

The Mystery of the Missing Lover

TRUE

APRIL

★ DETECTIVE MYSTERIES



Stolen Gold

*She Fell
Among Thieves*

*The Clue
of the
Leering Face*

He Left His Calling Card

—*Telltale Finger Prints!*



Written In Blood!



THREE bloody finger prints on the cash register! He might as well have left his calling card—his doom was already written! These silent witnesses told the story—identified him—convicted him! Live through these thrilling adventures right with Detective McDonald as he gets Arizona's first finger print conviction. Mail the coupon below and get this gripping story **FREE**, with 12 others just as exciting!

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Make \$2500 to \$10,000 a Year

Finger Print Experts solved every one of these weird, blood-curdling crimes! Finger Print Experts gathered in the great big rewards—were appointed to high official positions for their work! Every day more and more trained men are needed. New Bureaus of Identification, new positions are opening up all the time. The field is uncrowded! Opportunities are unlimited!

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University of Applied Science,
1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. 14-34 Chicago, Ill.
Without any obligation whatever, send me your new, fully illustrated, **FREE** book of authentic detective tales, "Finger Prints"; also your offer of a Free Professional Finger Print Outfit and Free Course in Secret Service Intelligence.

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Address _____

City and State _____ Age _____

The Knock of Opportunity

Is the knock of the postman as he brings this book, "Finger Prints," to you. It brings you fascinating true detective stories. And more! It tells you how **YOU** can become a Finger Print Expert quickly and easily. It offers you a Professional Finger Print Outfit **FREE** and a **FREE** Course in Secret Service Intelligence. **Act Quick!**

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1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 14-34 Chicago, Ill.



Women are telling each other more than formerly ...the dangers of poisonous antiseptics are no longer concealed through silence

THERE are times in the life of every woman when silence is a crime.

Suppose you know that a friend—another woman—is a user of poisonous carbolic acid compounds for hygienic purposes. Suppose the evidence stands on the bathroom shelf, evidence in the shape of a bottle with the deadly skull-and-crossbones as required by law. Is it not the duty of one woman to another to speak out and speak the truth about poisonous antiseptics?

And this truth is something any physician or trained nurse can verify from personal knowledge. It is something *any woman* can vouch for after a certain length of experience with such compounds, either bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid sold under various trade names.

***Zonite is not dangerous
to women***

Not that women should abandon their efforts to maintain a strict regi-

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***Neither is Zonite a
danger to little
children***

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**2 important
statements**

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poison
Zonite
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germs***

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Zonite

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☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
Please print name

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

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. VII

APRIL, 1927

No. 1

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Cover Design from a Photograph of Ferdinand Hast, Featured Player in "Kongo"

May TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES a Sensation!

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A beautiful dancer is killed while foot-lights blaze. Who did it—and why?

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Yes, Coyne is daily turning out men for big pay Electrical Jobs. Every day, graduates walk out of COYNE right into jobs that pay them double what they earned before coming to COYNE. Get the wonderful big COYNE Electrical Book FREE! Read how COYNE takes discouraged, dissatisfied men, like yourself, trains them for 12 weeks, then helps them into real jobs. See how men and boys with little education, no experience, no knowledge of electricity at all; men and boys who have been working their hearts out for small pay, come to COYNE, then step into big ELECTRICAL jobs at \$50 to \$200 a week! And this great book shows exactly what YOU will do at COYNE—What you will do each week you're here—how COYNE will quickly and surely re-make YOU into a big pay man! Send the COUPON at once.

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COYNE is different. COYNE is a practical school. COYNE instruction is PRACTICAL. You don't learn from lessons at COYNE. You learn from doing JOBS! You learn how to DO. And, you learn how to DO, by actually DOING. At the end of your 12 weeks of COYNE training you will have DONE practically every job the big pay electrical expert does in his regular work.

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No useless theory. Every minute of your time at COYNE you spend DOING jobs on real equipment. You'll build, repair and install alternating and direct current motors and generators; small ones, large ones, huge ones! You'll work with, repair and install all kinds of automatic control boxes and all other apparatus used in modern electrical installations. You'll do house wiring, "run" conduits and learn the secrets of factory

H. C. LEWIS, President

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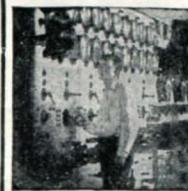
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I'll Prove You Can Make \$100 weekly!

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No Experience Needed**



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H. Michelsen made \$16 in one afternoon. Eugene Ducat made \$45 the first two days. R. T. Moorehead made \$12 in an evening. These earnings show how simple my proposition is. And you can do as well as anybody. Make big money the very first day!

Control Your Own Business

You don't risk a cent of capital to get started. You don't need any experience or special training. I furnish you with complete equipment.

We are the largest company of our kind in America. We have been established for 20 years. If you read the Saturday Evening Post and other leading magazines, you have seen advertisements of ZANOL Products. We make 350 wonderful products—foods, toilet preparations, perfumes, soaps, and other household necessities. Last year we received millions of dollars' worth of orders through our Authorized Representatives.

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You simply represent us to our customers in your neighborhood. That's all you do. And I help you to get every dollar's worth of business in your locality. I protect your interests so that you, and you alone, will get all of the profits.

This is the very same opportunity that enables John Tyler, Pa., to make \$30 and \$35 a day. Mrs. B. L. Hodges, N. Y., averages \$18 to \$20 profit a day. B. A. Smith, Fla., makes \$3 to \$5 an hour. In fact, for doing this pleasant, fascinating, dignified work, our Representatives last year made nearly two million dollars profit for themselves.



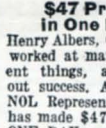
GIVEN

We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We help you in every way to make large profits, and we also offer to provide a new Hudson Super-Six Coach without any expense to you whatever—given to you free. Mail coupon for details of this amazing FREE Auto Offer!



\$100 Profit Every Week

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\$47 Profit in One Day

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\$50 Profit First Week in Spare Time

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No Experience Required

Remember, all that we ask of you is to introduce yourself as the ZANOL Representative in your locality. The rest is easy. You will be astonished at the way the money will come rolling in.

You have the opportunity to duplicate such earnings as these: Edgar Morris, Ohio, \$210 the first two weeks; R. E. Edgerton, So. Dak., \$21.60 in a half-day; Thos. Chasson, Mass., \$33.20 in 10 hours. Yes, earnings like these can be yours because I show you how to duplicate them. I tell you what to do and what to say.

My Free Offer to You

If you will sign and mail the coupon immediately, I will tell you how to get started quickly in this wonderful business. I will give you all the details. I don't want you to send me a cent. I'll furnish complete equipment. You'll have the same opportunity that enabled Frank Brown, No. Dak., to make \$27 in a day; Geo. Backes, Okla., to make \$15 in one afternoon. You do not agree to pay anything or do anything. You take no risk. This is your big chance. I show you how to make \$100 a week without working as hard as you do now. So send for full information at once. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay. Mail the coupon NOW!

MAIL THIS NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co.,
7224 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
without any cost or obligation to me, please tell me how I can make \$100 a week as the ZANOL Representative for my locality.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
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AGENTS CAN OPENERS MUST GO!

\$450 AN HOUR

Just Showing New DEVICE.

NEW invention now makes old style can openers obsolete. Flips entire top out of any size can, round, square or oval, at turn of crank. Simple. Absolutely safe. Lasts a lifetime. Housewives will about it. Agents cleaning up fortune.

FREE OUTFIT

Big FREE OFFER now ready for first 300 men. Territories being snapped up fast. See quick for details. Address: Central States Mfg. Co., Dp. D-740, 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



It's easy to sell Carlton Dresses

because this \$14.75 Paris model of pure silk looks like \$35.00 because there are 37 equally stunning dresses and coats in the Carlton line for spring and summer. DIRECT TO THE WEAKER prices! Price the THIRTY woman can't resist, style the SMART woman can't pass up, variety to please every taste in the Carlton line for Spring and Summer. No selling experience, no knowledge of dress business needed to make money with Carlton Dresses.

No deposit for complete sample outfit. We supply you with everything required to start making money immediately. We show you how and help you make good. Write today, tell us all about yourself, experience if any, territory wanted, references, etc.

CARLTON, Inc. 206 S. Wabash Ave. Dept. 957-A Chicago



\$2 an hour to \$85 a week!

AMAZING NEW CORSET

Insures Boyish Form

DEMONSTRATORS EARN \$60 WEEKLY

At last any woman can display Youth's grace, and beauty of form. Amazing new health corset, stylish and comfortable, is sensation everywhere. Demonstrators earn \$3.00 to \$5.00 an hour spare time. No matter what your experience you can make big earnings. Demonstration corset given. Write for amazing offer, and FREE demonstration outfit. Start earning at once. Quickly establish your own wonderful permanent business. Write today.

Grecian Health Corset Co. Dept. A4-63 E. Randolph, Chicago, Ill.

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but gorgeous golden brown sepia tone enlargements you will cherish for life.

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Only 98c—same price for full length or pet pictures, groups, landscapes, pet animals, or enlargements from any part of group picture.

SEND NO MONEY Simply mail a few days you will receive the enlargements. Pay mailman 98c each plus a few cents postage. Money back if you are not delighted. We pay postage if you send \$1.00 with order. Sepia Brown Portrait offer is limited. Mail photos at once.

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Easily made by men and women everywhere introduced Nationally known Macochee. Guaranteed. Hosiery for men, women, children, 57 latest styles and 39 snappy colors.

Hundreds without previous selling experience—without investing one cent for stock are making

AMAZING PROFITS

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Just write orders—Your pay daily in advance. We deliver and collect (or you can deliver—suit yourself).

No license required—Sell anywhere. Why not turn your spare time into \$2.00 per hour. Automobile given. Extra Cash Bonus and **FREE HOSIERY** for yourself.

Send for Sworn Proof. We furnish Samples.

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**Ambitious
Men**

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Preparing
you for a
better job
and a Raise
in Pay

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Employment

Placing you
in a good,
well-paid
Position



O. C. MILLER
Director Extension Work

A Million Dol- lar Institution Back of This GUARANTEE

Get this straight—the American School was chartered in 1897 as an educational institution, not for profit. So you will find the same standards of service here as in the best resident schools and colleges. Over 200 of the leading Engineers, Executives and Educators of the U. S. prepared the instruction we offer. Their standing vouches for its quality. This is available to you on terms of only a few dollars a month. Write for our souvenir book, "White Magic," given FREE in celebration of our 30th Anniversary.

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\$40 a Week
or Less —**

I guarantee to prepare you for a fine Drafting position, right in your home, in your spare time; then I guarantee to help you find such a position paying at least 50% more than you earn today, within 60 days after you complete this training, or I will refund the small amount you pay for tuition. We make this agreement to prove this instruction will make you a real Draftsman. Back of this guarantee are the entire resources and reputation of this million dollar institution.

O. C. Miller

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Learn Drafting—how to make and read plans, and the doors of opportunity in all mechanical, building, and engineering lines swing open for you! There are more well-paid Drafting jobs open today than in any other one profession or trade. There's a variety, a fascination to Drafting that will grip you. No other work is so interesting, so well paid—no other field offers equal opportunities for quick promotion.

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CHICAGO

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AUTO
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I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME

AUTO FACTS

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Use Scissors NOW for this Amazing FREE AUTO BOOK

If you're earning a cent less than \$75 a week, get this **Free Book** now! See the million amazing opportunities for **Quick Raises in Pay** in Auto-motive Field. See how Ernest E. Tucker, Cotton, Minn., jumped from low pay to \$213 in a week—in only three months! See what you can do.

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B. W. COOKE, Directing Engineer,
Chicago Motor Training Corporation, Dept. 455,
1916 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me FREE Auto Book and proof that I can become an Auto Expert at home in spare time. Also send your 4 Outfits Offer. It is understood that this obligates me in no way.

CLIP COUPON

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Coupon brings full details of my wonderful 4 Outfits Offer. Includes Tool Bag, Portable Electrical Test Bench, 303 Wiring Diagram Charts, and special experimental outfit. ALL FREE of extra charge. Send for it now!

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS



Bernard G. Priestley, author of "Lone Wolf, the Boudoir Bandit," the story that begins on page 19, this issue

BERNARD G. PRIESTLEY, was introduced to the underworld a dozen years ago as police reporter in Boston's South End, when that section was tough as rhino skin. In the next three years he "covered" for a time, practically every police district in Metropolitan Boston. Then, as a "re-write" man on the Boston Herald for four years, Mr. Priestley heard some of the most amazing of all New England's crime stories come over the wire.

For the past five years he has been a "free lance," writing crime stories of fact and fiction, also devoting a great deal of time to research work in criminal history.

He is thirty-four and married, having three sons and a daughter.

CAPTAIN EDWARD F. RAYENS, is one of the most famous sleuths in America, recently retired after thirty-five years in the service. He earned his promotion to the District Attorney's office for his clever work in solving the Leering Face case, story of which is on page 24 et seq.

He has figured in nearly every important Metropolitan murder trail since the Carlyle-Harris case in 1893. He claims to be the man who arrested Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, subsequently executed with four gunmen, Whitey Lewis, Dago Frank, Lefty Louis, and Gyp the Blood, for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, gambler.

AGENTS
\$114⁰⁰ a Week

New Cooperative Plan You Can Sell Ladies' Underwear, Dresses, Hats, Hosiery and other fast-selling articles to friends and neighbors and make from \$50 to \$114 a week. Spare or part time work. Big selling season now on. Compact sales outfit furnished free. You just take orders and collect cash commissions. We deliver and Guarantee Satisfaction. Every woman can buy something from you. 100 chances for profit. Write, just say, "Send information about the N. C. M. line."

NATIONAL COOPERATIVE MFRS.
Dept. M-4 817 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

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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.

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BEAUTIFY your NOSE

to shapely proportions—while you sleep!

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Shapes while you sleep or work! Safe, painless, comfortable. Rapid, permanent results guaranteed. 50,000 doctors and users praise it as a priceless possession. No metal or screws. Small cost. 30-days free trial. Write today for **FREE BOOKLET**

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Want more money? Then write me today for FREE Outfit. No experience necessary. I'll show you how to sell Harrison Tailored Shirts. Beautiful assortment, 9 out of 10 men and women order from DeLuxe samples. Quality higher—prices lower than at stores.

\$100 A WEEK

Harrison agents are making big money. So can YOU. Tell me about yourself. I'll send you FREE and postpaid my new gold-stamped, order-taking traveling case. If you are sincere and ambitious, write me.

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Dept. 31-D
133-141 West 21st St. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Earn Money this New Easy Way

Would \$5.00 to \$30.00 a week in spare time interest you?

We need a reliable woman in your community to represent us in work that is dignified, pleasant and interesting. You will act as our demonstrator and distributor, calling on the homefolks. No experience required. We teach you.

Royce Good Goods have been used by the best housewives of this country for almost 50 years. You will be welcomed everywhere and will be proud to be known as our representative. Our proposition is different. Interested write at once for complete details. No obligation on your part.

The ABNER ROYCE CO.
Desk 457, Cleveland, Ohio

MOST YOU EVER GOT

Bed, Spring and Mattress Complete **FOR \$24.95**
YEAR TO PAY

Everything on this page—bed, spring and mattress complete—for only \$24.95! Here's the most your money ever bought. You save fully \$15. Send only \$1 with order and this complete outfit will be sent to you. See for yourself what a great value it really is. Use it for 30 days FREE. Your money back if you can buy for less anywhere.

Only because we bought in tremendous quantities to obtain a rock bottom price can we offer such an astounding bargain. When the present supply is exhausted we don't see how we can ever give you a bargain like it again. Act quickly—good things like this do not last long.

An Astounding Bargain

Bear in mind that this is a genuine Greenpoint bed—advertised everywhere—sold in the best stores, seen in the finest homes. Remember, too, that the spring and mattress are exceptionally high grade. That is why this offer is doubly attractive.

Sleep soundly, peacefully, comfortably—awake refreshed, full of vigor for the day's affairs! If you don't rest well, you can't work well! An investment in a good bed is an investment in a longer, healthier life.

30 Days FREE Trial

The bed, product of the Greenpoint Metallic Bed Company, is unusually handsome. Genuine Georgian tubing forms the posts. Moulded posts are in great demand nowadays. This is the latest mode—much more beautiful than the old style round tubing. One piece of seamless 2 in. tubing, exquisitely shaped and beveled, forms the continuous main post. Solid center panels, 11 in. wide, are enriched with embossed metal decorations featuring handsome polychrome baskets of old rose and blue flowers. Panels are set off by ¼ in. round fillers. The triple-baked Walnut Brown Enamel finish will never chip or peel. The bed is made of cold rolled steel, electrically welded to give lifetime service. Full size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide. The head is 50 in. high from floor; the foot 34 in., casters included. You will be truly delighted with the real beauty and value this outfit represents. Strong Resilient Spring has heavy malleable corners and high grade fabric steel spring body. At either side 1½ in. steel bands, supported by 2 extra helical coils, provide a most comfortable

construction which is noiseless. The body of the fabric is 5 in. above the side rails, the best, most comfortable construction known. At each end 30 helical coils fasten the spring to the sturdy angle iron frame.

Big, Buoyant Mattress contains 45 pounds of real comfort. It is a comfortable, resilient, felt plaited mattress that will hold its shape indefinitely and retain its comfortable soft resilience for many years. Carefully selected cotton forms the center. On the top, bottom and ends there are layers upon layers of felt, deeply and firmly tufted to prevent it from becoming lumpy. You'll like the tailored look of the shape retaining rolled edge, and the durable grade of pretty floral ticking, with the dainty flower design in blue, pink, and other attractive colors.

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This book is filled from cover to cover with household treasures—bargains all of them—all sold on easy payments—sent on 30 days FREE trial—every purchase backed by a gold bond guarantee. There are wonderful bargains in furniture, rugs, curtains, stoves and everything for the home. Sent to you without obligation to buy. Mail coupon today.

Yes, indeed, here's the most you ever got for \$24.95. Save money—sleep better—rest better. Send today. Simply enclose \$1 with order. We will ship the bed for you to use in your own home for 30 days. Test at our expense. Compare with beds and prices in stores. If for any reason you are not entirely satisfied, return it. We will refund your \$1 and transportation charges both ways. You don't risk a cent. **Order No. WA 220. Complete 3-piece outfit—walnut brown enamel, steel bed, spring and mattress. Price only \$24.95—Terms, \$1 with order, balance \$2.50 monthly.**

Nathaniel Spear
President

SPEAR CO., Dept. M 805
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the Bed Outfit as described above. Enclosed is \$1.00 first payment. It is understood that if, at the end of 30 days' trial, I am satisfied, I will send you \$2.50 monthly. Order No. WA 220. Price \$24.95. Title remains with you until paid in full.

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If your shipping point is different from your post office fill in line below

Send Shipment to
FREE CATALOG ☐ If you want the Free Catalog Only, Send No Money, put an X here and write your name and address plainly on the above lines.

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WOMEN!—Which Shall It Be?



LIKE THIS?



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Will You Go Through Life With A Wilted Skin, Unsightly Large Pores, Sagging, Flabby Skin, Sallow Complexion, Pimples and Blackheads?

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Worry no more about your poor "oldish" appearance or unbecoming complexion—no matter how old you seem, look or feel. Because now you can have a new skin on any part of your face, neck, arms, hands or body!

And just think—no cutting, clay, plasters, masks, creams, massage or useless treatment! It is a new discovery that you use at home, yourself, and it now bids fair to revolutionize all methods of beauty culture and skin rejuvenation—it's marvelous—almost beyond belief!

It would take many pages in this publication to tell you all about it so you would understand, therefore the discoverers decided to put the full details and facts into an illustrated book, entitled—

"A NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

which they are mailing postpaid to all readers of this publication who write for it and enclose

ten cents in any form, to help pay cost of mailing and other expense. It may prove to be worth its weight in gold to any person who has wasted time and money on useless preparations and supposed beautifying treatments without success.

No matter how old, wilted, rough or blemished, loose and flabby your skin may be, you simply follow the inexpensive directions and method at home, and in a few days—six at the most—you amaze your friends by your changed, youthful appearance, with a new, clear, tightened, smooth skin, free from pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, moth-patches, surface wrinkles, enlarged pores, oily, sallow skin or signs of age and dissipation. They're GONE because they're taken OFF—not covered up!

Don't delay! Send before this new edition is exhausted. Simply write, "Send me your book, 'BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS,'" and enclose the dime or stamps, and you will receive it by return mail, postpaid, in plain wrapper, without obligation.

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of any kind; whole or spare time; write us. Enclose stamp. **ELLER CO., Dept. 50, 296 Broadway, New York.**

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\$6 a dozen making scarfs. Experience unnecessary. No Canvassing. Particulars for stamp. **LINNIT SERVICE, INC.** D 89, Lynn, Mass.

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No. 6746. Genuine Double Head Cameo (raised hand carved heads); 1 piece stone. **Heavy Shank**, in Belais White Solid Gold or Green Gold. Genuine Stone—onyx (Nicely shaded). Send number of ring, size of finger, initial or emblem desired, and ring will be sent for inspection.



No. 6746



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\$25

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Exact size of ring **\$24**



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Think of it! Wonderful you will say—and it's true. In just 90 days you can play any tune you can hum—and all by ear—not a single note to puzzle you. My new and original system teaches you easily and quickly—and it's just fun from start to finish.

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Agents! \$20 a day

HANDIEST TOOL IN THE KITCHEN.

Housewives say "Just what I want." The Ideal Fiber Cutter is a real household aid. Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping. Two minute demonstration sells it.—100 PER CENT PROFIT.

Boorem, Pennsylvania, says, "Have bought my home and car with Cutter profits." Bassett, Washington, new agent writes, "Made \$7.50 in 2 hours today." You can do as well. No experience needed. Work part or full time. Write for details. No obligation.

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Send me particular about positions marked "X"—salaries, locations, opportunities, etc.

NAME _____

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Sensational Money Maker!



Trousers—made-to-measure by Hutchins of Cincinnati—offer you best opportunity to make big money cleanup. Men buy two and three pair soon as they glimpse rich patterns. Factory prices. Collect big profit in advance.

\$20 a Day is Easy!

Just show line—that's all. You'll write orders fast. Segal made \$35.00 in one day. Records show even bigger earnings for scores of men. \$10 to \$20 a day easy. No experience necessary. We show you how.

FREE OUTFIT

Send no money for big new outfit showing actual samples of latest Spring and Summer styles, finest fabrics, and our new, fast-selling line of Belts. We send it free because we know you'll make good. Ask for FREE PANTS offer. No obligation.

Dept. 30-D

Cincinnati, O.

Write NOW!

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The opportunities in traffic management are limited only by the boundaries of the business world. The trained traffic man is in demand by transportation systems and by industrial organizations.

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Prepare for this growing, profitable profession at home in your spare time under supervision of traffic experts. Low cost; easy terms. Thru the LaSalle Problem Method you learn by doing. Valuable 64-page booklet free. Send for it NOW.

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To Men Getting Bald I Say!

No matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how much of it is already gone—I make this amazing guarantee! I'll end dandruff—stop falling hair—grow new hair in 30 days—or you don't pay me a cent! No strings attached! No "Ifs," "Ands" or "Maybes"! New hair or no pay! And you are the sole judge!



By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York

SAVE yourself from baldness! Stop falling hair! Grasp this "no risk" offer to grow new healthy hair in 30 days!

Here's My Contract!

If your hair is rapidly falling out—if your appearance is spoiled by approaching baldness—if you have tried countless expensive hair treatments unsuccessfully—it makes no difference. My contract stands! I'll grow new hair in thirty days—or the trial costs you NOTHING.

Here's My Secret

Years of training and research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair at the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, N. Y., have taught me many valuable facts about the hair—and this, the most amazing of all—that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely **dormant**—asleep!

You're wasting your time—you're throwing away money—when you try to reach these dormant roots with ordinary hair tonics, oils, massages and salves. For such measures treat only the surface skin and **never even get** to the roots, the **real** source of trouble. How could they ever **possibly** grow new hair?

My Method Reaches the Roots

It's no use trying to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark. You **must** get to the roots!

And that's just why my scientific treatment is so tremendously beneficial! It penetrates **below** the surface of the scalp. It quickly reaches the **cause** of the trouble—the dormant, starving hair roots. It awakens them. Hair begins to sprout again. It takes on new life and color. It becomes stronger and thicker. And in a surprisingly short time—sooner than you ever imagined possible—you have a new healthy growth of hair—**OR I PAY ALL COSTS OF THE TREATMENT MYSELF.**

And best of all, my system is so simple that it can be used in any home where there is electricity without the slightest discomfort—and for just a few cents a day!

New Hair or No Cost!

Thousands claim seeming miracles for my treatment. I don't. I admit some cases of loss of hair are hopeless. Only remember this—these cases are so very rare and so many hundreds of others have regained luxuriant hair through my method, that I am willing to let you try it for 30 days—**AT MY RISK!**

Then if you are not absolutely delighted—say so. And I'll mail you a check immediately—refunding

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Free Booklet Tells All

The very fact that you have read this announcement shows that you are anxious about the condition of your hair. So why not investigate? Find out for yourself. If you will merely fill in and mail the coupon I will gladly send you without cost or obligation a wonderfully interesting booklet, which describes in detail my successful system, which is growing new hair for thousands all over the country. In addition it tells all about my iron-clad guarantee which enables you to take my treatment without a penny's risk. Clip and mail the coupon today.

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"Having used your Thermocap Treatment for 30 days, I find a new growth of hair coming back on bald spot. It is growing in very fine. The Thermocap is a Treatment that every one who is losing his hair should buy."

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Dandruff Leaves Entirely

"I want to tell you how wonderful your treatment is. The first week my dandruff left entirely, and by the third week a new growth of hair could be seen all over my head."

Mrs. H. S., Port Angeles, Wash.

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"I have been partly bald for the last 10 years and have used your treatment only four weeks to date, but I can already see a new crop of hair coming in."

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**Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
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Please send me without cost or obligation a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Bernarr Macfadden

Presents



SIGRID HOLMQUIST



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True Story Pictures

ONLY when you have seen one of the True Story Pictures presented by Bernarr Macfadden have you seen the ultimate degree in which the glory and tragedy of actual life can be brought to the screen for your entertainment and pleasure.

For True Story Pictures are exquisitely reproduced cross-sections of the lives of real people—people who face the age-old problems to which all mortal flesh is heir, who find their joys and suffer their sorrows, who achieve great happinesses and meet disheartening frustrations, "Even as you and I."

Each of the throbbing, pulsing stories unfolded before you by True Story Pic-

tures has been personally selected for filming by that great editor, Bernarr Macfadden, whose complete sympathy with the people in every section of the country and intimate understanding of their struggles and ambitions, has given his True Story Magazine the greatest news-stand sale of any magazine in the world.

To the screen he brings even more graphically, poignantly, romantically than in the printed stories, these selected tales which from his thirty years of editorial experience he KNOWS will interest you absorbingly. Ask to have them shown at your favorite theater. Speak to the manager to-day!

TRUE STORY PICTURES, 1926 Broadway, New York

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

I want to see "The Wrongdoers," starring Lionel Barrymore; "Wives At Auction," starring Edna Murphy; "Broken Homes," starring Gaston Glass and Alice Lake, and "False Pride," starring Owen Moore, as well as the other great pictures now in production.

Name.....

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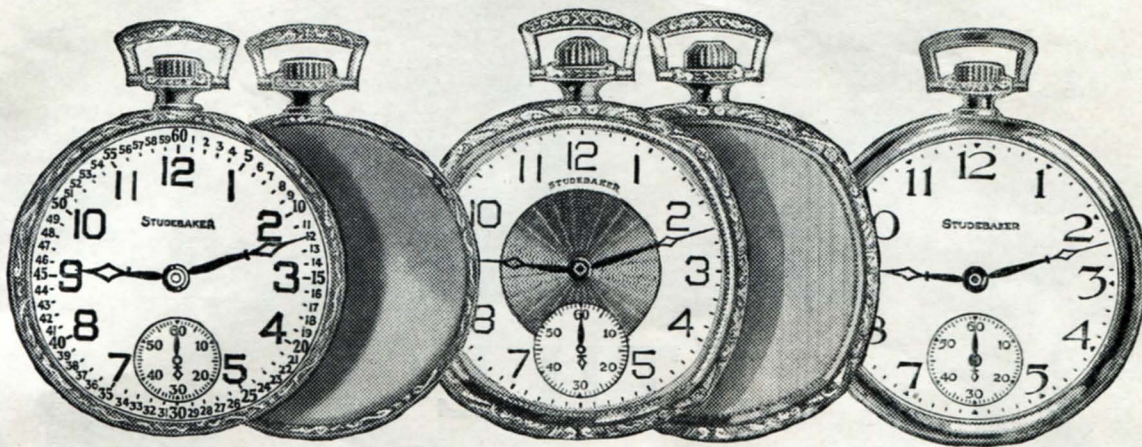
.....

Please write the name of your local theater on the above line

We Welcome Your Suggestions

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

"Buy a Studebaker—Direct from the Maker"



Sent
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Just \$1.00! The balance in easy monthly payments. You get the famous Studebaker, 21 Jewel Watch—Insured for a lifetime—direct from the maker at lowest prices ever named on equal quality. Send at once for FREE Book of Advance Watch Styles.

21 Jewel STUDEBAKER -the Insured Watch

Choice of 60 latest, thin model, Art Beauty Cases in yellow gold, green gold or white gold effects; 8 adjustments including heat, cold, isochronism and five positions. Direct to you from the factory—the greatest watch value in America today!

GIVEN!

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For a limited time we are offering a beautiful Watch Chain Free. Write now while offer lasts.



**WRITE
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Send at once and get a copy of this book—FREE! See the newest, beautiful, advance styles in Studebaker Art Beauty Cases and Dials. Read how you can buy a 21 Jewel Studebaker Insured Watch *direct from the maker*—save big money—and pay for it while you are using it. Write for our Free Book. It will post you on watch styles and watch values. Send coupon at once. Get Free Chain offer today while it lasts.

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Dept. K-700

South Bend, Indiana

Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

Mail Coupon for Free Book

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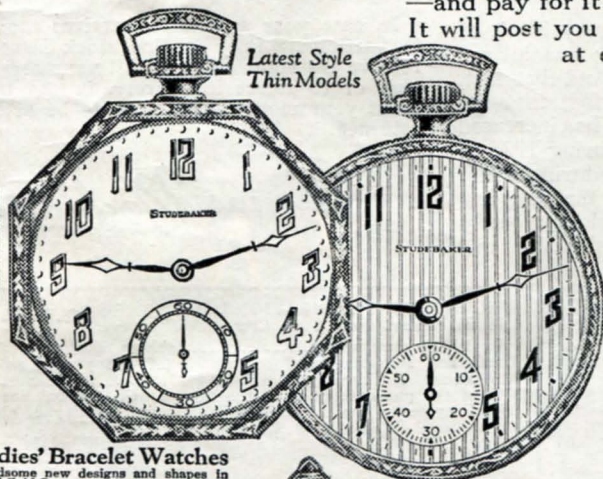
Please send me your Free Book of Advance Watch Styles and particulars of your \$1.00 down offer.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Latest Style
Thin Models



Ladies' Bracelet Watches

Handsome new designs and shapes in Solid Gold Cases—excellent timekeepers. Easy payments. Write for Special Offer.





STILL AVAILABLE

A Few Shares of Stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.

