I received a real jolt. Small stains, indicating where blood had dropped from the knife, were visible just inside the doorway.

"**Q**UICK, Dale, turn on the lights, if you know where the switch is."

He shot past me, and the room was flooded with illumination.

Crawling along, I found more of the stains.

"Look," I said, "the killer went through here. Fast, now—give me the layout of this floor, the number of suites, and the location of stairways."

"This room, the family lounging-room, is directly in the front of the house. To the left are the quarters which

Victor and Madeline occupied—the guest suite. To the right are the rooms of the invalid daughter. Hatton occupies those in the rear. There is a back stairway, inside the house, running from the yard to the roof, with doors opening on each floor."

"Then a sneak could have gotten in that way?"

"Yes, but there are also fire-escapes on each side of the house, and in the rear. The platforms are unusually wide, like balconies. Note that all the windows of this room are open. A person could have come in, and gone out, through one of them."

At that moment Hatton entered, but before I could question him, the doors opening into the invalid's rooms were pushed open, and Doctor Logan entered, leading an elderly woman, white of hair, her features ghastly and twitching. I guessed that she was the paralyzed daughter's nurse.

"What is it, Logan?" Hatton asked tensely. "Marie is all right?"

"Yes, pretty calm now. I've given her something for her nerves. But she got an awful scare."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"The man who killed Brooks made his escape through her room," Doctor Logan said briskly.

"What?" I shouted.

"Come, Lisa." Logan shook the nurse. "Tell the detective what you told me."

THE woman shuddered, uttered a sob, then: "We heard a cry, in the hall. It was terrible. I was reading to Marie, to keep her mind off the reception, poor thing. She heard it, and shrieked. I guess I did, too. The next minute we heard a door jerked open. Then a man ran through the bedroom, and went out one of the open windows."

"What did he look like?"

"I can't remember. I was frightened—and he went too fast. Then we heard voices, all over the house. I don't remember what we did, till Doctor Logan came. I just covered Marie with the bedding, and—oh, I can't remember."

Led by the Doctor, I hurried through a sort of sitting-room and on into the invalid's chamber. She lay in a bed near the wall, one round, white arm lying above the covers. On a taboret, close to the bed on the far side, were a handkerchief and a partly filled glass. Her beautiful face was calm, in spite of what she had seen.

I looked about the room. There were several windows, each masked with a heavy velvet drape. All but two were closed. One of the open windows was within a foot of the bed, and the other was diagonally across the room.

"Which window did the man go out of?" I asked the nurse, who had followed us into the room.

"That!" She pointed to the one furthest from the bed.

I crossed over, leaned upon the sill, and looked out. The window was on the side of the house facing the street. No fire-escape balcony there. If the man had gone through that window, he must have dropped thirty feet to the pavement below!

"Are you certain it was this window?"

She nodded.

I was not convinced. In her excitement she probably had not noted clearly what had occurred. Moving to the other window, I placed my hands upon the sill and looked out upon the balcony to note the position of the ladder leading to the ground. As I did so, I was surprised to feel something moist beneath my right hand. Forgetting, for the moment, my customary caution, I raised my hand and looked. Surprise turned to amazement. On my palm was a red splotch—blood!

Recovering myself instantly, I straightened up and glanced about. Apparently, none of the others had noted my discovery. Holding my hand so they could not see, I went to the other window and again looked out. I was play-

ing for time, waiting for the blood to dry—while a dozen suspicions and conjectures flashed through my mind! Uppermost was the thought that the intruder actually had gone out the window nearest the bed—and that the blood upon the sill had dropped from the murder-knife!

"I can't understand how anyone could jump from this window, without breaking his neck," I said. The others crowded close. "It is a sheer drop. There isn't even a coping along which he could have worked his way to the fire-escape." I turned directly to the nurse. "Are you positive the man didn't go out the other window?"

"I know he didn't." Her tone was positive, and a flush of anger swept her face.

Again I walked over to the window near the bed, and leaned out. I purposely put my left hand over the spot where the blood had stained my other hand. I was surprised to feel no moisture. Stealthily I glanced at my hand. No sign of blood upon it! I had all I could do to stifle a gasp. Making a desperate effort to show no change of expression, I turned and looked closely at things near me. No one apparently had been near that window—and yet the blood had been wiped away!

THEN I noted another astounding thing! The handkerchief had disappeared from the taboret.

I looked guardedly at the invalid, lying motionless in the bed. The window-sill was easily within her reach. When my back was turned and the others were close about me, had she snatched up the handkerchief, wiped the blood from the woodwork, and concealed the bit of linen beneath the covers?

But this girl was supposed to be unable to move a muscle of her body!

My head was in a whirl, and I couldn't think very clearly. But I had a hunch that there had been no intruder—that someone still in the house, someone known both to Marie and the nurse, had done the killing and had thrown the knife from the window nearest the bed.

Right then I was convinced that these two women held the key to the mystery.

At that moment, Clancey appeared in the doorway, and beckoned to me. Learning that Inspector Burke and the Medical Examiner had arrived, I told the policeman to stand guard, and see that nothing was disturbed. Then I went below. There I found the Inspector and several plain-clothes men.

"Listen, Inspector," I said, drawing him aside—"this looks like the damndest case I ever went up against. We've got to work fast. Please leave up-stairs to me for a while. We can save time if you list and question the guests, and send them home. Don't bother with the servants. I've a reason."

"O. K., Bernie, I'll trust your judgment. But make no slips."

TURNING to the plain-clothes men, I directed two of them to search behind the house for a knife or a dagger, but to be careful to attract no attention from anyone who might be watching from the inside.

With the Medical Examiner at my heels, I returned up-stairs. His preliminary examination was brief. Then we carried Brooks' body into an empty room.

Before continuing my own investigation, I soaked my handkerchief in Brooks' blood and placed it in my purse.

I was all set then to begin a real hunt for clues.

When I returned to Marie's bedroom, I met Hatton and Logan coming out.

"She remains fairly well composed, considering the shock she received," said the physician, "but I beg of you not to disturb her again. In her condition, any more excitement might prove serious."

"I'll do my best," I said, "but I simply must go over every inch of that room for fingerprints and other clues. Have

her moved to another room. I'll wait here until it's done."

As they returned to the chamber, I beckoned to Clancey. "Find Mrs. Brooks' personal maid, Lucy, and take her to some room where I can question her later. Keep everyone from her."

I turned to note the banker arguing with the nurse.

"We shall take Marie to my quarters," he said, catching my eye and coming forward. "Lisa is afraid she will catch cold, though—she's been my daughter's nurse since the day she was born, you know—and insists she must remain wrapped in the warm bedclothing. Is there any objection?"

"No—only, please hurry. I'll remain in the hallway."

If the supposed paralytic had

wiped away the blood stain—and I could see no other way to account for what had happened—was this a ruse to smuggle out the bloody handkerchief, without anyone seeing it? I didn't know what to think—but I was not yet sufficiently sure of my ground to raise opposition to an apparently

legitimate request.

A few minutes later the nurse and Hatton passed me, pushing the chair in which the girl sat huddled, the bedclothing wrapped about her to her eyes.

When I entered Marie's chamber, I found the bed had been stripped, sheets and all, down to the mattress. Then Hatton came in hurriedly, and, though still white, he appeared to



With a quick movement, the curtain was drawn aside

have recovered some of his nerve, I thought.

"When you are through, Marie wants to come back here; she is restless outside her own rooms. I want to help you all I can—but we're all upset over this terrible thing! Lisa insists that we shouldn't have moved her at all—and she has been a second mother to Marie, particularly since she became paralyzed. She has fed and bathed her, read to her and cared for her, as perhaps, no relative would have done. I know she would give her life willingly if she thought that by so doing she could make Marie happier. Now, I'll leave you alone."

AS I thought over what he had said, I wondered if the nurse, in her mad affection for the girl, had done the killing, at the instigation of her charge. But, if so, what could be the motive to prompt such a fearful crime? Perhaps jealousy was the cause. If not that—and if the women were responsible for the murder—then one or both must be mad. Possibly Marie had become morbid to the point of insanity, brooding over the better fortune of Madeline, and had caused the nurse to kill the young husband, with the devilish thought in mind that her sister would suffer.

After making certain that Hatton had gone to another part of the house, I locked the door, and hastened to the window. Over the spot where I had leaned, I spread a sheet from my note-book, and rubbed it with the handle of my

knife. Only a faint trace of discoloration showed, though I pressed so hard that the grain of the wood could be noted. I now felt positive the girl had wiped away the clot of blood. Not wishing to overlook any possible chance, I made a careful search of the bed—but I did not find the stained handkerchief.

NEXT, I examined the rugs and floor. However, I found nothing but a few spots where additional drops of blood had dried. The window-sill and the fire-escape showed no trace of the alleged killer's flight. Then I turned my attention to the closets and the furniture, but uncovered nothing suspicious.

Returning to the hallway, I found Clancey waiting.

"The maid's in there," he said, pointing toward a room at the rear of the house. "She wouldn't leave her mistress until she fell asleep. The doctor doped the poor girl, and it's finally taken effect. Mr. Dale's waiting for you below."

"All right, you remain here."

Then Logan and Hatton appeared, the latter asking me if I had completed my work.

Replying in the affirmative, I told him it would be all right to take his daughter back to her suite.

I watched until Hatton and the nurse wheeled Marie into her room and closed the door; then I stepped quickly into

get back to my mistress as soon as possible. I'm needed there. Besides, if it became known that I had given you information, I should be discharged. I can't afford that. But Mr. and Mrs. Brooks have been good to me, and I won't help to shield those who have injured them."

"Trust me, Lucy. I'll keep you covered if possible."

"I have heard this talk of Mr. Brooks being killed by a thief whom he surprised. I don't believe it. Throughout the reception I remained up here—and I was in the lounging-room when I heard someone coming up the stairs. I looked out, and saw it was Mr. Brooks. As he passed an empty room down the hallway, he stopped. I heard a woman's voice. I shouldn't have listened, but I did. She was excited, but she spoke in a low, muffled tone. I tried to see who it was, but couldn't. He began to move away. I saw an arm reach out, and draw him back."

"He shook himself free, and started toward his rooms. Then the woman's voice said in a harsh whisper that came distinctly to my ears: 'If you won't go with me, I'll kill you!'"

"Just a minute. Are you absolutely certain of that?"

"On my oath. I closed the curtains, and ran around the back way to my room. The next minute I heard a cry and a fall. I looked out. Mr. Brooks was lying near the curtains behind which I stood when I heard the threat."

"REACHING a window of the bedroom, I peered in . . . The bed was vacant—the tumbled coverings indicating its occupant had left it hurriedly . . .

"Silently, but with desperate speed, I ran back to the hall and to Marie's door . . . everything depended on the outcome of the next few seconds!"

Hatton's quarters. I wondered if the girl had disposed of the blood-stained handkerchief. Fearing the banker might return, I made my search hurriedly. I found nothing in the room in which the wheel-chair had stood. Then, noting that the bath-room door was open, I stepped inside—and instantly received a fresh jolt! Water was splashed upon the floor and sink, and some of the wet spots were dirty, and a bit red!

In the brief time that Hatton had left the pair of women alone, my guess was that Lisa had washed the telltale stains from the handkerchief.

Glancing about, I saw a tall metal container for soiled linen. I jerked off the cover, reached in, and drew out—a sheet, one corner of which was wet. On examining this, I noted that an attempt had been made to remove a stain. But the effort had been too hasty. A dull spot still remained. Probably, the sheet had been soiled by the bloody handkerchief, and Lisa had attempted to eliminate the clue. The lavatory suggested the final disposition of the handkerchief.

I folded the sheet and carried it to the hallway, where I turned it over to Clancey and told him to smuggle it outside, under his uniform, and keep it until I left the house.

Then I went to the room in which Mrs. Brooks' maid was waiting. She was a woman in her middle thirties, with intelligent eyes and a firm mouth. To my surprise, she showed no signs of the prevalent excitement, other than deeply flushed cheeks.

The instant I had closed the door, she came close to me and said in a low tone, "Let me talk, Mr. Officer—I must

That was her story, in no detail of which could she be shaken, though I questioned her for several minutes. Finally I gave her permission to return to her quarters.

I believed that she had told the truth—but I could not be sure.

If her story was true, it was of the utmost importance, as it established a motive for the killing. But it also apparently eliminated the possibility of the elderly nurse as the slayer. Was the killer some intimate friend of Marie's—a guest at the reception, perhaps, who had slipped into the upper part of the house, and waited her chance? But a sort of sixth sense made me doubt this—I felt somehow that I was on the verge of uncovering a strange, inhuman plot, planned long ago and fiendish in its cleverness!

WHEN I went down to the lower hall, I found that the Inspector had completed his task. After telling him I had made important discoveries, I asked if he would go to the Station and wait until I had covered another angle of the case, which would not take long. He consented, accepting my further suggestion that all detectives and policemen leave the house.

As soon as he had departed, I beckoned Dale outside.

"Dale," I said, "you can help me more than anyone else. Will you do it, no matter who the guilty party may be?"

"You don't mean you suspect—some one of us? No, that is not a fair question. Vic Brooks was like my own brother. He was killed from behind—a coward's blow. I give you my word—I'll do anything in my power to help you."

"Good. If you care to, you can help me search the place. The dagger, used by the murderer, was thrown from a window into the grounds behind the house."

Walking across a rear lawn, Dale trailing, I found the two men I had detailed to search outside. One of them struck a match while the other held out a thin-bladed dagger, with a gold and ivory handle. The blade was stained with dried blood. I thought I detected a faint gasp from Dale, but was too interested in the weapon just then to give heed.

"I found this among those bushes," said one of the detectives, pointing to a clump of shrubbery a considerable distance from the house. "The murderer may have tossed it there as he ran past. But if it was thrown from one of those windows, he must have had some muscle!"

I sent the two men to the Station, and then turned to Dale and outlined some of the things I had uncovered.

When I questioned him, I got one important piece of information. The dagger had belonged to the elder daughter's mother, the first Mrs. Hatton. Again, the clues pointed to some member of the household or some friend who would know of the existence of this dagger and could have laid hands on it.

After giving Dale permission to go to his home, I went around to the front of the house, where I found Clancey and took the smuggled sheet from him. Then I hurried to the Station, to see the Inspector. He told me that the guests had yielded no information of importance. I gave him a summary of what I had learned, and showed him my exhibits—the sheet, the dagger, and my handkerchief, which I had stained with Brooks' blood.

A careful examination of the dagger revealed the fact that its handle had been wiped clean—there were no fingerprints on it!

It was arranged that I should conduct the Hatton end of the investigation, while the Inspector stalled off the reporters and covered other aspects of the case.

It was nearly daylight when I left the Station, taking with me the dagger and other bits of evidence, and headed for home. I was too fatigued to undress, and, after setting my alarm-clock for six, I flopped upon a couch. When the jangling bell aroused me, I felt as if I hadn't slept at all. However, a shower, a change of clothing, and a hasty breakfast, mostly of black coffee, put me on my feet.

While I ate, I glanced through some of the newspaper stories concerning the murder. They stated Brooks, going to the second floor to obtain cigarettes for his guests, had encountered a thief who had killed him. What pleased me most was the statement that the murder-knife had not been found and probably had been carried away by the escaping assassin. Also, it was said that none was able to give even a fair description of the intruder, and that he had stolen nothing, and left no fingerprints or other clues to aid the authorities.

Of course, there were columns concerning Hatton, Madeline's elopement with Brooks, and many sympathetic

paragraphs concerning her paralyzed half-sister, who had seen the murderer when he had dashed through her bed-chamber to reach the fire-escape by which he had escaped.

After breakfast, I went at once to the home of Doctor Meyserk, the Department's chief chemist, and routed him out of bed. He showed no displeasure, realizing that mine was an emergency errand.

"Here, Doctor," I said, taking from a grip the articles I had brought from the Hatton home, "are some things I wish you would work upon, at once. The blood on the handkerchief is Brooks'. I want to learn if that on the dagger also is his. See the stain on this sheet? Something was washed out of it last night. It was wet when I recovered it. I hope you can determine whether the stain was also made by Brooks' blood."

"Come to the laboratory this afternoon," was his laconic dismissal.

Then I telephoned to Doctor Vanderwalt, the city's most noted authority on nervous diseases, particularly those affecting women. On more than one occasion I had been of service to him, and he readily consented to see me at his home immediately. The distance was not great.

All this time a strange theory had been crystallizing in my mind. It seemed so far-fetched that I would have been hazarding my reputation if I had advanced it to my superiors. But I went to see the specialist in the hope of finding some support for it.

Marie Hatton had moved her arm the night before—I was almost positive of that. Was it possible she could move her entire body? What if her paralysis was a sham—a sham that she had kept up for a whole year, with the diabolical purpose of catching Brooks off his guard and killing him, under conditions that would leave her absolutely free of suspicion?

"If you don't object, Doctor," I began, when I was alone with Vanderwalt, "I would like to obtain some information, without stating upon what case it has a bearing."

"Suit yourself. What is your problem?"

"Would a paralytic—in this instance, a woman twenty-three years old,

paralyzed a year ago—continue to retain her weight and a pretty fair color? By 'paralyzed,' I mean absolutely helpless, unable to move a muscle—a person who can be moved about only in a wheel-chair, and must be fed, bathed, and even turned over in bed by a nurse."

"Um." He hesitated, giving me a sharp look. "I cannot give you a positive answer without seeing the person and learning her condition and surroundings. In one such case, the patient might put on increased (Continued on page 60)



Just as she raised the paper, I started into the room

TRAPPING "BOSTON BILLY"

This is the real story of the capture of "Boston Billy" Williams. Much that is here given could not be published in the newspapers at the time the search for this famous crook was receiving such wide publicity throughout the country. But the time when secrecy was a necessary precaution with the police officials is past, and the inside story of the case, in which literally dozens of detectives worked at various times during the more than three years it was in progress, is here given to the public for the first time, by the man who had charge of the man-hunt for this slippery "Gentleman Raffles" of the underworld.

DURING the years 1924 to 1927, Long Island and adjacent parts of Connecticut and New Jersey were the scene of a series of amazing jewel robberies. Every case was investigated with strenuous care—but the trail always led to a blank wall!

The first definite bit of information about the thief came from Spencer, a private detective, who obtained a photograph of a suspect in connection with a robbery in Greenwich, Connecticut, which came to be known as the "mystery picture." The suspect's name, or alias, he learned, was "Boston Billy" Williams. All efforts to locate Williams were unsuccessful. He seemed to be a myth.

Then, shortly after the Jesse Livermore robbery, in which \$100,000 worth of jewels were stolen, the police received two anonymous tips over the telephone. These were traced to a cigar-store pay-station on 116th Street, New York City, and that place was watched continually. The tips were also followed up promptly. A speak-easy and an apartment on 116th Street, which had been referred to as the hide-outs of the jewel thief, were searched, and a pistol and a black-jack were found in the latter. That was the only direct result of the cryptic information that had been received.

However, the indirect results were very important. A private detective agency, retained by an insurance company, was also investigating the Livermore robbery and a number of other cases, and was working in close cooperation with Captain King. When the tips were relayed to the head of that agency—a man thoroughly acquainted with the underworld—he was able to establish the right contacts in the 116th Street neighborhood and buy information from a man who knew some of the facts about the robberies. This man supplied the name of Arthur Gibson,



who frequently visited Mrs. Anna King, of Ronkonkoma, Long Island.

Captain King caught Gibson and Mrs. King just as they were getting off a train at Ronkonkoma—and Gibson was carrying a cardboard box full of jewelry! The pair were taken into custody, as well as Gibson's brother and his chauffeur, who had been waiting at the station for him.

Later, in order to exonerate his sweetheart, Mrs. King, who was wearing a stolen ring which he had given her, Gibson made a confession, and named Boston Billy Williams as his partner and the brains of the robberies.

He told the truth—but not the whole truth. I, as well as the two detectives who had listened to his statement, were convinced that he had offered only enough to fulfill his bargain. However, in accordance with our agreement, we released Mrs. King. Gibson's brother and Otto Becker, the chauffeur, were also released, as we believed they were innocent of any knowledge of the crimes. The latter was anxious to show his good faith by helping the police.

The confession served our purpose for the time being, giving us something with which to tie up Gibson, should his attorney get busy and demand his release. As matters turned out, this bob-tailing of facts concerning the real identity of Williams, helped us a lot in two ways: the newspapers were satisfied, and published the statement; and it led Williams to believe that his accomplice had resolved to keep his real identity to himself—which

was true at the time, but in the end, availed nothing. The person who subsequently wrote a letter to the *New York Times*, signing the name of Boston Billy, and calling Gibson a "yellow rat," or some such name, was a crank. It wasn't Boston Billy himself—Williams was a big bad man; he would never have stooped to such a trifling drool

WANTED

for escape from an officer while being conveyed
from Court House to Jail, January 24, 1921

21101

JAMES F. MONAHAN

RIGHT HAND

LEFT HAND

DESCRIPTION. Age, 22 years; height, 5 feet 8 inches; weight, 145 pounds; dark complexion, black hair, dark brown eyes, scar above left eyebrow, medium-stout build, occupation laborer, native of Worcester, Massachusetts.

REWARD OF \$200.00

will be paid for his arrest and delivery to an officer from the Sheriff's Department.

A. F. RICHARDSON
Sheriff of Worcester County, Massachusetts

(Above) The "mystery picture" of Boston Billy, which was furnished by Spencer

(Below) The famous crook as he looked early in his career, when he was being sought by Massachusetts police officers, following one of his first offenses against the law

—\$1,000,000 CROOK

By ELVIN N. EDWARDS

District Attorney of Nassau County, N. Y.

As told to ISABEL STEPHEN



as that, and that much should be stated to his credit.

Shortly after Gibson had been returned to his cell, Manhattan Headquarters telephoned Captain King a report of their findings on the fingerprints which had been dispatched to them the night before.

"Arthur Gibson" was an alias of Arthur J. Barry. He had a criminal record which extended from 1910, and was wanted by the Connecticut authorities as a fugitive from justice, having escaped from jail in 1922.

All day long, inquiries from various police departments flooded the Nassau County Police Headquarters, and my office. So crammed were those days with action and obstacles, that it is difficult to condense the history of our hunt for Boston Billy within the confines of a short account.

We were pressed for time. The Connecticut authorities had started extradition proceedings. If they managed to take Barry outside of our jurisdiction before we could convict him, or persuade him to reveal the real identity of Boston Billy—which we were morally certain he knew—we would find ourselves just as much up-a-tree as we had been before we made our first capture.

The ingenuity with which the robberies had been planned and executed, signified a warped, but extraordinarily keen, vicious intelligence—and this, the debonair, sentimental Barry did not possess. Hence, I was convinced that Barry was merely the tool—and that his elusive partner was the real master-mind.

Naturally, we did not confide our current findings to the reporters. Why should we send Boston Billy daily public bulletins, explaining just exactly what we knew, and what we were doing? If, as Barry said, the newspapers had been their guide in

FINGERPRINTS		PRISONER'S SIGNATURE <i>James F. Monahan</i>	
		RESIDENCE <i>125 Gardner St Worcester Mass.</i>	
IDENTIFICATION			
HEIGHT 5' 11"	HEAD LENGTH 19"	L. FOOT 10 1/2"	AGE 34 YEARS
END. HEIGHT 5' 11"	WIDTH 14 1/2"	L. MID. F. 10 1/2"	COLOR OF LEFT EYE BROWN
WEIGHT 175	CHEEK 3 1/2"	L. LIP. F. 1 1/2"	PERIPHER. I. 1 1/2"
THUMB 1 1/2"	LENGTH 7 1/2"	L. FORE A. 1 1/2"	PERIPHER. II. 1 1/2"
CURV. 1 1/2"			
IDENTIFICATION		21653	
BEFORE ARREST		AFTER ARREST	
NAME <i>James F. Monahan</i>		ALIASES <i>James F. Monahan</i>	
DATE OF ARREST <i>Nov 19 1933</i>		WHEN SENTENCED <i>Nov 19 1933</i>	
HEIGHT 5' 11"		WEIGHT 175	
HAIR <i>Black</i>		EYES <i>Hazel</i>	
COMPLEXION <i>Fair</i>		BUILD <i>Med</i>	
		MARRIAGE <i>None</i>	

(Above) Boston Billy, while on his way to court handcuffed to detectives, tries to dodge the reporters' cameras

(Below) In this photograph is clearly shown the change in Boston Billy's physical appearance after his grueling experiences with the law

selecting the scenes of their crimes, we were determined the same vehicle should not serve as warning signals of our traps.

The hunt for Boston Billy was one of the greatest pieces of detective work ever accomplished by the Police Department, aided by private investigators. They had no help from stool-pigeons, for Williams did not run with gangsters and professional thieves. His habitat was in the upper planes of society, even if occasionally he descended to the nether regions when he needed help in his various jobs. Moreover, his numberless sweethearts were not of the demi-monde—he selected them in entirely conventional circles.

Captain King will here again take up the thread of the narrative, and will briefly detail the following-up of the case from the time of Barry's arrest:

WE banked a lot on a tip given us by Becker, Barry's chauffeur. He said that Williams was very anxious to obtain a letter from a girl in Key West, Florida. This was due to arrive at Ronkonkoma Post-office the day following his accomplice's arrest. Becker knew Williams—up to the time of Barry's arrest—merely as a philandering rich play-boy, and had thought he was only "kidding" the women who wrote to him.

It was late Monday afternoon when my telephone rang, and on picking up the receiver I was greeted by Otto Becker.

His voice trembled with excitement he could not conceal.

"Mrs. King has just received a phone message from Billy," he said hurriedly. "He told her to get in touch with me, and have me call at the post-office for the evening mail. I'm to ask for a letter addressed to 'James Francis Drake.' Then I am to wait at a certain garage until he sends a messenger for it."

"That's fine," I said. "I'll have a man waiting near you. When the messenger arrives, the detective will bring him and the letter to me."

We immediately made an effort to trace the call received by Mrs. King, and were successful in doing so. It had come from the cigar-store on 116th Street. So far, so good.

We did not want to make Williams suspicious by holding his messenger—we merely wanted to question the man. So I directed a detective to take a police car to Ronkonkoma, wait for the burglar's emissary, and bring him to Headquarters as speedily as possible.

It was around six o'clock, at the end of a sweltering day, that a short, emaciated, chalky-faced individual was led into my office.

"Here's Billy's messenger—and the letter," the detective said, as he closed the

door and pushed the man into the middle of the room.

I looked at the derelict, who stood near my desk with quivering, dry lips and jerking hands. He had "drug addict" written all over him—a typical East Side bit of flotsam.

I GLANCED at the envelope. It was square and of a very good quality of paper. On the left-hand corner was a return address: "c/o the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, Key West, Florida." In order to protect the girl who wrote this letter, I shall call her Ethel Brookes, which is not her name.

"Where were you going to deliver this?" I asked the trembling messenger.

He shuffled his feet uncomfortably, rubbed the tattered sleeve of his jacket across his face, licked his dry lips, and after one or two futile attempts at speech, managed to blurt out: "To a man on the corner of Hun'red an' Sixteent' Street and Sevent' Avenoo. Dat's all I knows 'bout it. S'help me God! Jeez! I ain't done nossings."

And that is all we could get out of him. I was pretty thoroughly convinced that the poor wretch was telling the truth, for he appeared to be scared out of what little wits he had. Any false courage he might have obtained from drugs, had wilted the moment he entered my office. Perspiration started to pour down his face—a symptom that he was a devotee of the "pipe" rather than of "snow."

There was only one thing to do—that was to read the letter. It was addressed to a dangerous criminal.

It was the sort of note any well-bred young woman might write. Plainly enough, the correspondent had no idea of the nefarious occupation of "James Francis Drake." A previous letter was referred to, in which she had spoken of visiting a friend in Maplewood, New Jersey. All her plans were now made, she wrote, and she was coming by

one of the boats on the Mallory Line, which would dock at Pier 38, North River, on June 17.

This letter, which had been rather carelessly sealed in the first place, was returned to the envelope, and the flap resealed by means of the original mucilage. No one could tell it had been tampered with.

"Take this and deliver it to the man you were told to give it to," I instructed the now thoroughly nerve-shattered messenger. "If he is not there, or if there is any slip-up, I'll believe that you tipped him off—and you'll be run in, and sent up the River. So, take care."

I instructed the detective to trail him until the letter reached its destination—the hands of Boston Billy.



Arthur J. Barry, alias Arthur "Gibson,"
from a Rogues' Gallery portrait

I had a hunch that we wouldn't bag Williams as simply as all that, however. For months, he had managed to elude Spencer, who was one of the keenest investigators in the business, and had been close on Billy's trail all the time. It wouldn't be likely that the man would walk unwarily into our trap. But, at any rate, that letter had given us a valuable lead.

Though Barry was a self-confessed thief, we could not use the information he had given against himself without

carefully checking up on it. It was necessary to verify it in every detail, in order to have corroborative evidence which would stand up in court.

While awaiting a report from the detective who was "tail-ing" the messenger, I glanced through the memorandum written by the clerk in our "missing property" department. He had been comparing the articles, taken from Barry at the time of his arrest, with various lists furnished us by the insurance companies who had been notified of his arrest.

Mrs. John C. Greenleaf, a prominent society woman of Hewlett Park, Long Island, had already identified an emerald ring, worth \$7,000, and several other pieces of jewelry, as items stolen from her home in April. Mrs. Robert Sealy, also of Hewlett Park, had likewise identified several articles, and Matthias Plum, of Rumson, New Jersey, had picked out a \$5,000 ring, which belonged to his wife. The last mentioned was the ring Mrs. King was wearing when taken into custody.

IT was around nine o'clock that night when the detective called me up from Harlem. As I had feared, he had not succeeded in closing in on Boston Billy.

"The messenger met a man on the corner," he reported, "and turned the letter over to him and received some money. This man went on to the speak-easy near by, and left the letter with the bartender. The operative who has been 'covering' the cigar-store pay-station, is now in the speak-easy, awaiting developments."

I directed him to return to Long Island, and decided to pay a visit by myself to the 116th Street speak-easy, which, it seemed, Williams was still patronizing in spite of the fact that we had openly searched it for him on more than one occasion.

Though it was late when I reached there, several small

stores in the neighborhood were open, and a constant stream of playgoers were arriving and leaving a near-by motion picture house.

I didn't want to cause any excitement; so I waited patiently until I saw a man and a girl approach the place which was supposed to be Williams' hang-out. I was only a few feet behind them. I don't know whether they gave any special signal or password, but the door was unbolted for them.

When I attempted to follow, the doorman—a burly negro—started to push me out and close the door in my face.

"LET me in, or I'll come back with reinforcements and smash your place open," I managed to tell him, as I flashed my shield. "If there's any trouble, it'll be your fault."

He scowled at me for a moment, his face hideously contorted. Then he called, over his shoulder: "Hey, Joe!"

An undersized, nattily dressed, ferret-eyed man came quickly to his aid.

"What you want?" he demanded. "This place is open only to my friends."

"I'm coming in, anyway," I told him.

"If you don't let me in peaceably, I'll break this place open. It doesn't interest me at all that you're running a speakeasy—you know darned well that I'm not working for the Federal authorities. Furthermore, you know who we're after."

I didn't want to antagonize the man, as he might be in a position to assist me. However, if he hadn't opened the door that minute, I wouldn't have wasted much more time trying to persuade him.

The passageway was long, narrow, and dark, and it was stifling with mingled odors of cheap old furniture and stale cooking.

The negro doorman was still standing in the background, close behind his superior. He gave way with a grunt when Joe opened the door and admitted me. I followed the latter along the narrow entrance until we reached the speak-easy.

This was a good-sized room, which had probably been used for storage purposes when the second-hand furniture store in front had been a legitimate place of business—before it became a blind for its present, and probably much more lucrative, trade.

At one end of the place, there was a sloppy makeshift bar about five feet long, with a couple of shelves attached to the dingy wall behind. No attempt had been made to render this drab hide-away attractive. Fiery, nauseously cut liquor was served at 35 cents a shot.

An alert, clean-cut bartender, with curly, blond hair, was serving drinks to two flashily dressed men and a hard-faced,

bleached-haired girl, as I entered. Three of the five oval tables, scattered about the room, were occupied democratically by whites and negroes. There were two or three waiters in soiled aprons.

A glance about the resort showed me that this was no regular hangout for thieves. There wasn't enough privacy for that, though there were three exits, offering three easy getaways. When I recognized the detective seated at a corner table and beckoned to him to join me, there was no evidence of apprehension in the eyes of his companions—who, incidentally, were far too much under the influence of liquor to have paid much attention, anyway.

The "shadow man" in real detective work does not skulk behind posts or curtains, or sneak along in the shadow of a wall. This may be done by a detective who is sneaking up on his quarry to make an arrest, but in regular surveillance work, the shadow man makes himself as inconspicuous as possible by acting as naturally as possible, and he dresses to fit in with his environment.

The operative, in this case, was of medium height, medium color, and wore a mediumly shabby summer-weight suit,

with a soft, not too clean collar, and an almost colorless cotton tie. He was the sort of a man you'd never notice, and never remember.

He eased out of his place at the other table, strolled casually across the few feet of space that separated us, in a loitering way, and sat down alongside of me, so that we both faced the room, without anyone paying the slightest attention to him.

"Joe" glanced our way. I fancied there was a glint of relief in his eyes when he saw who had joined me. But he was at the other side of the room; the light from the dusty electric bulbs was dim; and the air was heavy with tobacco smoke—so perhaps I was mistaken, I thought.

"Anything new?" I asked.

"Not much," the operative answered.

"That's the letter standing behind the ammonia bottle." He jerked his head slightly, in the direction of the bar. There I observed the familiar square envelope which I had handled a few hours before. "At what time did Mrs. King receive the telephone message from Williams? I was notified about it a while ago—and if that call came from the place I was covering, I don't know how in the devil I missed the man. Nobody of Williams' description has been near the place."

"It was about four-thirty," I told him.

He took a slip of paper out of his pocket and consulted it. A look of relief and satisfaction flashed across his face. "At four-thirty-five this curly-haired barkeep entered the cigar-store and phoned. I wondered at the time why he hadn't used the instrument in the front shop."

Barry (second from the right) in custody of a detective on the grounds of the Nassau County court house, at the time of his trial



"That's interesting," I agreed. "Come on, let's have a little talk with him. Those people are leaving."

The two men and the bleached blonde, who had been draped over the bar when I arrived, were making their way towards the door. We took their place in front of the bartender.

"DO you expect Williams in here tonight?" I asked him, after we had called for and been served with two White Rocks. He looked at me with as much change of expression as you might observe in the faces of the gargoyles on Montmartre Cathedral. "You know who I mean—the man you telephoned to Mrs. King for, and the same one you are keeping that letter for."

"Dunno—he might, and he might not," he answered non-committally, as he turned away to fill a waiter's order.

"If you want to save yourself a trip down-town, you had better come across quietly and quickly," I suggested.

"I've nothing to come across with," he said calmly. "A boy brought me a message from somebody, enclosing a bill. I was asked to call the woman up—I don't even remember her name—and to get a messenger to go to the address given in the note, and get a letter. I was to have a man waiting on the corner for it. He was to give the messenger some money, and bring the letter here. I couldn't go for it myself because it would arrive during our rush hour. That's all. You know, men ask you to do all kinds of queer favors in a speak-easy. Trouble with the wife, and so on."

Though I strongly doubted that this was all the man knew, I also knew it was no use questioning him further.

Two days passed while Ethel Brookes' chummy letter, written evidently in a home of luxury and refinement, continued to gather dust in that sordid speak-easy. On the morning of the third day, Spencer called me up and reported that the letter had "disappeared" during the night.

That closed that trail. I decided to take up a longer one.

I PRESSED a buzzer communicating with the Detective Bureau's squad room and directed the officer who answered, to ask Detective Crowley to step in and see me right away.

Crowley is one of the star men of our Department. Just under six feet in height, with regular, cleanly chiseled features, and a voice which can be soft and winning, or hard and crushing, he is equally at home in "sheik" clothes or dungarees, the drawing-room or the dive. He can win the confidence of women with the greatest skill, or put a thug through a regular third-degree.

"I want you to catch the Atlantic Coast Line train this afternoon for Key West," I explained, when he entered a few minutes later. "Williams, I take it, has been posing down there as James Francis Drake, and has made the acquaintance of a girl named Ethel Brookes. Find out all you can about Williams' visit to Key West. Then take the same boat on the Mallory Line that Miss Brookes takes. It's scheduled to arrive here on the 17th."

"Who's the 'skirt'?" he asked, with a grin. "One of Billy's many shady lady friends?"

"Boston Billy's lady friends are anything but shady," I said. "He seems to be as good at picking girls as he is at picking victims to rob. Anyway, this Miss Brookes has been writing to him, and expects to meet him up here—but I'm sure she hasn't the least idea that he's a crook. However, check up on that, too. If you can, meet her casually in Key West, but don't seem to go out of your way—we don't want her writing Billy about you.

"Maybe it would be better to make her acquaintance on board ship," I went on. "Before the boat gets into port, break the news to her if you're convinced that she's all right. But warn her not to talk. On arrival, come straight to the office here, and tell Miss Brookes to go on to the home of her friend as she had planned. I'll have an automobile, with a detective in a chauffeur's livery, waiting for her, in

case Boston Billy doesn't show up. Get her to promise to call us up immediately, if Boston Billy tries to get in touch with her in any way."

"All right," he said, with a grimace. Crowley would rather live with bank burglars than "rope in" ladies, but the one is just as necessary and important as the other—and frequently just as dangerous. "I'll just have time to run over home and get my duds, and make that train. If I have to compete with the gorgeous Williams, I'll have to take some glad rags along."

The next few days were occupied with the identification of Barry by his victims. Mrs. Livermore recognized him by his voice and he, himself, added corroboration by describing very exactly the interior of the Livermore home, the location of the electric light switches, and so on. None of the other victims recognized Barry. This was easily accounted for, as our prisoner insisted that it was Williams who actually stole the jewels while he, Barry, acted as lookout.

ONE morning about three days after Crowley had left for Key West, a very stunning young woman called at my office. She was a dashing blonde, dressed in a dark silk frock, with sheer black-silk stockings and patent-leather pumps. On her head she wore a small, close-fitting hat of fine, black straw.

"I've come about this Boston Billy Case," she said. "A woman who said she was my employer, called on my mother yesterday evening and asked if I were at home—said she wanted to talk to me about something or other. I was out at the time. Though I didn't tell Mother, the woman didn't resemble my employer at all. I know she was a detective, and I want to tell what I know about Williams, so that this snooping will stop—"

"Well, the District Attorney is the one you want to see," I told her. "Come with me and make your statement to him, and we'll see what we can do."

I knew nothing of the woman detective's visit, but I had no doubt that she was one of the insurance company's investigators.

When I telephoned the District Attorney's office, I found he could see us right away. As we proceeded through the long tunnel which connects Headquarters with the Courthouse, she answered my few remarks very shortly. Here, I figured, was one woman who could hold her tongue.

In my office, where the light was not very bright, she appeared to be about twenty-one or twenty-two, exceptionally pretty, and wearing very little make-up.

When we entered the District Attorney's office, however, I saw that she was considerably older.

Mr. Edwards greeted her in his customary friendly fashion, but I knew that he had catalogued her instantly.

"Now, what can I do for you?" he asked, as soon as she was seated facing the light.

"I WANT you to know all I have to tell about Williams," she said, in a hard voice. "I'll tell you without questioning, for he means nothing in my life—only, I don't want my mother annoyed by detectives. She doesn't know I ever knew him.

"When I was a hostess in a night-club, I met him first. He represented himself as a jewelry salesman, and seemed to have plenty of money. He proposed to me, and we became engaged. Then, one night a man came up and addressed him as Monahan—Jim Monahan. When the man left us, I asked for an explanation, and Williams said that years ago he and another chap were fooling around and he used the name Monahan, in case they got into any scrapes which might get to the ears of his father, who, he said, had lots of dough.

"I didn't say anything, but the next time the stranger came into the club, Williams didn't happen to be there. Without his suspecting anything, I (Continued on page 80)

A Show-Down with BLACKMAIL

The mere word "blackmail" sends a cold chill through the heart of any person who has ever experienced this despicable form of crime. What not infrequently happens, however, when it is attempted, should serve as a warning to anyone thinking of trying it—as this account shows



"Come here and take a look at this girl's body!"

NESBIT was telling me about a curious experience he had had in

By CHARLES M. COLLADAY

Germany, during the war, when the telephone rang.

He lives on the second floor of an old house in the downtown section of the city (I would rather not give the name of this city, for reasons which will appear later), and we spend many of the hot summer evenings on his balcony, which gets the breeze from the River. It is a comfortable place to smoke our pipes, and talk. Nesbit has an inexhaustible fund of experiences to draw on, and when he feels like talking, he can tell some interesting things. He was in the United States Secret Service during the War, and spent the several years succeeding it, in Paris, studying the methods of crime detection developed by the French police. Officially, he is chief chemist for a big wood-products corporation, but he is also the chief reliance of the local police department when they need help, and is considered to be one of the best detectives in this part of the country.

"Anything important?" I asked, after he had answered the telephone.

"It was Smithson. He's on his way over here." Smithson is Chief of Police.

"Must be something unusual if he's coming over here," I remarked.

"Yes. He didn't tell me what it was."

Five minutes later, Smithson arrived.

"Sit down and smoke," said Nesbit.

"Haven't time," replied Smithson. "A girl has been found murdered in one of the rooms of the Colonial Club."

"In the Colonial Club!" we both exclaimed.

The Colonial Club is our most conservative institution. To be a member of it is a badge of solvency, and respecta-

bility. There had never been a breath of scandal connected with it in the more than seventy years since its incorporation.

While we were hurrying over to the Club, a few blocks away, Smithson told us what he knew of the case.

"We got a call at the Station for a detective to go over to the Club. The man who telephoned, was excited, and wouldn't give any information over the phone. I detailed Carey to investigate. He found that the man who called us, was Lengerke, the Steward of the Club. One of the members found the body of a girl on his bed when he went to his room. I don't know yet, who found the body. Lengerke is crying to heaven and earth to keep the thing out of the papers, and Carey says that nobody is giving out any information. Carey is still over there, waiting for us. He hasn't allowed anyone else in the room."

"Did Carey recognize the body?" asked Nesbit.

"No, he thought the girl was a stranger in town."

"Was he sure she had been murdered?"

"Yes, he said there was no question she had been strangled to death."

Members were scattered around the porches, as usual, when we got to the Club, and as they spoke to us, eyed us curiously. When Smithson and Nesbit appeared together, it was regarded as a sure sign of something wrong.

"Lengerke must have kept it pretty quiet, so far," said Nesbit.

"Looks so," replied Smithson. "Nobody around here seems excited."

There was no question that Lengerke was excited, however. When he saw us, he led us hurriedly into a little cubby-hole he used as an office. "For God's sake, Chief,"

he began, "keep this thing out of the papers. It will ruin me if it gets out!"

Smithson eyed him coldly. "You know we can't keep it out of the papers. There's no way to hush up a murder in this town."

Here Nesbit cut in: "What do you mean by saying it will ruin you? What have you to do with it?"

"Nothing," replied Lengerke, who was struggling to cover his agitation. "But they'll blame me for letting it happen."

"Who'll blame you?" asked Nesbit.

"The directors of the Club. It'll cost me my job."

"Don't be a fool, Lengerke," said Smithson. "How can they blame you—unless you had something to do with it? You didn't, did you?" Smithson's eyes were boring into him.

This question seemed to startle Lengerke for a moment. Then he pulled himself together. "You don't think I did, do you, Chief?" he asked.

NOT yet. But I don't like the way you're running things. Carey tells me that he can't get any information out of you. He says you won't even tell him whose room the body is in, or who found it. We don't care a damn for any notoriety your club may get. You answer all

where he was going, and I didn't ask him. I never thought of asking him. He doesn't know anything about it. He went up to his room, just before I telephoned the Station, and found the body. That's all he had to do with it."

Smithson and Nesbit drew to one side for a whispered conference. At its conclusion, Nesbit said, "We'll go up to the room now."

Lengerke conducted us to the elevator, and up to the third floor. Brewster's apartment consisted of a sitting room, a bedroom, and a bath, and was on the front of the building, some distance from the elevator. Carey opened the door when Lengerke knocked.

"Found out anything more?" asked Smithson.

"Thought I'd better leave things as I found them, until you and Mr. Nesbit got here. I did throw a sheet over the body."

Nesbit walked over to the bed and gently uncovered the girl. The rest of us gathered around.

"Anyone know her?" asked Nesbit.

We all shook our heads. The body of a person who has been strangled to death is not an attractive object. The face is always swollen and purple, and the eyes look as if they were popping out of the head.

There was another knock at the door and Doctor Strong, the coroner's physician, came into the room. "I got here as

"AFTER a few moments' search, a door was located behind the elevator. . . . Nesbit turned the knob, but the door was locked. There was a glass-covered case on the wall, with an axe and a fire-extinguisher in it. Nesbit broke the glass, and with the axe made short work of the lock.

"A ghastly sight met our eyes. . . ."

questions and tell the truth, or I'll lock you up! Get me?"

Smithson had gradually raised his voice, and we could see through the glass door of the office that the men sitting around the club lounge were getting curious.

"For God's sake, keep your voice down, Chief!" beseeched Lengerke, as he gave a frightened glance outside. "I'll tell you whatever you want to know. I haven't anything to conceal. Mr. Brewster asked me to keep his name out of the affair, if I could."

"Brewster!" echoed Nesbit and Smithson together. "What's he got to do with it?"

"Mr. Brewster discovered the body. It was in his room."

BREWSTER was not only one of the wealthiest business men in the city, but he had recently announced his candidacy for United States Senator, against Rogers, the present incumbent, who had held the office for twelve years.

"Where is Brewster now?" asked Smithson.

"He thought he'd better go away, so he wouldn't get mixed up in the case," said Lengerke.

"Didn't he know he was already mixed up in it? Where did he go?"

"He didn't say."

"Did he say when he was coming back?"

"No."

"Well, have you any idea where we can find him?"

"No. We talked the thing over, and he thought the best thing for him to do would be to keep out of the way for a few days, until the thing blew over. He didn't tell me

soon as I could, Chief," he said. "I was out on a case."

"We just got here ourselves. How long has she been dead?"

Doctor Strong examined the body. Then he said slowly, "About nine or ten hours, I should say."

Nesbit looked at his watch. "It's ten o'clock now. You think she was killed about noon today, then?"

"About that time."

"No question she was strangled to death?"

"Not a doubt of it. Here are the bruises on her neck, left by the fingers of the man who killed her."

"How old would you say she was?"

"It's hard to say exactly, because of the condition of the face. Quite young though, surely. Not more than twenty, I should say."

Here Nesbit turned to Lengerke. "Do you recognize the girl?"

THE Steward was still badly shaken, and he had kept as far from the bed as possible. He sought to ignore Nesbit's question, and was turning away when the latter, aroused to anger by his action, commanded harshly:

"Come here and take a look at this girl's body!"

Lengerke approached, gave a quick glance at the corpse, and turned away. "No, I never saw her before," he answered.

"What's the matter with you—sick?" asked Nesbit, who had been watching him closely.

Lengerke wiped the perspiration from his face. "Yes,"

he said. "I can't stand seeing a dead person. It nauseates me."

"We'll go into the sitting room and leave Doctor Strong here to do whatever is necessary. Don't disturb anything about the room any more than you can help, Doctor," said Nesbit, and he led the way into the adjoining room.

"Now Lengerke, we'll have everyone come in here, one by one, who has been employed about the Club. Somebody must have seen this girl come into the Club. She was undoubtedly murdered here. It would be impossible to bring the body through the streets and upstairs by daylight, and Doctor Strong says she was murdered about noon today. Therefore, she walked into this club. How many people work here?"

"You mean porters and everybody?"

"I mean everybody who can get in the building without arousing suspicion." Nesbit got out a note-book and pencil. "You give me their names."

"Well," said Lengerke, "there are the four colored waiters in the dining room: Richard, Thomas, John, and Henry. I don't know their last names. I can find out from the books. Then there's Mary, the cook, and two girls she has helping her. There are two women who take care of the rooms, and the porter, George."

"Any of them white?"

"No—all colored. We don't employ any white help."

Nesbit and Smithson spent an hour examining the servants one by one, without any results. None of them had ever seen the girl before, according to their stories, and they were apparently telling the truth.

Nesbit asked each of them when he last saw Brewster, and curiously enough, none of them had seen him since the previous night. After the last servant had been dismissed, Nesbit asked Lengerke about this.

"How do you account for the fact that nobody but you has seen Brewster today? He certainly didn't walk up and down the stairs, yet George says he hasn't seen him. George always runs the elevator, doesn't he?"

"Those boys forgot their heads were fastened on, when you showed them that dead girl," said Lengerke.

"When did Brewster come in?"

"I don't know the exact time. He went up to his room, and came right down and told me about the girl."

"Did you go up to the room with him?"

"No, we talked it over, and he decided he'd better leave until it was cleared up, as I told you, and then I telephoned the Police Station."

"You can go now," said Nesbit to Lengerke, and after the door had closed behind the Steward, he said to Smithson, "There's something wrong about this, somewhere. I believe Lengerke is either lying, or he isn't telling everything that happened. Brewster isn't a fool, and no one except a fool would act as Lengerke says Brewster acted."

Smithson was walking up and down the room, chewing on an unlighted cigar. "I've got a hunch we'd better arrest Lengerke. What do you say, Nesbit?"

"Well, of course we haven't any evidence that he's directly involved," said Nesbit slowly, "but I'd feel a little

more comfortable if he was where we knew we could put our hands on him, if we wanted him. On his own admission he allowed Brewster to leave—if he's telling us the truth—and made no effort to find out where he was going."

"Carey," said Smithson, "you go downstairs and invite Lengerke to go over to the Station with you. Tell him I'm coming over, and want to have another talk with him. Don't lock him up, but stay with him till we get there. Of course, if he refuses to go peaceably, arrest him and send for the patrol wagon."

After Carey had gone, Doctor Strong called us into the bedroom. He had moved the girl's body from the bed to a couch. The sheets had been pulled back, and in the middle of the mattress was a great bloodstain.

"I found these stuffed under the bath-tub," he said, showing us two sheets that were soaked with blood.

"Was the girl stabbed?" asked Smithson.



They quickly bound the girl

"Not a sign of a wound on her. This blood came from someone else."

"This is a bigger case than we thought it was," said Nesbit. "We'd better get in touch with some of Brewster's friends right away, and see what we can find out about him."

"Yes, and we'll find what Lengerke has to say about this," said Smithson. "I'm getting mighty suspicious of that bird. Strong, you stay here, and don't let anybody in till I send a couple of detectives over."

We hurried downstairs. There seemed to be considerable excitement among the members of the Club, but we didn't see anything of either Carey or Lengerke. Meanwhile Nesbit was busy making several telephone calls.

"Guess Carey took him over to the Station," said Smithson. "If he hadn't found Lengerke, he would have reported back to me. Wonder what the excitement down here is about?"

(Continued on page 90)

On the *TRAIL* of the

Here is the authentic account of the first train hold-up in the United States—which occurred four miles east of Verdi, Nevada, on the night of November 4th, 1870, on the old Central Pacific, netting the notorious "Davis Gang" \$41,000 in twenty-dollar gold pieces, taken from the Wells-Fargo Express—a tremendous sum in those days. The true story of this colorful exploit of the old West, is given below in all its wealth of fact detail, including the trailing of the desperate bandits by probably the most intrepid man-hunter of all time—Jim Kinkead, of six-gun fame.

IN the 1850's, before the railroads reached Nevada, the holding up of stages was a profitable business.

Gold from the rich placers and from the diggings along the slopes of the Sierra Nevada hills was beginning to move toward the outside world. The country was new, and, of course, there were long distances between stage stations. As a result, the highwaymen had every opportunity to order, "Hands up!" and to call to the drivers, "Throw down the box," meaning the Wells-Fargo strong-box. Passengers were seldom robbed.

The old-time stage drivers took these hold-ups as a matter of every-day occurrence, and complied without even a word of protest, for they knew that others of the outlaws were ambushed, and were squinting along the barrels of guns, ready to kill at the least false move. When the box was surrendered to the bandits, orders were then given to "drive on, and drive like hell!"

The strong-box would then be smashed, and the loot divided.

Most of the "road-agents" worked but a few miles from the more populous settlements and camps. They would return to the towns, and generally arrive before the stage that had been held up.

The Wells-Fargo Company, which operated practically all the stages and freight outfits at that time, was despised by the entire community between Salt Lake and Sacramento because of its overcharges, extortions, and the manner of forcing payments. The result was, that when their stages were robbed, there would be comments of real pleasure. It was considered that outsiders were entitled to a portion of the overcharges that were levied upon the public. There was absolutely no sympathy ever expressed when stages were looted, except when murder was committed.

A number of the earlier road-agents in Nevada were of the cowardly killer class—for instance, Jack Harris, Sam Brown, Al Waterman, Mose Haines, Bill Pitcher, and

By JACK BELL

Dave Love were vicious and wanton killers. However, the large majority of the names connected with stage robberies are remembered today with

kindness by the old-timers, who knew this class of men well.

IN the days when banditry flourished, A. J. Davis, Tilton Cockerell, John Squires, and R. A. Jones had a lease on a stamp-mill at Flowery, down Six-mile Canyon, three miles from Virginia City. Of the quartette, Squires had a reputation of being a very bad man, but the other three were noted for their quiet deportment. Davis was known over Nevada and northern California as "Professor Jack." No one knew where these men got the rich ore that gave them such wonderful returns in gold bullion.

"Of course," they would answer, when asked about their wealth, "we will have to keep that a secret. We are getting along fine with the highgrade, and will soon be able to retire. We only have to run the mill a couple of days a week, and that is all that is required to keep us in big funds."

At all times, day and night, two or more men would be on guard at this mill. Strangers were never welcome, and never invited to look over the plant.

Long afterwards, it was proved that these men, under the leadership of Davis, who directed the best and most closely organized band of outlaws that ever operated in this section, used the mill merely to melt down the gold bullion which had been taken in scores of Wells-Fargo stage robberies. This business was made to appear to be legiti-

mate milling operations by the crafty leader of the gang. Davis was, without question, the most versatile, and proved to be the most cunning and notorious, of all the stage robbers of that period. He was an educated man, and claimed Indiana as his birthplace.

When among men of standing and prominence, he exhaled gentleness and docility. His manner was that of a studious minister or college professor. He was popular.



Photograph by Courtesy of Miriam Swanson, Verdi, Nevada
A hitherto unpublished photograph of the railroad depot at Verdi, Nevada, completed about one week before the train hold-up occurred

WELLS-FARGO Bandits

His hand was always in his pocket for the unfortunate.

A little over six feet, with the shoulders of an athlete, he was as quick in his motions as the proverbial cat. His hair was black like a magpie's breast, and his eyes were forever glittering from their dark depths. In dress, he was an ultra-dandy of the day, wearing a high beaver hat, long frock-coat, tight breeches, flowing tie, a ruffed shirt of the finest linen, and a brocaded vest, with gold buttons. His high-heeled boots fitted like a glove. He was a strikingly handsome man.

Like most of the gamblers—and he was one of the coolest ever known—he carried a brace of double-barreled Deringers, one in each lower pocket of his flowered vest.

When not aroused, he was a fine companion—aroused, he was a whirlwind of action!

In August, 1866, two stages, both filled with passengers, were held up by Davis and his men at the summit of Geiger Grade, just a short distance from Virginia City. The robbers were masked, and armed with rifles, shotguns and small arms. On this occasion, the passengers, men and women alike, were lined up, and all their valuables taken from them and thrown upon a blanket. Then the strong-boxes were smashed open.

In the boot of the stages were found several baskets of champagne, and boxes of delicacies, consigned to one of the richest men in Virginia City. These were all broken into, and the contents arrayed in order. A box of fine glassware was also discovered, and opened.

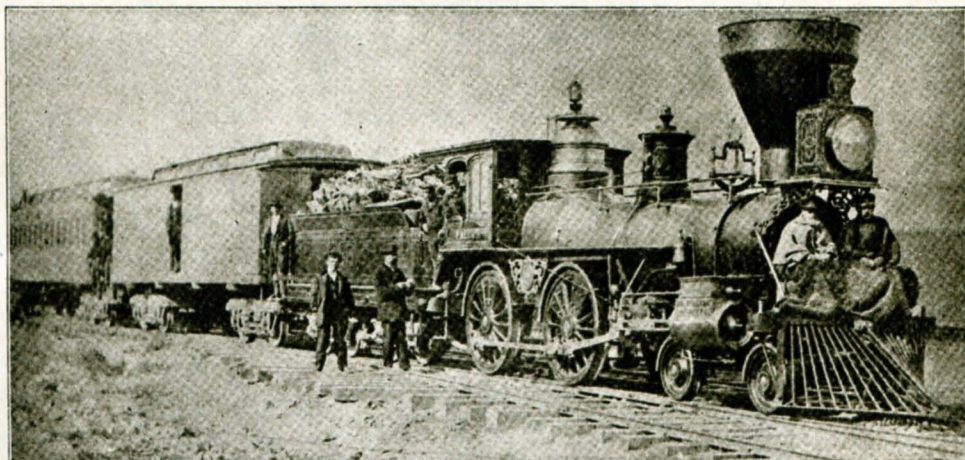
The tall figure of the masked chief looked over this layout, and gave quick-fire orders to his men to spread blankets and "set the tables for a real banquet." There were a half-dozen ladies in the party. The graceful figure of the leader then assigned the whole crowd to seats beside the blankets.

"Now, you, and you, and you," he directed, pointing his finger at his masked men, "see that these folks are well fed, and have plenty of wine."

It was an odd situation, but every one of the passengers, and the stage drivers, as well, were put perfectly at their ease by the chief. He even regaled them with short, snappy sketches that kept them all interested and most of the time in laughter.

When the luncheon had been served, he made a sign towards the brush, and at the same time told the passengers to take their places in the coaches. The chief did not partake of the good things, but his men finished with their meal. Then he actually had them clear away the refuse, and return what was left, to the boots of the coaches.

At last, he turned to the passengers, and said: "Now, ladies, please step out, and come here and pick out your valuables. We never take anything from women folks. Just wanted to give you a thrill and a real experience with road-agents." There was a chattering like parrots from the females. "Now, gentlemen, we will take your gold and currency as toll, but you may recover your other stuff. Had there been any overt acts attempted, our pleasant little picnic would have been different." His voice took on the timbre



Photograph by Courtesy Passenger Dept., Southern Pacific Railroad

This is a rare photograph of the actual train held up by the Davis Gang on November 4th, 1870, showing the baggage-car from which the bandits got \$41,000 in gold coin. Note the old patriarch seated on front, over the "cow-catcher"

of bell-metal having been struck. Then he added jovially: "Honestly, I have enjoyed this hour, myself, and would like to remain longer. But my men are chafing to be gone, to attend to other business."

Horses seemed to appear from nowhere, and were mounted with military briskness, at a signal of this gentlemanly chief. He removed his hat, bowed to the pommel of his saddle, and, with a graceful gesture of salute, said, "Good-by!"

Davis and some of his men were arrested later, but could not be identified with this strange hold-up, and all were released.

THE Central Pacific Railroad was completed well over Nevada in '68, and the last and golden spike was driven on May 10th, 1869, at Promontory Point, Utah, where the Central Pacific joined the Union Pacific. The Virginia and Truckee Railroad was completed from Virginia City to Carson City in 1869. Then the heavy shipments of bullion and gold money, of course, were given to the railroads. The abandonment of Wells-Fargo stages along these routes left the road-agents without their usual source of income. They scattered into near-by camps and the many relief stations that were situated along the routes not reached by the railroads. Instead of a stage hold-up every day, as formerly, the coaches from outlying districts were robbed occasionally.

Jack Davis kept his organization intact. He moved his headquarters to Antelope Stage Station about fifteen miles north of Reno, on the trail to California. This was the rendezvous for many of the hunted men of the border. Like all the rest of the outlying settlements, it consisted of a bunch of log cabins, a sutler's store, and a big road-house. The latter was a long, rambling structure whose principal feature was a large dance floor, with the fiddler and the organist mounted on a platform. A railing separated it from the fifty-foot bar, and fronting the bar was every gambling device. Antelope had the reputation of housing more attractive dance-hall girls than any other like place of amusement between the Missouri River and the Pacific coast.

Davis held court in a log cabin, set well apart from this main building. It was always guarded against intrusion. His compelling presence, and his dangerous temper when aroused by little things, resulted in the careful, unquestioning execution of his orders by his men.

Just like today, information of rich shipments could al-

ways be obtained by leaks at the mines or the express office, or through a spy of keen intelligence and observation—and Davis had few followers of the rough type, and would not stand for a killing, except as a last resort.

Late in the night of October 31, 1870, Davis sent messengers to each and every member of his band to be at his headquarters at midnight, November 3rd, as there was important business on hand.

There were over a dozen of the band that reported to their chief that evening. They filed into the big meeting-room, where a fire of eight-foot logs blazed in the fireplace. Many sat upon the benches, while others squatted on their heels before the hearth. There were outer and inner guards, posted in places of vantage about the cabin.

"One of my men is in San Francisco; another is investigating the Wells-Fargo shipments at Sacramento," Davis said. "Their information by letter states that a large ship-

ment of gold coin is scheduled to leave San Francisco so as to reach Virginia City on November fifth. However, my lieutenant, Chapman, will send me a telegram through Jones at Reno when this gold actually leaves. The strong-box will contain more wealth than we have ever taken and will be a big stake for us all."

"Do you mean, Chief, that you have planned to really hold up the train?" asked Tilton Cockerell.

"Yes. I have made out a list of the men who are to take active part in this job, and there will be work for each and every member here."

He read the names, and gave each one his assignment. He had the men repeat his instructions carefully, and then dismissed them with a wave of his hand.

As they started to leave the room, he said: "Just a minute! For your information, I will say that this shipment will probably be in excess of fifty thousand dollars. I suppose it is the monthly pay-roll for the miners at Virginia City, and goes to the banks there. We are going to remove that gold from Wells-Fargo—and we are going to take it without injuring anyone! Of course, should there be armed resistance, you men must take care of yourselves, and protect your lives. But I will not condone any killing, if there is a possibility of any other way out. If you do—well, you know the rule against disobedience—death!"

HE laid particular stress on the importance of the horse wranglers, who would have charge of the mounts after the robbery was completed.

Again he made the statement: "Have the animals ready to mount after my signal. Be under cover near Hot Springs, which is about four miles east of Verdi and six miles west of Reno. There is plenty of brush and cottonwoods for concealment. Be there at dark, no matter what the weather may be.

"Once again, I'll have you repeat my orders."

Two of the men were to build a barricade of ties across the track at the granite monolith at Hot Springs; three

were to act as horse wranglers; two were to be ready for any emergency at the barricade, when the engine and baggage-car reached there; five were to be at Verdi, Nevada, to board the train, and follow every detail of the plans that had been outlined.