Read This Marvelous Dividend Record

Figures based on a \$1000 Investment
in 1919

Date	Divi- dend	Rate	Amount
Jan. 1920	Cash	10%	\$100.00
Jan. 1920	Stock	100%	1,000.00
June 1920	Cash	5% on \$2,000	100.00
Dec. 1920	Cash	5%	100.00
June 1921	Cash	5%	100.00
Dec. 1921	Cash	5%	100.00
June 1922	Cash	5%	100.00
Dec. 1922	Cash	7%	140.00
June 1923	Cash	10%	200.00
Dec. 1923	Cash	10%	200.00
June 1924	Cash	10%	200.00
Dec. 1924	Stock	400% on \$2,000	8,000.00
June 1925	Cash	3% on \$10,000	300.00
Dec. 1925	Cash	3% on \$10,000	300.00
Dec. 1926	Cash	4% on \$10,000	400.00

Total Stock Dividends Paid \$9,000.00

Total Cash Dividends Paid 2,340.00

Original Investment (1919) 1,000.00

Total Value \$12,340.00

Table of Gross Revenues from Operations 1923-1926

1923	\$4,664,100.00
1924	8,866,800.00
1925	11,319,000.00
1926	14,000,000.00

Magazines and Newspapers Controlled By Macfadden Publications, Inc.

Physical Culture, True Story Magazine, True Romances, Dream World, True Experiences, True Detective Mysteries, Ghost Stories, Your Home, The Dance, The New York Evening Graphic, The Philadelphia Daily News, Automotive Daily News.

OF the block of 200,000 shares (\$1,000,000) of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc., authorized last Autumn by the board of directors, only a few remain unsold.

While they last they are available for public subscription.

If you are among the many who have long wished to join the upwards of ten thousand individuals who are so fortunate as to hold stock in this great publishing organization, which during recent years has astonished the publishing world with its unprecedented growth and prosperity, you can secure the desired stock now, provided your application reaches us before the few remaining shares have been exhausted.

From a perusal of the table of cash and stock dividends paid by the company during the last seven years you will see that, had you invested one thousand dollars in shares of Macfadden Publications, Inc. stock in 1919 it would have grown to \$12,340.00 by now.

That fact explains why every block of stock issued by the company has always sold with extreme rapidity. And that fact, coupled with the additional fact that the gross revenue of the company has increased steadily from \$4,664,100.00 during 1923 to approximately \$14,000,000.00 during 1926, more than justifies my belief that the few shares still remaining of the block recently authorized for sale will be subscribed im-

mediately the public becomes aware that they are available.

If therefore you wish to seize this opportunity to acquire stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc., I advise you strongly to mail your application without delay as the few shares available will be allotted in the order in which applications are received.

An application form is provided below. Fill it out for as many shares of Macfadden Publications, Inc. stock as you desire, enclose remittance of 10% of the price of the stock, par value \$5.00 per share, indicate whether you prefer to pay the remaining 90% in cash or in monthly instalments and mail, as indicated below.

All applications for shares in Macfadden Publications, Inc., or inquiries regarding the purchase of such shares must be addressed to Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City. No shares will be sold nor will payment for same be accepted at any other address.

In case your application arrives too late to participate fully in this stock issue we reserve the right either to fill your order in part or to reject it entirely, in the latter event your money, of course, to be at once returned.

Bernarr Macfadden



MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
1926 Broadway, New York City

T. D. M. 47

I wish to purchase.....shares of stock of the Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, of the par value of \$5.00 each. Enclosed you will find \$.....representing 10% of the purchase price of the Shares. On the balance of 90% I agree to pay at least 10% on the first day of each month until full payment is made.

Certificate will be issued as soon as subscription is paid in full.

Name

Address

City State

In case you prefer to pay the remaining 90% in cash, check here ☐

150 Pieces In All \$1.00 DOWN



7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set—GIVEN

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



110-Piece Dinner Set

7 Piece PURE LINEN

Complete Outfit Consists of the Following:

110 Piece Ivory Ware Dinner Set

Complete service for 12 people. Popular Ivory Ware now the vogue in rich homes. Rich, creamy ivory color. Stamped with Gold Leaf Decorations as illustrated. Newest Gloria shape. Set consists of:—12 dinner plates, 9 in.; 12 breakfast plates, 7 1/4 in.; 12 coupe soups, 7 1/4 in.; 12 fruit saucers, 6 1/2 in.; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 1/4 in.; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 bread and butter plates, 6 in.; 1 oval vegetable dish, 9 in.; 1 round vegetable dish, 8 3/4 in.; 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 platter, 11 in.; 1 platter, 13 1/4 in.; 1 covered vegetable dish (2 pieces); 1 gravy boat; 1 gravy boat stand; 1 bowl, pint; 1 cream pitcher; 1 pickle dish; 1 butter dish, 7 1/2 in.

7 Piece Pure Linen Table Set

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

26 Piece Silver Set

as described just below illustration to the left.

GIVEN

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

Order by No. G9841A.

\$1.00 with coupon; \$2.70 monthly. Price \$29.95.

26 Pc. SILVER SERVICE

26 Piece Silver Set

A silver service that will give you years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Packed in convenient flannel roll as illustrated.

Free Trial

A sensational offer—only \$1.00 with coupon below brings this 150-piece outfit (the 7 piece Genuine Cut Glass set is FREE if you send at once) to your home on free trial. Examine the value, the quality, the beauty of each piece. Compare our easy payment prices with local cash prices. After 30 days' trial and use, if you're not delighted with the bargain, send it back at our expense and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid. No obligation—not one penny of risk to you!

\$2.70 a Month

rock-bottom price—only \$29.95 for the entire outfit with the 7-piece Cut Glass Set FREE. 150 pieces in all—only \$29.95—and a year to pay it. Where else can you find a bargain like that and such easy terms?

Send Coupon NOW!

Straus & Schram, Dept. 2044

Chicago, Ill.

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

150 Piece Combination Outfit, No. G9841A, \$29.95. (7 Piece Genuine Cut Glass FREE.)

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

Straus & Schram, Dept. 2044 Chicago, Ill.

20 Selections on Any 10 Records

All the Latest Hits to Choose From — Less Than 20c A Record

Have you heard of the truly immense sensation caused by our new Super-Electrically Recorded Records? They have a great big, mellow tone, clear as crystal, which is absolutely unobtainable elsewhere. For example, take our superb songs BYE BYE BLACK BIRD, CHERIE, RED RED ROBIN, VALENCIA, MOONLIGHT AND ROSES, BABY FACE, RUDOLPH VALENTINO, HELLO ALOHA. We will positively guarantee that you have never heard records of this quality no matter what price you paid. They are literally miles ahead of old style records. The following list of records contains the "Cream" of our entire catalog. Every selection is a masterpiece of its kind. Nothing but the very best selections are included and we guarantee that you will not be disappointed. All records are in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides, and play on any phonograph. Send no money with your order. See coupon below for terms. All records are strictly on approval. Please act at once, as this is an introductory advertising price which may be discontinued shortly. Simply write catalog numbers you want on coupon below.



POPULAR SONGS

- 2260 Valencia
Within the Sunshine of Your Smile
- 2285 Where Do You Work-A John
I Can't Forget Mary
- 2272 A New Star in Heaven, Rudolph
Valentino
A Package of Old Letters
- 2263 Red Red Robin
Down Ole Virginia
- 2256 Bye Bye Blackbird
Chinky Charleston
- 2255 Hello Aloha
I Wonder Who The Fool Is Now
Evening Brings Memories of You
Poor Little Rich Girl
- 4070 The Prisoner's Song
Sweet and Low
- 2261 Baby Face
I Expect John Henry Tonight
- 8006 Somewhere With Someone
Lone Trail Rose
- 2303 It Made You Happy When You Made
Me Cry
When Shadows Fall
- 2284 Tonight You Belong To Me
In Your Eyes
- 2279 I'd Love To Meet That Old Sweet-
heart of Mine
At the End of the Rainbow
- 2269 Moonlight and Roses
I'm Going Back To Home Sweet Home
- 2267 How Many Times
Wynona
- 2274 That's Why I Love You
Bermuda, My Isle of Dreams
- 2275 Hi Ho The Merrio
Wondering
- 8022 I Don't Mean Maybe
I Wonder Who The Fool Is Now
- 2270 Cherie, I Love You
Ashes of Dreams
- 2265 I Ate the Baloney
Hard Boiled Mamma

COMEDY

- 4004 Flanagan In A Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
- 4065 Swapping Horses
You're My Gal

- 4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car
Hi and Si and the Line Fence
- 4003 Button Buster (Laughing
Record)
Flanagan On a Trolley Car
- 4073 Uncle Josh Takes the Census
The Village Postmaster
- 4072 Uncle Josh at the Dentist
Country Doctor and the Patient
- 4081 Cohen's New Auto
Henry Jones Your Honeymoon
Is Over

POPULAR DANCES

- 1405 In A Little Spanish Town
You're the Kind of a Girl I Can
Love
- 1402 Mary Lou
Powder Puff
- 1387 That's Why I Love You
Marionette
- 8004 For A Little While
Ting A Ling A Ling
- 1363 Valencia
Every Evening
- 8010 Charleston of the Evening
Knock Wood and Whistle
- 1390 Black Bottom
My Girl Went to the Movies
- 1389 Baby Face
Sunset On The Lido
- 1379 Cherie, I Love You
Down Ole Virginia
- 1391 Because I Love You
My Radio Romeo
- 1392 Looking At The World Thru Rose
Colored Glasses
- 1398 Apache Charleston
Hello Bluebird
- 8017 Moon in the Heaven
I'm Just Dance Crazy
Tell Your Gal

HAWAIIAN

- 4084 Aloha Land
Honolulu Bay
- 4055 La Paloma
Kawaihau
- 4023 Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio
- 4018 Maui Aloha
Ua Like No-A-Like
- 4009 Honolulu Rag
One-Two-Three-Four
- 4008 Mahina Malamalama
Kawaha
- 4007 Kamehameha March
Aloha Oe

STANDARD SONGS

- 4066 Tell Mother I'll Be
There
Where Is My Wan-
dering Boy To-
night
- 4100 Gerald Chapman,
What a Pity
Ponzi The Swindler
- 4092 The End of the Shen-
andoah
Days
- 4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Kentucky Babe

\$ **1.98**

**Send
No
Money**

10 Days' Approval

- 4093 The Little Brown Jug
Arabella
- 4099 Home, Sweet Home
Sweet Genevieve
- 4094 A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother
No Little Two Shoes
- 4090 In the Baggage Coach Ahead
Somewhere With Someone
- 4049 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
Old Black Joe
- 4031 Love's Old Sweet Song
In the Gloaming
- 4029 Silver Threads Among The Gold
The Trumpeter
- 4011 When You And I Were Young Maggie
My Old Kentucky Home
- 4001 Star Spangled Banner
America (My Country 'Tis of Thee)

SACRED

- 4075 Church In The Wildwood
Voice Of The Chimes
- 4091 The Old Rugged Cross
Beyond The Clouds
- 4046 Nearer, My God To Thee
The Lord Is My Shepherd
- 4013 Holy, Holy, Holy
Rock of Ages
- 4021 Holy Night, Peaceful Night
Hark The Herald Angels Sing
- 4019 Adeste Fidelis
Onward Christian Soldiers

STANDARD INSTRUMENTAL

- 4068 Turkey In The Straw
Arkansaw Traveller
- 4015 Humoresque
Souvenir
- 4041 National Emblem March
Sixty-Ninth Regiment March
- 4028 Stars and Stripes Forever
American Republic March
- 4016 Irish Jigs and Reels (Series A)
Irish Jigs and Reels (Series B)
- 4022 Washington Post
Our Director

TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL

Mutual Music Club, Dept. TR 4, 135 Dorchester Ave., Boston, Mass.
You may send me on ten days' approval the ten records listed below by catalog numbers. When the ten records arrive, I will pay postman a deposit of \$1.98 plus postage in full payment, no more to pay at any time. I will then try the records ten days in my own home, and if I am disappointed in them or find them in any way unsatisfactory I will return them, and you agree to refund at once all that I have paid.

1.....	6.....	Write 5 substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
2.....	7.....	1.....
3.....	8.....	2.....
4.....	9.....	3.....
5.....	10.....	4.....

Important: ☐ Place crossmark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order. Recommended for these records.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

APRIL

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

1927

What Makes a Criminal?

By George William Wilder

RECENTLY still another attempt was made on the part of several public-spirited and philanthropic citizens to determine the cause of crime. Awards were offered for the opinions of contributors. No doubt, thousands of citizens in every walk of life expressed a view-point.

Who is better qualified to tell why a man turns to crime than the criminal himself? Listen to what a swindler, "successful" for thirty years and more at separating suckers and their money, has to say:

"I make no attempt to touch the hidden spring of mentality that makes a professional gunman, or brutal thug, what he is. I do venture to say that I can tell, with fair accuracy, why a thinking, reasoning man makes a business of breaking the law.

"Recently the newspapers published an account of the expenditures for women's wear, amusements, furs, flowers, *et cetera*, as made by 4,000 families who live on Park Avenue, between Thirty-fourth and Ninety-sixth Streets, in New York. These 4,000 families spent for the above-named commodities and a few other incidentals, a total of approximately \$250,000,000 during the year 1926. This is enough to pay the national debt of a dozen countries.

"The newspapers, almost daily, carry accounts of lawyers who accept bribes, of judges who sell justice, of detectives whose services are bought.

"Seeing these things and a great many others like them, the thinking man who turns to crime says to himself: 'Some of this money that is loosely thrown around should be mine. Large corporations can be fined for disobeying the law and they pay no penalty. Why can't I?' Emboldened, this same man tries his hand at crime and—there you are.

"Aside from the reasons for making a man a criminal, I believe that any man who takes any person's property, whether under cover of the law or not, makes a vital mistake. A man is a fool to turn to crime, because crime never pays, and I say this knowing full well my own past."

This same avowed confidence man, Mark Mellen by name, says further: "I believe that most persons who start a well-meaning investigation into the cause of crime, are not qualified to conduct such investigations. My reason is that most of them are well-fixed financially. The man who never needed a dollar, the man who never was tempted to steal for food, or for shelter, cannot fully appreciate the motives and the feelings of the man who does 'turn to crime'."

Here is a vital question to each and every citizen of the country. What makes a criminal? And every thinking man and woman has an opinion on the subject. What is yours?

Have Youthful Beauty Instantly

by JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Specialiste en Beauté

AN amazing improvement in your looks is the immediate result of this special twin treatment for beauty.

So perfectly do the shades of these twin toiletries—Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom—accord with the tints and tones of the natural skin, that their combined use gives fresh, youthful beauty—*instantly*.

Pompeian Beauty Powder, soft and velvety—delicately perfumed—spreads evenly with an enchanting smoothness and stays on for hours at a time.

Pompeian Bloom, a rouge with youthful tones, looks as though it were your own coloring. It does not crumble or break—and comes off on the puff easily.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder and Bloom sent with beautiful new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture, "The Bride," painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in colors, size 27 x 7 inches, art store value easily 75c.



Tear off now! You may forget

Madame Jeannette de Cordet
The Pompeian Laboratories
2503 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred)
for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder and Bloom.

Name
Street
Address

City State

Powder shade

Medium rouge sent unless another shade requested

*Youthful Beauty
—instantly*

Pompeian

Beauty Powder and Bloom

*Was he man, phantom,
or devil—this solitary
bandit who robbed
and maltreated
women, and threw a
whole city into a
panic of dread?*



LONE WOLF, the *Boudoir* BANDIT

NOT until Miss May Armstrong had disrobed, donned her figured silk sleeping negligée, snapped off the wall-bracket light, and got into bed—not until then did she begin to have a presentiment that somebody was in the room besides herself.

She called herself silly for entertaining any such wild idea. Who could wish to harm her, a young artist with not an enemy in the world? And as for thieves—she had no gems worthy of attraction. Anyway, strange people just didn't get into apartments like hers, particularly when they are located in the intelligentsia-residential section of the city. Besides, she was always very careful to keep the door to her apartment locked.

But try as she would, she could not put down that feeling. Each taxi honk from the street below made her jump. The sound of footsteps in the tiled corridor outside magnified her uneasiness, although she had heard such a noise a thousand times before. Somewhere near by a radio was emitting a tune that was muffled and creepy. Usually she slept with her bedroom light out, but to-night she guessed she had better leave it on.

By **BERNARD G. PRIESTLEY**

Formerly of the *Boston Herald*

She got out of bed, fumbled for the light button, and snapped illumination back into her bedroom. As she turned to get into bed, her heartbeats

stood momentarily still as a cold voice commanded:

"Don't scream! If you do I'll fill you full of holes!"

In terror she looked down at the floor, whence the voice had come. She saw the black nose of a revolver pointing at her head. Behind it a pair of frigid eyes, showing from between a white mask and a cap visor, told her she had better take no chances with the finger clutching that trigger.

Half raising her trembling hands, she fell back a step.

The owner of the gun scrambled out from under the bed. As he kept his weapon trained upon her, first with one hand and then the other, he removed his dark gray overcoat—it was the cold month of January—with a display of muscular agility that made her shudder at the thoughts of grappling with him, even though he was no taller than herself, a girl of slightly more than average height.

THEN he tore a strip of linen from a bed-sheet, and while she waited in agonizing fear, he calmly fashioned a gag from it and tied the gag to her mouth. Next

he pocketed his weapon in his blue serge coat, lifted her none too gently, and put her on the bed.

She stared at him, eyes popping, while he, with the nonchalance of a person having all the time in the world, tore piece after piece from the pillow slip and the sheets, and made improvised rope with which he tied her hands and feet to the four corners of the bed.

Uncontrollable fright seized the defenseless girl. She lapsed into a half-conscious nightmare of terrible and confused thoughts.

At intervals sometime afterward she became aware that the unwelcome visitor was ransacking her dresser and clothes closet. She heard him slam and bang things like an amateur carpenter. Once he came to the bed and dangled before her eyes a jewel-studded wrist watch, the cherished gift of her mother. He bragged triumphantly about finding it. Again, he displayed \$110 in bills which he discovered in her dresser drawer.

LATER this amazing burglar became chatty, and despite the scorn and the agony of fear that she directed at him with her eyes he sat for a long time at the foot of her bed, munching chocolates from a box that had been given her that very night by the young man with whom she kept company.

"I got in through the bathroom window," he confided to her as he ran a fingertip up and down his prominent nose, "even while you and your boy friend and the chaperon dame were talking. When the three of you went out to get your chop suey, I hid under the bed. That fire-escape out back was too tempting to resist."

In the tone and spirit of a pronounced braggart, he went on to tell of hair-raising exploits in crime in other cities, including New York and Chicago. He spoke of gun battles and killings as a business man would discuss the minor details of his business. He interspersed his dramatic recitations with boasts of his love triumphs among the women of the underworld, using her facial beauty and figure as standards of comparison. He also wove in many "asides" that revealed his perverted views on love and womanhood.

For a long time he talked and ate candy, finally saying:

"I have to while away a few hours, girlie. Wouldn't do for me to go out into the night with the swag I'm lifting here. The dicks might spot me. But in the morning, when all the honest working men are afoot, it's a cinch to slip out and not get noticed."

He laughed and stroked his dark hair.

"Only four o'clock now," he added in a bored tone of voice as he consulted her jewel-studded watch. (He had entered the apartment a little before midnight.) "I'm going to have a nap."

He stretched himself out crossway of the bed at the foot. In a few seconds he was asleep.

MISS Armstrong went through two more hours of hellish harassment before he stirred again. Mumbling something about it being daylight, he arose, carefully brushed the wrinkles out of his coat and trousers, combed down his thick hair with his fingers, and announced that he must depart.

The girl's jaws were nearly paralyzed from the gag. She tried, by appealing for pity with her eyes, to get him to remove it before he left.

He refused. But he did promise to call the janitor of the

apartment, after he had made his getaway, and inform the man of her plight.

As soon as he had snapped the spring lock of the apartment door behind him, Miss Armstrong began to struggle to free herself. The more she tugged at her bonds, the more they cut into her wrists and ankles. Yet, weak and nauseated as she was, she kept on trying. She fought for nearly two hours before she succeeded in freeing one hand and subsequently in removing the rest of the bonds.

She had just about strength enough left to get the janitor's office on the house telephone.

In a few minutes Police Inspector Michael Byrnes and other officers reached the Armstrong apartment. They found the girl near the point of



Uncontrollable fright seized the defenseless girl

complete exhaustion. Her wrists and ankles had been dreadfully chafed in her struggle to free herself.

The girl told her story between attacks of hysterics. A police physician corroborated that part of it concerning criminal assault.

Some two hours later, the fiendish criminal showed that he had nerve enough for anything. With officers still in the apartment house, he telephoned to the janitor.

"Go up to Miss Armstrong's apartment and see what she wants," he said. "She is not feeling very well to-day. If you can't get in, use your own latch-key."

The police failed to trace the call.

The girl's story was so shocking, so seemingly incredible, that even the most blasé of newspaper editors gave orders "not to play it up too much."

One newspaper head-line writer termed the criminal Lone Wolf. Other newspapers took up the soubriquet. It sug-

gested as no other name could, the obnoxious, wolflike traits of the man.

Hastily the police set about the task of apprehending this wolf in human form. Their first move was to try to pick up his trail.

Perhaps he lived in that very building. Happenings indicated that he seemed to know that Miss Armstrong resided alone and had learned, from watching her comings and goings, when she would be at home. But nobody answering the description of the intruder lived in the house, or had lived there for a long time.



Later this amazing burglar became chatty, and—

The police were further baffled when they failed to find anyone who had seen a man of the intruder's description in or about the apartment house before the crime.

Nor had anybody heard noises on the fire-escape or seen the criminal leaving the building in the morning.

Had he vanished into the air? How *had* he come and gone, unnoticed?

The police searched every inch of the Armstrong apartment for evidence that might help, if not actually to trail the man, at least to learn his identity. All they found was a solitary thumbprint on a ginger-ale bottle, from which the man had helped himself to a drink.

At Police Headquarters a finger-print expert transferred the solitary thumbprint, the only thing that offered immediate hope of identifying Lone Wolf. Unfortunately, nothing in the police records could match it.

Photographic copies of the thumbprint were rushed to the

police of the bigger cities and towns through the country. Neither did they have any thumbprints to match Lone Wolf's.

The police were up against the proverbial stone wall!

Lack of a rogues' gallery thumbprint to match that found on the ginger-ale bottle, however, did indicate that the man had no previous police record. This, in turn, led to the theory that Lone Wolf must have come out of the underworld of another city. Surely, the police reasoned, no amateur would have had the nerve to commit a crime so atrocious. And if he did have, then it was practically impossible that he should have been able to cover his trail so thoroughly.

Consequently, the police set about to learn if any seasoned criminal answering the description of Lone Wolf was unaccountably absent from his usual haunts in the underworld of any other of the larger cities. Copies of the thumbprint were broadcast by mail to aid in this procedure.

In a couple of weeks, when nothing further developed, the police had reached the conclusion that the mysterious Lone Wolf, troubled by remorse and fear when he realized the seriousness of the crime, had fled.

Then something happened that made them wonder overtime whether or not their theory was correct.

Lieutenant Arthur Means, of the U. S. Army, while lounging about the living room of his apartment early one evening, suddenly had a presentiment that somebody was in the place. He looked around casually, but saw nothing further to excite his suspicions. Then, as Miss Armstrong had done, he called himself silly for entertaining such ideas.

In a few moments Lieutenant Means went from the living room into the bathroom. He reassured himself as he did so that no intruder was about. Nevertheless, he was unarmed, and did not propose to be surprised from behind, so he locked the bathroom door after him.

No sooner had he done so than he heard a slight commotion from beyond

the door. Next a commanding voice told him to unlock the door before it was broken in.

On opening the door, Lieutenant Means found himself face to face with a masked man, who, while covering him with a revolver, quickly rid his person of all money and valuables. Then the bandit locked him inside the bathroom.

For some time thereafter Lieutenant Means heard the man ransacking his apartment. Later, when there was no longer any sound, he forced the door and notified the police.

Lieutenant Means' description of the man tallied with that of Lone Wolf. In fact, the intruder had worn a white mask as had Lone Wolf during his sensational escapade in Miss Armstrong's apartment.

DESPITE this development, the police hardly thought the hold-up man to be Lone Wolf. The job was not sensational—too tame to make it worthy of a man of such fiendish mental gropings as Lone Wolf had displayed in the Armstrong case, the police thought.

Three days after the Lieutenant Means affair, the police received plenty of proof that Lone Wolf had not reformed. Instead, he had outdone his previous unspeakable crime.

This time Lone Wolf had chosen a boudoir setting in

which there were two women instead of one. The scene was an apartment in the same district of students and colleges, artists and galleries, models and studios, where the intrusions upon Miss Armstrong and Lieutenant Means had occurred. The victims were Mrs. Mabel Gilbert and her niece, Miss Anne Winters, the former about thirty-five years old and the latter twenty-eight. (Editor's note: It is not the intention of the Publishers or the Editor of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES to bring distress upon any one, as an aftermath to Lone Wolf's atrocious crimes. For reasons of protection to the unfortunate victims, real names throughout the story, therefore, have been changed.)

The two women had

Startled, they turned to see a masked man answering Lone Wolf's description covering them with a revolver, and to hear his crisp voice warn: "Make no outcry, or you die." "The Lone Wolf! God save us, it's the Lone Wolf!" they cried.

Within two minutes the terrified women were gagged with their own stockings, taken from near-by chairs at which they had disrobed. Then the masked man removed his dark gray overcoat with the finality of a husband arriving home for dinner.

AS the two horrified women slumped to the edge of the bed, he, keeping a cold eye upon them, strode angrily to the adjoining cosily furnished living room and yanked the cords from two silk-shaded table lamps.

He tied the elder woman, hands and feet, to the double bed in the bedroom. The miss he led to a cot in the living room and similarly bound her.

According to the stories the women told the police, the most horrible nightmare could not begin to suggest the anguish, mental and physical, they went through in the hours that followed.

Part of their experience brought out the man's amazing brazenness and his utter lack of a sense of proportion.

"Where are your cigarettes?" he asked the younger woman.

When she shook her head to signify that there were none in the house, he displayed great indignation.

A moment later he announced his intention of preparing a lunch for himself, in lieu of having nothing to smoke. He located a bottle of liquor, and with a bottle of ginger ale taken from the polished icebox in the kitchenette, he demonstrated to his unwilling onlookers the art of making a highball. In this act he displayed all the pre-prohibition technique of an experienced bartender.

Then he brought a platter of roast beef, a bottle of milk, and a loaf of bread from the icebox to a table in the living room, from which he could be seen and heard by both women. Making sandwiches from the beef and bread—telling how it should be done properly as he went along—he washed them down gluttonously with milk, while he mumbled sarcasms about the quality of the food.

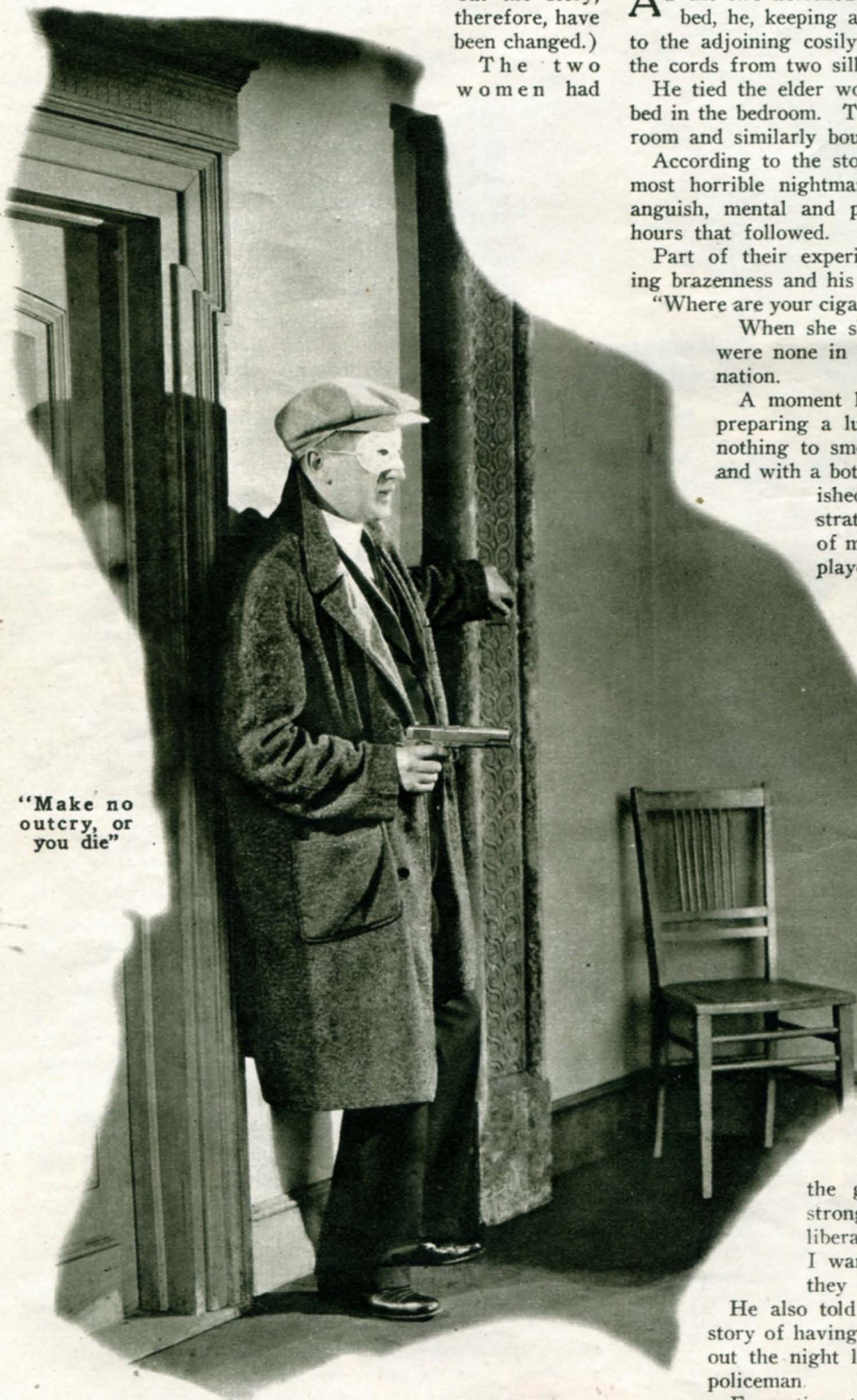
Again, as in the Armstrong case, he went on to brag about his criminal exploits in other cities, climaxing one of his talkative sessions with:

"And that thumbprint I left on the ginger-ale bottle—" in Miss Armstrong's apartment—"I made that deliberately! I've studied finger-printing. I want to see if the cops are as wise as they think."

He also told these unfortunate women the same story of having to remain in the apartment throughout the night lest he be picked up by a suspicious policeman.

From time to time he would break off taunting them with misplaced expressions of affection, to strut about the apartment on ransacking tours, returning to torment

"Make no
outcry, or
you die"



just snapped off the lights and retired, shortly after midnight, when the light in their bedroom flashed on again.

them with the sight of articles of jewelry and wearing apparel he considered "finds."

Early in the morning he packed his loot—consisting of \$68 in cash, two silk dresses, two fur coats, two diamond rings, and other articles—into a suitcase belonging to one of the women. With another typical display of brass he telephoned for a taxi. Before it arrived, he partly freed Miss Winters, warning that he would come back and kill her if she made an outcry or otherwise gave a quick alarm.

The girl pleaded with him to leave her a little money, saying he had taken every cent she and Mrs. Gilbert owned.

He did. He left three worn dimes on the living-room table.

At 6.20 a. m., when the first rays of morning light were sifting through the lace curtains of the apartment, he departed in a taxi.

Miss Winters promptly summoned the police.

THE driver of a cab, located after hours of careful search, told the police afterward that he had driven Lone Wolf to a public park about a mile away, where the fare got out, muttering his intention of taking an electric car to a suburban town about ten miles outside the city.

From that moment Lone Wolf's whereabouts became as complete a mystery as on the previous occasions!

He did not take a car for the sub-

derneath which were shudders and fears on the part of the women and girls, particularly those who lived in apartment houses where no man resided.

Extra uniformed policemen were thrown into the district. Plain-clothes men combed it from one end to the other for traces of the fiend. Scores of suspicious characters were shadowed. In a single night three different false-key workers were caught prowling in apartments. But none of them was Lone Wolf.

IF Lone Wolf were remaining in that community, he left no more trace of his whereabouts than would a tiny cloud of mist attacked by the noonday sun.

As the days passed and no more boudoir banditry occurred, the police began reassuring themselves that Lone Wolf had fled the city, perhaps to continue his nefarious crimes elsewhere. But again Lone Wolf convinced them that there is much truth in the old saying to the effect it is always calmest before the storm. Also, he demonstrated that he could be fully as daring as he was sensational.

At 9.20 on the morning of February fifth, less than two

"The Lone Wolf!
God save us, it's
the Lone Wolf!"

urbs. Police inquiries proved that. What did he do? The police could not ascertain. His trail faded as completely as though it never had existed. Nor did a prolonged investigation at the apartment of the two women reveal anything.

Black-faced newspaper type by the yard announced to the public this latest escapade of Lone Wolf. The details were so startling that they required no embellishment whatever to create a sensation. The city buzzed with excitement un-

weeks after Lone Wolf's visit to the apartment of the two women, a man telephoned the editor of one of the city's newspapers.

"There's a story at (naming the address of an apartment house) Suite Sixty-
(Continued on page 109)



The CLUE of the

A fusillade of shots—pandemonium—in that dance hall had subsided, an dead, and the only clue to his murderers

"HELLO! . . .
Huh? . . .
Gee, the
Oscawana!
. . . Where's Con-
ners? . . . Huh? . . .
All right, I'll send a
man right over!"

Captain Griffin

was excited! And it takes a lot to make a police official excited after he has lived in the heart of a big city's tenderloin for over ten years. It was midnight and we were at the Ogden Street station-house. I was attached at the time to the Ninety-eighth Precinct. Incidentally, before I go any further, let me say that for reasons that make it necessary, all names I am giving are fictitious.

I looked at Captain Griffin expectantly as I rose and reached mechanically for my hat.

"Murphy reports finding a murdered man in the Oscawana!" he exclaimed. "What d'you know about that? Better chase right over there! If you don't, Kinsella'll beat you to it!"

He was calling up the home of Assistant District Attorney Kinsella, who was in charge of the Homicide Bureau in the D. A.'s office, before I had reached the door.

Kinsella was a bear for work. He kept a telephone alongside his bed, and he responded to its call with all the speed of a fire chief to a seven-alarm fire. Not for him, were the morning-after reports. He was always on the spot himself, and got there as fast as his car could take him.

And this promised to be some conflagration!

Bill Connors, who owned the Oscawana, was a sort of czar of the underworld. His following was great and powerful. No one had ever before ventured to use his dance floor as a field of battle. Some reckless souls would pay dearly for their rashness.

I hastened over to the Oscawana which stood on Trombley Street, a few steps off Chadwick Avenue.

Ordinarily every window in the two-story structure would have been blazing with light, the strains of an excellent orchestra shattering the midnight silence, and crowds of nattily dressed revelers (under the careful surveillance of Eat-em-Up Bill) would have been seen dancing, or sitting at the small round tables which circled the walls.

THAT night all was pitch-dark. The windows stared blankly on the deserted street.

A small flickering shaft of light darted hither and yon like a huge firefly, appearing and disappearing at irregular intervals. In the dim light which seeped in from the street-lamps, I could make out a few overturned tables and chairs; beyond its feeble rays, the place was as dark as a tomb.

The front door led on to a wide hall, on the right side of which was a sort of box-office—on the left, a large open space leading to the dance hall. As soon as I entered, I could hear but not see Officer Murphy. He was muttering soft but savage expletives as he moved about.

"Hello there, Murphy, what's the matter with the lights?" I called out.

By Captain EDWARD F. RAYENS

Formerly in charge of the Detective Bureau at the
Office of the District Attorney

As told to ISABEL STEPHEN

"There ain't none," came his growled answer. "They've all been busted. Gosh, so far as 'I can see with this 'spot,' there's been one battle royal. The

place seems to have been splintered up to matchwood."

"Where's the telephone? Let's get some light before we go any further. And you had better stop investigating in the dark. You may move something out of place."

It is natural for every patrolman to play with the idea of personally solving a murder mystery. As a matter of fact, they seldom get a chance, for members of the detective bureau are immediately put in charge, and they are obliged to return to the dull routine of pounding the pavements.

Murphy was no exception, though he was an unusually intelligent officer. He received my order somewhat sullenly. I knew this from the peevish tone in which he answered:

"I found a phone in that little cubby-hole near the front door. 'Bout the only thing that's not shot up—"

I HEARD a crash and a volley of oaths from the exasperated copper as he evidently barked his shins against some overturned piece of furniture. With a smile I turned to the "box-office," and telephoned for an electrician to bring along some bulbs.

Murphy joined me and while we awaited the arrival of the man from the District Attorney's office and the electrician, he gave me a somewhat rambling account of how he had discovered the body.

"I was goin' the rounds, tryin' all the doors on my beat, as usual," he began, after removing his cap and passing a huge handkerchief over his perspiring forehead.

"Well, when I turned into Trombley Street, I knew something was up. Bill Connors' place is just 'bout goin' full blast 'round midnight. 'Twas all dead quiet. I tried the knob and the door opened. Not a peep. I flashed me 'spot' and saw the tables 'round the walls all upset and the glasses smashed—"

"Sure there are no lights left?" I interrupted.

"Positeevle! I felt all 'round the wall and snapped each one. They'd all been doused. Well, passin' through the dance hall, I worked through to the barroom at the back, and there, lyin' half in and out o' the washroom, I found the dead man."

"Let's have a look at it," I suggested. "You wait here."

There was a lot in the papers right at that time about how the police were protecting the gangsters, intimating that the two bodies were real friendly, and that neither would do anything to harm the other. If they were friends, it was in print only, so far as my experience went. As I tacked my way through the litter of that demolished dance hall, I expected any moment to have a broken bottle smashed over my head. Broken bottles were the favorite weapons of gangsters—and the police officers their favorite targets.

As it was, I went free on that trip.

LEERING FACE

*darkness. When the panic
unknown man was found
was the leer on his face*

Just as I entered the barroom, the sound of a commotion near the front door reached me. Murphy's brogue was raised in expostulation.

"Hello! hello! Ed! Here's an electrician wants you!"

In the ringing tones, I recognized Kinsella's voice.

"Tell him to make his way through here to the back," I called out. Our voices echoed uncannily in the midnight stillness. As I spoke, my flash-light fell on the dead body of a man, sprawling on the floor a few feet away.

It was lying face downward, the arms close along the sides, one leg was outstretched, the other had the knee bent so that the foot was raised a few inches from the

floor. The position of the body gave me the distinct impression that the man had been shot unawares—but this was yet to be shown.

In a few minutes the electrician had the bulbs fixed in the barroom, and before he had time to complete the job in the dance hall, Duffy, Central Office detective, and a photographer arrived on the scene.

After notes had been made on exactly how the body lay, it was turned over on its back, and the man from Headquarters searched the clothing for identification clues.

"Recognize him?" I asked Murphy, who had closed the



"I . . . never . . .
seen . . . that stiff
before," said Hetty
slowly

outer door and accompanied the newcomers to the back room.

"Nope," he answered, scratching his nose thoughtfully. Pursing his long upper lip and screw-

ing his eyes into gimlet holes, he leaned forward and scrutinized the corpse for a full minute before he

continued: "He didn't belong 'round here, that's sure. And he don't look like he'd belonged to the

swell-mob that sometimes come here on slummin' parties."

"That used to come here, you mean," I said. "I'll bet this'll be the end of the Oscawana."

"Yah, 'twill be that," Murphy agreed. Straightening up, he shook his head mournfully. "Nobuddy but a stranger would have started anything here! Know what I think, Sergeant?" (I was a sergeant at that time.) I looked at

him inquiringly. Unlike Duffy, I took stock of what the patrolman was saying. He knew the East Side characters—and character—like a well-thumbed book. "I think that this bloke was one of them idjits that oncet in a while come buttin' into Chadwick lookin' for excitement. An' they git it when they mix up with one of the gunmen's molls!"

"*Cherchez la femme!*" as the French say," I commented, then grinned. Murphy scowled. His was a matter-of-fact intellect and he regarded all facetiousness with suspicion. "That means, in English, 'Look for the woman!'" I explained.

"That's right, Sergeant," he nodded. "No thug 'round here wouldn't stick up a guy in the Oscawana unless he 'was seein' red 'bout somethin' and——"

Here Duffy interrupted.

"I would like to ask Murphy a few questions," he said, addressing me. Then without further preamble, he turned to the patrolman and shot at him the regular routine inquiry. He asked for—and received—no theories. As I examined the body of the dead man, I heard Murphy giving the orthodox answers.

The first thing that struck me about the dead man was his face. It was a weak face, good-looking in a rather effeminate way. The dark hair was rather long and waved off the high, narrow forehead *à la* Lord Byron; the eyes, which were now staring blankly at the ceiling were large, dark grey, and fringed by long dark lashes.

However, it was the smirk of complacency—the leer—which death had frozen on the full, sensual lips, which arrested my attention. No expression of agony there. In the midst of some pleasing thought, it seemed, the mysterious stranger seeking adventure had been hurled into the greatest adventure of all. The eyes, too, seemed to express nothing more than a faint, hurt surprise—a mild wonder—but that was all. It was exactly as if death had swooped down on him so suddenly that the brain "centrals" had been disconnected in the midst of a communication to the facial muscles.

In life the murdered man had been quite a dandy. His

ultrafashionable clothes, silk shirt, tricky socks and well-oiled hair suggested this. He had dressed quite in the mode of the *élite* in gangdom, but the broad shoulders and calloused hands with their highly-polished finger-nails set him in some unknown circle beyond the pale of the beaux of the Chadwick avenue.

I glanced over the articles which the man from Headquarters had taken from the dead man's pockets and laid out on the bar. Quite a sizeable roll of bills confirmed Murphy's opinion that the stranger had not been the victim of a "stick-up." In addition to this there were the usual articles which men carry, such as keys, a pocket-knife, and so on. A fine linen monogrammed handkerchief with a "G" embroidered in red, four theater stubs, and a gun, offered themselves as the best possible clues since not a scrap of paper bearing any names or addresses was in the collection.

"Must 'a' been shootin' pretty close, Sergeant," Murphy whispered to me out of the corner of his mouth. "See the bit of a powder mark?"

"Yes, and I'm inclined to think you are all right, Murphy," I answered him in the same key.

We hung around, listening to the remarks of the Assistant Medical Examiner and Duffy until the men from the morgue arrived with their basket to cart the corpse away.

Though Duffy was

rather positive in his theory that the death was one of those "accidents" in gang land which kept the slabs at the morgue overburdened, the Medical Examiner's verdict was: "Murder committed by persons unknown." I had drawn his attention to the powder marks.

"Coming my way, Kinsella?" Duffy invited the Assistant District Attorney, as we all prepared to leave.

"No, I want to have a talk with Rayens," he answered. Then turning to me, he suggested: "What about getting a cup of coffee and talking it over?"

I agreed readily. Over a cup of good steaming java in



It was a deliberate action, an invitation to a fight—but I refused to be distracted

one of the open-all-night lunch rooms, we discussed the case.

Unlike most young prosecuting attorneys, who belligerently challenge every statement with sarcastic wrangling, Mr. Kinsella had the gift of listening quietly and without question until he had received and digested the whole story of the other party. Then, he was thoroughly prepared to shoot it full of holes if it proved to be of flimsy structure.

UNQUESTIONABLY Murphy is right in his opinion that the dead man didn't belong hereabouts," I explained. "The muscular development shows that he had been engaged in handling heavy weights of some kind. The palms of his hands are calloused, but the skin isn't ingrained with grime as it would be if he had been a street laborer, nor were the nails broken like you find them among the navvies. Whatever his work was, I believe it was indoors. The texture of the skin on his face showed that.

"I don't believe that he was killed accidentally in a gunmen's shooting party; none of the mobs around here would have pulled off anything like that with a stranger around. They make darned sure when they start anything that only

so far as we were concerned, the potentialities of the case were possibilities to conjure with. It wasn't the murder, but the far-reaching results of the murder having been committed on the premises of the czar of the underworld, that made it an assignment to be prayed for, and coveted above all else.

My fingers had thrilled with enthusiasm as I made out my report. The Captain's dry remarks sent my spirits tobogganing down to zero. There was a lot of rivalry between the men at Headquarters and the precinct men. We seldom got a chance at the big things. We had too much routine detail to attend to. If we were too ambitious, we were transferred.

Those were the days of the real organized gangsters who were of an entirely different breed from the hop-filled young morons who go by that name to-day. Their molls wore sables and the young bucks were backed up by big money and political influence. The "hold-up" boys who are getting so much attention now, are brought in wearing cheap, ready-made clothing, and their "sweeties" are dressed in cat-fur-trimmed garments bought on the instalment plan; their ex-

"I TOOK a chance, and sent a decoy letter to the susceptible iron-worker, signing Handsome Hetty's name to it. My case depended on him. In naming Lew Terrill's as the rendezvous, I realized that I was treading on dangerous ground, but had I mentioned any other place, Geib might have become alarmed. I was desperately afraid that—"

their own kind are present. That goes, of course, only for a regular shooting-up party such as Duffy believes the ruction last night to have been.

"Again, if on leaving the washroom and stepping into the bar, the stranger had found the gangsters shooting up the place, he wouldn't have regarded the proceeding with that pleasant little smirk. There would have been horror and fear—but hardly amusement. Of course, death might have wiped out the expression of horror, but surely it wouldn't have replaced it with a smile of pleasure."

"Any theory as to the motive?" Mr. Kinsella asked slowly.

I repeated Murphy's opinion, which interested him very much evidently, from the close attention he gave to it, though he didn't say whether he approved or disapproved of it.

Dawn was breaking when we left the restaurant. Fruit hucksters' carts rattling over the cobblestones on their way to pick up "seconds" at the early morning markets on the West Side, were the only signs of activity.

I RETURNED to the station-house to make out my report and the Assistant District Attorney went home.

"What a chance!" I exclaimed, as I laid the sheets on the Captain's desk, and explained Mr. Kinsella's interest in my theories. At that time I was young, terribly enthusiastic and a bit hot-headed.

"Humph! As you say, Eddie, 'What a chance!' but I've my suspicions that Headquarters may not give you a look in. Kinsella may not have done you such a favor, after all, in turning down Duffy and picking you out. Well, we'll see."

From a detective fiction writer's point of view, the material was spoiled because the mysterious stranger was obviously alien to the romantic inner circles of the gilded rich. But

chequers are their pockets, which are far too empty to engage even moderately priced lawyers.

Depressed by the Captain's warning, it was ten o'clock in the morning before I fell asleep. Yet I was dead tired for I had been called up on an uninteresting emergency case in the early afternoon of the day before and had been constantly on the go for eighteen hours.

HARDLY had I dropped off, however, when I was awakened by someone roughly shaking my shoulder.

"Get up, Eddie, the Commissioner wants you to report to Headquarters at once," I heard my mother say as I struggled back to consciousness. "I hated to waken you, and you sleeping so hard, like the dead, but the note the officer brought has 'urgent' written on it."

I sprang out of bed, dressed, gulped a couple of cups of strong, hot coffee, and left the house within half an hour after receiving the summons.

The sun was shining brightly but it didn't help me any. I was filled with forebodings. It was very rarely that a precinct man was summoned to the Commissioner's office except for a reprimand, or a notice that he was to be "transferred for the good of the service."

These seven words droned in my eyes and synchronized with the mingled noises of street traffic and the rumbling clatter of the subway. My subconscious mind reminded me of something I had paid little attention to while we were all gathered around the murdered man at the Oscawana. Duffy had overheard my conversation with Murphy. I was not sure whether or not I had drawn the attention of the Assistant Medical Examiner to the grinning mouth of the corpse. Any way, what had seemed brilliant deduction, at that time, now mocked me as insipid drooling. (Continued on page 83)

The MYSTERY of the

*Amelia Clark's one romance was abruptly
peared. Major Lewis' heart was*

By Major ROBERT E. LEWIS

formerly of the United States Secret Service, Army
Intelligence, and Bureau of Investigation, U. S.
Department of Justice

ON the morning of December 20, 1921, just as I entered the Court House Building, Captain Charles Branden, in charge of the Missing Person's Bureau of the Baltimore Police Department, hailed me.

"I've just sent you a case, Bob," he said. "She is probably at your office right now. Name's Amelia Clark—old maid. From what I can make out they've run in some low-trick stuff on her. Wish you luck—but look out for the nigger in the woodpile!" he called back breezily as he left me before I could thank him.

I went to my office in the Consolidated Building. There I found the lady awaiting my arrival.

Miss Amelia Clark was a stout, good-natured looking woman, close to forty. She was genuinely old-fashioned—judging from her appearance and manner—and in the none too intelligent, rather vacuous face, there shone a certain nobility of character. She appeared to be considerably embarrassed; the matter, to her, most certainly was a very delicate one.

I introduced myself. She bowed slightly and I invited her to take a chair nearer my desk, where I could talk with her.

"Captain Branden sent me to you, sir," she began. "He says that if anyone can find Harvey, you can." She paused, her emotions seeming to have overcome her. When she looked up there were tears in her eyes. "Oh, won't you please find Harvey?" pleaded Miss Clark. "I know something dreadful has happened to him!"

I nodded. "I will do what I can," I said.

"I haven't much money left but I will gladly give you all I have to find him," she went on. "His name is Prime—Harvey Prime—and we were to have been married. I'm afraid he has been kidnapped or robbed, for he had a good deal of money in his possession the night he disappeared, and if you'll only find him for—" Here the poor woman broke into a heavy gust of weeping.

It was easy to see that she was a simple, very tender-hearted woman, into the dull drab monotony of whose life romance had come—warmly welcome, like the sudden coming of the glorious sunshine on a dreary winter's day. Just the sort of woman who would remain loyal to one love all her life.

"The matter may not be as bad as you think, Miss Clark," I said. "If you will now try to give me all the facts, I shall certainly do my very best to help you."

This assurance seemed to comfort her and she gained control of her emotions.

"Now then, what is your address, Miss Clark?"

She gave me an address on Park Avenue and I wrote it down. "I live with my stepmother and her son, George, my stepbrother," she informed me. "My mother died when I was quite young. She left ten thousand dollars in bank, in my name. Five years ago father died. I never went out at all or had company until I met Harvey. My stepmother

did not like me to go out—until I became friends with Harvey. And I'm very fond of George, my stepbrother, although he doesn't seem to get along very well in the world—he can't get the right kind of a job."

"I see. Are you employed, Miss Clark?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I work at Towson, Maryland. I am an adding-machine operator."

"Was there not a money matter of some sort between you and your sweetheart?"

Miss Clark colored a bit. "Yes, sir, there was. But Harvey had always said that he would not touch a cent of mine; he wouldn't even let me buy him a necktie. He was a very upright, particular man. You see, it was this way, sir.

"Harvey was employed in a broker's office, and one evening when he met me he said there was a big chance to make a lot of money if one only had a few thousand dollars to invest. I offered to lend him the money, but he would not take it, although he said he could double it in a short time—perhaps triple it, he said. So I insisted that he invest the ten thousand for me.

"At first he refused. But I finally persuaded him, and the next day I drew it out and gave it to him that very night. And that was the night he disappeared, sir—at least I haven't seen him since then."

"What night was that?"

"Wednesday, sir. I was to meet him again the next night, as usual, but he did not appear at our regular meeting-place. I wrote to him, but have had no word in reply. Harvey was too kind and loving, far too good, to leave me of his own accord."

"In what brokerage office was he employed?"

"I don't know. He never told me."

"That is rather strange, don't you think?"

"No, sir. We just happened never to speak of it, that's all."

"Where does he live, Miss Clark?"

"I don't know, sir. I wrote him at General Delivery."

"That's strange. Why did you write to him at general delivery. Didn't you have his home address?"

"No, sir. It was this way: Harvey was a very sensitive, nervous, bashful man, and he was afraid if my letters came to his boarding-house, the other boarders would tease him about getting letters from a girl. And Harvey could not stand anything like that, sir. He was a very modest, retiring sort of man. So we arranged that I should write to him at general delivery. He was very sensitive about his voice, too. It was a soft voice, sir, like a girl's—falsetto, I guess you would call it. Like my own, his eyes were very weak and he wore green-tinted glasses when we went out in the daytime. But it was mostly at night that I would meet him, in the evenings, sir."

"Why did you meet him in the evenings? Did he not come to your home to see you?"

"Well, my stepbrother, George, didn't like me to go out anywhere, or to have any gentlemen friends."

"I see. George thinks he has a reason for being jealous, no doubt. Where did you meet this Harvey Prime?"

"While George was away in New York, mother insisted that I go to a dance given by the carpenters union, and it was there that I met Harvey."

Missing LOVER

halted when her fiancé suddenly disappointed. He took up the case, and—

"Have you the letters you received from him?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I brought them along," and she handed me a little bundle of letters.

"Now, Miss Clark, kindly give me a description of Harvey Prime, and any other facts you are able to recall about his actions."

"Harvey was a nice-looking man, sir. At least I thought so. He was rather short and he had beautiful black hair and a little black mustache. But his eyes were weak and he

"I think that will be all for the present, Miss Clark. I shall certainly do all I can for you. My advice is that you should endeavor to forget Harvey Prime just as quickly as you can. When people disappear like that, they rarely are found and it is wise to be prepared for the worst."

"Then what has happened to him, sir? Oh, please tell me—"

"Now then, Miss Clark, if you'll just leave that question in my hands, I'll do all I can for you," I assured her.

It was certainly a "queer" case—just as Captain Branden had said. And certainly there appeared to be a "nigger in the woodpile" somewhere.

"Oh, won't you please find Harvey?" pleaded Miss Clark. "I know something dreadful has happened to him!"

had to wear thick-lensed glasses almost constantly."

"His age, please, and tell me just how he was dressed the last time you saw him."

"He was thirty-six. He was dressed in a light-colored suit, double-breasted, and wore a low collar and black tie, and a brown felt hat."

"What is your stepbrother's full name, Miss Clark?"

"George Hughes. He's a nice-looking man, too, just about the size of Harvey but he has red hair and Harvey's is black. He has light gray eyes and is smooth shaven."

"I see. He is smooth shaven and Harvey has a mustache. You said that he is away from home a great deal. When was he last away?"

"George was away—in New York—the last time I saw poor Harvey—the very night he disappeared. He went to New York to see about a position."

"Did Harvey Prime have any relatives in Baltimore?"

"No, sir. His folks are all dead."

When Miss Clark had taken her tearful departure, I went over all the facts given by my client very carefully.

Then I read the love letters that Harvey Prime had written to her. They appeared to be the usual "soft-soap" love stuff. I got nothing unusual from them.

Now, much as I would like to be able to relate an interesting "break" from the start-off, truth compels me to state that there certainly was not a single lead to what appeared to be, from my point of view, a somewhat unusual case. Of course I had suspicions—unfounded ones—but a suspicion without fact is merely guesswork.

So far there seemed nothing to do but put the usual methods of procedure in such a case into effect: advertising, broadcasting description of the missing lover, offering a reward and all the ordinary stunts. Unfortunately, there was no photograph obtainable.

I determined to have a talk with Mr. George Hughes. Perhaps he could recall something Miss Clark had overlooked, and so give me a lead. I dictated a letter to him, asking him to drop me a line stating when it would be convenient to him to call at my office in connection with the disappearance of his sister's fiancé.

THE City Directory gave no such name as Harvey Prime. There were a number of families of that name in Baltimore. They were visited by my assistants, who reported that none of them had ever heard of a Harvey Prime, and not one member of any of these families resembled, in any way whatsoever, the description of the missing lover.

Harvey Prime had told Amelia Clark that he was employed in a broker's office. Accordingly, I instructed my assistants to call at all the brokerage offices in town to learn if a Harvey Prime had been employed in any one of them. Their report astounded me. None of the offices had ever heard of a man by that name!

On the following day—Sunday—I was in my office, my active attention engaged with other matters; but the Harvey Prime case in-

Hughes sprang
to his feet, as he
pulled his gun



sisted on keeping on top in my mind.

On Monday I went over to Police Headquarters and called on my friend, Captain Branden, of the Missing Persons' Bureau.

"Well, old boy," the Captain greeted me, "did you find that poor old maid's sweetheart?"

"Captain," I told him, "I'm up against a blank wall on that case. No photograph of the missing man—no address—I can't seem to locate the brokerage office where he worked. I suppose thugs got to him, having first learned that he had ten thousand dollars on him."

Captain Branden thought a minute. "Listen. I'll assign a detective to help you on this matter as it is really a Police Department case, and you and he go to every brokerage office, including the handlers of high-class stocks and bonds, and take a look—personally—at every one of their employees. It is my opinion that some clerk, through speculation, got

into a financial jam, needed cash quick, knew of that girl's ten thousand bucks, and contrived to meet her at that dance, assuming the name Harvey Prime. Now get busy along that line, and I think you'll get somewhere."

"All right, Captain, I'll do that very thing. We have to crack through somewhere."

With Detective Sergeant Harry Murch, I went to my office. Utilizing every operative I could spare for the work, we divided the lists of brokerage offices, banks, trust companies, and other dealers in stocks and bonds among us, Detective Murch and I taking the larger concerns.

Then began a weary task.

At Blake & Higgins, on Calvert Street, we learned that a man who had been employed under the name of Albert Wesley, whose description, as given by the chief clerk, seemed to tally suspiciously close with that of Harvey Prime, had only recently been discharged.

Detective Murch and I finally located Albert Westley but, as usually is the case, his description did not answer that of Harvey Prime. Which shows how inaccurate the average person is with respect to descriptions.

My operatives fared no

better than Murch and I in that disheartening search. We found no one who answered the description we had of the missing Harvey Prime.

The following morning I again went over the case, reviewing carefully what facts I had in connection with Harvey Prime. Then another thought struck me. It looked almighty odd that Harvey Prime should disappear at the very time that George Hughes was said to be away in New York. It appeared to me to be very strange—more than a coincidence.

I THEN went over Harvey Prime's letters again, painstakingly. The writing was a perfectly vertical one; it was clean, plain, though evidently in a rapid hand, which spoke well for the skill of the writer. Suddenly I discovered a certain peculiarity in the handwriting; there was an odd twist to some of the letters. But I failed to find any obvious attempt at disguising the writing.

Nevertheless, I was anxious now to get a specimen of George Hughes' handwriting. I was hoping that he would reply to my letter.

I decided to call on Amelia Clark on arriving at the little house on Park Avenue, which was strongly redolent of boiled cabbage. I was ushered into the tiny parlor by a shabby-looking youngster.

Crowded with cheap, upholstered furniture in bizarre colors, that funny little room presented a very old-fashioned appearance. There was a large framed photograph of a queer-looking woman dressed in a costume much like that of a Spanish peasant, hanging just above the mantel. Underneath was inscribed the name, in odd, straggling handwriting: "Carmedes Zuolaga"; a most unusual name. There was something about that handwriting that was familiar.

JUST then Miss Clark entered. She was red-eyed from crying. She greeted me effusively—marked anxiety showing in her fat face.

"Have you any news of poor Harvey? I am so anxious—"

"I have accomplished nothing so far, Miss Clark," I replied evasively. "I regret very much that I have no good news for you. There are several things I wish to ask you. By the way, that is a very unusual photograph over the mantel, and a very strange name. Will you be good enough to tell me who that lady is?"

"That is my step-mother. Her maiden name was Zuolaga. It is a queer name, isn't it? My step-mother is a Basque. The Basques are a strange race of people who live all to themselves, in the Pyrenees, I think it is."

"Thank you. Is that her handwriting at the bottom of the photograph?"

"No, sir. It was written by George, my stepbrother."

I took another look at that stragglingly written name, "Carmedes Zuolaga." Despite the poor writing, there certainly appeared to be one or two little characteristics quite similar to those I found in the Harvey Prime letters.

"Is your stepbrother at home, Miss Clark?"

"No, sir. George is in New York. He is a very clever amateur actor, and he went to New York to try to get a position on the stage there."

An actor! That might very readily account for the beautiful black hair, and that mustache, if George was real clever at disguises.

"Miss Clark, what color were Harvey Prime's eyes?"

"I don't know—for sure," she replied hesitatingly. "I never saw them except at night when we were walking, but I think they were a light gray."

Light gray. George Hughes' eyes were light gray. My suspicions were beginning to be confirmed.

"Did George receive a letter from me, Miss Clark?"

"No, sir. He left for New York before it arrived. An envelope came that has your office address on it. I am keeping it for him."

"When do you expect him back?"

"About Thursday, I think—day after tomorrow."

"WHEN he arrives, please ask him to drop me a line making an appointment at my office, will you?"

"Yes, sir. I will see that he does so."

"Miss Clark, was George always away when you saw Mr. Harvey Prime?"

The girl pondered a few seconds. "Yes, sir, I think so— Yes, every time I saw Harvey, George was away."

"Don't you think that rather odd?"

"No, sir. George is away so much—"

"What night did you say it was that you gave Harvey

Detective Murch stepped quickly from behind the screen



Prime the ten thousand dollars—the last time you saw him?"

"Wednesday night, December the eighteenth."

"Are you positive that George was away that night?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sure of it. He went to New York—"

"When did he leave for New York?"

"That same day, sir—in the afternoon."

"Thank you. I think that is all."

I left, feeling strangely elated.

George was a "clever actor." Harvey Prime had gray eyes—so did George Hughes. The two men had never appeared together. Amelia Clark had seen Harvey Prime only when George Hughes was away.

Things were certainly beginning to look interesting to me. In making the rounds of the brokers, trust companies, and banks, I had endeavored to learn if anyone by the name of Harvey Prime, or any one answering his description, had deposited ten thousand dollars—or (Continued on page 70)

The SEVEN Who DIED

By One Who Lived

YOU will probably remember that about three years ago, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston were upset by a series of strange and seemingly irrational murders, apparently done by the same hand.

Seven persons, none of whom seemed to have any enemies, were killed. One of them was a beautiful woman.

On or near the body of each of these unfortunates was found a small wooden roulette wheel, black and red, about an inch and a half long and it was these tiny roulette wheels that served to link up the murders as having been done by the same hand, although no proof was available.

These crimes were attributed to the hand of a madman, but in the investigation a significant thing had escaped the police, namely, if they had gone a little further they would have discovered that a certain ship that sailed from Havre, France, some time before these murders were committed, had on board all seven of the murdered people. But the police didn't find this out, and that is why I am here to tell this story—which will reveal the secret. For, I am that supposed madman.

ENGHIEN-LES-BAINS is eleven minutes out of Paris by rail and it was there I lived for a while when I was a student in Paris, taking a course in chemistry, immediately after my graduation from an American college. Enghien was a miniature Monte Carlo, and the Casino its chief attraction and support.

One evening, feeling bored, I strolled over to the lake in the direction of the Casino and there by chance I met Carmelita Perez, beautiful Spanish girl who was to play such a large part in my young life. I was then but twenty-two.

I entered the Casino, placed a 10-franc piece on the wheel, and there, that night, began one of the most spectacular "runs" ever witnessed at Enghien-les-Bains. When the *croupier* finally turned down his box, signifying that the bank could go no further, I was 200,000 francs the richer, which at the then exchange rate, was about \$40,000 in American money.

Out on the terrace of the Casino, overlooking the lake, I was having a glass of refreshment a few minutes later when a note was dropped at my feet by Carmelita, who passed my table with a group of men. I opened it hastily. "*Soignez-vous bien vers la maison!*" it read. "Look out for yourself on the way home!" I did not like the looks of the four men who were with Carmelita. They had, I noticed, hovered over the table where I was playing, and had seen the *croupier* hand me the 200,000 francs I was then carrying in my pocket.