"Oh, yes! Here is something else that will interest you all," continued Davis to the silent, grim-faced outlaws. "This will be the first real train robbery that has ever been attempted in the United States. I well know that every peace officer, every Government agency, and the horde of Wells-Fargo gunmen and detectives will be after us. For

this reason, every detail that I have worked out must be followed with cunning and with the carefulness that will go to make this hold-up a sure-fire success."

Snow began to fall late in the evening of November 4th, 1870. There had been a white covering over the hills and down in the Truckee meadows for almost a month. Soon

the flurries settled down to the regular quiet, heavy curtain of white. It was the beginning of the first heavy fall of the season, and would remain on the hills for some time.

Hot Springs, a muddy sink and morass, where the hot waters bubbled and spurted from out the slime, was almost on the right-of-way of the railroad. Three hundred yards to the west, a granite mass, a slip-off from the high hills of Peavine Mountain, rose fifty feet above the level of the meadows. There were no residents, and no ranches, within several miles of this point. Passers-by were few and far between, after the advent of the railroad. The Dog Valley Trail, which formerly had been traversed by hundreds of big freighting teams, was all but deserted of travel. The old order of things was no more.

Verdi, Nevada, was a lumber camp, almost on the California line. The new depot had just been completed, and the telegraph operators and the agent had been installed. This little camp was proud of its depot. Lumber-jacks, teamsters, freighters, and camp-followers waited patiently about the depot to watch the arrival of the wonderful railroad train.

On November 4th, the heavy, falling snow made the orange and red glare of the oil lamps seem spooky. Voices were muffled.

From out the mouth of the Truckee River Canyon came the shrill, penetrating whistle of the locomotive of the dinky little train, borne down the neck of the deep, glacial gash that parts the towering mountains.

The saloons and gambling-houses emptied their hordes of good-natured humanity. There was the horse-play of snow-balling, "washing faces," and tumbling about over the white, soft spread.

Around the big curve, the dull, shadowy glimmer of the headlight came into view. Then the funnel-shaped smoke-stack, belching forth sparks and smoke, could be seen. The little train pulled in.

The crowd began to mill around it, looking with awe at



Photograph by Courtesy Passenger Dept., Southern Pacific Railroad
Crowds gathered to view the driving of the "golden spike," at the completion of the Central Pacific, on May 10th, 1869

the combination baggage-and-mail car, and then the three tiny coaches. The mail-clerk was housed in one end of the baggage-car, a sort of a cubby-hole, which was partitioned off from the main space of the baggage compartment.

Of course, the arrival of the train was an event, and all interest was centered in the marvel of the wonderful cars that had come all the way over the high Sierra Nevada Mountains, and were on their way across the hundreds of miles of uninhabited deserts to Salt Lake, Utah.

In the bustle, and amid the fast-falling snow, the crowds failed to see five masked men board the train, just as it gained headway. These men were heavily armed with revolvers, shotguns, and rifles. All were dressed in dark clothes, and their coats belted in.

Immediately after the engineer had pulled out the throttle, and attained schedule speed, which, of course, was not much faster than that of a good trotting horse, the rattle and exhaust made an uproar that drowned all ordinary noise. Then, suddenly, he and his fireman had the unpleasant sensation of feeling pistol muzzles pressed against their backs—and two masked men greeted them with the injunction:

"Not a word out of you! Do exactly as you are told, and no harm will come to you. But make one false move—and the important part of you two men will be scattered all over this boiler-head!"

The three other bandits took possession of the front and rear ends of the baggage-car. The storm continued. The train crew were busy within the coaches. The mail-clerk and the baggage-man were occupied with their checking, and other clerical work, preparing for the business of the important stop at Reno.

When the train was about two miles out of Verdi, it crossed the Truckee River, and entered a cut.

At this point, the hold-up man who was covering the engineer, said, "Blow the whistle for brakes — and be careful that you do it under railroad rules!"

The brakemen, who were in the coaches, rushed to the brake-wheels, and began tightening up the chains that pulled the little brake-shoes down on the wheels. Soon they had the train under

control, and when it had almost come to a stop, the three outlaws on the platform of the baggage-car cut the whistle-cord and pulled the coupling-pin, thus cutting the baggage-car away from the coaches.

In the blinding storm the brakemen did not see what was going on at the front of the train. They stepped inside the coaches again, to await the signal for releasing the

brakes. It was not unusual to stop the train any place at any time.

"Now, Mister Engineer, pull out that throttle, and give her all she has!" one of the bandits in the engine-cab said. "We are in a hell of a hurry to get down the road a bit. Don't make any mistakes, either."

The engineer began to argue about leaving the coaches standing behind. A threatening gesture, and an almost imperceptible signal to the other robber, that was quickly understood by the engineer to mean instant death, caused him to do what the robber ordered. He opened the throttle wide, and the little kettle of an engine began to gather speed and soon attained a maximum of almost twenty miles per hour down the grade.

WHEN the engine and baggage-car, drifting along through the fast-falling snow, rounded the curve just west of Hot Springs, a lantern was waved across the track. The engineer was ordered to stop.

But he had just about made up his mind to take a desperate chance and try to run on in to Reno. However, when he saw the high pile of railroad ties lying across the rails, he gave up that idea. The ties were pyramided, and had been laid for a distance of twenty feet—an impassable barrier.

This extra precaution, taken by the road-agents, was done for the purpose of defeating just such a plan as had occurred to the engineer.

It was an ideal spot for the robbery.

Now the entire band, with the exception of the men who

were supposed to take care of the horses, surrounded the engine and car. With drilled precision, the robbers took their places as had been commanded by Davis.

One of the hold-up men hammered on the baggage-car door with the butt of his gun, at the same time calling in a muffled voice:

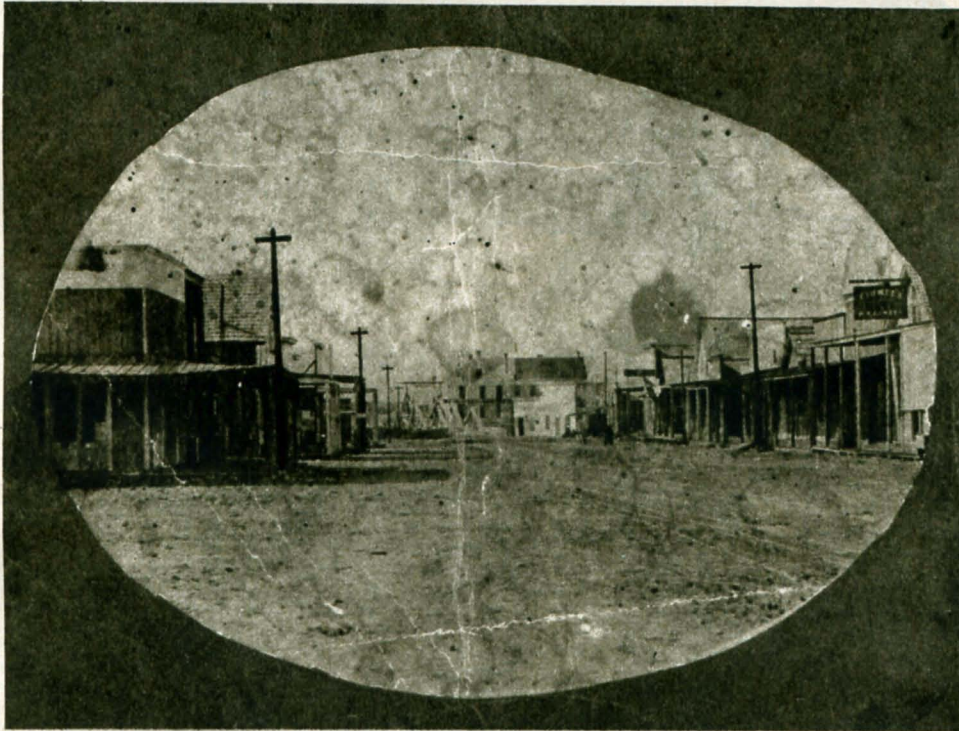
"Open up. Bill!"

"Who's there — and what do you want?" came from Bill Cunningham, inside the car.

"Open up. It's me—Jerry Riley, the conductor."

The blowing off of the engine, and the racket made by the little boiler, caused all voices to sound alike, and the baggage-man opened up the small sliding door. As it rolled back, he found himself facing a masked man, with a leveled shotgun directed at his midriff. With perfect co-ordination, without fuss or feathers, two other masked and armed men crawled into the car.

(Continued on page 72)



Photograph by Courtesy Miriam Swanson, Verdi, Nevada
Reproduction of old photograph (the only one in existence) of the main street of Reno, Nevada, taken in the year 1869, only a few months prior to the train robbery. The building shown at the far end of the wooden bridge (center) is where now stands the \$2,500,000 Riverside Hotel. The Wells-Fargo building is the first in the left foreground

HOW LANDRU Was

By
MADAME PAPILLOT

[All photographs by International Newsreel]



NOTE: These amazing revelations by Madame Fernande Papillot, with whom Landru, the arch-murderer of France, was found living at the time of his arrest, break a long silence of six years. They are here given to the public with an astounding frankness that draws a vivid, living picture of "Bluebeard" Landru, the demon-lover, as he really was.

As Madame Papillot herself states, "In this story I lay bare my battered, bleeding soul"—so in these words, tense with emotion, is seen the reason why President Gilbert of the Assize Court, at Versailles, looked at the girl with such interest when she came to the witness stand at the Landru trial, and showed his amazement that she had lived for more than a year with this man of death—and yet was alive to tell the story.

(Above) This photograph shows how the jury voted for the Landru death sentence. Note the stern looks on the men's faces as they await their turn to drop the fatal paper in the urn

(Below) Landru is here shown, under guard, awaiting the jury's verdict



LAST month, in this magazine, I told the real facts about my life with "Bluebeard" Landru, the demon lover—about the little black book containing the names of a hundred women whom he had marked for murder—about the hideous happenings at the "Black Villa," at Gambais, where Landru killed no less than sixteen women and burned their bodies.

There have been many inhuman monsters who have ghoulishly dismembered their victims after they have done them to death, but for deftness and certainty of purpose Landru must always stand out in criminal history. It must be remembered that for a few months during his checkered career he studied under

a professor in bacteriology and anatomy at the University of Bonn. There he no doubt learned something of the art of dissection, and was able to cut to pieces the bodies of his victims in a clean and expert manner.

But one cannot carry out such an operation with the ordinary tools of the kitchen, and the famous love-murderer had to provide himself with a complete and up-to-date "Murder Outfit." How many countless times have I looked into the little green leather case, full of instruments which he said he used for the dissection of animals in his bacteriological experiments!

There was the long, thin knife with the ivory handle — with which I occasionally cut string, without the knowledge of its owner. Little did I realize that its tempered blade had served other and more sinister purposes. There was also the small saw (was it used to cut through bone?), the long pincers, and the strangely curved scissors such as one sees in the windows of the

Tracked to His DOOM

shops that cater to surgeons and doctors near the Ecole de Médecine in the Latin Quarter of the Boulevard Saint Germain.

It was a neat case with some pockets, and I, with a woman's curiosity, searched it, and found rubber gloves and surgical swabs in the inmost compartments. It was, in fact, the outfit of a surgeon—equally useful, of course, to a murderer.

On one terrible occasion I nearly met the same fate as the women who had come under the keen blade of the biggest knife. Lucien, or, rather, Landru—you will recall that I knew the arch-criminal by the name of Lucien Guillet (one of the hundred aliases he used)—had been drugging all day, and, his baser nature getting the better of him, he made a suggestion to me which I greatly resented. In the grip of anger, I struck at him wildly.

My lover, in a tremendous passion, reached for the green leather case, took out the knife with the ivory handle, and, placing his hand in the corsage of my dress, tore it from top to bottom and held the keen point of the knife over my heart.

Then, with his eyes glittering cruelly, he gradually pressed the blade into my flesh, until the blood began to flow!

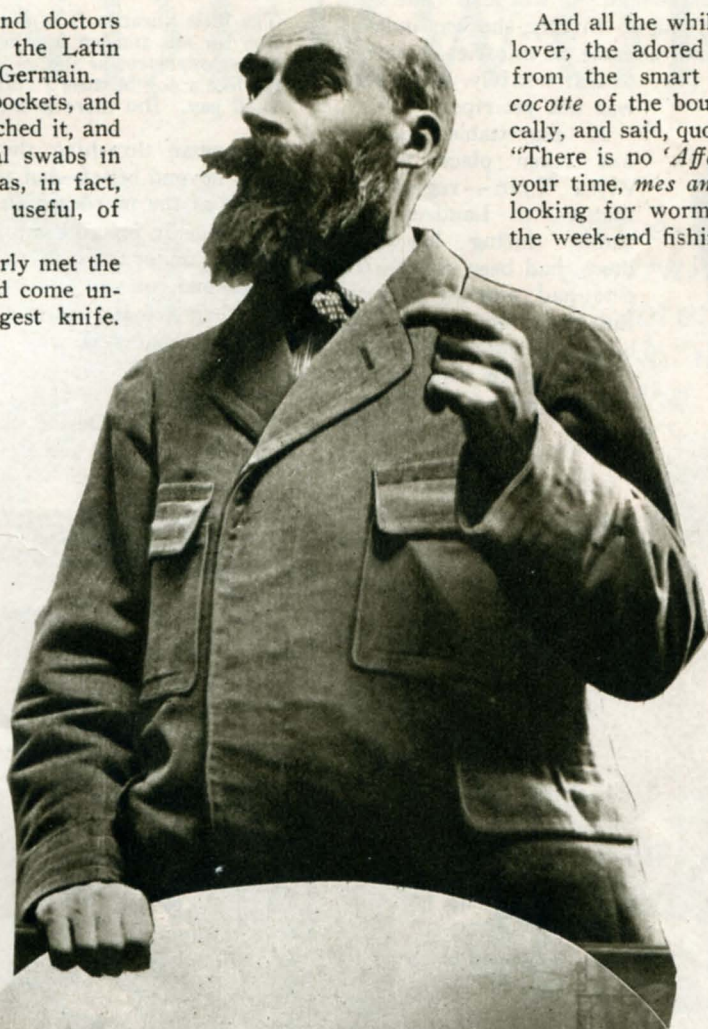
I screamed.

The sudden sound seemed to bring him back to his right senses. He drew the knife away, and cast it—blood-stained—from him.

With tears streaming down his face, he dropped on to his knees at my feet.

Voilà!—the demon lover again! Carefully, tenderly, he bandaged up the wound over my heart, but to this day I carry a small scar there, to recall the occasion to me.

IF ever a man brought murder to a fine art, Landru did. Did not the police search for weeks, looking for traces of the bodies of his victims, while he laughed and jeered at them? Did they not dig up the garden at the Villa Tric, until they had turned it into a ploughed field? Did they not nearly pull the little red-brick building itself to pieces—drag ponds—dig up trees, in a vain search for human remains?



(Above) Landru, unperturbed, answers the passionate outburst of Mme. Colin, mother of one of his missing "brides." In a calm voice he denied the assertions of the weeping mother

(Below) The death wagon, in the early dawn, is shown carrying away the body of the French Blue-beard, after his execution

And all the while, Landru, the inscrutable lover, the adored of the women of Paris, from the smart Society woman to the *cocotte* of the boulevards—looked on satirically, and said, quoting from the newspapers, "There is no '*Affaire Landru*'! You waste your time, *mes amis*. But perhaps you are looking for worms to bait your hooks for the week-end fishing?"

The police squirmed under his sarcasm, but searched on—and slowly but surely they tracked him to his doom.

It was proved at the time of the trial that at least fifteen fair bodies had made smoke from the black stove in the Villa Tric, but it was known that Landru also used other methods for the disposal of his victims' bodies. For instance, there was the twenty-two-year-old Madame Suzanne Bernard, who nearly put Landru behind the bars many months before the time of his actual arrest.

She was a *cocotte*, on whom fortune had smiled. She had made money—the officers of the Allies had poured much of their hard-earned pay into her dainty lap—and she, wise girl, had preferred English pounds to the rather mercurial franc. She had amassed a fortune in English treasury notes, which she had deposited at the English bank in the Rue du Quatre Septembre,

and of this fact she was foolish enough to tell "The Man with the Note-book"—Landru.

In his diary, the murderer entered the following item concerning her:

Suzanne Bernard. A lady of the English officers. Has prospered under the Union Jack. She has fine clothes—and the furniture in her *appartement* is valued at much. She has English money—the equivalent of 70,000 francs. She is deserving of close affection.

But Suzanne Bernard was elusive. She had seen the contents of the pockets of the English officers, and the bearded

Don Juan had but few attractions for her. Landru, finding to his dismay and to the hurt of his personal vanity that the prosperous little *cocotte* would have nothing to do with him, tried another card. He gave her dope. At first, she hesitated. Then she accepted once—and she was lost. She went to him again and again for drugs. Finally, she was induced to go to the Villa Tric—and, miracle of miracles, returned to Paris safely. The time was not yet ripe.

A regrettable incident had taken place at the Villa Tric—regrettable, that is, to Landru. Suzanne, during her stay there, had been inquisitive. She had entered a room that she had been forbidden to enter—and there she saw much female clothing, stained with blood!

She said nothing, but, slipping out of

the chain of evidence that sent my lover to the guillotine.

The following passage in Landru's private diary shows that, of all his victims, Suzanne Bernard was the most difficult and elusive:

The little Suzanne B. is proving a bad one. She has no affection for me, and but for the cocaine I would despair. Today at her *appartement* she took in her hands a whip, and lashed me like a dog because I refused her the drugs. For this, she shall pay. But there is the English money also.

A woman thrashing the terrible Landru is an incident almost beyond belief—but there it is on record, in the handwriting of the murderer himself!

I can easily imagine the astonishment and maniacal anger of Henri under the lash, wielded by the woman he sought to murder and rob.

She had fire and spirit, the fair Suzanne Bernard.

Perhaps that was why the English officers admired her so much.

THAT Henri Désiré Landru was a hypnotist, world-famous experts and criminologists have established beyond doubt. He

possessed the same evil, uncanny power that the snake uses to charm a bird. It was this faculty that made him irresistible to women. Few realized exactly what his evil attraction was, but each woman had the subtle feeling that here was a man who knew life in all its phases. The fact that he was a Sadist and had been adored by many women may have been an added attraction. Perhaps his sweethearts were actuated

by the desire to be loved by the man who had loved so many others—or the desire to win his affections away from some other member of the sex, known or unknown.

It has been said that Landru murdered only for greed. This is incorrect; he murdered for two reasons—greed and lust. It was a part of his warped mentality to inflict cruelty on women, and I am of the opinion that he killed chiefly to satisfy this desire to be cruel, and that he placed the acquisition of his victim's goods and money as a secondary consideration. But this is a mere opinion, and is against all the established theories of experts. However, after all, the opinion of the woman who was the mistress of the murderer himself for over a year, may be as valuable as that of the dignified criminologists, who got their ideas merely from listening to the testimony at the trial.

Women made fools of themselves over Landru. Imagine one, for instance, kneeling at the feet of the arch-murderer and baring her body with the plea that he should kill her, rather than transfer his love to another woman.

And the man had already planned her murder, in his heart!

Later, see this same woman lying dead on the bed of the arch-criminal, waiting for the dissecting knife, while the fire in the black stove below, roared for its human fuel!



(Below) Mme. Morin, on the witness stand, is giving evidence on Mme. Cuchet, who was Landru's first bride. On the right is the mattress Mme. Cuchet brought over with her from England (Above) Mme. Cuchet



the Villa, she took the first train back to Paris—alone.

Landru followed her, but until the dope-craze came to the little love-lady again, she would have nothing of him.

One day she sought out Landru, and, with her body tortured by the lack of narcotics, begged for cocaine. He said that they must travel outside Paris to Saint-Cloud to obtain it. She agreed, and entered his automobile.

It was night, and suddenly he stopped the car in a deserted street. Seizing the drug-crazed woman at his side, he did what he had never done before—he bound and gagged her, and then blinded her!

And while he drove far into the country, his pretty victim writhed in horrible agony in the back of his automobile!

He stopped the car in the middle of the forest of Rambouillet, and completed his crime by strangling the girl, after forcing her to sign a check, drawn in his favor on the English bank, where the little butterfly kept her money. Landru put her body in a sack he carried in the car, and weighted it with stones. Then he threw it into a deep pond in the middle of the forest.

Months later, the sack and part of the clothing were recovered by the police, during their long, obstinate search. That discovery supplied one of the most important links in

Contemplate another foolish girl, fighting with a drug-crazed fiend who sought to make her the victim of his sadistic bestialities. See the brutal blows showered upon her until she falls bleeding to the floor of a soft-carpeted and carefully-lit *appartement* in the center of Paris. Feel her pain as she is kicked brutally in the body, and left for dead—which is a true picture of myself, victim of one of the dope-crazed moments of the demon lover!

And, with it all, I crawled to my feet, and awaited the return and the pleasure of my lord and master!

What was the uncanny fascination of this man of blood? Was it hypnotism, or powers specially conferred on him by his own master, the Devil?

Why is it that women so often adore the most repulsive specimens of the opposite sex—human vultures who ill-treat them and have not the slightest genuine passion in their misshapen bodies? I, who loved and still love a man whom the world calls assassin, cannot give a name to this strange order of things. The reason remains as obscurely hidden as many of the bodies of Landru's victims.

It is interesting to note the type of woman that appealed most strongly to this demon lover. He liked girls between nineteen and twenty-four years old, and preferred brunettes to blondes, as far as I could gage. He liked me, as he said often, because of my figure. It has those curves which apparently fell in with his ideals of what a woman should be.

I may say that my appearance had to be very passable, in view of the fact that I was employed as a "figure" at the Folies Bergères. During the day I worked in a shop, but at night I appeared in the chorus of the theater, and posed in the various tableaux required in the scenes of each particular program.

Landru had a very critical eye for a pretty girl. He was particular in details. For example, he would never be in any way attracted towards a woman who was not perfectly manicured and absolutely *soigné* in appearance, and whom he would not be proud to be seen with. A keen psychologist of women, Landru was also an excellent judge of women's dress—although he would never use his own money on buying clothes for any girl!

It was his proud boast that he had never met a woman who had refused his advances—and events showed that his statement was fairly well justified, though not entirely true, as was evidenced in the case of Suzanne B., previously mentioned. Women did fall for Landru—I did—and the reason was because he was the perfect lover in speech and manners—although one could hardly call him handsome. But his perfectly manicured hands—the same hands that dissected the dead bodies of his victims—his almost womanly feet, and his graces and airs, gave him a pleasant exterior—and with his suave, rather musical voice and undoubtedly fine, though dangerous, eyes, he was, indeed; the demon lover—whom so many women gave themselves to, at their cost.

I HAVE said so much about the bad side of Bluebeard Landru that I think you will now allow me, in justice to him, to give you an insight into his better side. It has been said that there is good in even the worst of us, and I think I can convince you that even Henri Désiré Landru had some commendable traits.

Frankly, I believe that the whole life of this master-crook was blasted by one small incident which occurred when he was but a youth, studying to be an engineer. It concerns a woman with whom he was very much in love at that time. I will not give her name, as I have no doubt that her friends and relatives are still alive—but it is sufficient to say that she was a demi-mondaine who made the acquaintance of Landru casually in a café. Strangely enough, he fell violently in love with her, and, blinded by his passion, did not take into account the life she was leading.

Under her spell and in response to her insatiable craving for money, he began to steal from his relatives. Later he committed various small burglaries, pouring into the lap of his enchantress the few hundreds of francs that he obtained. For many months, this went on—then, one day, the woman for whose sake he had embarked upon a career of crime, was found poisoned in her bed!

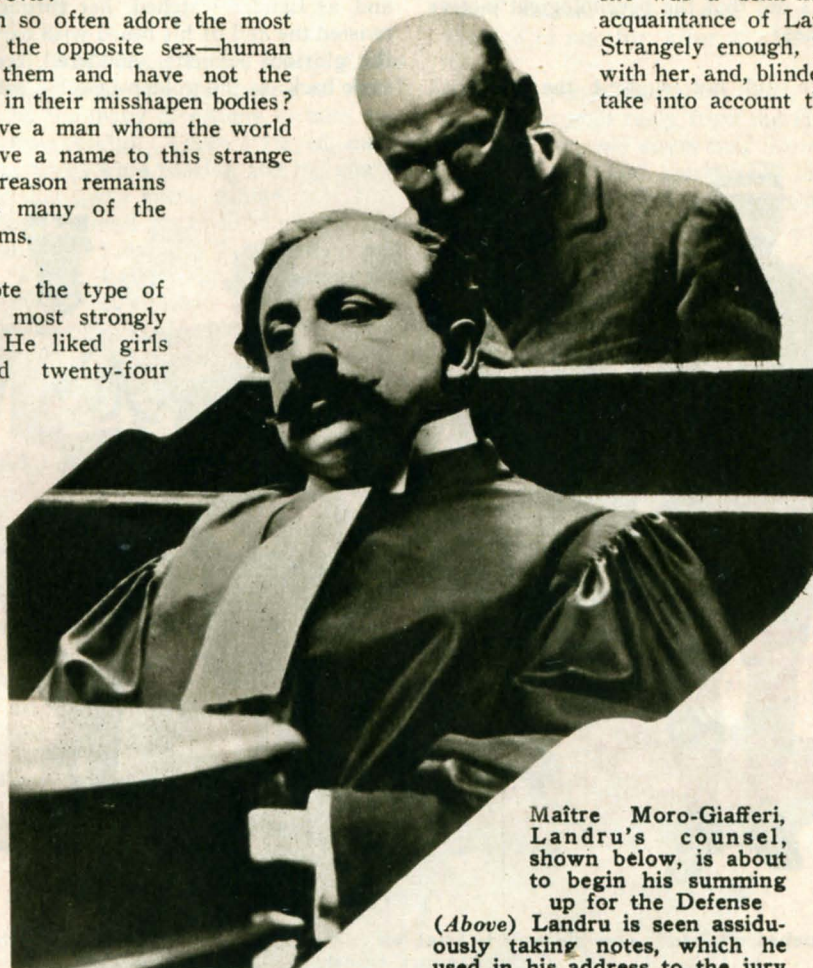
Landru was arrested and questioned, but, being able to prove that he was out of Paris on the night of the tragedy, he was released. Broken-hearted at the death of his first love, and with the germs of degeneracy already planted in his youth-

ful soul, he quickly gravitated into larger criminal activities, and, giving up his desire to be an engineer, became a wolf of the underworld of Paris—the companion of *filles de joie* and *souteneurs*, and a man who shunned the police.

The unscrupulous and unfortunate girl of the café had set the young Landru's footsteps on the wrong road, and it was impossible for him to turn back. True, he married—a beautiful and good woman, who is still alive in Paris. But, although he managed to build up a small motor business of his own, there was always the other life he led—the underworld existence, which was his, after the hours of dark, when he was one of the most dangerous criminals in France—totally unlike the rather bourgeois motor engineer of the daylight hours.

I have said that there was much that was good in Henri Landru. I think that if anyone saw more good in him than others did, it was I, his intimate companion for a year. There is one other woman who believed only good of this strange man, and that was his wife. She and I together—and we often meet—believed in the love-murderer, and still think of him with affection and regret.

In my opinion, a man who picks up a dirty, starving



Maître Moro-Giafferi, Landru's counsel, shown below, is about to begin his summing up for the Defense (Above) Landru is seen assiduously taking notes, which he used in his address to the jury

urchin in the streets and who takes him into the nearest *bistro* and gives him all he can eat and some money to go on with, cannot be entirely devoid of the human spark of affection and good—and this was a regular incident in the life of Bluebeard Landru, even during the weeks when the police-net was drawing closer about him.

Looked at fairly, Landru, it seems to me, was inhuman only in his relations with the opposite sex. I have often wondered whether the *cocotte* who originally taught him to sin and who was found poisoned, did not so embitter his heart against all women as to make him wage an endless war against them, with such fierceness that he was ready to take any sort of advantage. Is not that the psychological motive back of many of his crimes?

LANDRU'S appearance did not suggest the criminal, and he very often passed as a benevolent business man. Taking me with him, he would visit the charity bazaars — and there spend money that he had doubtless taken from the purses of his victims!

On one occasion, he actually superintended a stall and sold perfume, at a fashionable bazaar, given at the Paris house of Baron Rothschild. This, no doubt, appealed to him, as most of his customers were of the fair sex. I think it was a relief to Landru to be thought respectable—the same trait, of course,

has been observed in many criminals throughout the world.

At the very time that he was playing his little part in Parisian Society, the murderer was spending a portion of his time at the "horror flat" on the Rue Pigalle, where he killed at least two of his victims, afterwards transporting them to his incinerator at the Villa Tric, at Gambais.

The Rue Pigalle is, of course, in the very heart of Montmartre, that district of Paris which is known the world over and is declared to be the Mecca of all foreign tourists to the Gay City. There, while the windmill of the Moulin Rouge reflected its red lights in the windows of his death-flat, Landru murdered the youngest and most fascinating of his victims.

Situated on the second floor, the flat contained two bedrooms, a salon, and a bathroom. It was sumptuously furnished with articles stolen from the various women Landru had already taken to the Black Villa. It was estimated later that the furniture was worth at least 50,000 francs!

Shaded lights, Gobelin tapestries, and delicate Louis XIV chairs helped to supply the proper atmosphere for the great criminal's love-making.

Annette Pascal was lured to this smart *appartement*, and,

while she lay on his richly cushioned divan, smoked his scented cigarettes, and sipped the costly liquors bought with the money of his previous victims, he sat at her feet and breathed romantic phrases into her delicate ears. Presently there came the night when he was more loving than usual—always a dangerous and sinister sign with Landru—and a poisoned drink was offered to this beautiful woman, who had dreamt night and day of the pleasures of this love-nest, shared with the man she adored.

Unsuspecting, she drank the poisoned cup—and sank back on the couch, intoxicated with the magic of the presence of the demon lover. Then the deadly toxin began to work, and, as Landru watched her through narrowed eyelids, and twisted the end of his beard with carefully manicured fingers, the glorious Annette shuddered, convulsed, started up, and sank back on the golden-tasseled cushions—dead!

Landru now rose to his feet, switched on a small light, specially situated at the head of the couch, and, after adjusting his glasses, lifted his victim's eyelids, with the manner of a doctor. Then his thin lips curled back in an evil smile—and, lifting the dead hand, he kissed it, and bowed to the spirit departing from this world.

I myself visited that flat several times—it was there that I was first alone with Henri Landru—and I am one of the few who entered the *appartement* and came out again, still

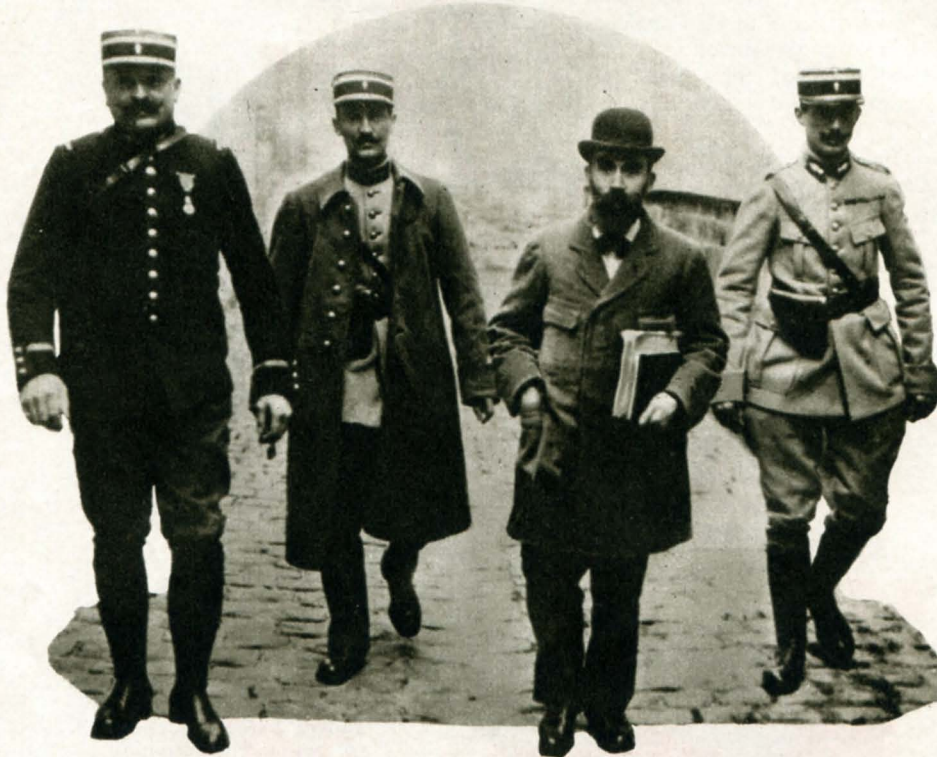
breathing! How close I walked to death, without knowing it!

One of the features of the "horror flat" was a large wine cupboard, and it was because of this, I am sure, that Landru selected the *appartement* as a Paris branch of his "Murder Factory," with the "Head Office" at the Villa Tric. It was possible to hide his victims' bodies in the cupboard until he could transport them to Gambais, to be reduced to ashes and dust.

LANDRU served an apprenticeship as a murderer. He did not kill in haphazard fashion, trusting to good fortune that he would not be discovered. The famous "Bluebeard" of Gambais served his "indentures" under a master-murderer—none other than Pierre Galou, who was guillotined for the killing of five women.

Landru and Galou, "The Pig," as he was called, were very good friends, and I have little doubt but that they often discussed the very interesting topic of homicide.

It is difficult to say who was Landru's first victim—the police and others have made many guesses, but it is not known whether they decided definitely on the point. It may have been that the little *cocotte*, who died of poison, far back in Landru's youth, was really killed by him. At least, it is



"Bluebeard" Landru on his way to trial, en route from prison, accompanied by three court officers

certain that Landru's first murder was not accidental, but coolly planned and premeditated.

Landru, like the notorious English killer, Crippen, thought about murder as an art and planned each crime weeks ahead.

Of all the French murderers who have paid the extreme penalty, I think that Bluebeard Landru's crimes presented the darkest mystery to the police—for they searched for the bodies of his victims so long that they almost gave up in despair and released the prisoner.

IT was noticed that Landru was able to speak the English language with a fair fluency, and the reason for this was often questioned. Had he been to England? He himself emphatically denied that he had ever crossed the English Channel. But this was untrue, for I know for a fact that Landru had in his possession a passport, in the name of Etienne Dupont, bearing the necessary stamps allowing him to travel to England.

Now, why did Bluebeard Landru ever go to England? Was it to carry his murder trail into that country? No. The reason was this!

One of his victims, Madame Crozatier, whom he had murdered at the Villa Tric, had some property in Sussex, which, before she died, she made over in legal form to Landru. In order to secure the title to it, he had to cross the Channel.

There was no difficulty in this. He applied for a passport, in a name other than his own. It was granted, and he made the trip, via Dieppe and

Newhaven, to London. There he saw the English agents of the firm that had arranged the legal transfer of the property from Madame Crozatier to Landru.

Henri Landru then went down to see the property, and found that it consisted of a small villa and grounds near the town of Lancing. He gave instructions that it should be sold. Unfortunately, however, an aged relative of Madame Crozatier was living in the house. But Henri wanted the money, and so the seventy-year-old aunt of the murdered woman was bundled out of her home, the place was sold, and the killer received many English pounds in return for his bloody deed.

After changing the money into francs, he returned to Paris and carefully put away the proceeds of his English sale. Thus it was that Landru, during the very days when he was a hunted man, visited the English capital, and, under the noses of the English police, took possession of his dead victim's property, pushed her aged relative into destitution, and returned—no doubt, quite happy—to his gay city of Paris.

THERE has always been a question as to Landru's birth. There is some mystery surrounding it, and rumor has repeatedly whispered that by birth he was not French at all, but Swiss—and that at an early age he was adopted by his recognized parents from a wealthy although illicitly united couple at Bern.

I think that there may be some truth in this tale, for Landru always spoke of Switzerland in very affectionate terms, as if it was the country that he loved most dearly.

One very curious fact about Landru was that he had on his body a most extraordinary birthmark. Its shape suggested a tiny image of a timber wolf, a ravaging beast with open fangs and bushy tail. He was rather proud of this disfigurement, and made light of it as an affliction.

Was it some irony on the part of nature that he should be marked thus with a symbol of the beast that he so much resembled in his mode of life—a bloodthirsty, brutal, and cowardly animal, always looking for and attacking the weak? It is an interesting question — for

Fate or the Power that makes us, does play jokes like that—ironical pleasantries that are both bizarre and terrible.

Landru was a freak—there is no doubt about that—a freak bodily, mentally, and, most certainly, morally. He was perhaps an emissary to this world, from the Evil One—a human husk into which the Devil had entered, in order to wreak murder and vengeance on the world that had cast him out. Who knows?

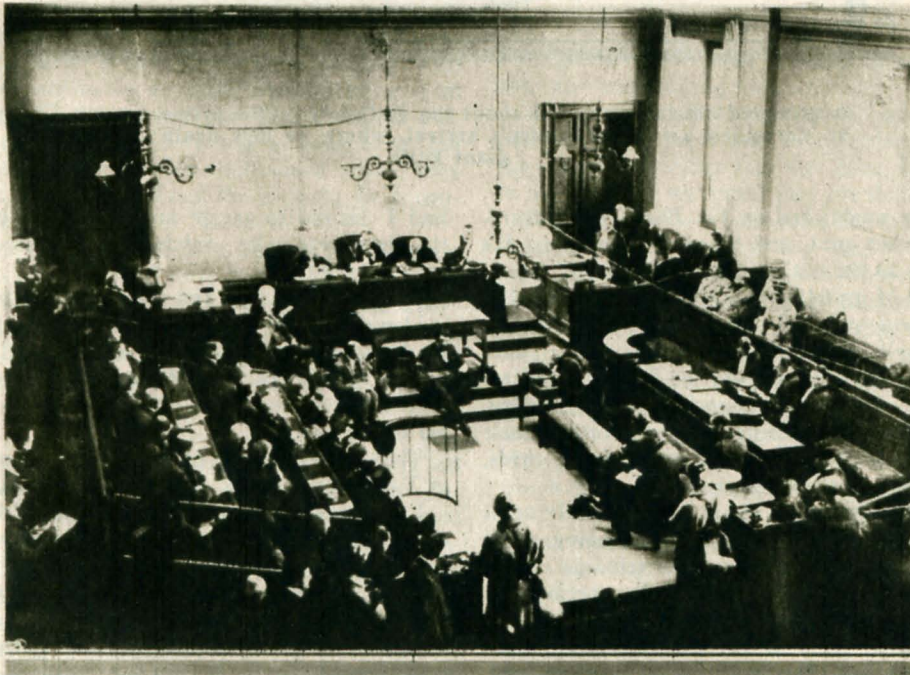
IT COME now to the most tragic incidents in the history of my love for the arch-murderer.

It was early on the morning of April 12th, 1919, that



(Above) Inspector of Police, Riboulet, who had made a special study of Landru's diary, addresses the jury. "It is his Gospel, and he will hang me if I don't get justice by the jury and the court," said Landru sarcastically, on that occasion

(Below) The court-room at Versailles, at the opening of Landru's trial. He is seated, guarded by three officers, in the prisoner's dock at the right



there came a loud knocking at the door of Landru's *appartement* at 96 Rue de Rochouart. Springing out of bed, I wrapped a *peignoir* round me and threw open the door.

At once, four men brushed past me, and, striding into the bedroom, laid hands on my lover and tore him from the bed.

"You are Lucien Guillet?" they asked.

My lover admitted that he was.

"We are officers of the 'Brigade Mobile,'" replied the tallest of the men, who was Commissaire de Police Dantel, of the Prefecture. "We have ten warrants for your arrest. Dress, and come with us!"

Fiercely I protested, but the detectives turned and ordered me sharply to get into my clothes, as I also was under arrest.

A quarter of an hour later, my lover and I were bundled into a taxicab, and rushed to the Headquarters of the *Sûreté-Générale* at the Prefecture, where we were both questioned for two hours. Then Landru was taken away, and I was ordered to be detained in the woman's prison at Saint-Lazare, until further inquiries were made about me.

Landru, whose real identity had been established by his Bertillon measurements, was placed in an auto, and taken to Gambais. He was later turned over to the authorities at Mantes.

Such was the arrest of myself and my lover, on that spring morning, when life was gay and, outside of the prison, all Paris was sunning itself in the warm sunshine.

Three days later I was released from the Prison of Saint-Lazare as an innocent victim of my association with Landru, and I at once found myself the center of the greatest *cause célèbre* that has ever swept France—the talk of the cafés, and the latest sensation of the newspapers.

I hastened to see my lover, and found him perfectly composed and contemptuous of the frantic search being made by the police, in their effort to discover the remains of the woman he was supposed to have murdered. By special permission I was able to visit Landru almost daily. And one day, when the *gardien* had left us alone for a moment, my lover whispered words in my ear that made my blood turn cold.

"Go," he said, "to the Villa at night, and remove the loose stones of the kitchen floor. Take what you will find, and cast them into the Seine!"

"What is it that I shall find?" I asked fearfully.

"Bones!" came the sharp, whispered reply of the man who had been my fiancé for a year.

I recoiled in horror, my face deadly white.

"Then what they say . . . is true!" I cried.

"Bah! They talk like children," said Henri. "I am shielding another. Do as I say!"

Hastily I left, my heart in my throat. I could not do this thing that my lover asked of me—I shrank with fear and loathing from the task. A week passed, and I went to see

Landru again. His dark, burning eyes stared at me keenly.

"You did as I said?" he asked eagerly.

I looked at him for a moment. "It is done," I lied without finching.

"*Bon, bon!*" cried Landru. "You are indeed the sunbeam in my life!"

"I would do anything for you, *chérie*," I cried, clasping the hands of my lover.

"You would?" asked Henri, looking eagerly into my face with his magnetic eyes. Then he asked me softly to try and assist him to escape—to get a revolver from an address that he would give me.

Quickly I refused, and, rising, left the cell. My lover was asking too much of me. As I went away, I tried to shut him out of my heart, but I found it impossible. However, I did not go to the prison again.

The days passed. Hundreds visited me. I received written proposals of marriage by the dozen. A famous music-hall offered me a thousand francs a night to appear on its stage. I was asked to write a book. But I said no to all such suggestions. Even

had I desired to accept an offer to capitalize my notoriety, the detectives who watched me night and day would not have allowed it.

Day followed day, and the police gathered more and more evidence, while Landru's counsel, Maître Moro-Giafferi, worked hard at his brief. Henri Landru remained in the prison at Mantes, his self-confidence gradually evaporating as the police slowly followed the hidden trail of blood that led to his victims.

Then came the day of the great trial in the Assize Court, at Versailles. I was one of the chief witnesses.

I had many offers from men who wished to escort me to the Court that day—some were actually from millionaires, who would have placed their luxurious automobiles at my disposal. But I was already provided with an escort and an equipage—a large, gray motor-car and two gentlemen cavaliers—in fact, a police car and the strong arms of two detectives.

I reached the Court, and was ushered through the thronging crowds, composed chiefly of women who had come to bask under the hypnotic glances of the man who had murdered, seduced, and burnt many of their sex. A great number were of the best Parisian Society.

As I took my stand in the witness-box, President Gilbert raised his glasses, looking with amazement at the girl who had lived with Landru for a year, and yet was alive to tell the story!

"Silence!" called the Usher.

"We are not at the theater!" said the President of the Tribunal. "Your profession, Mademoiselle?" he added, looking at me with a smile.

(Continued on page 70)



A group of officials gathered about the guillotine in the prison square at Versailles, awaiting Landru's arrival, where he met death by the giant knife

“ONE CHANCE in TEN THOUSAND”


Inspector Frahm, of the Detroit Police Department, took a long chance—and with the help of one of the most expert detectives in the U. S., in his special field, he set out to accomplish the “impossible”

By **FREDERIC O. SCHULTZE**
of the Detroit *FREE PRESS*

WHEN Morris Bloch, owner of an oil station on the Six-mile Road, Detroit, was cruelly shot to death in a hold-up, December 1, 1926, the police admitted there was “not one chance in ten thousand that his slayer would be arrested.”

But Walter Brown, a man of science and an amateur detective, and Inspector Fred Frahm, of the Homicide Squad, attempted the impossible—they would track the killer down! The result of their efforts is the most amazing story that I have ever “covered” in my years as police reporter for the Detroit *Free Press*. Today, as I reconstruct the spectacular man-hunt in my mind’s eye, I say to myself, “There never was another case like it!”

I might explain at the beginning that Walter Brown is not the real name of the amateur—and that I am disguising his name at his own request. His assistance, given to the police in other cases which have brought him publicity, has had destruction as an aftermath. On one occasion his home was bombed. In another instance his automobile was destroyed. He has been threatened with death on innumerable occasions. It is because of this that he would rather remain in the background. With the exception of his name, the story is entirely accurate.



Bloch staggered out the door, clutching at his heart

The facts of the robbery and murder are these:

Bloch was alone in his oil station on a bitter cold day when two men parked their automobile several hundred feet away, and, while one hurried inside, the other one waited in the car, with the engine running. What happened in the station has never been found out exactly—but Bloch was robbed, and was shot near the heart. As the slayer fled with \$38, Bloch staggered out of the door, clutching at his heart, and fell unconscious in the driveway. The man waiting in the auto drove away with his companion, and disappeared around the corner.

The only witness was Peter Haggart, who was about a half a block away, driving a lumber wagon. He did not see the actual shooting, and was uncertain as to whether he had heard a shot. But when he saw a man running and another come staggering out of the door, he suspected something was wrong and made a mental note of the license number of the car. When he reached the oil station, Bloch was unconscious, and blood was flowing from a bullet wound in his chest: Haggart seized a pencil from the dying man’s pocket and jotted down the license number of the car on a slip of paper, for fear it would escape his memory. Then he called the police. Bloch was rushed to the hospital, but died on the emergency table.

The only possibility of tracing the criminals at that time was through the license number, but that clue failed when it was learned that the owner of the car was serving time

in the Detroit House of Correction on a misdemeanor charge, and that his car had been stolen from his garage. There was another hope that Haggart might be able to identify the man he had seen, but this vanished when he said his attention was focused on the license number and he had seen only the bandit's back and would not be able to recognize him.

So it appeared that the chances of solving the slaying were remote.

BUT the city had been roused to an extent that it never had been before. People felt that no murder could be more brutal and unjustified. The fact that it had happened in broad daylight, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and that Bloch was a reputable business man who had been married but recently, further intensified public indignation.

I was in the hospital when Bloch died, and I saw the flicker of hope fade from the eyes of the detectives with his passing, for they had hoped he would revive momentarily and give some clue to his assailant. Perhaps the murderer was well known to his victim. Or, at least, Bloch might have seen him about the station before, and if he did not know him by name, perhaps he could tell where he could be

About forty years old, dressed almost to the point of foppishness, wearing spats and carrying a cane, he looked like what he was—a smart and successful business man. His build and carriage, coupled with his alertness, told of unlimited physical energy. Without formality, he sat on Inspector Frahm's desk, and drummed his heel against the side. I knew him, of course, having met him before in connection with his work on other cases.

"If I were not so busy at the office, I would like to take about a year off and devote all of my time to police work," he was saying, "but you know how it is. A man must make a living. But I dare say I get more excitement out of tackling cases that interest me, than I would if I was at this business day in and day out."

And when he said this, I knew he was speaking in earnest; for, in one branch of police work, he was without a superior, and that was in identifying bullets. He had taken up this study while an officer in the Coast Artillery, and had devoted years of research to it. It was his boast that he knew everything about every pistol and revolver ever made, even to the weight of the bullet and the number of grains of powder in the shell used in each gun.

"You sent for me?" Brown asked a moment later.

"THEN one night, when Brown casually picked up one of the spent bullets on the range, we thought he had suddenly gone crazy. . . It seemed as though he would fall to the floor, so great was his excitement. "We've found it! I've got it!" he shouted."

found. Many questions must have flashed through the minds of the detectives, but they remained unanswered. Death had stilled the only tongue that could give the facts.

ORDINARILY in Detroit, a murder investigation is assigned to a team of two, but, because of the utter wantonness of this one and the lack of clues, Inspector Frahm assigned it to two teams. The detectives were Fred Clark, Ray Gillette, James Wetmore, and Max Rickman.

"We are going to get these men," Frahm told them with a confidence that I was sure he did not feel.

"We've got about one chance in ten thousand," one of the quartet told him frankly.

"Well, it's a gambler's chance, anyhow. So, hop to it," replied the Inspector.

The four men started on a trail that meant much work and very little glory as far as the public was concerned. Police are seldom given credit for the good work they do. It is usually when they are in trouble that the public becomes interested enough to talk about them, and then it is not to compliment them. So the four knew if there was any glory in running the slayer down, it would only be transitory—but the satisfaction they got from doing a nasty assignment well, would be reward enough in itself. Looking for a needle in a haystack was somewhat similar to this.

"Maybe we can get some stool-pigeon to squawk," said one of the detectives hopefully, as he left the room.

But Morris Bloch, dead, was better able to give evidence than if he had been alive, cruel as it sounds. It was at this juncture that Brown entered the case.

I was in Inspector Frahm's office when the amateur detective came in for a conference.

"Yes, I did," replied Inspector Frahm. "I need your help."

"I'll bet I know what for. It's the Bloch case."

"Pretty good guess for an amateur detective," replied Inspector Frahm, smiling.

"I've been reading about it in the papers, and I was coming over to offer my services this very day if you hadn't called me. I have been intensely interested, ever since I learned that the only clue is the bullet."

"Yes, it is a thirty-two caliber bullet. That is all we know about it. Maybe you can tell us a little more."

He reached into his desk and drew forth a small box. From it he picked out a pellet of lead. This was the bullet that had caused Bloch's death.

"You know, Inspector, that every bullet is as individual as a person's fingerprints. Do you remember only a few years ago when dyed-in-the-wool policemen scoffed at fingerprints, and their contempt was so great they simply wouldn't bother with them? Well, now, every gun in the world is as different from every other gun, as one fingerprint is different from another. You can take twenty guns, or forty guns, or a hundred guns, if you like, and shoot a bullet from each, and then mix them up—and an expert can tell you from which gun each bullet was fired, as accurately as though each was marked with an identifying number."

"THAT is why I called you in this case. That's the bullet that killed Bloch—it's our only hope," said Inspector Frahm, as he handed Brown the little lead pellet. Pulling a small microscope from his vest pocket, the firearms expert examined the bullet minutely. After a few minutes, he spoke.

"It has its own individual markings, of course. Look!

Notice the rifling, and those marks on the left, and that peculiar little scratch up higher. Why, it is marked as obviously as though the owner's name were written on it. The sad part of it is, though, we don't know who he is—but when he appears with his gun and fires it, I will know him as surely as if he had told me."

"Now, all we have to do is go out and get him," said the Inspector, with a smile.

"Well, Inspector, you told me this bullet was from a thirty-two caliber gun. You were right, as far as you went. I will go a little further, and tell you it was shot from a thirty-two caliber Colt revolver. If we could gather in every Colt revolver in the country and shoot a bullet from each, we could find out which gun it came from. If the man who owned it did not shoot Bloch, he could tell who did."

"I may not be able to get every man in the country who owns a Colt of this kind—but I'll tell you what I am going to do. I am

"but I know you won't use anything about it in the papers, because, if you do, it means this crook is going to slip out of town, gun and all, and we'll never be able to get him."

In my eight years as police reporter, it is my proud boast that I never have broken a confidence with the police. After I had assured him that what I had heard had gone in one ear and out the other, I asked him if he really meant to hold every man who was arrested with a gun of that make and caliber.

"Certainly," he replied. "You didn't believe I was joking? It is the only chance of ever getting the killer, I believe, unless some underworld character tips us off. And this murder has got to be solved! Got to!—do you get that? There have been more spectacular murders, I'll admit, but it is very seldom that a business man is shot down in cold blood in broad daylight. I am going to make an example of the man who did it, and put a scare into the underworld. It's going to mean work—but I am willing to work, and so is Brown. He's the man that has the key to the solution, and he'll work his head off."

"Have you any idea how many men are arrested each week who carry guns?" I asked.

"Roughly, about a dozen—but some weeks, as high as twenty. I have known of eight or ten being brought in during a single night. Then again, sometimes there won't



"That's the bullet that killed Bloch—it's our only hope"

going to hold every son-of-a-gun and his brother in the city who is arrested with one—until his gun is tested, if you will co-operate with me. I'm going to see this thing through! I am going to work on it night and day!"

Frahm banged his fist down on the desk so hard that the windows rattled.

"Certainly, I'm with you!" replied Brown. "You know my interest in firearms. My business duties may keep me from being with you during the day to any great extent, but I'll be here every night with you or your men—and we'll shoot every thirty-two caliber gun that is brought in. When you get the right gun, I'll tell you."

Brown slipped the bullet into his pocket.

"I want to examine it in my laboratory at home. I'll see you to-morrow."

Thus began the round-up of "gun-toters" in this city of a million and a quarter, in one of the most unusual man-hunts that ever was undertaken anywhere.

"You heard what he said," Inspector Frahm said to me,

be a single one arrested for a week."

"How are you going about it to hold these men until their weapons are examined?" I asked. "Won't you come up against a snag there?"

To an outsider, my questioning might seem impertinent, and I can almost hear readers say that police would not answer such questions as I put to Inspector Frahm. But a friendship of years' standing had done away with formalities. Newspaper men in Detroit, as everywhere else, are interested in solving crimes. And without any intention to boast, more than one case has been brought to a successful close, through the aid of reporters. In many instances, police have especially solicited their co-operation from the beginning.

So, it was as though we were having a heart-to-heart talk and I was a high police official, when we discussed the matter.

(Continued on page 96)

The MAN Who Fled

"LITTLE CARL'S" Own Story from back of prison bars

As told to
OLIVER W. SMITH

[Note: For the protection of those concerned, all of the actual names of persons in this account have been changed]

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

TO retell the story, as I heard it from "Little Carl," would be impossible from a literary point of view. It was only by the most adroit questioning that I was able, finally, to get from him the true facts of the case, and I purpose, in this narrative, to confine myself to truth in the retelling—truth which can be confirmed by facts which are a matter of record.

To those who followed the story of Little Carl, with its lurid details, at the time when the police of two countries were united and untiring in their efforts to apprehend him, dead or alive, for the killing of Detective Sergeant George Hainor, certain discrepancies will be at once apparent—discrepancies which will invariably appear when both sides of any story are compared.

I have had a personal and close acquaintance with Little Carl, of twelve years' standing, but it is no part of my intention to make of him a romantic figure, or one deserving of special sympathy. I shall present to the reader some facts which are indisputable, and Little Carl's own version of the shooting of Sergeant Hainor, together with certain incidents which took place prior to the killing. These incidents I speak of have a bearing upon and lead up to the tragedy in a manner which may cause the reader to better understand the man himself, and to wonder at the strange workings of fate. Thus it is quite possible there will be some who will agree with the writer in thinking that Little Carl is not the wanton murderer he has so often been pictured as being, so much as only an unfortunate victim of environment, which he could neither side-step nor avoid.

Carl Aragon is not in any sense a vindictive person—far from it. He is a spontaneously good-natured, jovial character of the kind who makes friends readily in any company in which he finds himself. With enemies he is ever ready to cease hostilities when the olive branch is extended to him. But it is only fair to say that prior to his entering the State's prison where he now is, Carl was sadly deficient in education, and while not classed as an ignorant person, he was at least illiterate. While in prison he has studied diligently, read widely, and with better education and understanding there has come to him an appreciation, and a consideration for the individual rights of others, that was entirely foreign to him at that time when he looked upon the law, and all its representatives, as hereditary enemies.

The Little Carl of today is an entirely different person from the "Arizona Carl" who shot and killed Detective Sergeant Hainor one night in Wayburn, and, in the chase that followed, outwitted for a time, the police of both Mexico and the United States. The story of that happening and subsequent chase, full of action and romance, here follows:



"Little Carl" is a name represents case throughout his prison cell he time, his side of sentence of life

"You want to go, do you?" I replied. "Well, let's go, then!"

A PRISONER stood in the dock of the Superior Court in Wayburn. The court-room was crowded to capacity with morbid thrill-seekers, such as, on these occasions, are always anxious to be "in at the death," so that they may later personally relate to others less fortunate than themselves, the events witnessed—together with embellishments of their own.

The judge is speaking:

"—and it is the sentence of this Court that you be confined within the State Penitentiary for a period of eight years."

A sigh was audible—coming from the audience. It seemed as though the crowd, as one person, had expelled a long pent-up breath, relieving the suspense of that tense moment while the sentence was being pronounced.

The prisoner, upon learning his fate, gave no sign that he had heard the judge speaking. He turned—almost wearily, it seemed—as the bailiff approached, and he involuntarily held out his wrists for the steel cuffs to be adjusted thereon. He was led through a side door of the court-room, into a narrow hallway which took the officer and his prisoner through the "Bridge of Sighs." Still handcuffed, the prisoner was delivered into the hands of a deputy jailer.

Relieved of the handcuffs, a quick, but thorough search of the prisoner was made. The heavy steel door to the tanks was swung outward, and a wave of the deputy's hand indicated that his charge was to enter. Maintaining the complete

to JUAREZ

fictitious name. The man whom this was the stormy petrel of a famous the West some years ago. From here gives to the public, for the first the tragedy that brought to him the imprisonment that he is now serving

silence he had preserved throughout the proceedings, the prisoner passed into the huge steel tank and mingled with the others of his kind, who were waiting to hear from the prisoner himself what the judge had handed to Carl Aragon, in whom they felt an interest of good will. A period of whispered conversation, then:

"All right—Aragon at the screen!"

Aragon glanced up in surprise at the words, and failing to recognize a familiar face through the small space between the door and the wall, he walked slowly to the screen at the right of the door—a place provided for the purpose of allowing prisoners and visitors to converse. Aragon pressed his face against the dusty screen in an effort to locate his visitor. A huge shadow blotted out the light, and then a gruff voice broke the stillness:

"Pretty soft for you, you——!"

The voice startled the prisoner, and he drew back hastily, but he soon recovered himself. He smilingly replied: "Yeah, I slipped one over on the bulls that time." He laughed.

"That time' is right! What did it cost you?"

"That'd be tellin.' Wouldn't you like to know, though?" The prisoner's voice sounded almost gleeful. The voice at the other side of the screen was wrathful.

"You're a pretty wise kid, ain't you? Well, let me tell you something, Mex! Yuh got off easy this time, but next time—*look out.*" His voice was ominous as he continued: "Oh, sure, I know yuh think there won't be no 'next time,' and maybe there won't be. Anyway, yuh'd better not let me get yuh again in Wayburn, 'cause if I do, there won't be no chance for yuh to bribe your way out. I'll be the judge next time, and I'll hold court right there!"

The prisoner's laugh was contemptuous as he turned from the screen without deigning to reply to the threats of the other.

The man outside the screen was George Hainor, Detective Sergeant of the Wayburn Police Department.

The prisoner, Carl Aragon—"Little Carl."

THE ferryboat drew away from the wharf at Oceanside, and those late to arrive hurried toward the stern, some to find shelter in the cabin, while others remained on the outer deck—hardy souls who dared to face the cold fog of Oceanside bay in February, that they might be the first to land when the boat touched the other side.

Inside the cabin, on a seat nearest the windows, were two men. A shrewd observer would not have needed the evidence of the handcuffs which adorned the wrists of the smaller of the two men, to at once place the larger man as a "dick." All of six feet and weighing close to two hundred pounds, his



"Yellow!
An' they
say yuh got
guts—hell!"

florid countenance puckered in a frown, the officer was the direct antithesis of his charge.

"Little Carl," so called because of his diminutive stature, presented an incongruous contrast to the huge guardian of the law who was escorting him to prison. Exactly five feet tall, slightly built, his boyish figure vibrant with the energy of youth—he was only 22 years of age at this time—dark eyes, and hair reminiscent of his Spanish parentage, he appeared entirely oblivious to the curious stares of the other passengers as he chatted easily with his companion. The big fellow was talking:

"In about thirty minutes you'll be there, Carl, and I want to tell you to keep your nose clean. There ain't nuthin' in this business of bein' hard-boiled, and the tougher you are in the Big House, the better they like it. Take my advice, boy, and make it easy on yourself. With your copper, you'll only have to do five-four, and, as you're a first-timer, there ain't no reason why you can't make parole."

The big fellow's face was serious. Carl laughed scornfully.

"Parole h—!" he jeered. "After that bunch o' bulls get through rappin' me, I won't have a chance."

"Maybe not," the other conceded, "but the bulls ain't got a whole lot to say about the way the Big House is run, an'

you take my advice and try to earn your copper—it won't do you any good to do otherwise, and no harm can possibly come of it."

Carl looked long and earnestly into the face of the officer and—remained silent. Good advice from a bull was the last thing he had looked for, but he could find no fault with the other's reasoning, and grudgingly admitted to himself that, after all, it *might* be best to make an honest effort to get along without trouble. Uneducated and illiterate though he was, he nevertheless was intelligent. His earlier experience as a "sheet hustler" had sharpened his wits and had taught him that verily the law of self-preservation must be respected, and now that he had received advice that would, if followed, react to his own advantage—even if the advice had come from a despised bull—he was shrewd enough to see the wisdom in it for him. Then and there he decided to be a model prisoner, if good conduct could reduce his term of imprisonment.

That he kept to this resolve is evident. After three years of the prison—jute mill and all—(d—, how he had hated that jute mill, with the dust and noise, and day after day of the task that he needs must accomplish, or suffer the consequences of further punishment) he was assigned to work at a prison road camp, where extra credits were earned. For each and every day on the road work, he received time and a half, and with his road credits, in addition to his regular credits, he was released on parole after having served four years and three months of an original eight-year sentence.

Released at last, Carl returned to Wayburn, where he took up honest employment until—

From here on I will let Carl himself tell the story.

THERE were several reasons why I returned to Wayburn when I was released from Carcella Prison. First, I was unable to secure a job anywhere else—and it was a condition of my parole that I have a job to go to. Second, My father and mother were living in Wayburn. My father was an invalid, and my mother's health was none too good. It was strictly up to me to do what I could for them, financially. Then, in addition, I really liked the city of Wayburn and wanted to return there.

If I hesitated at all about this, it was because I was afraid of myself. The old cronies of yesterday were there—the old "gang" and the old "hang-outs,"—always and ever a

temptation. There would be the same old places of amusement waiting. Or, if changed, in their stead, there would naturally be others just as bad, and after four years of prison life and its restrictions, would I be able to withstand the seductions?