I EVOLVED a plan. Instead of going back to my lodgings in Enghien and being waylaid and relieved of my money, I would hire a taxi and drive to Paris for the night. By bribing a chauffeur, for 150 francs I engaged a car for the rest of the night—without the services of a driver. I wanted to be alone, and I would drive the car myself. Just as I was getting in it I heard a woman's scream.

In the semi-darkness, twenty yards away, under a row

of trees by *La Jetée*, which led away from the Casino, I saw a woman struggling with a group of men. I rushed toward the group. It proved to be Carmelita Perez, and she was in trouble.

I haven't mentioned, I think, that I am of good height and muscular, and that for two seasons at college I was named as All-American tackle. I attribute the success of my movements at that instant, however, to the fact that I rather took them by surprise. I bowled into them, scattering them right and left. One man, who seemed to be dragging Carmelita by the arm, was the recipient of a terrific left hook that landed under his ear and lifted him clean off his feet, depositing him full length in the gutter.

The grip on her arm released, Carmelita turned and ran swiftly toward my car. One man blocked my way, and my straight-arm left disposed of him without delay, as I turned and followed her. The engine of my car was running. The Spanish girl vaulted into the seat next the driver's, I sprang behind the wheel almost as if I had wings, my foot glued itself to the gas pedal, and with a tremendous roar the car shot around the corner on two wheels and took the road to Paris. As we took the curve, out of the corner of my eye I saw the group running swiftly in the direction of an automobile that was parked across the street from the Casino.

I LAUGHED aloud with the joy of the chase. To go roaring through the night with a pretty girl sitting at my side! Life holds little that is more thrilling, more satisfying. I glanced down at her. The covering had slipped from her head, and her hair lay flat and sleek against her cheek, her eyes sparkling in their black depths. She shouted to me over the roar of the engine:

"They have a very fast car!"

Her English was perfect, though with a pretty little accent.

I laughed as we took one of the numerous curves and righted ourselves instantly.

"It will have to be fast," I shouted back.

"They will kill both of us, if they catch us!" she shouted in her pretty English, and as I glanced back at her she drew her hand swiftly across her throat in a familiar throat-cutting gesture. "Have you a weapon?"

I shook my head.

"There are six of them," she shouted. "The other three were back of the bushes. None of them would hesitate to kill us—you, anyway," was the diverting information I received next.

I laughed. "They won't catch us," I replied. And yet I was uneasy, for it seemed to me that over the noise of my engine and the rushing of the wind I had caught the beat of a powerful motor behind us somewhere—not too near, yet near enough to be a menace.

"Is the car faster than this one?" I asked.

"Yes, yes!" she shouted back. "It can go ninety miles an hour! Can you beat that to the gate of Paris?"

I nodded. "I think so." Once at the gate of Paris we were safe, for gendarmes were always stationed there, I knew.

What offense could be so atrocious as to make a man spend years planning seven murders?

"If they catch us . . ." She paused significantly, and I knew of what she was thinking.

The French criminal is different in his method from the American criminal. The Frenchman seldom uses a gun. Sometimes he uses a knife, for throat slitting is silent and effective, but more often he uses the time-honored French method of strangulation. This, I am led to believe, is not pleasant. Certainly it is not too charming to contemplate — and I knew that I could be overpowered if they caught up to me, for they were six to one. I decided to keep going, to stop for nothing.

Landmark after landmark flew backwards as we roared down the road to Paris, taking perilous curves without slackening speed, trusting to

not throw it off. Nearer and nearer came the roar of their motor until, as I glanced back swiftly once, I almost



"Who were those men I saw as we approached?" asked the officer

luck that the car would hold the road. And now I knew that it was not my imagination when I had thought I heard the beat of a pursuing car, for fast as we went we could

thought I could distinguish its black bulk just before we turned another of the perpetual curves and

lost it. I jockeyed the car down the middle of the road, pressed down on the gas pedal until there was no more left to press, and still nearer and nearer thundered our pursuers.

Thus did we flash down the road to Paris, with death facing us at every curve, and certain death in our wake. I wondered whether we could make it, and as I listened to the oncoming car I became a bit doubtful, but my doubts and my fears became a certainty an instant later.

There was an explosion that was almost like a cannon shot, and I knew that my front tire had gone. At the terrific speed we were traveling it was impossible to stop, and impossible to guide the car. We swerved toward the side of the road, struck a tree a glancing blow that shook my system to its foundations, and a moment later the car was lying overturned in the ditch a few feet from where Carmelita and I had been thrown out.

She sat up slowly, smiling at me a bit doubtfully. I was hurt, I felt, though I did not yet know where. However, on hands and knees I began to crawl in her direction.

Before I could reach her there came the roar and rush of the pursuing car down the road. With a grinding of brakes and a guttural shouting of imprecations from its occupants, the car stopped a few feet from us. Six men piled from the tonneau and leaped in our direction.

THERE was the glitter of moonlight on steel blades. It was then I knew that it was doubtful whether I would ever see the morning sun.

There has been a great deal of bad luck in my life, but even with all this, I have always felt that I have a good angel hovering over me, an angel who takes care of me in extremity, though it spares me none of the suffering that I endure up to that extremity. It has been so from infancy—I go through a great deal, but always, before the final coup that is to put me out of existence, something happens that saves me.

It was so this night, when it certainly appeared as though I was not to live another moment. It happened curiously, too—a happening in a million, if I may say so. It took the approach of a World War, and the preparations incidental to that war, to save my life, and as I look back on it I think there was something out of this world about the happening. It was as though I was to be saved for some purpose, though what that purpose was, I was not to know until long afterwards.

I think, sometimes, that it would have been better for the world if it had not happened—if the knife that flashed, suspended for an instant over my heart, had been buried there and my busy brain plunged into oblivion forever. There would not now be several million men in the world—the flower of the youth of many countries, who would never again know perfect health, perfect lungs, perfect sight. Hundreds of thousands would not have died miserably in the trenches where they stood defending their country's honor, as it is so quaintly called. There are a million widows now alive, who would, perhaps, not have been widowed if that knife had fulfilled its destiny. It is on such small things that the fate of millions hangs. I will not tell you exactly what I mean now, but you will soon learn.

THE year in which these events happened was that fatal year, the year before the great World War. To you in America the war came as a surprise, but it was no surprise on the Continent. Everyone knew that a great war was imminent, that it could break out at any moment. Armaments were prepared, armies were drilled—always in the guise of reviews, and so on. Military maneuvers were con-

stantly being carried on by all countries. However, they were always careful to hold none of these reviews and maneuvers too near the border—in order to give no country a chance to call it an overt military act. Warships were being built, each one more powerful than the last, great guns were being invented to sink these warships, and classes were called to the colors more quickly than usual and trained more thoroughly. And during it all, Europe enjoyed the greatest prosperity in its existence.

All over France troops were being drilled and forti-



"I want to thank you, monsieur, for so well taking care of *ma petite*"

fications were being manned. It was to this that I owe my life. Paris, as you unquestionably know, is surrounded by a ring of iron. There are forts all around it, and during the year before the war they were manned at full strength. There was a frequent movement of troops from one to the other of these forts, and usually the movement was at night, when the roads were less frequented and observers scarcer. The distances are not great from one of these forts to the other, and

the movement of troops was generally by foot.

That is just what happened. As I lay there, dazed, glancing upwards at Death, there came a low rumbling sound of the steady tramp of feet from around the near bend in the road, then the rattle and clash of sabers, and the scuff of horses' hoofs. A sharp command rang through the night air, and the cavalry advance of the regiment which—I learned later—was being moved from one fort to another, came to a halt. It was the most welcome sight in the world

gine, and it roared away into the darkness just as the troop's commanding officer—a lieutenant colonel—dismounted and came over to where we lay.

"What goes on here?" asked the officer, noting our plight.

"We have had an accident," answered Carmelita Perez.

"So I see," replied the officer. "Are you hurt?"

She shook her head. "But monsieur is, I think," and she nodded in my direction. They turned to me.

"Not badly, I think. My ankle is a bit strained, I believe," I answered, rising to my feet in order to see whether I could stand. I found that I could, though it was very painful. I put my hand down to it, and found that it was beginning to swell.

The commanding officer was very nice to me. He sent one of the men back for an emergency kit, and in a few moments the ankle was being bathed by Carmelita and she was applying a soothing and healing lotion and bandaging it up tightly.

"Thanks, awfully, Carmelita," I said gratefully. "This is indeed kind of you."

She smiled at me, and I was able to say no more at that moment. That's the way it was when Carmelita Perez smiled at you—words were not only futile, they were often impossible.

"Who were those men I saw as we approached?" asked the officer politely.

"Why, they were——" I began.

Carmelita broke in on me hastily, and I could see that she didn't want him to know who they were.


"We don't know, Colonel," she said, smiling at him in her dazzling fashion. "We had a blow-out, as you can see, and lost control of the car, and it struck a tree and overturned. They came around the bend just then, and I thought they wanted to help us—but perhaps they were—ah—bad men, monsieur. I am given to understand there are such around here, *n'est-ce pas?*" She smiled up at him again, and he was hers without a struggle.

"It would be a bad man indeed who would want to do you any injury, mademoiselle. I can scarcely believe that any such exist." And the rascal bent over and kissed her hand gallantly, though, I thought, a little too tenderly, under the circumstances. However, the French never get too old for that sort of thing. In fact, it keeps them young, they tell me.

"What a nice thing to say, Colonel," the Spanish girl flashed back at him, removing her hand as soon as he was willing to let it go—a little sooner, I have always thought. It was her way,

as I found out later.

The Colonel gave a sharp order, and in a few moments a squad or two of soldiers came dashing up from the infantry and turned our car back to normal. There was a spare tire attached to the back, and after we learned that the car was not damaged except that the right mud-guard was smashed and the wind-shield (Continued on page 113)



His voice! Surely it was the voice of the man who had stood over me with a knife

to me at that moment, though later in France it became very usual, of course.

"*Allez! Vite!*" came in a sharp cry from one of the men who had been menacing me. They deserted me as though I was nothing in their lives and piled into their machine, which stood a few yards away, at a small cross-roads. There was a sudden jerk as the gas was given to the en-

STOLEN GOLD

By **DAN B. HOSMER**
General Superintendent of the
F. N. Burns Detective Agency,
Wichita, Kansas

I TELL you we have been robbed! Just plain, every day robbed, and they got away with a cool half million dollars' worth of high-grade ore."

Harvey Sawyer brought his chubby fist down on the Chief's desk with an emphatic bang that made the ink-wells bounce. His bloated face was flushed, and the veins stood out on his

window-ledge to balance his chair, and looked reflectively at the ceiling as he blew a ring of blue smoke from his cigarette.

"Now, let me see if I have this matter straight. Do I understand you correctly, Mr. Sawyer, when you say that while working in your Long Joe mine near Blye, your men struck

Suddenly a figure sprang from behind the cabin and in a strong voice commanded—

forehead and sleek, bald pate under the strain of excitement. He pushed back his chair when Ross did not answer, and began to pace the floor impatiently. "I tell you, Ross, we have got to get to the bottom of this deal, and you are the only man this side of New York who is capable of engineering it. We must recover that gold at any cost. Name your price, the sky's the limit."

Dick Ross leaned back, his foot resting lightly on the

a large pocket or vein of ore, and realizing the stir such news would create should it leak out, immediately shut down work, left the ore in the mine, and wrote you confidentially concerning the matter in order to give you an opportunity to buy up what additional stock you could.

Also, that when your partner, Mr. Conroy, arrived a few days later, and in company with your foreman, descended into the mine, they found the gold missing from the place where it had been secreted for safe keeping?"

"That is exactly the situation, Mr. Ross, and De Luca, our foreman, after sacking the gold and hiding it, not only sealed the mine but actually took up his abode at the hoist until Conroy got there. He never left the spot night or day."

Sawyer narrowed his watery blue eyes, as he leaned forward and emphasized his next words with sharp, emphatic thumps upon the corner of the desk with his clenched fist.

Half a million dollars in gold disappeared from the Long Joe mine—yet nobody was seen to enter it or leave. What became of the gold?

"There's a nigger in the woodpile, Ross. That gold didn't have legs, and it didn't climb up that 200-foot shaft by itself, and that happens to be the only opening to the mine. But I am going to get it back if I have to hire all the detectives in the state. They can't rob me blind, and get away with it!"

"It looks as though it might be a pretty big job, Mr. Sawyer," observed Ross thoughtfully, "but if you wish I will take your check for five thousand dollars and——"

"And you will guarantee the return of the gold for that sum?"

"I can guarantee you nothing, Mr. Sawyer, except the very best efforts of our agency and its operatives."

"Why, that is preposterous!" exclaimed Sawyer, his bleary little eyes batting rapidly in sheer amazement. "Do you think I am going to fork over five thousand dollars in cold cash to you with no assurance that I will ever get anything back for it?"

"I know," said Ross, as he leaned forward and threw his cigarette stub into the brass cuspidor, "that I shall have to ask you to put up a retainer fee of five thousand before I consent to take your case. I couldn't consider handling it for a cent less."

"Then that's all. I'll pay no such outrageous fee as that," snapped Sawyer angrily, snatching up his hat and cane. "I'll stand to lose the whole damn works first."

"Very well, Mr. Sawyer," and turning to Pitney and me, Ross signaled us to withdraw. Before we could reach the door, however, Sawyer held out a restraining hand.

"Just a minute. I meant no offense, Ross, but that figure is staggering. Can't we arrange a compromise?"

"THE loss of a half million dollars in gold is a staggering proposition, Mr. Sawyer, and I think a fee of five thousand reasonable, considering the location of your mine and the nature of the work."

"And supposing I should agree to your terms, can you give me any reasonable assurance that the gold will be recovered?"

"As I have said, Mr. Sawyer, I can assure you of nothing definite. But in assigning Mr. Pitney to the case I am placing it in the hands of one of my most efficient operatives. His assistant, Mr. Hosmer," he went on, indicating me, "is particularly qualified for an investigation of this nature, especially in that locality. He is thoroughly familiar with Arizona and New Mexico, he speaks Spanish fluently, and he knows the West. He will be invaluable in obtaining information, as his presence will not create the least suspicion. I say that because he has

lived in that country, knows the customs and understands the people. A 'tenderfoot' would be at once conspicuous and obnoxious in a mining-camp, and of very little value. I have every confidence that these two men can successfully solve the mystery of your missing gold; if they can't, then I don't believe anyone else can, and five thousand spent to recover half a million, certainly is a splendid gamble.



"Put 'em up and stand where you are. You ain't going to jump my claim"

Sawyer paced nervously up and down the length of the office a time or two, his brows drawn into an ugly frown, then he stopped abruptly in front of Ross' desk, and taking out his check-book, said shortly, "To whom shall I make the check payable?"

MR. ROSS, with whom I had been associated only a short time, was head of one of the most important detective agencies on the West Coast. The following morning I received instructions from him to proceed to the town of Las Cruces, New Mexico. Here I was to purchase horses, necessary supplies, etc., and go overland to the town of Blye. This would give me an opportunity to become accustomed to my outfit and make it appear that I had just ridden in from the cow country, as a stranger would be more liable to arrive from the opposite direction by stage. I was to establish myself in Blye as a cow man, get the lay of the land and obtain all information possible which might have a bearing on our case, before the arrival of Pitney, who was scheduled to leave Los Angeles and join me there one week later, coming by stage from Alamogordo.

Arriving at Las Cruces I immediately purchased my outfit

have created much excitement if the news had leaked out. The old-timers would have shook their heads and said it was 'salted.' "

"Pretty good work, old boy," said Pitney, when I had finished. "Now let's have a bite to eat and turn in so we can get an early start in the morning. It's a rotten trip from Alamogordo on that stage, and I am about fagged out."

At daybreak the next morning, after a hasty breakfast of salt pork, canned beans, and black coffee, Pitney and I saddled our pintos, filled our canteens with water, packed enough provisions in our saddlebags to last us for the day, and started out for the Long Joe mine.

By eight o'clock we had made our way over the trail to the mine, where we found De Luca and Conroy, both of whom I already knew by sight, sitting in front of their camp near the shaft, smoking. We dismounted and approached.

"My name is Pitney," said Frank, addressing Conroy. "I am the man about whom Mr. Sawyer wrote you. This is my assistant, Mr. Hosmer."

"Glad to know you, gentlemen," said Conroy extending his hand cordially. He was a tall, fine-looking man, about forty-five years of age, with large, dark eyes, and hair slightly

"FOLLOWING the length of steel tape, I found that one end of it was fastened in a crevice at the opening of the tunnel, while the other reached near to the spot where the body lay. Evidently De Luca had been using it at the time he met his death.

"What was he measuring with this tape? Was he trying to locate the place where the gold was secreted? If not, why was he in the mine at all?"

and after getting a general idea of the trail I was to follow, I set out for the little inland town of Blye.

Five days after reaching there, Pitney arrived. I met him, and we went directly to the tent house which I had rented upon my arrival.

"Well, what sort of luck, Dan," said Pitney as we entered the tent house. "Have you uncovered any hot trails yet?"

"I am afraid not, Frank," I replied. "Just the usual routine so far. I have spent my days riding over the country getting the lay of the land and learning the trails. Long Joe mine is located up the gulch about seven miles. It's in an isolated sort of place, but easy to get to, as you will see in the morning when we go over the ground together. I met up with one of the fellows who was working in the mine when it shut down. He is a sort of half-wit, known as Goofey the Mucker. He is washing dishes now up here at Jake's Quick Lunch. I have spent my nights, or a good portion of them, loafing with him, and have had him stewed up regularly, but he doesn't seem to know anything of any value. I haven't been up to the mine, but I have studied it from a distance through my binoculars, and have also observed De Luca and Conroy. No one in camp seems to have much love for either of them, or in fact anyone connected with the Long Joe proposition. Everybody seems to be more or less skeptical regarding the honesty of the outfit."

"DOES anyone in camp know about the strike," inquired Pitney.

"Not so far as I can learn, and those things travel like wild-fire in a mining-camp you know. I doubt if it would

gray at the temples. "This is De Luca, our foreman," he went on, indicating a small, stockily built, sandy-complexioned man of about the same age, a typical Western miner.

"What is your idea of this whole affair, Mr. Pitney," Conroy asked abruptly, in what seemed to me to be a sort of officious manner.

"I HAVEN'T any," replied Pitney, shortly. "That is what I am here to get, and I should like to get down to business." Turning to the foreman, he said, "Mr. De Luca, tell me briefly what transpired just prior to, and following, the strike."

"Well, there ain't much to tell," commenced De Luca in a halting manner. "About three weeks ago we was driving a cross-cut on the 200-foot level, when we struck a pocket about fourteen feet long, of the richest ore I ever saw. It was just like a big bubble, as near as I can describe it, chuck clean full of pay dirt. Some of the nuggets was as big as the tip of my thumb. I have done a lot of mining in my time, but I never seen anything like that formation before."

"Well, sir, when I saw what we was into I run all the hammer slingers out and tells them we are shutting down for a while, and then I sends the boss a letter telling him about the find. Then I comes back down here by myself, and gets to work and sacks up all this high grade and piles it back in the far end of the cross-cut. Then I put in a pop-shot and blowed the loose rock down in front of it, shutting it up in there just like a sort of vault to keep anybody from finding it in case they should get down there. When Mr.

Conroy gets here and we go down and digs into the cross-cut where I put this sacked ore, there ain't a bloomin' sign of it. Every sack of it was gone, slick as a whistle. That's all I can tell you."

PITNEY studied De Luca closely, as he asked, "After you made the discovery, did you at any time leave the mine?"

"Never for a minute. I wrote the boss' letter right here and sent it to the post-office by George Osgood, then I went down and sacked the stuff and come up and sealed her, and I even slept on the cage with my six-shooter in my hand to make sure nobody went down."

"There is no other entrance to the mine except this main entrance?"

"None but the air-shaft, and I blew that up the same time I sealed this shaft. No human could get in or out of that mine without my having seen 'em."

"It looks mighty funny to me, Pitney," cut in Conroy unpleasantly. "I would consider the whole thing a hoax if I hadn't seen that sack of stuff up in the Assay Office. But just the same, its my personal opinion that there's somebody

make a dirty insinuation that I'm a high-grader, I'm going to wear a pick-handle out on you. Why, if I had been a mind to double cross you, I never would have let you know about this strike in the first place, much less showed you that assay of near two thousand dollars on that one sack——"

Pitney interrupted sharply, "I didn't come out here to referee any amateur bouts. You can settle your differences after I have completed my preliminary investigation." He turned again to the foreman.

"Isn't it possible, Mr. De Luca, that you could be mistaken in

"Goofey, we must get Father away from here at once. We must save him"

around here who could do a hell of a lot of talking if they had a rope around their neck."

De Luca paled, and he drilled Conroy through and through with his small, hard blue eyes, as he walked up to him and thrust his face close to that of the speaker. "Listen here, Conroy," he said in a choked voice, "the next time you

the drift in which you placed the gold?"

"Positively not. There ain't but two north and south drifts on the 200-foot level.

I know every foot of this mine, and I know I couldn't have been mistaken."

"How many persons know about the strike?"

"Outside of Conroy, and Sawyer and me, only the three men who were in the mine at the time could possibly know anything about it, and I'm almost positive that none of them got wise."

Pitney took from his pocket a small note-book. "Who were they?"

"Well, let's see," said De Luca, removing his battered white Stetson, and scratching his head (Continued on page 76)



A Human Life for

Little did the detective investigating a chance remark would lead

AS police reporter for the Detroit Free Press I covered the Hanlon murder case from the night it broke

—November 17th, 1922. For reasons that must be apparent I am giving fictitious names to the victim in this account, and to all other persons, and to places and I am also changing dates. This case is one of the most unusual and bizarre criminal cases on record. All the clues pointed away from the solution instead of toward it. In many respects it was like a jig-saw puzzle—the parts were there, but someone had to put them together. In some instances they were not apparent, but they were there just the same. At every turn the officers asked, “why?” When the answer was found to their satisfaction, they moved another step ahead and inserted another piece in the puzzle.

Mystery enveloped the case from the start and for almost a week, no one knew a murder had been committed.

Within a stone's throw of the palatial country estate of James Ballin in Greenboro, Michigan, Arthur Thomas and his sister, Mabel, on their way home from school on a chill November afternoon saw a trunk by a clump of bushes, in a field about two hundred feet off the road.

There was nothing unusual about this trunk. It was a common, ordinary one and it was a common practise for residents of near-by Plainfield to drive out along the main highways and dump their rubbish in the fields. The neighborhood was much like others in the vicinity of large cities. It was neither city nor farm. Here and there were houses, most of them small, occupied by factory workers. Beyond question thousands had passed along the road, for it was one of the main arteries and not one had curiosity enough to investigate. It remained for these two kiddies to put a link in a chain of evidence in a murder that was not then even known.

“It wasn't here when we passed by a couple of days ago,” said Arthur. “Let's find out what it is. Maybe it's a pirates' chest filled with gold and silver.”

“And maybe it will make a nice doll house,” responded Mabel. “You know I've wanted papa to make me one.”

Laying their books underneath a tree they walked over to the trunk. What they saw changed their laughter to cries of horror. The trunk was spattered with blood and from one end the blood had oozed and hardened.

“It's all bloody and someone has been stuffed into it!” said Arthur.

With blanched faces they ran from the spot, forgetting even to take their schoolbooks and told their parents what they saw.

Mr. Thomas, father of the children, called the Greenboro police and with a group of neighbors went to the field to await the coming of the officers. As they milled about the trunk and hazarded guesses as to what it contained, one of the bolder spirits smashed in the top. It contained, not as they had expected, the doubled up body of a human being—but blood-soaked clothing.

The crowd let out a laugh and when police arrived they found only a cheap trunk filled with dirty bed-clothing—a mattress, sheet and blanket. And right there their con-

By **FREDERICK O. SCHULTE**
of the Detroit Free Press

nection with the case was ended, if there was any case. They notified the sheriff's office and it remained for the two officers who were as-

signed to the mystery to build up a crime from soiled linen. These officers were Jake Harris and George Martin. The trunk was taken to the county jail. Later four Plainfield detectives entered into the case—Detective Lieutenant Henry J. Barker and Detective Sergeants Harry C. Wood, Frank Dahl and Robert Fralich.

I was at the jail when the trunk arrived.

“I don't know what to make of it,” said Harris. “It might be a case where some one was injured and those concerned thought it would be easier to throw the things away than give them to the ash-man or burn them up, but I can't see why they took the pains to remove a laundry mark from the sheet.”

Sure enough the edge was torn right where one would expect a laundry mark and the condition of the sheet indicated it had been washed at one time or another.

“But that does not indicate that any one has been killed. Those who wanted to get rid of this stuff had a suspicion it would be found sooner or later and were afraid they might be traced through the laundry mark, I suppose. I believe there is a statute covering the littering up of the highway or private property or something like that.”

I WAS not satisfied with that explanation. There was something about the trunk that fired my imagination. It brought me back to a more famous case which had happened in Detroit about five years before where a woman had been slain and her body stuffed into a trunk. The trunk was shipped to New York and several months later the body was found. This trunk might not contain a mystery as great and yet I was sure that time would establish a connection between it and a murder.

And so while the papers tried to build a trunk mystery story of the find, they failed because you can't have a murder unless it is at least reasonably certain one has been committed. The *corpus delicti* was missing. For almost a week it was a standing joke at the jail to ask Sheriff Frederick R. Collins if they had found the body that should have been in the trunk. Then on the sixth morning after the trunk had been found the phone rang in the press-room at Police Headquarters.

“I guess we've found the body, boys,” said Deputy Harris at the other end. “At least one was found out on the Ellerton-Ansonia road. Want to go out?”

This was on the morning of November 23d. Four school-boys on a hike on the lonely road, had found the body of a man shot through the head. Making the affair more mystifying was the fact that he was clad only in his underwear.

The body was in a clump of weeds which hid it from view of passers-by. The road was not much traveled and only by walking down along the ditch overgrown with brush could it be seen. It is not at all unlikely it might have remained there until spring had not these youths started a cross-country hike with no particular destination in view. The body was sprawled out as though it had been thrown from an auto.

One Square Meal

*sensational trunk murder dream that a
him to his biggest discovery*

Certainly the crime had not been committed on the spot as there were no signs of a struggle and a man clad only in his underwear would not likely to be out in the chill weather, not even in an automobile. So the conclusion was that the man had been shot, brought here and thrown out.

But who was he? Would the underwear reveal any clue? Would it not be possible that laundry marks, if any, had been obliterated as they had been in case of the linen in the mystery trunk? Was there any connection between the two, and if so, how could it be proven? These were the thoughts that surged through my mind as we viewed the body. The features were regular and gave indication that the victim

was an American.

Harris was examining the body. The next instant he shouted. "A laundry mark!"

There on the neck of the suit of underwear were the initials, "W. H."

"Maybe that will lead somewhere," he said.

It sounds easy to find a person's name through a laundry mark but in a city the size of Plainfield it is no easy task. There are many laundries and they are far apart, yet luck greeted officers from the sheriff's office almost from the start. Before night they had the underwear-clad man identified. He was Bill Hanlon, twenty-six years old, of 1411 Goss Street, an expressman engaged in business with his brother Thomas, twenty-three years old.

THOMAS received news of his brother's death calmly and went to the morgue and identified the body.

"I might have known it," he said. "I'm the next one. I'm a marked man. Poor Bill. I thought we could handle those bums that were after us but I never thought they would resort to murder."

When he calmed down deputies learned he and his brother had come to Plainfield from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, three years previously, determined to make their fortune in this fast-growing city where they had heard vast sums were being made. Of no especial education they had worked at different factory jobs



"It's all bloody and
someone has been
stuffed into it!" said
Arthur

until they had saved enough to buy a truck and go in the express business. They were ambitious and stimulated by their new environment.

Their venture was a success from the start—so much so that they bought a second truck. Even with the two trucks they found they had more than they could do and not wishing to hire anyone, they worked night and day, much to the chagrin of their competitors. They both had been warned, Thomas said, not to work so that no one else would have anything to do, but they had disobeyed the warning. There was no doubt Bill had been killed by someone who thought he was taking the bread out of his mouth.

Bill had left November 15th for Rockville, Thomas continued, when he was asked if he had not become suspicious over the continued absence of his brother. Because he had

Where was Bill slain, and why was his clothing removed? If by any remote possibility the trunk and slaying were connected why was not the clothing in the trunk? These and a dozen other questions occurred to me and as each one was asked, the mystery became deeper and deeper. This case was becoming involved and the death of a commonplace man was filling the papers with columns of conjecture (and I was furnishing my quota) but it made interesting reading.

When deputies questioned Thomas the next morning, he produced two notes—one in a tin can and the other in an envelope which had come through the mail. The one in the tin can was written on cloth with each letter printed out. Why it should be written on cloth was as much a mystery as to why it should be sent in a tin can. But Thomas explained that the can had been thrown through an open window one night a week before Bill's death and had struck their bed, waking them up. The can was merely a container and had no other significance. The note in the can was as follows:

You are on our slate. You leave city. leave city without fail 10 day. Do not come back, never. Tell police, you die. sure. Do as told if you value your life. We give you only two warnings. This is first.

Two interlocked circles

gone away he had moved across the street into better lodgings for two reasons. There was no need of keeping such a large place as they had before Bill left and they were making more money than they had been making in the past and could afford better accommodations. In addition, it was cheaper for him to live across the street now that he was alone.

THOMAS was not questioned further at that time. On the face of it, it was perfectly logical to assume Bill had been slain by rival expressmen. Thomas said he knew nothing of any trunk filled with bed-clothing that had been taken from the house when he moved, and if such a trunk had been found, it was not his. Evidently there was no connection between the slain man and the trunk.

"If that is the case," said Harris, "maybe we have two murders instead of one."

Obviously Thomas held the key to the slaying. The next day Harris and Martin began questioning him in earnest and what appeared to be at first a solution was now complicated by another. Bill's estranged wife had been going with another man. Why had not Thomas said something of that at the beginning? Was he trying to shield her, and if so—why? Was it possible there was a love affair between the two brothers over the same woman? Where was Mrs. Hanlon and what light could she shed on the affair?

And then another question bobbed up.

Mrs. Hanlon came to the county jail and told what she knew about the murder of her husband

penetrated by an arrow completed the message.

The note was as follows:

MR. HANLON:
Helen has been going with Dave Court for about a year.

Is sure sweet on him. Posed as single for a long time. They took a trip to Elmford and her uncle told him she was married. but still she denied it. said he was talking about another Helen then she told him it was so but she had sued for divorce and would soon be free.

(Continued on page 106)



H I J A C K E R S

It's hard enough to catch a bootlegger. It's infinitely harder to catch the men who prey on bootleggers

HIJACKING, to the layman, is perhaps the most romantic of crimes.

The mere mention of the word conjures up visions of booze-laden cars roaring over the icy roads from Canada to Northern New York. Standing in the road before the lawbreakers, is romance, personified by the hijacker.

This modern Robin Hood and his smoking revolver, wrest from the liquor runner, his rich cargo. He forces his victims into the stunted growth of pine which invariably lines the booze trail. He drives away with his prize, and a taunting laugh floats back to add to the discomfiture of his victims.

He has no fear of the officers, this modern Robin Hood. The liquor runner, who is himself beyond the pale of the law, has no desire to make the admission of ownership of a load of liquor, which the report of the theft would imply.

So the hijacker drives on, safe from pursuit. Hours later his victims, suffering from cold and exposure, limp into some Adirondack hamlet. There, probably about the stove in some bootleg garage, the story is told. Vows of vengeance are made. The story is told and retold in lunch carts, in Canadian border "loading stations," and everywhere that the bootleg fraternity gather.