I had given my word to gain parole, and had agreed to live the life of an upright and honest citizen, promising to forego undesirable associates and all the implied vices—wine, women and song. The conditions of my parole were stiff. Among other things prohibited, I could not marry, and I could not drive an automobile. Well, I had either to accept the job in Wayburn, or serve the remainder of my sentence in prison. I chose the former.

I shall never forget the thrill that was mine when I saw the Tower Building, in Oceanside, after my release. I was all a-quiver with excitement—eager to do many things, and so confused by everything that all



"Que hay, Chiquito!"
I heard whispered
in my ear

I could do was to sit in the waiting-room and wonder what it was all about. Just then the ferryboat docked and a brass band, evidently furnished by a reception committee to welcome the arrival of some "big gun," burst forth with the old song: *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here.*

The music and the environment fitted my mood perfectly, accentuating my almost overwhelming desire to step out and head the parade. After the parole officer had talked with me, approving my papers and arranging my transportation, he wished me luck, and—I was on my way to Wayburn.

The folks were greatly pleased, (Continued on page 65)

"And Their OWN HANDS SHALL CONVICT Them!"

Loren C. Horton is one of the country's best-known handwriting experts. He possesses a remarkably keen mind, and an ability to make analyses of difficult documentary problems that approaches the uncanny at times. It all, however, is quite commonplace to him, and is based simply on accurate knowledge, and a thorough familiarity with his special work from long experience. In and out of court he handles all sorts of cases, from ignorant blackmail letters demanding a few hundreds, to will cases such as that of the late James C. King, involving millions of dollars. A good idea of how this "detective of the written word" conducts his work, is given by Mr. Lindsay in the following true account.



By
DAVID LINDSAY

(Right) Mr. Horton (Below) Blackmail letter sent by Maschietto, showing the envelope, the crossed-out return address, and this part enlarged, lower left corner

OUT of the pitch-black shadows of midnight, into the glare of a highway incandescent globe at Brighton and Lafayette Avenues, New Brighton, Staten Island (N. Y.), a skulking figure emerged, and immediately sought shelter on the further side of a huge boulder.

For a moment, the man paused, listening. From beneath a long-vizored cap, his beady eyes peered forth, stealthily scanning the road in each direction. Not a soul was visible in that isolated section, which is bounded on one side by a park belonging to an asylum and on the other by the Jones Woods.

Having satisfied himself that he was alone, the man bent down swiftly, picked up a flat parcel wrapped in brown paper, and, after another glance of lightning reconnaissance, started back in the direction from which he had come. Purring with anticipated gratification in soft Neapolitan dialect, he placed the package in an inside pocket under his left arm.

With steps matching his own in soundlessness, two figures detached themselves from the woods across the road—and pounced down upon him as swiftly and menacingly as hawks swooping down upon their prey.

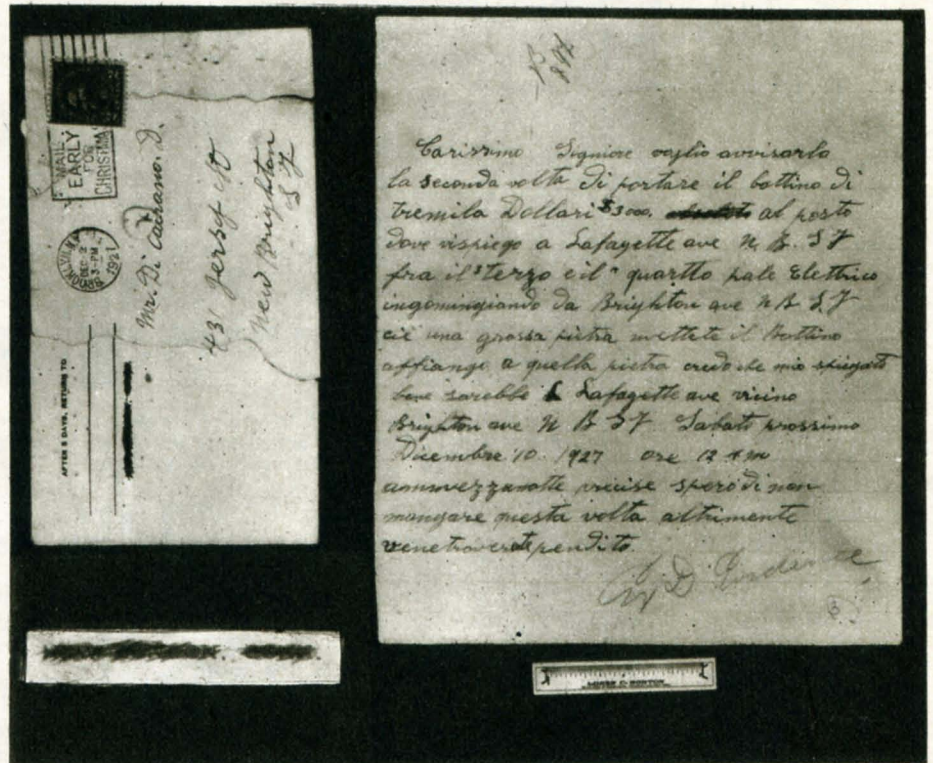
"What have you got in that package?" Lieutenant William C. McKay, the taller of the two new arrivals, demanded, pulling out his revolver.

"What ja mean—I ain't got a package, mister." The shaggy little man, who only a moment before had been humming so blithely, cringed beneath the heavy hand which

grasped his shoulder. He was taken completely by surprise.

The Lieutenant voiced his opinion of this response, in no gentle terms. Then, turning to the other figure that had accompanied him out of ambush, he said, "Frisk him, John, and see if he's got a gat or a knife on 'im. And bring out that package we saw him pick up."

The man addressed as John—Detective John S. Lewis, to give him his full name—expertly searched the whining and



prótesting prisoner, while McKay covered him with his gun.

"He doesn't seem to have any weapons on him, but here's the bundle." He extracted the brown parcel from the inside pocket.

"Come along—you're under arrest for extortion," McKay told his captive. "We've caught you red-handed, so why make a fuss?"

Squealing oaths, in both English and Neapolitan, to the effect that he was entirely innocent and falsely accused, the prisoner was hauled, rather than led, to the home of Donato Di Cairano, an Italian banker and real-estate dealer who had for some time been receiving letters threatening to blow up his home unless he turned over \$3,000 to a person who signed himself "Vengeance."

Brought face to face with the banker, the cringing creature in custody insisted with hysterical vehemence that he had been acting merely as a messenger for a man who had given him five dollars to perform the errand of fetching the parcel.

"Signor Di Cairano is a good friend of mine—he is also a friend of my brother-in-law,

who had a big position in a bank in New York City. Why should I try to extort money from him?" he cried, tears of terror flowing down his ashen cheeks.

The banker admitted that he knew the man. He had seen him recently on a ferry-boat, and at that time the Neapolitan had told him he was out of work and was going to Brooklyn to seek a job. The anonymous threatening letters had been postmarked Brooklyn, where there is a colony of "bad" Italians who have been active in Black Hand crimes, but Di Cairano declared that he had never suspected this particular man, whose name was Donato Maschietto.

The detectives asked Maschietto where he was to meet the man who had given him the five dollars, but they were not in the least surprised when, on driving him past the spot, they saw no one there.

For hours they cross-questioned the prisoner at the St. George Police Headquarters, but he continued to insist stubbornly that he was merely a hired messenger.

When they forced him to give them some samples of his

penmanship, Lieutenant McKay observed that the man was attempting to disguise his handwriting, making the characters very large and forming them laboriously. The officer ordered him to make the letters smaller, and was convinced that he had the "Black Hand" when he compared the specimen with the blackmailing letters sent to Di Cairano.

On Monday morning—the capture had taken place around one o'clock Sunday morning—Maschietto was arraigned in the Magistrate's Court, and held in \$50,000 bail.

However, District Attorney Fach realized that a keen lawyer would have very little difficulty in "springing" the prisoner within forty-eight hours, because of the slight evidence on hand. The following points, he knew, could easily be brought forward by Maschietto's attorney:

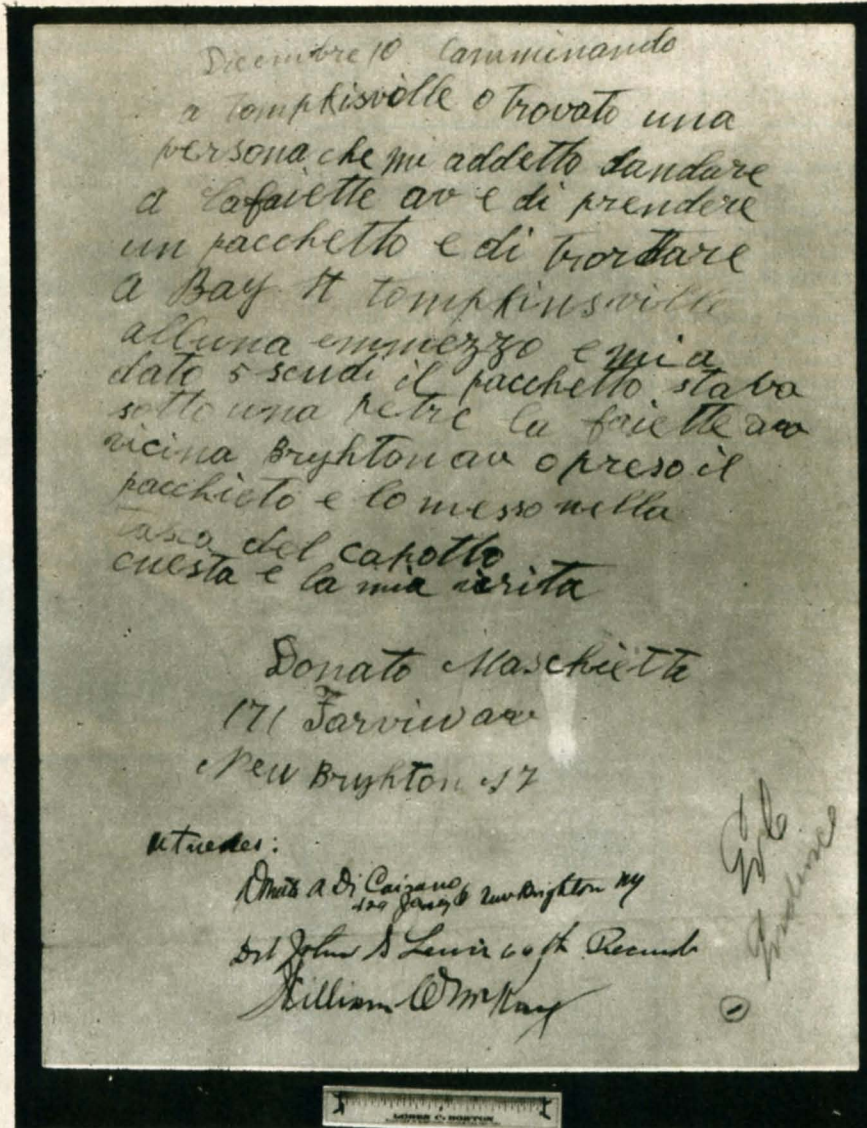
1. Though the officers had found no one at the rendezvous where the prisoner claimed he was to meet the man who had sent him on the errand, it was quite possible that the fellow was watching for the approach of his messenger from some concealed spot.

2. No weapon had been found upon Maschietto, whereas buackmailers are almost invariably found to be armed and prepared for trouble, when arrested. This would be a strong point.

3. The prisoner had no "record." Papers and licenses, found in his room, showed that he had owned a farm and an automobile in Connecticut, up to a short time previous to his arrest. He belonged to a respectable family, and his known associates were law-abiding young men.

4. He had been out of work for several months, but had a comfortable home with his sister and brother-in-law, while looking for a job. However, it was quite plausible that he might accept money from a stranger to perform a secret errand, believing that the mysterious parcel contained liquor or narcotics.

The District Attorney, realizing the necessity for prompt action, immediately retained Loren C. Horton, the famous examiner of questioned documents, and gave him the task of either soldering or smashing the links of circumstantial evidence that held the young Neapolitan.



Sample writing by Maschietto, which he was forced to make under close observation by the detectives, who signed as witnesses on the lower part of the sheet

It was a "rush" job. Mr. Horton requested the District Attorney to send the threatening letters, with their envelopes, and all the papers found in the prisoner's home, to his office at 261 Broadway, New York City. There, in his photographic studio and laboratory, he had the necessary appliances for magnifying and photographing any sort of document. A thoroughly equipped workshop adjacent housed a supply of chemicals for solving the mysteries of alterations, crossed lines, forgeries, "invisible" and erased writing, and so forth.

The first thing Mr. Horton tackled was the envelope which had contained the last letter. This was of rather cheap paper. On the upper left-hand corner, as shown in the illustration on page 45, were two blank lines for a return address. Immediately below was printed the name of some town, but it had been carefully scratched out by the sender.

The expert placed the envelope in front of a strong, transmissive light, and then photographed it with a camera whose plates are sensitive to black printer's ink, but not to writing ink, because of the higher percentage of glue in the latter.

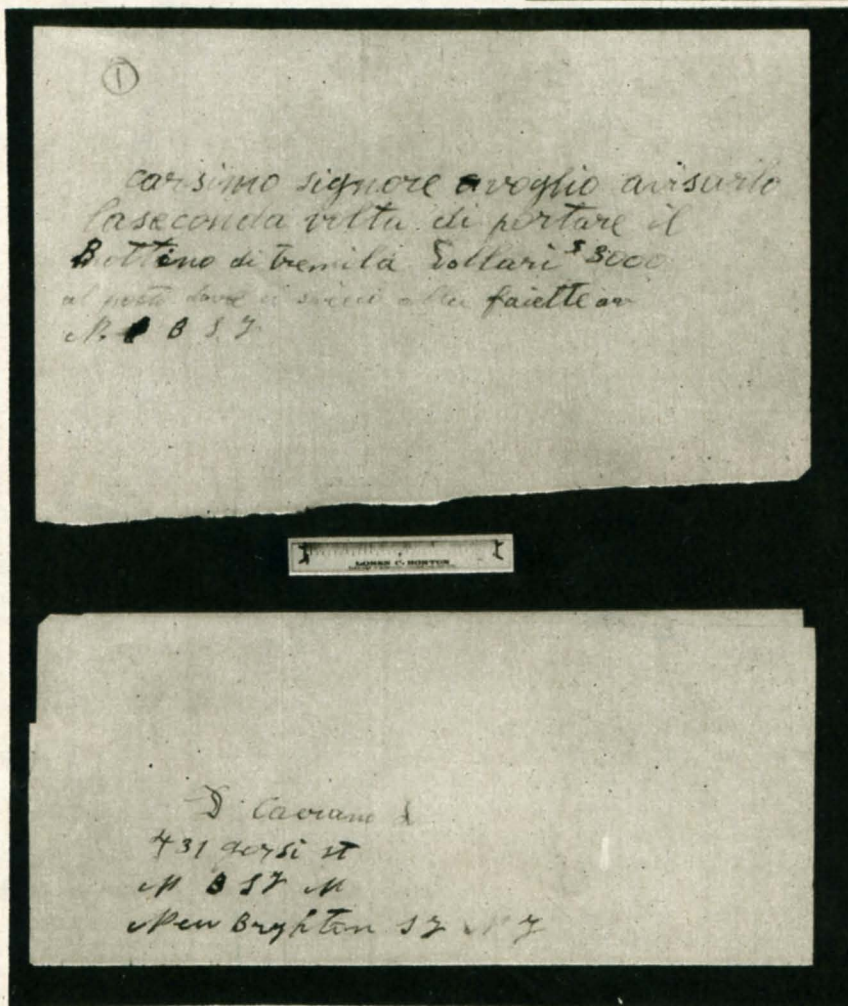
When the plates were developed, they showed the name, "New London, Conn.," so clearly that it could be perceived by the naked eye.

Had the paper happened to be thicker — too opaque for the light to shine through — Mr. Horton would have submitted it to another process. He would have placed the document in a glass container, mixed certain chemicals in a retort (the formula, for obvious reasons, is kept secret), and introduced the gas, thus engendered, into the container by means of a tube. This gas absorbs the writing ink, and the printed matter underneath is exposed. Where written matter is scratched out, a similar method is used, but a different chemical formula is required.

Maschietto, when preparing samples of his writing for the police, made a painstaking attempt to disguise his hand, with the result that the letters were formed differently from those in the threatening notes, but they were also quite different from his signature on the various blanks which he had filled out in obtaining his Con-

(Right) Donato Di Cairano, the Italian banker, to whom the blackmail letters were addressed, is shown here with his family

(Below) The top paper is Maschietto's copy of the first part of the blackmail letter pictured on page 45, which the detectives forced him to make for comparison of writing—the lower paper for the same purpose, covering the blackmail envelope address



necticut licenses!

Enlarged photographs of the latter showed plainly that the prisoner was the writer of the blackmail letters.

On January 17, 1928, Maschietto, through his attorney, William C. Casey, pleaded guilty to attempt to blackmail, and was sentenced to a term in the penitentiary by Judge Tiernan in the County Court at St. George, Staten Island.

L O R E N C .
HORTON'S
tall, spare figure, keen, piercing eyes, and cameo-cut features, with his luxuriant crop of rather long, wavy, silver-white hair, is as well known in court-rooms

throughout the country as David Belasco is along the Rialto.

His investigations cover disputed handwriting, pen lettering, and typewriting; questions regarding ink, paper, alterations, chemical and abrasive erasures, interlineations, cross lines, sequence of writings, anonymous letters, forgeries,

and the identification of individuals by their handwriting.

Mr. Horton studied under Palmer, the famous teacher of penmanship, whose method is employed in a great many schools in the United States. While a pupil, he assisted in getting out his teacher's magazine, and in that way became thoroughly acquainted with the various types of handwriting. It wasn't, however, until he had been teaching in high schools for several years that he realized that his expert knowledge in the identification methods of the various schools and systems of writing could be used in a field infinitely more fascinating—and lucrative—than the class-room.

Since then, his work has brought him in contact with family intrigues, the cunning tricks of forgers, and

her husband's death, she declared herself dissatisfied with the provisions made for her in this agreement. A settlement was arranged, and Mrs. King was paid \$600,000 in cash. During her lifetime she was also to receive the income from an additional \$400,000, which, after her death, would revert into the body of the residuary estate, for the benefit of the James C. King Home for Old Men.

All was smooth sailing until around July 13, 1917, when Gaston B. Means, accompanied by two Chicago lawyers, appeared at the office of the Northern Trust Company, trustees for the King estate, and presented a document bearing the date of October 9, 1905. Means claimed that this instrument was the will of James C. King, and, since it bore a later date than the probated will, superseded it.

This document was typewritten on one side of a single sheet of paper, and bore the signatures, written in ink, of "James C. King" as testator and of Mary C. Melvin, Addison S. Melvin and Byron L. Smith as attesting witnesses. The text was closely overwritten in pencil. It was explained that the typing had been done hurriedly on an old and defective machine, and the stenographer had found it necessary to trace the letters by hand in order to make them legible.

The "new" will left the bulk of the estate to Mrs. King, and made no provision for the creation and maintenance of the old men's home.

Mr. Horton was called in by the contestants of this "newly discovered" will.

To his trained eye, the document had all the appearance of being a gross fraud. In the first place, many precautions had been taken to frustrate possible attempts to discover where the paper on which the instrument was executed, had been purchased, and the make of typewriter used. All witnesses, with the exception of Mrs.

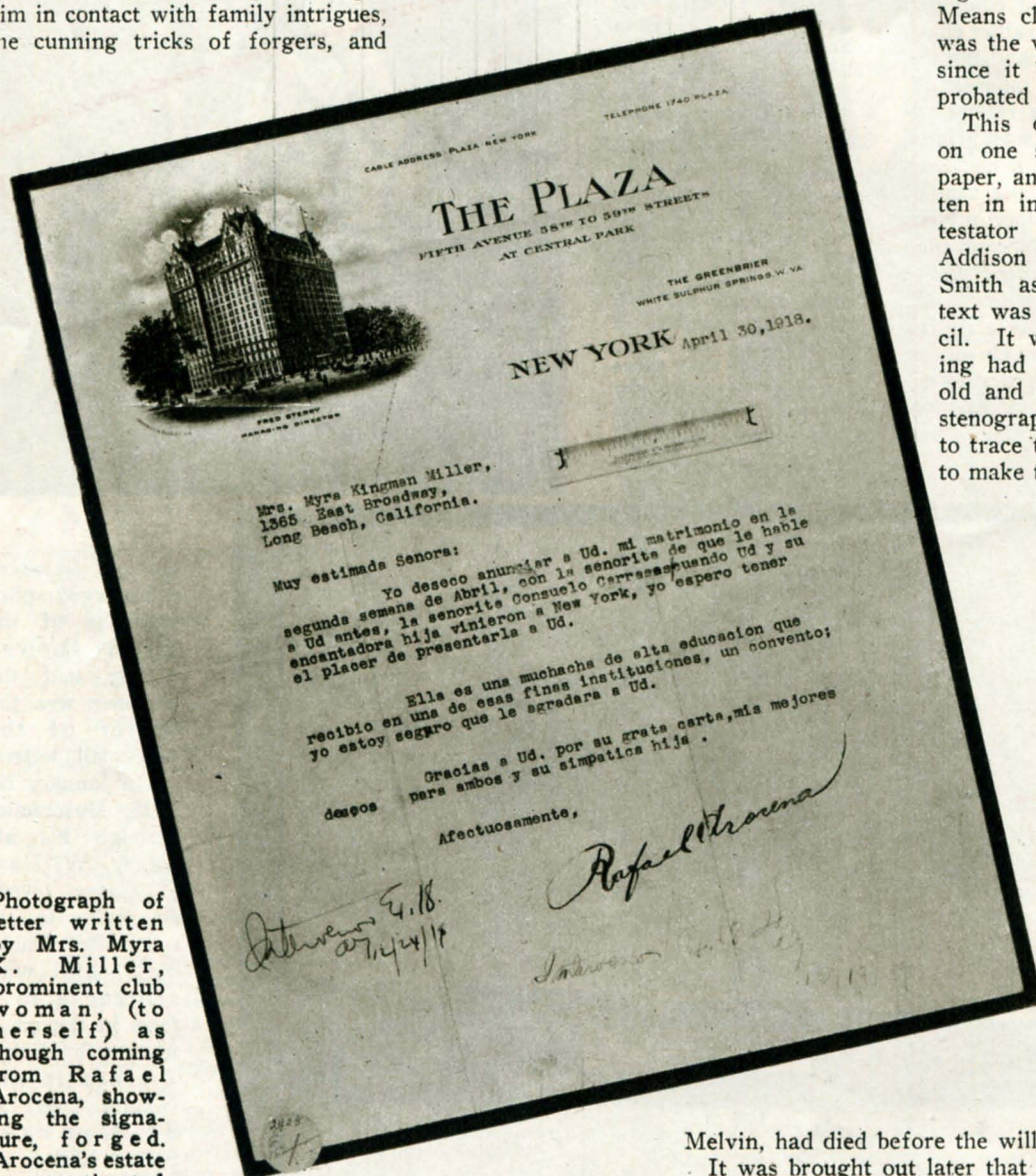
Melvin, had died before the will was presented.

It was brought out later that Means had been promised a million dollars, if the will was accepted—and Mrs. Melvin was Mrs. King's heir.

Mrs. King was shot and killed, August 29, 1917.

"The whole works constituted a slice of life which, without any imagination, could be made into a novel," said Mr. Horton, in commenting on this famous case. "However, I must confine myself to the part I played in the trial, though it is hard to give in a few words the results of researches which took me weeks.

"The paper used had no water-mark, which complicated the investigators' search for the source of its supply. The witness who testified that she typed the will swore that the entire time consumed by her in writing the document, including the cleaning of the typewriter and the type, straightening and adjusting the type-bars, making approximately seventy erasures, and re-typing these, and overwriting the greater part of more than two thousand seven hundred



Photograph of letter written by Mrs. Myra K. Miller, prominent club woman, (to herself) as though coming from Rafael Arocena, showing the signature, forged. Arocena's estate was estimated at eighty million dollars

the machinations of crooked politicians; he has had to pit his wits against the warped intelligence of

"poison-pen" writers and blackmailers; he has helped to track down ruthless killers. Endless is the variety of assignments which pour into his office.

ONE of Mr. Horton's most famous cases was that of the forged will of James C. King, who left an estate of approximately three and a half million dollars.

On December 19, 1905, King's will was admitted to probate in the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois. The philanthropist left the bulk of his money and holdings in a trust-fund, for the erection of a home for old men.

King's widow received, in accordance with an antenuptial agreement, the sum of \$100,000. However, after

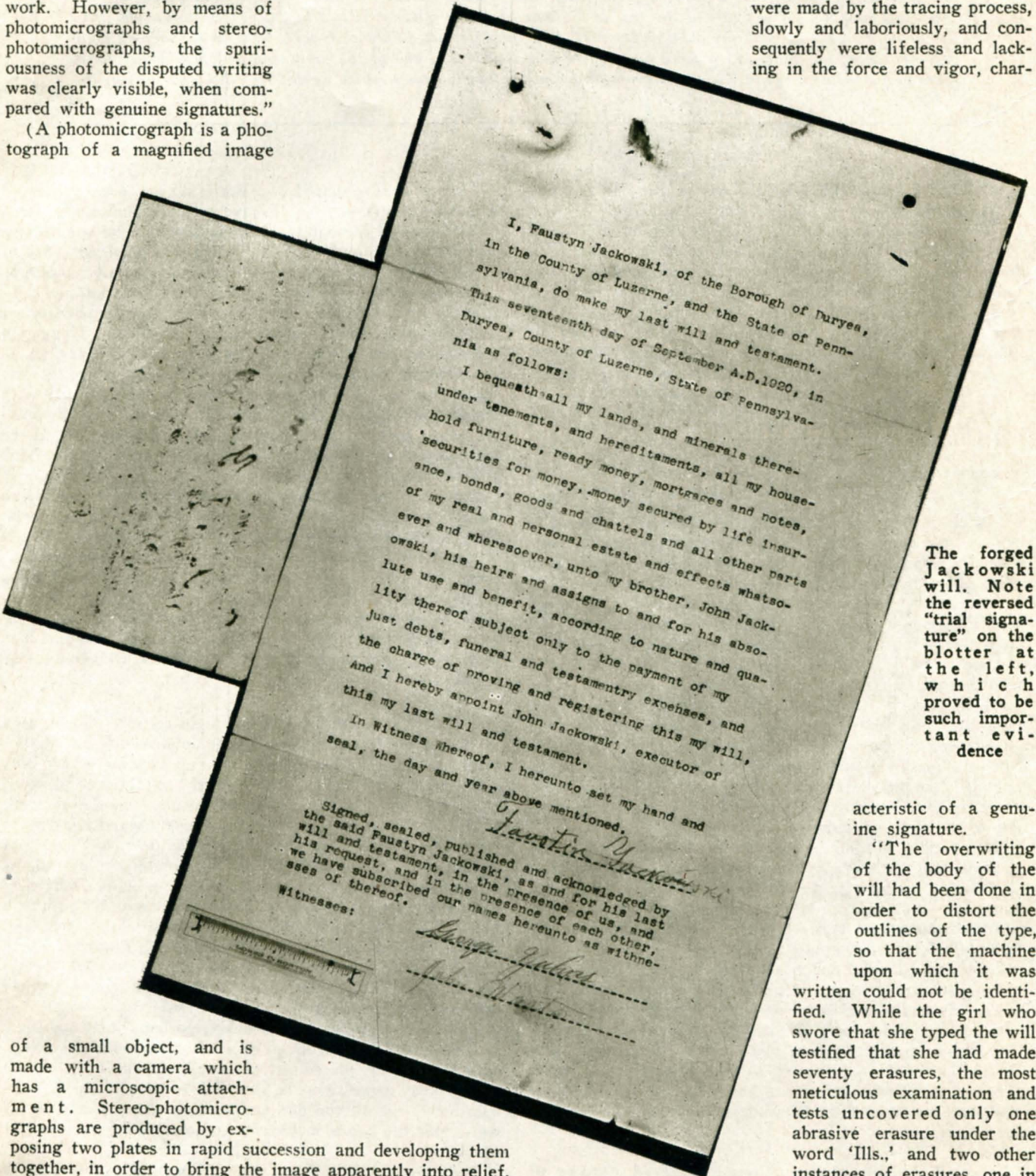
typewritten characters, was an hour and a half. She swore also that the document was an original impression, without a carbon.

"Now," Mr. Horton continued impressively, "let's take the signatures, first. The document had been folded and pressed, so that the creases, which crisscrossed these signatures, still further hampered my work. However, by means of photomicrographs and stereophotomicrographs, the spuriousness of the disputed writing was clearly visible, when compared with genuine signatures."

(A photomicrograph is a photograph of a magnified image

letters. The oftener it is done, the more uniform it becomes.

"In genuine signatures, there is an even flow and dash, which is almost invariably absent in fraudulent signatures. In the signatures of James C. King, Byron L. Smith, and Addison S. Melvin, which appeared on the new will, I found marked dissimilarities, and lack of ease and fluency in the line-quality, when compared with the admittedly genuine signatures of the three men. This indicated that the former were made by the tracing process, slowly and laboriously, and consequently were lifeless and lacking in the force and vigor, char-



The forged Jackowski will. Note the reversed "trial signature" on the blotter at the left, which proved to be such important evidence

acteristic of a genuine signature. "The overwriting of the body of the will had been done in order to distort the outlines of the type, so that the machine upon which it was written could not be identified. While the girl who swore that she typed the will testified that she had made seventy erasures, the most meticulous examination and tests uncovered only one abrasive erasure under the word 'Ills.' and two other instances of erasures, one in the field of the word 'or' and

of a small object, and is made with a camera which has a microscopic attachment. Stereo-photomicrographs are produced by exposing two plates in rapid succession and developing them together, in order to bring the image apparently into relief. For this latter process Mr. Horton has a special camera.)

"No matter how often a man writes his signature, or how precisely each one appears to duplicate the others, there are always slight variations which can be found under a microscope. However, with the passing of years, the writing of one's own name becomes a very mechanical process—it is the constant forming of certain combinations and series of

the other in the field of 'such.' "There are various means whereby erasures may be made so that they are invisible to the layman, but the witness testified that she made her erasures with an ordinary typist's eraser—which will always leave a perfectly visible abrasion. So carefully was the overwriting (Continued on page 88)

The THIEF of the

The modern sleuth is pretty well known to readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES—his attitude toward criminals, his methods of identifying, trailing, apprehending, and helping convict the modern crook with whom he is at perpetual war, not infrequently at the cost of his own life. The question arises: how does this modern detective we know, measure up with the old-time sleuth? What fundamental difference is there in their methods—if any? This question, we think, is answered by the late Inspector Moser, one of the most able and best-known detectives of a generation ago, in his own account of one of his toughest cases, which we are herewith presenting below.

NICHOLAS ROMOVITCH was a Russian residing at Metchovsk, in the province of Kalovga. He was connected with one of the best families in St. Petersburg, but life had been rough with him. At the age of seventy he was utterly friendless and forgotten, and he picked up a wretched living the best way he could, by doing all sorts of odd jobs in the town.

But Fate dealt him a surprise. One day he received the following letter, which was translated for him by one of the town authorities:

Abchurch Lane, London, E. C.
Dear Sir,—We find that under the will of your late brother, Josef Romovitch, you are entitled to the sum of £15,180, part of a fund at present invested in Bank of England bonds. We await your instructions as to its disposal.
Yours truly,
Ward, Stavemhoff & Co.,
Solicitors for the late Josef Romovitch.

The old man was delighted, but his surprise continued to increase, the more he regarded the matter, for he was quite under the impression that no one connected with his kindred knew of his whereabouts. However, he carefully thought the matter over, and came to the conclusion that he would visit England at once and transact the business himself. So, after procuring the necessary credentials of identification, he sold his few belongings and managed somehow to raise the money needed for the journey.

He arrived in London at the latter end of August, naturally highly elated at his prospects. From his personal appearance, no one would have guessed that he was heir to a fifteen-thousand-pound fortune, for he was a seedy, dirty-looking, decrepit individual, not able to speak or write a single syllable of English, and looking for all the world like an old-clothes vendor.

He presented himself in due course at Messrs. Ward and Stavemhoff's, and there, by the assistance of a foreign clerk, he managed to satisfy the firm as to his being the right man. He was advanced fifty pounds on account, and was asked to wait a few days while they prepared the requisite deeds of release, *et cetera*.

Romovitch found London—big and thickly populated as it is—a dreadfully lonesome place, for he knew not a soul, and it was with the greatest possible difficulty that he could make himself understood. He did not know of the existence of a Russian quarter, and he had not had the good sense to ask the solicitors, who were a decent, respectable firm; therefore, he "mooched" about, sleeping in a small private hotel, and he thought the "few days" were terribly lengthy and wearisome.

IN one of his daily peregrinations he reached a street off Bond Street, where another extraordinary piece of good fortune awaited him, at which he seemed hugely pleased, though to an outsider it might not perhaps seem a very important incident. It was the discovery of a door-plate bearing the words, in English and in Russian, "Mr. Borowski, Professor and Teacher of Russian, and Interpreter."

I firmly believe that if Mr. Borowski had been at home—which he wasn't—he would have received such an outburst of gratitude at the hands of Romovitch that he would have been somewhat embarrassed, if not overpowered. Fortunately for the professor, the old man had to wait some three hours for his return, and by that time his ardor had subsided a little; but even then his greeting and expression of pleasure were very warm and pronounced. Thereupon commenced such a gabbling that it seemed as if the whole three weeks of Romovitch's pent-up feelings had at last found release. An arrangement was promptly made with Borowski, whereby that gentleman was to give Nicholas his whole services, accompanying him everywhere, until he had settled all his business. The remuneration for this arduous labor was to be £1 per day.

Borowski had formerly been an officer in the Russian Army; in fact, he had been taken prisoner in the Crimean War, many years before, and had been brought to England at that time. He was a man of considerable linguistic attainments, and of very gentlemanly bearing. He was a correspondent of a St. Petersburg newspaper, had a comfortable set of apartments, and to all appearance was doing well and earning a fair livelihood. His mustache and hair were gray, and apparently he was about fifty-five years of age.

TOGETHER the two went sight-seeing. They also purchased various agricultural implements—as Romovitch had made up his mind to take up farming as a profitable recreation upon his return to Metchovsk—and transacted some other matters of business on the strength of the settlement taking place, which event was fixed for the twenty-second of the month. This date arrived, and Romovitch, accompanied by his interpreter, or friend, or whatever he might be called, visited the solicitors, and they were there joined by one of the executors of his brother's will. The four men—solicitor, executor, Romovitch, and Borowski—then proceeded to the Bank of England, where Nicholas duly received the bonds he was entitled to, obtained some cash, repaid the solicitor the money he had borrowed, and came away with Borowski.

Romovitch felt, very reasonably, perhaps, that somehow it was not quite safe to go about London with the bonds, which he had placed in a small, black bag. Upon Borowski's suggestion, he decided to go to the latter's apartment, cut off the due and current coupons, and afterwards put the bonds in the care of one of the safe-deposit companies.

They went to the place where Romovitch was staying, had some lunch, and then made their way to Borowski's. The work of detaching the coupons occupied them about a couple of hours, and at five o'clock they had completed their task.

They then dined together, and after dinner played chess for a time, when suddenly Romovitch started up with the determination of immediately visiting one of the other

THREE CHARMS

Hearing footsteps approaching, Borowski seized the black bag

By
The Late
Inspector MOSER
of Scotland Yard



individuals who had benefited under his brother's will. This man was an Englishman, residing at Notting Hill. For safety's sake, they took the bag with them, as it was too late to do anything about placing it in custody that night. Their journey proved a fruitless one, for the person was not in, and there was nothing to do but to retrace their steps to Borowski's apartments, where they played more chess, and finished out the evening in a convivial and pleasant manner.

About ten o'clock the old gentleman thought it was quite time to go back to his hotel and turn in for the night. He got up from the table, and went into the next room, where his hat, stick, and bag had been deposited. Borowski followed him to the door of the apartment, and as Romovitch was coming out, he placed himself in a position to prevent his doing so.

ROMOVITCH was alarmed at this strange behavior, but before he could offer any opinion on the matter, Borowski seized him, threw him down on the floor, and continued to squeeze his throat until he was helpless and almost insensible. Then, hearing footsteps approaching, Borowski seized the black bag, and ran out of the house with it.

When Romovitch recovered sufficiently, he went out into the street, and, seeing a policeman, endeavored to explain to him what had happened, but the officer, not happening to have a knowledge of Russian in his list of accomplishments, failed to understand him. However, he returned to the house with Nicholas, and somehow or other it was elicited that Romovitch had been robbed of his bonds (which were payable to bearer), and he was advised to go at once to the nearest police station (Marlborough Street) and give full particulars. This he proceeded to do, as well as the condition of mind and body would permit him.

After a few preliminary inquiries, the case was handed over to Scotland Yard, and it was then that I became acquainted with it. The investigation was placed in my hands—with the late Detective Inspector King, on whose "ground" the affair took place, assisting me. King was an

able, genial fellow, and I shall not readily forget his kindness and ungrudging help.

The usual precautions were taken, telegrams being dispatched to all ports and every principal city and town on the continent. After this was done, King and I set to work to see whether we could find the delinquent in London.

We had no clue whatever at the start, which rendered our progress naturally very slow and tedious. One important fact, however, we discovered—Borowski, in his haste to decamp, had left his hat behind him, which we promptly took possession of. We searched his rooms thoroughly, but could obtain not the slightest indication as to his whereabouts. Among his papers, however, we found the name and address of a young lady, whom he visited, and after a considerable amount of trouble, managed to obtain from her an excellent photograph of Borowski, very recently taken, and which he had presented to her only a few weeks before. This was a stroke of unexpected good fortune, and our spirits went up accordingly.

A quantity of reward bills, giving a description of Borowski, were printed and distributed among the various cabmen, who, I may mention, are often of great assistance to detectives, for, as a rule, they possess excellent memories and have a power of observation which seems to increase in proportion to the length of their experience.

WE also struck off a large number of lithographs from the photo, gave a full and complete list of the stolen bonds, as well as a description of the man we wanted, and dispatched these to the principal bankers and money-changers both in Europe and America.

We labored patiently for days, leaving no stone unturned. But it was not until more than a fortnight later that even the slightest ray of light could be thrown upon Borowski's movements. Then a fresh-looking, wide-awake cabman came into the "Yard," and stated, much to our delight, that he remembered picking up a gentleman answering the ad-

vertised description; he had not a hat on, and was driven to Charing Cross Railway Station. As the trains from that station make connections with the boats for Calais, this information established a strong suspicion that our man had fled across the Channel to France.

We cross-examined "Mr. Cabby" pretty severely, but could not in any way shake his evidence or contradict his statements; he was thoroughly positive—so much so, that he declared he could easily pick out the man if he saw him again.

AFTER having a long conference with my superior officers and King, it was decided that I should go at once to Paris to see whether I could pick up any clue there, and that King should remain in London and exercise his skill and ingenuity in the best way he could. This was seventeen days after the crime had been committed, and I must confess that I had very little hope of being able to find my man, considering the length of the start he had obtained. He had had time to reach California, if he had felt disposed to make that journey.

I duly arrived in gay, frivolous Paris. My first feeling was that Borowski would probably be short of ready money, and, until he had been able to cash some of the proceeds of the robbery, would be compelled to be somewhat economical. Perhaps he would take up his quarters at some third-rate lodging or other.

My first move was to consult with various French officials, and, through the customs office's records of foreigners arriving at Calais, I was able to trace a man who conformed in every way to the description of Borowski. But I was surprised to learn that he had acted just contrariwise to my expectations—he had put up at a no less fashionable and expensive resort than the Grand Hotel. He had, I found, arrived two days after the crime, and had departed shortly afterwards without leaving any trace whatever of his movements. These facts convinced me that I had struck the trail of Borowski.

I got hold of the hotel porters and officials, and thoroughly pumped them. They seemed to remember the man pretty well, but as to where he had gone, or where he had directed the cab to be driven on his departure, they were entirely ignorant.

I asked the number of his room, which was supplied me; and, as I had to stay somewhere, I thought I might just as well make the Grand Hotel my resting-place until I had been able to have another good hunt round. Also, I might be able to learn something more from the servants.

My perseverance was rewarded; for, after a day or two looking around the hotel, asking all sorts of questions, and seeking every possible information, I succeeded in pressing one of the chambermaids into my confidence—the very maid, in fact, who had charge of Borowski's apartment.

BUT the little vixen was a cautious, enterprising damsel, very pretty, very plump, and very German. She had attracted Borowski's attentions, and, chambermaid-like, had retained them by her devices to make him and his apartment as comfortable as possible during his stay at the hotel—in fact, as we should say in England, Gretchen had thoroughly set her "cap" at Borowski. And he found her useful, as she knew Paris almost as well as her own native town, informed him where to purchase new clothes, change money, and gave help in a hundred-and-one other minor details, which were exceedingly useful to him in this first and somewhat unusual visit to France.

I gathered from all this, that Borowski would not return to the Grand Hotel, even if he returned to the city at all, which was to my mind doubtful. I learned from Gretchen, after a little further flattery and cajolery, that he had not favored her with his address, although he had mentioned Dresden as probably one of the places he would visit. I made a mental note of the name of that city.

The upshot of all this was that, with a compliment to her pleasing manner, a present of a pair of gloves, a brooch, and the promise of an evening at the theater—which, by the way, I did not keep—I got this fickle-minded little domestic to tell me the names and addresses of all the shopkeepers she had recommended to Borowski. Armed with these, I jumped into a cab and soon visited them all, the result being that I had no doubt whatever that a journey to Dresden was Borowski's full intention.

I bade adieu to Gretchen, who was in great distress at losing two probable sweethearts in so short a time, and the same night started for Dresden. When I arrived there, I went at once to the office of the local police, whom I had previously entered into communication with, and learned that Borowski had gone there, as I suspected, and had managed to change some of the bonds. At his hotel I discovered he had gone to Prague.

I went there and found that he had changed some more of the bonds and had gone on to Vienna, where he was again fortunate in disposing of a further portion of the stolen property. From Vienna he journeyed to Budapest—and there I came to a full stop in my investigations, the thread, to my great annoyance and disappointment, being broken.

I could only account for the difficulty of further tracing Borowski's movements, by the belief that when he arrived at Budapest he found himself possessed of quite sufficient ready money for his immediate purposes, and, therefore, did not find it necessary to run any further risk in changing the bonds.

In each city or town he visited, he had taken the precaution to assume a different name.

I DON'T know a single place in the world in which it is easier for a foreigner to hide himself successfully than in Budapest. To begin with, there are something like four hundred thousand inhabitants, including representatives of almost every nation under the sun—so that neither a Russian, nor, indeed, any foreigner is conspicuous (except, perhaps, an Englishman, and he always is conspicuous wherever he may be). Furthermore, the city is made up of a number of separate towns all joined together, each of them in itself certainly distinct in appearance—yet, together, so much alike that you can hardly tell which portion you are in.

I hunted about all day without success, tried almost every hotel in the place, and was about to give it up as a bad job, when I decided after dinner to visit a place of amusement—a kind of *café chantant*—and see whether I could get any trace of my man. It was a remarkably fast sort of place, and was extensively patronized by the *demi-monde*.

I entered into conversation with several of the frail young ladies within, conversing about things in general and the peculiarities of the place in particular.

One of them remarked to me in French, "Don't you know we rather pride ourselves upon this place? We nickname it the 'Exchange,' for the simple reason that nearly all strangers who visit the city manage to find the place out and pay it a visit."

This rather interested me, and producing Borowski's photograph, I said, "This is a relative of mine, who is rather weak-minded. I have been sent to look for him, and I know he has visited this city, but cannot trace his present whereabouts. Can any of you assist me?"

They all looked at the photograph curiously, when one of the girls exclaimed, "Why, that's the gentleman who, a few nights ago, asked me to have supper with him! Afterward, I showed him to the railway station, as he said he was going to Oderberg."

This was good news, and tired as I was, I determined to leave for Oderberg that night. I did so, and I arrived there after a long and tedious journey. Though it was a small place, I found it to be an important junction, almost as in-

tricate and bewildering as that of Clapham, itself, I thought.

It was very certain that Borowski had not stayed in the town of Oderberg itself—my inquiries showed that—and he must therefore have made a journey from there. But which route he had taken, was a puzzle.

I ran down to Kraka—no trace there—then on to Lemberg, with the same result. These two towns took me fully three days to work, and I thus lost much important time on perfectly useless errands. From the information supplied by the young ladies at the *café chantant*, I knew I was now six days behind my man. Still, I was gaining considerably, for when I left home I had been seventeen days in the rear.

BUT what to do next, I didn't know in the least. I was baffled by the confusing maze of the junction, and I could not decide which of the many directions to take, two already having proved unsuccessful. There I stayed, meditating, while the precious hours were passing and my quarry was probably getting further away every minute.

At last, I resolved that I would go to Berlin, and risk his being, or having been, there; and if I didn't see or hear anything more of him, Berlin was on my way home, and that would be one comfort, at all events.

When I did reach the German capital, I made my way at once to the detective department, and, with the assistance of the officials there, began an arduous and irksome search.

After several days of disappointments, when I was almost ready to give up, I found the hot trail of my man! Borowski had stayed for a few days at the Boersen Hotel, and had left only the night previously!

Here was a find likely to prove a reward, after all my fatigue and trouble.

But Borowski had not lost his caution, for, as on every other occasion, he had carefully avoided telling the hotel officials where he was going; in fact, he deliberately stated, to "cross the scent," that he was not leaving the town but going into private apartments. Therefore, at this period, the state of affairs was: Borowski's destination unknown; myself exactly twenty-four hours behind him.

It was very certain that he was not such a fool as to be making a return journey to London, where, the moment he had landed, he would have been recognized and seized. No; he was far too wide-awake to run a risk of that kind, and must, in the ordinary course of things, have "made tracks" towards a wider field.

Carefully putting things together, I came to the conclusion that he had gone on to Hamburg, and from there intended making his way to America by one of the liners sailing from that port—which port, I may state, is the favorite one of most European wrong-doers, as they imagine, rightly or wrongly, that by taking that route they are less likely to be detected.

I telegraphed at once to the Hamburg police, giving a full description of Borowski, and a list of all the aliases he had used. I asked them to look out for him at the chief hotels, as he seemed to have a weakness for staying in such places. I remained a little longer in Berlin, thinking that a few hours' further stay in that place would perhaps be of advantage to me, for, after all, Borowski might not have left it.

My suspense was short-lived, for, to my surprise, I received a prompt reply from the Hamburg police, saying that *they had not only discovered Borowski, but had arrested him at one of the chief hotels upon the eve of his departure for New York, and that a large quantity of money had been found upon him!*

I RUSHED off to Hamburg in great spirits, highly delighted with the turn things had taken—as you may well imagine—and in due course interviewed and arrested my "prisoner." I found among the papers which had been taken possession of, three deposit notes, indicating that Borowski had lodged the bulk of the proceeds of the bonds with the *Crédit Lyonnais*, Paris, the *Reichbank*, Berlin, and had also forwarded a supply to a bank in London.

Previous to bringing Borowski to London, I had to have him properly and legally extradited by the Hamburg authorities, which caused a delay of about a month. He was, of course, lodged in the prison of that city, and, in accordance with the usual custom there, the arrest was made public in the official records and in the daily papers, giving all particulars.

One morning, shortly after these announcements, a lady and gentleman paid a visit to the jail. They were most anxious to see Borowski, as they thought he answered the description of a person who had robbed them when they were in Odessa some twenty years previously.

Their story was a strange one. While staying at a hotel in Odessa, they went out one day to visit some friends in a district about a mile away. They had at that time employed an interpreter, but on this particular day they did not avail themselves of his services, but chose to proceed alone. It appears that the interpreter, as soon as the couple were well on their



"Why, that's the gentleman who, a few nights ago, asked me to have supper with him!"

journey, went to the hotel and asked for their dressing-bag, saying that in their haste they had left it behind, and had sent him back for it. He was sent into their room (being known at the hotel) and told to get it himself, as he would probably know much better than they did, the exact bag required. When in the apartment, the interpreter, finding the bag locked, obtained a razor and easily cut it open, abstracted the contents, chiefly money, and decamped. While doing this, he had dropped an amulet which he wore.

This amulet was something of a curiosity, consisting of three different charms: a tooth, two small shells, and three hard, dried beans. In its own particular language—amulets possess a distinct language, I am told—it expressed the sentiment, "Fear nothing."

Borowski possessed all the superstitious characteristics of his countrymen, a large number of whom wear these ornaments, with much the same feeling that an English sailor wears a child's caul as a supposed preventive against drowning—and it was he, who, twenty years before, had dropped the amulet!

He was, in fact, the "interpreter" the lady and gentleman had engaged at Odessa, and was the man who had opened their bag and abstracted its contents. They proved it to my satisfaction by producing the amulet suddenly in his presence, when they called at the jail. He started and became very pale, as we all perceived, when he recognized it as his long-lost property.

I secured further convincing proof of his guilt by learning that he had been in Odessa at the period stated. He had been traveling about the world, and had afterward returned to England.

I ASKED the lady why she had kept the trinket so long—whereupon, she told me that it had been something of a novelty to her, being the first one she had ever seen, and that, after her husband learned the meaning of it from a native, she had become a little imbued with the same feeling as Borowski regarding it, and had, therefore, taken it with her on every journey she made.

There were also two other peculiar incidents about the case—first, the fact that the lady and gentleman should happen to be traveling through Hamburg just at the time of Borowski's arrest; and, second, that one of the aliases which my prisoner had made use of—Sitkoff, the name he had gone by at Budapest—was the same he used at Odessa. I mention these details because, though so small in themselves, they had a very great deal to do with the further identification and punishment of Borowski; for it is in these little, unexpected matters, certainly never anticipated by even the cleverest of wrong-doers, that the links in the chain of evidence are invariably completed.

It will be remembered that Romovitch had received exactly £15,180, under his brother's will. Deducting what he had spent up to the time of Borowski's absconding, it may be safely assumed that the latter succeeded in decamping with about £15,000.

After a lot of trouble and difficulty, we managed to recover no less a sum than £15,300 from the banks where Borowski had placed his money—that is, actually £300, more than the amount missing!

This favorable turn of affairs is accounted for by the fact that a number of the bonds realized, on conversion into cash, much more than their par value.

With the surplus, because only the nominal value of the bonds could be handed over to Romovitch by the authorities, the costs of Borowski's prosecution were defrayed. He received a sentence of five years' penal servitude.

Romovitch expressed his satisfaction at this state of affairs by making me a present of £500 as a token of his regard for the manner in which the case had been worked through. But, in accordance with the custom of Scotland Yard, this sum was divided and subdivided before it reached my hands. Deductions were made for this and for that,

and for half a dozen comprehensible and incomprehensible funds; and I was duly rewarded with just a little under £100 as my share of the original amount Romovitch had so kindly placed at my disposal.

When the donor heard of this, he expressed himself in terms which, although Russian, were evidently meant to be strong—unusually so. The £500, he said, was intended for me, and me alone—and I should have that sum! But I explained that if he gave me another £500, I should only benefit in something like the same proportion; and, to give practical effect to his particular desire, he would have to hand over to the authorities no less than £2,500, out of which I should just receive the amount he intended me to have.

AS this suggestion was altogether too preposterous, and I dared not have received a single extra sixpence without reporting the fact to Headquarters, under the pain of instant dismissal and disgrace, he very kindly asked me to introduce him to my wife, to whom he made a gift of a very handsome seal-skin jacket in a pocket of which he placed a Bank of England note for £100. So far, so good.

My wife, as all far-seeing, affectionate, and dutiful wives should do, gave me the money to take care of for her, and I duly placed it to the credit of my seldom-increasing and never very large account at my bank.

To my utter astonishment, within three days afterwards, as though I was never to have any peace at all in connection with my reward, a detective sergeant came up to me and said, "Mr. Moser, I want to know where you got that hundred-pound note (giving the exact number) which you deposited the other day?"

Well, I thought this was strange, but rejoined, "Why?"

He then stated that the note was a stolen one, and that he had traced it, in the usual way, to me.

I was astounded; the note was a good one, as the cashier had noted, but, after all, it turned out to be a stolen one.

My position was by no means an enviable one, and I heartily wished myself out of it. It was no light matter. Here was a stolen note, traced in the easiest possible manner to the possession of a detective, who must somehow clear up the difficulty and get out of a very compromising position.

I hardly knew what to do, but after a little time I told the sergeant the exact circumstances of the matter, and I, to this day, remember well the faint sneer of disbelief upon his countenance and the slight curl of doubt upon his lips. I was in a very ugly mess, indeed, for if Romovitch had already gone away, who, public or officials, would have believed an apparently roundabout rigmarole of the kind I gave? I should have to say, "My wife found the note in her jacket pocket on its arrival home," which was the exact truth and nothing but the truth—and then I would be dismissed from Scotland Yard, and looked upon for the rest of my life as a kind of black sheep!

ACCEPTING a gratuity, without reporting it, was almost the gravest offense in the force, and as such, at least for the want of some substantial evidence to the contrary, the case would appear, in spite of anything I might say to my superiors. But my wife—oh, yes, my wife—would corroborate my statement that the money had been given to her. But neither she nor I would be believed.

I aggravated the offense, in a weak moment, by asking the sergeant not to report the circumstances to Headquarters. This was responded to by another sneer, and I heartily regretted having suggested the idea at all—let alone to a man like this, who had never been a friend of mine.

In due time a report, pretty considerably garnished by the sergeant, reached Mr. Howard Vincent, the Chief. The former had detailed the whole of the circumstances, and had not omitted to take advantage of my desire to suppress all knowledge of the matter. He laid it on with a pretty thick brush, and very shortly afterwards I was called up before the Chief and asked to go through (*Continued on page 79*)

In the *GRIP* of the UNDERWORLD



"You're wanted
for murder!"
said the plain-
clothes "dick"

Nerve-racking, soul-scorching torture is the lot of this notorious crook, under grilling by the detectives on the Carson Murder. He swears he will never confess to a crime he insists he did not commit, but the sleuths who have him in their toils decide they will make him "come across"

By

"PORTLAND PADDY"

I EMBARKED on a criminal career at the age of twelve. After serving terms in various reformatories, I was sent up to Sing Sing for burglary. There I met Skinny Freeman, and formed a partnership with him.

When we were released, our first job was the robbery of the Morenus home on Fifth Avenue, New York City. Then we fled to Chicago, where we later attempted to steal a fortune in jewels. But someone had tipped our victim off—and he was ready for us. He killed Skinny.

I made my getaway to a certain city in Ohio. There, in Danny Murphy's Long Tom Café, I was introduced to Sammy Harrington, and planned the job that landed me in the death-house of the Ohio State Prison! Danny and "Pipe" Johnson, a dope-fiend, were also present when the details of the robbery were arranged.

Sammy was supposed to be straight, and had a responsible place as butler in the home of Edward Carson, one of the richest old men in the State. However, he was willing to give me a complete lay-out of the house, in return for twenty-five per cent of the loot. Fifty thousand dollars was involved. Pipe Johnson licked his lips as he listened.

On the night set for the "touch," I took a trolley to the suburban town where Carson lived, and arrived in the neighborhood of his home about one o'clock. As I approached the grounds, I became aware that there were two men ahead of me who were acting queerly. I discovered

that one of them was a policeman, and was carefully trailing the other. I did not know what to do. I hid, and waited a while. Finally, I saw the cop return and go into the caretaker's lodge of the estate across the road, where I had been told by Sammy that he spent most of his time.

Figuring that the coast was now clear, I crossed the lawn, and forced a window with my jimmy. When I entered the house, I uttered thanks to the man who had built it—there were no creaking floors. How a house prowler detests—and fears—the boards that crack or squeak under his feet!

I mounted the stairs very carefully; a cat couldn't have gone up them any more noiselessly than I did.

Then I sat on the top step for a minute, and listened. I was looking toward old man Carson's room in the front when, all of a sudden, I saw, or thought I saw, a dim flash of light under his door. Simultaneously I heard stentorian snores, and they reassured me. A good, loud snore is the most welcome sound in the world to a house prowler. I got up and crept along the dark hall.

I had reached for the door-knob, intending to enter Carson's room and go to work on the safe, when I heard a groan come from the interior. I didn't turn the knob. I thought the old fellow was dreaming, or that he wasn't a sound sleeper. I waited for about ten minutes. When I didn't hear any more noises, I silently entered the room.

The blinds were drawn. The room was almost pitch-dark,

so that I couldn't see a thing. I closed the door behind me, softly. I listened attentively, trying to catch some sound of the old man's breathing, but I couldn't hear him. I moved closer to the bed—and still I couldn't hear him breathe.

Then a peculiar feeling swept over me. I don't know what it was. I can't interpret it—unless I say it was a hunch that all was not well. I flashed my light. My God, what a sight I saw!

BLOOD all over the bed! The old man's head had been beaten to a pulp, and the instrument with which the job had been done was lying on the bed. The safe was wide open. The key which Sammy had said the old man wore around his neck, was missing.

Then I noted that the front window was raised from the bottom. When I had looked at it from the lawn a few minutes before, it was closed at the bottom and was down from the top.

Whoever did this had gone out through that window while I was coming up. Somebody had beaten me to the job. I—

A knock on the door interrupted my racing thoughts. It was an easy, gentle knock. As I moved toward the door, my foot hit something. I picked it up. It was a dope gun, a hypodermic needle.

"Pipe Johnson!" I gasped under my breath; "that d— rat did this!"

The knock on the door came again.

"He's coming back for his 'gun,'" I thought.

I stepped behind the door and waited for him.

An elderly-looking lady in a nightgown entered the room. She was carrying a lighted candle.

When she saw the hideous thing on the floor, a terrible scream came from her lips. She dropped the candle, and fell on the bed, covering her face with her hands.

That was my opportunity. I made a silent exit from the room, without her seeing me. Then I dashed down the stairs. The old lady's screams and the sight I had witnessed, unnerved me absolutely. I didn't know what I was doing.

She was still screaming hysterically when I ran out of the house.

I don't recall how I got out of the neighborhood. All I know is that I escaped safely—and not until I had made my getaway, did I realize that I had left my hat behind and was traveling bareheaded. I went at once to the trolley-line, and took a car back to the city.

Going direct to Danny Murphy's house, I woke him up, and told him what had occurred. What he said about Pipe Johnson wouldn't look well in print.

However, Danny assured me that I had nothing to worry about, in view of the fact that nobody had seen me enter or leave the Carson home. But I figured that I had plenty

to worry about! The vision of old man Carson lying on the floor was still with me. I could never forget that sight. I was haunted by the idea that some clever detective would dig up at least a part of the facts.

"And when he does," I thought, "that dope-fiend, Pipe Johnson, will tell what he knows about Sammy Harrington—and between the two of them they may pin this murder on me!"

I recognized the necessity of doing something to protect myself; yet I didn't know what to do.

There was an old-time train robber hanging around Danny Murphy's café who was called "Big Horn Pete." He was sixty-odd years old, and at one time had been a member of the famous "Texas Blacky" gang that infested the Southwest years ago—holding up trains, stage-coaches, and banks. I told Big Horn all about the Carson job.

"There's nothing y' can do, son," he said, "except get out of this neck of the woods—and say nothing to nobody about the affair!"

"Nothing else?"

I was discouraged at this piece of advice.

"Nothing else," he went on, "unless y' want to turn rat and tell the police what y' know—and y' might as well be dead as turn rat, son. Nobody has any use for the fellow who 'squeals.'"

But I decided that there was something I could do—and I thought I was justified in doing it. I knew Pipe Johnson's caliber. I realized what he would do if they caught him, and I was determined to protect myself. I decided that I would consult a certain well-known criminal lawyer, and see what he had to say. This lawyer, incidentally, was known to all the underworld mob, and had defensed many of them on occasion. He had the reputation of being "a right mouthpiece," one that could be trusted implicitly. I went to him, "laid the cards on the table," and asked for advice.

"Kid," he began, "you're in a mess, and ordinarily I should advise you without any

hesitancy to tell your story to the District Attorney. But you can't do that, because you have a record and they might decide that you're a conscience-stricken burglar, looking for a way out of a nasty mess. Keep your mouth shut, say nothing to anybody, and hope for the best. Anyway, if you squealed on Johnson, some of the gang might kill you."

The lawyer's opinion didn't relieve me. I was still haunted by thoughts of arrest—and of the electric chair!

NEWSPAPER accounts of the Carson murder pointed out that it had all the "earmarks of an inside job."

"How did the murderer know," (Continued on page 100)

CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine**, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which do you like the least? Why? Have you any helpful suggestions in mind?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of these awards, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; \$5 to the letter considered second best; \$3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, c/o **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes June 30th, 1928.

Three awards will be made promptly.

PRIZES

for opinions on the
February TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
were awarded as follows:

First Prize \$10

Constable S. J. Mayzes
City Police, Cranbrook,
British Columbia, Canada

Second Prize \$5
De Lora Wisdom
Waitsburg, Wash.

Third Prize \$3
Edwin F. Seide
Millbank, S. Dak.



"How do you like these new Chesterfield advertisements?"

"All right . . . but they couldn't be as good as the cigarette itself!"



THEY'RE MILD
and yet **THEY SATISFY**

© 1928, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
IN CANADA
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. OF CANADA LTD.



9

times as much for your money

WITH a few strokes of a pen you can instantly short-circuit a lot of expense. This is made possible by a simple, easy and very quick sales method successfully established three years ago by the Postal Pen Company.

Your name on the coupon below eliminates jobbers' discounts, salesmen's commissions, retail discounts—two-thirds of the "profits" that a pen must yield when sold in the ordinary way.

But that isn't all. It brings you, direct from manufacturers' factory, the pen with hundreds of thousands of users who consider it superior to any fountain pen, regardless of price. Its exclusive patented features put the Postal Pen in a class by itself.

The One Reason

Figure this out for yourself. There's just one reason for carrying a fountain pen. You can't carry an inkwell around in your pocket or handbag. You want a fountain pen so that you will always have a smooth, beautiful, easy-flowing writing instrument that carries its own supply of ink. When it is dry, it is no better than an old-fashioned steel pen until it is filled again—the more ink it holds the more real Service it renders you.

Then compare the following features of the Postal Pen with any other pen at any price!

Postal—the same size as other fine fountain pens—*actually holds three times more ink!* Has three times the usual inside-of-barrel capacity. Three times as much writing service.

3 Times 3 Is 9

To carry this much ink—to be able to write this long without the trouble of refilling—you would need 3 ordinary fountain pens. And to get ordinary pens of similar unexcelled quality, you'd have to pay 3 times as much as you pay for a Postal Pen, 3 times as much service—and a fine, beautiful pen absolutely guaranteed equal in quality and workmanship to pens costing 3 times as much—3 times 3 = 9 times as much for your money when you buy a Postal Pen!

And one of the biggest features of all is the fact that the Postal Pen Barrel is actually transparent. Keep it clean

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Postal

RESERVOIR PEN

POSTAL PEN CO., Inc., 41 Park Row, Desk 334, New York City



and you can always see, right through the barrel, exactly how much ink you have. Other pens run unexpectedly dry. Postal never does—you always know when to re-fill it.

Finest iridium tipped solid 14-karat gold point—the same quality as in the costliest pens. Absolutely guaranteed. All of the materials and craftsmanship are absolutely guaranteed to be equal or superior in quality to those found in any other pen sold at \$7, \$8.75 or more.

Read These Remarkable Postal Features

It Is Transparent—You can always see exactly how much ink you've got. Can't run unexpectedly dry.

It Is Unbreakable—You can even step on it without injuring it. A wonderful pen for lifetime service.

It's the Smoothest Writing Pen You Ever Saw—Big, solid 14-karat gold point, tipped with the finest iridium.

It Is Self-Filling—The easiest of all pens to fill.

It Holds 3 to 4 Times More Ink than Any Other Self-Filling Pen—Fill it once a month—and get real "writing mileage."

And Remember—The materials and workmanship are guaranteed to be equal or superior to those found in any other pen, whether sold at \$7, \$8.75 or more.

Another Great New Feature

But how will we know exactly what kind of point you need? Our experts have been working with graphologists—handwriting experts—for months, and now they can tell from *your own handwriting* exactly what type of point will suit you best. Just as an expert, after making an examination, can tell a person who needs glasses exactly what kind of lenses he should have. *You wouldn't try to select a pair of glasses from a little corner store with only a few to choose from.*

Thirty days free test! So satisfactory has this greatly improved new method of selecting a pen point proved that we will let you use your Postal Pen a full month and then return it and get your money back if you don't find it the most satisfactory pen and point you ever used in your life.

Don't wait until tomorrow! Mail the coupon today—right now! If the signature space isn't large enough for you to write in your natural style, write on the margin of the page so that our pen point experts can select from a gigantic stock the point exactly suited to your natural style of writing.

Send no money—merely deposit \$2.50 with the postman when he delivers your pen, and then try it thirty days before you even decide to keep it! **Mail coupon now!**

POSTAL PEN COMPANY, Inc.,
Desk 334, 41 Park Row, New York City

Please send me one Postal Reservoir Pen, and five special Premium Postcards which I may use, give away, or dispose of at 50¢ each. I will pay \$2.50 upon receipt of the pen. If after 30 days' use I desire to return the Postal Pen, you agree to refund purchase price. Send size checked here:

..... Men's Size..... Women's Size

Name.....

Address.....

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

The Millionaire Waiter

(Continued from page 14)

The Sheriff listened, as Artz supplemented Smith's information and threatened immediate action if help was not forthcoming.

"Well," said the Sheriff, after Artz had finished and stood waiting, watch in hand, "I ain't got no time to go out on any sech wild-goose chase, but I'll let you have my deputy sheriff. Lacy!" he called. "Artz thinks there is a crook on board that forren ship at the docks. Run down there with him, and see what you-all can find out."

"Whatever is done, has got to be done in a hurry," warned Smith.

"Come on, Lacy!" cried Artz, "Moments count!"

The door closed behind the two. . . . More difficulties presented themselves. The streets were crowded. Traffic was heavy in the vicinity of the docks. The car stalled. A truck broke down ahead, halting the stream of slowly-moving machines. Then a clear stretch of space. It looked as though they were going to make it. The speedometer rose to thirty-five miles—forty—forty-five—and crept to fifty. Traffic snarled up again. The car shot through for the only open lane. A shrill whistle rang out above the din of traffic. A police officer, springing from somewhere, blocked the passage with up-lifted hand.

"Damn!" growled Artz, as the screeching brakes brought the car to a sudden stop.

A deep throated boat whistle sounded from the docks, still some distance ahead.

"Tell that fool to get out of the way!" Artz demanded. "That may be the boat!"

BUT the police officer had already recognized them, and stood aside. The automobile started again, with the exhaust wide open, gathered speed quickly, and rushed on.

A few moments later the car drew up beside the wharf where the *Sic Vos Non Vobis* had docked a few hours before.

Her berth was empty!

The ship had sailed.

"Damn!" said Artz again, to no one in particular.

"Now what?" asked Lacy a few moments later, as Artz bustled around, questioning some of the stevedores and long-shoremen.

"The boat's been gone some time. There was less cargo to take on than they thought. That was probably the boat we heard while we were tied up in traffic. Anyway, she's gone."

"Perhaps it was a wild-goose chase after all," suggested Lacy. "We might just as well go back."

"We'll go back," agreed Artz. "There's nothing further to be done here, but I'm going to follow that boat. I've found that she makes one more stop at New Orleans."

Back at the Sheriff's office, an hour or so afterwards, they discovered that slightly discomfited official holding a telegram just received from the Attorney-General's office, in response to a request for Ponzi's description.

"That may have been Ponzi at that," admitted the Sheriff ruefully. "It sounds like him."

"Of course it's Ponzi," snapped Artz—"and furthermore, I'm going to follow that ship by land to New Orleans, if it breaks me. I'm not going to let a good story like that slip through my fingers. I want you to let Lacy go with me."

But the Sheriff hesitated.

It entailed the expenditure of considerable money, with a possibility of failure. Artz, surmising what was passing in the Sheriff's mind, offered to finance the trip out of his own pocket.

The offer was accepted.

Artz and Lacy arrived in New Orleans considerably ahead of the steamer. At

"Mio non cabish!" he said, and began to move on.

Artz had already recognized him by the mustache. He held him by the arm.

"Come on," he said harshly. "How do you get that way? You can't fool us with that line!"

"Yes, cut it out!" ordered Lacy drawing closer. "We know who you are. You're Charles Ponzi." Ponzi started imperceptibly as the officer pulled the "Wanted" circular from his pocket.

"It's him all right," said Artz.

"Mio Andrea Luciana," protested Ponzi. "Mio non cabish Engleesh."

"Oh, shut up!" said Lacy, now sure of his ground. "We've got you good. It was too bad you pulled that job in Montreal back in 1908, and let them mug you with a mustache. 'It's a dead give-away.'" Ponzi remained silent. "Come on now," threatened Lacy, showing his badge. "Come clean! Either you'll come across, or else we'll let you stay in a town that hates your kind and eats 'em alive. What do you say?"

Ponzi finally got into a taxicab and they were driven to a hotel where they talked the situation over. Lacy admitted that he had no authority to take him back to Texas, but told Ponzi that Italians were rather unwelcome in New Orleans, owing to some trouble they had had in the Italian Quarter.

"All in all, Ponzi," concluded Lacy, "you stand a much better chance under 'Ma' Ferguson than you do here."

They argued a bit more, and at the end of several hours Ponzi decided to go back to Texas with them. As soon as they returned to Houston, the Sheriff of Harris County put in a long distance telephone call to Boston Police Headquarters, asking if Inspector Mitchell wanted Ponzi.

Mitchell wired to hold him, and later sent another wire giving classifications and measurements.

Word was sent back to Boston that Ponzi was under lock and key.

Ponzi had been captured at last, but he was still two thousand miles away from Massachusetts, a state to which he had boasted he would never return.

THE telephone rang sharply in Inspector Mitchell's office, in the State House on Beacon Hill, Boston, as he sat patiently waiting for a reply to his four telegrams asking where Charles Ponzi had been confined.

The telephone rang again and again. Inspector Mitchell leaned over his desk and lifted the receiver from its hook.

"Hello!" he said.

It was the State House operator who answered.

"Will you pay for a toll call from Texas?"

Mitchell replied that he would.

There was a low hum on the line as he waited for the connection to be made, broken by a series of clicks as operators over the two-thousand-mile circuit kept the line open. Then a receiver clicked.

"Hello!" a voice said. "Is this Inspector Mitchell?"

"It is," replied Mitchell.

Three Men Were In Love With Her!

—all beckoning to Hazel. A false step and—Hazel herself tells her thrilling story in JUNE TRUE STORY MAGAZINE. Other gripping life stories in this same issue: *Pawn of Passion, My Flapper Sister, When a Man Wants to Marry, Was I an Infatuated Fool? She Played the Good Little Sport—and nine other soul-revealing confessions from the human heart. All in June TRUE STORY—a Macfadden Publication—on sale everywhere May 5th—25c.*

the Customs House they disclosed their identity, and voiced their suspicions. A plan was discussed to get the suspected Italian waiter on shore.

The boat came into port, and was boarded in the usual manner by the Customs officials. Learning that Andrea Luciana was the only man, according to the Captain, who spoke English, the Customs official in charge, ordered a man ashore to the Customs House with the papers. Andrea was given the mission.

MEANWHILE the two Texans were pacing the dock impatiently. Would the subterfuge work? Would Ponzi leave the ship under any circumstances? Now that Artz and Lacy had gone this far, they were determined to see it through. Just as the two were getting anxious, Lacy touched Artz on the arm.

"There's somebody coming off the ship now," he said. "Is that our man?"

The two approached the rough-looking foreigner who had reached the dock, and had started toward town with some official-appearing documents under his arm.

"What's the name of that ship?" Artz asked, pointing to the *Sic Vos Non Vobis*.

The man stared at him stupidly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"This is Charles Ponzi," the voice continued. "Will you let me come back to Massachusetts in the custody of the Sheriff here?"

Mitchell paused before answering.

He saw Ponzi was up to his old tricks. He was positive, just as soon as he got outside the State of Texas, it would be "good-bye, Ponzi."

"Hello," said Ponzi. "Are you still there? Will you let me do it?"

"Nothing doing, Charlie," Mitchell told him. "You've pulled your last stunt with us."

"Is that so?" said Ponzi. "Well then," he taunted, "you'll have to come down and get me. I won't come back. I'll fight first!"

"All right, Charlie," said Mitchell, good-naturedly—"we'll fight."

The Inspector hung up. Hostilities between Charles Ponzi and Inspector Mitchell had been renewed.

PONZI put up a stiff fight to remain in Texas.

The entire State seemed to have fallen under his hypnotic influence, and it was his boast he would never go back to Massachusetts as long as Governor "Ma" Ferguson was in power.

But the Massachusetts authorities persisted. As Ponzi felt the long arm of the Attorney-General's office reaching out for him, he dispatched telegram after telegram to Governor Alvin T. Fuller of Massachusetts, asking for clemency. This proved unavailing, and he appealed to his native country, asking Mussolini to intercede.

Inspector Mitchell was not finding the job quite as easy as he had anticipated.

It looked, for a while, as though Ponzi would make good his boast. The Boston police officers were thwarted at every twist and turn; they were asked to defend a case whose merits had already been decided by a Massachusetts court. At the first hearing, held on July 10, 1926, much to the surprise of Assistant Attorney General A. R. Shrigley, of Massachusetts, the proceedings took on the color of a court trial.

Action was postponed until after the Democratic election, later in July. It was alleged that this was done to save the

Italian vote. From then until Ponzi lost his last appeal in January, 1927, his attorneys did all in their power to prevent his extradition to Massachusetts.

But Ponzi lost, and Inspector Mitchell arrived in Houston to take the former financial wizard back to Boston.

He had arrived not an instant too soon. Ponzi was still planning to defeat the forces of law and order.

The jail was under construction, and there was Ponzi, with twenty-six other prisoners, confined in a single cell. Mitchell happened in unobserved. The prisoners were gathered in a group, talking in low tones.

"All right, Charlie," said Mitchell, "we're all set to go. Get your stuff ready."

But Ponzi played for time.

"Let's wait over several days," he hedged, "—and go back by boat."

"Nothing doing," replied Mitchell. "We're going out on the eleven-thirty."

It was then after eleven o'clock.

"I'm not going back with you," said Ponzi, still stalling for time. "If you try to take me back to Massachusetts, I'll commit suicide. I shall never go back to Boston alive."

"ALL right, Charlie," returned Mitchell, not at all disturbed by the threat. "You can suit yourself. It's nothing to me. My papers state I'm here for the body of one Charles Ponzi. Dead or alive, I'm going to take you back to Boston. If you care to bump yourself off,—well, that's your business."

Ponzi looked thoughtful.

"Only don't forget, Charlie, if you do do that, you'll go back in a box in the baggage car, while I'll ride in the Pullman, eating three square meals a day and knowing you're where you'll stay put, without watching."

Ponzi, with less than half an hour before train time, had other objections which Mitchell overrode in more or less peremptory fashion. Fearful that writs might be served, the police officer took him to the railroad station, at the same time secretly holding a fast automobile in readiness, filled with gasoline and oil, in which he planned to kidnap Ponzi, should it be impossible to leave the city by train.

But the financial wizard had played his last card.

However, Ponzi remained defiant, even when a gun and some hundred cartridges were found concealed in the lining of his traveling bag, where they had remained hidden since 1920. Later he confessed that a jail delivery had been planned for that very night, in which the prisoners counted on overpowering the attendants when they answered a sick call from the cell. Once the door was opened, the rest of the getaway would have been easy. But Mitchell's sudden arrival had prevented the plan from being carried out.

They went back to Boston by train, locked in a compartment where they remained until they reached St. Louis. Here they rode about town in a taxi until train time, and then were locked in a compartment of another train, in which they stayed until the train passed over the New York-Massachusetts boundary line. But Ponzi had admitted his defeat long before that.

He turned to Inspector Mitchell just after they left Texas behind.

"You've beaten me, Inspector," he said simply.

"I told you I would," replied Mitchell, without rancor. "I told you so the day you telephoned me in Boston. You insulted the United States; you insulted the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and you got just what any man gets who starts out to beat the law. It can't be done, because there is no such thing as a perfect crime."

CHARLES PONZI, juggler of other people's millions, is now safely behind the stone walls of the State's prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts. The manicured fingers through which passed the life savings of many, are now occupied sewing on buttons in the knitting room at the prison factory.

But, although the steel gates of the prison will swing open for him once again at the conclusion of his sentence, he will not walk forth a free man. The doors of America have been forever shut to this man who set at naught the laws of the United States, and defied the authorities of Massachusetts.

He has sacrificed all his rights to citizenship and will be deported.

The Clue of the Crimson Stain

(Continued from page 19)

weight because of lack of exercise, *et cetera*. In another, the invalid might worry herself almost to a shadow. If the woman were well cared for, kept supplied with fresh air, and massaged and fed in accordance with a diet fixed by a first-class physician, she probably would keep at about the same weight and retain a reasonably good color. Anything else?"

"Yes, Doctor, and it is of far more importance. Could a woman of the age I have stated, with an unusually strong will and assisted at all times by a competent female companion, so feign the kind of paralysis I have described, as to deceive the members of her family? These, of course, see her at intervals each day."

"Yes. If you care to read the medical records, I can show you cases where clever

—and usually unscrupulous—persons have practiced even greater deceptions and over longer periods by feigning paralysis."

"Thank you—I may read them later. One more question. Could a person, visited almost daily by a physician, deceive him in this way?"

"Is the doctor a man of repute?"

"Yes, a leader in his profession."

"It is possible. But the woman would have to possess a will of steel, and twice the determination and cleverness of the average person. And she would need a most devoted and resourceful confederate. However, permit me to suggest something, based upon my experience. Learn if the woman you speak of didn't suffer a real nervous collapse, the result of some unusual strain, disappointment, loss, or acci-

dent, which for a time paralyzed her limbs wholly or partly. Perhaps this won her such sympathy as she would not have received otherwise, and, when she found she was recovering, she decided to practice the deception for a selfish purpose."

"That's all, Doctor. Thanks. I'll give you all the facts later."

After leaving his house, I went on to Doctor Logan's offices. He had just returned from an early morning visit to the Hatton home when I arrived.

Madeline Brooks, he stated, was comparatively calm, after recovering from her collapse. However, she had insisted upon going to the home of a near-by neighbor until the funeral. I wondered if there was anything significant in her move.

(Continued on page 62)

**What has
tooth paste
to do with
stockings?**

QUITE A LITTLE

You can, for instance, get an extra pair or two with that \$3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25c a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.



Gleaming, Tartar-Free Teeth

With a Minimum of Brushing

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c for a *large tube*. It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles.

Now it is sweeping the country. Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

Due to the presence of an amazing new and gentle polishing agent, it keeps teeth gleaming white with almost no brushing. Included in it are certain ingredients we have found most ideal in keeping the mouth and gums fresh and healthy.

Try Listerine Tooth Paste for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge it by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*Large
tube
& 25*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

(Continued from page 60)

The WOMEN who fascinate MEN



what is their dangerous power?

THE siren type—the woman who fascinates men at will. One woman in a hundred possesses this dangerous power. She is envied, hated, feared—by other women. And she has always been a mystery. You study her—and are amazed, bewildered. For you can truthfully say "I don't understand what men see in her." But you want to know the secret—with all your heart. You want the "dangerous power." It is not that you desire to be the siren type. If you could fascinate men at will, you would use your power within reason. Well, then, you may; for at last the secret is known. Lucille Young, the world's foremost beauty expert, will give you the "dangerous power"—give it to you free.

Nature's Greatest Mystery Unveiled

All your unavailing study of fascinating women, your failure to succeed by like methods is easily explained. Nature has never desired a race of women, all fascinating. Her plan is for limited charm. She has said, "I'll give women just enough attraction to marry and mate." But to a few women she has said, "I'll give the dangerous power of complete fascination." You know that this is nature's plan—though you may never have thought of it in just this way. Instead you have been puzzled. You have seen fascinating women possessed of no more than average looks—some that you may have considered homely. You have seen women with poor figures outshine women with perfect figures. You have seen women of refinement cast into the shadow by coarser women. You have heard of "sex appeal," yet you know that thousands of women have resorted to physical charms as the main reliance—with inevitable failure.

Strangest of all, you may have known some dangerously fascinating woman as a friend—known that she was willing to give you her secrets. But she could not. For Nature, most cleverly, has made her natural sirens blind to their own methods.

One Woman in All the World Can Tell You

Amazing, perhaps, but—so far as it is known—Lucille Young is the one woman in all the world who knows the complete secret of fascination. A certain amount of beauty is indispensable. This beauty Lucille Young gives you through her methods—admittedly the most effective in the world—used by scores of thousands of women.

But more than beauty is absolutely necessary. Countless beautiful women are not fascinating—hardly attractive—as every woman knows. So Lucille Young gives you also the very inmost of Nature's secrets of fascination. These secrets have been disclosed by nearly twenty years of study, by gleaming from countless patrons the hidden ways of fascination, by analyzing and putting together. The revelations are startling, mysterious, strange—things you would never discover yourself.

Women are thrilled as never before—because they instantly recognize that all the secrets they have longed to know are revealed—that an amazing new life has been opened up to them. No woman who reads will again fear the siren type. She will meet her on her own ground—be as irresistible as any woman living. And remember, whatever your present appearance, Lucille Young Methods will give the necessary beauty.

Find Out Free of All Cost or Obligation. So marvelous are the promises of complete fascination, that Lucille Young is willing to convince you at her own risk. Simply mail the coupon for her booklet—the most amazing thing you have ever read—and it will be sent free and without the slightest obligation.

Lucille Young

FREE

Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago

LUCILLE YOUNG,
926 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Illinois.
Without cost or obligation of any kind, send me your free book. I want to read and understand Lucille Young's Discoveries. The postage is to be prepaid by Lucille Young.

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

"How is Hatton?" I asked.

"He is bearing up well. He talked with your Inspector, while I was at the house, and urged that every effort be made to apprehend the murderer. He offered to advance the funds required for a nationwide hunt."

I ASKED myself then if the banker might not know somewhat more about the facts than he had as yet divulged. What if he, too, was trying to steer the authorities along the wrong trail!

"And Miss Marie? Did the shock of her experience do her further harm?"

"Not a great deal, I think; though she has refused to speak of the—killing since you left. Of course, it was a severe shock. She lies with her eyes closed most of the time. I have prescribed absolute quiet for her, and no reference to the Brooks' death in her hearing. To make things as easy as possible for her, I recommended that only a short service be held at the house for the family, the principal service to be held at the church. Hatton and Mrs. Brooks have agreed."

"Doctor, will you tell me when, how, and why Miss Marie was paralyzed?"

"Why—what bearing can that have on this case?"

"A great deal. I must know if I can rely upon what she stated. If she is a victim of hallucinations, she may not have seen anyone in her room—"

"But her nurse also saw the man."

"Maybe. But she was so unstrung last night, that she'd have thought she saw anything that was suggested to her. If Miss Marie saw no one, then—improbable as it may seem—one of the servants, or even a guest, may have done the killing, and then hidden the knife somewhere in the house—"

"I see what you're driving at. Personally, I'm convinced my patient and her nurse told the truth. Marie inherited a high-strung, sensitive temperament from her Spanish mother. When Madeline eloped, the excitement and notoriety so shocked her that she collapsed completely. It was the worst case of its kind in my experience. It was two days before she recovered sufficiently either to hear or speak. Her limbs continued paralyzed. Even when Madeline and Brooks returned to seek Hatton's forgiveness, I wouldn't permit her to see them for fear of a relapse. After that, however, though helpless to move, she recovered her appetite, her mind cleared, and she can reason and talk as well as you or I. Her nurse reads to her constantly; so she keeps abreast of the times. You can depend upon it—she knew absolutely what she was saying when she stated she saw a man run through her room."

Safely beyond Logan's office, I smiled grimly. So Marie had had a stroke of paralysis when her sister married Brooks! Of course, the doctor had lied clumsily about the cause—it wasn't possible that her collapse had been due to the "excitement and notoriety" of Madeline's elopement. But if Marie had been in love with Brooks, I could very well understand that the collapse might have been genuine. Thereafter, with the assistance of Lisa, she might have feigned paralysis—for a purpose.

SO far, in this case, I had followed a hunch almost entirely—and it was a risky business! But the pieces of the puzzle were beginning to fit together, I thought, and, after talking with Logan, I had the courage to go on with my investigation along the line I had chosen. But I knew that I would have to go very slowly. If I made a mistake, I would find myself in such trouble that I would pay for my bungling with my job.

When I went to the Department laboratory, Doctor Meyrerck was ready to make a preliminary report. The blood on the dagger was that of Brooks. Also, the sheet had been stained with blood, but it would require a full day to test it and learn if it also was the blood of the murdered man. Maybe, even then, he would fail in this delicate experiment; he had so little to work with.

After considering all aspects of the strange situation that confronted me, I decided to risk everything on a daring scheme. The first step was to obtain permission from the occupants of the house directly facing the Hatton home to have detectives watch from behind the curtains of a front window night and day. To accomplish this, I convinced them of the truth of the old saying that a killer always returns to the scene of his crime, and that we believed the man would come to look the house over, either before or during the funeral. A room was placed at our disposal, and three men were detailed to work in relays. What the people in the house didn't know was that the detectives were equipped with powerful field-glasses and that they had orders to watch the windows of Marie's apartment, which faced on the street.

I visited Dale and asked him to put me in touch with an absolutely trustworthy servant in the Hatton home. He sent for Nelson, the butler. The old man all but refused to go through with the scheme I outlined, but pressure by Dale finally won him over.

My plan, which I began carrying out that night, was to spend much time in the Hatton home without anyone but Nelson being aware of my presence. Each evening, sufficiently late to make it certain I ran little chance of detection, he was to admit me to the back stairs. Slipping up these, I was to conceal myself in his room, and then, when I believed the household had retired, I was to try and learn what was going on in the various parts of the house. I knew I could move about so quietly in my stocking feet that none would hear me.

MY first night in the house brought little result. In the hallway I lay prone before each of the doors to Marie's quarters and tried to peer beneath. The bottoms of the curtains covered most of this space, so I did no more than detect light inside. Now and then I was certain I heard the sound of people talking, but I could not make out the words. Then I tried to look into the rooms from the balcony. The result was the same. Throughout the night I repeated my efforts. The lights continued to burn, and the low rumble of conversation was repeated.

The following day my watchers reported

they had seen nothing worthy of note, and I began to have twinges of doubt as to the reasonableness of my procedure. I had visions of myself as the Department's laughing-stock.

Then, shortly before the funeral service, I took the outlook post with the glasses. The wait was long and tedious, but my eyes never left the window across the way. Finally I was rewarded for my patience, just after the casket containing Brooks' remains had been placed in the hearse and it began moving from the curb.

With a quick movement, the curtain was drawn aside, and a woman looked out! For an instant I caught sight of the face. It was Marie!

Lord! That gave me a thrill! For the first time, I knew positively that I hadn't let my imagination trick me. I didn't understand everything yet—but I was ready to stake everything on one play, trusting to the providence that had so far directed me!

After the cortège had left the house, I hurried across. Nelson admitted me, and I drew him aside. Under orders from Mr. Hatton he had remained on guard in the lower hallway. No one, not even a servant, had gone upstairs, lest Marie be disturbed. She was not supposed to know of the service in the house. Her nurse, who remained with her, had been cautioned to say nothing.

Two nights later, at about ten o'clock, I, with the Inspector's permission, notified the newspapers that a man answering the description of Brooks' slayer had been arrested in Baltimore. We knew this would cause "extras" to be issued at once. When the newsboys came through the neighborhood of the Hatton home, as I felt certain they would, shouting the sensational news, Nelson was to hurry out and purchase several papers. After giving one of these to Hatton, he was to rap on any of the doors of Marie's quarters and hand a newspaper to the nurse. I was to be watching from the fire-escape.

THAT night the Hatton household retired early, around half-past ten. Immediately I made my way to the balcony to reconnoiter. It had been a fearfully hot day, and to my delight, as well as surprise, I noted that the windows of the girl's rooms were raised. However, the heavy curtains were in place, cutting off most of the light from within. I caught only occasional flashes when the breeze moved them. I dared not go close, even to peep inside. The slightest noise might betray me, and block my scheme.

Nelson and I were huddled in the darkness of the upper hall when the first cries of "extra" echoed through the street. As he hurried away to execute his mission, I hastened to the balcony. Louder and louder grew the shouts from below. I was in my stocking feet, and decided to risk a look between the curtains, believing the racket caused by the newsies would prevent the girl and her nurse from noting any chance noise I made.

Reaching the window on the side of the bedroom, I peered in. What I saw caused me to set myself for the big finale of the drama. The bed was vacant—the tumbled coverings indicating its occupant had left it hurriedly—and Marie stood at a front

“ as if a dazzling flood of light were playing always on her hair ”



Those lovely heroines of happy-ending books—have you ever heard of one described as “drab” or “plain”? Imaginary characters perhaps—or possibly some man’s ideal, pictured in words from a memory . . . a romance that was, or might have been!

“He” reads those books. How do you measure up?

* * *

FICTION is life! You may be tomorrow's heroine! Romance, popularity may be but around the corner. . . . *But not if dull, lifeless hair is dimming your charm.*

Why not be rid of this depressing note? Why not banish dullness — tonight — in one shampooing? You can do so — as millions do — with Golden Glint.

The “Shampoo-plus” it's called—for it does much more than cleanse. In one shampooing dullness flees — those youthful lights return. It gives your hair a special charm; a *finish!* It is as “cold cream” and “powder” and “rouge”—all three—*translated to your hair!*

Rich, copious lather — faintly fragrant — removes the film that hides the natural color of your hair. Two lathers

and your hair is *clean*, gloriously immaculate!

You rinse, remove all trace of soap, and your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the *extra touch*, a special rinse — the “plus” that makes this shampoo *different*. Your hair takes on new gloss — new finish. Its natural color, now revealed, is enhanced by sparkling lights. You are reminded faintly of your childhood's tresses. *Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames!*

Millions today use this modern “shampoo-plus”. It brings much of the skill of the master hairdresser to your own boudoir. No harsh chemicals to bleach or change the natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo, plus an extra touch that brings back youth! Your nearest toilet goods dealer can supply you. Money back if not delighted.

Golden Glint

the SHAMPOO *plus*

MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL “LOCKS”

* * * * *

If you have never before tried Golden Glint—and your dealer cannot supply it—send 25c to J.W. Kobi Co., Dept. F-600 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash. Please mention dealer's name—and if you choose, mention also color and texture (or send sample) of your hair, and a letter of valuable advice will be sent you.



Does Your Mirror say "Powder" or "Beauty"

If only powder didn't SHOW! If you could use it to achieve JUST BEAUTY! Marvellous if possible. To have again the undimmed, velvety skin of childhood loveliness... to have your mirror say "beauty" and not "powder."

WELL, THEN, PRINCESS PAT does give just beauty... without the slightest hint of "powder appearance"... and your intelligence will recognize the reasons. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalky, powdery appearance. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says powder. And it always will—until you use powder without the usual ingredients that give the customary chalky appearance.

These ingredients are banished in Princess Pat. Precious Almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness, there is softness. The very feel of Princess Pat is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it transforms the skin. It merges, blends, becomes as the very skin itself made perfect. Rub it on well, for permanence.

Now then! After you have powdered, what happens? Oil comes upon the skin, gradually, yet surely. Usual powders become "pachy" and unlovely. You have to use more powder—with not the happiest results.

On the contrary, the Almond in Princess Pat has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by Almond. Thus the distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer dislodged, nor beauty marred. Wonderful! Yes, of course.

And think! This same characteristic of Princess Pat, giving untold appearance beauty, likewise assures you a fine textured, healthy skin. The oil glands are not sealed—never choked. Consequently they do not become distended. If already distended, Princess Pat Powder gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again.

But it is beauty without powder appearance that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat to begin with... for make-up beauty that always passes for supreme natural loveliness. Indeed your mirror never says "powder."

Of course, though, the added virtue of improved skin texture is equally well loved as time passes... as pores become superbly fine, as the skin becomes delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for this coupon and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get
This
Week
End
Set—



SPECIAL

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd.

2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-26, Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

window, listening and looking into the street through a slit in the draperies.

Failing to catch the sounds I expected from inside the house, I waited in an agony of suspense, wondering if Nelson had blundered. No. Suddenly there came a knock upon the door. The girl motioned to the nurse, then ran to her bed. Lisa opened the door a crack, and took one of the newspapers.

"What does it say?" I heard Marie ask excitedly.

Silently, but with desperate speed, I ran back to the hall and to Marie's door. Everything depended on the outcome of the next few seconds! I eased it open. The girl, meanwhile, had jumped out of bed, and jerked the newspaper from Lisa's hands. Just as she raised the paper, I started into the room. Both of the women saw me at once, and screamed. In a few bounds I was at the girl's side, and had seized her.

All doubts about her paralysis being entirely a sham disappeared in a flash. With what appeared to be the strength of a madwoman, she attempted to break from me, scratching, kicking, trying to bite my hands. But I held on, though again and again she all but broke my hold. All the time, Lisa was screaming at the top of her voice.

Then, suddenly, I caught Hatton's voice, and the cries of servants. A moment later Hatton and the others rushed in, then came to a dead halt, amazed at the sight of me holding the girl, who had ceased to struggle.

"**W**HAT—in God's name, what does this mean?" The banker's words came in gasps. He appeared on the point of collapse.

"Send the others out, and close the door," I ordered.

Hatton obeyed.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Hatton," I said, as he was about to speak again. "You know me—Detective Fynes. I regret what I have to do, but I might as well tell you bluntly and have it over with. Your daughter has been shamming. She is no more paralyzed than you or I."

The nurse uttered a low moan.

"It can't be—I don't understand—"

"I am here as an officer of the law. Your daughter is under arrest. She killed Victor Brooks."

"She—killed—" He staggered, and grasped a chair for support. "You are mad, crazy; she couldn't—"

"She did, Mr. Hatton, with this dagger." I pulled the murder-knife from my pocket, and held it out.

The girl gasped, and set herself. I could feel her muscles grow taut in my clutch.

"My wife's," he said slowly.

"It was your wife's, but your daughter has had it for years. She stabbed Brooks with it."

"No, no. Say you didn't, Marie!"

The girl gave a cry, half a snarl, and jerked from my grasp. "But I did do it! And I'm glad! I loved him, from the time we first met, in Europe. He would have married me except for Madeline. She stole him from me, the white-faced baby. But I warned him, before he ran away with her. I told him I'd kill him if he didn't marry me. He didn't believe—"

She paused, just a moment, recovering her breath, though she still shook with fury. "I'd have killed him before he and Madeline left for Europe, had I been myself. But I was paralyzed. I couldn't bear the shock of losing him. Then I determined to give him a chance, if he would come back to me. When I recovered the use of my body, I didn't let you know. I fooled you all, knowing some day he would return here, where I could see him—and take my revenge, if he refused to go away with me! I planned it all a year ago—down to the last detail!"

"He did come here. He came up-stairs alone. I met him in the hallway, and begged him to leave Madeline. He refused, and went to his room. I knew I must act at once, because he would tell of my deception; so I took the dagger, waited for him behind those curtains, and—" She got no further. With a moan she covered her eyes, then sank unconscious at my feet.

"Take care of her," I said to the nurse. Then I picked up the telephone and called Burke. "Come at once to the Hatton home, Inspector. Bring an ambulance and a doctor."

MARIE HATTON'S trial was the greatest sensation the city ever had known. Madeline Brooks, who fled the city immediately following the arrest, did not appear in court. Bancroft Hatton did everything in his power to save his daughter; he sat by her side throughout the trial and counseled with the several noted attorneys and alienists he hired to defend her. Marie never spoke, even to her father, throughout all the days she sat in court. Although the evidence, produced by the police, proved that she long had premeditated the crime, and that her paralysis was a blind, she escaped with her life. A majority of the experts testified that she was not in her right mind when she killed Brooks.

She was sent to a prison for the criminal insane, where she probably will spend the remainder of her life. The nurse, Lisa, escaped punishment, as it could not be proved that she knew Marie had contemplated murder.

Make Your Home Dustproof

There are several little things that you can arrange for your home that will help to keep out the dust and dirt—and so keep down the housework. The June issue of **YOUR HOME** tells you how to do this.

You will also be interested in the articles on rock gardens, porch furnishings, the uses of chintz and cretonne in introducing a summery note in the house.

The issue will be on sale on May 23rd on the newsstands, 25c a copy.

The Man Who Fled to Juarez

(Continued from page 44)

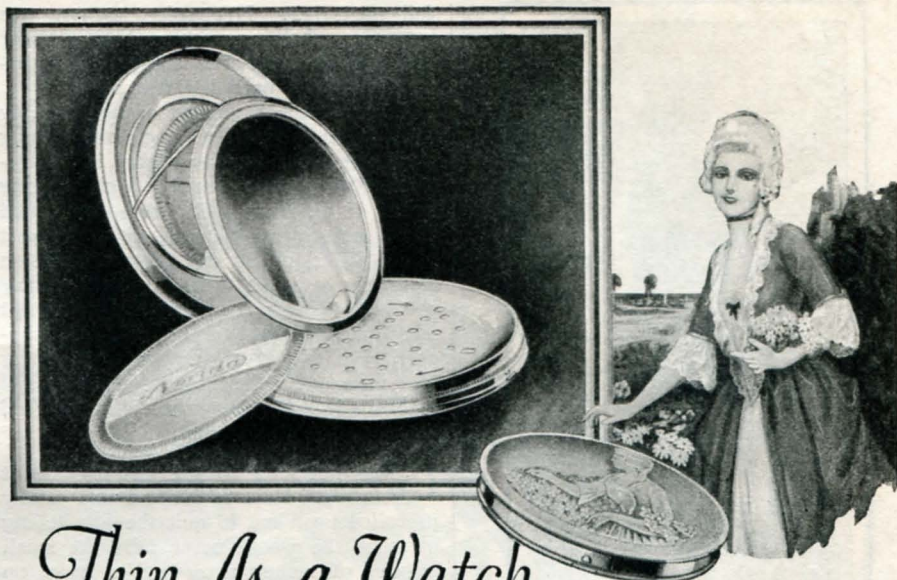
and happy to see me. My father—old and confined to his chair—merely shook hands, but there was a glad light in his eyes as he made me welcome. My mother cried as she fussed around the room, preparing a real old-home breakfast for her *muchacho*. I think that was the happiest hour in my life, and I came nearer to crying then than at any time since. The poverty of my parents was pathetic, and their joy over the return of the worthless prodigal son made me feel honestly ashamed of myself and my past. I made, then and there, a mental resolve to be more considerate of them in the future, and to work hard and *honestly* for the money that would mean so much to them.

As I write this, a mental picture passes before my vision. I see, painted on the canvas of my past, how the reckless youth that I have been has brought distress and sorrow to my parents. I had twice been committed to reformatories—once at Leon and once at the Bitterer institution. Then came my prison term. And now I am a convict under life sentence for murder.

MY mother's restraining influence kept me, for a time, from following my own inclinations after my release from Carcella Prison. I wanted to go out and look up some of the old gang. There would be something to drink. Surely one or two drinks could do me no harm, I thought. This would be in violation of the terms of my parole, certainly, but no one would be the wiser. I thought of some of the girls I had known, and wondered if I would be able to find them at the old haunts. Girls! They had been out of my life for nearly five years. So it went, and for three weeks I heeded the pleas and admonitions of my mother, and spent my leisure hours at home.

And then, on the third Saturday night after I had reached home—a pay day—a sister of one of the fellows at the shop came to meet him. With her was a girl by the name of Dolores Ruiz. She was one of those beauties of the perfect Spanish type, from the top of her shapely head to the soles of her dainty feet. Her profusion of jet black hair was becomingly crowned with a blue turban. Her small, shapely feet were incased in stylish oxfords. She was a born charmer, every inch of her. Her dress was of expensive material and matched, in color, the blue of her turban. Laughing black eyes, the depths of which you could not see, peeped out from under long, dark lashes—offering a startling contrast to the Castilian whiteness of her complexion. As her rouged lips parted in a smile, two rows of perfect teeth were exposed. She was slightly built and small for a woman, yet, as I acknowledged the introduction, I had to glance up to meet her eyes.

We paired off and walked to the car line. Dolores, perfectly composed, did the talking—in Spanish. She spoke English with difficulty. While I walked by her side I was like some dumb animal, but content to let the conversational burden



Thin As a Watch

The NEW Norida Vanitie For Your Favorite Loose Powder

Cannot
Spill



So Thin!

And the smartest NEW CASE.
Exquisitely embossed — dainty
— practical — the last word in
Loose Powder Vanities.

Never sifts nor spills. Yields just the right amount of loose powder at a slight turn of the silvered powder plate. Refill it in a few seconds, then snap it shut—no slots, grooves or complicated mechanism. All these clever features have made Norida the most famous Loose Powder Vanitie in the world.

Ask your dealer to show you
the NEW IMPROVED Norida
Loose Powder Vanitie.



Easy to
Refill

Priced \$1.50 to \$3.00—Single and Double, Gold and Silver, each in a satin lined box—filled with Norida Fleur Sauvage {Wildflower} Poudre and Rouge

At All Toilet Goods Counters

NORIDA PARFUMERIE
NEW YORK PARIS

Norida



Poised!

That tell-tale moment
before a dip

Curious eyes are quick to detect the slightest flaw that modern bathing attire reveals. So, too, with sleeveless frocks, evening gowns, sheer hosiery, and short skirts. Today, women are more careful than ever to remove the least suggestion of superfluous hair on arms, underarms, face, legs or back of neck.



Under-arm daintiness

Feminine Daintiness—

so much admired by everyone is preserved most easily with Del-a-tone Cream. In 3 brief minutes Del-a-tone Cream removes every trace of offending hair. Leaves skin soft, white and velvety smooth.

Applied directly from its handy tube, Del-a-tone Cream has no equal for complete removal of hair. Snow-white and pleasantly fragrant, it is far superior to such growth-encouraging methods as shaving or pulling the hair out by the roots.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder has been the choice of fastidious women for twenty years. Try it and you, too, will be convinced that the Del-a-tone way is the modern way to remove hair.

Hair-free legs

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper \$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. If you have never tried DEL-A-TONE, send coupon for ten cent package free, to Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., Dept. 136, 721 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co.,
Dept. 136, 721 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

FREE
TRIAL
In U. S. only

Please send me FREE, prepaid in plain wrapper, ten cent size I have checked herewith.

Del-a-tone Cream Del-a-tone (powder)

Name _____

Address _____

fall upon her. Her voice, to me, was hypnotic. Before we parted at the car line, she gave me her address, and permission to call upon her that night.

That was the beginning of my intimacy with Dolores Ruiz, a fascinating young woman destined to play a part in my future. She was a dance-hall girl, working at one of the many such places that dotted Main and Spring Streets, near the post office. Working strictly on a commission basis, she was, of course, subject to any proposal, though not compelled to accept what did not appeal to her. Dolores, however, was not at all averse to anything that promised sufficient remuneration, and accordingly her earnings were large. And that was my misfortune.

IT was not long until I left my job at the shop. Dolores insisted and finally prevailed upon me to quit the job, telling me that she would never miss the small amount of money necessary to make up what I would lose in wages by giving up my work. "And your mother will never know," she said.

But Mother did know. Indeed, it could not be otherwise, when I began to remain away from home night after night. I was not thinking of Mother and Dad at that time, though. Yet I sent them money—money that was given to me by Dolores—and I felt that I was doing my duty. My duty? *Por Dios*—what a fallacy!

Idleness soon began to pall. The feeling of perfect contentment, which had been mine, was replaced by a desire to mix with the old gang—to do the things I had been wont to do before I went "over the road." A desire, in fact, to do all of those things which the terms of my parole said I could not and must not do. But what would it matter? Had I not already broken my parole? Yet, the things I had done harmed no one except myself, perhaps. And I knew that as long as I kept out of any actual serious trouble I would not be declared a parole violator.

All of these thoughts occurred to me. Meanwhile I ignored the small inner voice that cautioned me: "Be careful." I was young—a mere kid, you might say, and the years I had spent behind prison bars were a thing of the past, so it seemed at the time. But in those years I had dreamed of wild parties, of pretty girls. I had dreamed, too, of having some mysterious source of income, and of spending money freely. I wanted to be called, as in the past, a "good fellow." Good fellow? *Sap* is the proper term for anyone who would try to be a good fellow—at his own expense. And so all of my good intentions went wrong.

I MET the old gang—did some of the things I had wanted to do, and, generally, made a fool of myself. I imagined myself as perfectly happy for a short time, but my propensity for being a "good guy" increased my expenses alarmingly, and even Dolores' generosity in money matters failed to keep me supplied with all the coin necessary for me to hold up my end with the gang. I must have more money. Money! money! money!—the words drummed in my ears. But I wanted to get this money by a gesture; not, certainly, by any means that would involve hard work on my part.

I got it. But the least said here the better of the means by which I did get it.

I carried two guns—why, I do not know. Perhaps it was because I felt that without my "rods" I would be out of character. Everyone in the gang carried guns, and for that reason, and no other, I too went "heeled." When I say "gang" in this sense, I mean only those persons with whom I associated in a friendly way at the time. We were not an organized gang—not any more than is any ordinary bunch of young fellows who hang out around cigar stores and pool halls.

Even for this class, I was living fast and recklessly, and everything seemed to be going along nicely for me—too nicely, in fact—until that night on June 18th, when I again met Detective Sergeant George Hainor.

TOM FARLEY operated a bootlegging joint on the east side of town. It was whispered among the wise ones that Tom could and would supply almost anything from "junk to jimmies," though as far as I know personally he was a respectable "legger." I went to his place often, and nothing had ever happened. The bulls never bothered him and that suited me perfectly. This night, as I entered the house (Tom's place was a private residence), Tom met me at the door.

"Hello, Carl—how's 'tricks'?" was his greeting. After I had entered, he closed the door and motioned for me to enter one of the private rooms. "Got something to tell you," he said.

In the room with the door closed, he faced me, and continued: "What's the matter, Carl—are you 'hot'?"

"Hot?" I echoed in surprise. "Why, no."

"Hainor was in today and asked if I had seen you."

"What'd you tell him?" I asked.

"Nothin'." He shrugged his shoulders. Then: "I told him I didn't know you. He tried to get tough an' told me I'd better play with him or he'd close me up." Tom laughed derisively.

I did not reply immediately, my thoughts busy with the question of what to do to avoid a meeting with the officer. I knew the police could have nothing on me—nothing new. But I knew that should Sergeant Hainor find me in a bootlegger's place, he could, and probably would, have me sent back to Carcella Prison as a parole violator.

"Get me a bottle and I'll powder," I said to Tom.

As he left the room, I sat in a chair facing the door, my thoughts busy with my problem. After what had happened four years before, and in view of the threats he had made against me at the county jail, the last man I cared about meeting was Detective Sergeant Hainor. My thoughts were interrupted by a shout from the hall.

"Look out, Carl—the bulls!"

Alarmed, I put my left hand on the back of the chair and started to rise, only to fall back as the door opened to admit—George Hainor, detective. A .38 police revolver was clutched in his right hand and pointed straight at me. Keeping me covered, the officer closed the door with his left hand and leaned against it. All the

while he regarded me fixedly, a cynical smile playing about his lips—a smile that boded no good for me.

"Well, Mex, you came back, didn't yuh?" he snarled. "Yuh know what I told yuh the last time, yuh damn little greaser! Well, here's where yuh get yours and—right now!"

THE hand with the pistol lifted suggestively. I closed my eyes. He laughed.

"Yellow! An' they say yuh got guts—hell!"

I was foolish, but I rose to the bait. "Sure, it's easy enough to talk about guts when you got the drop on a guy." And then, my temper making me forget all else except the insults of the other, I acted. "You want to go, do you?" I replied—"well, let's go, then!" and I went for the gun in the right-hand side pocket of my coat. The action drew my body in such a position that only my left side was exposed, and even as I turned, a shot rang out—and then another. My gun was in my hand, and I fired. Sergeant Hainor's eyes widened in hurt surprise, and his gun dropped from his hand as he crumpled to the floor.

"Yuh got me!" he gasped, and then lay still.

Por Dios! It had all happened so suddenly and with no warning at all. Now what was to be done? I knew that detectives usually traveled in pairs, and I suspected that Sergeant Hainor's partner must be near. I heard a commotion in the hall, and looked around me for a means of escape. The window! I crossed the room quickly, raised the window and almost with just one motion I was standing on the ground outside, and the window came down easily under my pull. A searching glance around showed me that my movements were not being watched. So, pocketing my gun, I walked boldly out into the street—and away.

JUAREZ, Mexico, is just south of El Paso, Texas, and across the Rio Grande. It is the liveliest border town in the Southwest. I knew I could there find hustlers of every description, and particularly rum-runners and dope-smugglers. Mexico was right then involved in a revolution, and I reasoned that it would be a difficult matter for the American authorities to arrange for my extradition, even if they were successful in their efforts to have me arrested. The United States had not, at that time, officially recognized the Obregon régime, and so I felt comparatively safe from arrest as I sat at a table in the *Cinco de Mayo* dance hall and considered my position. I had been advised by a friend that the Wayburn police were playing a strong hunch that I was in Mexico, and it appears that an operative from the Schloss Detective Agency had gone to Tia Juana on a "hot tip" to the effect that I had been seen in that border town on the same day. I cannot imagine why a private detective agency operative should have been interested, unless the "dead or alive" reward offer of \$1,000 which had been posted for my apprehension, was the incentive that lured him to the hunt for Little Carl.

Well, let them look for Little Carl in Tia Juana, if they wished. I would not



Add to the joy of the open road—this pleasure-giving refreshment.

Between Smokes and After Every Meal



I-46

AGENTS **New Kind of Can Opener**
WORKS LIKE MAGIC!
At Last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! For now an amazing, lifetime device holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst. No wonder agents make \$6 to \$12 an hour full or spare time. Write today for Free Test Sample Offer.
Dept. G-741, 4500 Mary
GENERAL STATES MFG. CO., Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.
Engel's Art Corners \$5 Styles \$5 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No-Paste, No-Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write
ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 59F 4711 N. Clark St. Chicago

Stop Using a Truss
Free—Trial Plapao—Free

STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS are surprisingly different from the truss—being mechanic-chemico applicators—made self-adhesive purposely to keep the muscle-ionic "PLAPAO" applied continuously to the affected parts, and to minimize painful friction and dangerous slipping. No straps, buckles or spring attached. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. For almost a quarter of a century satisfied thousands report success without delay from work. Process of recovery natural, so no subsequent use for a truss. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Trial of "PLAPAO" will be sent absolutely FREE. Write your name on coupon and send TODAY.
PLAPAO CO., 45 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Name _____
Address _____
Return mail will bring you Free Trial PLAPAO.

Play the HAWAIIAN GUITAR Just as the Natives Do
FREE when you enroll **\$15 HAWAIIAN GUITAR and Case**
Only 4 Motions used in playing this fascinating instrument. Our native Hawaiian instructors teach you to master them quickly. Pictures show how. Everything explained clearly.
Play in Half Hour After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge necessary.
Easy Lessons Even if you don't know one note from another, the 62 printed lessons and the clear pictures make it easy to learn quickly. Pay as you play.
Free Guitar and Outfit in Genuine Seal Grain Fabrikoid Case as soon as you enroll. Nothing to buy—everything furnished. No delay.
Write at Once You'll never be lonesome with this beautiful Hawaiian Guitar. Write for Special Offer and easy terms. A postcard will do. ACT!
OTHER COURSES: Tenor Banjo, Violin, Tiple, Tenor Guitar, Ukulele, Banjo Ukulele—under well-known instructors.
FIRST HAWAIIAN CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, INC.
9th Floor, Woolworth Bldg., Dept. 546, New York, N. Y.
Approved as a Correspondence School Under the Laws of the State of New York



Watch women envy the wavy radiance of your hair

YOU at your best . . . perfectly groomed . . . your smartest frock . . . your sheerest hose . . . And then—eyes . . . women's eyes . . . appraising you . . . eyes that are suddenly sharp with envy and unwilling admiration . . . at the sight of the perfect wave . . . the brilliant lustre of your hair. And the secret of it all . . . a crystal-clear, faintly perfumed liquid . . . Hennafoam Shampoo! What shimmering, natural radiance a tiny *touch of henna* has given your hair! How utterly perfect it has made your natural or permanent wave! Use Hennafoam Shampoo when you want women to envy your perfect grooming.

Hennafoam SHAMPOO

For Sale at Drug and Dept. Stores

Mail this coupon to-day, and you will receive, FREE, a large trial bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.

HENNAFOAM CORPORATION
511 West 42nd Street, New York

Please send me, absolutely free, a bottle of Hennafoam Shampoo.

Name

Address

TS6

worry until someone suspected "Frankie Rogers," of Juarez, Mexico, as being other than he appeared, for that was the name I was using right then. In the meantime, it was up to me to figure some way of fattening my bank roll. I had left Wayburn in something of a rush, and now I was nearly broke. Such were my thoughts when a woman's voice at my shoulder startled me:

"*Que hay, Chiquito!*" I heard whispered in my ear.

I turned to meet the laughing eyes of a black-haired dancing girl, wearing a brightly-colored, embroidered Spanish shawl that carelessly draped her rather slight but attractive figure.

"Chiquito," I repeated. "That means 'little one,' doesn't it? But I am not as small as you are."

She appeared to study me for a moment and her brown eyes were steady, as her gaze met mine—and held.

"Buy me a drink, *amigo mio*," and without waiting for my invitation she seated herself opposite me and beckoned a waiter. I made no demur as she ordered *tequila* for two, but I thought of my depleted finances and squirmed inwardly. We sat there in silence until the drinks were brought and the waiter withdrew. The girl lifted her glass: "To you, my fren," and we drank.

"You do not remember Cuca?" Her question and the unusual name brought it all back to me. Cuca! Of course!

I HAD met her only once before, and that time, at the Dreamland dance hall in Wayburn, when Dolores had introduced us casually. She had been dressed differently on that occasion, but now, as I observed her closely, I remembered.

"Cuca? But no; I have never met you before. Surely I would not forget such a pretty girl." Maybe I could fool her, I thought.

"Let us have another drink," was her answer. Another drink? And me with only two dollars? Not much!

"Sorry, sister," I said; "I'm not a chump. But even so, I wouldn't mind buying you several drinks, but the truth is—I'm broke." Her eyes widened in surprise, but she never hesitated:

"Broke? Well, I am not, Chiquito," and her hand dove into the First National Stocking and came out with a roll of bills. "Here, Little Carl, it is yours."

Little Carl! I looked around the room to see if the name, if overheard by anyone, had aroused any interest. The newspapers had played it up enough in big headlines. But no one, apparently, was paying the slightest attention to us. The girl's hand on my arm caused me to turn back to her.

"Do not be alarmed." She was speaking in Spanish now. "I am your friend and you can trust me. I know all about why the *rurales* are seeking you and I shall be discreet, Chiquito. In the meantime, I shall help you; for, was not Dolores also my friend?"

The expression of deep concern on her face convinced me that she was sincere. And, anyway, she knew who I was and it would avail me nothing to refuse the proffered assistance. I took the money. We talked for several minutes longer and

it was arranged that for the present, at least, I should stay with Cuca. It was further agreed that I was to remain at the *Cinco de Mayo* until Cuca was off duty. In the meantime I was to enjoy myself.

"Perhaps, later, I may arrange a party for you, my Carlitos. It is early now and in a little time the Americans will fill up the house, and then—*quien sabe!*" With an airy wave of her small hand she turned and left me.

I sat there in lonely iniquity for perhaps two hours, and in that time I consumed the best part of a quart of *tequila*. If you have never imbibed *tequila*, you will not be able to appreciate that statement, but I can tell you that a quart of it will make a Belgian hare spit in the eye of a bulldog. However, I did not feel like fighting. I felt more like dancing, and so I was greatly pleased when Cuca approached me with the suggestion that I join a party of Americans who had just arrived. It was an odd party of three women and two men, so it was natural that the invitation should be extended and that I should join the party.

CUCA presented me simply as, "Señor Panchito Rojas." That was all, and the introduction served for all in the party.

I had told Cuca that I was using the name "Frankie Rogers," or its Spanish equivalent, Panchito Rojas. I do not now recall the names of everyone in the party, but of the two men, one was called Harry and the other was "Dutch" Williams, an ex-con from Carcella Prison. I recognized him at once, but greeted him as an entire stranger. He shook hands courteously, though otherwise discreetly failed to give me a tumble. I thought he had failed to "make me," but in this I was mistaken, as I shall show later. Dutch was pretty shrewd, and a regular fellow.

Of the three girls, one made a lasting impression on me. I shall not attempt to describe her here. Her picture appeared often enough in connection with my trial, and since that time she has received much adverse publicity and, coupled with her name, was that of an officer of police who was largely responsible for my arrest. However, I digress.

The third girl of the party of pleasure seekers in the *Cinco de Mayo* dance hall that night was Anna Gallard, whom the newspapers later referred to as "the Nemesis of Little Carl." She had not yet married and her name then was, to me, unpronounceably Russian.

Everyone of the party was pretty well "organized," so to speak, and it was only a few moments until I was established on that footing of complete friendliness which can only be reached in such a short time when congeniality is promoted by "the cup that cheers."

I was much impressed with Anna and, though I would have welcomed an opportunity to improve such an altogether desirable acquaintance, I saw her in Mexico but once after that night, and then only for a minute or so. Of another meeting with her in the United States, under far different circumstances, more will be said later.

There was not much to do in the *Cinco de Mayo* but to dance and

drink—and we soon grew weary of dancing. It was Anna who suggested that we look over the *El Callejon Del Diablo* district, and the rest of the party was just drunk enough to fall in with her suggestion. How we ever managed to avoid trouble that night is something that has puzzled me ever since. If there is a tougher, more hard-boiled district anywhere in the world than was *El Callejon Del Diablo* at that time I have never heard of it. We paraded, drunkenly, through Courtesan Alley; we took in every gambling hell and dance hall in "The Street of the Devil," and, finally, in the morning hours, our party broke up. The girls and Harry got into a taxi, and Dutch took me aside.

"Where can I find you about noon tomorrow?" he whispered. "I want to see you alone."

"Why?" I asked. I was still wary.

"Oh, I 'made' you when we were introduced. Did not want to say anything then, but you need not be scared of me, Carl. How about it—where can I see you?"

Regardless of the great amount of liquor he had partaken of, Dutch was far from being tight. He was a hustler, too, and as far as I knew, on the square. I decided to see him.

"Go to the *Cinco de Mayo* and ask for Cuca. I will be there," I told him.

"Fine! See you tomorrow," he said, and getting into the taxi with the others, he gave an order to the driver and I was alone. I turned my steps toward the *Cinco de Mayo*—and Cuca.

In the meantime the newspapers of the United States were giving much space to the killing of Sergeant Hainor. The Wayburn police were certain that I had done the shooting, and the search was on for Little Carl Aragon. One thousand dollars, dead or alive, was offered as a reward for my capture and, if the statement of Schloss, of the Schloss Detective Agency, is to be believed, the most active and relentless of all the officers who sought my hiding place was Chief of Police Dwyer, of Wayburn.

It was said that Chief Dwyer traveled many thousands of miles on false clues furnished him from various sources. A man was arrested in Detroit—it was Little Carl. The much-sought Little Carl was arrested in this place and in that place, and all the while Little Carl was enjoying himself in Juarez, Mexico.

WAS it to be expected that I should be remorseful at that time? Was it strange that I could join wild parties, that I could laugh, drink and generally enjoy myself—with the shadow of the gallows over my head? The answer is, at that period I could not feel I had "murdered" anyone, and, as for being worried because I was wanted by the police—well, I had been wanted before, and that was no new thing to worry about. To be afraid, one must be imaginative. I was not imaginative. Perhaps one reason was, at that time I had but little education. Since then I have studied, and were I placed in the same position today, I think I would be rather shaky in the knees. But, on the other hand, knowing what I now know, I would not permit myself to be again placed in such a position.



At home too—
Eyes should be
Charming!



Solid or Waterproof Liquid Maybelline Black or Brown, 75c at All Toilet Goods Counters.

IT'S the impression of you he takes with him when he leaves in the morning, which either hurries him home at the end of day—or sends him "to the club" for the evening . . . Eyes made into lovely shadowy pools of mystery, by a subtle fringe of long, dark, curling lashes, give just the right impression. They fascinate and invite . . . Lashes are instantly made to appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant, and eyes are made to appear larger and more brilliant—by an easily applied touch of Maybelline. Millions of women know the magic of this delightful, harmless preparation. Do you?

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

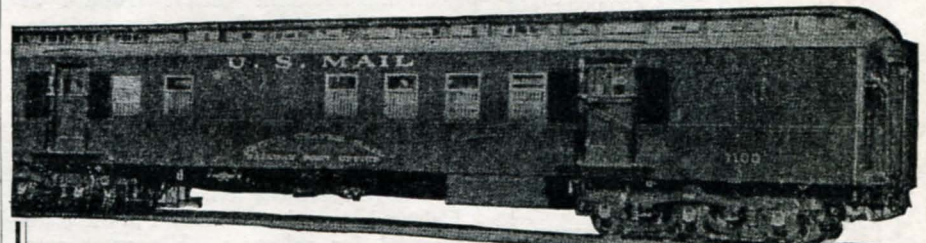
NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That—
I make myself hear, after being deaf for 23 years with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address Medicated Ear Drum
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co., Inc.
71 Hoffman Bldg. 2539 Woodward, Detroit, Mich

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE GIVEN

Runs by Oil, Electric or Carbide. Show real movies at home. Sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova, which every body can use, at 25c box. Moving Picture Machine and Film or cash commission given as per Catalog sent with Mentho-Nova. **SEND NO MONEY**, only Name and Address. We trust you.
U. S. SUPPLY CO.
Dept. DS31 Greenville, Pa.

Travel For "UNCLE SAM"



Railway Postal Clerks
Travel - See Your Country
\$1900 to \$2700 a Year
Many Other Government Jobs
Men - Women 18 or OVER
Short Hours—Pleasant Work
Rapid Advancement
Long Vacation With Pay
Mail Coupon Now. **DO IT TODAY.**
Act at once. You May Forget Tomorrow.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. C224, Rochester, N. Y.
Rush to me entirely free of charge: (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) Free copy of illustrated book, "How to get a U. S. Government Job"; (3) a list of U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable and sample coaching.

... Railway Postal Clerk	(\$1900-\$2700)
... Post Office Clerk	(\$1700-\$2300)
... City Mail Carrier	(\$1700-\$2100)
... General Clerk	(\$1140-\$1860)
... Rural Carrier	(\$2100-\$3300)

CUT HERE—
Name _____
Address _____
Use this Coupon before you mislay it. **WRITE OR PRINT PLAINLY.**

Lovely, white skin is yours —quickly, surely, easily!



You can know the captivating allure of a lovely complexion! You can have clear, white skin so easily, so surely, so swiftly! No

disappointments—no discouraging waiting for results. Just spread fragrant Nadinola Bleaching Cream over your face, neck, arms or hands each night at bedtime. Tan and freckles, muddy sallowness, roughness, redness and pimples will soon disappear. Day by day you will see your skin grow whiter, smoother, more glowingly beautiful.

Nadinola contains the swiftest, most effective skin-whitening ingredients known to beauty science—yet so gentle is its action it is harmless even to the most delicate skin. Positive, money-back guarantee in every package, together with simple directions.

Start tonight to restore your skin to precious beauty. Ask for Nadinola at your toilet goods counter—\$1 for extra-large economy size jar. If you can't buy Nadinola where you live, just mail the coupon below and we will send it *at once*, postpaid, with dainty gift sample of Nadine Face Powder and a valuable FREE beauty booklet. Send no money—just pay the postman \$1 on delivery. Mail the coupon today—NOW!

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

DEPT. 16, NATIONAL TOILET CO., Paris, Tenn.

Please send postpaid, extra-large jar of Nadinola Bleaching Cream with directions and money-back guarantee. I will pay postman \$1 upon receipt of order.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

A Doctor Knows what is best for any Stomach



Well-known authorities, famous in the medical world, have learned the certain relief for gas, "sour stomach" and similar gastric troubles. They say:

"Calcium carbonate is the ideal anti-acid. It has no disturbing effect on the system, and is *utterly safe* in the hands of the patient. It is best used in the form of tablets."

For the correction of "sour" stomach, and attendant ills, nothing equals Stuart's Tablets—just the right compound of calcium carbonate and other soothing substances—swift and certain in their relief, safe and harmless in their use.

FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Tablets—will be sent you free, if you mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

The Quickest Relief for Gastric Disorder:
25c and 60c Everywhere

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

Cuca was wonderful to me. I know enough of the world not to expect anyone to credit the statement that my relations with Cuca were strictly Platonic. However, such was the case. She was just a real girl, ready and willing to help the friend of her friend. Dancing girl? Yes. Prostitute? Yes. But it is a fact that girls of this class are usually the most generous, sympathetic and loyal friends of any in the underworld. There are many women of the underworld who are, though crooks, in every other way on the "up and up." It was because she was what she was that the Platonic friendship that we enjoyed was made possible, even though we lived together in one little room under the most intimate conditions. Cuca asked for nothing—and expected nothing. Her purse was open to me; her time and her energy were mine. For such girls as Cuca I have the most profound respect and admiration.