Sooner or later, usually in some distorted form, the story reaches the ear of the authorities. No action is taken. Nor is this to be wondered at.

Federal prohibition agents, surely, are not expected to keep the roads of the booze trail safe for bootleggers. Members of Troop K, New York State Police, which guards the Canadian border territory, and has headquarters in Tracer, can hardly be asked to act as convoys for liquor cars.

IN fact, the attitude of all the officers was expressed by Captain Albert R. Lunn, commanding officer of Troop K, who said:

"Hijackers help us; that is, up to a certain point."

The Pardoe gang had not reached that "certain point" when Captain Lunn made his statement. The gang, if rumor was to be believed, was composed of five or six members. They were all full-blood Indians, residents of the St. Clair Reservation, which is near Lakeville.

The favorite hunting-ground of the band was a short distance south of the village, where a narrow bridge crosses the St. Clair River. There, with the entrance of the bridge blocked by an old and worthless car, the band had taken a toll from the bootleg traffic which compared favorably with the report of Troop K's seizures for the same period.

Captain Lunn only smiled. This was crook against crook. Troop K had no desire to meddle. Furthermore, Troop K was profiting by the condition.

Liquor-car pilots, fearing the Pardoes, were giving a wide berth to Lakeville, which was in Troop K territory. The routes they used were outside the section guarded by the State Troop. Therefore, to quote Sergeant Tom Jarvis:

"We should worry!"

By **ROBERT T. MILL**

Staff Reporter, Syracuse Herald

Then, after a short pause, he added:

"But I'd like to get a crack at them, just the same."

For a time it appeared probable that Sergeant Jarvis' ambition was about to be realized. The liquor-running fraternity, aroused by the blocking of the most direct route downstate, made a determined effort to open the road and defeat the Pardoes.

Cars traveled in caravans. City gunmen rode upon the front seats with the drivers. The covered bridge was the scene of short but furious gun fights.

The cards were stacked against the liquor runners even from the start. The hijackers fought from the gloom of the woods. They were invisible. The cars were an easy target.

The shooting aroused the residents. They, in turn, called the officers. The hijackers had only to vanish in the woods. The liquor runners had cars to save. The bridge was blocked. Their only avenue of escape was past the troopers. Troop K made more than one rich haul while the hijacker war was on.

There probably were plenty of casualties. Rumors of wounded men and dead men sifted back to the settlements. But there were no official reports, and the rumors could not be verified.

"Both sides bury their own dead," explained Captain Lunn. He smiled as he emptied a battered pipe and tucked it into the top of one black puttee. "Besides, we have so many bootleggers that I doubt if there will be any complaints."

The liquor runners ended the war as suddenly as they had started it. They stuck to longer and distant routes. The Pardoes were left in supreme control of the territory about Lakeville.

That was hardly to the liking of the hijackers. They refused to desert their home territory. That home territory was devoid of prizes. For several weeks the bootleg trail was without an exciting incident save the routine seizures.

Then the Pardoe gang passed the "certain point," which Captain Lunn had referred to. Lacking liquor runners to prey upon, they selected tourists.

The bridge was blocked again. Instead of cargoes of liquor, the hijackers selected expensive automobiles, which were driven over the line to the Canadian stolen-car market. Instead of bootleggers, honest men and their families were forced to walk miles after their automobile had been stolen at the point of a revolver.

THIS was the passing of the hijacker of fiction along the booze trail. In his place came the highway robber of reality. He had all the vices and the dangers of his brother, the gunman, of the cities. He had the advantage of all the Adirondacks as his hiding-place.

He was the snake in that paradise of nature, ever coiled, and ever ready to spring. Each time he struck it meant anguish, not alone for his victims, but anguish for the officers and men of Troop K.

Tourists had no hesitancy in reporting the theft of an automobile. Some of them were men of influence. Their reports, instead of being submitted at the barracks in Tracer, went to high State officials.

Hotel proprietors took a hand. The Pardoe gang was a greater detriment than a cyclone. Every seizure meant a newspaper story. Every newspaper story meant more tourists who gave the territory a wide berth. Every tourist who avoided the section meant more red ink upon the ledger of a hotel, which enjoys a short season at best.

Chambers of Commerce passed resolutions. Village Boards took action. State officials wrote letters. Newspapers printed editorials. Troop K was on the receiving end of all the agitation. The substance of that agitation, stripped of flowery language, was:

"The Pardoe gang must go!"

Troop K tried hard. There were raids upon the reservation. The road was patrolled day and night. But not a single member of the gang was captured. Troop K, with a large territory to cover, could not concentrate its men about Lakeville. And the moment the vigilance was relaxed the coiled snake struck again.

A rat-faced man visited the barracks one night and whispered in the ear of Lieutenant William E. Rennie. He had no love for the Pardoe gang. He described a house on the reservation.

"You'll find Henry Pardoe there to-night," he whispered.

Lieutenant Rennie, who was in civilian clothes, and this reporter, visited the house. There was an Indian in the front room. All Indians look alike to me. Troop K had no description of the Pardoes. So Lieutenant Rennie tried guile.

"I am looking for Smoky Joe," he stated. "You are Smoky Joe, aren't you?"

The Indian made a sign of negation.

"Don't kid me," advised the State police officer. "You are Smoky Joe."

"No," the Indian replied.

"Then what is your name?" demanded Lieutenant Rennie.

"John Crow," answered the Indian.



There was Lieutenant Rennie, engaged in a death struggle with an Indian

It would have been an easy matter for Lieutenant Rennie to handcuff the man and take him to Tracer. Indians, however, are wards of the United States. The same Chambers of Commerce which had howled for the arrest of the Pardoes would have championed the cause of this man if the officer could not prove his identity. He saw no way of doing it, so he gritted his teeth, smiled, and left the house.

Outside he encountered a second Indian.

"Who lives here?" asked Lieutenant Rennie.

The man indicated by signs that he could not understand English. Lieutenant Rennie walked on. The first Indian came from the house and conferred with the other man. Their words were not audible. But they were talking in English.

The proprietor of a near-by store was questioned regarding the tenant of the house.

"I don't know," was his answer.

Lieutenant Rennie glared at him.

"Some day," he promised, "I'll bring him over and introduce you to him."

TWO days later there was a sergeants' meeting in the barracks of Troop K. Every duty sergeant in the territory was called in. Captain Lunn did the talking.

"We are going to get this Pardoe gang, or we are going to get new jobs. Personally, I like mine. Of course, I don't know how you men feel about yours.

"First, I want the first one of you who captures a booze car that has booze car stamped all over it, to bring it here

"Troop K, State Police. Sergeant Gaffney speaking."

"Sergeant Fuller, speaking from Kennedy," came the answer. "Can't tell you where I got the tip, but the Pardoes are working the bridge to-night."

"Right, Jake." Sergeant Gaffney replaced the receiver. He entered the recreation room. Captain Lunn and Lieutenant Rennie jumped to their feet.

Half an hour later the booze car roared away from the barracks. Lieutenant Rennie was at the wheel. Captain Lunn sat beside him. They were both in civilian clothes.

On the floor in the rear were Sergeant Gaffney, Sergeant Merkle and Trooper Harry Williams. Two reporters sprawled over them. They had jumped into the car just as the doors were about to be closed.

"Let them stay," Captain Lunn directed. "The more weight we have in back, the more the rear end will sag. The lower it gets, the more we will look like the real thing."

He turned to the reporters.

"You fellows keep down when the shooting starts."

"Right, Captain," they promised.

The car headed west to Ashton. There it turned north,

"CRASH the bridge!" Captain Lunn ordered. . . . The car leaped forward. There came a shock, the roar of metal striking metal, and then the tinkle of falling glass. Lieutenant Rennie snapped off the engine. . . .

"A shadowy form appeared in the road near Captain Lunn. A hand reached forward and opened the door. The next moment there came—"

to the barracks. Then, I want every patrol near Lakeville withdrawn. I know they will run wild; but let them."

He paused as he studied the non-commissioned officers before him.

"We cannot and will not promise protection to any bootlegger. But I want you men to spread the word all over this territory that anybody who gives us a tip on the Pardoe gang will not get any the worst of the breaks."

He glared at the men.

"That's all," he concluded.

Less than twenty-four hours later Sergeant Archie Bickel brought in a battered car, which had been seized along the booze trail. It was a model popular among liquor runners. The gasoline tank is not located in the rear, where it is an easy target for pursuing officers.

Troop K's mechanics were put to work. The engine was overhauled; tires were changed. Lieutenant Rennie fired bullets from his revolver into the rear of the car at irregular intervals. Curtains were put in place all around the open touring-car. Then, when the machine had been supplied with gasoline, oil and water, it was placed where it could be driven from the garage quickly.

"That's that," said Captain Lunn.

THE Lakeville patrol was removed. Two nights later a tourist was robbed of his car. Organizations called special meetings. More editorials appeared. Captain Lunn only smiled.

Troop K had finished supper. The men were lounging in the recreation room. Sergeant Arthur F. Gaffney, the top sergeant, was sorting the papers on his desk preparatory to going home for the night when the telephone sounded its summons.

towards Halleytown which is on the main booze trail. A short distance south of the little hamlet Lieutenant Rennie halted at a cross-road and turned around.

"Here we go," he chuckled. "We're off down the Lakeville trail."

The engine of the car roared. It had that hum which is peculiar only to a booze car. Lieutenant Rennie drove at about fifty miles an hour. He leaned forward over the wheel.

"We went quite a distance out of our way," Captain Lunn explained. "They probably have a lookout somewhere between the border and Lakeville. He spots the cars, and telephones the Pardoes." He chuckled. "Here's hoping he spots us."

THE car roared on through the night. Captain Lunn whistled softly. Occasionally the men prone upon the floor in the rear could feel the brakes grip. The car would swerve. Then, faintly but distinctly, would come the torrent of complaint from some citizen forced into the ditch.

"Just like a bootlegger," chuckled Captain Lunn.

Sergeant Merkle swore as the car passed over a bump. Trooper Williams hummed a fragment of song.

"It won't be long now," said Sergeant Gaffney.

The lights of a settlement flashed into the speeding car.

"Lakeville," said Captain Lunn. He tightened his belt. "You news-hounds wriggle down to the bottom of that heap so those men can jump up quick when they are needed. And stay on the bottom," he concluded.

The speed of the car slackened a trifle.

"That's right," Captain Lunn approved. "You are slowing up for the bridge." He turned to the troopers on the floor in the rear. "You men stay right (Continued on page 104)

Confessions of a

Well initiated into the devious tricks of card players who tries his hand, alone, at the "hard way to make an easy

By One of Them

THE con game is not what it is popularly supposed to be. I made easy money in it for upward of twenty-five years, but that isn't half the story. The bigger half lies in the fact that I am a failure to-day—and I am broke, or nearly so. I would say to all young men, no matter who you may be, that the best thing you can do is to keep away from it, and I say this from my heart, out of a very bitter experience, and not from fancy or hearsay.

It started with me when I was hardly more than a kid, working as a clerk in Jimmy Black's law office, in Dover, my own home town. Jimmy Black was a crook, but he had a good heart. The trouble lay in the fact that I took him as a model. One day when he was away from his office I forged the will of Widow Higgins, aiming to split \$50,000 with her cast-off son, Charlie, the black sheep of the family. I was caught and arrested and it was Jimmy Black who came to my rescue, procured bail for me, and enabled me to skip the town. Charlie Higgins was arrested and jailed. He swore he would get even with me, but I wasn't worrying on that score.

The night I left, Mary King, the girl I loved, begged me to stay. I could not, nor could I tell her why. But before I left her I had made the most sacred agreement I have ever made. I vowed that I would come back, and with plenty of money—and that we would marry. I left her with a light heart, except for one thing. Would she find out what I had done?

IN Philadelphia I put up at Green's Hotel, a flourishing place at that time—some thirty-odd years ago. The second night I was there I made friends with the young man at the cigar counter and from him I got a line on some of the town's better-known gambling places.

I thought I knew most of the finer points of poker. Maybe I did, but a few nights later, at Art Chambers' place, I was due for an eye-opener in regard to gambling technique. There I got into a game with six players, at draw-poker, jack pot. I sailed along nicely until it finally seeped through my head that Gil Hawkins, one of the players whom I had mentally dubbed the "Iron Man," was feeding me, or "schilling" for me, as he later called it. That is, he was helping on at every opportunity, and feeding in on my hands with the marked cards I was using. I wondered why—at the time—because he was a total stranger to me.

The game broke up at 4 o'clock in the morning and I was \$80 richer than when I started. Here was a way to make money easy! I was particularly elated because I had broken what had apparently been the manufacturer's seal on a pack of new cards, that had been marked and packed by my own method—and the trick had worked! These old gamblers were none the wiser—so I thought.

But on my way home I soon became aware that someone was following me. When I reached a spot on the street that was shaded, I felt a tap on my shoulder and turning, faced the Iron Man.

"Well, kid," he said, "that card stuff was neatly done, but you didn't fool old Gil. Come on now, kick in."

I looked at him in amazement.

"I was waiting for one of those yaps to get onto you—but they didn't. Kid, that clumsy work of yours is liable to draw a bullet if you're not careful. Where'd you learn to mark cards that way, anyhow?"

I could see that he was friendly. And I saw also that I had a lot to learn. What if I did have to share my winnings with him? I'd still be forty dollars ahead.

I dug down into my pocket and counted out half of what I had made.

"That's the stuff. I knew I'd sized you up right. You're regular. What do you say we go somewhere and get a little refreshment? I want to talk to you."

"I got nothing on my mind," I said to him. "Where'll we go?"

WE went to the grill-room of the Raleigh House. There we ordered a rarebit, and while we ate and smoked, I listened to the most intriguing talk I had ever heard up to that time.

"Kid," said my companion, when we had finished eating and the mellow feeling that follows a good meal was on us, "let me tell you a few things about cards. Mind, I like you, and for Gil Hawkins to say that about a stranger is saying a lot. Why do I like you? You have nerve. You're regular. And you have some idea of getting ahead, though you're green as the sticks you tell me you come from."

I flushed at that, but I kept quiet because I knew I had much to learn from this man. And I realized I had told him a lot about myself as we ate. But then, his manner seemed to invite confidence, and I had felt no hesitancy about telling him many things.

"Now about cards. There are strippers and shade-work and line-work—all of them done with finesse. That is, you can buy cards marked in various ways, and marked so that even experts cannot read them half the time." Here he laughed. "Those pasteboards of yours advertised themselves half-way across the room!" he exclaimed.

"Know anything about dealing?" he asked suddenly; "dealing seconds, off the bottom of the deck—and so on?"

I had to confess I was ignorant of what he was asking about.

"Well, that's easily learned—but mighty tough if you get caught trying it."

"NOW listen, kid," he said, leaning close and warming to his talk, "I claim that two men can do plenty more than either of them working alone. I like you. Plenty of ways to deal with you if I find you're not on the level—but I'd stake my roll on my judgment you are. Anyway, what do you say we team up?"

To say I was flattered is putting it mildly.

"I'd like nothing better," I said, and I meant it. "Just how will we work—what'll we do?"

"Look for suckers and trim them with the pasteboards," he said. "I'll do the work. You have 'front.' You'll be my schill. That is, you'll be the apparent winner when we

CONFIDENCE MAN

live by their wits, "Jim Kendall" living"—with amazing results

play together, and in a game I'll always lose. Then we split what we get."

"Fine! But I'll have a lot to learn about the marks on the cards," I said.

"You'll have nothing to learn. Didn't I say I'd do the work. Look." He placed the four fingers of his right hand on the table; and pushed them, finger-ends forward, ahead of him a fraction of an inch several times. "Whenever you see me do that in a card game, you send in the works until you take the pot. And when you see me do this, then you stay out, for somebody's got you beat," and he put the thumb of his right hand down on the table, the fingers bent into his palm in a loose clench. "Remember that."

I sat lost in thought for a minute. "Mind if I ask you something?"

"Ask me anything you like, kid," the Iron Man told me.

"You weren't using marked cards to-night. How is that?"

"I didn't need to. I knew I could outplay that bunch of saps without them. Besides, the stakes weren't high enough."

Whew! Already I saw myself on the road to millions.

That next night launched me on my career. By the way Gil Hawkins and I began to take in money, I had no indication that that career was to make me the penitential, broken man I am to-day. We coined money, it seemed. Playing at this club and that hotel for a month netted us a total of close to four thousand dollars.

During that month I learned a lot. Gil Hawkins was a con-man, card-sharp and book-maker of wide experience. He varied his work according to seasons and according to where he thought he could make the most money.



If ever I had to think and act quickly in my life, it was then

He taught me to conduct myself as "wise" people always do—that is, never to address him by his right name if I found him talking to a stranger I didn't know. Using his right name might spoil a build-up he was working on. And he taught me one valuable thing that con-men, as well as bankers and clerks and salesmen, ought to practice—never to boast.

"The feel of power is far more than the show of power. Never forget that, kid," he said.

And he taught me how to drive myself so as to get maximum achievement out of my capabilities. Alibis and soft-soap were "out" with Gil Hawkins. And he taught me the real value of loathing deception.

LIARS and cheats were his bitterest enemies—paradoxical as that may seem. He did what he did as a business. Personally he was as straight and honest in his dealings as I have known no other man to be. And considering my experience, that is saying a lot.

At the end of a month I found that I had developed a real personal attachment for the man, the kind of masculine bond that forms once, rarely, twice, in a life-time. He became adviser, friend, partner, and pal—severe, though just in his demands. And when the need arose, kindly and gentle as a woman.

During that month I wrote my folks and heard from them regularly. I told them I was getting along well, but I omitted telling them what I was doing. And on extra bright days I had a letter from Mary.

Twice during that time I met people from Dover. One night it was a young hot-blood, Jake Wiler, a man with more money than brains. He had inherited a fortune from his father, and apparently had nothing to do but spend it and have a good time.

stoop, and posted itself directly in front of me. Before I could raise a hand to defend myself, the muzzle of a revolver was stuck a few inches in front of my face, and a voice which I recognized immediately, spoke in high, nervous tone:

"Jim Kendall, you have only a minute to live! Double-cross me, will you? Leave me without a penny when I might have had a fortune! Well, I'll get even—and right here and now. When I count three, I shoot. One—two—"

The man was Charlie Higgins! And I knew from the way he talked he was crazed with drink, desperate with despair.

It seemed that time stood still for a few seconds. If ever I had to think and act quickly in my life, it was then.

GIL HAWKINS had trained me to use marked cards, and he had told me many anecdotes meant to register on my mind. One of them came to me in that agonized moment. "Kid," his words recurred to me, "if ever you get in a gun fight, remember to charge right in and grab the gun that's aimed at you. And—be sure you point it downward. The chances are it'll go off if the fight is hot. And it's a big sight easier to get a slug in the leg than through the head."

"MIND if I ask you something?"

"Ask me anything you like, kid," the Iron Man told me.

"You weren't using marked cards to-night. How is that?"

"I didn't need to. I knew I could outplay that bunch of saps without them. Besides, the stakes weren't high enough."

"Whew! Already I saw myself on the road to millions."

I proposed him as a candidate to Gil.

"Friend of yours?" the old fellow asked me.

"Yes—from the home town."

He gave me one of his hard looks. "He's a friend, is he? Then you know better than to think of taking his money."

I tell you I felt I would be thankful if the earth had swallowed me after that rebuff.

Another time Zeke Thompson came to Philadelphia, and as fortune would have it, he put up at my hotel. I saw very little of him, being careful that he shouldn't check up on the hours I kept. But I knew he'd go back to Dover and tell the folks there that I was prosperous, for I dressed like a millionaire's son. I hope I may be pardoned the flair of pride for remarking that at that time I owned a dozen pairs of spats and at least ten walking sticks.

I was due for a shock that threatened to burst the cloud on which I rode sooner than I dreamed of.

ONE morning about dawn I was coming home. Green's Hotel was in the middle of the block—"square," as they say in Philadelphia—and there was a row of houses between it and me as I turned the corner. Those houses had only three steps leading from the doorway to the street. And they were in semi-gloom, for the lamp at the corner spread its light only twenty feet or so.

I was blithely whistling a tune as I stepped along, nearly four hundred dollars in my pocket, the world at my feet.

Suddenly a figure sprang out from the shadows of a

Of course I didn't think in words then. The sage bit of advice flashed across my mind like a dream-image. But quick as it came, I acted.

Up went my left hand. The move was so unexpected it took Charlie off his guard. Before he could pull away or shoot, I had brought my left hand down, knocking against the barrel of the gun, and deflecting its aim. With the feel of the weapon against my hand, I immediately pushed downward, while with my right hand I shot out a crushing blow to Charlie's jaw.

There was a shot—a moan—and Charlie Higgins sank to the sidewalk, his plan to kill me in lieu of his \$25,000 inheritance, momentarily thwarted. I snatched the gun from his hand, and stood by to see if he would get to his feet and show fight. But he couldn't. He was out.

Some where in the dark, close at hand, I heard footsteps. Here I stood with a man unconscious, a loaded gun in my hand, warm yet with the discharge of the one shot. I couldn't tell there in the dark if the shot had taken effect on Charlie, or if it had missed both of us. What's more, I couldn't afford to take the time to find out.

What if I were caught there? I'd surely be questioned. Then the truth of my card work would come to light—and gossip, if not a direct newspaper story, would get back to Dover. I had no false pride about myself; I believed thoroughly in what I was doing. But—I thought of Mary. I knew she wouldn't have me if she knew, and I knew I couldn't live without her.

All this flashed through my mind with the speed of lightning. Waiting for nothing, I turned and ran. The hotel was only ten houses or so away, but I ran in the opposite direction. At the hotel were only a few articles of clothing I could replace easily enough. Let them stay; I couldn't risk being caught and questioned.

I know now that I made a big mistake. But youth always has had a lot to learn. I should have stayed and had a final settlement of Charlie Higgins' grievance. If I had, I'd have saved myself a great deal of annoyance later. It took me years to learn the truth of that sage remark, "He who runs will live to fight another day."

My main object as I put squares between me and Charlie was to get out of Philadelphia and lay low until I could find out if he were shot or not—dead or not. I had no

thought of looking up Gil Hawkins, my mentor. To appeal to him the first time I got in a jam was to show the white feather. No. I knew I was strong enough to take care of myself, and I wanted to show him so.

I went straight to Broad Street Station and got a train for Trenton, New Jersey—a milk train that pulled out about four-thirty. And by nine o'clock I had registered at a Trenton hotel and was sleeping off the drowsiness of twenty-four hours' card-playing.

My first thought upon waking was to buy a newspaper and learn all I could about the previous night's encounter. I had one sent up to my room. I combed it carefully, going over every paragraph in the sheet—but no mention of the affair did I see. It was months later that I learned Charlie went "out" as a result of the blow on the jaw only.

He stayed in Philadelphia two weeks in a fruitless search for me—then went back to Dover to nurse his grievance and try to drown it with cheap liquor.

There came a

I was hired.
My confidence
game had
worked!



sharp knock on the door of my room. I was expecting no one. If the hotel people wanted me, they'd talk to me on the telephone through the switchboard down-stairs. Who could it be? Was I followed last night—the bulls?

I hastily got into trousers and slipped into my shirt. If I was to be arrested, I'd fight or run before they got me. Then I walked (Continued on page 81)

She Fell Among THIEVES

By ANN HUNTER
as told to MARGOT MACLEAN

"JACKIE," said my Aunt Mary Briggs to a fair, slight man who was being unusually cool amid the bustle of our arrival at her mountain camp, "Jackie, I want you to be nice to my little niece, Ann."

"That won't be—difficult," he said slowly as he took from my shoulders the squirrel wrap Aunt Mary had let me wear. "Ann!" There was a lingering quality in his tone and eyes, and in his touch. "Ann! I like that name. It fits you. But if you had a little less red in your hair they could call you 'Carrots,' and that would fit you, too."

"Carrots yourself." I laughed as I tried to see the color of his small eyes behind his heavy, shell-rimmed glasses, and noted the light sleekness of his thinning hair. "Where do they get 'Jackie'?"

"You'd be surprised! Here, let me take that." He extended his hand for the hat I had pulled off, and because I have a habit of noticing such things, the hand he held out to me was particularly interesting. Strong, well kept, and sensitive that hand was; the fingers slightly stained. With nicotine? I wondered.

I was dazzled by Aunt Mary's camp, a pretentious affair of cobblestone with wide porches and great fireplaces, deep lounges and Navajo rugs; and I was utterly bewildered by her guests, who had come up to spend the Thanksgiving week-end.

The party promised to be extremely gay, and I particularly noticed one group who seemed to be special friends of my aunt's. They were Jackie Moore—the man who thought it wouldn't be difficult to be nice to me—and Gertrude and Bill Wade, his sister and brother-in-law.

They had an apartment on the floor above Aunt Mary's in town, and I learned later they had all been to Europe together recently. Perhaps it was this strong friendship that made their manner so like that of my aunt's—that manner that filled me with vague uneasiness, that made me feel as if the charming surface they all presented to the world was like brilliantly colored enamel spread thinly over chilled steel.

If only I could have known all about these people that I discovered later. I'd have run from them as from a plague.

I WOULD never have gone to live with Aunt Mary under ordinary circumstances because of that uneasy, distrustful feeling she gave me from the first, but it was a case of live with her or not live at all.

The doctor had been very kind to me during the weeks I had fought influenza and pneumonia; then he had been terribly frank when I asked him when he thought I would be strong enough to go back to work.

"In about three or four months' time, I'd say," he told me. "In the meanwhile, rest. Get all the sunshine and good food possible, and rest some more."

Rest! I had been in New York two years, working at the sort of job a small-town girl with no especial business training finds in a large city, living in a dingy hall bedroom and trying like everything to make ends meet. I was succeeding

fairly well, too, until I became ill. Then—

Back in my cold bedroom where I went that day after leaving the doctor's office, I sat for a long while in the one

rocking-chair the place boasted, and thought. I tried not to be too frightened. I tried to tell myself the doctor was wrong, that in another week or so I would be as strong as ever, back at the old job—or a better one. But it was no use. You see, I knew—

Then Aunt Mary came in. I was too foggy with misery and weakness to be much surprised at her sudden coming, though it had been two years since I had seen her in the little upstate town I had called home when she had made her last flying visit to Mother and me. And here she was as unconcerned as though it had not been two weeks, as though Mother's death and the loss of our home were not worth even casual mention!

I rose wearily to let her have the rocking-chair, and found a place for myself on the lumpy lounge I used for a bed.

"Ann Hunter!" exclaimed my aunt. "You look like the end of a misspelt life!"

"That's the way I feel," I acknowledged. "But you—you look wonderful."

SHE did. Small and exquisite, she wore her thirty odd years as superbly as she wore her wonderful clothes. She carried about her an air of the great world; she had the manner of one who has traveled far and seen much. Yet something was in that manner—I was too tired, too weak that day to give it much thought—but decidedly there was an elusive something about her I did not like—did not trust.

"Just back from Europe, thank heaven!" Her voice was beautifully modulated. "Perfectly wretched crossing, my dear. I happened to think about you, so I telephoned the place where you worked to say hello. That's how I learned your address, and about your illness and all that. Of course you're stony?"

"Stony's no name for it. I'm just about sunk, if you care to know."

I tried to think then after I had told her how things stood with me, that her slow offer to take me to her home in the West was prompted by kindness. I tried awfully hard to think that, and perhaps it was; but we had not been long in that Western city—which must remain nameless in view of the things that happened later—when I began to wonder if kindness was the only motive behind my aunt's offer.

It was late November when we arrived, and for a few days I did nothing but revel in the luxurious comfort of the glassed-in sleeping-porch Aunt Mary assigned me. That porch was merely one charming detail of the rather elegant apartment my aunt called home. The dazzling sun streaming in through the rich curtains first gave me the impression that a golden glamour hung over the place, the gold and amber things on her dressing-table fostered the idea, and the way Aunt Mary spent money would lead anyone to believe she had a private gold mine. Little did I know—then.

I knew almost nothing, really, about my aunt. My mother,

She trusted her Aunt Mary, this child-woman whose innocence and simplicity should have kept her far removed from robbery, suicide, and murder

"Yours?" I felt my cheeks flame. Did this stranger think I had dropped the bag purposely?



whose younger sister she was, seldom spoke of her, and on the occasions of Aunt Mary's brief visits to us, Mother's manner had always been eloquent of disapproval, though she never told me the reason for it.

Aunt Mary had married twice, I knew, and divided her time between Europe and her home in the West. Beyond that I had no knowledge of this very sophisticated woman who was giving me a chance to fight back to health.

About a week after our arrival Aunt Mary told me she was giving a Thanksgiving house-party at her camp in the hills, and did I feel able to go? I would have gone if I had had to walk! From the windows of my sleeping-porch I could see those shining mountain peaks and I had an overwhelming desire to reach them. Already they had begun to be a symbol to me. They stood out bold, clear, honest. And somewhere in the back of my mind was creeping in the feeling that the atmosphere of Aunt Mary's home—in spite

After dinner most of the party gathered round the card-tables, and Aunt Mary asked me indifferently if I cared to take a hand. But it was not bridge they played; they were all keen on some new game Jackie Moore had discovered in Paris. I forget the name, but it was something fashionable Paris had learned from the Apaches—which let me out. I took a book and went to my room.

As I drifted off to sleep that night, the last thing I remembered was a troubled, haunting impressing of the soft-footed Jackie, and the intent look behind his thick glasses, watching, watching.

BACK in town the days became monotonously alike. Aunt Mary left me mostly to myself, and I religiously followed the doctor's orders: fresh air and sunshine, good food and rest. I was tremendously grateful for the opportunity to do so, but I was not happy. I found myself longing for my bleak hall bedroom and my fifteen-dollar job. Drab things, those, but at least they were the reward of honest work.

One afternoon I went with Jackie and Aunt Mary to a *matinée*, and afterward we had tea at one of the large hotels. Aunt Mary was in wonderful form that day. She talked incessantly and well, her large eyes sparkled, and she flirted indolently with Jackie Moore.

His yellow eyes smiled lazily at her. "You act as though someone had left you a million, Mary."

"Really? Well—I could do with a million, old thing!"

"And you, Ann," he turned to me; "would a million make you like me any better?"

"Oh!" I laughed uneasily, because both of them were waiting for my answer. "I couldn't like you—any better."

"I could take that two ways, you know," said Jackie slowly. "What do you mean?"

I didn't know what to say. I never knew quite what to say to him, ever. He seemed so sure of himself—so sure of me! And Aunt Mary had given me a cold look one day and asked me what was the matter with me, anyway. A girl didn't meet a man like Jackie every change of the moon, she said, and why didn't I treat him nicely? So, all things considered, on account of Aunt Mary, I dared not let him know how thoroughly I disliked and feared him.

To avoid Jackie's look, I glanced around the lounge where we were having tea. It was then I saw *him*, the man for whom later I was to risk my life—everything. But of course, I did not know that then.

Among that crowd of well-dressed people taking tea or lazily smoking or merely lounging about, he was not so very conspicuous. I was just something about the poise of his head above his broad shoulders, the direct gaze of his gray eyes, that caught my attention.

He had been busy with a newspaper, I think, and had put

of its golden glamour—was not clear and honest.

BEFORE dinner, when all the Thanksgiving party were sitting around the fire imbibing cocktails, and the large living-hall was fairly crackling with talk and laughter, Jackie Moore came over to where I sat alone. He walked carefully so as not to spill the contents of the glasses he carried.

"Happy days!" he said with a grin as he raised one glass toward the ceiling and held the other out to me.

I shook my head. "No thanks."

"What?"

"I don't drink," I explained. "Weak heart or weak head or something, you know."