The morning following my meeting with Anna Gallard and her party, I awoke with a morning-after headache that threatened to split my cranium at any moment. Cuca—little angel—produced a corpse-reviver of *tequila*, and got me in condition to keep my appointment at the *Cinco de Mayo* with Dutch Williams. Dutch was there when I entered the place, and motioned me to be seated.

"Feelin' tough?" he grinned.

"Lousy," I replied, and he laughed.

"I'll buy—what'll it be?"

"*Tequila*," I again replied. And, calling a waiter, Dutch gave the order. Disposing of what the waiter brought us, we got down to business.

"WELL, you have raised plenty hell, Buddy, but as long as you stick in Mexico you're sittin' pretty. In the meantime, how are you going to get by?" and he regarded me fixedly.

"Well—" I began, and then hesitated, not knowing what to say.

"Don't stall, Carl. You might be as innocent as a new-born babe, and all that stuff. I'm not interested in whether you

are guilty or are not guilty. You're a 'loser' and that's enough to convict you if the bulls ever get you into Wayburn. What I want to know is this: Are you broke? 'Cause I got something good and you can come in if you care to." He waited suggestively.

I thought for a moment before making any reply.

"Well, I haven't got much dough," I conceded. "As for a racket—what can I do on this side of the line? I must keep pretty quiet as it is, with my mug smeared all over the front pages of nearly every newspaper in the United States."

"You're pretty safe, I think, as long as you keep your nose clean. My racket will not require you to cross the River. I need someone I can trust to take care of the Spig side, and you speak the lingo. I can fix you up with some advance jack, too. What d'ye say—want in?" Dutch was a good salesman.

"Well, let's hear it." I conceded that much.

Dutch outlined his proposition, and I was at once impressed with the possibilities of the plan as he told it. I would have nothing to do except meet certain Mexicans and arrange for the sale of Dutch's commodity. That is as far as I can go with my disclosures of this affair at this point. However, remembering that Mexico was then in the midst of a revolution, the reader is invited to draw his own conclusions.

After discussing the matter at length, I gave my consent, and Dutch gave me an advance of five hundred dollars. We then got down to the specific details, and laid our plans.

Carl Aragon little realizes what is just ahead of him. He is "in for it"—and doesn't know it. In next month's TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES will appear the account of his hair-raising experiences in trying to evade the desperate attempts made by the American detectives to kidnap him and take him back to the United States for trial. Every line is full of action. In the July issue, on the newsstands June 15th.

How Landru Was Tracked to His Doom

(Continued from page 38)

"Artiste, Monsieur le President," I replied.

The body of the court, composed of famous actresses and beauties, swayed and giggled. President Gilbert frowned at them angrily. As I gave my evidence, there were, at times, murmurs of approval, astonishment, and anger from the Landruist party among the spectators in the court-room—all women!

As I answered the questions of the Sûreté-Generale, for the Prosecution, and of Maître Moro-Giafferi, for the Defense, I glanced at my lover, who sat in the place reserved for prisoners. His great eyes were bent on me, and he seemed to be enwrapped in the past—visualizing perhaps the year of happiness he and I had spent together.

Presently it was all over, and I was allowed to leave the Court. I waited in an anteroom during all the twenty-two days of the long trial, receiving messages

from Landru's counsel as to the progress of the case.

Then came the verdict.

"Landru is guilty! He must die under the guillotine!"

I received the news of the sentence calmly, for I had expected it. I returned at once to Paris. There followed the terrible days between the sentence and its carrying out. The Court of Cassation refused the appeal, and the President of the Republic declined to interfere. I was allowed to see Landru once, and he insisted vehemently that I was innocent of any knowledge of his crimes—forgetting, perhaps, that he had asked me to look for and destroy human bones.

The day for the execution approached. I was given a permit to be present. At first, I determined not to go, but a desire to see my lover during his last moments of life overcame this decision, and I decided to attend. On the day before the

execution, Landru's last letter to me arrived. Let me quote a few passages from it:

My beautiful Fernande,—I write you now, when the hours of my life are fleeting like the moments we spent together during our long friendship. You are the only girl that I have ever loved, and all that has been said about me are lies.

Do you, *ma petite*, consider that I, your Lucien, could be guilty of the ghastly crimes that I am charged with? I tell you that when *La Mère* releases me from this life tomorrow at dawn—then shall my spirit trouble those who have sent me to my doom!

Remember always, if you love me, that your Lucien was guiltless of the things they have said about him.

When I face my ordeal tomorrow, it will be with the memory of your last kiss on my lips.

Your devoted lover,
LUCIEN.

That was the last letter that Landru wrote on this earth.

Late the night before the execution, I chartered a motor-car to take me out to the doors of the Prison Saint-Pierre, at Versailles, outside of which Bluebeard Landru was to be publicly executed. I arrived at three o'clock in the morning—and I was not the first to reach there. Montmartre and all the fashionable clubs and cabarets had been emptied of their crowds—the one great spectacle of that night and dawn was the cutting-off of the head of the great love-murderer!

As I descended from my car, the neighborhood was filled with luxurious autos. Women in evening dress and fur capes huddled back on silken cushions, and here and there a party had brought a case of champagne with them and were whiling away the hours in merry fashion. Journalists, photographers, and a large plebeian crowd huddled behind the line of soldiers with fixed bayonets, and the squad of mounted policemen.

It was a quiet, starry night. A little after four, the sinister instrument of execution arrived, drawn by two powerful horses. Soon M. Diebler and his assistant, the official executioners, appeared through the prison gates, and busied themselves with *La Mère* (the guillotine), which had been halted just outside the prison.

A few minutes later a large car came roaring up with much noise, and a figure I recognized descended—it was Maitre Moro-Giafferi, Landru's *avocat*.

Seeing me, he hurried over and took my hand, whispering a few words of consolation.

The dawn began to break in the east. Some activity became noticeable inside the prison itself.

LET me now describe the scene in the condemned man's cell, as told me by Maitre Moro-Giafferi, who was present with other officials.

The priest arrived early, and, going into a small room, prepared a portable altar for the short mass to be conducted for the condemned man.

At exactly five-twenty-five, the magistrates entered the death-cell. Landru was asleep. M. Beguin, one of the officials, placed his hand on the shoulder of the sleeping murderer, who was to die within a few minutes, and said in a low voice the stereotyped phrase:

Black Jack after smoking soothes the throat

It's the licorice in Black Jack that soothes the throat and freshens the mouth after smoking. If you like licorice you'll love Black Jack. It's the world's most popular licorice-flavored gum.



it's the lico rice!

FOUND

at last a real value in a

GENUINE DIAMOND

not a chip but a cut diamond

IN 18 KARAT SOLID WHITE GOLD RING



Money Refunded If Not Perfectly Satisfied

Lacey Pierced Mounting Sparkling Diamond

FOR \$5⁰⁰

Send Money Order

Check or Cash

PRESENTATION BOX—PREPAID
NORDEL & Co.

DIAMONDS

Dept. B Title Guarantee Bldg. Los Angeles, Cal.



"You've Never Looked So Stunning"

"EVERYONE at the party was admiring your dress and saying they had never seen you look so young and pretty. You've no idea how you've changed in the last few months."

You, too, can know the happiness of pretty clothes. Right at home in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, you can learn to make all your own clothes and hats for a third of what you now pay in the shops. This is a new plan so simple that you start making pretty things at once—so thorough that you can acquire the skill of a professional dressmaker, and not only make your own clothes, but earn \$20 to \$40 a week sewing for others.

Mail Coupon for Complete Details

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 190-F, Scranton, Pa. Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

Home Dressmaking Millinery
 Professional Dressmaking Cooking

Name.....
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own boudoir. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes | Whitens
Freckles | The Skin

The Stillman Co., 20 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up booklet.

Name

Address

City..... State



Touch a Corn With this amazing liquid

Acts like an anaesthetic
Stops pain in 3 seconds

INSTANTLY and at once, you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

"Have courage!"

Landru awoke, and looked around. Then realization coming to him, he rose to his feet, showing no fear or weakness, but only surprised contempt, and perhaps some peevishness at having been awakened from a fitful slumber.

"Don't worry," he said, with a sneering smile. "I shall have courage."

Among all those present, Landru appeared most unconcerned at the tragic situation. He was most certainly not the palest or the most nervous.

Turning to Maitre Moro-Giafferi, Landru said, "Maitre, I thank you. I have given you a lot of trouble. I gave you a very difficult case—let me say it . . . desperate! *However, it is not the first time that an innocent man has been condemned!*"

After this, Landru, who had been brought his own clothing and papers, dressed quickly. Then, gathering together the mass of papers, he tore them into little pieces, and threw them into a corner of the cell.

"Landru, have you a confession to make?" asked the Deputy Advocate-General, who was among the officials.

"None," replied the condemned man. "I consider the question an insult—since I am innocent. Yes, I maintain it—I am innocent!"

Landru refused the glass of rum that was offered him, and took his place in the procession.

"And now," he said, "I don't want to keep these gentlemen waiting." He bowed to the rest of the officials.

THE gates of the prison swung open, and Landru appeared between his guards.

"Here he is!" went up the cry.

Like an actor appearing on a stage before a large audience, Henri Désiré Landru bowed. His neck was bare—his shirt

collar pulled open. At his request, his beard had not been cut off.

On being bound, he said quietly, "Don't tie me so hard!"

These were his last spoken words.

He was brave but pale—holding himself tense like a man about to undergo an awful ordeal.

I, his sweetheart, tried vainly to catch his eye. I waved—but he did not see me. He was marched toward the guillotine itself.

He was seized and thrown on the *basarde*, but the thin Landru was so light that in spite of a rough push, the weight of his body did not make the apparatus work automatically. Only a second's delay, however—the executioner, Diebler, pulled the handle . . . the knife fell . . . the crowd drew in its breath with a concerted hiss.

Silence reigned for several seconds. A woman shrieked hysterically and fainted. I clutched at my own throat.

That sound—that terrible sound—of the heavy, cutting knife had cut my soul in two. I felt numb and sick. . . .

The executioners rushed away the basket, shining with new tar—the mounted police closed round the guillotine. . . .

L'Affaire Landru was finished!

SOME days later a Society paragraph in *Le Temps* caught my eye. It read:

M. Millerand, President of the Republic, having an official holiday at Rambouillet, left the Château with Mlles. Alice and Marthe, his daughters, and went to view the Villa Tric, at Gambais.

Perhaps the soul of Landru floated above them, on the wind!

Now, as I look back on it, I think it all was Fate. That is a comforting thought anyhow, to believe it could not have been avoided.

On the Trail of the Wells-Fargo Bandits

(Continued from page 31)

"Go over there in that old chair, and take a rest," one of them said pleasantly to Cunningham. "No, you had better squat right there in the corner of the car, where you will be out of the way. See that you are quiet. I don't think that you want to be smoked off."

The clerk, realizing his helplessness, obeyed orders, and the robber stood guard over him, with a loosely swinging six-shooter in his hand.

With sledges, and iron wedges, the big iron strong-box was soon opened. Sack after sack of the twenty-dollar, freshly-minted gold pieces were taken from the "robber-proof safe," which was supposed to be proof against just such an attack. But the Wells-Fargo Company had not reckoned with this band of men, who had been miners, and expert craftsmen, in their earlier days.

Cunningham said afterwards that the bandits, talking among themselves, said that they hoped the Wells-Fargo would get a safe that would require at least a bit of skilled work, in order to open it—that this one was as easy to get inside of as a grain sack.

The outlaws even took time to check over the sacks, noting the amounts contained, and then asked the messenger if \$41,000 was correct. He admitted that it was. Other valuables in the safe had not been molested.

But Davis was not satisfied—he had expected the shipment to be greater. So, he forced Cunningham to show him the records, and he carefully checked the amount with the shipping bills.

"I just wanted to be sure that we were taking all the gold coin that the Wells-Fargo Company is responsible for on this trip," Davis said.

"Throw the sacks out the door, men—follow orders to the letter," he went on. "Mister Messenger, I want to thank you for not giving us any trouble with this little job. Of course, it would have been very bad for us all, if we had been forced to kill you—and that is what would have happened to you, if you had not had sense enough to know when you were muzzled and helpless. Good night—and tell the Wells-Fargo that we will soon make another nice collection—that is, whenever

(Continued on page 74)

IT WILL TOUCH THE VERY PULSE-BEAT OF HUMANITY

THE FIRST

True Story PICTURE

TAKEN FROM TRUE STORY
MAGAZINE

Already Production Officials, Scenario Writers And Directors of FBO Are Engaged In Digging Deep Into The Human Well Of True Story Material To Unearth The One Pulsating And Poignantly Appealing Story That Will Be Made Into The First Picture By Them.

So Thorough Is The Search For This Story That When It Will Reach The Screens Of America's Leading Theatres, Motion Picture Fans Will Be Gripped With A Strong Realization That It Is Indeed More Than A Mere Motion Picture . . . It Is Destined To Be Like A Great Structure Of Humanity . . . Designed By Sacrifice And Love . . . Built By Privation And Happiness . . . And Occupied By The God Of Romance And The Fates Of Realism . . . It Will Be A Picture Of TRUTH . . . BEAUTY . . . SIMPLICITY . . .

*To be produced
and distributed
to the leading
theatres by.....*



TRUE STORY PICTURES,
Macfadden Building, N. Y. C.

TD

I am interested in the coming to my favorite theatre of the first True Story Picture to be made by FBO, and I am glad to submit my name and address along with the other thousands who will be anxious to see it.

Name

Street.....Town

My favorite theatre

Most Amazing INVENTION in 25 years "Cleans Up" for Agents



**FREE MACHINE
FOR AGENTS**

\$90

**WEEKLY IN
SPARE TIME!**

Men, here is a wonder—the most sensational invention of the age! If you're looking for a rapid fire seller—an item that nets you 100% profit—an item that sells itself to 7 out of 10 men on demonstration—I've got it in Ve-Po-Ad, the amazing new vest pocket adding machine!

Sells for \$2.95—You Make \$1.65

This most remarkable invention does all the work of a \$300 adding machine, yet fits the vest pocket and sells for only \$2.95! It sells on sight to storekeepers, business men, and everyone who uses figures—and makes you over 100% profit on every sale! Ve-Po-Ad does any kind of figuring in a jiffy, yet weighs but 4 oz. Counts up to a billion. Shows total visible at all times. Perfectly accurate, lightning fast. Never makes a mistake or gets out of order. Over 100,000 in daily use!

Get Your Machine FREE

Live wire salesmen are dropping everything else and flocking to Ve-Po-Ad. Ve-Po-Ad brings them quick money and lots of it. Shapiro out in California made \$475 in one week! You can "clean up" too! Only 10 sales a day in spare time will bring YOU over \$95.00 a week! You need no previous sales experience—Ve-Po-Ad sells itself! If you are really interested in earning a steady, substantial income, write at once for full details of my MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE VE-PO-AD given to new Agents. Do it NOW—TODAY!

C. M. CLEARY, Dept. 616

184 W. WASHINGTON ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Women Who Want Money

\$25 to \$70 a WEEK!



Want some money? Why not wear the wonderful new Lingerie "V" chain and show others in your community? Many earn \$5 to \$15 daily in delightful easy way. You do not need experience.

FREE PERFUMETTE OFFER
This is a lovely bit of jewelry women buy eagerly. Stops discomfort of slipping shoulder straps! Will not tear fabric! Perfumette style is marvelous new patented way to use perfume. Write for full information and Free Perfumette offer. No obligation.

LINGERIE "V" COMPANY
56 Oak, North Windham, Conn.



Is Your Blonde Hair Darkening?

—use this special shampoo

BLONDE hair is of such delicate texture that ordinary shampoos are very apt to dull its lustre, darken its color. Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only, keeps hair light and lovely, brings back the glint and sparkle to dull, faded hair. Not a dye. No harsh chemicals. Fine for scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores.

(Continued from page 72)

they have enough gold coin or bullion on their hands, to make it interesting for us."

The last of the money bags were passed out into the whirling snow, to the confederates at the door. Then the inside men, after cautioning Cunningham to remain quiet until the hind end of the train arrived, jumped from the car, closed it from the outside, and were almost instantly lost to view in the storm.

IN the meantime, the conductor had waited for several minutes, and then decided to investigate. He started for the front end of the train, to find the reason for the delay. Through the blinding snow, he and one of the brakemen walked toward where the engine and baggage-car should have been. They were dumbfounded at their discovery. The conductor made out landmarks along the track that told him he was about two miles from Hot Springs.

"Something is sure wrong," he said to the brakeman. "We will loosen up the brakes, and drop down slowly until we come to the engineer. I'll go on the front end, and you take the brakes in the middle of the train. Tell Jake to grind up on the last coach, if you feel me sliding the wheels. This grade is pretty steep, and we will have to be careful that the train doesn't get away from us. Wish this storm was over; then we could see ahead a bit, and not smash into anything, if something has gone wrong. The coupling-link is all right, but the pin is gone. That makes me think that the train did not break in two. Doggone such a night—and we were almost within reach of Reno, where we get our supper!"

A few moments later the dinky train began to move along, controlled by the winding and unwinding of the gear that was connected with the miniature brake-beams. Soon the conductor saw dancing lights through the murk, and knew he was nearing the stalled front end of the train.

It was about ten o'clock when the coaches caught up with the baggage-car and engine.

The engineer and firemen were busy removing the great pile of ties from the track. They were using all sorts of language. The fact that the ties were criss-crossed, and difficult to handle, made the engine crew all the more touchy.

Then the conductor came running up, and asked angrily and profanely for an explanation. The engineer's reply was more vigorous than explanatory. After a moment, however, the realization came suddenly to the conductor that the first train robbery had been committed.

He was aghast when the baggage-man told him that a masked band of perfectly drilled and very competent highwaymen had smashed into the Wells-Fargo safe, and had taken \$41,000 in gold coin.

The entire crew worked like Trojans, and soon had the barricade removed. During all the excitement, the mail-clerk had never heard a sound that would indicate anything unusual, and knew nothing of the stick-up until he was told the story by the crew when they arrived in Reno, at eleven o'clock!

AS soon as the Wells-Fargo agent at Reno received the report made by the conductor of the robbed train, he tele-

graphed the facts to the banks and to the Wells-Fargo agent at Virginia City. Then a message was sent to the Sheriff, at Washoe City, the county-seat. Telegraph messages in those days were received by means of a "register," a machine that recorded the dots and dashes of the Morse Code on narrow rolls of white paper. There were very few "receiving" operators; that is, men who could read the code from the sound.

The sheriff at Washoe City was Charley Pegge. The telegram about the robbery did not reach him until noon of the following day. Furthermore, it contained the incorrect statement that the train had been held up between Verdi and the town of Truckee, and that the robbers had taken to the hills southward from where the hold-up occurred.

Without organizing a posse, Pegge and Under-Sheriff James H. Kinkead immediately saddled their horses and started out to cover the passes and trails leading out of the section mentioned, which was miles from the actual scene of the crime. The two men circled, and cut all the known trails in that region. The molds of imprints on the old snow, covered by the new fall, were easy for these experienced men of the open to read—but they found no footprints of men or horses. The new snow was as smooth as uncut snow could be, and nothing showed except the tracks of wild animals—bobcats, mountain lions, and the small fur bearers. They combed every bit of ground for many weary miles of heart-breaking travel.

When the men returned to their office the next morning, they found other telegrams explaining in detail where the robbery had occurred. They were also notified that rewards totaling \$30,000 were offered by Wells-Fargo, the State of Nevada, and Washoe County, for the robbers, dead or alive.

The story of this first train robbery created a furore all over the United States. Eastern newspapers ran column after column about it. The press in England and Continental Europe was filled with the details of the crime. Staid periodicals departed from their dignified traditions, and gave space to the daring of the outlaws, and stressed the loss sustained by the Wells-Fargo.

JIM KINKEAD was twenty-seven years of age—a retiring, quiet, close-mouthed young man. He had a broad brow and magnificent head. The blue of his eyes, in repose, was the blue of Nevada skies—but those same eyes, under stress, would become the blue of a gun-barrel in the sunshine. He was a gentle man—a lover of the outdoors and of animals. He weighed only one hundred and forty pounds, but that weight was all lynx cat when in action.

Truly, Kinkead belonged to the high hills, as much as the wild things of the vast, uninhabited places. He had unusual courage, and was a natural detective. At that time there was no such thing as a stool-pigeon. An officer had to be a man of substance. He had to have "guts" and extraordinary cunning, to meet the army of bad men who thronged the frontier.

In later years Kinkead said that he always imagined himself in the exact place

and under the same circumstances as the men he was trying to track down. As a real, honest-to-goodness detective, he was a genius, and would have been internationally known, if he had but followed his natural bent for unraveling crime mysteries.

There is no tribute too great to pay to him. His achievements in Nevada stand as an everlasting monument to his memory. He was a perfect officer of the commonwealth, and it was undoubtedly due to his aggressiveness in pursuit of criminals that the sections policed by him—places where tragedy stalked, and men's lives were as a puff of wind—were made safe. The story that follows reads like melodrama, and if the facts were not so well established on the records, the yarn would certainly appear like Wild West fiction.

SADDLE-WORN and tired, Kinkead went into the Sheriff's office a short time after returning from his fruitless search to the south. There was determination written on his face. The glitter of the "Dead or Alive" rewards did not appeal to him. It was the man-hunt and capture that interested him.

"Sheriff, I want to go after these robbers myself," he said. "I will ride over to where they held up that train, and poke around for indications that may lead to something definite. It's only twenty or thirty miles to Hot Springs, and as the storm is letting up and the snow is melting in the valleys, there will at least be a chance to find footprints.

"In some ways," Kinkead went on, slowly, "this job looks like the work of Jack Davis, who has been smart enough to evade conviction so far. I've always thought he was the real leader of the road-agents that have pestered the roads leading into Virginia City for the past few years. Since the railroads came through, he has not been active, and from what I hear, he is broke again. His old crowd have been making their headquarters out at Antelope Station. I might take a look over in that direction, too."

"All right, Jim," the Sheriff told him. "I hate to see you go by yourself, although you have always worked alone, and have invariably been successful. If the job was done by Davis and his gang, you are taking your life in your hands when you try to bring them in. Of course, you are fast with a six-shooter—but so is Davis.

TO OUR READERS

Most of the contents of this magazine comes from leading newspaper men, detectives, and police officials. But we wish to make it plain that all readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES are invited to send in, for consideration, fact stories of crime which they deem are suitable for publication herein. In writing for this magazine, please stick to the facts. Decision on manuscripts submitted will be made as promptly as possible, and we will pay at our usual rates, for those accepted. Address: TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York City.



FREE
1 Regular Size
Vial

(of which more than 1,000,000 have been sold)

So positive are we that you will find Merke Derma Vials of wonderful help in ending dandruff and falling hair, and in stimulating *new* hair growth, that we offer you **PROOF** without obligation. Simply mail coupon for one regular size vial **ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

Hermetically Sealed



New Liquid Kills Germs
that cause
DANDRUFF AND FALLING HAIR

STOP worrying about hair troubles—dandruff, falling hair, approaching baldness! Here is a new kind of liquid, hermetically sealed in vials, that is ending dandruff and falling hair, and growing new hair for thousands everywhere.

This new treatment, perfected by the Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York, is based on countless experiments which prove that in an enormous number of cases hair troubles are caused by tiny parasitical germs.

These germs work down into the roots of the hair and render them dormant—inactive. As a result, with the roots unable to supply their vital nourishment, the hair soon becomes dry, brittle, lifeless—and begins to fall out.

Ordinary treatments fail because they merely treat the surface skin and have little or no effect on the harmful bacteria embedded below the surface. But this new treatment, called Merke Derma Vials, penetrates *beneath* the surface—kills the infecting germs—carries off the unhealthy scaly substances which cause dandruff and falling hair—at the same time promoting a healthy circulation which supplies the

dormant hair roots with the life-giving nourishment they so sorely need.

Extensive laboratory tests by one of the world's foremost research laboratories concluded with a report from which we quote: "The results indicate that the tonic *killed* the test organism (bacteria) in *less than three minutes*. The results also indicate that the tonic is capable of penetrating and preventing the growth of the test organism (bacteria)."

FREE—One regular size vial

Thousands of people from coast to coast are discovering Merke Derma Vials—the secret of new, lustrous, healthy hair. Now we welcome this convincing test. Simply take advantage of our generous free offer explained in the panel above, use Merke Derma Vial liquid yourself and see how remarkably helpful it is in ending dandruff and falling hair. Sign and mail coupon **TODAY**. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. D-1276, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. D-1276, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I'm willing to be convinced—without obligation on my part. Please send me one of the regular size Merke Derma Vials absolutely FREE and tell me how to use it.

Name

Address

City State.....

Gray Hair



1 You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.

2 Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. Clean... Safe. Takes 7 or 8 minutes.



3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

NO more dangerous "crude dyes." Instead, natural shade is called back to hair by clear, colorless liquid 100% safe, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Faded graying streaks disappear. Hair becomes live looking and lustrous. Stay easy to curl. Does not wash off.

This way embodies elements that take place of color pigment and give natural effect. Auburn hair reverts to auburn—black to black. Used by 3,000,000 women.

Send coupon for free test—or get bottle at drug store. Few cents' worth gives perfect restoration. Money returned if not amazed.

TEST FREE

Mary T. Goldman, 153-H Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn.....blonde.....[Print name]

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
Hair Color Restorer

Enlarged Nosepores, Pimples, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Sallow Complexion and other miserable local skin affections will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilety's A.B.A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night. A 3-oz. bottle sent on receipt of \$75. Address: M. Trilety, 102 W. U. Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.



Easy to Play to Pay

FREE Only a Buescher

Saxophone BOOK

Story of the Saxophone—pictures of all Buescher Models and many prominent professional players. Contains first lesson chart. Sent free.

Saxophone gives you these extra features—Snap-on Pads, greatest improvement, easy to replace, no cementing—Patented Automatic Octave Key—perfect Scale Accuracy—convenient key arrangement.

Be Popular Socially Earn Extra Money

playing a sweet-toned Buescher. 10 evenings—one hour each—will net you and please you. 6 days' trial. Easy payments. Mention any other instrument in which you are interested. (460)

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2525 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Be careful, and if you need any help, find some way to get word to me, and I will swear in a posse, and get to you a-gal-loping."

By the time Kinkead reached Hot Springs, it was well into the gray of the wintry evening. Making camp in the grove of cottonwoods, he unsaddled, built a shelter for his mount, gave him a good feed of grain, and then rolled himself in his blankets.

With the first dull lights of the morning, Kinkead cleared away the snow and started a fire to cook his meager breakfast. A few supplies were made to go a long way in those days of hard riding and dangerous travel. Within a few minutes he was on horseback, ready for the day's work.

Taking care of his mount, he began to slowly circle about. The sun came up, and the fleecy-light snow from the recent storm melted rapidly, leaving the ends of the ties bare along the railroad. He circled, and circled. There were no signs to show where any horses had been tied up—in fact, he could find no indication that any saddle-stock had been used by the gang of robbers in making their getaway!

HE was about to give up. Then the natural instinct of the man-hunter came to the fore. He traveled the ties for a short distance west. On one of them, where a bit of snow remained, he saw the imprint of a high-heeled boot. Further on, he found other tracks.

"Well, now I have something to follow!" he said to himself. "These heel-marks were made by fancy dressers. I bet the bandits were gamblers; perhaps Jack Davis himself was one of them."

He could make out the footprints of four men who started west. One of them wore brogans.

Figuring that the other members of the gang must have headed for Reno or the Comstock—likewise on foot—he turned back, and covered the old saddle-trail that followed close along the banks of the Truckee River. He was rewarded by finding a regular beaten path. He followed it down as far as Mayberry Bridge, a matter of a couple of miles.

Crossing the Truckee River, he saw that the tracks turned sharply to the right, up close along the stream, and into the dense growth, where there were many great boulders. Later he found the place where the robbers had taken the main road, heading for Reno.

Kinkead knew that \$41,000 in gold was too heavy to pack for any distance without animals. So, he set out to find the place where the loot was cached.

"If I were one of the bandits, where would I hide the money?" he asked himself. And the answer came to him promptly: "Why, in one of the many deserted prospecting tunnels along the Peavine Mountains and foot-hills. The cache is not far away—that's certain."

Then he remembered that a short tunnel had been driven in the granite monolith at Hot Springs by some old-timer. It was only a few hundred yards from the scene of the hold-up. That would be the logical place to hide the gold!

It still seemed likely to the officer that the job had been planned and executed by Davis, but he did not understand how it

happened that the resourceful and brainy leader had failed to have horses ready for his men.

"There sure was a hitch somewhere," Kinkead thought. "I bet that the outlaws who were to have the horses on hand, for the escape into the hills, misunderstood orders, or were confused as to the hour they were to be here—or else they figured that the robbery would not be pulled off in the heavy storm that was raging."

HE rode back to Hot Springs, dismounted, and walked toward the miniature mountain. The tunnel was on the north side, where the new snow still lay smoothly over everything. Sure enough, he easily read signs that showed conclusively that several men in high-heeled boots had passed that way.

With drawn gun, Kinkead peeked into the tunnel. At first, he saw only a tumbled pile of debris, old sacks, rusty tools, and bits of board. Candle drippings spotted the bottom and sides. Then his trained eye caught sight of footprints in the accumulated dust!

The dazzling sunlight on the snow outside intensified the contrast within. Under the heaped clutter, he found what he took to be the greater part of the stolen gold. Without disturbing the cache, he went outside again, and after long and careful scrutiny of the surrounding country, to see that there were no on-lookers, he removed the fortune in "yellow boys," carrying them to a crevice a few feet from the portal of the tunnel. He pulled the sage-brush over the sacks, completely hiding the money.

Returning to the tunnel, he made the cache appear as he found it. With a bit of sage-brush, he erased his tracks to where he had put the plunder, carefully dusted out his footprints in the tunnel, and, walking backwards, brushed snow into the tracks that he had made in approaching the tunnel.

These precautions were sufficient to safeguard the gold, he thought. It was not likely that the outlaws would return to that vicinity until they thought the hunt for them was over.

Kinkead was now ready to take up the trail of the four men who had walked along the railroad. Without additional grub, or feed for his horse, he started on the long, hard task. He had that uncanny sense of knowledge, and of perfect direction, that comes with long hours of deep study, when alone in an unbroken solitude.

Most of the snow from the recent storm had been melted by the thaw, but on the north side of the track it had not gone so fast. Here and there, along the way, the imprints of the high-heeled boots showed clearly.

When Kinkead was within a few rods of the bridge across Truckee River, where the bandits had cut the passenger-coaches loose from the engine and the baggage-car, he saw that the footprints left the railroad and crossed to the main wagon road, which led to the high cross-overs of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and on into California. No freight teams had passed over this road since the snow.

Leading his horse, the officer walked steadily on, always keenly watching the tracks made by the three men with the fancy boots and the man with the bro-

gans. It was no easy job. But Kinkead had the keen eye of the outdoors man; no disturbance in snow or soil deceived his unerring instinct.

THE tracks became a bit more distinct, as the hunter of men entered the rough, narrow freighting-road that led up Dog Valley Creek, thence over Dog Valley Summit, and down into the next valley, through which Sardine Creek runs. This trip was a heart-breaking journey at any time of year.

There was an overland road-house on Sardine Creek, called the Sardine Hotel, and Kinkead stopped there for the night.

A pioneer woman, whose name has long ago been forgotten, was in charge of the place. After she had made a meal for the tired and hungry officer, she told him, in answer to a query, that two nights previous, four men had arrived on foot. Three of them wore the clothing and the high-heeled boots of prosperous gamblers. They were too tired to eat even, and had gone to bed immediately. The three fancy fellows had started up Sardine Creek the next morning, without saying where they were headed for. The other man had been still in bed when they left.

"James Burke, heading a party of hunters, arrived along about nine o'clock, from Truckee," she volunteered. "The fellow that had come with the three gamblers heard them, and I guess he thought it was a posse after him. He dressed, and made for the brush. But Burke, who had heard of the train robbery, stopped the man, and herded him back here to the house, and has him under guard up-stairs. Burke is not an officer, but he took a chance that the fellow might be one of the outlaws."

Kinkead found Burke on his way to the timber, after deer. He called him back, and told him what he was after. They interviewed the prisoner, who proved to be a miner from Virginia City. Kinkead asked Burke to take the badly frightened young fellow on to Truckee, and turn him over to the officers there.

The woman proprietor gave a detailed description of the three "fine-looking" gamblers, and Kinkead was able to identify them as the "Three Jacks"—Jack Davis, the king-pin road-agent, and his two lieutenants, Jack Squires and Jack Parsons.

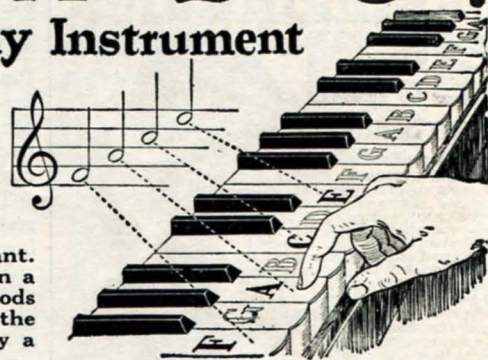
He knew then that he had a hard job ahead of him. Each of these outlaws was a wizard with either a six-shooter or a Derringer, and all three were ambidextrous in the use of firearms.

Squires had been known to kill. The other two men had never been charged with "undue" murders. They were dandies of the period—soft-spoken individuals, who never brawled or showed by word or deed their calling. But they were known as men whom it was best to leave absolutely and entirely alone, at all times and under all conditions! Squires was wanted by officers at Virginia City, the county-seat of Storey County, for stage robbery. It was well known, of course, that his hang-out was at Antelope. But the officers did not want him bad enough to make a pilgrimage into that nest of bad men.

IN the morning Under-Sheriff Kinkead rode through the desolate stretch of country, north to the head of Sardine

Easy as A-B-C!

You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!



Quickest because natural and pleasant. Grateful students say they learn in a fraction of the time old dull methods required. You play direct from the notes. And the cost averages only a few cents a lesson.

LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet, you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! A delightful new method has made it positively easy to become a capable performer within just a few months. And the cost is only a fraction of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a private teacher, this new way. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, with no one to interrupt or embarrass you. And, strange as it may seem, you'll enjoy every minute of it—because the new method is agreeable as well as rapid.

No Tricks or Stunts—You Learn from "Regular" Music

You don't have to know the first thing about music in order to begin. You learn to play from actual notes, just like the best musicians do. And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and understand it! You'll be able to read music, popular and classic, and play it from the notes. You'll acquire a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money (musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work).

Whether you like the piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you can now learn to play it in an amazingly short time. By means of this newly perfected method reading and playing music is made almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not entirely plain, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

The Surest Way to Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the musician who claims attention. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know. So don't miss this exceptional opportunity.

Pick Your Course

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

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon below. In the booklet you will find an offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a very low price. With it will be sent a Demonstration Lesson which shows better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful new method is. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 4396 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 4396 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 offer. I am interested in the following Course:

.....

Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....
(Please Write Plainly)

Address.....

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

There is no mystery about CARTOONING



ALL of the famous artists and cartoonists of this country are making thousands of dollars yearly from their pens.

They earned their success through years of work and tedious search for "the right way."

Today, the courses in Cartooning and Illustrating of the International School of Art, by showing you the short cuts, will save you years of work and bring success much sooner than if you stumble along alone.

These courses will not only teach you how to draw, but will also develop your originality. They are acknowledged to be among the best and most modern courses in Cartooning and Illustrating offered today.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF ART
Division of the
International Correspondence Schools, Dept. 3159-D, Scranton, Penna.
Please send me—free—your illustrated booklet which tells how I can succeed as a Cartoonist or Illustrator.

Name..... Address.....

Hawaiian Guitar

GIVEN

to our Students

This Hawaiian Guitar expert and professor wants the opportunity to welcome you as a student so you will quickly learn how to play Hawaiian Guitar—yes, you will be able to play just like the native Hawaiians. To get you started and help your musical success which will bring you popularity, you will receive a beautiful Hawaiian Guitar, the same as the one pictured, when you enroll. Our short cut method of instruction will enable you to play a piece almost from the first lesson. Rush coupon for full particulars today and we will reserve a Hawaiian Guitar for you.



Learn to Play Quickly

With our short cut method of instruction you will quickly learn how to play Hawaiian Guitar which will bring you popularity and social success. You learn to play from notes. If you never had any musical training, you will quickly get on, because our experts have perfected a course of home instruction which is as simple as learning A,B,C's.

PICTURE and PHONOGRAPH RECORD METHOD EASY We don't depend upon printed lessons only for your success, but we furnish pictures of our professors playing, diagrams, charts and phonograph records for each lesson. This practically brings our professors from our studio to your home and enables you to listen to their playing just as if they were actually in front of you. To prove this is easy, we will send you your first lesson free.

RUSH COUPON—Send No Money

So positive are we that you will become one of our students we will send free without obligation, our first lesson. Also receive our free big book which gives particulars about our course. Write for your free book and your free lesson today.

HAWAIIAN STUDIO No. 89068
of New York Academy of Music
100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please rush your free book, "How to Learn Hawaiian Guitar" and my first lesson. Also reserve a Hawaiian Guitar for me. This obligates me in no way whatever.

Name _____

Address _____

Skin Troubles

Cleared Up—often in 24 hours. You can be rid of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers' Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. **CLEAR-TONE** used since 1910 in the above conditions—simply magical in prompt results. Write today, get complete story of remarkable success of **CLEAR-TONE** and read the enthusiastic endorsements.

FREE Just send name for full particulars and Free Booklet, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN", that tells all about this quick, simple, easy way to CLEAR YOUR SKIN.
E. S. GIVENS, 536 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



\$1900 to \$2700 a year

Long vacations with pay. Work easy. Travel on fast trains with all expenses paid, including hotel. No worries about the future.

MY FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

You can get a job as Railway Postal Clerk, Post Office Clerk, City Mail Carrier, R. F. D. Mail Carrier, Postmaster, Forest Ranger, Internal Revenue and numerous other fine paying Government positions. If you are a citizen between 18 and 65 years, you can get a Government job in any Service Position. I'll show you how. Get the facts in my 48 page booklet. It is absolutely free. Write today.

PATTERSON SCHOOL, A. R. Patterson, Civil Service Expert, 1426 Wisner Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Creek, through drifts and across mill-tail, swift mountain streams. He crossed three divides, through unbroken primal timber. Deer were flushed from where they were feeding on the small-growth fir-tips. Civet-cats ran to their hide-outs. Pine marten scampered up into their hiding-places in hollow stumps, their little heads peeking out with curiosity. The mountain bluejays squawked their discordant cries.

The tracks showed that the men had rested frequently, and had taken turns at breaking the trail through the snow.

Topping the last divide, Kinkead was relieved to see the great valley of Sierra, far down, though still many miles away, across the unbroken, white expanse.

For three days and nights, with little sleep, but with indomitable will, he had followed his quarry. At ten o'clock on the third night he reached the valley, where there were a few scattered ranches. He hammered and yelled at a ranch house, awakened the folks, and inquired the direction to Loyalton.

After a much-needed rest for himself and mount, he asked that one of the men guide him on his way, as this part of California was new ground to him. But when he told of the hold-up and admitted that he was after the robbers, the rancher refused, saying he had not seen any train robbers and would have nothing to do with helping the officer.

A neighbor's boy came to the ranch early. He consented to guide the officer—after a good deal of coaxing, and the offer of a ten-dollar gold piece—with the understanding that he was to turn back, after having pointed out the landmarks from the top of the first divide, some miles away. They mounted, and the little chap kept his promise.

Kinkead arrived on the outskirts of Loyalton in the grim, quiet gray of the early winter morning.

There was but one hotel. He roused the owner, just as dawn broke. In the quiet of the barroom he made careful inquiries.

The proprietor, after hearing the description of the men Kinkead was after, gave him some misleading information, but admitted that a man who had arrived the night before, appeared to be very tired and trail-worn. Kinkead asked the proprietor to show him the room where this man was quartered.

"Listen, officer, I object to your looking through the rooms—and I will not show you the room where that man is sleeping. So, anything that you decide to do, I know nothing about. I have to go out, and take care of the stock in the barn. If outlaws even thought that I would assist an officer, I would not be on earth very long."

KINKEAD then started over the house. His noislessness was like that of one of the great cats. He was armed with 45

Colt revolvers, and had a heavy Sharpe's rifle, which he carried at the alert.

The door of one room was braced shut from the inside, and through the small crack Kinkead could see that a home-made chair was tilted up under the wooden knob. As carefully, quietly, and painstakingly as an Indian, the officer worked his Bowie knife through the crack, between the door and jamb, and for a half hour diligently and silently pried the chair from under the cleat. Then he entered the room.

The man was sound asleep, dead to the world after the hardship of breaking trail across miles and miles of snow and streams and rugged mountains—in an effort to gain sanctuary and to be free from suspicion in connection with the train robbery.

With gliding stealth, Kinkead reached the head of the bunk and removed two six-shooters from under the coats that were used for a pillow.

On the floor, beside the bed, was a pair of boots with high heels. The officer took time to make measurements—and they checked with one of the boot-marks that he had followed!

The clothing indicated that the man was one of the fancy gamblers who frequented the big gambling-places throughout the zone radiating from Virginia City. Kinkead could not see his face, as it was turned toward the wall. He then searched the sleeper's clothing and found quite a stake in freshly minted golden double eagles. The sack holding the money was the same as had been taken from the Wells-Fargo strong-box.

The officer was all set for anything that might happen when he aroused the man to place him under arrest and put the handcuffs on him. He was almost convinced that he had Jack Davis himself to deal with, or perhaps Jack Parsons or Jack Squires—all three were tigers in a fight of any kind. These three men were known on the frontier as "Three Jacks, that no other hand could fill."

Tense, crouching, legs well apart, Kinkead touched the sleeping man on the shoulder and then leaped back toward the door.

With the Sharpe's rifle cocked and close against his hip, ready to fire, he said with a snap, "Hey there! get up!"

Kinkead has cornered a man who would rather die than submit to arrest. But, more than that, he is thereby marking himself for destruction at the hands of Davis' gang of desperate gunmen! You will be amazed at the cool nerve of this soft-spoken officer who is ready to face a dozen outlaws, on their own terms! This is the true story of the most thrilling man-hunt ever undertaken by one man. It is completed in the July issue of **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**—on the news-stands June 15th.

Ghosts With a Mission

You are accustomed to ghosts who terrify mortals but have you ever thought that, in nearly every case, the apparition has returned to earth to fulfill some mission of benefit to the living?

In the July issue of **GHOST STORIES**—a Macfadden publication—you will find a wide selection of thrilling stories in which the above note has been struck.

Do not miss it, 25c per copy, on all news-stands the 23rd of May.

The Thief of the Three Charms

(Continued from page 54)

the almost needless farce of an explanation. I told Mr. Vincent exactly what I had told the sergeant, and frankly admitted having asked that individual not to report the affair, further stating that if Romovitch was still in London, I felt sure that he would be able to throw the right light upon the circumstances. I couldn't believe that Romovitch knew that the notes were stolen ones, as he seemed too sincere and too anxious to go out of his way to show his obligation to me, to warrant my entertaining any suspicion of that kind.

Romovitch was accordingly hunted for, and fortunately was found just as he was about to return to Russia. A few hours more, and I should have missed the opportunity of being able to clear up the doubts and suspicions which seemed to be showering upon me pretty thickly. Romovitch, of course, as I anticipated, soon made it very clear to Mr. Vincent that the note was intended solely for my wife—that he himself had given it in the manner exactly as I had stated.

After testifying to this on affidavit, and relieving his mind pretty freely in some Russian of a still stronger description at the expense of the Chief and everybody concerned with the "Yard," from the highest to the lowest, he left the office with an indignant look which would have cowed anybody except those concerned.

The testimony of Romovitch had some effect upon my superiors. But I was not allowed to go without punishment. I was offered the degrading option of retaining the £100, which, rightly speaking, belonged solely and exclusively to my wife, and leaving the service, or to hand over the £100, together with the whole of the gratuity I had hitherto received in the case.

These conditions made me feel intensely indignant, as my past record with the service seemed to merit better treatment. However, I managed to keep control of my feelings, and, with the regard due to my future, I accepted the latter option, and went off to my duty, humbled, injured, and disgusted.

It was very evident that the authorities themselves were a little ashamed of their harshness. A few days afterwards, I was once more called before Mr. Howard Vincent, who informed me that £200 would be invested for me in the New Three Per Cents., and I should receive the yearly interest thereon as long as I remained in the service. I was grateful to the Chief Commissioner (for whom I have the highest possible respect, and who, I am sure, would never knowingly permit a wrong to be done to any member of the force, in whatever capacity he might be employed), for this modification of my punishment, which was everything to me when my character and promotion were so concerned.

The reader may wonder how it came to be that the stolen note should have reached, above all others, me, a detective. It happened thus: The theft of a large number of Bank of England notes had oc-

Reduce Where You Want to Reduce

Discovery of infiltrating oxygen reducing cream—quickly and safely banishes double chins, and slenderizes big hips, fat waists, legs and arms.

ANY woman or man who wants to take off fat on any part of the body can now do so quickly and safely. There is no question about this. It is a proved fact.

The discovery of oxygen reducing cream was purely accidental. A great New York doctor asked three of the ablest Colloidal Chemists in New York to try to find a remedy for chronic skin troubles. (Colloidal chemistry is one of the latest developments in chemical science.) These Colloidal Chemists prepared an infiltrating cream which would liberate oxygen when absorbed through the skin. They discovered that whenever the part to be treated was fat, this excess weight quickly disappeared. Reducing tests were then made on fat people with amazing results. One woman reduced her neck one inch in a few treatments; another two inches. Still another took off twenty-nine pounds in six weeks. Equally successful results were had in reducing fat waists; arms, legs, and hips. So safe is Viaderma, as it is called, that it has the approval of chemists and physicians who oppose all other methods of quick fat reduction.

Viaderma is a golden brown cream, which is rubbed rapidly on the skin. You see the cream disappear at once, leaving a clean white foam on the skin surface. The penetrating cream carries oxygen to the fatty tissues and in a few days' time, this oxygen gradually melts away the excess fat. You get definite results from a single jar which contains an 18 days' supply. Get full information at once. Mail coupon today.

No Medicines,
No Starvation
Diet—
No Dangerous
Exercise



COLLOIDAL CHEMISTS, Dept. 124

27 West 20th St., New York City

Without obligation, please send me complete information about Viaderma, oxygen reducing cream.

Name

Address

City State



Develop Your Bust!

Our Scientific method highly recommended for quick easy development

LA BEAUTE CREME
for improvement of bust, neck, face arms and legs

Used with great success by thousands. Inexpensive, harmless, pleasant. Successful results or money refunded. Full particulars and proof (sealed) free. Write for special offer TODAY.

LA BEAUTE STUDIOS
857-ZD, Hamilton Terrace, Baltimore, Md.

Transform Your Skin to Magic Beauty

By the "New Process" Almost over Night



TRIAL COSTS NOTHING
No smudgy clays, suffocating masks, steamspots, powders, creams, bleaches, or false make-ups. No acids, dangerous chemicals, or pain; harmless to the most delicate skin. Entirely "New PROCESS." Patented in U. S. A. Applied in the secrecy of your home, pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores, liver spots, freckles, tan, blemishes and signs of approaching age are gone!—Sometimes almost over night. Write for FREE COMPOUND—BEAUTY BOOK with Sworn Proofs. Newlins Co., Dept. 610, Hyde Park Sta., Los Angeles, Calif.



Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

STEADY WORK—NO LAYOFFS—PAID VACATIONS
Many Government Jobs Open to Women
Common Education Sufficient

\$158⁰⁰—\$225⁰⁰ Month
SEE YOUR COUNTRY

Mail Coupon Before You Lose It

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. C-234
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge—copy of 32-page book, "How to Get U. S. Government Jobs," with lists of positions obtainable and full particulars telling how to get them.

Name

Address



Only 10 Cents
NO MORE TO PAY

Not More Than One to a Customer

SPECIAL ADVERTISING OFFER: For only 10 cents to help pay for postage and handling, we will send to any reader a full carat size Austrian Diamond—the world's finest. Simulating genuine gems, they are simply dazzling in their vivid play of rainbow fire, shooting their electric blue-white flashes in every direction at your slightest move. Only a perfect gem with 32 diamond cut facets is able to provide this dazzling display of fire. Even experts are astounded! You will be more than delighted with its value and beauty.

BIG PAY FOR YOUR SPARE TIME!
To our first customer in each locality we offer an unlimited money-making opportunity. Write today! This offer is necessarily limited!
NATIONAL JEWELRY CO.
24 E. 21 St., Dept. A-24, New York

NATIONAL JEWELRY CO., Dept. A-24,
24 East 21 Street, New York.
I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps). Send me a full carat size Austrian Diamond as advertised. (Nothing more to pay—nothing to buy or sell.)
Name.....
Address.....

AT LAST! A New, Easy Way To LEARN AUTOS AT Home



EARN UP TO \$100 a WEEK

Say goodbye to low pay. Get into the Auto Business, where big pay—extra money—raises come quick! A brilliant future awaits you in the World's Biggest Business! Earn up to \$100 a Week. Send coupon for Free Auto Book! See how I train you right at home, in every branch of auto work. Learn how I prepare you, quickly and easily, for the Big Job, paying up to \$100 a week—and more!

Open Auto Shop
My Free Book tells how men make extra money while training, and then go into business with no further capital. It's the Training that counts, and it is complete training that I give you.

4 Working Outfits
I train you the new, easy and practical "Job-Way." I give you actual Auto Jobs to do, and I give you the tools and equipment too!

Common Schooling All You Need
Men between 15 and 60 with very little education are becoming Garage Owners, Superintendents, Foremen. Whether you have had years of Auto experience, or never touched a car before, send for this Free Book now. I'll show you the quick way to get in line for real success in the Auto Business!

Get the Facts!
Learn about my Employment Service—Consultation Service. See how I help you get the good jobs. Send for this remarkable Free book. Clip coupon now!

COMPLETE AVIATION TRAINING FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

MAIL THIS FOR FREE BOOK

B.W. COOKE
Directing Engineer
Chicago Motor Training Corp.
1916 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. A55, Chicago

Send at once your FREE BOOK "Auto Facts," Also full particulars of "Job Way" Training, 4 Outfits Offer and Aviation Training Offer. No obligation on my part whatever.

Name

Address

Occupation Age

LATEST STYLE WRIST WATCH
Direct from Switzerland



FULL JEWELLED MOVEMENT PLATINOID or White Gold Finish

This fully guaranteed dainty Ladies' Watch cannot be manufactured in America for less than \$12.00. Beautifully engraved case and dial. Send No Money. Pay on delivery \$3.99 plus postage. "FEDCO" U. S. Swiss Agents, 561 Broadway, New York City, Dept. L256

DO YOU WANT



AN ORIENTAL HOROSCOPE THAT IS A FASCINATING AND MYSTERIOUS GAME!
It will tell your lucky month, days, birthstone, partnership, love, marriage, etc. ANYBODY can use it instantly. Send birthday date and 25 cents to the

25c

CRYSTAL BALL CO.
27 E. 22nd St., N. Y. C., Dept. 96

curring in the city, and the robber had managed to change a number of them for French ones at the office of a well-known money-changer, near the Royal Exchange.

Romovitch, I learned, had been to precisely the same place at the recommendation of the solicitors, Messrs. Ward and Stavemhoff, whom he had again called on, after Borowski's departure, seeking further advice from them. When he regained possession of his property, he had it placed in safe custody, with the exception, of course, of the money he required for his immediate wants. This he had in Russian ruble notes, and he, to make Mrs. Moser the present, exchanged some of them to the value of the £100. He was handed one of the stolen notes, and, the numbers being known to the firm who had been robbed, the tracing of their whereabouts was a very simple matter.

When things got nicely into working order again, and I felt affairs with my

brother officers once more smooth, all suspicions allayed and doubts removed, I breathed freely. I have often considered this case one of the most difficult and trying, considering all its bearings, that I ever had to contend with, and I sincerely hope that it may never be the lot of any of those at present at Scotland Yard to have to undergo the mental and physical strain which I had to undergo during that three months.

Romovitch returned to Russia as he had intended, but, after his experience in England, he took good care not to carry bags containing bonds or like valuables, about with him. I heard occasionally from the old man in the months that followed, and he frequently referred to the matter of the reward, always concluding his letters with some facetious comment upon the Scotland Yard authorities, whom he looked upon with something approaching, if not disgust, at least pity.

Trapping Boston Billy

(Continued from page 24)

learned that he knew Williams by the name of James Francis Monahan and that they had been boys together in Worcester, Massachusetts. That's all I need to tell you—it's all I know that'll help you. I quit the night-club racket and got a job as nursery governess. I don't want to lose that job, and I don't want my mother bothered—so, that's why I've come to you."

And not another item could the District Attorney get out of her, except that she hadn't seen Monahan for a year, and hadn't the slightest idea where he was or with whom he chummed around.

"Say, King, that girl certainly knows her Broadway," Mr. Edward said, after she had left. "She's hard as nails, but I believe if she really knew anything about Williams, she would tell, for she's sore as the devil at him for bamboozling her."

"Well, I'll give Manhattan Headquarters a ring, and see if they know anything about a James Francis Monahan, of Worcester, Massachusetts," I said. "It may be only another alias, or it may be that the man hasn't a police record. But Barry's friend, Mrs. King, intimated that she suspected he had."

Here we got a lucky break. The Broadway lady, to get rid of our surveillance, had placed a valuable largess in our hands. James Francis Monahan, we learned, was wanted as a fugitive from justice by the sheriff of Worcester County, from whose custody he had escaped in 1921. He had received a sentence of eight to ten years for larceny, passed by Judge Webster Thayer, who, it will be recalled, was the judge who sat at the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti.

WHEN this information was broadcast, the authorities of Westchester notified us that they were seeking Monahan for murder, and the police of two other States came to us with the same charge against him. Thus it happened that the true identity of Boston Billy was learned from another source than Barry, who had kept silent on that point.

Meanwhile, Crowley had been busy checking up on the gentleman burglar in

Key West. In the next morning's mail, I received an interesting report, which in itself would form the basis of a regular "Boston Blackie" story. It read as follows:

Williams, known down here as James Francis Drake, cut a big swath in this community. He posed as a wealthy diamond broker, and was lavishly entertained by the best people. It was his intention, he confided to them, to locate down here and open a big jewelry store. He had an extensive wardrobe and a great collection of golf-sticks. He played a golf game in the low 80's with professionals and in many of the tournaments. Mamma's in prominent circles regarded him as a good match, and he could have had his pick of the Florida peaches.

When he left Key West, the town band escorted him to the station! Miss Brookes belongs to a very fine family, and when it was rumored that she was engaged to the dashing "Drake," she was greatly envied by all the other girls. While here, he was regarded as a Beau Brummell.

CROWLEY.

For several reasons, Crowley decided not to make Miss Brookes' acquaintance in Key West, although he could have done so easily, as he was armed with letters of introduction. He figured—correctly—that if she was convinced that Drake was a faker, she would naturally remain at home—and we needed her assistance! So he made no effort to "rope" her until the two were aboard ship, en route to New York. Then he arranged with the dining-room steward to give him the seat next to Miss Brookes at table. Thus, with the easy camaraderie of life aboard ship, they naturally fell into conversation. With her consent, his deck-chair was later placed alongside of hers, and their acquaintance blossomed under the friendly spell of a tropical moon.

IN the afternoon of the second day out, a deck steward brought her a radiogram. With a murmured excuse to her companion, she tore it open and read it.

Whatever its contents were, they appeared to disconcert her greatly. Before its receipt, she had been talking with animation and gaiety—but immediately her spirits were quite squelched, and for several moments she sat silent and thoughtful.

"No bad news, I hope?" Crowley inquired with deep concern.

"Oh, no. Not exactly," she answered. "It's just a little disappointment—nothing serious. A friend who was to meet me at the pier has radioed me that he'll be unable to be there."

"Glad it's nothing worse," Crowley said cheerfully. "I hope you'll let me be of any possible assistance. Anyway, there are no complications and red tape attached to these coastwise trips. It's just like debarking from a ferry-boat."

So he talked on, in order to give her time to recover. But in a few minutes she excused herself, and went below.

Crowley immediately sought the Captain and the radio operator, and disclosed his identity. He was permitted to read the message, and immediately relayed it to me.

The following day, Miss Brookes seemed to have recovered, and Crowley proceeded to gain her confidence more securely. Without any obvious effort, he brought the conversation around to Drake by mentioning a fictitious friend who was a big jeweler in Maiden Lane.

"Oh, I have a friend, a very dear friend, who is a diamond broker. I wonder if you know him—James Francis Drake?" she asked, blushing. "As a matter of fact, he was the man I was going to meet. He's very wealthy, and wants me to marry him."

Drake evidently had very luxurious ideas about what would make a wife happy. Miss Brookes detailed the town and country homes, the automobiles, yachts, and so on, that were to be hers for the taking.

Then a second radio message arrived, and again put a damper on her spirits.

"Radiograms are so short. Their messages always seem to be so—well, cryptic," she said. "But you didn't tell me—do you know my friend, Mr. Drake?"

"Yes, I've heard of him," Crowley replied, "though I've never met him. Here comes the steward with tea and toast. You'll have some, won't you?"

AS the conversation had been turned, Miss Brookes could not very well bring it back to Drake without seeming to gush—and she wasn't the gushing sort of a girl. There were too many people about at that time for Crowley to burst her pretty bubble.

He waited until night, after dinner. Then he led her to the rail, selecting a spot some distance from other couples.

"Miss Brookes, I'm a detective," he told her. "I came aboard this boat specially to meet and talk with you. I'm attached to the Nassau County Police Headquarters—"

"To talk with me!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "For goodness sake, what for?"

"You asked me if I knew James Francis Drake?" he repeated slowly. She nodded, her large, dark eyes looking at him wonderingly. "Well, I came aboard to meet you, because I knew you regarded him as a friend—but that you did not know

Please, John Lose 20 lbs. as I Did

Why should not men as well as women keep their figures, their health, their vitality? Excess fat blights both alike. And normal conditions are as easy for one sex as the other.



About 30 years ago German science discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in a gland deficiency which science can supply. Physicians the world over now treat obesity in this modern way.

That method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Note the results in every circle. Ask your friends about them. Slender figures are many times as common as they were.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised, but moderation helps.

Correct the cause. Simply take four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

A pamphlet in every package gives the formula complete. Also the reasons for the many good results. This is done to ward off any fear of harm.

Consider that Marmola has, for 20 years, been winning what you want. In an easy, pleasant way. Don't you think it time to learn how much this scientific method means to you and yours?

The cost is a trifle. You would gladly give many times as much for what a normal figure means. Then learn how easily people get it.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets

The Pleasant Way to Reduce

★ WORK FOR UNCLE SAM ★

Railway Postal Clerks, City Mail Carriers, Rural Carriers
City Postal Clerks, General Clerks

\$1140 to \$3300 a Year

Steady, Short Hours—Long Vacations With Pay
MEN—WOMEN 18 OR OVER
Mail Coupon immediately—today sure.
Don't delay.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. C-229
(Not connected with U. S. Government)
Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Rush to me, entirely without charge, 32 page book with list of U. S. Government big paid positions obtainable and sample coaching. Advise me also regarding the salaries, hours, work, vacation and tell me how to get a position.

Name.....
Address.....

One Year To Pay

No. A169—\$62
\$2 Deposit—\$1.25 A Week
7 fine quality, genuine blue-white diamonds are set in solid platinum disk shaped like solitaire. Diamond platinum cluster set in latest style, engraved 18 kt. solid white gold mounting. Two dark sapphires add to beauty.
Guaranteed
10 Days Trial

No Red Tape

SEND NO MONEY After you get the ring, pay only \$2.00 to the postman. If you keep it, pay only \$1.25 a week for one whole year. **Don't bother writing a letter.** Just pin this ad to a piece of paper with your name and address.

Take Money Back 10 days **GUARANTEE** to de-
GUARANTEE side. If you are not satisfied that the ring is the biggest bargain you ever got, return it and we will refund every cent you paid. All credit dealings kept strictly confidential. No needless delay.

PRICE CUT to \$62—WORTH \$100
You now can buy this gorgeous ring at the wholesale price. Compare it with similar rings at \$100. We guarantee it to stand any test or comparison. Greatest bargain offered by any Diamond Importer. **We allow 8% annual increase** in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

Write for Our catalog \$1.97.00 gives complete information about weights and grades of blue-white diamonds, starting at remarkably low price of \$197. a ct. Agents Wanted—Write for Details

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.
Diamond Importers—\$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879
1540 BROADWAY, DEPT. 2480, NEW YORK

"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"



"AND I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on one! For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have style!"

Wherever you live, you can learn at home in spare time to make your own clothes and hats at great savings, or earn \$20 to \$10 a week. The Woman's Institute will show you the secrets of designing, cutting and fitting that make the professional dressmaker so successful.

Just mail the coupon and we will gladly tell you all about the Woman's Institute and its courses in Dressmaking and Millinery.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 90-F, Scranton, Pa.

Without cost or obligation, please send me complete information about your home-study course in the subject I have checked below:

- Home Dressmaking Millinery
 Professional Dressmaking Cooking

Name.....
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



Only 28 years old and earning \$15,000 a year

W. T. CARSON left school at an early age to take a "job" in a shoe factory in Huntington, W. Va., at \$12 a week.

He worked hard and long and he had greater handicaps than you will ever have. But he refused to quit. He made up his mind that he was going to get ahead in a big way and nothing could swerve him from that resolve.

Today W. T. Carson is owner and manager of one of the largest battery service stations in West Virginia with an income of \$15,000 a year.

He gives full credit for his success to the International Correspondence Schools and says he still refers to the I. C. S. text-books. Just a few months ago the faculty of a large college in West Virginia called him in to demonstrate the principles of battery construction to a class in electricity. That shows how thoroughly he understands his work.

If the I. C. S. can smooth the way to success for men like W. T. Carson, it can help you. If it can help other men to win promotion and larger salaries, it can help you.

At least find out by marking and mailing the coupon printed below. It won't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to ask for full particulars, but that one simple little act may be the means of changing your entire life.

Surely, W. T. Carson wouldn't be earning \$15,000 a year today if he hadn't found out about the I. C. S. when he did.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

"The Universal University"
Box 3157-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting and C.P.A. | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coaching | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work | <input type="checkbox"/> Magazine and Book |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

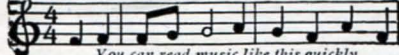
Name.....

Street Address.....

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

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

MUSIC LESSONS IN YOUR HOME



You can read music like this quickly

Write today for our FREE BOOKLET. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. Your only expense about 2c per day for music and postage used.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of MUSIC 88 Manhattan Building, Chicago



Moles

HOW TO BANISH THEM

A simple, safe, home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

W. M. DAVIS, M. D., 124-C Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

James Francis Drake is the alias of a notorious thief. He is the man known as Boston Billy, whom the police are looking for. You've heard of him, haven't you?"