I was so terrified
I could not move



it down to light a cigarette. Then it was he glanced casually at our table—very casually. But that brief glance made me suddenly anxious to know whether or not my nose was shiny. I let my eyes slide toward a convenient mirror for reassurance, and I was thankful that the green velvet hat I wore, brought out the green lights in my eyes, and that my hair appeared more gold than red. Then I looked again at the interesting stranger, but he wasn't seeing me at all. He was quite deliberately staring at Aunt Mary.

We rose to leave shortly after that. Aunt Mary said she had a headache, though her sparkling appearance gave a lie to that. She was going to drive around a while before dinner, so would Jackie take me home?

"Nothing would give me more pleasure," he declared, "but I've got to see a man, and the business might keep me well into the evening."

Aunt Mary looked thoughtful. "Hm," she said, suddenly grave and serious, "well—come along, Ann. See you later, Jackie."

As I followed her through the crowded lounge, my coat slipped from my shoulders. I replaced it, but in fumbling with the fastenings I dropped my bag right at the feet of the strange man who had stared so at Aunt Mary.

He stooped for it. "Yours?" His voice was so very crisp and cool that I felt my cheeks flame. Did this stranger think I had dropped the bag purposely?

"Thanks," I murmured, and hurried to catch up with my aunt.

Snow was falling when we left the hotel, and the early dark of the December evening gave a sharp brilliance to the street lights. We moved slowly through the heavy traffic, then with increased speed toward the outskirts of the city. For one who had merely wanted to drive around for a while, Aunt Mary seemed to have a pretty definite idea of where she wanted to go.

At length, as we approached a block of little suburban stores, Aunt Mary told me to stop. She said she had remembered suddenly that she must telephone. I drew up in front of the corner drug store she pointed out, and its swinging doors closed after her a moment later. She returned soon with a somewhat large, neatly wrapped, oblong package.

"No place to go but home now, Ann," and she laughed. "I think I'll drive. My headache's—gone."

While I waited for her to start the car, I noticed a man who came out of the drug store she just left, a man who walked with a decided limp, and who gave us a sidelong glance as he passed. Aunt Mary did not seem to notice him.

There was the usual crowd of people in that night for bridge, and at one table Jackie and his relatives—the Wades—and Aunt Mary played that French game of Jackie's they were so keen about. Later the rugs were rolled back and there was dancing.

Jackie was teaching me a new step he had learned at Biarritz.

"You didn't answer my question

On the floor I found the still form of Tom Jewett. What did this mean?



"You drive, Ann," she said when we reached the car. "I'm—nervous."

I slipped into the seat behind the wheel with a sigh of content. I hadn't driven since Mother's death, because her passing had marked the loss of all the dear possessions that meant pleasure. It was good to be driving once more.

this afternoon," he said, his eyes fixed on me accusingly.

"Please," I begged, "don't start all that again!"

He flared with sudden anger, his arms tightened about me. "What are you trying to do," he questioned, "emulate the peach that is just out of reach?"

I tried to widen the distance (Continued on page 66)

MIDNIGHT MADNESS

By NEIL JENNINGS
as told to E. A. GOEWEY

"I'll bid one spade," drawled Moseley, placing his cards face down upon the table and picking up his cigar. I glanced at my hand, pretty fair in everything except spades, but no real bid. "I'll double a spade," I said.

Judge Patston, our host, shot a glance from me to my partner. "Um—well, I'll—"

But we never learned what he had intended doing. For at that moment there came a sharp, imperative rap on the library door. Then it swung open and the butler, with an apologetic nod, announced: "Sorry, sir, but Sheriff Kennedy's here. He said it was most important."

"That's all right, Carson," came in a booming voice I recognized as Kennedy's. "Go and tell my driver the Judge is in and I won't be out for a while."

Then the Sheriff appeared, his massive shoulders all but scraping the sides of the doorway as he lumbered in.

"Evenin', Judge. There's been hell poppin' or I wouldn't break in on— Well, so help me, if it isn't Neil Jennings!" He fairly pulled me from my chair, pumping my arm vigorously.

"Hang your picture, Neil, but I'm sure glad to see you to-night. We've just had a murder. Some damned crooks just bumped off Frank Carney, threw his wife and baby out of his car and beat it in the machine. You can help us a lot, old man, for they left darned few clues."

"Just a moment, Gus, and calm down." The Judge was speaking. He came around the card-littered table, pushed a chair toward Kennedy and nodded for all to be seated. "Now let us have the story—coherently. But forget Neil. He is up here for a rest. We'll try to do our own police work this time, not make him work as we did last spring on the Kempner robbery."

"All right," grunted the Sheriff, his shaggy brows coming down in a frown, his sharp little eyes meeting mine. "He can rest if he wants to. But I'm a-bettin' he won't after hearin'— Well, here's what happened."

"Yesterday afternoon Frank, with his wife and baby, drove over to Ackertown to see his sister. They were coming back here to-night and were less than a mile outside of town (it was about ten o'clock) when two armed men jumped into the road. Frank stopped his machine, but one of the bandits shot him without a word, through the brain, killing him instantly."

"AS he tumbled out, they jumped aboard and hit Mrs. Carney over the head with the butt of a gun. Then they threw her into the ditch and the baby after her and started off, lickety-split for the main highway, about a half-mile ahead. Pete Maloney, driving a government truck with the air mail, was coming along the main road and heard the shots. Thinkin' it was a hold-up, he speeded and reached the fork as the killers in the stolen car were racing for that point. They were after him, all right, as I'll explain later."

"It was bright moonlight, so everything could be seen plainly. As he raced by he thought he heard a shot, but kept going. It was quite a piece to the branch railroad crossing. A train from up-state was coming full tilt. He beat it across the rails and headed for the stores, yelling for

help. The gates dropped as the bandits reached them. But they didn't stop. They broke right through them. Evidently they were plumb scared by that time, for they didn't turn off

for Pete—just kept speeding ahead."

Kennedy paused for breath, and wiped his red and perspiring face.

"Tim Curtin, one of the highway police, riding his motor-cycle, was coming toward the tracks. He heard Pete's yells, pulled to the center of the road and dismounted. But the bandits steered straight for him, shootin', and ran right over his machine. They missed him. But he fired as they passed and he heard one let out a shriek as if he'd been hit."

"Did they make a get-away?" I interrupted.

"Yep—clean! But we picked up their trail after that. First we found Frank's car. It was badly smashed from crashing the gates and blood was all over it—from the wounded highwayman, I guess. Then we learned that a man named Dickison, driving here from Middletown in a big machine, was held up five miles out by two men. One was badly wounded and his hand was all covered with blood where he was holding his side. The other thug had two guns. He forced Dickison to leave his car and then the crooks drove away in it. I can cut that part short by tellin' that their trail was lost on the Waterbury road. Maybe we'll get more news, for my men and the state police have scattered and word has been telephoned to all the towns to the state line to head off the car. Part of what I've learned was telephoned in."

"Just a moment," broke in the Judge. "Who found Carney's body and his family?"

"Me and one of my boys. We were in Harper's store when we heard Pete's cries. He told us all he'd seen. Then Curtin ran up. He gave us his end. We told him to get help, telephone a description of the car all along the line and have everybody scatter. Then me and my man drove back over the highway. We found Mrs. Carney alongside the road, crying over Frank and trying to quiet the baby, which got a broken arm. Mrs. Carney wasn't badly hurt, just a cut on the head. But she was so scared, so wild over Frank's death that it took time to get her story."

While he was telling of the hurts of the woman and child, I heard a faint gasp. And, looking toward the doorway, I saw Dorothy, the pretty, motherless daughter of the Judge, just inside the room, her face very white, her hands pressed to her cheeks. Kennedy's back was toward her. The recital, as being bluntly made by him, was not one I cared to have this refined girl hear. I tried to catch her eye, then the Judge's. But both were too intent upon listening to the Sheriff to note my glance.

"We took Mrs. Carney and the baby to the hospital," Kennedy went on, "and sent Frank's body home. His car is still where the killers left it. There's a lot more for me to do yet, but I took time to come and let you know, Judge, 'cause you're a government official and I'm certain they were after Pete and were going to rob the mail truck. It's a guess why they shot Frank. Probably they knew they were late, had lost time somewhere, and went the limit to reach the junction before he passed."

Archer Coleman, young and inexperienced, did not realize the danger of associating with crooks. If he had, then a cold-blooded murder and a daring robbery might never have been committed



"Please don't arrest Archer!" pleaded Dot. "He couldn't do such a thing. He wouldn't steal!"

"Just a moment, Gus," I said. "If these bandits had planned to rob a government mail truck they surely would have had a car in which to make their get-away."

"No doubt. My guess is that they didn't know the road very well and ran it into a ditch some distance back. My men are searching for such a car. But I'm certain these fellows knew more than I did then—I think they knew that this being Friday night, Maloney's truck was due to pass the junction at ten, instead of eleven, as it did every night up until yesterday."

"Who changed the time?" I asked.

"The Post Office Department."

"Why was the change made, and why for Friday nights only?"

"To prevent a possible hold-up. I understand most of the trucks taking mail to the flying fields are unguarded, except for the armed driver. These are no match for highwaymen, as some of the hold-ups in other places have proved. Now I'll let you all in on something. It has been the custom

of the Cartier Refrigerator Company, every Friday night, to send a sack of money by air mail from the factory over at Suffern to the New Jersey offices. Sometimes the sack contained as much as \$50,000. Last week the company began to get restless, hearing so much about mail hold-ups, and arranged with the postal authorities to have Maloney, beginning to-night, make his Friday night run an hour ahead of his regular time. That's what I meant when I said the crooks were desperate. Some way they'd learned about the change in time, and, being late for some reason, they didn't hesitate to kill Frank to get a car——"

"To know about the change in the time and the money sent on Friday nights they must have had a tip-off. Is Maloney on the level?"

"Absolutely," declared Kennedy.

"Good," I said. "Now—was there a big cash shipment to-night?"

"Yes. I had the president of the company, Cartier, on the telephone. There was \$65,000 in the sack to-night."

"Now, Gus," and I moved so as to stand directly before him, "you have asked for my advice and help. Maybe you'll get it. But I won't turn a finger until I know everything—your suspicions as well as the facts uncovered. You've been keeping something back. Maybe it was to hear what my guess would be before you put all your cards face up. Now let's get right down to cases. You must have some definite idea concerning someone mixed up in this case or you wouldn't keep persisting that these bandits knew of the change in time. What, whom do you suspect?"

Kennedy gulped and his eyes, now narrowed to mere slits, sought those of Patston. "Listen, Judge, Neil is right. I've got something else, but I just hated to spill it. However, it was my real reason for coming here, so I might as well get it off my chest."

"WHAT are you driving at?" asked Patston, his face blank with amazement.

"Well—I've given orders to arrest Archer Coleman as soon as we can lay hands on him."

"What?" The word came from the Judge in a gasp.

I didn't look at him, but looked over the head of Kennedy toward Dot. She was clinging to the framework of the doorway to keep from falling, her mouth open, her eyes wide with horror. I recalled that she and young Coleman had been sort of boy and girl sweethearts. Also that Archer was the spoiled and only son of DeLos Coleman, who had died after going broke in The Street. I never had found the boy vicious. But he became headstrong and stubborn when crossed.

"Judge," by this time the Sheriff's voice was harsh and determined, "there's no use beating about the bush. For more'n a year Archer's been running wild. I guess I don't have to tell you, for that's probably why you told him to keep away from here."

"But what's that got to do—"

"Archer's been holding down his job as an outside salesman for the Cartier company only because old man Cartier and the boy's father were such close friends. Archer ain't worth his salt as a worker. Flying's the only thing he cares about. You know that. With the plane he built he's been doing stunts that would have killed anybody but a lucky fool. And ever since the mail flying field was located

over at Hastings, he's been there most of the time when he should have been working."

"Still, I don't see—"

But Kennedy cut the Judge short. "You will. Two weeks ago Jacques Cartier, in the hope of bringing the boy to his senses and to make him give his attention to business, took him into his office as an assistant to the cashier."

"You mean," I interrupted, "that in his new job he was



I stood close to the sill and listened

in a position to know what money was shipped by air mail and the change in time in sending it to the flying field?"

"Exactly."

"BUT," the Judge's voice trembled, "you don't think he was one of the thieves—the killers?"

"He may be, though I doubt it. I don't think he'd kill—even for money."

"Then why arrest him?" asked Patston.

"Because—— Well, here's something you don't know. I know it, and so do my deputies and a few others. For more than two months Archer's been running loose around New York at night, traveling with a bad crowd, drinking, gambling——"

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because my men, down in New York on police business, have seen him in questionable neighborhoods chumming with some pretty hard characters. Because (and you know he owed a lot of money around here) he's been paying his debts. And, being only a big kid, he's boasted that he won a lot of money at cards. Many times, the boys at the station tell me, he's been pretty well lit up when he returned from the city."

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"I don't know. But he'll have to explain where he's been when we get him. He left here on the seven o'clock train for New York—the third time this week. Maybe he went there and maybe he didn't. He'll be lucky in one way if he can prove he was there. It's twelve and after now. He usual-

ly comes back on the one o'clock. My men are at the station and he'll be arrested when he steps off that train."

"No, no!" The words came in a gasping cry, and Dot staggered forward until she faced the Sheriff.

"Please don't arrest Archer," pleaded Dot. "He couldn't do such a thing. He wouldn't steal! Please don't disgrace him. You know everybody is against him, but——"

"JUST a moment, daughter." There was a catch in the Judge's voice as he placed an arm about her and drew her close. "Everybody isn't against Archer. But they don't like his recklessness—his shiftless habits. Probably he can explain everything. But the law must take its course. If he is innocent he can prove it."

"Prove? Why, they already believe him guilty." She drew away, her voice trembling with a mixture of dread and anger, her eyes brimming with tears. "Prove? Yes, but not until he's been arrested and disgraced."

"Wait, Dot," and I crossed over and took her hand. "You'd better let us handle this matter. You know your father and I will do our utmost——"

"Oh, Mr. Jennings. I hadn't noticed you before. I've been so frightened. But you will help Archer, won't you? I know he is innocent. Please (Continued on page 92)



"Come, Kid," said Snow, "we got to get you out of here"

Whispering

*The capture or the escape of the thief who
on a woman—on a woman Gregory*

By MICHAEL DELANEY, Detective Lieutenant

TOWARD dawn one morning I was sent post-haste to answer the terrified summons of Oliver Lightneur, financier and collector of rare works of art. I found that the private museum adjoining his house had been robbed of a valuable painting and a priceless rug.

Investigation showed me that the thief had left an upper floor of the museum by means of a rope, which still dangled from the window of his escape. At the bottom of the rope were several bloodstains.

Puzzled at these, I wondered why there should be bloodstains at the bottom of the rope, and none at the top. And then the answer came: The thief had worn gloves. During his descent of the rope, friction had worn through the gloves and had chafed his hands.

Patrolman Morrissey had had a glimpse of the thief, enough to learn that the getaway had been made in an automobile of cheap make. Later the same night, word came in that a flivver had been abandoned on a street miles removed from the scene of the theft. Overlooking no possibilities, I examined the abandoned flivver and soon saw that it was the getaway car.

In a trash can within twenty yards of the abandoned car, I found—a pair of worn kid gloves! Snatching them up eagerly, I saw that they were stained with blood. Without doubt I was on the trail of the thief, and within two hours after his crime!

I TURNED back the flaps of the gloves. And what I had hoped to find was there—a cleaner's marks, in two places, in indelible ink. This was a great find, but—I hadn't the time required to visit innumerable cleaning and dyeing establishments until I found the one which had cleaned the gloves. In the circumstances, I couldn't afford to do this. There wasn't time.

Pocketing the gloves and the wrapping paper, I hurried to the nearest public telephone and called up Headquarters again. The owner of the car had been located. He lived in a rather sparsely settled section of the Bronx. I made a note of the address. This owner had no garage, so he left the car in his yard at night. He had not awakened when his car had been stolen.

That information appeared to settle two things in my mind. Probably the thief had his hideout in the same neighborhood, and was aware that the car was parked in the open every night. Also, there probably would be but few cleaning establishments in that particular section of the city. And, if the thief had had his gloves cleaned in that section, I should be able to have the numbers identified quickly.

The distance was considerable, so I took the subway to make better time. It was nearly seven when I arrived there. I went directly to the place from which the car had been stolen. Its owner was preparing to go down-town to claim it. He informed me there was but one cleaning and dyeing establishment within many blocks, and took me to it.

The proprietor lived behind the store, and finally responded to my repeated rapping. My shield sent the growl from his tone and the scowl from his features.

In jig time he had located the entries I wanted in his books. The gloves had been cleaned for a Gregory Miller, of an address on Alden Avenue, a location about midway between the store and the home of the owner of the stolen car. The second of the two entries showed the gloves had been in the cleaner's about a month previous. The proprietor was not certain he remembered this Miller, but thought he was a young fellow, say in his twenties. He didn't know who operated the house given as the suspect's address, but from his knowledge of the neighborhood he surmised it was a rooming establishment.

THINGS were breaking entirely too smoothly. As a veteran I restrained any cheers and wondered how long it would be before I would run into a brick wall that might spell defeat. However, there was a chance that I would find my quarry at home. And, if he proved to be the clever and resourceful thief I guessed, I wanted to be prepared for all emergencies. No crook of his apparent caliber would submit to arrest without a stiff fight. So, on my way, I stepped into a store entrance, tested my revolver, then dropped it into my right outside coat pocket.

My hunch concerning a jolt being due me came true when I arrived at the Alden Avenue address. The landlady, a motherly appearing woman, conducted me to a prim parlor. Yes, she knew Gregory Miller. He had roomed with her for nearly a year, until about three weeks before.

"He's left you?" I inquired hurriedly.

"Yes."

"Madam, it is most important that I locate him at once. I believe he's a man I must transact important business with—and quickly. Tell me all about him, please."

"I will be glad if it's something to his advantage. He was such a nice young man, always polite, neat, and well dressed. He came here from Boston, he said. He is an art student."

That statement made me feel better. I was looking for a well-dressed, smooth performer. "Art student" sounded significant.

"He had the front room on the upper floor," the landlady went on, "where there was plenty of north light. He painted there a bit, and he also painted pictures outside—in the galleries, he told me. Three weeks ago he said he'd been called home on account of illness in his family, and wouldn't return for at least two months. He paid for that time, told me to hold his room, and left his paints and things. But he took with him his trunk and clothing."

"Where did he tell you his mail was to be forwarded?"

"To the general delivery at the main post-office. He said he would have it forwarded from there, as he might have to leave Boston with his sick relative. However, he didn't

GLOVES

*pilfered the Lightneur art museum, depended
Miller never should have trusted*

"How did you get this picture?"
I asked the girl



get much mail and never had visitors here. He was very quiet-like."

"Describe him."

"He was about twenty-eight, and had fair hair—around five feet seven inches in height, I should judge, and very strong. He exercised with dumb-bells here, and he belonged to a gymnasium."

Despite my anxiety, I could scarcely repress a grin. My acrobatic thief kept himself in good condition for his rope-climbing stunts.

"Can I see his room?" It was a chance in the dark. I was prepared to show my shield, if necessary, but—

"Why, yes, since you are a friend," she said.

She conducted me to the room, which was liberally decorated with unframed canvases. These the landlady assured me he had painted. The work was remarkably good. I wondered why a man so gifted had turned thief. However, I had run across others of exceptional talents who had been

crooked, either for the excitement of breaking the laws or because of an inherited bad streak.

The door-bell rang while I was looking at the pictures, and the landlady went below. I snatched up several tubes of paint, wrapped them in my handkerchief, and pocketed them. They probably held finger-prints I might require later. Then I began hastily searching the dresser drawers. They appeared to contain only odds and ends—old ties, collars, discarded shirts, and the like. But I did turn up two significant things, a revolver cleaner and an empty box that had contained cartridges. I reassured myself by feeling to make certain that my gun still was in my outer pocket.

The landlady, who came up in a few minutes, showed no signs of suspecting what I had (*Continued on page 72*)

The MAN Who

Charged with bank robbery and murder, "John Doe" could the only clues to the enigma of his past were the curious,

By Headquarters Detective
THOMAS P. MULLANE
As told to MARK MELLEN

VISIT the scene of the crime—find what clues are available—piece them together—get a line on possible suspects—eliminate these suspects until the guilty man or woman is found—this is the usual run of detectives' cases, particularly when he is connected with the Police Department of a large city. I was, for ten long, exciting years, and I know what I'm talking about. But once at least in my career, I began a case after the arrest had been made. For its striking development, for its amazing human sidelights, it is perhaps without parallel, for—I was assigned the task of finding a man who had lost himself!

"Mullane, I have a tough job for you," the Chief told me when I appeared before him in answer to his summons. "You've heard about the fellow who walked into the Suburban National Bank last week, stuck up the paying teller, and then, when he was walking out with his loot, shot down the cashier, who had rushed in pursuit."

I nodded. I had read of the case in the papers. The crook had turned just as he had passed through the door of the bank, and had killed his pursuer. Numerous pedestrians on the sidewalk had witnessed the act, but had stood back, terror-stricken, while the murderer sprang into his automobile and dashed away. The description of the man, which onlookers furnished the police, together with the number on the license plates of his car, made this arrest comparatively easy. The loot was recovered, and the prisoner taken to Headquarters for questioning. All this flashed across my mind while I sat waiting for my Chief to continue.



When he thought I was gone, I still hung around

"This fellow is evidently either a hard-boiled egg or a nut, and I haven't quite been able to determine which," the Chief went on. "He simply will not answer questions. We've given him the third degree, but the only effect is to cause him to shut his lips the tighter. He——"

"Maybe you haven't been rough enough, Chief," I interrupted to suggest. "You know they all talk when the pressure is put on strong enough."

LOST Himself

not remember who he was nor where he came from. And Oriental designs he drew on sheet after sheet of scratch paper

The Chief raised a protesting hand.

"We've done everything but kill him," he declared. "Food and water were refused him, and he wasn't permitted to sleep a wink for three days. Every time he dozed off from sheer exhaustion, the boys went at him and gave him the rough stuff all over again. But it's no use. He simply won't talk.

"He must have some powerful motive for remaining silent. Probably shielding his confederate, possibly some woman, for men ordinarily will not stand a severe grilling in order to protect a male pal. Or else he has some other crimes to account for and simply dares not talk. Won't even give his right name—won't give any name at all."

"He has no chance to beat this case," I commented. "He committed murder, so I can't see why he wants to conceal any other crimes. He's due to sit in the 'roaster' for this job, and they certainly couldn't give him any worse than that for any other jobs he did. He should know it. I'll say he's a nut, before you go any further."

"Well, there have been a lot of stick-ups recently, Mullane. This fellow may have had a hand in them. If we can pin some of them on him, it will clear up a lot of unsolved mysteries and keep the newspapers from hollering because we get almost none of these stick-up guys. Get busy now, and connect him with as many different cases as possible. It's our chance to make a record for getting the man who has been responsible for this latest crime wave the papers have been raving about. This——"

"But suppose he isn't the right guy, Chief? Suppose I can't tie him up with any other job? Looks to me as if this is his first job in this town and——"

"Don't you bother any about that. Pin everything on him," the Chief demanded impatiently. "He won't talk, so there's no chance of his denying anything we say."

I nodded my understanding.

"Get busy, Mullane," the Chief resumed, turning to his desk in a manner indicating

to me that the interview was at an end. As I turned to leave him, he called after me: "Be sure to locate his record. And don't fail to learn his right name. When you get this, he may weaken and give us some information."

I decided to have a talk with the prisoner, and accordingly visited him in his cell. I found him writing crazy characters on a piece of paper. I was surprised to find him already in stripes, for he had not yet been indicted, even. But I learned later that he had asked for the striped suit, and the boys, thinking to humor him and so make him talk, had put it on him. A nut, sure enough.

While I watched, he did nothing out of the way. Then——



I tried to make him feel that I was his friend, but he simply ignored me. Then I told him that he was due to receive a death sentence when he went to trial, and that nothing he said could make matters worse for him, but, on the contrary, might help him.

All to no avail. When he thought I was gone, I still hung around. I watched him from a vantage point, observing his every move. While I watched, he did nothing out of the way.

THEN I put a man in the cell next to his. This stool-pigeon tried to make friends with the murderer, who was booked as "John Doe." Doe neither accepted nor repelled the stool's advances. He simply ignored them. Then the man in the next cell offered to secure drugs for him, stating that he was an addict and was willing to share his "dope." This offer was not accepted, so I knew that the prisoner was not a drug addict. He had not robbed and murdered while under the influence of a narcotic. As a rule, crimes of violence are committed by "hop heads," but John Doe was different in every way from the ordinary criminal. He would not accept his neighbors' offers of cigarettes or food, but took the prison fare without complaint. This to me was additional proof that I had no ordinary prisoner to deal with.

"There's no hurry. This fellow won't be tried for some time yet. Take your vacation, and when you come back, get to work on the case and *do something*."

I lost no time in getting away. As I hurried out of the room, the Chief's voice followed me: "I'm giving you a chance to make a name for yourself. Don't miff it."

As I reached the street I realized that I was not to have a real vacation. The thought of working on the John Doe case again as soon as I returned would be right with me. I had to learn John Doe's real name and solve the mystery created by his silence. If I did this I would make a name for myself! Huh! The thought gave me no pleasure.

I went home and packed my grip, but I was not in the happy frame of mind common to those who are preparing to take a pleasure trip. I was thinking more of the strange case assigned to me than I was of seashore and mountains.

Working under a strain, I had not decided definitely where I would go for rest and recreation, but I was due to leave the following morning. Then I walked over to the jail again, without the least idea as to what I hoped to accomplish by such a move.

"John Doe had a lawyer in here to-day," a keeper told me. "They were in the counsel room together for a long time. Don't know what they said. But they had two pads of paper, and both of them were making notes. They tore

"BUT I was due for another surprise. When I lifted the tray out of the trunk, I found not a lot of discarded clothes, but bundles and bundles of bank-notes, some of them evidently unused, although others were well worn. There must have been a quarter of a million in cash before my very eyes!"

I worked on the case day after day, and studied it and thought about it night after night. I wanted to learn whether or not this man had committed other crimes, who his accomplices were, if any, and who he was. At the end of three weeks I was exactly where I had started. I hadn't learned a thing. John Doe got on my nerves, and I reached the point where I couldn't sleep. I became irritable and nervous and my food wouldn't digest.

Then I reported to the Chief.

"MY vacation begins to-morrow, Chief. Thought I better report to you before I went away. I've got nowhere on this John Doe case. You better put some one else on it, as I don't seem to make any progress."

"Licked, eh?" the Chief queried, a sneer on his face.

"I've tried everything I could think of, but this bird is a puzzle. I don't like to acknowledge that I'm licked, but some one else might have better luck. I'd hate to have to think about this case all the time I'm on my vacation, and that's just what I'd do if I knew I had to take it up again as soon as I report back for duty."

"Have you pinned anything else on him?" the Chief demanded. "You know I told you that you didn't have to be particular about what you charged him with. He'll stand for anything."

I knew my boss was displeased because I had not charged the prisoner with sundry other crimes, regardless of whether or not I had any evidence to justify the accusation.

"I haven't been able to get a thing on him," I answered lamely.

The Chief scowled.

up several sheets of paper, and after they left the room and Doe was back in his cell, I gathered them up. I know you're all steamed up about this case."

"You're right about that," I answered, as I eagerly extended my hand for the torn scraps of paper.

"I didn't try to put them together. Just saved them for you. You can do what you like with them," the keeper added, as he accepted the coin I proffered.

Eagerly I rushed back to my room and impatiently removed every article from the small table that stood before a window. Then I took the scraps of paper and tried to piece them together, just like a kid trying to work out a jigsaw puzzle. One sheet, after almost an hour's effort, showed nothing more enlightening than a few figures. There was "\$5,000," with a line drawn heavily through it, and "\$2,500," lower down on the paper, just as if some one idly had been making notations while conversing.

"The lawyer cut his fee down from five thousand to half that amount," I mused. "That's all that means. The prisoner has little or no money and no rich relatives or friends. If he had, that lawyer would have found a way to make him agree to the payment of a larger sum. It's a cinch that twenty-five hundred dollars is all John Doe can rake and scrape together."

THEN I pieced together several other sheets. They were of yellow scratch paper, about eight by eleven inches in size. They had not been torn into small bits, but a few of the pieces were quite large, being four square inches or more in area. It was evident that no studied effort had been made to destroy all trace of the writing. When I finally

got the four sheets all pieced out and pasted together, I realized why this was so. There was nothing on any of the papers that could not have been shown to the world at large.

ONE sheet contained the figures which I thought referred to the size of the attorney's fee. The other three sheets contained nothing more interesting or enlightening than a number of free-hand drawings in the shape of scrolls, and grotesque designs that suggested to me something of Japan or the Orient. They were not the conventional designs such as were used as copies to be followed in my drawing lessons when I was a boy at school, but they were in a manner weird but at the same time decidedly artistic, if I could judge.

I could not in any way connect these designs with the case I was handling, but as an experienced detective I knew that a clue is often discovered where least expected. I resolved to preserve the drawings, so I placed them in an envelope and laid them aside. But I could not dismiss them from my mind.

"Those figures look something like those on the tapestries and hangings I

"Sure you can open the trunk. Why not? The man is crazy who owns it"

saw in that room that contained the bamboo furniture in Mrs. Van Alstine's mansion," I confided to myself after a long time spent in trying to remember where I had seen something similar. I had been one of the detectives assigned to the Van Alstine mansion some months before when some foreign dignitaries were being entertained there.

Then I started as I had a sudden thought.

Could it be that John Doe had been in the employ of some local dealer or manufacturer of tapestries and drawn from

memory some of the designs with which he was familiar? Was his twisted brain harking back in this manner to a past that had become foggy to him.

This was the first thing I had found that looked like a possible clue since I started to work on the case. For that reason I was elated to a degree far beyond the seeming importance of the find. To me it just proved what all successful detectives believe—that if you continue working and searching long enough and carefully enough, you will eventually find a clue.

All thoughts of vacation were forgotten. Almost feverish with excitement, I picked up the telephone Red Book in order to learn the names and addresses of all manufacturers of and dealers in tapestries. I intended to visit them in order to ascertain if the drawings I had bore any likeness to any designs they had at any time handled. Then with my accurate description of John Doe, I might be able



to identify him to any person who was familiar with the designs with which Doe was so well acquainted.

With renewed hope I went to work. I visited one dealer in tapestries and then another, right through the list I had secured. It was tiresome and discouraging work, calling on these men and showing my drawings and asking if they had ever handled tapestries in which such designs had been woven. One after another they gave negative replies, but I kept on. A detective's

success depends as much on leg work as brain work, and I knew I would accomplish nothing if I gave up the search. Finally I exhausted my list, and without learning anything that could be of possible help to me.

Then I tried embroidery manufacturers, although with less hope of success, for the designs did not impress me as being just what are used in that line.

"This one looks more like the wall-paper in my living-room," commented a Swiss embroidery manufacturer who had a factory in the outskirts of the city. He indicated one of the designs on a sheet of the paper I had shown him.

AN hour later, with hope revived, I entered the office of a wall-paper manufacturer, and showed him the drawings.

"Might be wall-paper designs," he told me, after I had explained my errand, without telling the full truth. "But none of them are ours."

I was met with similar discouragements at other offices I visited.

Then I went to Glens Falls, New Brunswick, and York, Pennsylvania, and called at wall-paper factories in each of these cities without learning anything important.

More than a bit discouraged, I took a train and visited another factory, which for certain reasons shall not be named.

"Have you any papers containing any of these designs?" I asked the superintendent, after but few preliminary remarks.

He took the drawings and scanned them carefully.

"No-o. Nothing exactly like any of these," he finally replied very slowly and deliberately. "But we have several designs of this general style."