THERE was a sickening silence. For a moment or two, it looked as if the girl was about to faint. Her face appeared deathly pale in the moonlight.

"Why, I'm sure you must be mistaken," she stammered at length very coldly. "Everybody of importance in Key West met our friend, Mr. Drake, and they just couldn't have been mistaken in him."

As briefly and as gently as he could, Crowley gave the girl all the details of the case, and how and why he was sure that James Francis Drake and Boston Billy Williams were one and the same.

"I don't ask you just to trust my word for it, little girl," he said. "Ask the Captain. He knows who I am. Or ask him to radio to the District Attorney at Mineola. I know you must feel awful, but I had to let you know this before we reached New York."

So stunning was the shock that, for a while, she listened in silence. To back up his statement, Crowley showed her his credentials.

"And I'll tell you why Drake is not going to meet you," he finished. "It's because, somehow or other, he has gotten wind of the fact that we're to be there on the chance of meeting him."

"No, no, I can't believe it," she said finally. "I just know Mr. Drake is not a criminal. Why, it's perfectly ridiculous! He met our chief of police and all the authorities in Key West. He couldn't have fooled them. Now, please excuse me—I'm going below, and I'll have my deck-chair changed tomorrow morning."

"Just a minute, please, Miss Brookes," Crowley said. "Think it all over carefully. You had only a post-office address of Drake, didn't you," he suggested, firing a shot in the dark. Her silence was sufficient affirmation. "And your last letter was addressed to Ronkokoma and was delivered to Otto Becker, Arthur Barry's chauffeur—Barry, the self-confessed thief and accomplice of Boston Billy. I'm awfully sorry I had to be the one to tell you, but you are far too wonderful a girl to get mixed up with a crook." She shuddered at the word. "Think it all over. I'm sure you'll realize I'm telling you the truth and you'll be on our side to help us all you can. Now, let me help you down below."

One of those sudden summer storms had sprung up. The sea, which had been smooth as a lily pond, was rising into deep swells, and the boat was rolling heavily. So shaken, however, was the girl that she walked as if in a dream, and took Crowley's assistance without a word.

The next morning she remained in her stateroom. It wasn't until after luncheon that she came on deck. Then she joined Crowley. He knew by the determined look in her eyes—that Drake had lost.

IN spite of the radiograms, I had a hunch that Monahan would be at the dock when Miss Brookes arrived. His "official photograph," taken from the rogues' gallery, was not much to go by, it is true, but we had managed to secure some splendid snapshots in the King apartment in New York City. These last had been

carefully scrutinized, and the features memorized, by the men assigned to cover the arrival of the vessel.

Disguised as longshoremen and taxi-drivers, they watched the crowd that was waiting for the passengers to come ashore.

Miss Brookes was escorted down the gangway by Crowley, and was whisked away to the home of her friend in Maplewood, New Jersey, in a car driven by Detective Hurley. Billy did not meet her. That was all there was to that. Again, he had left us holding the bag—but we still had it ready, waiting for him!

Telephones, telegraph offices, Maplewood depot, and the road outside the home of Miss Brookes' hostess were carefully covered. Two weeks passed—but no sort of a communication came from James Francis Monahan, alias Billy Williams, alias James Francis Drake.

By this time, the insurance company had offered \$5,000 reward for the arrest of Boston Billy; Barry had pleaded guilty and had been sentenced to twenty-five years in Sing Sing; Mrs. Anna King was still out on bail as a material witness; and Otto Becker and Barry's brother had been completely exonerated and returned to their normal occupations.

On discovering the true identity of Williams, detectives learned the names and addresses of the various members of his family, and made plans to keep a close watch on their homes—for, family affection, strange to say, is a familiar trait among criminals. No matter how hard-boiled and unscrupulous crooks may be, the home of parents or of a sister or brother seems to draw them like a magnet.

All in all, we contrived to weave quite a comprehensive net. Private detectives and members of the local police staffs were on the alert every minute, but the days went by without a sign of our big fish.

Miss Brookes returned home, and though she had aided us in every way, we learned little.

IT was on the morning that Lindbergh made his triumphant return to America that the Chief of Police in New London, Connecticut, called me up on the telephone and gave us the first red-hot tip we had received for some time.

"I was talking with a prominent New England business man last night about this Monahan who is 'wanted,' and who has a brother living in this vicinity," he told me. "This man says that a chap going by the name of James Francis Thayer has been making quite a splash around here—claims to be the son of Judge Thayer, the man who sentenced Monahan years ago. I haven't questioned this Thayer, nor had a good look at him, because I don't want to put him on his guard. But I know that he has a scar over his left eye, as was mentioned in the circular. That and his acquaintance with the Monahan who lives here—and who isn't the sort to have associates in the Thayer circle—make me believe this might be your man."

I thought so, too. Thanking him, I rang off, after having written down the name and address of the business man who had given the information.

Immediately I got in touch with Spencer, who had furnished me with the name of Boston Billy, in the first place.

"I'm going to send Hurley up there," I informed him, "and he and you can work on it together if you like. There certainly seems to be something in this."
 "Unless Billy wriggles out of it," Spencer retorted rather skeptically. "He's a regular human eel. I'll telephone the man who's watching the brother's place, and tell him to 'tail' this Thayer at once but not to 'make a collar.' And I'll leave for New Britain on the next train."

Hurley and Spencer dispatched, I then called up the New Britain business man who had talked with the Chief of Police at New London, and made an appointment for him to meet the detectives that evening.

They found him to be a typical prosperous business man, with keen eyes and a humorous mouth, well dressed in rather loud summer attire. He was reading a local paper when they met him in the hotel lobby. Spencer suggested that they retire to the privacy of his room for their conversation. The man readily agreed, and the three ascended to the detective's quarters on the fifth floor.

SPENCER seated himself on the bed, while offering his guests the only two chairs the room afforded.

After all three had lighted cigars, he asked:

"What makes you think this Thayer is Boston Billy?"

"Well, there's something damned mysterious about him," the business man said slowly. "It wasn't any detective work on my part—we both know the same girl. She's a nurse, and she lives at Sound View. She told me she met this Thayer fellow in New York last winter under another name, and she said laughingly—but, I guess, half in earnest, too—that maybe he was Boston Billy. Next time I met him, I looked to see if he had a scar over his eyebrow, as the papers said he had—and, sure enough, it was there! Whatever you do, though, don't let on to the girl that I told you."

Hurley took out a note-book, and jotted down the name and address of the girl, whom we will call Hazel Parish. It would not be fair to give her real name.

Then he asked, "Where does Thayer live?"

"I don't know," the man replied. "Miss Parish said he lived at some hotel, but she didn't remember the name—at least, she said she didn't. He's a great sport, dresses mostly in golf clothes during the day, and is usually carrying a bag of golf-clubs. He drives a new coupé. He seems to have plenty of money, and spends like a drunken sailor."

Hurley and Spencer soon terminated the interview, explaining that they had to get right on the job and see if there was anything to support his suspicions.

"What do you think?" Hurley asked, when the guest had left the room.

"There may be something in it," Spencer said, with a grin on his face. "How did our business man's motive strike you?" "Jealousy?" Hurley inquired.

Spencer nodded. "They're both making a play for the same girl, of course, and he wants to make it a bit uncomfortable for his rival—which is pie for us, if the rival is Boston Billy!"

A telephone call to the Chief of Police elicited the information that he didn't

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn \$150 a Week

Take orders for this wonderful suit at \$9.95



If you're looking for a real chance to make big money, get in touch with me quick. I'll prove that you can make \$75.00 a week in spare time—up to \$150 a week in full time. All you do is follow my simple instructions, help me introduce my new \$9.95 suit, and clear \$18 to \$30 a day for just a few hours' easy, pleasant work. I guarantee steady employment—show you how to make big profits the very first day. You risk nothing. Keep present job and try in spare time. Spare time workers clear \$40 to \$75 a week. Don't miss this chance.

\$410 PROFIT in 2 Weeks

With my Profit-Sharing Plan, A. M. Stone cleared \$410.95 in 2 weeks. Think of it! \$205 a week for easy, short-hour work. Prentiss, Mass., made \$945 first month. Brooks, N. Y., \$90 in a single day. Pate, S. C., reports \$9 profit in half hour after supper. Vance, Mich., took 9 orders in 11 calls. Cooper says \$500 a month is easy. You can make this big money. Get the facts that prove it.

down to only \$9.95. This amazing suit is a permanent, year-round money-maker. Two minute demonstration gets the order. You pocket profit on the spot. I deliver and collect.

COMPLETE Selling OUTFIT—FREE! Send no Money!

No Experience Needed

You invest nothing in my proposition. You need no capital, training or experience. Every man a prospect for my bargain suit. Made of new kind of cloth. Almost impossible to rip, snag, tear or burn it. Newest patterns. Latest styles. Yet huge production brings cost

If \$18 to \$20 a day—\$75 to \$120 a week looks good to you, get full particulars at once. No cost or obligation. Just send letter or post card. I supply everything you need, with full, complete instructions. Also Sample Suit FREE to workers. Remember—send no money. Just your name and address. But act quick. This means cash. Write today—now—to C. E. Corner, Pres., The Corner Mfg. Co., Dept. SZ-330, Dayton, Ohio.



TRAPPED!

...\$5000 reward for him and you've got the drop!

Think of the thrills—the romance—the big easy money for you as a detective—a master in the field. All can be yours. Experience unnecessary. Complete details FREE. Write at once!
 Continental Service System
 Box 81-TD Waukegan, Illinois

WRIST WATCH GIVEN!

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

Snappy model, keeps perfect time. Guaranteed 5 years. Write for 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve. Sell at 25c box. Wrist watch with strap each commission as per plan in Big Catalog we mail with Salve. Send only name and address.
 U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. GS31, Greenville, Pa.

YOU CAN'T HAVE "IT"!

If your teeth are stained and discolored
BLEACHODENT YOUR TEETH

LIQUID—Softens and loosens the stained substances
PASTE—Gently removes the softened stains

Bleachodent method is the result of long scientific research of dentists to whiten the teeth.

One Million people benefited by Bleachodent discovery
CAUTION—Don't gamble with cheap liquid imitations

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 35c., for To make new friends package, also 75c., size.
 Bleachodent Dental Laboratories, Inc., Box 238 General P. O. New York

PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS

Size 16x20 inches
 Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c



SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, size 16x20 in., guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage—or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.
Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer and send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
 1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. 26, Chicago, Ill.

TUNE IN FRIDAY NIGHT

TRUE STORY HOUR

RADIO'S SUPER PRESENTATION

COMBINING MUSIC, TRAVELOGUE, DRAMA

Probably every regular reader of TRUE STORY Magazine is by this time also a regular member of the great radio audience which enjoys True Story Hour each Friday night. For the benefit of any readers, if any, who may not yet have formed the habit of tuning in on WOR or one of its associated Columbia System stations every Friday evening, we are glad to describe this radio treat once more.

If you have been following the romantic adventures of Mary and Bob, the True Story Radio Tourists, you know that they left New York, the home of Macfadden Publications and TRUE STORY, in January and drove south to Florida and then across the continent to the Pacific coast in search of true stories. Each Friday their progress has been reported through the Columbia Stations in the most enjoyable series of presentations ever put on the air.

Let them tell you this week in their own words the recent details of their tour and then listen to the thrillingly dramatized version of the newest

true story they have discovered. Through the entire hour you will hear a delightful sequence of entrancing vocal and instrumental music specially arranged about the True Story Theme Song and balancing the dramatic content of the hour to perfection.

If you have not already become a True Story Hour devotee begin Friday night. Get the habit! Besides WOR you can hear True Story Hour over the following stations. Tune in on the nearest one. See your local paper for exact hour.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| WEAN—Providence | WNAC—Boston |
| WFBL—Syracuse | WMAK—Buffalo |
| WCAU—Philadelphia | WJAS—Pittsburg |
| WOWO—Ft. Wayne | WADC—Akron |
| WAJU—Columbus | WKRC—Cincinnati |
| WGHP—Detroit | WMAQ—Chicago |
| KMOX—St. Louis | WCAO—Baltimore |
| KMBC—Kansas City | |



Skin Like Ivory!

Now a New Kind of Facial
Creme Brings Amazing New
Results, or Your Money Back.



Whitens your skin
Smooths out lines
Banishes freckles
Reduces pores

Skin like ivory! No freckles . . . no blackheads . . . no more fine lines . . . cleared of every tiny imperfection and smoothed to flawless texture . . . soft, supple, creamy-white! Do you want such superb skin beauty? Then try one jar of new-type facial creme. . . .

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

A Complete Skin Treatment

Not a cold cream . . . not a bleach cream . . . not a skin food, you may expect Beauty Secret to surpass them all. In this one creme I have succeeded in blending the best beauty helps ever known . . . and I have multiplied their benefits. Now expect new things from your facial creme!

Beauty Secret has the power to whiten the skin a new, safe way, and nothing is more wonderful than a milky white complexion. This is but one benefit. Freckles steadily fade out. Blackheads dissolve completely. Another amazing tendency of Beauty Secret is to reduce coarse pores to smoothest, finest texture. Beauty Secret not only cleanses the skin . . . it stimulates, tones, firms. Tonic oils impart a supple elasticity that in the greatest degree smooths out fine lines and crowsfeet. Now, for the first time, a complete facial cream. Now results that you can really see!

POSITIVE GUARANTEE

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in double size jars at only \$1.50—not only an amazing creme but an exceptional value as well. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more than delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only \$1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 6-MU, 25 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.

(Canadian Address: 61 College St., Toronto, Ont.)

MAIL NOW
(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. 6-MU, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage prepaid, a double size jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

know the address of the man masquerading as Thayer, but that he had called up Boston and learned that there was no James Francis in the Thayer family.

THERE was, therefore, only one course open, as it was unwise to make open inquiries as to the whereabouts of the pseudo Boston society man. If he were really the much-wanted fugitive, he would be on the alert for just such inquiries, and would seek new fields.

Dressing in threadbare clothes and slouch hats, the two detectives went on a scouting expedition to Sound View, a small, pretty summer resort, where the nurse was living in a bungalow.

Night had fallen. Twinkling lights indicated the location of the numerous, rather scattered summer homes; radios and victrolas competed for supremacy in the air. Youths and girls in groups and couples were chattering and laughing, as they made their way to the amusement places on the beach.

Hazel Parish's cottage was one of a group which had tiny plots of garden in front, and garages in the rear.

"Probably an intimate colony," Spencer remarked, as the two stood watching the passers-by who all seemed to know each other. "It's not likely that any of the Parish girl's neighbors would let us use their homes for surveillance. Let's see. . . ."

"Look across that vacant lot," Hurley directed. "There's a garage facing the rear of her bungalow. Now, if the owners are the right sort, that would be the real candy for us."

Fortunately, the owners proved to be the "right sort," and Spencer and Hurley "took a plant" in the garage and kept the Brown bungalow under ceaseless surveillance.

Nothing happened the first night. A group of young people called for the girl, and she went off with them in an automobile. The crowd were not the type that Monahan would be likely to mingle with, so we made no attempt to follow them. The nurse returned shortly before midnight.

"I'll have to get a closer view of that girl," Hurley said to Spencer the following morning, as they breakfasted on rolls and coffee which had been brought to the garage by one of the helpers. "She's too far away from us for identification, if the prosecution ever calls her as a witness. There she is now, speaking to that old fellow next door. She may be somebody we know—looks a bit like 'Dimples' Dawson."

"Is it worth the risk of Williams coming along and recognizing you?" Spencer said dubiously.

"Oh, Williams has never seen me," Hurley replied. "Now, as you have been on his trail so long, he might recognize you. Anyway, I'll have to do something to see under that floppy hat of hers. How's this?"

HURLEY contorted his body into that of a hunchbacked, twisted old man; his fingers ruffled his rather long hair; his knees bent. From an inside pocket he took a pair of dark glasses which served to hide his blue eyes. The twenty-four-hour beard on his cheeks helped to carry out his disguise as a decrepit old beggar.

Adopting a crab-like walk, he limped across the small vacant lot towards Miss Parish, who was busily chaffing her neighbor.

"Lady, can you give a poor old man something to eat?" he whined, as from behind his disguising glasses he looked up into her face and swiftly took in the pretty, curly chestnut hair, delicate, flawless skin, and deep blue eyes, with curling lashes.

The "lady" dismissed him with a negligent wave of her hand, and the beggar "crabbed" back along the road, walking slowly and with difficulty, until he came to an unfrequented spot where it was safe to discard his "specs," smooth down his hair, and jerk his body back into its normal condition.

"Just another example of Boston Billy's excellent taste," he reported to Spencer, when he reached the garage. "I'm pretty sure she is nobody belonging to the underworld—and she doesn't look like the kind of a girl who would go around with a man she believed to be a crook."

All that day the two men watched incessantly. Nothing developed. Friends who dropped in to see Miss Parish—and there were many of them—bore not the slightest resemblance to the fugitive burglar. Once or twice the girl left her home, and was gone for some time. It was, of course, possible that she was meeting Billy elsewhere—but that was more of a possibility than a probability.

On the morning of the second day a new coupé drove up to the back of the Parish bungalow, and was skillfully parked in the small garage. A rather heavy-set man, around thirty years of age, about five feet seven inches in height, dark-haired and ruddy-complexioned, sportily dressed in golf togs, descended from the coupé, set his tie and coat collar carefully, and started walking jauntily towards the bungalow.

Without a word to each other, Spencer and Hurley sprang to their feet and grabbed fishing-rods. Each slung a fisherman's basket over his shoulder. Then they sauntered slowly across the lot. It was their plan to separate at the bungalow, one covering the front, the other the rear entrance, and "get" Billy as he left, figuring that the burglar, in his rôle of Leander, would not be liable to visit his lady-love with a bulging weapon in his plus-fours.

HOWEVER, Miss Parish must have spent a minute or so primping up before she answered the door-bell, and the two detectives reached the sidewalk outside her home, at the moment she greeted the philandering Billy. Some hunch made him glance back, and take alarm at the sight of the men.

Pushing past the amazed young woman, he entered the house, with the two detectives practically on his heels!

When they reached the hall, however, he was nowhere to be seen.

Guided by the sound of crashing glass, they made their way to the back of the house. Through a broken window, they saw their quarry disappearing in the distance. He was, apparently, in excellent trim, for he was sprinting like the wind.

Seeing that it would be impossible to overtake him, Hurley shouted the regulation command to stop and fired in the air.

Then, when Monahan disregarded the order, he aimed at the fleeing figure. It dropped to the ground like a plummet.

When the two detectives reached him, Boston Billy was trying to staunch the blood which was gushing from the fleshy upper part of the calf of his leg.

"Lend me a handkerchief, will you?" he requested coolly, as he glanced up—and grinned!

Hurley handed him one. Remembering Barry's warning, he bent down over the stricken burglar, warily watching for any suspicious movement. But he met a chummy nonchalance.

"Say, buddy, tell me your name, will you?"

"Hurley," answered the curious detective.

"Thanks. Well, Hurley, that's the only thing I didn't know about you. I learned that you were a wizard at the art of disguise, that you were the Department's Lon Chaney, and that, as an imitator of accents, you have the top-liner imitators lashed to the mast. I saw you on the pier—I saw you drive Miss Brookes away—I saw you hanging around Maplewood when I was trying to have a few words with Ethel. But the man who gave me my 'info' just couldn't for the life of him remember your name. If I'd ever seen your mug in this town, you'd never have gotten me! And who's your pal—never saw him before. . ."

Hurley was quite certain there was something behind all this loquacity, so he pretended to fall for the ruse when Billy glanced in the direction of Spencer.

QUICK as a flash, the prisoner's hand snatched a small, tightly folded paper from one of his pockets, and placed it in his mouth. Just as quickly, Hurley seized hold of his jaws, which were beginning to work desperately. With a steel instrument, he and Spencer managed to pry these jaws open—and extracted a bill of sale for the coupé.

"You mustn't do that—you're destroying evidence," Hurley chided the frustrated Billy. "Guess this will be pretty valuable later on as proof that you were in some certain place on a certain date, which in some way or other will prove rather damaging to you—eh, what, old top?"

Spencer went at once to the Parish bungalow, notified the police of New Britain, and then drove Billy's car alongside Hurley and the wounded man. The car, incidentally, held the guns Barry had spoken of.

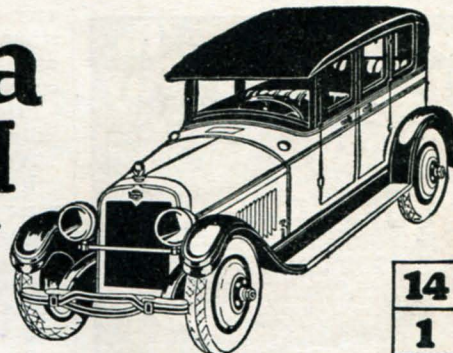
The two detectives lifted Billy into the coupé. All through the proceedings the prisoner kept up his nonchalant attitude.

Remembering Barry's tip that Monahan usually wore a bullet-proof vest, Hurley had not aimed at the fleeing burglar's body. His shot had entered the man's ankle as his foot was in mid-air, had ploughed up the calf of the leg, and was buried near the knee.

At the hospital, Billy was immediately taken to the X-ray room by the surgeon in charge. Not once did he flinch with the pain, which by that time must have been terrific.

However, when the power was turned on and the lights in the X-ray room became

Win a NASH Sedan or \$1400.00



Cash Someone who answers this ad will receive, absolutely free, a fully equipped Landau Model Nash Sedan, or full value in cash if preferred (\$1,085.00). In addition to this Nash Sedan we are also giving away, absolutely free, a latest model Chevrolet Coach or its cash value (\$595.00), a Brunswick Prismatone Phonograph, a Six Tube, Single Dial Freshman Radio Receiving Set, a Corona Portable Typewriter and many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago.

Solve This Puzzle Now!

The numbers in the squares to the right spell two words. The alphabet is numbered. A is 1, B is 2, C is 3, etc. Can you make out what the two words are? When you do this, send me your answer right away. It may mean winning the Nash Sedan or \$1,400.00 in cash.

\$315.00 Extra for Promptness

In addition to the two automobiles, the many other valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, we are also offering a Special Prize of \$315.00 in Cash for Promptness. First prize winner will receive \$1,400.00 in cash, or the Nash Sedan and \$315.00 in cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded each one tying. Get busy right away. Solve the puzzle and send me your answer together with your name and address written plainly. EVERYBODY REWARDED. Address

M. L. BOEING,

Dept. A 286

323 So. Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

14
1
19
8
19
5
4
1
14

Reduced 34 pounds

says **Blanche Arral, world-famous** Opera Singer, "by drinking your Javanese herb tea." No dangerous drugs, no tiresome exercises, no distasteful diet. Used like ordinary tea, it cannot harm the most delicate system. (Also in tablet form). Write for free booklet.

TIKA CO., Grantwood, N. J., Dept. MM-6

PERFUMETTE! The Wondrous New Ring.

Friends will admire your originality in wearing this handsome combination Sterling Silver ring and perfume container. The lovely mounting with a sparkling imitation diamond holds a supply of Coty's Paris perfume. Simply unscrew the small dropper from the side of the mounting and apply perfume.

Send strip of paper for finger size. Postman \$1.95 and postage or send money order or stamps and we pay postage.

\$1.95 ALL-IN-ONE SALES CO.
2810 Portland Avenue
Minneapolis, Minn.

SHADOW this MAN



BE A DETECTIVE

Make Secret Investigations
Earn Big Money. Work home or travel.
Fascinating work. Experience unnecessary.
Particulars FREE. Write Dept. D.

AMERICAN DETECTIVE SYSTEM
2190 Broadway New York

Name.....
Address.....

22 Cal. Blank Automatic
WITH You need no license or No Permit 100 permit to own this 6-Required shot Automatic. Use for **CART-fun or self-defence. Keeps away traps, RIDGES Frightens thieves, scares away dogs— a real home protector. Foot your friends. Free!** Same as an expensive automatic in construction, finish, appearance, durability; automatic magazine loading and ejection of cartridges, instantly and powerful report. Guaranteed absolutely safe. Send no money. Pay expressman \$4.99 for automatic with 100 cartridges. **JENKINS, 621 Broadway, New York, Dept. 3136**

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

During the last 9 years 99.5% of our graduates have been offered positions as Traffic Inspectors at definite salaries, plus expenses, a few days after completing their studies. Traffic Inspectors start at \$120 or more per month and rise rapidly to \$175, \$200 or \$250 per month. As a Railway Traffic Inspector, you are practically your own boss, see new faces and places each month, report only to high officials, are rapidly advanced. It's healthful, outdoor work, with regular hours. Hundreds of Satisfied Graduates. Write today for free booklet giving full details and contract agreeing to assist you to a position after graduation, or refund your money. **Standard Business Training Institute Div. 4 Buffalo, N. Y.**

EARN UP TO \$250 per month SALARY

WILL YOU Accept \$75.00 a Week?

This great nationally known corporation, the leader in its field in America, is now allotting exclusive territory on either a Spare-Hour or Full-Time basis to honest salesmen and d saleswomen who furnish good references and who can handle successfully our various lines.

You Can Sell Everyone Everywhere
Personal and Commercial Stationery, Commercial and Professional Removal and other Announcements, Wedding Announcements and Invitations, also three distinct lines of Xmas Greeting Cards to sell respectively to stores, banks, business houses, professional people and individuals.

This is a life-time proposition on a very liberal and immediately paid commission basis, offering an opportunity for you to secure promotion in just a few months to a District Managership position where you will put out your own sub-salespeople and build up a permanent business of your own, worth from \$6,000 to \$12,000 a year.

All necessary samples, stationery and advertising are furnished at our expense.

Address immediately in full as follows
SALES MGR. DEPT. N
The Process Engraving Company, Inc.
Troy at 21st Street, Chicago

One Year To Pay

No. 257—\$69
\$2 Down—\$1.35 Week
A fine quality, genuine blue-white diamond is set in the latest style, handsomely engraved 18 Kt. solid white gold mounting. 2 emeralds in sides. Money back if you can duplicate it for less than \$125.00 anywhere else.

No. 190—\$59
\$2 Down, \$1.15 Week. 7 Diamonds set in platinum. 18K white gold. Looks like 2 Ct. Diamond worth \$600.

No. 286—\$69; \$2 Deposit.
\$1.35 Weekly. 18 Kt. white gold Dinner Ring set with 9 Diamonds, 2 Sapphires. \$125 Value.

No. V88—\$89

\$8 Deposit \$1.75 Week
12 genuine blue-white diamonds and 4 sapphires set in solid platinum in this dainty, engraved 18 Kt. solid white gold wrist watch. Guaranteed 15 jewel accurate movement. Other diamond wrist watches as low as \$39.

SEND NO MONEY After you get the article, pay deposit specified to the postman. If you keep it, pay weekly for one whole year. Don't bother writing a letter. Just circle article desired, pin this ad to a piece of paper with your name and address. **NO RED TAPE—NO DELAY**

Take 10 Money Back days to decide. **GUARANTEE** If you are not satisfied that the article is the biggest bargain you ever got, return it and we will refund every cent you paid. All credit dealings kept strictly confidential. **8% INCREASE** per year given in exchange for a larger diamond.

LOWEST PRICES—EASIEST TERMS
Try as hard as you please, you can not buy elsewhere and get as good value for your money. The terms are so easy that you will never miss the money.

Write for Beautifully illustrated Catalog in color. It brings our large Jewelry store right into your home. Tells how to buy diamonds like an expert. Gives information other jewelers dare not tell. **Agents Wanted—Earn \$200 Wk. Write for Details**

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.
\$1,000,000 STOCK ESTD. 1879
1540 BROADWAY DEPT. 2481, N.Y.

Are You Ever Ashamed of Your English?

DO YOU say "who" when you should say "whom"? Do you say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"? Do you mispronounce common words in your speech or use them incorrectly when you write?

Many a man has been held down all his life and suffered untold embarrassment because of mistakes in English.

You do not need to make these mistakes any longer. Right at home, in the privacy of your own room, you can make up the education you missed in the days that you should have been at school.

The International School of English will teach you, just as it has taught thousands of other men and women, by a simple new method which shows you instinctively which word to use and how to use it.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF ENGLISH
Division of the
International Correspondence Schools
Box 3158-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your home-study course in
GOOD ENGLISH

Name.....
Address.....

very dim, he cried out shrilly, as the instrument began to buzz. "My God, let me have some light!" He almost jumped out of the chair.

"Humph, too much like the electric chair, Billy?" Hurley remarked jokingly.

A stream of oaths was Billy's answer. It was with no idea of inflicting perverse cruelty that Hurley made this gruesome suggestion—he had a definite purpose. In dealing with a criminal, it is necessary to find the weak link in his armor of morale, so that a direct attack may be made on his weakest spot.

Considerably shaken from this experience, Monahan was driven directly to the New Britain jail from the hospital. The sunlight served to revive him, however. When he met the warden, he gave him a piece of facetious advice.

"Look out that you don't let me get hold of a can opener, Warden," he joked. "I'd get out of this old can in a jiffy, if I laid my hands on one."

WHEN Hurley telephoned me that Boston Billy was at last safely in jail, it seemed that our troubles were over, at last. After learning all the facts from him, I hurried up to the District Attorney's office to acquaint him with the capture.

He was talking over the telephone when I entered his office.

"The principal point is that you did get him," he was saying. "We'll see that he doesn't get away again."

"Boston Billy's in the New Britain jail," I said, as soon as he hung up the receiver, "but I guess from what you were saying, that you know that all ready."

"Yes, that was Hurley talking," the District Attorney admitted, smiling. "He was just saying that it was funny that Boston Billy, who has the reputation of being a deadly shot, was shot by the poorest marksman in the Nassau County Police Department." Then he added soberly, "Now, it may be that the authorities from other police departments will be on hand when he is brought back, so we had better meet the ferry at Greenport to prevent them from stealing our prisoner from us!"

I gave him a résumé of Hurley's detailed report of the capture. Then I went below to attend to other affairs. As the District Attorney hinted, though we had our man safely in jail, we were by no means out of the woods, after all. As soon as news of his arrest was broadcast, officials from all quarters would swoop down upon us—and unless the audacious burglar could be persuaded to help us tie him up securely in our jail, it was quite possible that he would be taken out of our hands.

However, that was the District Attorney's little problem. And with his extraordinary insight, and knowledge of crook psychology, I was pretty confident that he would find a way to make even the hard-boiled Boston Billy come across.

District Attorney Edwards will now tell of the later developments:

THOUGH Williams—or Monahan, as we now knew him to be—had escaped the police net again and again, and so evaded capture, the knowledge obtained during the chase had put some very strong

weapons into our hands, now that he was a prisoner.

To put the evidence into shape was routine work, but it would take some time—and during that time it was possible that the authorities from other States might appear on the scene and, with their evidence already prepared, take our prisoner from us—and, as a matter of fact, as every newspaper reader knows, an attempt to do this actually was made.

Consequently, when Hurley and Spencer arrived at the Long Island side of the Greenport Ferry, Captain King and I were on hand to greet them.

While Barry had been sullen and morosely stubborn when captured, Monahan was facetious and scornful.

Cynical, where Barry was sentimental; domineering, where Barry was easily led; keen of intellect, sharp-witted, ready to take advantage of every point—he was the sort whose intelligence would have to be appealed to, whereas it had been possible to "get at" Barry through his chivalry and affections.

And it is much more difficult to make an adequate appeal to a criminal's intelligence and prove to him that it is to his advantage to help the authorities, than it is to work on his feelings. According to the mass of data gathered by the detectives while on his trail, Monahan didn't have any sentiment in his make-up. Though a great success with the ladies, his technique was to take 'em and leave 'em, as the song has it.

"Huh, this can will be easy to get out of," he remarked flippantly, as we entered the Nassau County Jail. "You'll never be able to keep me here."

"Oh, perhaps, you'll be willing to remain with us," I said, just as casually. "After you've been attended to by the identification department, I'm going to have a little talk with you and see if I can't convince you that it'll be to your advantage to help us."

By the time Monahan had been "mugged" and finger-printed, I had my attack all planned out.

OUR little talk together lasted a couple of hours. I took up the robberies, one after the other, and with apparent frankness, presented all the evidence we had against him in each. I took great care, however, to speak only of the robberies.

At the start, he kept up his flippant attitude. He had the means to engage high-priced counsel, and he seemed to feel very secure, indeed. However, gradually I got under his skin. Remembering Hurley's description of the scene in the X-ray room, I very carefully forebore to mention the shootings in three cases which I quizzed him about very carefully. This, I could see, worried him considerably. While apparently laying all cards on the table, I was, he appreciated, holding back higher ones. Nor did I make mention of any of his women friends, whom, he must have known, we had quizzed very thoroughly.

At the end of two hours, I rose. He looked rather white with fatigue and the pain in his leg, but he was still full of fight.

"Now, Monahan, I'm going to leave you. You know the game's up, but you're

"Oh-What Joy!"

The Pimples, Blackheads, Large Pores, Freckles, Wrinkles and Ugly Blemishes

GONE --

Because They're Off



In a Few Days' Time

Read Free Offer Below!

Worry no more over your "terrible" skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massage, steaming pots and "coverups." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters, and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, true skin! Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes, and signs of approaching age, go, definitely—because they're OFF! Most astonishing discovery in the history of beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called "Beautiful New Skin in Three Days." Learn how to do what eminent doctors have charged enormous prices for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it. Send your name and address only—no money! Hundreds of men and women are now doing it themselves—in the quiet of their own homes—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends. They come out with a new, soft, velvety, clear, spotless, youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands or any part of the body where a new skin is desired. The method is absolutely harmless and easy. It's astonishing—almost beyond belief. Send now—the book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address Marvo, Book, Dept. 332-B No. 1658 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

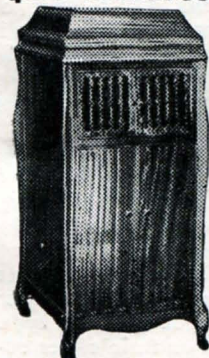
MAKE EXTRA MONEY

in your spare time. Learn the secrets of successful agents and salesmen and increase your income. Learn how. My big, illustrated book, published new every month, tells you how. Send only 10 cents for next 3 issues containing over 500 best money-making ideas and rare opportunities. E. Bernard, 1207 Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send NO Money Railroad Special!

ACCURACY guaranteed by 100 year old Million Dollar Factory. Solid gold effect case guaranteed 25 years. Richly engraved. Locomotive crown, time-keeper dial, railroad back. Why pay \$20 or \$30 for your next watch? Order now during Bargain and Sale. Only **\$3.87** postage. **Send NO Money.** Send postal and pay when your watch arrives. **FREE TRIAL.** Wear 10 days at our expense. Money back if not delighted. **Bradley, MX7 Newton, Mass.**

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL \$10 Worth of Records FREE



Simply wonderful! The limit of value giving! Just think! **AGENE DAVIS PHONOGRAPH** on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as **\$2 a month** in case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak or mahogany piano finished cases, equipped with the finest worm gear motors, rich toned machines—at less than half the standard prices—and \$10 worth of records FREE. **Send No Money** Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity. **DAVIS PHONOGRAPH CO. Dept. 19x145 KOKOMO, IND.**

pretty well tired out, I am sure, and you must be suffering from that leg. I'll bet it's bothering you a lot," I said sympathetically. "Would you like to have it redressed?"

He looked surprised, but the sneering look had left his face at this human touch, and he accepted the suggestion gratefully.

"I'll see that the doctor comes here and takes care of it right away," I promised him.

More bothering than his leg, however, was the mystery of my not mentioning the murders. He knew that the facts about at least one killing were known to the police. It had not been premeditated murder, and he might have gotten off with a few years—but he didn't know that. The idea of the electric chair filled his thoughts.

"I'm not going to see you again until tomorrow, and nobody else is going to question you until then," I told him after I had risen. He looked at me, puzzled. "But, Monahan, you have to decide between now and then, whether you want to take a long, long ride from Nassau County, in connection with the Livermore robbery, *et cetera*—so long that other prosecuting authorities won't be interested in you—or whether you want to be swapped to one of the other States—to be burned!"

It was strange that the insouciant, sentimental Barry had little fear of death—while Monahan, the daredevil burglar, was terrorized by it!

Suddenly, Boston Billy wilted like a deflated balloon. His high spirits disappeared as if blighted; he covered his face with his hands, and rested his elbows on the arms of his chair—the picture of dejection.

"Oh, God!" he groaned in agony. "A gay life while it lasts—but it always leads to the hoosegow!"

Well, Monahan came across all right—and took that long, long ride from Nassau County.

Fifty years in prison was the penalty he was called upon to pay for his "gay life."

At Sing Sing he became so unmanageable that he was transferred to Dannemora, and there he will remain until he is an old, old man, unless death claims him before that.

Twice in His Life

doctors gave up the celebrated novelist, Homer Croy, for dead. Read his remarkable story in June **PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE**—also other striking features and full announcement of the Physical Culture Venus Contest. You may be one of the prize winners! Get the **JUNE PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE**, a Macfadden Publication—25c at all newsstands on **June 1st**

This is Your chance to make \$100.00 a week



Yes, if you want to make \$100 a week, this is your chance to do it. Without any training or experience, you can immediately begin to make money—without investment, you can establish yourself in a big, profitable business. You can make at least \$50 a week in spare time. You can have hundreds of customers, an automobile of your own and tremendous profits.

\$750—One Month's Profit

It makes no difference what you are doing now, nor how much you are making, how old you are, or whether you are a man or a woman. Our proposition is so simple, so easy, so square and so clean-cut that you are bound to succeed. H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, made \$750 in one month. R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, cleared \$80 in five hours. Jacob Myron, of Conn., made \$13 his first afternoon. C. Vaughn, of Ohio, made \$125 one week. Mrs. K. R. Roof, of S. Carolina, made \$50 the first week in her spare time. Eugene Ducat, of Illinois, cleared \$45 the first two days. You can do as well as any of these people.

Amazing Profits Without Investment

We are the originators and manufacturers of ZANOL Products—Delicious Food Products that are needed in every home, Toilet Preparations, Soaps, Laundry and Household Necessities. We sell millions of products every year direct from factory to consumer. By this means we give greater values, fresher goods and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands of customers in every section of the United States. And now we want a Representative in your territory through whom our customers can send us their orders. Never before have you been offered such a proposition as this. You can't fail. Men and women who were formerly salesmen, bookkeepers, farmers, merchants, skilled and unskilled workmen, teachers, preachers—people from all walks of life—have found it an easy matter to make a big success as ZANOL Representatives.



We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this handsome closed car without expense and an income of \$50 to \$100 a week.

SEND NO MONEY

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you all the facts. You do not need to risk a penny. You do not need to agree to do anything, nor to pay anything. You owe it to yourself to find out about this great proposition before it is too late. So write now. Just put your name and address on the coupon and mail it to me at once.

Mail This NOW

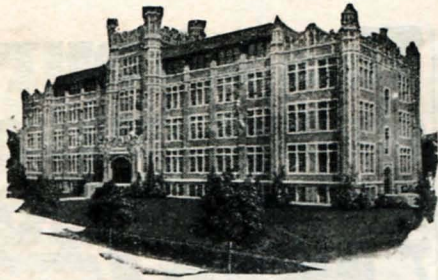
Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co. 404 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Please send me, without cost or obligation, details of your new plan by means of which I can make from \$50 to \$100 a week.

Name

Address

City State

© A. P. Co., (Print or Write Plainly)



Go to High School at Home

You can secure a high school education right at home by studying the splendid new courses recently prepared by the International Correspondence Schools.

These courses are equivalent to the courses given in resident high schools. They have been specially arranged for men and women who wish to meet college entrance examinations, to qualify for a business position, or to make up the education they missed when forced to leave school too soon.

The College Preparatory Course, the High School Commercial Course and the High School English Course include English, algebra, ancient, medieval, modern and U. S. history, physiology, literature, geography, Latin, bookkeeping, drawing, geometry, shorthand, physics, chemistry, salesmanship, advertising, civics, trigonometry, economics, American business law, corporation finance, money and banking, business and trade economics, etc. A diploma is given at graduation.

The lessons are easy to understand and you will make rapid progress because you will be in a class by yourself and you will study under the guidance of instructors who are sincerely interested in helping you to get ahead and achieve the bigger things of life.

Just mark and mail the coupon and we will gladly send you interesting free booklets describing the High School Courses of the International Correspondence Schools or any other subject in which you are interested.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 3153-D, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets containing information about the position or subject before which I am marking an X:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School Commercial Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School English Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School Vocational Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> High School Agricultural Course | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Office Management | <input type="checkbox"/> English <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting and C. P. A. | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coaching | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blueprints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Firemen | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | |

Name.....
Street.....
Address.....

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

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

\$3.99 Latest Style Wrist Watch
GREATEST BARGAIN
Regular \$12.00 value. Newest daintiest fashionable Ladies' Watch. White gold finish. Genuine imported jeweled movement. Guaranteed. Accurate reliable timekeeper. Silk grosgrain ribbon. Send no money. Pay postman \$3.99 plus postage.
JENKINS, 621 Broadway New York, N. Y. Dept. 216

TYPewriter PRICES CUT
World's best makes—Underwood, Remington, Oliver—prices smashed to almost half.
\$2 and it's yours.
All late models completely rebuilt and refinished brand new. GUARANTEED for ten YEARS. Send no money—big FREE catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Get our direct-to-you easy payment plan and 10-day free trial offer. Limited time, so write today.
International Typewriter Ex., 186 W. Lake St., Dept. 6-Z Chicago

“And Their Own Hands Shall Convict Them!”

(Continued from page 49)

done, that it was obviously accomplished under a microscope and must have taken all of eight hours. The evidence against Means was overwhelming, and the will was disqualified.”

ANOTHER interesting will case which went through Mr. Horton's office was that of Rafael Arocena, a multimillionaire from Mexico, who died at the Hotel Plaza in New York City after a wild drinking orgy.

A young Cuban girl named Señorita Consuelo Cerrases had been Mr. Arocena's companion for a considerable time, while he played around the United States in a whirlwind of jazz, liquor, and hectic parties, and the sudden death of the Mexican Croesus cut off her unlimited supplies. She placed her case in the hands of a New York attorney, who claimed a share in the \$80,000,000 estate. The man had died intestate, and his heirs were a family of natural sons in Mexico City.

Then, one day, Mrs. Myra Kingman Miller, a prominent club woman, flashed a letter which she claimed she had received from Arocena. In this, he announced his marriage to Señorita Cerrases. This put the claim on an entirely different status.

Scouting fraud, the lawyers who represented the deceased Arocena's family, turned the letter over to Mr. Horton. A photograph of the original, which was written in Spanish, appears on page 48. A translation of the letter follows:

My very esteemed Madam:

I wish to announce to you my marriage in the second week of April, to the young lady of whom I spoke to you before, Miss Consuelo Cerrases. When you and your enchanting daughter come to New York, I hope to have the pleasure of presenting her to you.

She is a girl of good education, which she received in one of those fine institutions, a convent; I am sure that she will please you.

Thank you for your welcome letter. My best wishes to you both, and to your charming daughter.

Affectionately,

RAFAEL AROCENA.

Almost at a glance, Mr. Horton suspected that the signature was not a genuine one. Under an aplanatic magnifier, he discovered an outcropping of graphite.

“It was not a written, but a drawn signature,” Mr. Horton explained. “I was convinced that it was ‘bad’—also I had a strong hunch that it was Mrs. Miller herself who had concocted the letter. On the back of the page were a lot of scribbled notes, obviously in her own handwriting. My knowledge of typewriters told me the make of the machine that had been used to type the marriage announcement. But our problem was to find the particular typewriter!”

“Mrs. Miller, like Mr. Arocena, was in the habit of traveling almost constantly from one State to another. The sought-after typewriter might be in California, Florida, Virginia, Illinois, or New York. T. V. S. Petersen, the famous ex-Scotland

Yard detective, whose cases have often appeared in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, was engaged to trace the machine. We had carte blanche, and so operatives were employed in each of the cities where we believed that the lady had sojourned from time to time.

“Hundreds of specimens were sent in. I compared the type with that of the Arocena letter, and made photomicrographs of those which were remarkably similar. To make a long and complicated story short, we finally discovered the machine upon which the letter had been written—it was in the office of a moving-picture concern which had made exploitation films during the War. Mrs. Miller had been interested in that movement—and the typewriter was one that had been used by her exclusively.

“Before Referee Louis A. Van Doran, of Nassau Street, New York, Mrs. Miller finally admitted that she wrote the letter. She was roundly scored, but, as no complaint was made to the police, she was not arrested for forgery. This one misstep, however, preyed on her mind, as well as the humiliation she suffered from the referee's denunciation, and she died a few months later.”

MANY forged and raised checks are brought to Mr. Horton for analysis. When examining genuine checks to determine whether the amounts have been raised, he applies certain chemicals to the amount, as filled in, and any difference in the inks is brought out vividly. Photomicrographs are also made, and these will plainly show infinitesimal faults in joining together the parts of altered figures or letters. Erasures which have been made with the use of chemicals are disclosed by the use of other chemicals.

“It is almost impossible for a forger to obtain exactly the same ink as that used by the writer of the check,” said Mr. Horton. “In one instance, a check which was raised from one thousand dollars to seven thousand dollars was submitted to a chemical test, and the bar on the figure ‘7,’ which apparently had been of exactly the same shade and color as the remainder of the figure, turned a bright red!”

“Contrary to popular opinion, it is not an easy matter to tell the exact age of ink on a document. Most common inks are made from iron nut-gall. This slowly degenerates after it has been applied to paper, and, after a certain stage, returns to its natural elements. If a piece of disputed writing is analyzed, however, it is a very simple matter to tell whether the whole has been written at one time, or whether interlineations and changes have been added.”

ONE of Brooklyn's most mysterious murders was solved by a scrap of paper found pinned on the body of the victim. It bore the word “Vengeance,” written in Italian. This was turned over to Mr. Horton. He recognized the paper by its water-mark as being made by a certain firm. A visit to their offices re-

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.

"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 send your order today. Do not send any money but pay \$2.00 plus postage upon receipt. After that, examine the book for 5 days, and then if for any reason you do not wish to keep it, send it back. Your money will be refunded promptly.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
Dept. TD-6, 1926 Broadway, New York City

BE A DETECTIVE

Good pay, steady work, male and female wanted everywhere. Complete course of thirty lessons with actual reports on shadowing, roping, investigating, etc. Also identification card, and free advice to all members. All for \$3.00 money back guarantee—no fail said.

WILLIAMS DETECTIVE SERVICE
7 Beekman Street, N. Y. C.

2 RINGS GIVEN
Your Initial, Platinum and Onyx effect Signet Ring and Latest Novelty Love Ring. BOTH FREE for selling 12 bottles Perfume at 15 cents each. Columbia Novelty Co. Dept T-244 E. Boston, Mass.

WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!
Double the life of your coat and vest with perfectly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure; no readymades. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today. SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY 115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 118, Chicago

Beautiful Complexion IN 15 DAYS

Clear your complexion of pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, soaps, sponges, clay, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.

Dorothy Ray, 420 Washington Ave., Suite 5-A, Wilmette, Ill.

Learn to Dance

This New Easy Way
You can learn all the modern dances— Charleston, Black Bottom, Electric, Canter, French Tango, St. Louis Hop, Waltzes, Fox Trots, etc., at home easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Learn anywhere, anytime. Win new popularity. Be in demand at parties. Same course of lessons would cost \$20 if taken privately.

Send No Money
Just send your name and address. We'll ship the complete course—325 pages, 49 illustrations—without one cent in advance. When package arrives, hand postman only \$1.96, plus delivery charges, and this wonderful course is yours. Try for 5 days. Frank back if not delighted. Send your name NOW. FRANKLIN PUB. CO. 800 N. Clark St. Dep. C-206 Chicago

vealed the fact that the sheet had been torn from a small pocket memorandum book.

A list of Brooklyn stores in the vicinity where the murdered man had been found was obtained. This narrowed down the radius of the search. Only a few stores carried the style and size of note-book sought. Detectives scoured the neighborhood of these shops, and finally learned of a man who had been an intimate friend of the dead man.

This suspect's house was searched. A small note-book, with a page torn out, was found. This was conveyed to Mr. Horton. He fitted the scrap of paper with the jagged edge of the "clue," and found they matched exactly! Furthermore, the handwriting in the note-book corresponded with that on the paper left by the murderer, who had made no attempt to disguise his writing.

POISON-PEN letters are also frequently turned over to Mr. Horton for examination.

Not long ago, the States of New York and New Jersey were flooded with a particularly vicious form of such letters. They were all addressed to prospective brides, and were very vile. The post-office stamp showed that they were mailed in Middletown, N. Y.

A corps of detectives were stationed to watch people who mailed letters. Each one was supplied with a specimen of the crank's writing. One day, a very smartly dressed girl, who belonged to one of the best social circles in that city, was trapped. Her penmanship had many odd features in it, and Mr. Horton had no difficulty in proving that she was responsible for the deluge of mischievous mail.

Her parents were very strict, and had never permitted her to accept the attentions of beaux. This had evidently preyed on her mind, and developed the strange quirk which led her to annoy girls who were happier than she. Instead of prosecuting her, the Post-Office authorities permitted her father to send her away to a sanitarium, where she was found to be hopelessly insane.

"No matter how painstakingly a person may try to change his handwriting," Mr. Horton holds, "he cannot altogether submerge certain inherent qualities in it. Though each person's writing matures, and men in certain professions, such as lawyers and physicians, think it is 'the thing' to write an almost undecipherable scrawl, there are certain qualities never lost, which tell the expert eye the school of handwriting in which the individual studied."

IT was principally due to Mr. Horton that William Creasy was freed from the death-house. Creasy had been tried for killing a young school teacher named Edith E. Lavoy, and was convicted of murder in the first degree, chiefly on the evidence of the following letter, supposed to have been written by the dead girl:

Dear Billie:
Your letter received today, and I have no words in which to tell you how surprised and shocked I am to know of the state you must be in, to do the things you are doing. Now, for your sake, as well as mine, pull yourself together, and go back to your

Railroad Fare to Chicago

Included Without Extra Cost If You Act NOW!
Write at Once for FREE Electrical Book and Details of Great Offer



ELECTRICITY

—as taught in the Great COYNE Shops—

Prepares You for a Big-Pay, Fascinating Steady Job!!!

Electricity is the field of Wonderful Opportunities today. It offers BIG PAY, clean, fascinating work and steady employment—anywhere, any time! COYNE-TRAINED MEN are in demand because COYNE training is complete and thorough.

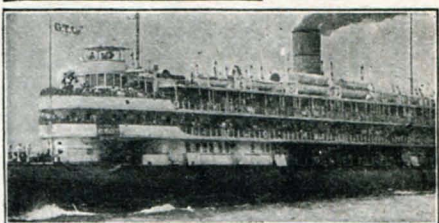
Complete Electrical Training in 12 Happy Weeks at COYNE

My newly-enlarged Electrical Course is the result of 29 years of experience, solving the needs of young men and of the Electrical Field. My course is absolutely thorough, easy to master, covers every single phase and factor of the subject and fits men for BIG Electrical jobs, HIGH-SALARIED, thrilling jobs.

YOU DON'T NEED ADVANCED EDUCATION OR EXPERIENCE

Earn While You Learn at COYNE

My Employment Department gives you Lifetime employment help without a penny of extra charge.



Make this the happiest season of your life. Chicago is a wonderful resort city, offering unrivaled recreation without interfering with your studies.

Send Right Away for FREE Book and Special Offer of R. R. Fare and Extra Courses

Be sure to send at once for my big FREE BOOK containing 151 actual photos of electrical operations and methods: also my special offer of Railroad Fare and 2 Big Courses. Write today before offer is withdrawn.

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

H. C. LEWIS, President Established 1899
500 So. Paulina St., Dept. A-862 Chicago

H. C. LEWIS, President, Dept. A-862
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 So. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear H. C.—You can just bet I want one of those big handsome FREE 12x16 books with 151 actual photographs of electrical operations and shop scenes, printed in two colors. Send it quick, before the supply is exhausted. Be sure to tell me all about Special Offer of 2 Big Extra Courses and Free Railroad Fare.

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....

Before Kenneth McCarty Mailed that Coupon He was an \$18.00 Clerk— Today His Income is \$85.00 a Week



After completing the course he wrote us: "Yours is the finest course ever presented for the Tenor Banjo. Before I enrolled with you, I knew nothing whatever about music. I was earning \$18.00 weekly clerking in a store. Little did I realize the opportunity that had come. I took up the course just for fun. But here I am, playing in one of the best orchestras in Western Michigan and making \$85.00 a week. Your course and your kind cooperation have made me a professional Tenor Banjoist." Kenneth McCarty, Parkview Hotel, South Haven, Mich.

Play for Fun or \$5,000 a Year

Whether a salary of \$65 to \$100 a week—or spare-time playing at \$5, \$10, \$15 or more a night—interests you or not—think of the fun in store for you. In one to three months we can train you at home to play this marvelous, melodious instrument with a fine, easy skill that will make you the envy of all other eyes. You're passing up the best times of your life if you pass up an opportunity like this to learn at slight cost and with no inconvenience at all the world's most popular instrument. Decide NOW to learn more about The Play-Way—the quickest, surest, short-cut to social and professional success.

FREE Book Tells How

Send at once for "The Play-Way to Popularity and Big Pay." Learn all about our unique method of training you at home; about the big, Tenor Banjo, Phonograph Records and Outfit that we send you along with your very first lesson. Pleasure, popularity and big pay are open to you! Get this FREE Book. Clip the coupon while it's here before your eyes!

You Get Phonograph Records, too

Every selection of this course—fifty-five in all—comes to you on a phonograph record. You hear the instructor's playing just as though he were right at your side. The Play-Ways different, interesting, FOOL-PROOF. Get the good news the coupon brings. SEND FOR IT NOW!



Get Big Free Book

A. F. Bloch, President, New York Academy of Music, Studio 6208, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Send me the book that started McCarty. No obligation whatsoever on my part, understand.

Name _____

Address _____



job—settle down to work again, and let Time settle the rest. Perhaps you don't realize how all this is affecting me—you worry me, and it's having its effect on my health.

When you are calmer and yourself again, you will realize how honest I have been with you—do you think it quite right to blame me for that very honesty? Can love be forced? Would you want a wife who did not love you?

As for the gun, I will take good care of it, and keep it for you.

Billie, you say you love me—if you do, you will do no rash and wicked thing. That is not the way out for a strong man and a soldier. That is the way of a coward and a weakling—one who is afraid to face life. In the old days, I thought you a strong man—not a weakling. Don't make me know that I was mistaken. I am sorry that you lost the money, but why be foolish? Go back to your job, and work—that will help you more than any other thing. Billie, I am sorry for all this, but again, brace up and do your part—we all have to.

Write me again soon. I sincerely hope that the letter will tell me that you are working and your normal self again. I am sending you my best thoughts and praying that God will open your eyes to the right.

Sincerely,
ME.

Mr. Horton proved that the damning letter had been written by another teacher,

Miss Edna M. Shoemaker, and when she was confronted with the expert's analysis and his greatly enlarged photographs of certain lines, compared with samples of her writing, she confessed that she had done so. Creasy was freed.

A WILL case which caused considerable talk at the time was that of Faustyn Jackowski, a well-to-do resident of Duryea, Pennsylvania, who died as the result of an explosion of some dynamite he was using to blast tree-stumps.

In the will offered for probate (see reproduction of this document on page 49) Jackowski left all his property to his brother, John Jackowski. Lawyers representing two sisters of the deceased, declared the will was fraudulent. Mr. Horton was asked to examine the disputed document.

"I found with mighty little trouble that the signature had been traced," Mr. Horton said. "The will was written on light-blue paper, such as was used in the local railroad office. One of the witnesses to the will worked in that railroad office. His desk was searched, and a blotter was found, bearing the impressions of several trial signatures of 'Faustyn Jackowski.' The typewriter with which the will had been written was also found in that office. The witness admitted he had drawn up and witnessed the will—and the estate was divided in accordance with the laws governing the estates of persons who die intestate."

A Show-Down with Blackmail

(Continued from page 27)

"They probably have heard about the murder from the servants," said Nesbit, as he joined us. "Come here a minute, Roberts," he called to a young lawyer who was passing. "What's the matter down here?"

Roberts gazed at us in open hostility, much to our surprise, for he was a friend of Nesbit's. "Couldn't you find any other place to raid?" he replied. "Why don't you tackle the fellows that sell the stuff, if you have to do something?"

"WHAT are you talking about?" asked Nesbit.

"Pretty cheap, I think," continued Roberts. "I don't believe there's five quarts of whiskey in the place, and that belongs to men who've been drinking all their lives, and don't know how to get along without it."

"Wake up, man," said Nesbit. "We're here because there's been a murder committed."

Roberts looked dumbfounded. "Where? Who?" he asked quickly.

"Never mind that now. Who told you we were raiding the place for whiskey?"

"Why, Lengerke. He rushed out of the door a few minutes ago, carrying a suitcase, and when we wanted to know what had happened, he said the police were searching the Club for whiskey, and that he was trying to get it out of the building."

"Where's Carey?" exclaimed Smithson, and he and Nesbit started for Lengerke's office. Before they reached it, George, the porter, came stumbling down the stairs,

three steps at a time, his eyes popping and his face a ghastly gray color.

Smithson caught him by the shoulder as he tried to pass. "What's the matter?"

"A man stabbed!" he shouted. "I didn't do it, boss—let me go!"

"Come along and show us where," said Smithson.

"No, boss, no! Let me go, boss!"

"Listen," commanded Smithson sternly, "—you lead us to where that man is, and be quick about it!"

George, trembling like a leaf, led us to the second-floor bathroom, and there on the floor we found Carey—a knife sticking in his chest.

"You'll have to clear out, gentlemen," said Nesbit to the crowd of men who had followed us upstairs.

Smithson had been fond of Carey, who had worked with him for many years. He stood looking at the body for a time, his jaw set, a grim, hard expression on his rugged face that boded no good to the person guilty of this dastardly crime.

"Pull yourself together, Chief," said Nesbit. "We've got to catch the man who did this."

In five minutes a general alarm for Lengerke had been sent out. We have a system of calling policemen on their beats, in an emergency, by lights flashing from the tops of the call boxes. Every patrolman, when he sees that light, telephones the Central Station for instructions. All roads out of the city were watched, and an intensive search started. Carey was popular among the members of

Send \$1.00 TODAY FOR YOUR CHOICE TO

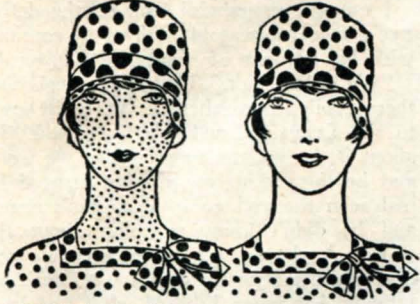
Give us in STRICT CONFIDENCE few personal facts age-occupation, etc. and one or two references. We ship promptly for 30 DAYS TRIAL. If satisfied pay few dollars monthly, otherwise we refund deposit upon return. FREE CATALOG - of other big values on easy terms upon request.



- 1 Ladies Wrist Watch—Solid white gold. Four gen. diamonds—Four blue sapphires—15 j. movement. \$34.75. \$3.77 monthly.
- 2 18kt. white gold new design, fine blue white diamond. \$37.50. \$3.65 monthly.
- 3 18 kt. white gold—Seven diamond—Four blue sapphires. \$57.50. \$5.65 monthly.
- 4 Gents 14 kt. white gold ring, fine blue white diamond. \$47.50. \$4.65 monthly.
- 5 Gents Strap Watch. Jeweled movement—radium hands and dial \$11.50. \$1.05 monthly.

O.F. BALE & CO.
EST. 1888
21-A Maiden Lane—New York

Freckle Soap washes away Freckles



NAROLA Freckle Soap penetrates the pores, softens the skin and removes freckles and skin spots surely, completely. It simply washes them away. Narola soap not only rids you of freckles, but it reveals the fairness and beauty of your skin, bringing you the charm and beauty of a clear, soft, unfreckled skin—an attractiveness rightfully yours.

Aside from freckles and other skin spots, Narola is matchless for the complexion of young or old. Special price to readers of this magazine, three full-size 50-cent cakes for \$1.00. Order today, enclosing \$1.00; or pay postman plus his fee. We guarantee results or refund your money. **NAROLA CO., 511A Archer Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off.

W. HILLVER RAGSDALE Drawer 39 **EAST ORANGE, N. J.**



ALL THE RAGE
Beautiful solid gold sb. Ring with your own initial and two magic symbols—antique finish—the rabbit for luck and the swan for personality.
SEND NO MONEY—just pay postman \$1.00 plus postage when ring arrives. Money back if not satisfied. Send size and initial wanted.

M. FIELD BROS. CO.
39 S. State St. **CHICAGO**

Home-Study Business Training

Your opportunity will never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards of early success. **Free 64-Page Books Tell How.** Write NOW for book you want, or mail coupon with your name, present position and address in margin today.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenotypy—Stenography |

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 688-R Chicago



End Catarrh This Easy Way!

Thousands now end catarrh at home—mucus discharge, stopped-up nose, catarrhal deafness—with Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Successful for over 40 years. A healing Ointment, combined with a Tonic that acts through the blood on the mucous membranes and reduces the inflammation. Has helped even worse cases.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Combined Treatment at your Druggists. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 16, Toledo, Ohio

Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers

the Force, and they did not have to be urged to try to capture Lengerke.

IN the meantime, Smithson and Nesbit were trying to find out something about Brewster. They strongly suspected that it was his blood that stained the mattress and sheets, but it was difficult to see how his body could have been concealed. The police succeeded in locating Brewster's private secretary, a man named Mendoza, and from him Nesbit learned that Brewster had not been near his office since the previous day, though there had been two important appointments awaiting his attention.

When we got back to the Station, "Slick" Wilson, Senator Rogers' campaign manager, was pacing nervously up and down the corridor.

"Hello, Wilson; do you want to see me?" asked Smithson. "I'm going to be pretty busy for the next hour or two."

"Yes, I want to see you about Brewster," said Wilson in tense tones.

"About Brewster, eh? Come into my private office." Nesbit and I followed him in.

"What I'm going to tell you is confidential, and I want to talk to you alone," said Wilson, giving Nesbit a significant look.

"There's nothing around here confidential as far as Nesbit is concerned," said Smithson. "If you know anything about this murder, you'd better tell us for your own sake, before we find it out ourselves."

"I know nothing specific about this murder, but I do know something that might have a bearing on it." Wilson was plainly nervous. He was a typical politician of the small-town type, tricky and unscrupulous in his methods of getting results, but not essentially bad. He would undoubtedly tell anything he knew, rather than become involved with any of his associates who might have committed a crime.

"Well, spill it!" said Smithson. "What do you know?"

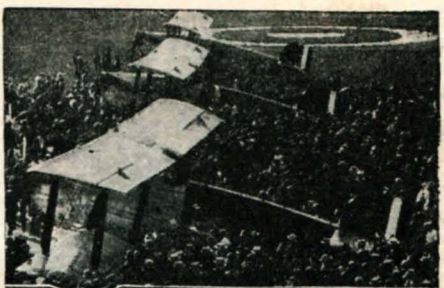
"Understand now, Senator Rogers knows nothing about this. He lets me manage his campaigns, and he don't ask any questions. This man Brewster was giving us a hard fight. He had all the Church crowd back of him. We knew he was a stuffed shirt and a fool about women, but he kept it quiet, and we didn't have any way of proving anything against him.

"I tackled this fellow, Lengerke, to find out whether he could put us wise to anything. He stalled me off at first, until he could find what there was in it for himself. When he saw we meant business, he loosened up and told me Brewster had a woman coming to his room. I told him that if he would arrange to have the woman discovered in Brewster's room, it would be worth a thousand dollars to him. You understand, Chief, we didn't intend to have any scandal. We were just going to suggest to Brewster that he didn't want to run for senator anyway, and we would forget whatever we had found out."

"WHEN did you make this arrangement with Lengerke?"

"We've been dickering with him for a week or two, but we didn't complete arrangements until night before last."

"What arrangements did you make?"



Are You Hungry For Adventure. Popularity... Big Pay?

THEN CHOOSE AVIATION!



ARE you a red-blooded, daring he-man? Do you crave adventure, popularity, admiration, and the applause of great crowds? Then why not get into the Aviation Industry—the greatest adventure since time began—the greatest thrill ever offered to man?

Think what Aviation offers you. The praise and plaudits of the multitude. And a chance to get in on the ground floor where rewards will be unlimited! Aviation is growing so swiftly that one can hardly keep track of all the astonishing new developments. Air-mail routes have just been extended to form a vast aerial network over the entire U. S. Many Commercial Airlines and airplane factories are now being organized. Men like Henry Ford are investing millions in the future of commercial Aviation for they see its great possibilities.

Easy to Get Into Aviation By This Home Study Method

Get into this thrilling profession at once while the field is new and uncrowded. Now — by a unique new plan—you can quickly secure the basic and preparatory training at home, in spare time. Experts will teach you the secrets and fundamentals of Practical Aviation—give you all the inside facts that are essential to your success. And, the study of Aviation by this remarkable method is almost as fascinating as the actual work itself.

Send for FREE Book!

Send coupon for our new free book, just out—*Opportunities in the Airplane Industry*. It is vitally interesting, reads like a romance and tells you things about this astonishing profession you never even dreamed of. Write for your copy today.

PICK YOUR JOB!

- Flying
- Airplane Instructor
- Airplane Engineer
- Airplane Repairman
- Airplane Assembler
- Airplane Mechanician
- Airplane Inspector
- Airplane Builder
- Airplane Salesman
- Exhibition Manager
- Airplane Contractor
- Airplane Motor Expert
- Airplane Designer



AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 154-A, Chicago

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 154-A, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation, please send me your FREE book, *Opportunities in the Airplane Industry*. Also information about your Home Study Course in Practical Aviation.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

They Used
to Say

"HELLO
FATTY"

Look at Me NOW

The story of a
woman who found
the way out



"I WEIGHED 167 pounds less than four months ago. Today I weigh only 138 pounds. Yet I always ate plenty of good, satisfying foods. I didn't roll on the floor, or wear hot, sticky rubber garments, or take drugs or pills, or give myself exhausting sweat baths.

"My figure is just what I want it to be. I can wear the latest styles now. And I'm stronger and healthier. I keep house, play, or dance without getting tired. My heart and lungs are fine. My complexion is clear. I feel just like a new woman.

"And it was all easy. I just followed Annette Kellermann's simple, sensible methods. You know that Miss Kellermann has not changed her weight by an ounce in over 16 years. Her methods of reducing are approved by physicians. I know what Miss Kellermann has done for me—my weight has gone down nearly 30 pounds. If you want to reduce safely—and to grow stronger and healthier while you reduce, simply write for Miss Kellermann's free book, 'The Body Beautiful.' She will give you advice on reducing that is worth more than you now realize."

Miss Kellermann will be glad to send you, free, a copy of her book, "The Body Beautiful." She will also tell you about her method of reduction—a sane, sensible, scientific way that takes off your weight and at the same time increases your energy and strength. Simply send the coupon below or write a letter. There is no obligation. Annette Kellermann, 225 West 39th Street, New York, Suite 396.

Annette Kellermann, Suite 396,
225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in Weight Reducing.

Name.....

Address.....

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



**You Play Tunes
from the Start**

With a Conn easy-playing instrument and new instruction methods you play tunes in your very first lessons. Be ready for the band or orchestra in a few weeks! Conn will help organize a band in your community. Write for details of our offer. **FREE TRIAL; Easy Payments on any Conn: cornet, saxophone, trombone, clarinet, etc. Send the coupon for free literature and details.**

CONN
BAND
INSTRUMENTS

C. G. CONN, *Inc.*, 686 Conn Bldg.,
Elkhart, Ind. Please send details of trial offer
on.....(Instrument)

Name.....
St. or R. F. D.....
City.....
State, County.....
Check here if interested in organizing a band []

How were you going to handle it?"

"Lengerke was to let us know when Brewster and the woman were in the room, and then he was to let me and a couple of private detectives in the kitchen door of the Club. We were to go up to the third floor, and get out on the fire-escape from the window at the end of the hall. Then all we had to do was to walk around and crawl in the window of Brewster's bedroom. We could put our proposition up to him, and that was all there was to it."

"Well, what did you do?" asked Smithson impatiently, as Wilson paused.

"Lengerke telephoned me about ten o'clock last night. I was expecting to hear from him, and I had a couple of private dicks waiting in my office. We went over to the Club, and Lengerke let us in the back door. He said Brewster had gone to his room, and that he'd seen the girl go in."

Here Nesbit interrupted. "How could a girl get upstairs without anyone seeing her?"

"Lengerke said she went up through the Club restaurant, which has a door opening on the street. Lengerke used to leave this door unlocked when they closed up for the night."

"So Lengerke was in on all this?"

"Yes. The old man paid him, or gave him tips on the stock market, I guess. Besides, he had to stand in with him, if he wanted to keep his job. Brewster pretty nearly runs the Colonial Club."

"All right. Go ahead and tell us what you did."

"Well, we walked up the stairs instead of using the elevator, so no one would spot us, and got out on the fire-escape, as we'd planned. When we got around to where we could look in Brewster's windows, there was a hitch. We couldn't see any girl, and there was another man in the room with Brewster."

Smithson gave Nesbit a quick look, and it was evident that both were experiencing great satisfaction in receiving this somewhat startling information.

"Who was it?" asked Nesbit.

"Couldn't tell," replied Wilson. "Brewster was facing the window, and the other man had his back to us. They were having a heavy argument of some kind. We didn't—"

"JUST a moment," interrupted Nesbit. "You say they were having a heavy argument of some kind. Just how did they act?"

"Why," said Wilson, "just like anybody does who has an argument. They were sore at each other about something."

"You are sure of that?" Nesbit advanced a step nearer Wilson and eyed him steadily.

"Absolutely."

"How could you tell? Did you hear what they were saying?"

"No, but the fellow who was talking to Brewster, was threatening him—I know that!" Wilson was becoming irritated at Nesbit's close questioning. "I could tell that in the short moment I saw them together. He shoved his face close to Brewster's, and brought his hand up in a way that made me think he was going to hit him."

"And how did Brewster act?"

"Well, I only saw them in that short

moment, as I tell you. Since the girl wasn't there, we didn't want Brewster to see us—or at least, we didn't see the girl there. Brewster looked calm and very cool. I don't think he said a word."

"I see," said Nesbit slowly. "That's a little different."

I noted a thoughtful look on the detective's face as he told Wilson to continue with his account of what had happened.

"We didn't wait. That other bird being there spoiled our scheme. We went down to see Lengerke, and when we told him about it, he was as surprised as we were, and he hurried us away. He insisted he had seen the girl go in Brewster's rooms and he didn't know anything about the man. Anyhow, everything was off for that night, and we went home. That's all I know, but when I heard what had happened, I thought I'd better tell you."

"Sure that's all you know?" asked Nesbit.

"So help me, that's every bit."

"What time did you leave the Club?"

"Well, it was about ten o'clock when Lengerke telephoned us to come over. I don't believe it was more than half an hour later when we left."

"The other man was still in Brewster's rooms?"

"He was there when we left the window."

"Can't you give us any idea what he looked like?"

"He seemed to be medium-sized. His hat was off, and my impression is, as I recall it now, that he had black hair. That's every earthly thing I can say. There wasn't any reason for trying to see who he was. We wanted to get away without getting caught."

"WHO were the two private detectives with you?"

"Nickels and Gross. You know 'em both."

"You get them over here as quick as you can."

"All right. They're over at my office now. I told 'em to wait there till I saw you."

Nesbit glanced at Smithson, who gave an imperceptible nod.

"You go over and get them and wait outside with them until we send for you to come in," directed Smithson.

Nesbit stepped over to a phone booth near by, but was back again in a few moments.

"I guess it's pretty plain what happened. Lengerke thought he'd do a little blackmailing on his own account, and when Brewster threatened to put him in jail, he turned on him like a rat, and killed him," said Smithson, as Nesbit paused to light a cigarette.

The detective shook his head dubiously. "That doesn't sound like Lengerke, to me. He's a rat, but I don't believe he had nerve enough to kill Brewster, and the girl, and Carey."

But Smithson didn't agree. "Wilson's story proves Lengerke is a crook, and no one but Lengerke had the chance to kill Carey. I'll stake my life, too, that he killed Brewster."

Nesbit paced across the room a couple of times, obviously tracing through the events that had happened, as he was reconstructing them in his mind. He turned to Smithson, and spoke slowly:

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It

Mary H. Little has luxuriant hair now. Yet for years her head, as she describes it, "was as bare and bald as the back of my hand."



When Mrs. Little's hair began to fall, she tried to stop it by using various shampoos, oils and lotions, but her hair continued to come out until she had lost all. She perseveringly continued trying to get new hair. She consulted a specialist but no hair came. Her only hope seemed to be in having a wig.

Luckily she learned about KOTALKO, and used it. Watching in her mirror she saw hairs developing. Faithfully she applied KOTALKO, and the hair continued to grow. It became long, strong and silklike. The likeness above is from her photograph.

Men who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women. You may buy a full size box at the drug store under money-refund guarantee.

Free Box

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, write KOTAL CO., H-355, Station O, NEW YORK Please send me FREE Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name.....
Full Address.....

BE A DETECTIVE

Big pay. Write or call, UNITED STATES DETECTIVES ASS'N., 280 Broadway, New York



Lincoln got his education chiefly by home-study. So can YOU.

HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION AT HOME

Fascinating Question and Certificate awarded. Write for FREE BOOKLET, "What a High School Training Can Do For Me." HIGH SCHOOL HOME-STUDY BUREAU, Dept. X-656 31 Union Square, New York.

20 YDS DRESS GOODS
BARGAIN - THIS MONTH
SPECIAL OFFER 5 YDS FREE \$1.96
Gingham Prints, Percales, Voiles, Shirtings, Dress Prints, Crepes, etc. DIRECT TO YOU AT A BIG SAVING. 4 yards or more of each, NO SCRIMS. The very newest and latest popular patterns. Our finest quality. Worth double. Pay postman **SEND NO MONEY \$1.96** plus a few cents delivery charge. 25 yard bundle \$2.40 postage paid, money with order. Guarantee money back if not satisfied.

2 BUNDLES \$3.80 plus a few cents delivery charge. 25 yard bundle \$2.40 postage paid, money with order. Guarantee money back if not satisfied.

5 YDS FREE ALSO A PAIR SCISSORS

DIANA DRESS GOODS CO.
179 N. Wells St., Dept. 230, Chicago

The Old Reliable Credit Jewelers **LOFTIS BROS. & CO.** 108 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.

DIAMONDS

GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED AT IMPORTERS' PRICES

Send for FREE Catalog

Over 2000 Bargains in Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Silverware and Gift Articles for every occasion. Catalog explains how to have any items shipped for your FREE EXAMINATION without sending us any money whatever! Write now for this big, valuable book—no obligation.

No. 849 A beauty! Solid 18-k white gold brilliant, huge white Diamond. \$97.50 \$2.50 a wk.

Rectangular Wrist Watch No. 16—14-k white gold, 15-J. \$14.85 An exceptional bargain. \$1.48 a month.

Wedding Rings No. 824—The "Elite" Solid 18-k white gold Set with 3 Diamonds. \$22.50; 5 Diamonds. \$32.50; 7 Diamonds. \$42.50; 9 Diamonds. \$52.50; 12 Diamonds. \$67.50

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

"Bill, you're wrong in this. Wilson is no detective, but I believe he was right in his impression that the man in Brewster's room had black hair. Lengerke has blond hair. Also, it does not stand to reason that Lengerke would let Wilson and his two dicks into the Club last night, on a scheme, which, if it had worked out successfully, would have put a thousand dollars into his pocket, and then immediately queer the whole thing by going up into Brewster's room and starting an argument with him. He couldn't have done it anyhow. How could he have gotten down out of the room in time to meet them after they left the fire-escape?"

"Yes, I guess you're right about that," agreed Smithson.

"NOW, we've got to do three things: find out who that man was, find Brewster, and find Lengerke. I have a hunch that if we do any one of these things, the rest will be easy."

"There's a fourth," said Smithson, "—find out who the girl is."

"Yes," said Nesbit. "But I don't believe that is going to help solve the murders. I believe she was killed just because she was there, and knew too much."

It was now midnight, and no progress had been made. Lengerke had dropped out of sight when he left the Club. The Station was swarming with reporters, though there was still no suspicion that anything had happened to Brewster.

Finally Nesbit said, "I think we'd better give up all idea of concealing the fact that Brewster has been murdered, and have a systematic search made of the club building. I don't believe it would be possible to remove anything as bulky as a human body from that building, without attracting attention."

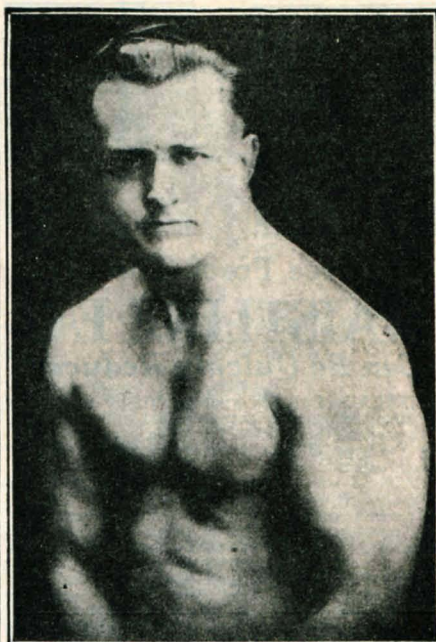
Smithson agreed, and in a few minutes we were back at the Club. The building was in charge of the police, and no one was allowed above the second floor. There was a policeman on guard in Brewster's rooms, though the body of the murdered girl had been removed. It was quite evident that there was no place in the rooms where Brewster's body might be concealed.

"I don't believe they'd be apt to try hiding anything like a body in an occupied room. It would be discovered too soon," said Nesbit. "There must be a closet on each floor where the cleaning women keep their mops and brushes. That would be a likely place."

After a few moments' search, a door was located behind the elevator, that had the word "Service" painted on it. Nesbit turned the knob, but the door was locked. There was a glass-covered case on the wall, with an axe and a fire-extinguisher in it. Nesbit broke the glass, and with the axe made short work of the lock.

A ghastly sight met our eyes. When Nesbit pulled the door open, a long object that had been propped against it, fell forward. It was Brewster's body. He had been stabbed through the heart—and the knife had not been pulled out.

WE left Doctor Strong in charge of the body, and went back to the Station. When we got there, the officer in charge of the desk had a message for Smithson. "There's a man named Mendoza wants you to call him up right away.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The Muscle Builder

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

If You Were Dying To-Night

and I offered something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopelessly by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he-man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world. This is no idle prattle fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead, I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

Send for My New 64-Page Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send to-day—right now before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

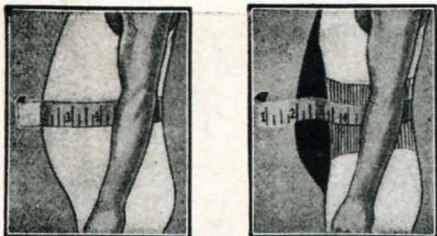
Dept. 4606 305 Broadway, New York

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN, Dept. 4606

305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me, without obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
(Please write or print plainly)



Free Proof That WAISTLINE FAT Can Be Quickly Reduced

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

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

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

Coupon Brings Free Details

Write us at once and you will receive our Special 10-Day Trial Offer—a detailed description of this most successful reducing method, the principles of which are highly endorsed by leading physicians and professional athletes everywhere. Take advantage of this offer at once. Send no money. Write now. The Weil Company, 1026 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

THE WEIL COMPANY,
1026 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

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

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

BUNIONS

Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At all drug, shoe, dept. stores, 35c

**Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads**



Put one on—the pain is gone!

For Free Sample, write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

GOV'T. POSITIONS \$35 TO \$75 WEEKLY

- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| MEN - WOMEN | () Ry. Mail Clerk | () Steno-Typist |
| | () Forest Ranger | () Immigrant Inspector |
| | () S. F. P. Carrier | () Seamstress |
| | () Special Agent (investigator) | () Auditor |
| | () City Mail Carrier | () Steno-Secretary |
| | () Meat Inspector | () U. S. Border Patrol |
| | () P. O. Clerk | () Chauffeur-Carrier |
| | () File Clerk | () Watchman |
| | () General Clerk | () Skilled Laborer |
| | () Matron | () Postmaster |
| | () Typist | |

AGE 18 to 55

GOVERNMENT INSTRUCTION BUREAU, 315, St. Louis, Mo. Send me FREE particulars How To Qualify for positions marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 16x20 inches
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc.—or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman \$1c. plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage.



Special Free Offer With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave. Dept. 16 Chicago, Ill.

He left word it was about Lengerke, but he wouldn't talk to anybody else."

"Mendoza, Mendoza," mused Smithson, trying to place the name.

"That's Brewer's private secretary," said Nesbit. "His name is José Mendoza."

"That's right. Maybe he's found out something important."

Mendoza must have been waiting at the telephone, for Smithson got him right away. At his first remark, Smithson yelled, "What! . . . Repeat that over again. . . . When did you find him? . . . How did he happen to come to your place? . . . We'll be right over. Don't disturb anything!"

Smithson turned to us, when he had replaced the receiver, and said, "Lengerke has killed himself. Mendoza says he has just committed suicide, while on his houseboat. Can you beat that?"

We looked at one another; I, for my part, wondering what might come next.

"Sounds quite believable, doesn't it?" said Nesbit slowly, but there was a cutting sarcasm in his voice. "Are Wilson and his two detectives waiting out there?"

I quickly opened the door and looked out. "They're still there," I said.

"Bring them over to Mendoza's houseboat, Smithson. See that that is done, will you?"

Smithson nodded.

"Put in a call for three extra dicks from the Station, to accompany us. There have been four persons killed in this case, so far, and there is no need to take any chances. I think I'm about set to go after this thing, now."

Smithson looked at him meditatively. "You think you are beginning to see some method in this pleasant little series of happenings, since last night? I guess there's no question now, as to whether it is Lengerke, since this last development, eh?"

"Listen, Bill," said Nesbit sharply, "you don't mean to tell me you think Lengerke shot himself, do you?"

"I sure do," replied Smithson, with some heat. "I've no reason on earth to believe otherwise, and it fits right in with what he might be expected to do, after having murdered three persons, and believing he had no chance to get away. Some of 'em are like that. They're tough enough when it comes to killin', but have no guts to see the thing through, when they get to thinking about their own chances."

NESBIT, who seemed not to have heard these remarks, had started for the door. His thoughts seemed to be elsewhere, his keen mind directed along some inner line of reasoning, that held him tense. Several times that evening he had made calls on the telephone, to which neither Smithson nor I had paid much attention, and so now, I was not much surprised when he turned as he reached the doorway, and said, "I think I know what has happened, Bill, but proving it is an entirely different matter. I have had several of my assistants working on this case for the last couple of hours, and putting together what I've seen, with what I think they have discovered, I have a hunch we'll have the murderer under arrest before morning."

If I hadn't worked on so many cases with Nesbit, these remarks would have surprised me. As far as I could see, we hadn't found out a thing, if Lengerke

wasn't the murderer. Everything pointed to him, and if he had shot himself, that seemed like a confession of guilt. But—Nesbit was talking about having the murderer under arrest before morning! You couldn't arrest a dead man—therefore he must have someone else in view.

There seemed to be some mysterious preparations to make, and we didn't get started for half an hour. When we did get under way, I was surprised to see the young lawyer, Roberts, who had accused us of raiding the Club for whiskey, and another man, whose face was familiar, but whose name I did not know. Wilson and the two private detectives were along, and also the three detectives Nesbit had asked that Smithson call from Headquarters.

Mendoza kept his boat docked on the South Side, and it took us twenty minutes to cross the bridge and get to the rather lonely wharf where it was tied up. When our two cars drove out on the wharf, I was astonished to see that the boat was more like a millionaire's yacht than one of the usual shanties built on a barge, that we call houseboats.

"Pretty swell outfit for a private secretary," said Smithson.

Mendoza seemed surprised, and not a little displeased, when we all trooped on board. "Brought the whole police force with you?" he inquired.

"Thought we might need it," responded Nesbit briefly. "Where's Lengerke's body?"

"Down in the cabin."

LENGERKE was lying on a locker, and there was a bullet hole, from a big calibre revolver, in the middle of his forehead.

"Now, gentlemen," said Nesbit, after he had made a cursory examination of the body, "make yourselves as comfortable as possible while Mr. Mendoza tells us what happened."

Mendoza looked at Nesbit suspiciously. "What do you mean by that, exactly? When I got back to my boat here, after I left you at the Colonial Club, I found Lengerke lying in the cabin, dead—just as you see him. That's all I know about it."

"Why should he have come to your boat to kill himself?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"He hadn't any reason to suppose you would hide him—had he?"

Mendoza stared at Nesbit for a moment before he answered. "Are you trying to be offensive?" he asked.

"No, I am only trying to obtain some necessary information."

"Unless you change your manner, I shall refuse to answer any more questions."

"That is your privilege," replied Nesbit. "But, if you do, you will have to take the consequences."

"Is that a threat?" asked Mendoza, bristling with anger.

"Certainly not. Why should we threaten you? All I'm trying to find out is why Lengerke, if he intended to kill himself, took the trouble to come all the way over to your boat to do it."

"And I tell you I haven't the slightest idea!" retorted Mendoza.

"Don't you think it is curious that he shot himself in the middle of the forehead? It would be difficult for a man to hold a forty-five automatic like the one on the floor beside the body, and shoot

Mind Reading

Astonish Your Friends With Your Amazing Superhuman "Psychic" Power



Now, for the first time, you are offered the opportunity to learn the trick of Mind Reading. You can easily, quickly, accomplish "Super-Mentalist Magician", as easily, quickly,

Mind reading is a vital part of the Magician's training. Tarbell teaches you the most astounding acts and the principles on which all stage mind reading is based. But in addition, you get a complete course covering the whole realm of Magic—assuring tremendous returns both in money profits, and in social prestige.

Make \$250 to \$1,000 a Month

Magic has always been the most popular form of entertainment. Magicians are in great demand for the stage, by clubs, churches, lodges, schools and for social affairs. Plenty of opportunity to make \$25 to \$200 a performance, on the side, without neglecting your regular business.

Special Offer for a Limited Time Only. You can get this great course, endorsed by the world's greatest magicians, now at a special low price. But you have to act quickly! Mail the Coupon NOW!

Tarbell System, Inc., Dept. A-124
1926 Sunnyside Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Agents \$72 a Week



TAKE ORDERS for Guaranteed Cutlery, Knives, Razors, etc. Transparent Handles. Any design. Emblems of Societies & Fraternal Orders. Write for samples. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. B-3885 Canton, Ohio



Wonderful new device, guides your hand; corrects your writing in a few days. Big improvement in three hours. No failures. Complete Outline Free. Write Perfect Penmanship Inst., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. R. NEWMAN

Licensed Physician

286 Fifth Ave. - - - New York

Announces his home treatment for reducing weight or taking off adipose tissue. The arrangement of his "pay-when-reduced" offer insures satisfaction. No loss of time or inconvenience involved. He will be glad to furnish proof and testimonials on request. FREE TRIAL TREATMENT SENT ON REQUEST ANYWHERE.

I Want 700 Agents at \$90 a Week

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make \$2.00 to \$5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to \$15 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our New Plans. Simply introduce and take orders for famous World's Star Hosiery, Underwear and Rayon Lingerie sold direct from Mill to Home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders. No investment needed. Complete selling equipment furnished free. No C.O.D. No deposit. Write Quick! It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Exclusive territory. Extra Service Awards. Cash Bonus. Promotion. No experience needed. Write today for all particulars. WORLD'S STAR KNITTING COMPANY
1596 Lake Street Bay City, Mich.

WANTED GIRLS—WOMEN 15 UP

Design and Create your own Frocks and Gowns at SMALL COST.

You can easily learn in your own home, using spare moments. Over 23,000 Have Done It.

Gown Designers and Creators GET \$35 to \$75 a WEEK.

Mail the Coupon Today Sure!

Rush to me, free 32-page "Gown Book", with sample lessons as checked below.

Gown Designing Millinery and Creating

Name _____ Address _____

This coupon is valuable. If not interested hand to a friend

himself through the middle of the forehead."

"Curious, perhaps," said Mendoza, "but the fact that he did it proves that it is not impossible, doesn't it?"

"Perhaps he didn't," said Nesbit. "Maybe he was hunting up an accomplice he thought would shelter him, and the accomplice thought that the simplest way of protecting himself would be to shoot Lengerke—and call it suicide."

I could tell from the faces of the men gathered around the cabin, that most of them were as surprised as I was at what was happening. Mendoza's sallow face got paler, whether from fear or anger I could not decide. Then he smiled. "I suppose I should compliment you on your imagination."

"THANK you," said Nesbit. "As it seems to entertain you, I'll imagine some more. . . . A wealthy man had a private secretary. The secretary had a twenty-year-old wife. They both had criminal records. They fixed up a scheme to get the man entangled with the girl, and then blackmail him—work the badger game on him."

We were all staring in open-eyed amazement at both Mendoza and Nesbit, by this time. There were beads of perspiration on Mendoza's forehead.

"Does the story still amuse you? Shall I go on?" asked Nesbit.

Mendoza glared at him and said nothing.

"When it came to the show-down, the wealthy man refused to be bled. He threatened to have his secretary arrested, and the secretary saw he meant it. He comes from the south of Europe, and he carries a knife as a matter of course. Enraged and frightened, he stabs the wealthy man through the heart.

"There was another accomplice—the Steward of the Club where the wealthy man lived. The girl had become rather fond of the old man—and she drew the line at murder. She threatened to denounce the two men. They quickly bound the girl, and kept her in a vacant room until noon the next day. They then decided they could not take a chance on letting her get away—so they deliberately strangled her, and put the body on the rich man's bed. His body, in the meantime, had been placed in a closet in the hall where brooms and mops are kept, and the door locked."

Mendoza's face grew paler as he listened to this recital, but he continued to stare straight at Nesbit in silence.

"The two conspirators now had two murders on their consciences—and two bodies to dispose of. They both became panic stricken, and tried desperately to devise some plan that would shield them from suspicion until they could get safely away. They made up a plausible story. One of them summoned the police. The police were suspicious of the story. The man who summoned the police later was asked to go over to the Station, and he realized he was about to be arrested. It was then that his accomplice—a man with black hair," interjected Nesbit slowly—"stabbed the officer, and left the Club by a back door, very suddenly.

"Now they have three murders on their consciences. There is no possibility of the man who is suspected, getting away now

You too can Buy for Less this Convenient Way

SENT FOR \$1

No C.O.D. to Pay
Only the finest, and a full year to pay—at no more than cash prices. Volume buying, direct importations and two generations of experience back up our unusual values. Send only \$1 with order and your choice comes to you prepaid—no C. O. D. to pay on arrival.

10 Days Free Trial
You take no risk—satisfaction absolutely guaranteed or money back.

A FULL YEAR TO PAY
After examination and free trial pay balance in 12 equal monthly payments. No interest. No extras. All dealings strictly confidential.

BN2-3 genuine diamonds; 18K white gold mounting. \$1. now \$36.75 \$2.50 mo.

BN3-18K White Gold ring; genuine blue-white diamond. \$3.95 a mo. \$48.00

BN1-Cluster of 7 genuine blue-white diamonds; 18K White Gold mounting. looks like \$750. Solitaire. \$3.95 a mo. \$48.50

BN4-14K Solid White Gold engraved case, 15J guaranteed movement, complete with silk grosgrain ribbon & Wristocrat bracelet. \$25 a mo.

BN5-Elgin or Waltham movement, hand engraved gold filled case. \$2.12 \$26.50 a month.

FREE
New catalog of genuine diamonds; Bulgova, Elgin, Waltham, Hamilton, Howard, Illinois watches; fine jewelry, silverware. Write for your copy now.

Established 1895

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
ADDRESS DEPT. 61F 170 BROADWAY, N.Y.

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Make secret investigations. Fascinating work. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, **GEORGE D. WAGNER**, 2190 Broadway, New York.



500 TRICKS 10c

Be Popular—Learn to Entertain!

Amaze and Mystify your friends. Earn money at Clubs and Parties. It's easy. No skill required. Our Copyrighted book, "Fun-Magic-Mystery" tells how. Explains many startling Tricks, with Cards, Coins, Matches, Mindreading, etc., you can do without practice. The New 1928 Edition, profusely illustrated, containing descriptions of over 500 other Mystifying Tricks, Illusions, Jokes, Puzzles, Books and European Novelties, sent Postpaid only 10c.

LYLE DOUGLAS Station A-2 Dallas, Texas

Buy Direct—this modern way

\$1 Brings Your Choice 10 MONTHS TO PAY

Fifty years of direct diamond importing have enabled us to offer high quality diamonds at a 6% net profit, and extend most liberal terms. You owe it to yourself to investigate our values and charge system. Do it today.

WHAT YOU DO—
Send one dollar with Name and Address, article desired and brief note telling us about yourself.
Simply state: (1) how long at address; (2) age; (3) married or single; (4) name and address of employer; (5) nature of work; (6) how long in employ.
All information held strictly confidential—no direct inquiries to employer.

WHAT WE DO—
Upon arrival of your order, we will open a 10 month Charge Account and send selection for approval and 16 DAY TRIAL. If satisfied, pay balance in ten equal monthly payments; otherwise return and dollar will be refunded.
No Articles sold to persons under 20 years of age

It's a BULOVA Dust-tite watch
\$29.75

14K rolled gold plate strap watch for men with guaranteed 15 jewel Bulova movement, radium numerals and hand-dust-tite cap. \$1 with order; \$2.87 a month.

\$57.50
Gent's ring 18 K white gold; blue white diamond; blue sapphires on each side. \$1 with order; \$5.85 a month.

\$45
Engagement ring 18K white gold; blue white diamond. \$1 with order; \$4.40 a mo.

\$39.50
Three blue white diamonds in 18K white gold dinner ring, odd design. \$1 with order; \$3.85 a mo.

To Any Adult
Interested in the purchase of a diamond, watch, or articles of jewelry, we will send, without obligation, the complete booklet ten months.

Four blue white diamonds; four blue sapphires in 14K solid white gold wrist watch with 15 jewel movement. Silo-grograin ribbon and flexible expansion bracelet—gift case. \$1. with order; \$4.40 a month.

L.W. SWEET, Inc.
DIAMOND IMPORTERS
DEPT. 658-L
1660 Broadway
NEW YORK

A Personal Service for You
We will gladly furnish without obligation to buy, any information regarding merchandise, methods and service. Write us.

WHY NOT MAKE \$75 to \$150 a WEEK?

Introducing **Chieftain Guaranteed Tailored Shirts.** No Capital needed. You just write orders. We deliver and collect—Our **NEW GROUP SALES PLAN** gets the business. Big Cash profits paid daily—Even inexperienced persons should **Make \$3.00 Per Hour**

Chieftain Shirts lead the way to big Profits for You—Splendid variety of latest patterns—finest materials—correct styles—make sales easy. Send today for free samples and full working outfit.

CINCINNATI SHIRT CO.,
Shop 2076, Cincinnati, O.

Play Piano BY EAR

—IN 90 DAYS!

Play anything—jazz to classical! Even if you know nothing about piano music—You have your fingers dancing over the keyboard with confidence in 90 days. If you can hum or whistle a tune you can play it! My students are broadcasting—making money. **MAKE ME PROVE IT!** Without puzzling notes! Without practicing tedious scales! I've found the way to bring out your musical instinct. New and original system does away with years of work. **YOU WANT THE PROOF!** I'll send it. Write me now.

D. M. SUTTLE, Director
ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1112 Hunter Building
Chicago, Ill.

Send NOW for PROOF!

without help from the other. The other thinks he sees a way out for himself—shoots his accomplice, and telephones the police that he has committed suicide. He has now four murders on his conscience, but he thinks he is perfectly safe."

MENDOZA had so far kept an iron grip on himself. "I suppose you have proof of all this fairy story," he said mockingly.

"The proof is here, Mendoza," said Nesbit. "It will confront you. The man who saw you go to Brewster's room the night before last, and saw you later, with Lengerke, carry Brewster's body to the closet where it was found, will come forward."

The man whose name I did not remember rose and came forward and stood, grave and silent, in front of Mendoza.

Nesbit went on, "The man who was on the fire-escape, looking through the window when you stabbed Brewster, come forward." Again a man arose, this time the private detective Nickels, came forward and stood grave and silent before Mendoza.

Nesbit continued, "The man who followed you tonight when you came back to this boat, and listened to your conversation with Lengerke—and saw you shoot him with that revolver on the floor, beside the body—come forward."

Williams, one of the city detectives, arose and started forward, but at this point Mendoza's iron nerve gave way and rising unsteadily, and looking straight at Nesbit, he shouted: "Yes, I did it, damn

him! . . . but it was he who got me into it in the first place!"

Smithson waited no longer, but slipped the handcuffs on him.

Within two hours they had his confession, signed and witnessed.

Smithson considers this case Nesbit's greatest achievement, so far. He had practically nothing to go on except the fact that Mendoza was on the boat when Lengerke was shot. As a matter of form, he had had Mendoza followed. Williams, the detective, heard no conversation and saw nothing. . . . Mendoza had been seen to enter the Club the night Brewster was murdered, and Wilson and the two private detectives had seen someone in Brewster's room, having an argument with him. That man, Wilson thought, had black hair. Mendoza's hair was jet black.

With these few clues, Nesbit had reconstructed the enactment of what had happened, from beginning to end. Mendoza's confession, taken verbatim, while expressing his and Lengerke's fiendish acts, differently, supported almost in every detail, Nesbit's deductions and solution.

Mendoza, later getting an inkling in some way, of how little Nesbit had really known of what had taken place, repudiated his confession, but at his trial, this failed to save him. It is true, taking his voluntary confession out of the case, he was convicted on purely circumstantial evidence, but there was little doubt in the minds of those who attended the trial as to his guilt, and no regret was heard expressed by anyone when two months later he was led to his execution.

"One Chance in Ten Thousand"

(Continued from page 41)

"I can see you think it is ridiculous," the Inspector said, "but I am going to Superintendent Sprott at once and tell him my plans. I know he'll agree, and we'll shoot out the word to every precinct in the city to hold all gun-toters for me. Then we'll see what happens. It's a gigantic task, but not an impossible one."

I said nothing more. To set a police force of some 3,000 men to round-up all the gunmen in the city, in the hope that one might have a gun with which a murder was committed, seemed to me foolhardy and impossible. No one but an idealist would attempt it. But, then, Inspector Frahm had not risen to his present high position because he was a dreamer and dealt with mirages. Results were what counted in the line of promotion in the Homicide Squad. When Inspector John P. Smith, who had headed the squad since its inception years ago, had been promoted to District Inspector, it was not the oldest man in the squad who was promoted, but the man who had accomplished the most. That man was Frahm.

The impossible looked possible when I thought of this. And I knew perfectly well that while Brown was an idealist, too, in a certain sense of the word, his was no mad dream, either, when he suggested this method to Frahm. He couldn't be fooled on guns. If the right gun was brought in, he would identify it—there was no doubt about that.

"It is the most remarkable man-hunt

ever undertaken in the country," I said to myself. "And what a story it will make, when the truth is told!"

But this is the first time it has been told, because the secrecy, required by the police during the round-up, and other considerations that came up later, prevented the newspapers from printing the amazing facts.

LATER that evening, I met Inspector Frahm coming from the office of the Superintendent. His face told that his mission had been successful.

"He has given his approval. A general order to hold all men carrying guns, has been sent out already."

The first night was negative in results. Not a gun carrier was arrested. The next night, two were brought in but their pistols were of a different caliber and model from the murder-weapon. In the meanwhile, Brown had come to Police Headquarters with a more detailed report on the markings of the bullet. His was the enthusiasm of a man intensely interested in his hobby.

"Just think what it means to get him!" he said. "And I'm confident we'll locate him sooner or later. This may be his first job, it is true, and perhaps he killed in nervousness. If it is, it may cause him to become panic-stricken and drive him under cover, but I am sure that he will be out again after his fright has subsided—and sometime he will be caught. If he is an

EMPLOYMENT FOR 500 MEN AT ONCE

Mitchell, So. Dak.—Walter M. Willy, of this city, is in need of 500 men to help market his new and amazing invention which makes glare from passing automobiles impossible. This device fits and matches all cars. It can be installed in a minute. It is inexpensive. It is entirely different from anything else previously used for this purpose.

The inventor is now ready to place this remarkable discovery on the market and has an introductory free sample offer to mail you. Write Mr. Willy today. Charles Hickey wrote for this free sample offer. Since then Mr. Hickey has made \$4,931.50 profit and earned \$977.25 in prizes. To get this liberal offer simply write your name and address, enclose this ad in an envelope and address it to

W. M. Willy, G-103 Logan Bldg., Mitchell, S. Dak.

Study LAW AT HOME

Lincoln did it! Also thousands of other great lawyers, politicians and business men. YOU, too, can become a lawyer or law-trained business man through home study guided by the successful practicing lawyers of our faculty. Write today for free book.

American Corr. School of Law, 3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 134-A, Chicago

FOREIGN WORK

Persons interested oil, fruit, mining, rubber, railway work in romantic South America, write at once for information. South American Service Bureau, 14,600 Alma Ave., Detroit, Mich.

GRAY HAIR

NO DYE! New, radically different. For men and women. Applied to scalp—not hair. Quickly restores original color by replenishing color-gland in hair root. Results GUARANTEED. No after-graying at the scalp as the hair grows. Not affected by washing or waving. Daintily applied. Beneficial to scalp. Ends dandruff. Not greasy or sticky. Won't stain scalp. No one will know you use it.

FREE TRIAL! Don't confuse Youtheray with dyes. Get the facts. Then test YOUTHERAY at OUR RISK. Write today for Free booklet and FREE TRIAL OFFER. Ray Laboratories, 648 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 4-A, Chicago



\$60 A DAY!

With four New Amazing Plans and Suction Grip ASH RECEIVER for Autos, Homes and Offices.

Yes! You can make \$60 a day. My men are making that much and more right now—with the handiest specialty that has struck the field in years. The Patented MASTER SUCTION GRIP RECEIVER—a marvelous little invention which holds to any surface, metal, wood or glass by means of a SUCTION GRIP. Everybody takes to this attractive novelty!

Build a steady repeat business of your own. Our dealer plan shows you how to make \$60.00 a day by placing our "self-selling" display carton on twenty store counters. Gets you wisest orders. Get out of the small order selling class.

Send 50¢ for beautiful sample Ash Receiver, and four amazing selling plans. Learn how to get orders from empty autos and put others to work for you. Mailman delivers dollar bills to your door with our wonder plan. ACT TODAY!

GORDON MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. NF-11, 110 East 23rd St., New York City



\$1270 DAILY IN ADVANCE Bonus and Auto Besides

Easily made by men and women everywhere introducing Nationally known Macochee Guaranteed Hosiery for men, women, children. 57 latest styles including latest "Silk to the Top" ladies' and misses' hose, and men's fancies—at greatly reduced prices. Hundreds without previous selling experience—without investing one cent for stock are making

AMAZING PROFITS with this splendid line. Why not you? Just write orders—Your pay daily in advance. We deliver and collect (or you can deliver—quit yourself.) No license required—Sell anywhere. Why not turn your spare time into \$2.00 per hour. Automobile Free. Extra Cash Bonus and FREE HOSIERY for yourself. Send for Sworn Proof. We furnish samples.

MACOCHEE CO. Park 6376 Cincinnati, O.

old hand, he will lie low for a few days and be out again. The confidence, born of previous successes, will drive him out, murder or no murder. It's just a question of patience.

"The idea I am driving at," he went on, "is simply this: this thug will attempt other jobs, I am sure, and sooner or later, he will be caught. No crook, who has been in the business any length of time, has had a career entirely unblemished by an arrest. And we need just one arrest, to put this baby where he belongs! Just let me spot the gun, and he can't 'alibi' himself out of it!"

And so the man-hunt continued, silently and efficiently. The days dragged into a week, and the murder had been relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness as far as the public was concerned. Only a few persons thought of it now: the grief-stricken widow, the detectives, Brown, and one or two of the newspaper boys, myself included.

While no progress had been made toward solving the mystery, everyone connected with the investigation was working hard—and perhaps none worked harder than the quartette of detectives assigned to the case. But—just as the needle-in-the-haystack search for the gun was fruitless—so, also, was the work of the four men who thought they might run the facts down by means of stool-pigeons. Every means, known to police, was being used to solve the crime, including a canvass of the neighborhood from which the auto, used in the hold-up, had been stolen. It was hoped that someone might have seen the car driven away, and would be able to furnish a description of the thugs. But the work, thorough and painstaking as it was, proved unsuccessful.

BROWN, however, remained sanguine through it all. Night after night, he was at Headquarters, waiting for the revolver, which, it seemed, would never show up.

"Be patient," he advised. "Remember, we are blazing a new trail in criminal investigation—and all new trails are hard. After we solve this murder, there will be a gun department attached to this Homicide Bureau—mark my words! Every murder by bullet in the world could be solved as I am attempting to solve this, if it were possible to bring in every gun, and have a corps of trained men examine them."

And then things began to happen! One night five men with guns were arrested. Three were carrying .32 caliber Colts.

"See—I told you all of the thirty-tvos hadn't been shipped out of the country!" Brown said triumphantly. "Now, we'll go to the range, and shoot these things off—and see what we find."

The pistol range is in the basement of Police Headquarters, and it took only a few minutes to discharge the guns and examine the bullets. With only a cursory glance, he said that no one of them had exactly the same markings as the bullet that killed Bloch, but, to make sure, he took the bullets home to examine them more carefully. A few hours later, he called over the phone to repeat his statement. And so the man-hunt was continued.

Night after night, the gunmen were



10 Days Free Trial

An extraordinary offer! Genuine L. C. Smith ball-bearing typewriter at a 50% saving—and for only \$4 a month. Here's your chance to own the finest machine made at rental prices. Only a limited number of these superb type writers available at these low prices and easy terms.

You cannot imagine the perfection of this wonderful ball-bearing typewriter until you have used it. Positively the easiest writing, fastest running, longest wearing typewriter made. Test this magnificent machine in your home or office for 10 days. Then you'll know money cannot buy a better, more beautiful, rebuilt typewriter.



Guaranteed 5 Years

For over 20 years the L. C. Smith has been recognized as the best typewriter made. The U. S. Government bought 40,000. It is the choice of big corporations like the Standard Oil Co., etc. IT IS THE WORLD'S ONLY BALL-BEARING TYPEWRITER.

Send No Money

Just mail the coupon—we'll send you the typewriter for a 10 day trial. No one will urge you to buy. Unless the typewriter sells itself to you, return it at our expense. But you'll want to keep it, and you can for only \$3 down and \$4 a month. By using coupon you receive free \$3 worth of extras (Tools, Waterproof Cover, Home Study Touch Typewriting Course, etc.) Send coupon now before the offer is withdrawn.

\$50 SAVED BY USING THIS COUPON

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORP., 906-360 E. Grand Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Ship me genuine L. C. Smith, F.O.B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit \$3 with express agent. If I keep machine, I'll send you \$4 a month until the \$46.50 balance of special \$49.50 price is paid; the title remains in your name until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will return and return to express agent, who will return my \$3. You are to give your standard 6-year guarantee. Special price for cash \$46.40.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Occupation.....
Employed by.....

FOREST RANGERS

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; \$125-\$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap, etc. For details write Norton Inst., 1492 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

FREE SAMPLE FOR POSTAGE

This regular 50 cents purse bottle of captivating UNE FLEUR perfume sent free on receipt of name and address, enclosing TEN CENTS for packing and postage. (Outside U. S. A. 5 cents extra.)

LAWRENCE, INC. Dept. J-E 9th and Nectarine Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.



GRAY HAIR IS NOT NECESSARY

Wm. J. Brandt's
Liquid

EAU DE
HENNA

Hair Color
Restorer



will cover gray hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it. No pack. No mess.

You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

ANYONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn (in ordering please state color desired). Price \$2.50, C.O.D. \$2.77. Order through your department store, druggist or Beauty Parlor or from us. Give full local address.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 224-F, 112 East 23rd St., New York
Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

High power air rifle for selling 8 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve at 25 cents.
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. CS31, GREENVILLE, PA.

Be an Expert Criminologist and Court Witness

Open to both sexes. Qualify yourself to demand big pay. With crime increasing the expert is constantly in demand. Where the ordinary detective fails the expert criminologist succeeds. Learn this lucrative profession in all its branches at home. Finger prints. Legal chemistry. Microscopy. Micro-photography. Hand-writing. Graphology. Psychology. Ballistics. Blood stains, etc. All in one complete course. Each student given individual and careful attention, and advice later when handling cases after completing course. Write today.

International Criminologist School
Address P. O. Box 343, Seattle, Wash.

450 Miles on a Gallon of Gas!

According to a recent article by the president of the world's largest motor research corporation, there is enough energy in a gallon of gasoline if converted 100% in mechanical energy to run a four cylinder car 450 miles.

NEW GAS SAVING INVENTION ASTONISHES CAR OWNERS

A marvelous device, already installed on thousands of cars, has accomplished wonders in utilizing a portion of this waste energy and is producing mileage tests that seem unbelievable. Not only does it save gasoline, but it also creates more power, gives instant starting, quick pick-up, and eliminates carbon.

FREE SAMPLE and \$100 a Week

To obtain national distribution quickly, men are being appointed everywhere to help supply the tremendous demand. Free samples furnished to workers. Write today to E. Oliver, Pres., for this free sample and big money making offer.

WHIRLWIND MFG. CO.

899-224-E. Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.



brought in, and a careful check made of their weapons. Many .32 Colts were located, but always Brown looked frowningly at the test-bullets he had fired, and shook his head.

Then one night, when Brown casually picked up one of the spent bullets on the range, we thought he had suddenly gone crazy. His excitement was conveyed to those who watched him. It seemed as though he would fall to the floor, so great was his excitement. He trembled and shook all over.

"We've found it! I've got it!" he shouted almost incoherently, holding it above his head.

He rolled it about in the palm of his hand—he took it in his fingers, and then he held it close to him.

"Look at the rifling, and at that peculiar little notch and at that scratch," he said excitedly, pointing to the tiny indentations. "The markings are identical with those on the murder-bullet. It's apparent to the naked eye, but with the microscope the similarity will be even more obvious. You can't see what I see, and you don't know the things about bullets that I do—but it's the one! There's no doubt about it—not a bit. Whose gun is this? Show the man to me. He either killed Bloch or he knows who did."

AS he spoke, he had drawn the death-bullet from its box, and put a scratch on it.

"That will identify it," he remarked. "Now, gentlemen, I ask you—without that mark, could you tell one from the other?"

His excitement was contagious. The officers crowded about him, and with flushed faces and eyes blazing with excitement they examined the bullet. I don't believe any of them could tell one bullet from the other, or find its similarities, but they all pretended they could and examined them minutely.

Of course, every man who had been arrested with a gun, had also been questioned at length, in the hope that he could furnish a clue which would lead somewhere. I mention this fact, lest the average reader believe that all were turned over to court for carrying concealed weapons, without further investigation.

With the positive identification of the bullet, the next step was to bring down from the cell block, the man who owned the gun.

The property ticket on the pistol showed it had been taken from Rufus Daniels, of 1933½ Russell Street.

Daniels was wan and trembling, as he faced a battery of denouncing eyes. He wet his lips, and glanced about like a caged animal. The first question, put to him, was whether the gun was his. He admitted it was.

"Where were you on the afternoon of December first?" Inspector Frahm asked, as he watched closely.

Daniels sought to avoid his glance, and said he would have to think for a while.

"I was home, I guess," he answered finally.

"You're not sure, then?"

"Not exactly; it seems so long ago. Some days I am out, and then, again, I'm in."

"It isn't so long ago but what you can remember," challenged Inspector Frahm.

"What I want to know, is this: why did you shoot Morris Bloch?"

Daniels winced. He wet his lips, and looked around with scared eyes. It seemed as though he would fall to the floor.

"I never shot nobody," he replied.

"You can't fool anybody that way. This gun was used to kill a man—and you know it! Don't you? If you didn't shoot Bloch, who did? That's what we want to know!"

QUESTION after question was shot at him, and the grilling was brought to a close when Inspector Frahm told him he was going to charge him with murder.

After the prisoner had been led away, the Inspector said: "Brown, I've got all the confidence in the world in your ability as a pistol expert, and I know you are satisfied this is the gun with which Bloch was killed. But I want to get some more evidence before we bring this case to trial. Understand, I don't question your statements. The only thing is this: do you believe we can convince a jury of Daniels' guilt on your testimony alone? We've got to build up the case. Remember what trouble we had in our first fingerprint case? Of course, this is not, by any means, the first time we have used your testimony—but, heretofore, there have always been other witnesses. Your part, in the past, has been that of a connecting link—and you have identified the gun to the satisfaction of everyone. But we've got to get more evidence against Daniels before we go to the bat on this case."

Brown agreed with him, and said that as long as they had the man who owned the gun, there was something to work on and they could check up on his whereabouts at the time of the slaying. With a smile that showed how overjoyed he was, and still shaking from the shock of finding the right gun so unexpectedly, Brown left for the night. He said he would drop around in a day or two, and see how they were getting along with Daniels.

"If he will only make a confession, I will be the happiest man in the world," he said.

But getting a confession out of Daniels was like trying to make the Sphinx talk. The case was at stalemate. Inspector Frahm was certain he had the man, but he was afraid to go to court with him. As the days passed by, he tried to make him talk. But Daniels' story was always the same.

"I never shot nobody."

For more than two weeks, this strange situation existed. It was exasperating to know the solution was within grasp, but defied seizure. Coupled with this was the fear that the prisoner might be brought into court on a writ of habeas corpus. If this happened, Inspector Frahm would have to ask for a warrant, and the entire case would hinge on Brown's testimony.

"Daniels, we're going to keep you here until you tell us about that gun. You've been here two weeks now—and you'll stay here until you give us the facts," Frahm said in one of his quizzings, almost hopelessly.

"I DON'T see why I should try and shield anybody," replied Daniels with resentment. "I've been waiting for my



How Did You Get So Thin?

Women who reduce with **O. B. C. T.** astonish their fat friends! **Get rid of fat!** Be young and gay and active. **O. B. C. T.** is positively guaranteed to reduce you quickly and safely. Made under supervision of licensed practicing physician. **No exercise—no dieting.**

Write for **Two Weeks' Treatment**

Send no money. Just write for trial treatment. Pay postman \$1.50 when package arrives. We guarantee that you will positively lose weight on first box or we will refund your money. Two weeks' treatment will convince you that **O. B. C. T.** is the most successful fat reducer in the world. Results guaranteed. Write today. Start reducing right away.

O. B. C. T. Laboratory, 4016 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 157 Chicago

FOR WOMEN Sanitary appliances and exclusive beauty products. Confidential advice rendered without cost. Send for interesting, illustrated information.

HELENE KIERAN

502-A Fifth Avenue New York

SKIN-TROUBLES

ANDRE'S ACNE CREAM is Guaranteed for all Skin Troubles no matter how severe or chronic. Brings immediate results. Quickly ends Pimples, Blackheads, Eruptions on face or body, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Scabs, Crusts, Pustules, Enlarged Pores, Oily, Shiny or Itching Skin. Lightens Freckles, softens and whitens the skin. Particulars FREE. Write at once. **ANDRE & CO., 751 E. 42nd St., Suite 472, Chicago**



How to Obtain A Perfect Looking Nose
My latest improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. **M. Trilet, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 3095, Binghamton, N. Y.**

3 Private Lessons in Beauty Culture Absolutely FREE

Write Today for sample lessons of the wonderful **MARSAY PRACTICE METHOD**—which turns out expert operators in a few months, at home in spare time! **Earn as you learn!** You can make from \$10 to \$20 a week even while learning.

\$50.00 to \$100.00 a WEEK

Plenty of positions now open. We help you go in business for yourself—we'll back you to open a **MARSAY** licensed beauty shop. Profits of \$3,000 to \$7,500 a year. Satisfaction or money refunded! We show you how to earn your way. Write today!

MARSAY SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE
Dept. 3401, 219 West Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Pay Roll

\$158 to \$225 MONTH
Many Government Job Open to Women

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. C280, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me free information telling how I can get into the U. S. Gov't service as Railway Postal Clerk (\$1900 to \$2700 a year) as City Mail Carrier or Post Office Clerk (\$1700 to \$2300 a year). Send sample coaching and list of positions obtainable.

Name.....
Address.....

Mail Coupon Immediately

friends to come and get me out. I didn't have that gun, the day Bloch was killed. I loaned it to two men who were rooming with me. I didn't know what they wanted it for. They said someone was after them. I've always kept it about the house, with the exception of evenings when I thought I was in a dangerous neighborhood. These fellows were Gilbert Boyd and Harold Sherwood. I don't know whether they killed anybody or not, but they didn't have the gun for so very long when they came back very excited and said they had to leave town. They packed their clothes, and returned the gun. Now, if someone was killed with this gun on that afternoon, they must have done it. It wasn't me."

At last, the police were getting somewhere with the case! But it might be that Daniels was not telling the truth; so a check was made on his story. It was found that the two men had roomed with him and that they had left about December 1st, as near as their friends could remember. The next thing was to find out if the two men had police records.

It was learned that Boyd had been arrested two weeks previous to the murder and that his photograph and fingerprints had been taken. He had been released on \$500 bond, and had been scheduled to appear for trial on December 2nd. There was no record of Sherwood.

Daniels was held a few days longer, and made statements to a stenographer and was released. He promised to keep in touch with police and, true to his word, he did. He said he didn't want to have the suspicion of murder put on him.

The next step was to print hundreds of circulars with Boyd's fingerprints and his photograph. A reward was offered for his arrest.

And so December drifted into January, and January into February, until even the police had almost forgotten about the case, and Brown's visits to Headquarters became less and less frequent until they stopped altogether. Then one day in February came a telegram from Birmingham, Alabama, saying a "Sam Smith" had been arrested there on a charge of vagrancy, but fingerprints showed him to be Gilbert Boyd. Authorities there wanted to know what to do with him.

THE answer of the Detroit police was the immediate sending of Detectives Fred Clark and Ray Gillette to Birmingham. There was no mistake when the officers arrived there. He admitted he was Boyd, but denied knowledge of the murder.

"I'm going to take you to trial, anyhow," Inspector Frahm told him, when he was brought back to Detroit. "We can prove you committed the murder. Daniels will testify he loaned you the gun. Brown will identify the bullet. I would much rather that you would tell the truth. You don't want to have a murder on your conscience, do you? It will make it easier for you, and easier for us, if you confess. You don't look like a vicious man. I am sure you didn't intend to shoot. Why don't you make a clean breast of it?"

But Boyd was not to be talked into a confession that easily. He still protested his innocence.

But police began to "work" on him, as

I Offer You \$100 a Week Full or Part Time

Free Men's Furnishing Line in Your Pocket—you'll put \$100.00 a week in with it!

MEN and Women by the Hundreds, earn this worthwhile amount... Many earn more!

We manufacture the famous and 100% complete **Carlton Custom-Quality Line** of Men's shirts, of which has been added equally wonderful ranges of Neckwear, Underwear & Pajamas.

WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY!

Through you, we reach an American market of 35,000,000 prospects. **Ever New—Never Exhaustible!**

No experience is necessary... all you have to do is show our *de luxe* Sample Book pictured above—quote our low prices and take orders without effort. We deliver, collect and guarantee satisfaction.

You are paid in cash daily. To those who are ambitious, we pay besides their big earnings, extra cash bonuses, and a share in profits.

Compact Sales Kit furnished free—goes in your pocket like the \$100.00 a week—so that you can conduct your business easily, with dignity and make more money in less time with least effort.

Act Now... via Coupon

No time like *At Once* when an opportunity such as this one presents itself to you.

CARL E. MANDEL, President
CARLTON MILLS, Inc.
114 Fifth Avenue, New York... Dept. 300-L

Send Complete Free Sample Outfit of Carlton Line; I'm Ready for the \$100.00 a week

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

BEAUTIFUL EYEBROWS

Are Created By Using **MASCARILLO**

An absolutely harmless preparation for retouching and beautifying eyebrows and eyelashes. **NOT A DYE.** Prepared in nine shades. Price \$1.

EXORA ROUGE A natural color for every complexion. Waterproof. Waterproof. **10c**

Six shades. \$1 a jar. Samples of Mascarillo, EXORA rouge, cream and powder. **CHARLES MEYER, 5 East 12th St., N. Y. C.**



BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

Clip This and Prove It FREE!

The *pedodyne* solvent treatment is a boon to those whose bunion joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge to the shoes. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your next pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Prove it free. Send coupon today and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try.

SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON

KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. W-10, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago

Please arrange for me to try your *pedodyne* process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore ease to affected joints.

Name.....
Address.....

This is not an order, ship nothing C. O. D.

FREE!
Gold-Filled "Waldemar"
Knife and Chain
With Man's Pocket Watch
Gold-Filled "Wrist Lace"
Flexible Wrist Band
With Lady's Watch
Superb Gift with Man's Wrist Watch

For a short time only, to make you acquainted with the superb NEW Burlington, we are sending a beautiful FREE GIFT with every watch. We also give 30 days' trial and a year to pay, at our direct-to-you price, saving you 25% or more! Act before offer ends!

NEW ²¹ JEWEL
BURLINGTON

The Burlington—always a masterpiece—is now better than ever! Our big NEW Free Book shows, in colors, the latest, most exquisite designs in every kind of watch!

\$100 Down
30 Days Trial
A Year to Pay!

And a splendid free gift! You've never had such an offer before! You may never have again! Write today!

Burlington Watch Co.
Dept. A-124
19th Street and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.



BOW LEGS? This Patented **GARTER** Makes Trousers HANG STRAIGHT if Legs Bend In or Out—FREE BOOKLET MAILED IN PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE

THE T GARTER CO., Dept. D
1121 Belmont Avenue, South Bend, Indiana

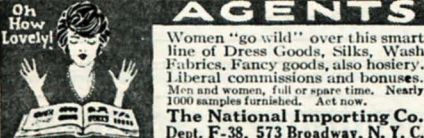


Oh, How Lovely!

AGENTS

Women "go wild" over this smart line of Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Fancy goods, also hosiery. Liberal commissions and bonuses. Men and women, full or spare time. Nearly 1000 samples furnished. Act now.

The National Importing Co.
Dept. F-38, 573 Broadway, N. Y. C.



—Be Popular—
CRYSTAL GAZING

Tell your friends about this old art—What you "see" in the Crystal, when they thrill them, entertain for hours. Our splendid flawless solid globes lend distinction to your home, reflecting all objects in the most beautiful manner. Artistic ebony or gold finished metal stand included. Regular \$5 professional outfit. Introductory price \$2.95—and postage. Pay when delivered or send Money Order and save postage. FREE book of instructions tells about visions and explains phenomena.

Magnus Works, Box 12, Varick St., New York, Dept. MU6



HAVE PRETTY ROUND FACE AND NECK
Instead of unsightly hollows

RESULTS GUARANTEED

SCIENCE offers you a sure delightful way to put on flesh where you need it. No dieting or tire-some exercise. Simply apply Tiffany Tissue Builder. It is a secret compound of amazing tissue building oils. It has brought new attractive beauty to thousands. Hollow cheeks and temples, underdeveloped busts, skinny necks, round out almost at once—firm—dainty—beautiful. Crow's feet and thro by magic. The soothing tissue building oils will not irritate the most tender skin. Neither will it grow hair.

Results guaranteed and your money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after four weeks' use according to directions. Price \$3.00. Send check, money order or currency and we will ship prepaid. If you prefer send no money but deposit \$3.00 plus few cents postage with postman when he delivers it.

TIFFANY LABORATORIES
1128 E Hanna Building, Cleveland, O.



they call it. What methods they used, must ever be a mystery, but, suffice it to say, they did not beat him or abuse him. An appeal was made to his finer instincts—and he had them, in spite of his record.

A few days later he made a statement in which he admitted he was with Sherwood at the time of the hold-up, but denied he fired the shot.

"I waited in the car. Sherwood went into the station, and, the next thing I knew I heard a shot, and he came running for the car. A man tumbled out of the door onto the sidewalk. Sherwood had a handful of bills and silver—thirty-eight dollars, we later found. He told me to drive like the devil. Then we abandoned the car, which we had stolen, and decided the best thing to do was to leave town. I went to Birmingham. I don't know where he went."

His amazement knew no bounds when he was told that Brown had traced him and Sherwood through the bullet, found in Bloch's body. He insisted on shaking hands with Brown.

"That's what I call a good piece of detective work," he said.

This remark was reward enough for Brown, and repaid him for all the work he had done. He showed very plainly that the compliment flattered him.

BOYD pleaded guilty when his case came up in court, and Judge Frank Murphy, of Recorder's Court, who passed sentence, told him it made no difference

whether he fired the fatal shot or not—the fact that he was with Sherwood when the crime was committed made him equally guilty. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in Jackson Prison.

Up to date, Sherwood has not been arrested.