He was a man who knew his business and seemed to take real pleasure in talking about it. I permitted him to talk, hoping against hope that he would say something that might be of real interest to me. I was beginning to tire when he electrified me by remarking in a most matter-of-fact manner: "This is Henry Rankin's work. He's crazy as a loon, you know, but a wonderful designer of wall-paper patterns. He has fantastic ideas and makes dreamy, weird sketches. No sane man could have the ideas he has, nor interpret them as he does. He has worked for us several times, always leaving suddenly and for no reason at all. He's crazy—no less."

"**W**HERE is he now?" I asked, fearful that he would tell me he was with some other factory and thereby prove that Rankin was not John Doe.

"I have no idea," he answered. And I felt as if I had been relieved of a heavy weight. "One of our officials, returning from the Coast a year or so ago, met him by chance on a train as it pulled out of Kansas City. But, come to

think of it, he showed up here once since then and worked a few weeks. Then he left to go over near Landisville, Pennsylvania, where he intended to live the life of a recluse or hermit in the woods. At least, that's what he told me. We've never heard of him since."

I then cut the interview short, and started for Landisville.

This is a small town, and I did not have any difficulty in locating various individuals who had known Rankin. A stranger appearing in a small town like that is always the subject of speculation. And Rankin had attracted more than the usual amount of attention by reason of his eccentricities. I learned that he had built a shack in the woods, not a great distance from a camp-meeting grounds. He seemed to have money sufficient for his needs, as he frequently came to town and purchased such groceries and other supplies as he required. He occasionally helped neighboring farmers with their work, when they were short-handed, and invariably refused to accept any pay for his services. It was the general impression that he was slightly demented, although he was well-liked by all who knew him. After learning that he worked for the farmers and refused wages, I promptly voted him crazy, without appeal. No one knew anything of his family.

I visited the shack in which he had lived—or what was left of it. The door hung on one hinge, and despite the fact that it was unpainted and weather-beaten, I could see where he had left evidences of his craft, for the door was covered with scrolls, arcs, angles, and lines, all combined in designs that I cannot undertake to describe. There seemed to be something supernatural or uncanny about them. I was sure I was on the right trail, for the description given me by the natives—tall, lean, easy-spoken, light hair, and blue eyes—fitted John Doe to perfection.

It was a mystery to me how such a kindly, likeable creature could be a bank robber and a murderer. But I had to be convinced that such was the case.

Then I had another shock! Going over his description, as I knew him, and comparing it with the one given by his former neighbors, I suddenly realized that it fitted the description printed on a circular sent broadcast by a Western bank a year or so earlier. The man the bank wanted had entered their building, stuck up the paying teller, and escaped with a large amount of cash. A reward was offered for his arrest, with an additional amount in the event the

stolen money was recovered and returned to its owners.

Could it be possible that the police of a large city were holding in jail a man for whom the police of the entire country were searching, and not be aware of the fact?

I thought so, and determined to play the string out to the end, now with the hope of securing (*Continued on page 118*)

CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which poorest? Why? Have you any suggestions for improving the magazine?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of this award, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; \$5 to the letter considered second best; \$3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, c/o TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes April 30th, 1927.

Three awards will be made promptly. See that your opinion gets one of them.



If you really knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS. READ CAREFULLY—AND SEND FOR SAMPLE.

In the first place, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *Almond*. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch.

This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base.

So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is oc-

fume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder.

For Princess Pat Powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in *no other* face powder.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat Face Powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat Powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful—and different.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat, and still do not send for a sample! But why go on?

It is much more likely that you will want to go at once to your favorite toilette goods counter and secure a *box* of Princess Pat Almond Base Powder. If you *do*, and then are not *more* than *delighted*, your dealer is fully authorized by us to return the full purchase price.

Get This Week End Set!



SPECIAL

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 Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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*Thou who hast
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FORTUNATE those women who retain that "fatal gift of beauty" when youth has passed.

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The new X-Bazin Cream Depilatory is the new beauty aid which swiftly and gently removes the slightest blemish of unwanted hair, toning and cleansing the skin. It does not irritate even the delicate skin of the face, and does not coarsen, increase or darken the later growth.

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CATARRHAL JELLY

35 years doing good KONDON
All druggists, 30¢
Free Box. Write Minneapolis, Minn.

She Fell Among Thieves

(Continued from page 53)

between us; he held me too close. There was a ruthless something in his unyielding arms. "You don't understand," I protested.

"I understand this much," he said, "and it's quite enough for me! You're the most adorable thing I've ever met." That mad light I had seen before flared in his yellow eyes.

I excused myself from the party, pleading a headache, and fled to my room.

AUNT MARY let me use her car next afternoon. "You're looking seedy, and I can't have that," she said. "Perhaps you're not getting out enough."

I drove out on a paved road that led west to the foothills. It was a wonderful day, cold but sunny, brilliantly blue in the depths of the sky, dazzlingly white where the snow lay in patches against the brown of the rolling hills.

The motor hummed with power, and soon the speedometer showed an illegal forty-five. But I did not care. I swung around the few cars ahead of me and kept on. Abruptly the car was difficult to steer; it pulled to the left, lurched. A tire had gone flat with the sudden sickening finality a balloon tire has of doing such things.

I said "Damn!" and pulled over to the side of the road. I had never changed a tire in my life, and I wasn't exactly thrilled over the prospect I faced. I walked around to the rear of the car and began to tinker with the spare.

"Trouble?" inquired a cool, crisp voice. A roadster—a rather disreputable-looking roadster—pulled up alongside of me, and a man with well-poised head and straight, gazing gray eyes leaned over the wheel. It was the man of the hotel lounge! I had some difficulty in making my voice sound not too glad. I did not ask myself then how it happened that he was so close to my car in this out-of-the-way section. If I had—

"A very flat tire," I told him, "awfully flat."

His eyes traveled swiftly over Aunt Mary's heavy, shining car. They took in, I felt, every detail of my appearance; then: "Perhaps I can do something about it," he said.

In a very short time the tire was changed, and he was wiping his hands on a clean handkerchief he drew from his pocket. I wanted him to say something—to stay there a little while. I wanted that so much I think if I had had a hatpin I would have punctured another tire. Lacking that—

"Thanks a lot," I said. "You've saved my life."

He grinned, and I liked the way his eyes crinkled up at the corners; I liked the way his dark eyebrows almost met, then winged their way to his temples; I liked the lean, strong line of his jaw and the firm, straight mouth of him.

"I STRIVE to please," he answered; "and I'm mighty glad I happened along in time—to save your life."

"So am I!"

For a fraction of a second the smile left his eyes, and he gave me a level look.

"I saw you in the Metropolitan lounge yesterday. Remember? You dropped your bag."

"Yes?"

"Yes!" He paused as though weighing something in his mind; then: "Nice place, the Metropolitan. Would you think me awfully cheeky if I asked you to have tea with me there one day soon—and dance awhile?"

I hesitated. I wanted awfully to say I'd go. I wanted like everything to know him better, but a girl does not make dates with strange men on country roads—not if she has any sense, she doesn't!

"Look here," he said, "I'm not asking you to do such an awfully unconventional thing, you know. I'm pretty sure I've met the lady you were with yesterday."

"Aunt Mary?"

He gave me a long, speculative look. "Your aunt?"

"She does look young enough to be my sister, doesn't she? But it's funny she didn't speak to you yesterday."

"Not so very," he said slowly, and I thought there was a guarded something in his manner, though his eyes still held a friendly smile. "Our meeting may have made no impression on her, but I remember her quite well. So that will put our party on a conventional basis, eh? Perhaps later I can renew my acquaintance with your—*aunt*. How about it?"

I met him at the Metropolitan two days later and had a wonderful time. His name was Jewett, he told me. "Just Tom to people who like me!"

And I did like him, liked him much more than I admitted to myself—then. He was jolly and interesting and, in his way, quite as fast a worker as Jackie. But it was such a different way, such a nice way, though there was something reserved and guarded in his manner, something behind his friendly exterior that was keenly alert, quietly relentless.

About a week later he telephoned and asked me to have dinner with him and go to the theater. He called for me at Aunt Mary's apartment, and seemed oddly relieved that she was not home. Just as the elevator let us out into the foyer of the apartment building, Jackie Moore entered the door. He was returning from one of the out-of-town trips he so frequently made.

JACKIE was ugly when I introduced him to Tom Jewett, curt. "How do you do?" he said stiffly, then to me when I had told him our plans for the evening: "Doctor's orders, I suppose? Plenty of rest and all that," and he sneered.

"Pleasant chap, your friend," remarked Tom Jewett as our taxi started away.

I forgot, in the days that followed, that I had ever been ill. I was so interested in Tom Jewett that I could not think of anything else. He puzzled me. I felt—the way he looked at me, the tone of his voice—made me sure he liked me rather well; yet never for a moment did he lose that guarded something in his manner. And he never came to the house after that one time, though I saw him as often as

(Continued on page 68)



Gives Your Hair Extreme Loveliness

Makes Modern Styles of Hair Dress Most Attractive

*Brings Out All the Natural Life, Wave and Lustre.
Gives that Wonderful Gloss and Silky Sheen which
makes Your Hair so much admired.*

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective **ONLY** when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances, which catch the dust and dirt and cause the hair to become coated. This coating dulls the hair and therefore hides its life and lustre. It covers the natural color and beauty of the hair and pre-

vents it from showing. To have beautiful hair you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see who really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust

and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE 27-M-16

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1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

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In Canada address, THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.

(Continued from page 66)



I Don't Worry any more about my skin
—and it isn't any secret why!

□ □ □

A Wonderful ointment I found cleared
my face of any eruptions almost as fast as
they appeared. It has ended soreness after
shaving, and those cuts that didn't use to
heal.

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For Feet that burn, eczema or itching any-
where, there's nothing like Pyramid oint-
ment!

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The Most Soothing and sensible thing
to do for a score of skin disorders.

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Free to prove the wonders of Pyramid
ointment: a generous trial package, post-
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Ballet Master
Trains You at Home

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men and women have been started on
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easy way. Let Veronine Vestoff, for-
mer solo-dancer with Pavlova, train
you in your spare time at home for a
glorious career in classic dancing.
Wouldn't YOU like to be a star on the
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teacher of dancing? In just a few
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Leading stage dancers and suc-
cessful dancing teachers owe
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—among them Betsy Rees, premiere
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Circuit, Dolores Gardner, motion picture
star, and many others.
You too can acquire professional technique
at home through Vestoff's wonderful Mo-
tion Picture Method.

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Right now a wonderful offer is open to a
few new students. Rush name and address.

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Dear M. Vestoff—Please send me FREE your beautiful book-
let on Classic and Stage Dancing with details of special offer
to few new students.

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Town State

I could get away from Aunt Mary and
the watchful Jackie.

Then came that last day. I had been
down-town doing some shopping for Aunt
Mary, and I came upon Tom unexpectedly
in a department store. He brought me
home in his old roadster.

Tom was silent during the drive home,
abstracted. And I was too happy just
being with him to try to talk, because I
was thinking of the glad, flashing look he
had given me in the store before he re-
membered to put on his mask of reserve.

We came to a slow stop before my
building, and I waited for him to open the
car door; but he sat perfectly still, silent.
Then he leaned toward me with a sudden
swoop, his face close, close.

"I wish to God I could be sure," he said
tensely,—"I wish to God I had never met
you!"

I waited. In an instant, I knew, he
would kiss me, and I wanted him to, oh,
I wanted him to! But the instant passed,
and he was politely helping me out of the
car, politely smiling a grim, tight smile
of farewell. And Jackie Moore was wait-
ing for me in the apartment-house entrance,
down-stairs.

"The peach," his voice burned like acid,
his yellow eyes flared, "is evidently not
out of everyone's reach." His right hand
suddenly slipped into his coat pocket, and
I suddenly remembered the blue automatic
I had seen him put into that pocket a few
evenings ago.

When we reached Aunt Mary's apart-
ment she called to us from her bedroom,
where she was frantically throwing things
into a traveling bag. "Jackie," she said, a
hysterical note in her voice, "Holden's
killed himself."

JACKIE stood tense, vibrantly alert.

"How do you know?"

"It's in the evening paper."

"Hell!" said Jackie Moore.

I am not particularly dull, but things
moved too rapidly during the next two
hours for me to think. I merely did as
I was told. Otherwise—

It was nearly eight that evening when I
returned to Aunt Mary's apartment, after
I had taken her and the Wades—Jackie's
sister and brother-in-law—to a bus station
in Aunt Mary's car. Jackie had left the
apartment shortly after Aunt Mary's
startling announcement.

I left the car at the curb, intending to
phone the garage man later to come and
get it. I was dazed. I scarcely knew
what to do. For all her nervous haste,
Aunt Mary had been very emphatic about
one thing. I was to return to the apart-
ment and stay there until I heard from
her. I was not to leave the place under
any circumstances. And the events of the
preceding two hours had made the apart-
ment the last place in the world I wanted
to stay.

I took off my wraps and began to
straighten the living-room's disorder. Then
it occurred to me to find the evening paper
and see who this Holden was, and why he
had committed suicide. But I could not
find the evening paper. I looked every-
where. Finally I switched on the lights
in Aunt Mary's bedroom. Perhaps in
there—

In there, on the floor beneath a window,

with the heavy, brocaded curtains bellying
gently in the keen, January wind, I found
not the evening paper, but the still form
of Tom Jewett. What did this mean?

For a space I was so terrified I could
not move. What—what did it mean? Was
he—dead? So terribly still and white he
lay there that at first I could think only
that. But the thought was too dreadful!
I knelt on the rug beside him, touched his
outflung hand. Faintly warm, that hand
was. Taking courage, I felt for his pulse,
felt—waited—then breathed a thankful
prayer for its slow beating.

I did not stop then to wonder why he
had come, how he happened to be as he
was. I knew only that I must do some-
thing for him quickly. I was so horribly
afraid he might die.

After minutes that seemed hours, a doc-
tor finally came in answer to my telephoned
summons—a coldly professional man—who
asked many questions, who had me help
him get Tom onto Aunt Mary's bed, who
sent me to the bathroom for hot water, who
made me hand him things out of his bag.

I WAS in such a state of bewildered ter-
ror, what with Aunt Mary and her sud-
den departure, and the shock of finding
Tom in her bedroom, that I moved about
like an automaton, only dimly aware of
what I was doing. And in my head two
questions were clanging like the deep note
of a great bell: What had brought Tom
here? What had happened to him?

The doctor's voice came to me as through
a fog. He was putting a dressing on
Tom's shoulder. "Keep this wet with a
hot boric solution. He'll be all right soon.
Nasty bump on his head, along with the
rest, but he's coming around. And now
that you are calmer, Mrs.— I didn't get
the name."

Mrs.? What made him think—
"Hunter," I murmured my own name.

"Ah, thanks. Just how"—his manner
was most professional—"did this happen to
your husband?"

How, indeed? And why did he call Tom
my husband? I had not said he was—
surely I hadn't! But if his taking for
granted that under the circumstances Tom
must be my husband—if his thinking that
would protect Tom even for a little
while—

I felt faint and groped for a chair.
This was getting beyond me. I was afraid
to tell the truth. There was so much—
Aunt Mary's queer departure, Tom's un-
explainable presence—that I felt could be
interpreted one sinister way that I dare
not tell the truth! The doctor was look-
ing at me suspiciously.

"What happened to your husband?" he
asked again.

"He—he fell."

"I know that, but his shoulder? How
was that wounded?"

I had to tell him something—something
that would not involve Tom! What should
I say? What could I say that would not
send the doctor hurrying out for the po-
lice?

"I—" I could hardly force the words
out of my dry mouth, "—I—we quarreled.
He—he has such a dreadful temper, and
he had a gun—I was afraid—I tried to
get the gun away from him, and in the
struggle for it—I—I shot—"

"You shot him!" echoed the doctor. "May I see that gun?"

Why did he want to see it? Why did his eyes travel so swiftly around the bedroom, linger at the open window with its heavy, brocaded curtains still bellying gently in the January wind? There was a fire-escape beyond that window. Could the doctor know that?

"MAY I see it?" repeated the doctor. "See it?" my head was swimming. "Why, doctor?"

"Merely to satisfy my own personal curiosity," he drawled. "I certainly crave to see the pistol that can inflict a knife wound."

I knew I had done it then. I knew that as soon as he left me that doctor would notify the police. I followed him to the door, listened heedlessly to his instructions, and simply ached until I bolted the door behind him. Then—

Then the telephone rang, rang with the dry menace of a rattlesnake's warning. But I answered it. I was afraid not to. "Ann!" It was Jackie. Urgency and command were in his voice. "I'm at"—he named a down-town club—"get your aunt's car and meet me here right away! I'll be waiting outside for you."

"I—I can't! Aunt Mary told me—" "You'll come," the menace in his voice made my blood run cold, "or I'll come and get you!"

He would come, I knew. He would find Tom, wounded, helpless—I thought of the car at the curb, and it meant escape, if I could only get Tom into it, get him away somewhere—perhaps to the camp in the hills—

I ran to Aunt Mary's bedroom. Tom was sitting on the side of the bed, gingerly feeling his wounded shoulder.

"Well," he remarked grimly as he caught sight of me, "your gang certainly did their damndest by me!"

"Gang?"

"Don't you think," his lips twisted into a bitter smile, "it is about time you dropped that ingénue pose of yours?"

"I—I don't understand—"

"Applesauce! Your aunt and her friends belong to a ring of international crooks. Suppose you didn't know that, eh? Your aunt's pretty well known to the European police, but the secret service here never bothered about her until gold began to be missed from the mint—and no trace of it found. Then—well, it's too long a story to go into now, but this afternoon a mint employee, a lame, queer duck, was caught slipping out with some bars of gold in his clothes."

A lame man! I recalled the lame man who had come out of that suburban drug-store the night Aunt Mary had said she must telephone. I remembered the package she carried, the way the lame man had looked at us. . . .

"THIS afternoon," Bill was still talking with that twisted smile on his lips, "that lame chap, Holden his name was, killed himself. But before he died he confessed what I've suspected for quite a long time—"

He paused and looked around that lovely bedroom.

"What? What?" I cried.

"That your aunt was mixed up in it.

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or You Pay Nothing

I bring back sparkling color—youthful lustre. Fading disappears and in its place is a glorious head of hair that makes you look years younger. Send coupon below for a free test that will amaze you.



1—You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear of results.



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3—Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. At last a way to end it is found that specialists and doctors vouch is absolutely safe. A way that removes the faded streaks and brings back original shade to the grayest parts; that makes the hair live looking and lustrous, youthful and gleaming; that does not make the hair difficult to wave—that are not noticeable as are crude dyes.

A test is offered you here to prove it. Many Broadway stars will risk no other way—also 2,000,000 women. And all agree it is modern beauty science's most amazing invention. Simply send the coupon or go to nearest druggist.

The simplest way—also safest

Hair fades and turns gray when natural color pigment is lacking. So science by a clinical laboratory method supplies a liquid containing certain necessary elements that take its place—hence gives natural shade. The formula is called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer after its woman discoverer.

Simply dampen a comb in this amazing liquid—clear and colorless as water—then run it through the hair. That's all. In 10 minutes you are through.

Touch only certain parts or the entire head. It makes no difference. You can almost see the natural color creep back, so quickly does it do its work. Streaks disappear . . . gray vanishes.

If auburn, your hair reverts to auburn. If black, black it will be. Tests under observation of world's scientists prove this true.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by your friends. This way defies detection. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Test it free

You'll be amazed and delighted at what this scientific way will do. Please test it free by sending coupon for free test. I will send you a free sample of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color

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Or go to your nearest drug store and get a bottle. A few cents' worth is sufficient to restore your hair completely. If not delighted your money will be returned. Do not delay.

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Please print your name and address

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'Hearty eaters! Hard smokers! The distress you fear after forty will not appear—or if it should, can be dispelled in about a minute. Thousands of grateful men—and women—can tell you about Stuart tablets.

It is acid condition that makes a stomach finicky. And a little alkali makes it all serene. Take it in harmless, pleasant form; a Stuart tablet. Worth trying! A sweet stomach for twenty-five cents.

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Get a pocket metal box of Stuart's tablets for a quarter—keep it filled from the big 60c size. Sold in every drugstore, or full box free; write F. A. Stuart Co., Dept't 629, Marshall, Mich.

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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.

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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.

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Dept. 224-D, 112 East 23rd St., New York
Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

She was taking the stuff and disposing of it, you see. That's why—"

A blinding flash of thought penetrated my consciousness. "That is why," the realization made me sick, "you pretended to be fond of me! So you could trap Aunt Mary—"

"I did not pretend," said Tom Jewett quietly, his eyes hard with suffering and bitterness. "That's the hell of it! I love you in spite of what I think you!—in spite of myself— But my job must be done, no matter what."

No matter. Nothing mattered!

"Aunt Mary," I said, "got away. And Jackie—"

"The one who calls himself Moore? He has quite a few names, you know, and many—accomplishments. Counterfeiting—"

"One side, Ann!" Jackie leaped through the bedroom window from the fire-escape, his automatic in his hand. "This," his voice was cool as his hand was steady, "this, Mr. Jewett of the secret service, will prove more effective than my knife—I hope!"

Tom hadn't a chance, not a ghost of a chance! Jackie's yellow eyes behind his thick glasses flared as would the yellow eyes of wolves. It was murder—murder—

"Jackie," I screamed, "don't! For God's sake, don't—"

I threw myself in front of Tom. In

that instant, as he caught me to thrust me out of the way of harm, I saw the look in his eyes—wonder—trust—

Then Jackie's gun roared. A stinging pain burned in my side. Darkness.

THE room was cool and quiet and white. Tom was there with two nurses and another man. I was almost sorry I had not died. Tom meant the law and I—I feared the law now! Well, it had to be faced.

Tom was holding a legal-looking paper, his grave eyes regarded me anxiously.

"Is that," I questioned, pointing to the paper, "a warrant?"

His smile was shaky. "In a manner of speaking," he answered. "I have also the—er—shackles." And he held up a shining circle that flashed with white brilliance.

Then all at once the paper and ring were lying neglected on the counterpane, and Tom was leaning over the high, white bed that held me. His strong, firm hands caught both of mine. "My dear, my dear," he whispered.

I knew then I had reached the shining peaks of happiness, though the trail that led there had been so dark.

Months later Tom told me that Aunt Mary and Jackie and the rest, all had been arrested. I never saw them again—and never want to. My life is complete, with Tom.

The Mystery of the Missing Lover

(Continued from page 31)

less—with them, on or since December 18th, the day Amelia Clark gave the ten thousand dollars to Prime. Apparently no one had.

I now sent a follow-up letter asking whether anyone by the name of Harvey Prime or George Hughes had made any such deposit or investment since my last inquiry.

IN giving the description on this follow-up letter to the various financial institutions, this time I gave the description of Harvey Prime, but instead of giving black hair, I substituted red hair, which description became practically that of George Hughes, both men being of the same size.

Again I was disappointed. No man of that description could be identified by any of them.

My case against George Hughes seemed crumbling. It began to look as though I had been on the wrong tack after all. I felt somewhat disheartened. But I would not despair until I had seen George Hughes' handwriting. It was quite within the bounds of reason to assume that, if guilty, he had made some other disposition of the money. But I seemed to be making very little progress in the solution of the mystery of the missing lover.

Harvey Prime seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth. There had been no results from our broadcasting, advertising, police routine work; and all other efforts to locate him had proven unavailing, so far.

Wednesday was Christmas. I spent the greater part of the day at the office, giving mechanical attention to certain other mat-

ters, but mentally reviewing the entire case of the missing lover.

Try as I might, I could not dismiss George Hughes from my mind, nor my anxiety to get the hoped-for letter from him.

On Friday morning the receiving teller of a small financial institution in West Baltimore, giving their name as The Hastings Savings Bank, called me on the telephone. This concern was one that we had, through some inadvertence, missed calling on when we made the general canvass of the brokerage offices and banks. The teller had, however, received one of the follow-up letters that I had mailed out.

He informed me that on December the nineteenth, Thursday, a man had deposited ten thousand dollars in the name of Mrs. C. Zuolaga, stating that he would bring the lady's signature on a card to the bank later—this being the custom there as in many other banks when funds were deposited to the credit of an individual who was not present at the time. Several days later the card was received in the mail.

Zuolaga! That was the maiden name of Amelia Clark's stepmother, the mother of George Hughes.

PRESSED for a description of the man in question, the receiving teller remembered that he appeared to be short and somewhere around thirty or thirty-five, and had black hair and a black mustache. He could not recall the color of his eyes, definitely, but had the impression they were light. He looked foreign, the teller said, and had given the name of John Zuolaga.

George Hughes! There could be no doubt of it.

As a general thing, when a case gets suddenly "hot," other confusing clues begin to come in. But this time they seemed to be right in order, and to the one point, for, as I swung around in my desk chair, my young lady assistant handed me a letter from Mr. George Hughes, stating that in accordance with my request he would call at my office Saturday, December the twenty-eighth, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Very carefully I went over this letter. There were just a few lines, but I soon found certain characteristics in the slanting, almost Spencerian writing, that compared very favorably with the Harvey Prime letters. This specimen of George Hughes' penmanship bore no resemblance whatever to the straggling name at the bottom of the photograph of Carmedes Zuolaga which Amelia Clark informed me had been written by George. I came to the conclusion that George Hughes was ambidextrous. If he had written the Harvey Prime letters, he had, no doubt, written them with his left hand for the purpose of disguising his penmanship.

I copied George Hughes' letter to me, with my left hand, which was rather a hard job. Then I copied the same letter with my right hand. Carefully comparing these two efforts of mine, I found, in the one I had written with my left hand, certain odd twists and little failures to complete certain letters which, it seemed fairly reasonable to assume, would occur in most any like attempt, irrespective of who made it.

On going over carefully all the facts in my little case, the sum total was sufficient to send me over to Police Headquarters to see my friend, Captain Branden. After a short conference, I won him over, and we proceeded to lay the necessary plans.

On Saturday afternoon Detective Sergeant Harry Murch was again assigned to the case. He procured the warrant and reported at my office.

We set the trap.

A CHAIR was placed behind the big screen which shut off from public view the little washstand and mirror in my office. Hughes' letter stated that he would call at four o'clock. At three-forty-five Detective Murch took his seat behind the screen.

We did not have long to wait. At three-fifty-five my stenographer brought in a neat little card: Mr. George E. Hughes. "Ask Mr. Hughes to come in, please," I instructed the young woman.

A dapper, somewhat showily dressed man in the early thirties entered the room briskly. He was short and had red, wavy hair and very light, bright gray eyes. Although he appeared much at ease, there was a faint trace of nervousness perceptible to me, as he fidgeted with his tie and ran his fingers around the edge of his wing collar.

"Mr. George Hughes?" I asked.

"The same, sir," he replied airily. "I have come, at your request, to discuss the very strange disappearance of my sister's fiancé. It was entirely against my wishes that she reported this matter to the police, as it is not just what one would desire—to have one's family affairs made public. I did not wish her to do it."

"Undoubtedly," I replied.



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"Besides," he continued, "there isn't a chance in the world of your finding Mr. Harvey Prime, and——"

"Oh, isn't there?" I replied. "Well, I have every reason to think that I will find that gentleman."

George Hughes gave an involuntary start, and eyed me cautiously. He was certainly taken by surprise. "I am awfully glad to hear it," he said, trying to cover the nervousness in his voice.

"Handwriting is an extremely curious thing, Mr. Hughes," I said deliberately. "No matter how skilful a man may be, no matter how hard one may try, it is practically impossible to completely disguise one's writing—even if one be ambidextrous and should make the attempt with his left hand. Now, in this letter of yours to me, for instance, there are certain characteristics which show that you wrote this with your right hand." I picked up one of the Harvey Prime letters. "Yet in this letter, which was written with the left hand, it is remarkably strange—and significant—that those identical characteristics so very readily discernible in your letter to me, are—also very plainly visible in this letter, which is signed 'Harvey Prime.'"

Hughes sprang to his feet. "I haven't the time to listen to a lecture on handwriting," he declared, making an effort to keep cool. "But, as long as you are on the case, go ahead and get Harvey Prime—if you can—and tell me when you get him."

"SURE!" I said promptly. "I'll tell you right now that I have him!"

"Indeed——" Hughes replied, paling to a sickly yellow.

"Sit down, Mr. George Hughes, alias Harvey Prime, you are under arrest!"

Hughes sank into the chair—slumped into it. All the bluff and bluster were gone.

"Hughes, it certainly was a rotten trick you played on that poor woman. You made love to her, knowing that her loyalty, her devotion to the memory even of a fake lover, would remain true. You conspired with your mother, Carmedes Zuoa-

laga—who is equally guilty with you, and for whom we also have a warrant for arrest."

Hughes had regained some of his composure. It was evident that he did not know that we had all the goods on him. He pulled himself together.

"Oh, all right!" he said with a sneer. "But the thing was not in violation of the law. You can't prosecute me for making love to a woman, you know!"

"No, Hughes," I said slowly, "but we can for obtaining money under false pretences. That is the charge—a criminal one, at that. You obtained ten thousand dollars from your stepister, Amelia Clark, with the understanding that you were to invest it, and, by so doing, to double, perhaps triple, her money. You then deposited that sum of money in the name of your mother, Carmedes Zuoaalaga, in The Hastings Savings Bank, on December the nineteenth, wearing a disguise and giving the name of John Zuoaalaga. Thus, under misrepresentations, with intent to defraud, you treacherously obtained the woman's little fortune—to be used by you and your mother at will. And you felt quite safe, knowing that Amelia Clark would never believe that her 'lover' had defrauded her." I paused, then called out suddenly, "Detective Murch, you may have your prisoner!"

Detective Murch stepped quickly from behind the screen.

Hughes sprang to his feet as he reached for his gun. There was a quick flash—a deafening report—but Murch had dropped to the floor just in time, and the shot went wild.

My fist caught Hughes squarely on the point of the jaw and down he crashed, falling backwards over his chair.

Instantly we were upon him. I wrenched the smoking gun from his hand while Murch snapped on the self-locking handcuffs.

After that there was no mystery of the missing lover, for we had him where he would not be missed for some time to come.

Whispering Gloves

(Continued from page 59)

done. She knew none of Miller's friends, and possessed no portrait of him, she told me. Then I left. In the guise of an art student and possessed of real ability to paint, my man was equipped to go anywhere without exciting suspicion—particularly at the museums—and had the knowledge to spot the more valuable things when planning a burglary. I was up against a crook of the cleverest type.

I entertained no doubt that it had been in his guise of art student that he had familiarized himself with Lightneur's place. In a matter of minutes I had Doctor Samuels on the telephone. Yes, he knew an art student named Gregory Miller—frequently painted at the museum. Miller had come there some months before with credentials from a Boston art school (no doubt forged, I guessed). Yes, Miller had been at the museum the day before. He had been copying the very Gérôme which

had been stolen. The professor had talked with him in the afternoon, while he was at work. No, he had not seen him leave.

"But surely," came from the other end of the line, "you don't suspect young Miller of being concerned in this?"

"Not at all. But I'm anxious to talk with him and the other students to learn if they noted anything suspicious in the actions of any visitors. Was there any student with whom Miller was on intimate terms?"

"He wasn't intimate with anyone; seemed rather bashful. But he was rather friendly with a Chester Smythe. They had similar tastes and usually copied the same pictures. He is here in the office now. He always comes early so as to work all day. I was just telling him I couldn't let him in for a few days because of the robbery. I'll ask him if he knows where you can locate Miller."

"Just a minute."

I realized how sorely I was pressed for time. I thought I was on the right road and might win out, with luck. But I figured I had only about two hours before some of the through trains from the two big terminals of the city would be on their way. And from one of those terminals I felt certain the thief would leave.

"I'm in a fearful hurry, Doctor," I continued over the phone. "Right now I'm way up in the Bronx, but I'm coming down immediately. Suppose you bring this Smythe over to the Times Building. I'll see you there, main entrance."