This account is the first time that Brown's important part in solving the case has been made public. It is very evident that without him the slaying still would be a mystery. Of course, it was not necessary to call him to the stand, because no testimony was needed. Brown was tickled when this happened because he has no desire to appear in the press.

The effect this case had on police methods might be gathered from the fact that in September of 1927 a scientific laboratory, with a chemist and a pistol expert, was added to the Detroit Police Department.

Brown refused an offer to head this division.

"I couldn't neglect my other work, and then, anyhow, I'd be a professional. I'd rather stay in the amateur ranks, and take up only the cases that interest me. I thank you for the offer."

Just as he has helped in other cases in the past, so will he give his valuable aid in unraveling the complicated crime puzzles of the future, whenever he feels he can be of assistance. Some day he says he is going to write a book of his experiences in the scientific investigation of crime.

This story will be included.

In the Grip of the Underworld

(Continued from page 56)

one article ran, "that the key which Mr. Carson wore around his neck opened the safe?"

According to police officials, that was a significant circumstance and indicated that the robbery was planned by someone with an intimate knowledge of the Carson household.

I could imagine what thoughts were flying through Sammy Harrington's mind when he read this. Harrington, of course, didn't know that Pipe Johnson had beat me to the job. He probably thought I had staged the murder—and had double-crossed him. I recalled his remarks to me in Danny Murphy's café: "If the safe were opened with a skeleton key, or the key that the old fellow carries around his neck, it would look too much like an inside job, and suspicion might be directed against me. I don't want to be mixed up in any criminal investigations. For God's sake, don't double-cross me and open that 'pete' with a key! If you do that, I'll be in dutch."

There was mention in the newspapers of the hypodermic syringe, and of my hat, which had been found in the hallway. It was intimated that the detectives had other important information that they couldn't give to the press at that time.

Shortly after I read these things, I decided to leave Ohio and go back to New York City. I had \$6,000 in a bank there—enough to keep the wolf from the door for a time. Furthermore, I had been thinking about my girl friend, Stell. The old flame was still alive. I wanted to

see her, and, even though she knew I was a crook, I thought I could make her love me again. The fear of being arrested for the Morenus job no longer terrified me, now that I was haunted with the fear of death for a murder that I hadn't committed. It seemed to me that a charge of burglary was nothing to worry about. I wanted to get away from Ohio forever, and I concluded that if I could make Stell love me, I would marry her and go to Europe.

I packed my clothes, and prepared for the trip. Danny Murphy told me I was doing a wise stunt in making a getaway while I could.

"No telling what that Pipe Johnson will do," he said, "if they should ever nail him for that job."

BUT I never got out of Ohio. I was arrested at the railroad station. A detective grabbed me just as I was about to board the New York train.

"Come here, Paddy," he said. "We've been looking for you night and day, for forty-eight hours."

"Looking for me!" I tried to smile.

"What for?"

"You're wanted for murder," said the plain-clothes "dick."

"Murder!" I gasped. "What murder?"

"Hell!" he answered, "don't try to kid me!"

I was taken to Headquarters, and given the "third degree." First, the detectives asked me when I was in the town where the Carson home was located. I said I

Why Suffer from NEURITIS?

At last you can obtain relief from the tortures of dull shooting pains in the shoulders, back, arms—relief from the many miseries caused by NEURITIS by taking B and B the private prescription of a licensed practicing physician for over 20 years. Thousands have been relieved from the torturous sufferings of NEURITIS with this wonderful home remedy. If you are a sufferer from this peace and nerve destroying ailment, let us send you a **Trial Treatment** with our guarantee of relief after taking one box or money refunded. **Send no money.** Simply write letter asking us to send trial treatment. Pay postman \$1.00 on arrival. If after taking the treatment you do not experience wonderful results, we will refund your money. But we know that you will thank us over and over for bringing you relief from the pains and suffering caused by NEURITIS. Until all druggists have been supplied "B and B" will be sent direct.

B. and B. LABORATORY
4016 Lincoln Avenue Dept. 255 Chicago, Illinois

Old Money Wanted

\$2 TO \$500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS OF OLD or Odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book. Guaranteed Prices. Cost Posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 52, LeRoy, N. Y.

EARN \$25 WEEKLY

Spare time. Write for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Write for details, and free Copyright Book "How To Write For Pay".
Press Reporting Institute, 1257, St. Louis, Mo.

Married Women Wanted

2 Hours Per Week

We pay liberally for about 2 hours per week of your spare time. The only requirement is absolute honesty. Estimated average earnings \$4 per week. Do not reply if you are an agent or canvasser. Address: our Mr. O'Connor, Dept. 10C, 111 West 42nd St., N. Y. City.
Just say "Tell me about your spare-time offer"



Solid white gold effect American watch, 25-year guarantee. Engine turned fancy bezel and back, new cushion shape, genuine lever movement with regulator. Popular 14-size. Thoroughly timed and tested. Unbreakable crystal, fashionable metal dial. Guaranteed by Million Dollar factory. Only \$1.95 each. Special Agents' Offer! Tremendous Bargain. If you order two for \$3.90 we ship an extra watch free—giving you three for \$3.90. Write for either offer. Send No Money. Pay on delivery, plus a few cents postage.

SINCERE MERCHANDISE CO.
24 E. 21 St., N. Y. C. Dept. 79

Clear Skin of Blemishes

You can have a clear, smooth velvety skin if you will only try pure, cooling liquid D. D. D. Soothes the tissues, quickly driving away pimples, blotches and other blemishes. Stops itching instantly. This healing, stainless wash penetrates the skin and dries up almost immediately. A 35c trial bottle is guaranteed to prove the merits of this famous antiseptic—or your money back. All drug stores.

D.D.D. The Healing Skin Lotion



CORRECT your NOSE

Beautyfy Your Face

ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER will shape your nose to perfect proportions while you sleep or work. Age doesn't matter. Safe, painless, comfortable, Rapid, permanent results guaranteed. 60,000 doctors and users praise it as a most marvelous invention. No metal or screws.



30-Day FREE TRIAL
Send for FREE BOOKLET
"The Nose and Its Shape"



ANITA CO., 625 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

had never been there—whereupon, they produced my hat.

"Tell me," the Chief said, "how this hat happened to be there, then?"

"That's not my hat," I replied. "I never owned that hat."

Somebody hit me on the jaw, knocking me off the chair—and when I got up, another detective knocked me down. Every time I denied that the hat belonged to me, one of the big detectives slugged me. Then they began to beat me over the head and shoulders with a long piece of rubber hose. This rubber hose was used because it left no visible marks of the savage punishment administered.

They fired questions at me right and left for an hour or more, trying to make me admit that the hat belonged to me. I persistently denied all knowledge of the Carson job, regardless of how they beat me. And the more brutally they treated me, the more determined I was to stand pat and say nothing to them.

Finally they gave up the job, and locked me up. I was just dozing off to sleep when they came to my cell and started in on the third degree once more. They quizzed me and beat me for two hours, but I didn't weaken.

"I've never been in that town," I screamed, "and that hat was never on my head. I'm innocent!"

They couldn't prove that the hat belonged to me—I knew that. I had torn the labels out of it when I purchased it in New York; that's the first thing a crook does when he buys a new hat.

I resisted every effort to make me confess. They came within an ace of killing me, but they couldn't make me admit anything. Very few men stand up under the third degree. I have known many crooks who confessed to crimes of which they were entirely innocent, in order to get away from the barbarities of this modern inquisitorial procedure.

I was sure that the detectives had very little "on" me, or they wouldn't have used the third-degree method. The fact that I was innocent of the murder strengthened my determination to fight them to the last ditch.

"It'll take more than that hat to convict me of first-degree murder," I said to myself. "I'll not talk."

Once I considered telling them what had really occurred—but I didn't believe that the detectives would give me a square deal.

"If I tell the truth," I thought, "they'll say that I'm trying to frame Pipe Johnson and send him to the chair—to save myself. He hasn't got the record that I have."

I WAS in a fine mess. The detectives were working industriously while I was in jail—and they did a first-class piece of work, believe me! They interviewed all the motormen and conductors on the suburban trolley-line, and finally located two conductors who identified me as having been on their particular cars. One conductor picked me out of a line-up of fifteen men.

"That's the man," he said. "He went over that night on the nine-thirty-five, and he wore a brown soft hat."

He told the truth. I had worn a brown soft hat—and that hat was in the possession of the police! The other conductor,

Hurry-Up Call For 250 MEN NEEDED NOW!

Surprising Opportunity Now Open! Almost No Limit To Big Money Possibilities! N. C. Paige of Missouri Made \$104 in 3 Days! And Emil Ham of California Made \$50 His Very FIRST DAY! Investigate This Wonderful Opening To-day!



\$5300 A YEAR!

"My first week I made over \$200 actual cash! Since then I have received as high as \$1000 in a single month—\$300 last year."—B. C. Loughren, Fla.

"\$114 A DAY!"

"Think any man ought to make \$15-\$25 a day with KRISS-KROSS. Personally I have made as high as \$114 in one day."—J. E. Tillotson, Nebr.

\$75 A WEEK and Up!!

Here's an amazingly easy way to make money—as high as \$200-\$400 a month. We are big advertisers everywhere (KRISS-KROSS Stroppers) but never sell in stores—so need more men right away to collect orders in each locality. (\$5,000,000 already collected.) All you do is mail the orders to us as they come in. You get handsome profit for every bit of work you do—and will find it easy as A.B.C. We show you how. No investment or office needed. Use your home as headquarters. Full or Spare Time. J. C. Kellogg (Kansas) made \$200 in 7 days part-time alone!

Write For Details

Find out about this wonderful opportunity that is paying others \$75 a week and more, regular as clockwork. Also learn how we furnish new Ford cars free to workers. Fill out the handy coupon below—and mail it now.

Rhodes' KRISS-KROSS CORPORATION
Dept. G-432, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



Rhodes' KRISS-KROSS CORP.,
Dept. G-432, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Send me details of your generous proposition to representatives—together with your plan of furnishing New Fords to order-takers.

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

75% OFF

Prices Slashed on Standard Tires
Firestones, Goodyears, U.S. etc.
Thousands of satisfied customers can testify to the superiority of tires obtained from this old established company. Slightly used tires remanufactured by the only original secret process to last for thousands of miles.

Size	Tires	Size	Tires
30x3 1/2	\$2.35	32x5	\$4.35
30x3 3/4	2.45	30x5	4.45
32x3 1/2	2.70	30x5 1/2	4.70
32x4	2.95	30x5 3/4	5.00
32x4 1/2	3.00	30x6	5.20
32x4 3/4	3.45	30x6 1/2	5.65
34x4	3.50	31x8 1/2	6.00
32x4 1/2	3.75	30x5 1/2	3.35
33x4 1/2	3.85	30x6	3.45
34x4 1/2	3.95	32x5 1/2	4.75
30x5	4.25	30x5 1/2	4.75

Regular Cord Prices

You Get a Written Guarantee with every tire or tube you purchase. Send only \$1.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C.O.D. Order will be shipped same day received. If you send cash in full, deduct 5% discount. Get in on these low prices—order now! This big reliable company stands back of every tire with their iron clad guarantee.

EAGLE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Dept. 123 3449 Michigan Ave., Chicago

GIVEN WRIST WATCH

LADIES: Gorgeous, 6-jewel wrist watch or cash commission for selling only 20 10c packages Keystone Gold Eye Needles as offer in our Free catalog. Send name and address only—no money; we trust you!

KEYSTONE NOVELTY CO., Dept., NA31, Greenville, Pa.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

OUR COMPOSER WROTE MANY SONG HITS

MONARCH MUSIC COMPANY
236 West 55th St. (near Broadway) Dept. 189, NEW YORK

WRINKLES GONE IN 3 DAYS.



*They vanished
so quickly I
was astonished
at the wonder-
ful results ~*

By Miss Karsten

For years I tried everything to remove wrinkles which marred my beauty, hindered my pleasure in social life and made me look old before my time, but without results.

One day a friend who had just returned from abroad gave me this wonderful secret discovered in Egypt, which preserved the youthful appearance of the fairest Egyptian Beauties. I tried it—results were amazing—I could not believe my eyes. After a few applications wrinkles and worry lines faded away. In 3 days my skin became firm and youthful freshness was restored.

This Priceless Secret Yours

Why look old! Why allow wrinkles, blackheads or pimples to mar your appearance when they can be harmlessly removed as if by magic? No massaging—no painful electric treatment—no harmful lotions. **Ruga Creme** will amaze you—bring back new youth to your face. Try it!

Special \$5 offer Now \$1.79
only one jar to a person

Our Laboratories have secured a limited supply of these costly ingredients. **40,000 \$5.00 jars of Ruga Creme** at this special offer to introduce. Just pay postman \$1.79 to cover laboratory expense plus a few pennies postage. If after third treatment you do not notice a decided improvement, return balance and we will refund your money. Don't miss this amazing offer. Just send name and address TODAY!

Send Cash with Foreign Orders

Jean Laboratories 6343 So. Ashland Blvd. Dept. 16, CHICAGO, ILL.



FROWN LINES



CROW'S FEET



LAUGH LINES



PIMPLES—BLACKHEADS

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$30 to \$50 a week **RETOUCHING** photos—men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you at home, furnish working outfit and employment service. Write today.

Artcraft Studios, Dept. 38, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

Agents \$72 a Week

\$2 an hour for Spare Time
Introduce finest line **New Guaranteed Hosiery** you ever saw. For men, women, children. All kinds, 126 styles, colors. Guaranteed to wear 7 months.

New Auto Given We furnish Auto to travel in. Write today for brand new selling plan. We deliver or you deliver—suit yourself. No experience needed. No license fee to pay. We protect our agents. Credit given. Any man or woman can make \$24 a week in spare time. Samples furnished. Exclusive territory. Our new line Silk Hosiery can't be beat. Write for terms.

Wilknit Hosiery Co., No. 4385, Greenfield, Ohio



Skin

TROUBLES Poslam Often Ends Pimples in 24 hours

Pimples, black heads, eczema, rashes and other blemishes cleared up quickly and safely by Poslam.

Used successfully for all skin troubles for twenty years. It must be good. Thousands of unsolicited letters from delighted users tell of amazing success. Buy Poslam at your drugist, only 50c, or let us prove to you free that Poslam will clear and beautify your skin.

FREE Proof Sample

See amazing improvement within 24 hours. Free. No cost. No obligation. Send today for generous trial size of Poslam. Simply mail your name and address.

Sample Desk E, Poslam Co., 256 W. 54th St., New York, N. Y.

with whom I had traveled on the way back to the city, also positively identified me.

But the thing that worried the detectives was the hypodermic syringe. I was not a dope-fiend. There were no punctures on any part of my body, such as would have been apparent if I had been in the habit of injecting morphine into myself. They knew the "hypo" didn't belong to me, so they decided that it must, of necessity, belong to some pal who had helped me on the job.

There were a few dope-fiends hanging around Danny Murphy's Long Tom Café, so the detectives decided that they would arrest all of them, and among the bunch they would surely find my accomplice.

Somebody "tipped off" the dope-fiends, and they got out of town before the dicks raided Murphy's joint. All escaped except "Taunton Tommy," a prowler, who was unable to prove where he was on the night of the murder. The detectives immediately decided he was the man they wanted.

Now, you'll get an idea of how a great many crooks respond to the third degree.

They put Tommy in jail, and charged him with murder. Then they began to work on him. Of course, he was absolutely innocent, and he proclaimed that fact. Nevertheless, the police gave him hell for breakfast, dinner, and supper. When he didn't "come through" with a confession, they took his "hypo" and morphine away from him.

"No confession, Tommy—no dope," they told him tauntingly.

Within twenty-four hours he was in terrible agony, and a day later he was practically a madman. He pleaded for "just one more shot."

The detectives replied, "Tell us what you know about the Carson murder, and we'll give you a dozen shots."

"I'm innocent," he screamed hysterically. "I'm innocent! I didn't have anything to do with the Carson murder!"

THEY tortured him for three days, and then, unable to stand up under the pain any longer, Tommy made a confession.

"I killed Carson—I killed him!" he yelled. "Give me a shot."

"And wasn't Paddy with you?" the detectives asked.

He said that I was.

Then the detectives began to "work both ends against the middle."

"Tommy has told the truth," they said to me—"he has confessed everything. Now, you had better come through, if you don't want to go to the chair! Come through, Paddy, and save your life."

"You believe what he told you?" I asked.

"Well," they snarled, "would a guy confess that he murdered a man, if he didn't do it? Certainly we believe him; he's told us the truth—and you had better do

the same, if you don't want to die in the electric chair."

"Would you confess to murder, if you were a dope-fiend and on the verge of going mad for a shot of dope?" I replied. "You know Tommy is only raving. A dope-fiend would send his mother to the chair for a shot of dope. I'm as innocent of this murder as you are."

But Tommy's confession was broadcast through the press. Everybody in Ohio believed that he and I had murdered old man Carson, and public sentiment was overwhelmingly against us. We were as good as convicted.

Danny Murphy, however, had been busy in my behalf. He knew that I was innocent, and he knew that Taunton Tommy had nothing to do with the Carson job. All the underworld gang was convinced that Pipe Johnson was the killer, and they were looking for him—but Pipe had gone to God only knew where!

My underworld friends employed one of the best criminal lawyers in Ohio to defend me, and I told him the actual facts. Afterward, he talked with Taunton Tommy, who said that he had made the confession to get a shot of morphine, and that he had had no intention of hurting me. Now that he realized what he had done, he was willing to "go through for me." He would establish an alibi for himself, and in doing that, he would exonerate me, in a way.

So he told the truth to the detectives. On the night of the Carson murder he had been burglarizing a house in Toledo. He substantiated his statement by producing the loot. Furthermore, his lady-love and the keeper of a café were able to swear that he was in the latter's place of business at two o'clock that morning, eating and drinking.

Tommy had an iron-clad alibi, but the detectives laughed it off.

"SOUNDS nice and pretty," they said.

"But what about that hypodermic syringe that was found at the scene of the murder? Explain that away, and we'll fall for this alibi. Tell your story to the jury. Try to convince twelve upright men that you, a dope-fiend with a long criminal record, are not the owner of that hypodermic syringe! Paddy isn't a dope-fiend, is he? It doesn't belong to Paddy, does it? And that soft brown hat, which was found at the scene of the murder—what about that? The conductor on the early morning trolley says Paddy was bareheaded. The next thing we'll hear is that Paddy doesn't own that hat, and that he was in church when the murder occurred!"

Taunton Tommy had put himself in the affair with his own confession, and the hypodermic syringe made it look a hundred per cent worse for him. Both of us were headed for the chair.

Plagiarism

Stories have been submitted to Macfadden Publications which are copies of stories that have appeared in other magazines.

Anyone submitting a plagiarized story through the mail and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor, is guilty of a Federal offense in using the mails to defraud.

The publishers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES are anxious—as are all reputable publishers—to stamp out this form of theft and piracy, and are advising all magazines from which such stories have been copied of such plagiarism, and are offering to cooperate with the publishers thereof to punish the guilty persons.

Notice is hereby given to all who have submitted stories that the same must be ORIGINAL and TRUE.



WURLITZER

Try Any Instrument In Your Own Home

You may now have any musical instrument for a week's free trial in your own home. Examine it, show it to your friends, play it as much as you wish. No obligation to buy — no expense for the trial.

Easy Payments

If you decide to buy, payments are arranged in convenient small monthly sums. A few cents a day will pay for your instrument. Special offers on complete outfits.

The exceptional tone quality of Wurlitzer instruments is the result of 200 years' experience in musical instrument building. Used by leading professional musicians, prominent bands and orchestras. Unusually easy to play.

SEND New Catalog

Describes and illustrates every known musical instrument—many shown in full colors. Special factory prices direct to you. All details of free trial, easy payment plan. All sent free — no obligation. Write today!

Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. A204
117 E. 4th Street, Cincinnati
 Copyright 1928, Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

Latest Model EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH

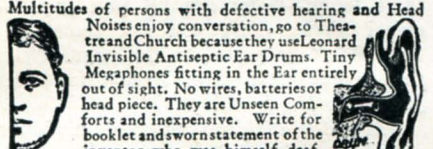


LADIES' wrist watch of latest design, 6-jewel guaranteed movement, 25-yr. white gold fancy engraved case with jewel tip. Send for only 12 boxes Montho-Nova. Salve. Sell at 25c box. Watch or cash commission given according to offer in Catalog sent with Salve. Send no money just name and address today.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. PS-31, Greenville, Pa.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisibly Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 737, 70 5th Ave., New York

Be a Nurse



Earn \$30-\$35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time to be a nurse. Courses endorsed by physicians. Thousand graduates. Est. 28 years. Nurse's equipment included. Money back agreement. Free booklet.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
 Dept. 386
 421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name: _____
 Address: _____
 City: _____ State: _____

BUST DEVELOPED



My Big Three Part Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL DEVELOPMENT without bathing, exercises, pumps or other dangerous absurdities. I send you a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR

14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

If you send a DIME toward expenses. (A Large Aluminum Box of my Wonder Cream included.) Plain wrapper. IS IT WORTH 10c TO YOU? If not, your dime back by first mail. Address NOW, with ten cents only.

Madame G. C. Williams, Buffalo, N. Y.

Below Cost.



DUTCH MASTERS

\$3.74 DOZ.

F.O.B., N.Y.

MALT EXTRACT

Introducing New York's most popular quality product direct to user.

RY-OAK (liquid) considered the most perfect FLAVOR in the world. (4 oz. to 1 gal.) Only \$1.00. Guaranteed free from Caramel. Save Money! Write for Catalog.

Continental, 47-A West 45th St., N. Y.

Along about this time the crooked butler, Sammy Harrington, who framed the robbery, was "sprung." The detectives, working on the theory that it was an inside job, dug into his history, and learned that he had served a term in Joliet, when Danny Murphy was there. They went over his life "with a fine-toothed comb," and what they didn't dig up on him wasn't worth digging up!

When they confronted him with his history, he denied any connection with the murder. But when they gave him the old third degree, he caved in and told everything. You will recall that he didn't know that Pipe Johnson had beaten me to the job. He thought I had done it. He admitted to the detectives that he had planned the robbery, and that I had agreed to carry it out. He also told them that Tommy was not in on the discussion, and so the charge of murder against the latter was dismissed.

"Tommy's all right," the police said. "He was in Toledo when the killing took place. We'll send him there to stand trial for that robbery he staged on the night that Carson was murdered. He couldn't have been in both places at the same time."

I had to go it alone then, and I wasn't entertaining any silly illusions about my chances. I knew where I stood—I had one chance in a million of beating the case—and that one chance lay in my ability to convince the jury of what had really occurred.

THE Grand Jury indicted me, and I went up for trial. It was a short trial. I went on the witness-stand, and told the court in detail what had occurred.

The jury rendered a verdict of guilty of first-degree murder. A few days later I was sentenced to die in the electric chair. I was taken to the death-house at the State Prison. What memories I have of that place!

My lawyer told me that I still had a chance.

"The Supreme Court," he said, "may reverse the decision. Don't give up."

His words went in one ear and out the other. I had almost lost hope of ever seeing the world again.

I will recall the day I arrived at the State Prison. The two deputy sheriffs who escorted me there were very kind to me, and one of them, Dan Riordan, was unusually sympathetic. I think I convinced Dan that I was really innocent.

When we shook hands in the Warden's office, I said to him: "Dan, I'm going to die for a murder of which I am as innocent as you are—and some day the State will learn that I didn't kill Carson."

"Paddy," he replied, as his eyes filled with tears, "I have never believed that you were a killer, and I don't think God will let you die for another man's crime. Pray to God, and don't give up."

Dan's words were ringing in my ears when the Warden's deputy ushered me into the prison bathroom, and shouted, "Where's Thompson?"

Thompson was the head death-house keeper.

The guard in charge of the bathroom informed the deputy that Thompson had gone to the dining room for his lunch.

"All right," the deputy replied, "I'll phone him."

HOW THE CRYSTAL DIAMOND LOOKS IN A BEAUTIFUL MOUNTING



Send Only

10c

To Help Cover the Cost of Handling and We Will Send You a Full Cut One Carat

"CRYSTAL DIAMOND"
 (MOST NATURAL NON-GENUINE)

Nothing More to Pay

Nothing to Sell—Nothing to Buy—No Red Tape Attached to This Offer. We want Thousands of new owners and boosters of CRYSTAL DIAMONDS and we will distribute these gems only, FREE to the readers of this paper.

CRYSTAL DIAMONDS are full 24 facet cut and are of such radiant beauty that even experts are astonished at their likeness to the genuine. WE ARE MAKING this unusual offer only to get CRYSTAL DIAMONDS into the hands of appreciative friends. SLIP your name and address with 10c in stamps or coin (to cover cost of handling) in an envelope and get it right off to us. Your CRYSTAL DIAMOND will reach you by return mail fully prepaid.

If you want one for a friend also, enclose 10c extra—only two to the same address.

CRYSTAL DIAMOND COMPANY
 Dept. MG, 303 Fourth Ave., New York

Agents \$12 a day

NEW Self-Heating IRON



New invention now makes ironing easy in every home. Ends hot stove drudgery. Cuts ironing time in half. Saves steps. Costs one cent for 3 hours use. No attachments. No cords. No tubes. Gives quick regulated heat. Guaranteed. Sells fast. Mrs. Wagner, Ohio, sold 24 in few hours spare time. Meyer, Pennsylvania, made \$164 in one week. You can do as well. Work all or spare time. No experience needed. No capital. New plan. Simply take orders. We deliver and collect. Commissions paid same day you take orders. Send for exclusive territory and FREE OUTFIT OFFER. Write today.

THE AKRON LAMP CO., 116 Iron St., AKRON, OHIO



THIS SIX ROOM English-Type Bungalow NOW \$865 FREIGHT PAID

Save more than ever

We Loan You Money to Build

We ship you this modern home complete, lumber cut-to-fit, and ADVANCE YOU CASH to help you build. You pay us in small amounts monthly about what you pay for rent. This year, prices are lower than ever. Our customers' claim average savings of 47% compared with what local contractors charge.

PAY AS \$16 PER MONTH even lower on other Sterling homes. Send 25c in coin today for beautiful Color Book of Sterling Home Plans and see how easy it is now to make your dream of a home come true.

INTERNATIONAL MILL & TIMBER CO.
 867 S. Wenona Ave., Bay City, Mich

COLOR BOOK OF Sterling Home Plans 25c

Deformities of the Back



Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks. We have successfully treated over fifty-seven thousand cases in the past 25 years.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book Describe your case; it will aid us in giving definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
253-18 Odd Fellows Temple
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



GIVEN
Men's & Boy's Watch
5-year guarantee. Given for selling only 24 1/2 packages famous Keystone Gold Eye Needles or Cash Commission. Send name and address—no money; we trust you!
KEYSTONE NOVELTY CO.
Dept. N831 Greenville, Pa.

Play At Once!

Play latest hits. So easy—pictures show everything. Romance! Friends! Fun! Popularity!

Clip this ad.

Free New method, 200 songs and pick free with beautiful jumbo size Uke. Patent pegs—regular \$5.00 value. Rich, sweet tone. **Send No Money** \$2.98 plus postage. (Or send price and we pay postage.) Play 6 days, money back if not satisfied. **Ferry & Co., Dept. 2046, Chicago**

Agents! Amazing New One Stroke Window-Washer

One device makes window washing 75% easier. Washes, dries, polishes windows in a jiffy. Women wild about it! No more ladders to climb, no mussy rags nor sponges to wring. Hands never touch water. **MAKE \$90 A WEEK EASY** Every housewife wants it. Fascinating demonstrator. Sells fast. Make 100% profit. No experience needed. We show you how. Send for big Catalog of this and 47 other fast-selling Quality Rubber Products. Direct from Akron, the Rubber City. **FREE** Outfit to hustlers. **WRITE QUICK.**
KRISTE MFG. CO., 346 BAR ST., AKRON, OHIO.

LOVE Can Be Yours So Easily!

Don't stand aside all your life while others know the joy of true love and marriage. You, too, can weave a spell of enchantment that leads to marriage, if you know how! "Fascinating Womanhood" is an amazing book that reveals in plain language the "Dont's" to observe and unfolds the secrets of fascination. If you want to know these secrets, write your name and address on margin and mail to us with ten cents for a booklet outlining the contents of this wonderful book. This booklet, itself, contains amazingly beautiful information which you have always craved. Address:

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 79-F

He picked up the receiver, and asked for the dining room.

"Thompson," he shouted, "when you get through with your lunch, come on down to the bathroom. We just received another man for the chair—that fellow, Paddy Cassidy."

"Another man for the chair!" The words chilled me. I shuddered from head to feet when he uttered them.

THOMPSON came to the bathroom before I put on the death-house garb. He proceeded to take my "history."

He was a hard-boiled individual. He had been a prison guard for twenty years, and had been in charge of the death-house for five years.

"I guess you are like all the rest of these guys," he snarled—"you're innocent of the murder, eh?"

"Yes," I sighed. "I'm innocent, dead innocent; I have never killed anybody."

There were eleven men waiting to die when I got there. I will never forget the reception they gave me when I entered the death-house.

From every cell came the greeting, "Hello, Paddy, old boy!"

I was wondering how they knew my name. The guard explained they had the daily papers and that they had been keeping in touch with my case. They sent me books, cigarettes, newspapers; they were solicitous about my wants. I had never before encountered such comradeship in all my life.

My cell was right up against the entrance to the execution chamber. I wasn't over fifteen or twenty feet from the chair. To the left of me was a Chinaman, Charley Wah, while across the aisle in front of me was a huge negro, Bob Waldron.

I marveled at the attitude of these condemned men. They were, or seemed to be, jolly and carefree. I had always been of the opinion that murderers were the worst men in the world, but these fellows did not act or talk or look like real bad men.

"We want you to make yourself at home, Paddy," they told me. "If there is anything we can do for you, sing out. Don't be backward."

So I settled down to wait for death. I have heard it said that the inherent tragedy of all life is death—that futility is at the end of every sort of endeavor. Every man knows that, but people outside of prison death-houses do not think of death as constantly as we pilgrims to the chair think of it. God, no! I thought of it every minute and every hour of the day, and throughout the long, lonely hours of the night. Sleep? I could not sleep. I never had a good night's rest while I was in the death-house. What man could sleep when he was so near the hideous chair in which he had to die?

I KNEW how I was going to die even though I had never witnessed an execution. I thought about the procedure day and night, and a hundred times or more I imagined I was in the chair. I could feel the "juice" crashing down through my brain. I could feel the hot electrode against my leg. I could feel the wet sponge on top of my head.

The days and nights wore on with ap-

palling slowness. Time never meant so much to me. Every tick of the clock which hung over the entrance to the execution chamber seemed to say, "Nearer, nearer, nearer."

And then came the first execution! I recall that night of horror. Tom Daly, a little Irishman with whom I had got fairly well acquainted, was "going through to be burned" at eleven o'clock.

The rest of the boys in the death-house seemed to have gone speechless that night. Nobody spoke. Everybody was praying for Tom Daly. It sounds funny, I guess, to say that every condemned man in the death-house was praying for a comrade. But I know I was praying for him, and praying for myself. I know that big Bob Waldron, the negro, was praying, because I could see him across the corridor in his cell. And from other parts of the death-house, once or twice I caught the sound of mumbling voices uttering prayers.

The prison chaplain was with Tom Daly at the other end of the corridor. When he left for a few minutes, about eleven o'clock, Tom spoke to us.

"It ain't long now, boys," he said. "In another hour, it'll all be over. I'll be in Heaven, fellows, and I hope to see some of you there. But, say"—he forced a faint laugh—"why are all you guys so quiet? Why don't you say something? Say, Bob," he yelled to the negro, "sing that hymn, 'Are You Ready for That Judgment Day,' will you?"

I saw Bob Waldron get up off his knees, and shout, "Does y' sure enough want to hear me sing it, Tom?"

"Sing it, Bob."

Bob's rich baritone voice swung into the hymn.

And how that negro could sing! I never heard such a voice in all my life. He "rag'd" certain parts of it—held the high notes and cooed the low ones. No man ever put more feeling, more heart and passion, into a song than Bob Waldron did that night.

And then Tom asked him to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

IN the midst of that, the Warden and his deputies came into the death-house to get Tom Daly. They noiselessly opened the door leading from the execution chamber into the death-house, and tiptoed down the steps and stopped right in front of my cell until Bob Waldron finished the hymn. When Bob saw them, he stopped in the middle of a note, but they motioned to him to go on to the end. I thought it nice of them to do that. It showed they had hearts.

I thought I would collapse when I heard them opening Tom Daly's cell door.

"Ready, Tom?" I heard the Warden ask.

"Tom's all right," the prison chaplain answered. "Aren't you, Tom?"

"I guess I'm all right," he said. I could detect the tremble in his voice.

Falling footsteps told me that the procession of death had begun.

"Good-by, boys," Tom shouted. "Good-by—and God bless all of you!"

I think he began to weaken when he stepped inside the execution chamber and saw the chair, because, just before they shut the door, I heard the chaplain say: "Brace up, Tom. Don't lose your nerve."

Make \$60 a week!
Easy and Quick with
Carlton Dresses

Be your own boss and earn \$3 an hour simply taking orders for this charming Paris Model. Forty other equally stunning silk and wash dresses and coats in the Carlton line for Spring and Summer at amazing low prices, ranging from \$3.98 to \$19.95—prices the thrifty woman can't resist, styles the smart woman can't pass up—variety to please every taste. A real profit opportunity!

No Experience—No Investment
Selling Outfit FREE!

You don't need selling experience or cash to make big money. I tell you what to do and furnish everything you need to start making \$60 a week in full time—\$3 an hour in spare time. No red tape, no references, no deposit required. Write for details of our amazing money-making plan. **Just mail postal.**

Carlton, Inc., 206 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 103, Chicago

Paris Styles. Orders Come Easy. **\$5.95**

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. MAHLER, 706-A Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LADIES WANTING HOMEWORK

any kind, spare time, write us. Send stamped addressed envelope.

MAR-DALE, Drawer Q, D-19, Chicago

BE A DETECTIVE
 Make Secret Investigations

Travel or work at home. Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Send for our free particulars. No obligations. Write Dept. D. R. American Detective System, 2190 Broadway, New York

END SICKNESS
THIS NEW WAY

No medicine, drugs or dieting. Just a light, small, comfortable inexpensive Radio-Active Pad, worn on the back by day and over the stomach at night. Sold on free trial. You can be sure it is helping you before you buy it. Over 100,000 sold on this plan. Thousands have written us that it healed them of Neuritis, Rheumatism, High Blood Pressure, Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Heart, Lungs, Liver, Kidney and Bladder trouble, etc. No matter what you have tried; or what your trouble may be, try Dexnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad at our risk. Write today for FREE Trial offer and descriptive literature. Radium Appliance Co., 625 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

SMOOTH OUT WRINKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP

KEEP YOUR YOUTHFUL BEAUTY
 Results Guaranteed

Wrinkles from smiling, frowning, or squinting can be removed quickly. Just apply Rinkle Oil at night as you apply cream and in the morning your skin will be smooth and velvety without a line to mar your natural beauty.

Rinkle Oil is a pleasant, fragrant oil. It is fully guaranteed and money back if not satisfactory.

Rinkle Oil will be mailed in plain Package on receipt of \$2.00 or if you prefer pay postman on delivery, plus a few cents postage.

Tiffany Laboratories, 1129-E, Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

DON'T BE UNPOPULAR GET RID OF FAT!

Enjoy life! It's easy to lose weight with Les-Wate Reducing Tablets! A sure, safe, scientific Method You'll begin to reduce with the first box. And you won't have to endure the agony of dangerous exercise or dieting! You can do whatever you like—eat what you wish— and just take Les-Wate after meals. The pounds will disappear like magic! Thousands have reduced this marvelously easy way!

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

Try Les-Wate! It's the easiest and best way to lose fat you ever tried. You'll be astonished how quickly you'll lose and how much better you'll feel. Guaranteed to be absolutely harmless. Your money refunded if you are not delighted with Les-Wate. Try it! Just slip a \$1.00 bill in an envelope and send for a trial box—enough to last two weeks. Don't delay. Remember, \$1.00 will start you toward better health, happiness and a beautiful figure. Send today for the most amazing fat reducer on the market. Positively guaranteed to do the work. Two weeks' treatment sent by return mail, postpaid, \$1.00.

LES-WATE PHARMACAL CO.
 2231 Carmen Ave., Dept. 21, Chicago, Ill.

"Poor Tom!" I heard somebody sigh. "Tom's gone, boys; it'll be all over with him in a few minutes."

"There go the lights!" somebody else shouted.

I looked at the little incandescent globe in the ceiling of my cell. It grew dim for fifteen or twenty seconds, and I knew that the executioner had thrown on the switch in the execution chamber. Then a demoniacal roar shook the death-house. The men had been under a terrific strain. Several of them were cursing like madmen, while here and there one could hear an "Oh, God" or a "Jesus, have mercy on me!"

As I recall it, I was speechless with horror. For the first time I had seen a man go to the chair. I didn't close my eyes that night. I was afraid to go to sleep.

I had Tom Daly on my mind. Once I imagined that I could see him sitting by the door of his cell. A pair of old felt slippers that he used to wear, were lying on the floor near his cot and an old dark-blue shirt, a mirror, and a picture of his mother were hanging on the wall. Tom Daly had gone into the infinite, but there was still a part of him in the death-house.

THE week after he went through, Bob Waldron was booked for the chair. They drew a curtain in front of my cell the night that they were going to execute him, perhaps believing some things might possibly occur which I wouldn't care to look at. Bob had been singing hymns all day long, and apparently he was "going through" courageously. But he weakened as night drew near. He stopped singing, and began to pray fervently and to sob in a heart-breaking manner.

About fifteen minutes before the Warden and the guards came to get him, he was screaming like a maniac, "Oh, Lord, I don't want to die! Oh, Jesus, save me!"

The colored minister tried to strengthen him, but to no avail. The unfortunate fellow was fear-crazed, now that he was so near the finish. I never heard such screaming! I slipped the curtain aside to look at him—and what a sight I saw!

"Portland Paddy" sees Bob Waldron go to the death chair—and the terrible scene that takes place by his cell at that time, turns his blood cold with terror. He is soon to follow. How will he face it? Read in July TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES of that final hour of appalling torture that comes to Paddy. On all newsstands June 15th.

Why Do You Dance?

In the June issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE you will enjoy reading "The House That Dancing Built," in which you meet Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn; "What Is the Dancer's Star?" an article taking up in detail the horoscope of Michel Fokine, Harriett Hootor and Marie Gambarelli; and many other articles written by experts in various types of dancing.

June issue of THE DANCE MAGAZINE—a Macfadden Publication—on Sale at All Newsstands the 22nd of May. 35 cents per copy.



"Real Money in the Bank"

"Think of it, Nell—\$460! And to think that just a few months ago we couldn't save a cent."

"Remember the night we talked it over and you persuaded me to send in that I. C. S. coupon? It was the best investment we ever made."

"The boss says if I keep on showing the same interest in my work there will be a still better position open for me soon. It certainly does pay to study in spare time."

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare time for bigger work.

One hour after supper each night, spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your home, will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

This is all we ask: Without cost or obligation, put it up to us to prove how we can help you.

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
 "The Universal University"
 Box 3156-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

- BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES**
- Industrial Management
 - Personnel Management
 - Traffic Management
 - Accounting and C.P.A.
 - Coaching
 - Cost Accounting
 - Bookkeeping
 - Salesmanship
 - Secretarial Work
 - Spanish
 - Advertising
 - Business Correspondence
 - Show Card and Sign Lettering
 - Stenography and Typing
 - Civil Service
 - Railway Mail Clerk
 - Common School Subjects
 - High School Subjects
 - Magazine and Book Illustration
 - Cartooning
- TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES**
- Electrical Engineer
 - Electric Lighting
 - Mechanical Engineer
 - Mechanical Draftsman
 - Machine Shop Practice
 - Railroad Positions
 - Gas Engine Operating
 - Civil Engineer
 - Surveying and Mapping
 - Metallurgy
 - Steam Engineering
 - Architect
 - Architects' Blueprints
 - Contractor and Builder
 - Architectural Draftsman
 - Concrete Builder
 - Structural Engineer
 - Chemistry
 - Automobile Work
 - Airplane Engines
 - Agriculture and Poultry
 - Mathematics

Name.....

Street Address.....

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

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

Drafting Books Sent Free

Learn Drafting; Earn \$50 to \$100 a week

These books tell how. Four big de luxe volumes, 1750 pages, 1050 blue prints and illustrations, at one-fourth the price of a trade course. Architectural, Mechanical Drafting from A to Z. Sent free for inspection. \$2.00 a month, only \$14.50 total if you want to keep them. State name, residence address, employer's name and address and 2 character references. Send no money.

AMERICAN TECHNICAL SOCIETY, Dept. 12-A188 Chicago

FREE

All this Jewelry is yours for selling only 6 boxes of Month-Now-Save at 25 cents. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold return \$3.00 and all 5 Pieces are yours or cash commission paid.

U. S. Supply Co., Dept. E531, Greenville, Pa.

MONEY-MAKING DEPARTMENT

Our Superior Proposition will net you \$100 a week, every week in the year. Equipment and car furnished. No capital or experience necessary. Immediate profits. Write today for particulars. American Products Company, 1921 Monmouth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Cash daily for spare time! Ramsay, Mo., earned \$17.50 first day. Introduce new non-shrinkable broadcloth shirts. Styles, patterns please every man. Low prices, high quality close quick sales. Big repeat business. Write for free sample outfit. Dieble, Inc., Dept. 110, 255 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Get Free Demonstrating Outfit—Smartest Mary Rose Frocks, most wonderful values. Experience unnecessary. \$5 to \$10 daily. Rodast Co., 465 Rodast Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Big Money Daily. We offer large commission paid every day, exclusive territory, free samples and an unlimited future to local representatives distributing to banks, business, professional and society people America's most widely known lines of Made-to-Order Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, Stationery, Announcements, etc. The Process Engraving Co., Inc., Sample Dept., Troy at 21st Street, Chicago.

Have Your Own Business. Sell Hanslick Hand Soap, SoSlick Metal Polish—both tested—and proved fast sellers, fine repeaters. Good profits. Write today for samples. Solar Products Co., 2140 So. Troy, Chicago.

\$3 profit every twenty minutes. Sell guaranteed work clothing for \$13.95, that looks like \$40 and wears like iron. Snag Proof. Every sale means a satisfied, repeat customer. Big future for producers. Write Pike-Hansen, 1121 N. Franklin, Chicago.

Agents \$240 Month. Sell silk hosiery guaranteed 7 months. We furnish auto samples furnished. Free silk hosiery for your own use. Write today. State size of hose worn. Betterknit Textile Co., Silk 1255, Greenfield, O.

Men Make \$15.00 to \$30.00 daily selling super value Breeches and Pants to outdoor workers, garage men, sportsmen. \$2.25 for you on 3 pants sale. Free Outfit. Big Bob, Dept. B 6, 493 Broome Street, New York.

66 Miles on 1 Gallon. Wonderful New Vapor Humidifier and Gas Saver. All auto Distributors wanted everywhere. 400% Profits. 1 Free. Critchlow, C-474, Wheaton, Ill.

Men! \$7.50 an hour spare time. Bargain all-wool stylish suits tailored-to-measure at \$18.75. Sell every man! \$3.75 advance commission for you. Write for expensive sample case—it's Free! Canterbury Tailors, Dept. Z-7, 20 West 22nd Street, New York.

\$114 week Protecting Friends from Check Raisers. Sell Security Combination Fountain Pens and Check Protectors—also new Security Graphs. Write for details including Free Demonstrator Offer. Security sample \$1 postpaid. Security Pen Corp., Dept. S, Mt Carmel, Ill.

Write for free sample amazing new ten-in-one kitchen utensil. Broiler, eggpoacher, toaster, no-burn kettle bottom, etc. Sells on sight for 50c. You make 100% profit. Send 25c for postage on our free sample. We send you if you return it. Be sure to mention this magazine. Alfred Carroll, 554 Argyle Rd., B'klyn, N. Y.

Agents! Sell finest work pants ever offered: one pair, \$1.95, two, \$3.75, three, \$5.50, big commissions daily. Splendid assortment. Free Outfit. Longear, Producer, Dept. L 6, 489 Broome Street, New York.

Free Outfit With Actual Samples of Bostonian broadcloth gets quick sales for our nationally known Bostonian Shirts at three for \$6.95, postage paid. Liberal cash commission of \$1.50 on each order of three shirts earns big profits for you. Bostonian Mfg. Co., Desk SM6, 72 Summer St., Boston, Mass., Established 1863.

65% of all Men past middle age, authorities say, have prostate Gland disorder. Now a scientific treatment. Free book. Ad. Dress Thermaloids, Steubenville, Ohio, or 303 Van Nuys Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Make extra money in your spare time. Secret of successful agents and salesmen explained. Send 10c. for next three big issues of my book containing over 500 best money-making and rare opportunities. George Bernard, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents \$260 month. Bonus besides. Introduce finest line guaranteed hosiery you ever saw. 126 styles, colors. New sales plan a wonder. No experience needed. No license to pay. Auto furnished. Credit given. Spare time satisfactory. Samples furnished. Wilkint Hosiery Co., Dept. 1635, Greenfield, Ohio.

Sell Dress Pants Direct. One pair, \$3.45; 3 pairs, \$10.00; your commission, 75c. per pair. Thirty beautiful patterns. Flannels, serges, worsteds, tropicals. Large Selling Sample Free. Write Dept. A6, Adlawn Parks, 35 West 22nd St., New York.

Distributor 100-store route this county; experience unnecessary; no selling, distribute and collect should net \$70 weekly. Peris Manufacturing Co., Box 173, Florida, Pa.

Give Away Key Insurance. Make \$30 daily. Amazing money-maker just patented. Nothing like it. Write today for Free Offer. Initial-It, Inc., 22 Quincey, Chicago.

210 Men Wanted. \$50 a day made by E. Ham (Cal.). Others receiving \$500 month demonstrating Kriss-Kross Property locally. We help you start. Our Florida man made \$5,300 last year. Get details. Send coupon! Kriss-Kross Corp., Dept. G-3252, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

New! Little patented machine puts a keen, smooth edge on knives, scissors, tools in a few seconds, automatically. Banishes whetstones, Agents, write for Free Outfit Offer. Central States Mfg. Co., G-2011, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—New lines just out. Everything hosiery, lingerie and underwear for men, women, children. Beautiful, irresistible Catalog and Samples now ready. Two new special big-money plans. Cash bonus, service awards. No capital needed. Choice territories going. Write quick. World's Star Knitting Company, 139 Lake St., Bay City, Michigan.

Auto Owners Get \$10 for Old Tires. Free to agents heavy-duty, 7 ply new Mellinger tire, guaranteed 15 months and big sales outfit. Write Mellinger Tire Co., Dept. 6, Kansas City, Mo., Warren, Ohio, Oakland, Calif.

Marcelwaver is Taking American Women by storm. Men and women representatives everywhere making biggest profits of years. \$279 a week—\$57 a day—\$17 an hour—spare or full time workers earn such amounts easily. Territories now being allotted. Full information Free. Marcelwaver, Dept. 98G, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Represent Old Established Firm, selling All Wool Tailored to Individual Measure Suits \$23.50—\$29.50. Commissions \$4.00—\$5.00. Your Big Opportunity! Outfit Free! Write General Tailoring Co., 527 S. Franklin, Chicago.

New and Used Correspondence Courses One-fourth Original Price. Bargain Catalog Free. Also Bought, Exchange, Educational Exchange Co., 18085 C Mt. Elliott, Detroit, Mich.

Amazing New Glass Cleaner offers you \$15 a day sure! Cleans windows, windshields, show cases, etc., without water, soap or chemicals. No muss. Easily demonstrated. Housewives, motorists, garage stores, use this new product. Merchants buy at sight. Newest greatest money maker sample furnished workers. World Import Co., Dept. PC-10, Omaha, Neb.

Re-Knitto, the amazing needle re-knits silk hosiery like new, repairing runners perfectly. Agents cleaning shops, Home shops profitable. Merchants buy at sight. Newest greatest money maker sample furnished workers. World Import Co., Dept. PC-10, Omaha, Neb.

Be a Real Estate Expert. \$5,000-\$15,000 yearly. Experience unnecessary. I'll teach you everything. Connect you with my chain of real estate experts. Write for FREE booklet. National Real Estate Institute, Dept. 500-M, Fort Smith, Ark.

Bankrupt and Rummage Sales. Make \$50 daily. We start you, furnishing everything. Permanent business. Free details. Distributor, Dept. 27, 429 W. Superior, Chicago.

No Dull Times Selling Food. People must eat. Federal distributors make \$3,000 yearly up. No capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. We furnish sample case, literature and free territory. Ask now! Federal Pure Food, W 2311 Archer, Chicago.

Agents earn big money taking orders for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Hosiery, Fancy Goods, 1000 Samples furnished. The National Importing Co., Dept. F89, 373 Broadway, New York City.

Women—Earn \$16 dozen sewing aprons. Experience unnecessary; no selling. Easy, steady work, materials cut. Addressed envelope brings details. Goshen Dress Co., Dept. 660, Goshen, N. Y.

Agents \$240 month. Dri-Klean-It removes dirt, grease, tar, all one operation. Cleans car for 10c. No soap or water used. Car looks like new. Wonderful seller. Free sample. American Accessories Company, Desk 435, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—Just Out! \$8.88 for Men's Suits! Anyone can sell! Commission \$3 in advance. Free Sales Kit! The 888 Company, Dept. F-15, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Women—Earn \$16 dozen sewing at home. Experience unnecessary. Steady work. Cut materials supplied. Stamped envelope brings details. Steward Dress, 114a Mercer, New York.

Agents—We start you in business and help you succeed. No capital or experience needed. Spare cut. You can earn \$50-\$100 weekly. Write Madison Products, 566 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Know How To Make Big Money! Get my wonderful New Home-Study Course. "Concentrated Salesmanship" Earn \$10.00 Daily or Money Refunded. Mail One Dollar Today and receive this great course Postpaid. N. O. Fisher, 793 Kearny Ave., Arlington, N. J.

Ladies earn \$17 dozen sewing aprons at home. Easy work. No experience or selling necessary. Instructions free. Particulars 2c stamp. Renee Garment Co., Dept. X, Gary, Ind.

Business Success: Complete National Success Course we offer to the benighted. Low price of \$1.98. Previously sold for \$24.00. Every subject on business and personal efficiency treated. Pay postman \$1.98 plus a few cents postage on delivery. Constar Co., 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Women—Earn \$18 dozen sewing dresses at home; experience unnecessary. Everything supplied. Steady work, 2c stamp brings particulars. Pearl Garment, 543a B'way, New York.

Make extra money writing stories, photoplays, poetry, songs, etc. My free book tells how to write and where to send. Richard Abbott, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Why not sell us your spare time, \$2.00 an hour, \$19.70 daily easy full time. Introduce 12 months Guaranteed Hosiery—47 styles, 39 colors for men, women, children. Including latest "Silk to Top" Ladies' Misses Sport; Men's Fancies. No capital or experience needed. We furnish samples. Your own Silk Hose Free. New Plan, Milton Matthews, Park 9286, Cincinnati, Ohio.



SQUARE-DEAL ADVERTISERS ONLY

If you do business on the basis of "satisfaction or money back" write us for rates in this and other magazines.

Publishers Classified Service, 9 East 46th St., New York

Agents—\$250 Month. Raincoats. All colors. Your choice \$2.65. Part time \$2 hour. Complete line 60 patterns, silks, suedes, tweeds. Leather-Lyke. Outfit sent free. Postage prepaid. Write Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 6-0, Dayton, O.

If I show you an all Virgin Wool Suit, colored-to-order, valued at \$35, that you can sell for \$22.50, make \$3.00 yourself, give you absolutely Free. Complete selling outfit, will you give my proposition a trial? P. C. King, 2238 South La Salle, Chicago, Ill.

Big Pay Every Day! Complete guaranteed line direct to wearer—Dress Shirts, Work Shirts, Overalls, Coveralls, Work Pants, Sweaters, Underwear, Playcuts, \$10-\$15 daily; experience unnecessary. Big outfit FREE! Nimirod Co., Dept. 58, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

\$25.00 daily selling colored Raincoats and Slickers, Red, Blue, Green, etc., \$2.95. Hat Free. Pay daily. Outfit Free. Elliott Bradley, 230 S. Wells, Dept. AF-6, Chicago.

Don't worry with small profits and unknown articles! Backed by tremendous national advertising, hundreds of Nogar salesmen are making \$500 to \$1,000 monthly Right Now. World's longest wearing suits, \$12.50. Amazing wear demonstration makes big, steady sales certain. Write today for Free Kit, full starting instructions. Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co., Dept. CS-6, Reading, Pa.

Women Representatives Wanted. New invention prevents shoulder straps slipping. No more discomfort. Women adore it. Write for particulars and free offer. Lingerie "V" Company, 98 Oak St., North Windham, Conn.

We Start You Without A Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 593, St. Louis, Mo.

Foreign Positions—Men interested going romantic South America write us. Good pay. Expenses paid. South America Service Bureau, 14,600 Alma, Detroit, Mich.

Now! \$5,000 year easy! Sell Gibraltar Shirts! Finest quality. Lowest prices. Defy competition! Liberal daily commissions. Send today for free outfit containing large assortment shirt samples. Gibraltar Shirt Co., Dept. T-7, 22nd Street, New York.

LEARN WHILE YOU EARN

Big Pay Electrical Jobs open everywhere. \$60 to \$100 a week easy. Learn at home in spare time. Start making extra money at once. Training endorsed by Engineers Assn., and employers. Working outfit and Job Service furnished. Small down payment starts you. Money back if not satisfied. Send no money now. Investigate first. Write L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer, 2138 Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

Men, get Forest Ranger Job: \$125-\$200 month \$125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests; protect the game. Write Mokane Institute, Dept. M-44, Denver, Colo.

Want U. S. Gov't Position; commence \$115-\$250 month? Men-women, 18-55, trained at home in three weeks. Write Ozment's Instruction Bureau, 137, St. Louis, Mo.

Big Pay Jobs open in Automotive field. Learn how on real equipment with real shop tools in eight weeks. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write quick for special tuition offer. McSweeney Auto Schools, Dept. 21-H, Cleveland, O. and Cincinnati, O.

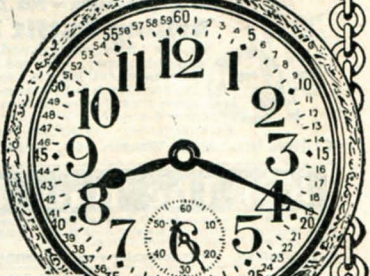
Men qualify Forest Ranger Position; start \$125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests; protect the game. Write Mokane Institute, Dept. M-44, Denver, Colo.

Money—Do you need it? New illustrated book gives 67 tested plans to make spare-time money without investment. Mail 50c to V. O. Fisher, 798 Kearney, Arlington, N. J.

Hotels Need Trained Executives. National demand for trained men and women; past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write at once for particulars. Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite AW-W637, Washington, D. C.

BIG BARGAIN SALE

Send NO money



CHAIN AND KNIFE GIVEN GOLD BOND GUARANTEE

SOLID Gold effect case, guaranteed 25 years. Accuracy guaranteed by 100-year old Million Dollar factory. Richly engraved. Locomotive crown, timekeeper dial, railroad back. Why pay \$20 or \$30 for your next watch? Order NOW. Knife and chain GIVEN during Bargain Sale. Only \$3.87 and Postage. SEND NO MONEY. Send postal or coupon below and pay when your watch arrives. FREE TRIAL. Wear 10 days at our expense. Money back if not delighted. Use coupon below. Order by No. A.



Dainty, accurate, beautiful. Society model. Richly engraved. Platinum effect. Sapphire crown jewel. Compare with \$12.00 watches. Pay Bargain SALE \$3.98 price and postage on arrival. Use coupon below. Order by No. B.



Solid white gold effect richly engraved. Set with 10 brilliant diamond cut gems. Gorgeous beauty! Tiny mirror and rouze compact hidden under clever dial. Blue synthetic sapphire crown jewel. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman and postage on arrival. \$3.99 back guarantee. Use coupon below. Order by No. C.



Gorgeous platinum effect. Fiery brilliant reproduction diamonds set with three brilliant Bradley Reproduction Diamonds—each one-half karat of leaping rainbow fire. SEND NO MONEY. Pay SALE Price and \$3.77 Postage on arrival. Use coupon below. Order by No. D.



Wear Bradley Reproduction Diamonds—Friends cannot tell difference. These gorgeous new gems have 32 facets—diamond cut—guaranteed for 20 years, set with three brilliant Bradley Reproduction Diamonds—each one-half karat of leaping rainbow fire. SEND NO MONEY. Pay SALE Price and \$3.77 Postage on arrival. Use coupon below. Order by No. E.



LUCK \$ Money Watch—All symbols in this richly engraved "LUCKY MAGNET" attract, compel, mystify! BE RICH! Win at games, business, love. Order yours now! SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman and postage on arrival. \$2.98 guaranteed. Use coupon below. Order by No. F.

BRADLEY, Wholesale Jewelers, Dept. 20X NEWTON, MASS.

Ship at once to address below the following bargains. Offer No. A ; No. B ; No. C ; No. D ; No. E ; No. F (Place X in box to show your selections). Will pay on arrival. Money back if I want it. I risk nothing.

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



Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnson showing how Miss Hopper looks today.

Beauty Appeal and Charm —Woman's Greatest Need

IN any story, true or otherwise, there is always another possible ending.

With a little foresight any girl or woman may completely change the course of her life. But she must know this one thing—that personal charm and attractiveness form the ruling power of a woman's destiny. Yet how few women seem to observe it.

Personal beauty is the guiding star in the life of Edna Wallace Hopper. She knows the importance of feminine appeal. Today, when most women of her age consider beauty a vanished dream, she looks like a girl.

She has made numerous trips abroad for the best creams and powders that science could produce to refresh the cherished bloom of youth. No effort was too great, as she was determined to find the best beauty aids.

Miss Hopper now shares her discoveries with other women. Because of the large quantities sold, her cosmetics are available on any toilet counter at prices all women can afford.

An Invitation

Every girl and woman is urged to accept Miss Hopper's special introductory offer as below. Note the beauty box filled with Edna Wallace Hopper's own beauty builders, which is yours at trifling cost.

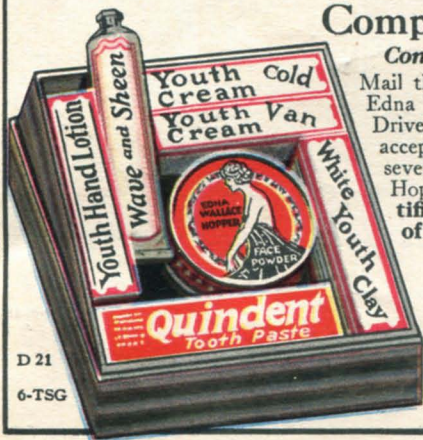
Send Coupon for liberal trial sizes of seven Beauty Aids. Full size packages would cost you over \$4.

FREE Certificate for full fifty-cent tube of exquisite Quindent toothpaste will be included, so this week-end beauty case really costs you nothing!

Complete Beauty Outfit

Containing Every Beauty Need

Mail this special-offer coupon at once to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago—enclosing 50c (stamps accepted) for liberal trial sizes of all seven of these beauty aids, Miss Hopper's own beauty book, also certificate good for Free 50c tube of Quindent toothpaste.



Name

Street

City State

This 6-Room ALADDIN Home

\$689 Save—

18% LUMBER WASTE AND 30% ON THE LABOR COST

All Materials Read-Cut We Pay Freight



33 Beautiful Homes 99 Distinctive Floor Plans

In Your Free Copy of the new Aladdin Catalog

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the Aladdin Mills and make big savings on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor. The Aladdin Read-Cut System has saved money for tens of thousands of home builders. It will save money for you. And on the Aladdin Guarantee, you can buy and build an Aladdin with complete confidence that you will be pleased and satisfied.

Prices Include: Lumber cut to fit; knotless interior woodwork; knotless siding; knotless flooring; knotless windows, and knotless doors; high grade glass; paints; hardware; shingles or roofing; nails; lath; together with complete instructions and drawings that make it easy for anyone to

erect an Aladdin house. Complete shipment of all materials can be made within a few days after order is received. We pay freight. You take absolutely no chance in dealing with The Aladdin Company. Our guarantee not only covers the quality and quantity of materials, but also their safe arrival at your station.

Build and Save the Aladdin Read-Cut Way!

The Aladdin Company are the originators of the Read-Cut System of Home Building. Quantity production of standard designs, with no lumber waste, allows us to quote the very lowest prices and still maintain the High Quality materials Aladdin Homes are noted for. All the lumber is Certified, sound, strong and of high quality. Aladdin Homes are permanent, year 'round homes, warm in winter. Not portable nor sectional in any sense, but read-

cut and erected the same as any other well constructed home.

Aladdin's 22 years' success is proof that you can do as thousands of other home builders do every year—save from \$200.00 to \$800.00 by building an Aladdin Home. There is an Aladdin near you wherever you live. Go and see one. Save money, time and annoyance by ordering all materials from the Aladdin Mills.

Mail Coupon for FREE Catalog

Brilliant, new styles—colorful new interiors, amazing low prices—all can be found in the beautiful, new Aladdin Catalog of Read-Cut Homes. 33 styles with 99 different floor plans to choose from! In it you will be sure to find the home you will like. Your copy is FREE for the asking! Address coupon to nearest office and mail Today.

The ALADDIN CO. BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Also Mills and Offices: Wilmington, N. C.; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.
Originators of the Read-Cut System of Home Building

Send for FREE Catalog
Mail the Coupon

Mail This Coupon to Our Nearest Office

THE ALADDIN CO. Bay City, Mich.
Wilmington, N. C.
Portland, Ore.
Toronto, Ont., Canada

Please send me at once free copy of the beautiful, new Aladdin Catalog of Read-Cut Homes, No. 556

Name.....

Address.....

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



Story and Half **\$839**
ALL MATERIALS READ-CUT



Garages \$87 and up

The new 1928 Aladdin Catalog shows many designs of Read-Cut Garages—including the new English, Colonial and Pergola types—all shown in full colors. Prices are astonishingly low. Each design is listed in several sizes. You can build an Aladdin Garage yourself in a day or two, saving labor cost and really enjoying the easy work.

Summer Cottages

\$180 and Aladdin's newest Summer Cottage Catalog

excels all past editions in beauty, selections and designs! Includes everything from cozy little two-room cottages to large cottages with four bedrooms. The economy and convenience of ordering complete materials for a cottage from one source, shipped to your destination in a single car, will be most gratifying. Your copy of the new Aladdin Summer Cottage Catalog is waiting. Ask for it today. Just write "Summer Cottages" on the Coupon and mail it at once.