"All right. We'll be waiting for you."

LUCKILY, I was able to catch a subway express. On the way down-town I decided to resort to direct methods. Time was too precious to attempt any finesse.

When I scrambled up the stairway at Times Square, the curator and Smythe were there. Drawing them aside, I said: "Listen carefully, for I'm going to talk bluntly. But what I say is in strictest confidence. This Miller is a crook. He was the thief who robbed the museum. Wait"—as both looked a bit frightened and started to interrupt—"I'm talking facts, not guessing. I've got to locate Miller quickly or he'll get away with what he stole. Now, Smythe, can you help me?"

"I haven't the faintest idea where he lives. He was the most reticent fellow I ever knew."

"Can't you think of anyone who knows him well? Anyone who has a portrait of him?"

"I can help there, maybe," Smythe said without hesitation. "There is a model, Beryl Johnson, who lives in Greenwich Village. I introduced Miller to her one night when I took him down there for dinner. They became quite sweet on each other—for a time. Then they quarreled, and I think it was over a picture she had taken of him."

"Do you know where she lives?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'm going to take Smythe with me, Doctor. Much obliged for your trouble. But please don't even tell Mr. Lightneur what I've said, until you've heard from me."

A taxicab rushed us to the Village. Beryl Johnson was at home and surprised at having such early visitors—early for her scheme of living.

"Miss Johnson," I blurted, without preliminaries, "it is of the utmost importance that I obtain a portrait of Gregory Miller. I understand you have one."

"Why—yes. But—"

Smythe nodded to her, and his solemn look appeared to snap her out of her hesitancy. She opened a trunk and handed me an enlargement of a fine, husky-looking young fellow in a bathing-suit.

"A good likeness of Miller?" I questioned, holding it before Smythe.

"Excellent. As if it were taken yesterday except for the bathing suit."

"How did you get this picture?" I asked the girl.

WELL, Gregory and I were rather fond of each other—once. He used to talk about Europe and say that maybe we'd go there some day. He said he wanted to complete his studies there. I wanted his picture, but he wouldn't have one taken. One day, at the beach, I snapped him when

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he wasn't looking. I showed him the picture. He became very angry and tore it up. But I had the negative and had this enlargement made. Foolishly I showed it to others. He learned about it and demanded the picture and the negative." I refused, and we quarreled. I haven't seen him since—nearly two months. I thought maybe he'd gone to Europe or back home."

"Did he tell you where his home is?"

"Yes; Chicago. It sort of slipped out one day. He never spoke of it again; but he hasn't left the city. I met a man who knew him a day or two ago, and he told me he saw Gregory coming out of a house in West Forty-first Street near Lexington Avenue."

"Thanks. I must borrow this picture until noon. I'll come back and explain everything later." And fairly dragging Smythe with me, I left the house and we drove away. "Go to the museum and wait for me," I said, letting him out at Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street. "And keep mum, absolutely."

On the way up-town I had been doing some tall thinking. I knew there was an "extra fast" train to Chicago at nine-forty-five from the Grand Central Terminal. The girl had informed me that Miller was living near there. Possibly he had taken up his new quarters to be near this station, so that he might make a quick getaway if he believed himself hard pressed. Also, the Chicago lead looked promising. If this crook belonged there, it would be the most likely place for him to head. A crook can lie low with comparative safety in New York. But in Chicago he can practically bury himself, for a year if necessary, particularly if he has friends there.

Reaching the terminal, I leaped from the cab, telling the chauffeur to wait, and raced for the baggage-room. Pete Kennedy, in charge in the daytime, and I were old pals. I shoved the portrait of Miller under his nose. "Has a fellow looking like that been here this morning to ship a trunk to Chicago?"

"**I**DUNNO, but I'll find out." He hustled away, carrying the picture. Almost immediately he was back, followed by a helper. "Patsy here says that a fellow who looked like this picture, wearing a light suit and a traveling cap, checked a trunk for Chi with him ten minutes back. It's going on the nine-forty-five. The man handed over an envelope containing his railroad ticket and a Pullman ticket for that train. He noticed him, 'cause he was awful partic'lar about the trunk—had it insured, and slipped Patsy a buck to have it put on the train with him—and 'cause his right hand was bandaged and stiff so's he couldn't pull the tickets out of the envelope hisself."

"Great, old man. Thanks." I snatched the photograph and hurried away for the gate. I made myself known to the man punching tickets there, and he passed me through.

Reaching the lower level in bounds, I made for the Pullman conductor. I showed him my shield, and held out the picture. "This man is on this train. He's a crook, and I want him. Know which car he's in?"

"No, but we'll soon learn." With the portrait in his mind and me following, we hurried down the line, questioning the col-

ored porters. The first two looked blank and shook their heads.

As we neared the third, I noted a man in a light suit of fashionable cut, with a traveling cap pulled over his eyes, coming along the platform from the direction of the baggage car. Even at the distance I saw that his right hand was bandaged. It was Miller, I was positive. And he had been to the baggage car to make certain his trunk was on board.

"Yes, suh, there he is—that man there," said the porter, noting the direction of my eyes. But the fool also pointed.

The suspect caught the gesture, noted the picture I held, and came to an abrupt stop. Ten to one his crooked brain at once sized up the situation and set me down as a detective. I started toward him, my hand on my gun, but hoping I could take him without having to use it.

BUT he was too old a hand to take any chances, when all the signs wigwagged danger. Swinging, he went tearing down the platform toward the openings leading to the switching yards, with the speed of a sprinter. I raced after Miller, pulling my gun. He gained on me, made the end of the platform, and leaped to the rails. He had a twenty-yard start when I reached the opening. Fearful of losing him in the maze of standing trains and sheds, I took quick aim and fired.

Instantly he straightened up, next stumbled ahead a few feet, then crashed face down and rolled over. I jumped and ran. But he was up before I reached him, and began fumbling clumsily at his hip with his bandaged hand. Before he could draw, I was upon him and had flattened him with a blow to the jaw. As he toppled I dropped upon him, jerked his hands together and held him, despite his frantic efforts to wrench himself free. And I had my job cut out, for he was powerful and muscular and fought desperately, more than once trying to bite me. Then the Pullman conductor and others ran up, and at my orders one of them took the handcuffs from my inside pocket and snapped them on the crook's wrists.

Examining him, I found that I had hit him in the fleshy part of the left leg, above the knee, inflicting little more than a scratch. Jerking him to his feet, I frisked him for his gun, then pulled him up the steps and pushed him down the platform ahead of me; he struggling and cursing at every step, but asking no questions.

The train conductor met us. I told him my identity. Then, while two burly passengers held my prisoner, I went through his pockets and located his tickets and baggage check. Giving the conductor the baggage check, I ordered him to take the trunk from the train and deliver it to the train-master's office.

It was not until we were in that place, with all others excluded except Tompkins, the train-master, Pete Kennedy and his assistant, Patsy, that I released Miller.

He pulled himself together; then: "Now you damned bull, what do you mean by all this? I demand—"

"Shut up, Miller. Bluffs don't go."

I thought he started when I spoke his name, and his brows almost came together over eyes which fairly burned with hate.

Reaching out, I grasped the bosom of his silk shirt. I felt something beneath it, something too stiff for my

fingers to clutch. With an oath he leaped back, then raised his manacled hands and tried to strike me down with the steel bracelets as I sprang at him. Dodging, I tripped him, and sprawled upon him as he fell. And, while the others held him, I unlocked the cuffs, rolled him over, and fastened his hands behind his back.

Then I tore away the buttons of his shirt and drew forth the parcel resting across his chest. I stripped away the oiled silk wrapping. Inside was the missing canvas—the Gérôme, just as it had been torn from its stretcher.

The man had ceased to struggle. A sickly yellow pallor had spread over his face, and his limbs became rigid and set. Again I ran my fingers over his body. There was something about his waist. With a tug I tore away his clothing, revealing a leather belt. I had it off him in a few seconds.

And I got the big jolt of this particular thief chase when I opened the pockets and found them—not filled with currency, as I had expected—but with unset gems of many hues and innumerable sizes. I guessed they were the gems stolen months before from the museum.

"Well, I'm——" I gasped. "This is a find. Say, Miller, I'll hand it to you. You sure are clever. And you had your nerve with you after making this haul, to hang around for a second clean-up. Come on. We're going to Headquarters. I'll telephone Mr. Lightneur and Doctor Samuels to meet us there. They'll be delighted to meet you again, and to get their hands on these things. And they'll probably think I did a fairly good six hours' work."

That about winds up the story. We found the rug in Miller's trunk.

But I also found out a lot of other things, when I made a hurried trip to Chicago to consult the police there, taking Miller's photograph and finger-prints.

For one thing, he was known to the authorities of Chicago, not as Miller, but as Bill Gavin, alias "Chappy." Gavin was born in the old market district of that city. His whole family were crooks. His father and two of his brothers did several stretches before meeting with violent deaths.

As a schoolboy Gavin showed that he possessed artistic talent. Some wealthy people took him from his criminal surroundings, placed him in a boarding-school, and paid for his art instruction. But he couldn't get away from his hereditary yellow streak. When still in his teens, he robbed one of his benefactors and was arrested. He was paroled and given another chance. It was no use. He helped to hold up and rob a jewelry concern, then fled to Europe.

THERE he became identified with a band of international art thieves and forgers of paintings. He put his talents to the same crooked ends as he had in New York. The Chicago police had learned of his foreign record when he was arrested in Paris and given a prison term; the French authorities sending to America for his past record. Later the authorities of his home city learned he had escaped from prison. But they had no idea what had become of him until I told my story and produced "Chappy's" prints and picture.

Gavin now is in prison, serving a ten-year stretch.



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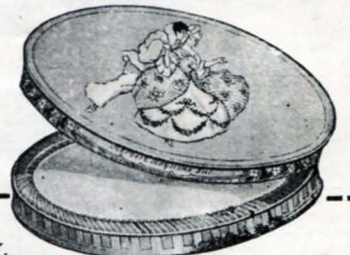
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Stolen Gold

(Continued from page 39)

thoughtfully. "There was George Osgood, the engineer that run the hoist, old Hard Luck Lawson, and Goofey the Mucker."

"Where can they be located?"

"I HEAR George is firing a pump station for the railroad over at Jarilla. Old Lawson's cabin is right up the gulch there about a half a quarter, and Goofey is only about half baked. He wouldn't have had sense enough to carry the stuff off if it had been in twenty-dollar gold pieces."

"I am not so sure of that, De Luca. We won't eliminate anyone from the investigation yet. Where does Goofey the Mucker live?"

"He ain't got no home. He just drifts around. If he ain't working out on some claim, you'll find him around Red Shay's place over at Blye, more'n likely."

"Is that cabin inhabited," said Pitney, suddenly, pointing down the gulch toward a small, tin-roofed shack with one joint of stove-pipe protruding from its sloping roof.

"Yes. That's old Silent Sam's place," explained De Luca. "He's been scratching around these here hills for more than twenty years, and ain't never struck pay dirt yet. He ain't been on this claim since last fall, and that was to come up and bawl us out about something or other. He ain't even been off his own diggin's in that time, except just long enough to go to town for grub or up the gulch for water. He don't like people, so he lives sort of to himself."

"I should like to go down into the mine and look the situation over for myself. Dan, you stay here with Mr. Conroy while I go below with De Luca. You have a light of some sort?"

De Luca nodded, and entering the engine-room returned shortly with some half dozen miner's candles, and lighting two for himself and two for Pitney, he led the way down the long ladder at one side of the shaft, into the mine.

THE following morning we again got up with the sun, and had our usual breakfast, after which I prepared to saddle the horses and get ready to start out on our day's jaunt.

"Where to this morning, Frank?" I inquired, as I threw the saddle on my pinto. "I'm not going over to the mine this morning. I want to think awhile first. You might ride over that way, though, if you want to and see if you can strike up a conversation with our friend, Silent Sam. He's going to be a hard nut to tackle if all reports are true, but you may get some valuable information out of him if you are able to approach him. You know his type, I think."

I had only worked with Pitney on a case or two, but during that time I had learned a good deal about him. He was a clever fellow, but peculiar. In his work he was slow and methodical in his procedure, but almost invariably sure in his results. Very often when working on an important case he would sit for hours thinking, always with a lighted cigarette in his fingers, or between his lips. He reminded me of a chess player, who figured his every move, and reckoned beforehand

what his opponent's move would be, usually making the proper play to successfully put him in check.

I knew that he was not going to budge from in front of that tent-house before noon, if his actions in this case ran true to his usual custom, so without further conversation I finished my preliminary preparations and started out, telling him I would return about noon.

I chafed at the slow progress we seemed to be making, and for that reason was anxious to reach the mine and old Silent Sam's place to see what I could stir up that would start things moving, so I urged my pony over the trail at a pretty fast clip. When I reached the gulch I took the down trail which led to the old man's cabin, then I slowed my horse to a walk in order to study the surroundings at close range as I approached. There was something ominous about that forbidding-looking place, ramshackle and rough, huddled in a clump of scrub-oak at the base of the hill, bleak and dreary as the landscape around it. I was curious to meet the man who called this ugly shack, home.

I was yet some one hundred feet from the cabin, and engrossed in thought, when a long, quivering wail reached my ears and caused me to start and pull up my horse sharply. I sat very still for a moment, listening. Again, from the deserted shack, came the mournful cry. Then of a sudden I felt very foolish, for I realized that the wail was not that of a tortured woman, but merely the yelp of a coyote.

I HAD proceeded but a few feet farther when I saw the animal pacing restlessly to and fro, the length of its chain, eyeing me fearfully. It was fastened to what appeared to be a crowbar driven into the ground at the corner of the cabin. Evidently the old recluse kept the beast for a pet, as well as a sort of protection against intrusion, for almost immediately a grizzled head appeared above the shaft of his mine, which was located but a few yards from the hut.

Silent Sam studied the situation for a moment. Then he scrambled out of the shaft and down over the dump. He came slowly toward me, one hand resting on the butt of a formidable old "45" which was shoved down into the front of his overalls, held in place by a rope tied about his waist.

He was an old man—how old only the Recording Angel could tell. He was a little undersized, with grizzled, white beard and had on an old black felt hat. As he stumbled toward me, he surveyed me suspiciously from head to foot with a pair of small, black eyes, set very close together.

"Good morning," I said pleasantly.

"Howdy," he replied shortly, his beady eyes holding my own in a steady gaze. "What do you want here?"

"I thought perhaps you could tell me where I could get some water to fill my canteen," I lied like a good detective.

His eyes narrowed slightly, and they left mine long enough for him to glance quickly at my canteen, which was strapped to my saddle. "Tain't empty," he snapped.

Pitney had been right. Here was a

tough old nuf who had to be handled carefully.

"You are right," I confirmed good-naturedly. "It isn't empty yet, but I figured I would need to fill up before noon. Is your coyote tame?"

"No."

Not in the least discouraged, as far as outward signs were concerned, I continued, "Striking any color?"

I had no more than uttered the words than I realized that I had hit upon a touchy subject with Silent Sam, for ignoring my question completely the old man squared his stooped shoulders and took a step toward me with a threatening look. "If it's water you're looking for, stranger, you'll find it up the gulch about a half mile."

I decided it was futile to try to continue the conversation, so I thanked him and turned my horse in the direction of the gulch which he had indicated. After riding about two hundred yards I glanced back. The old man was standing leaning against the winch, staring after me.

I DECIDED to continue for a distance in the direction in which I had started, then circle around the mountain to the Long Joe. I had traveled by a circuitous route some two miles when my attention was attracted to a small, fluttering, white speck up the mountainside, slightly ahead of and far above me. I stopped my horse and got out my binoculars and focused them upon the object. To my surprise, I saw two persons engaged in earnest conversation, one of whom I recognized as Goofey the Mucker, the other a girl, in a gingham dress. She appeared to be crying and wringing her hands. It was quite evident that she was in distress. She might also be in need of protection, since Goofey was reputed to be just a little off in the head.

I left the trail and started up the mountainside in the direction of the pair. I had not gone more than 150 yards when the girl noticed my approach and fled. This seemed strange. I again adjusted my binoculars. This time I could see nothing of the girl, but Goofey I could see distinctly, scrambling up the side of the mountain toward a clump of sheltering scrub-oak. A love spat, probably, I decided, as I again turned my pony toward the trail. I would have to hurry if I expected to visit the mine and reach home by noon.

I urged my pony into a trot and soon came into sight of the mine. I was somewhat surprised to note that neither De Luca nor Conroy were anywhere in evidence. I pulled up my horse and called out, "Hello!" There was no response. "That's funny," I mused to myself. "If they are not any more diligent than that, it's little wonder they lost a half million in gold."

I dismounted and led my horse over toward the water barrel near the hoist house, as he seemed to want a drink. To my surprise, he pulled back as we approached the barrel, and when I attempted to draw him toward it by force, he snorted and lunged backward, almost upsetting me. My first thought was that a rattler must be somewhere about. I dropped the bridle reins, pulled my six-shooter and cautiously walked toward the barrel.

I had only taken a couple of steps when I was shocked to see the lifeless form of Conroy huddled behind the barrel in a



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How to Keep Hair Wavy

By Edna Wallace Hopper

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pool of dry blood. I stooped down and examined the body. There was a bullet wound almost in the center of the forehead just above the eyes. From the position of the body it was evident that he had been sitting with his back against the barrel when the fatal shot was fired, and had crumpled over without ever knowing what hit him.

I LOOKED at my watch. It was 9.55. I again called De Luca, and getting no response, went in search of him. He was not to be found on the premises. No doubt he had gone for assistance. I decided to remain with the body until he returned. I looked about, hoping to discover some clue that would help clear the mystery, but I could find nothing. After waiting some time, and when De Luca did not return with help, my befuddled brain began to function and I recalled the altercation between him and Conroy the day before, and his threat. Could it be possible that they had settled their differences with guns? Or had De Luca murdered Conroy in order to escape with the gold? I came to a quick decision. Pitney must be notified at once.

I did not want to leave the body alone, and thought of calling on Silent Sam for assistance, but remembering his hostile attitude toward me only a short time before, I felt that it would be unwise to try to approach him, even in an emergency. There was only one thing left to do—get to Pitney as quickly as possible. Without waiting to reason the matter further I jumped onto my pony and spurred him into a gallop, as I headed into the down trail toward Blye.

I dropped off my pony in front of the tent-house and hurriedly told Pitney what had happened.

"Huh," he said when I had finished, "it looks as if our friend De Luca kept his word, doesn't it?" I admitted that it did. "Dan," he continued, after a moment's thought, "I want you to go find the deputy sheriff, and notify him of the murder, then see if you can get a line on De Luca. You know what to do. I'll go straight to the mine and give it the once-over before anybody has a chance to get there and gum things up. Join me as soon as you can."

I made inquiries for the deputy sheriff and learned that there was none in camp, but was informed that a ranger by the name of Wyckoff had ridden in that morning from Alamogordo, and could be found at the Star Saloon. The minute I stepped into the saloon I saw the officer seated at a card table in the corner, by himself, playing solitaire.

I INTRODUCED myself and told him briefly what had occurred. He asked a few questions, then quickly and efficiently swore in a number of deputies from among the cow-punchers and other individuals who were loafing about the saloon. He gave them their instructions, informed them of our suspicions regarding De Luca, and advised them to separate into pairs, and enlist whatever additional help they deemed advisable, and to comb the hills thoroughly for the fugitive, and if they were successful in apprehending him, to bring him into camp and hold him until our return.

When we arrived at the mine I introduced Wyckoff to Pitney, and explained

that there was no deputy sheriff in camp and that I was fortunate in running onto a ranger.

"It looks like a plain case of murder to me, Mr. Pitney," Wyckoff observed, after viewing the body of Conroy.

"On the face of things, I think so myself. Conroy insinuated yesterday in our presence that De Luca knew more about the disappearance of the gold than he was telling. De Luca resented the insinuation and threatened to wear a pick handle out on Conroy if he made the insinuation again. And to-day Conroy is dead. I am going down into the mine and see if anything has been disturbed since my visit yesterday, and also see if I can discover anything that will tend to show that De Luca took the gold from some secret cache and made away with it, after killing Conroy."

"I'll place a couple of men on guard here and go down with you fellows," said Wyckoff, beckoning to a couple of men who had come up with us from the camp.

We descended into the mine to the 100-foot level, but a thorough search revealed nothing, so we proceeded to the 200-foot level. Pitney, followed by Wyckoff, led the way through the tunnel and into the drifts. The passageway was narrow and the air was close and heavy. We stumbled along, in the dim light our candles gave, straining our eyes to see ahead. At the far end of the south drift, Pitney stopped short, and bending down, held his candle above his head. "My God!" he exclaimed.

Wyckoff and I were just behind him, and as we followed his gaze we were horrified to see the dead body of De Luca, lying face upward, a ghastly wound in his head. The close, stuffy atmosphere suddenly seemed to grow more foul and stifling. I became nauseated. I realized that I must have air, so I turned away quickly and stumbled in the direction of the tunnel.

I HAD nearly reached the end of the drift leading into the tunnel when my foot caught on something, almost causing me to fall. I stooped down to see what had tripped me, and was surprised to discover that it was a 200-foot steel tape, similar to those used by surveyors.

Following the length of steel tape, I found that one end of it was fastened in a crevice at the opening of the tunnel, while the other reached near to the spot where the body lay. Evidently De Luca had been using it at the time he met his death. What was he measuring with this tape? Was he trying to locate the place where the stolen gold was secreted? If not, why was he in the mine at all?

Without making my discovery of the tape known, I quickly rejoined Pitney and Wyckoff, who were now coming in my direction. After completing our examination of the drift we ascended the shaft to the surface and announced to the men above the finding of De Luca's body.

When Wyckoff had left us a few minutes later, to give instructions to his men, I took advantage of his absence and informed Pitney of my discovery of the tape.

"It looks to me, Frank," I said, "as though De Luca killed Conroy, then descended into the mine to locate the spot where he had cached the gold, gained pos-

ession of it, and escaped before our return."

"Now, Dan, you are making wild speculations again. Stop and think. It doesn't stand to reason that De Luca would have to use a measuring tape to locate the cache, knowing the mine as he did. Remember, he dug practically every foot of it himself, and——" He stopped short, and turned toward me, his eyes wide. "By George, Dan, you gave me an idea," he ejaculated.

Turning away without another word, he hurried to the mouth of the shaft and began stepping off the distance in the direction of Silent Sam's cabin. Wyckoff, who had joined me, said, "What is Pitney up to?"

"I don't know, myself, yet," I responded, mystified, "but he will be back in a minute and maybe he will enlighten us." We watched him as he carefully retraced his steps back to the mouth of the shaft. Before he joined us, however, the deputy sheriff and deputy coroner arrived from Jarilla, explaining to us that they had been instructed by the sheriff at Alamagordo to take charge of things until he could get here, which wouldn't be before morning.

AFTER the body of De Luca had been removed from the mine and placed beside that of Conroy, the deputy coroner made his examination. Then the bodies of the two men were each placed, face downward, across a saddle, upon the back of a pinto pony, and tied securely, preparatory to removing them to Jarilla for the autopsy.

As we followed the grim procession off down the trail, I made an attempt to draw Pitney into a discussion of the strange use of the double slaying, but he refused to talk. Slumping in his saddle, his eyes staring into space, he looked tired and worried.

In my mind I went over the events of the last few days, in fact from the first day I arrived in Blye to the present time, and I had to admit that the mystery we did come to solve was as far from a solution now as it was the day of our arrival, and now we were face to face with a new and more complicated mystery.

We had not gone far, when suddenly Pitney raised his head with a jerk, and turning his horse galloped away before we could collect my thoughts. When he headed the procession he called to Wyckoff, "Señor! Señor!"

The ranger wheeled his horse about, and quickly rode to meet Pitney. After a short conversation Wyckoff gave some brief instructions to one of his men, and then he and Pitney headed about for the down trail, Pitney signaling me to follow. As I rode beside them, Wyckoff said, "You two fellows go to the front, and I will cover the rear. Don't let the old fool get the drop on you; he might be crazy enough to shoot."

He left the trail shortly and disappeared into the brush, while we continued in the direction of Silent Sam's cabin, Pitney anxiously explaining the move to me.

When we were within a hundred yards of the cabin we dismounted and walked toward the hut. Suddenly a stooped figure came from behind the cabin, six-shooter in hand, and in a harsh voice commanded, "Get 'em up and stand where you are."

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You ain't goin' to jump my claim! I know the both of you!"

WE reached for our guns, and Silent Sam hesitated.

"Don't get excited, partner," said Pitney coolly. "We are not claim jumpers. We want to talk to you on a matter of business."

"Business, hell!" scoffed the old man, not moving a muscle, and holding his gun in readiness. You are a couple of damn thieves and claim jumpers, and I'm goin' to—"

There was a sharp whiz and swish through the air, and Silent Sam's arms flew up, his gun dropping from his hand as he was jerked off his feet and hit the ground with a thud.

For a moment I could not realize what had happened, then I saw that a taut rope was about the old fellow's neck, and which he was clawing madly in an effort to extricate himself, cursing and raving all the while like a madman. Wyckoff, approaching from the rear, had seen the situation and had thrown a rope around the old prospector's head and jerked him off his feet.

After some effort Silent Sam was securely bound, and I was left to guard him while Wyckoff and Pitney descended into Sam's mine. The old fellow grew violent as they approached the shaft. "Get out of there! That's my gold, every bit of it. Get out, I tell you! The others tried to steal it too, but damn 'em, I fixed 'em, the dirty thievin' gophers, and I'll fix you, too! Nobody's goin' to steal my gold from me!"

"Now, Sam, you'd better quiet down," I counseled wisely. "Nobody's going to hurt you, and nobody is going to take anything that belongs to you. We are officers. You have nothing to fear."

The old man ceased cursing for the first time since our arrival, and stared at me blankly for a moment, as though his clouded brain was trying to grasp the significance of my words.

"Officers? Officers?" he finally whispered in a hoarse voice. "Then he's dead?"

At a loss to understand the meaning of his words, I nodded. The bewildered look which had come over his face a few minutes before, faded quickly into a defiant snarl. "Well, what if I did kill him? I ain't denyin' it, and there ain't no jury will ever convict me. I got a right to protect what's mine again' a dirty bunch of rats like that Long Joe outfit. They robbed me, damn 'em, but I found it out and got it back, and then I hid it where none of you can ever find it." And he laughed a horrible, hysterical laugh that made my flesh creep.

JUST then Wyckoff and Pitney came out of the shaft. "Exactly as I thought," said Pitney, coming over to us and sinking down on a three-legged stool, exhausted. "Thanks to those observing eyes of yours, Dan, we have solved the mystery of Mr. Sawyer's stolen gold."

"And while you and Wyckoff were below," I said, "Silent Sam confessed to the killing of De Luca."

"Yes, and Conroy, too, if I am not mistaken," added Wyckoff.

"I never done that," snapped Sam indignantly, his grizzled eyebrows drawing down into an ugly frown. "I never killed

nobody but De Luca, and I wouldn't 'a' done that if he hadn't gophered under my claim and sacked up all my gold."

"Your gold," said Pitney, with emphasis.

"Yes, my gold, every ounce of it. Twenty year ago I found that little cave in the far end of my tunnel, and ever since I been pourin' all my high-grade ore into it. Then them scallawags tried one of their smart tricks and run their tunnel clear under my drift, and no law allows that. Then they struck my cache and sacked up my ore that I had been savin' all these years waitin' 'til the railroad would come through so I could ship it, and was fixin' to pack it off when I found it out, and as soon as they left the place I moved it, and hid it where nobody can find it."

"How did you come to kill De Luca?" Pitney inquired, when Sam's voice died away.

"Last night I killed him, only I didn't know I had. I was sittin' here on my camp stool smokin' when I saw somebody start down the shaft of the Long Joe up there with a light, and I figures that there's something up, so I goes down into my tunnel and sits real quiet near the end of it. Sure enough, pretty soon I hears a noise and kinda easy like, the big rock what is in the floor of my tunnel—that covers the hole which opens up into the roof of the little cave where I had my ore hid, and what they drove their cross-cut into, and which ain't none of it under their land—raised up and De Luca starts crawlin' up through it, holdin' his light above his head and lookin' about. Just after he done that I hit him with a drill, and he just dropped back into the hole like a prairie dog."

"Then who killed Conroy?" I inquired.

"I don't know that," answered Sam, shaking his head vigorously. "I didn't. I didn't even mean to kill De Luca. I just hit him too hard, I guess."

"DE LUCA must have killed Conroy before he went down into the mine," I said, addressing Pitney.

"I don't think so," he replied skeptically. "I examined De Luca's gun after he was brought out of the shaft, and it hasn't been discharged for days. It's full of dust and rust."

"Then what was De Luca doing in the mine, anyway, measuring with that tape, if he wasn't searching for the cache, as we thought?" I persisted.

"De Luca practically dug that mine, Dan," Pitney said a little impatiently, "and so naturally knew every inch of it. He knew where he had placed the gold, and he knew it was gone, and he knew there was but two ways for it to go, either up the shaft or through some passageway unknown to him. He knew their tunnel was under Sam's claim, undoubtedly, and he put two and two together and suspected that Sam in some manner had taken it, and he was measuring and searching for that passageway when he discovered that the rock above his head was movable, and he proceeded to move it, to his sorrow."

"Then who did kill Conroy, if De Luca didn't?" I asked.

"That is what we have yet to find out, Dan," answered Pitney, getting up and preparing to depart.

The next two or three days passed rapidly. We seemed to work in circles, always in the end coming back to the place from

which we started without having discovered anything new. Pitney became moody and silent, and spent much time thinking, but I circulated about a good deal, following my hunches and hoping for a clue that would lead ultimately to a solution of the Conroy murder.

ON the third day, when my spirits were running unusually low, I dropped into the Star Saloon. The first person I saw when I stepped into the place was Goofey the Mucker. He was being handed a quart bottle of whiskey by a bartender, which he took, and after what seemed to me to be a cautious glance about him, left the saloon by a side door and hurriedly thrusting the bottle into a saddle-bag, mounted his pony and rode away. Without stopping to reason why I did it, I dashed out of the front door of the saloon and, throwing myself into the saddle, galloped after him.

When he reached the foothills I was less than a quarter of a mile behind him, and I noted that he was becoming wary, glancing behind him frequently and taking a zig-zag course as if to make his trail difficult to follow. Then he disappeared from view completely.

I hurried in pursuit, and soon came upon his pony tied to a mesquite bush. I left my horse near by and followed him on foot, keeping at a discreet distance, careful to conceal myself from view. I trailed him in this manner some two or three miles over the ridge and up a long drywash to a dilapidated, deserted-looking shack. I was beginning to think I had been following a will-o'-the-wisp when he stopped and whistled. A girl's face appeared at the window, then the door was opened cautiously and she motioned him to approach.

Like a flash the little scene which I had witnessed through my binoculars a few days before came back to me. This was the same girl who had been so distressed, and who had fled at my approach, as had Goofey. What did it mean? While these thoughts were flitting through my mind, Goofey entered the cabin and quickly shut the door behind him.

I circled about the hut and finally succeeded in creeping up to it on all fours, until I was directly underneath the window. I could hear the girl's voice plainly, from where I was crouching.

"Oh, I thought you would never come," she was saying. "He has been delirious most of the time since you left, and I have been so afraid."

Then I heard Goofey's voice. "I hurried as fast as I could, but I had to be careful

because there's a ranger in camp and he's tryin' to find out who done it. They got old Silent Sam for killin' De Luca, but they don't know who killed Conroy."

Again I heard the girl's voice. "Oh, Goofey," the girl pleaded, "we must get Father away from here at once. We must save him! It was all my fault, but—I loved him so, Goofey, and he would have married me if only Father hadn't found out. I know he would!" and her voice broke off into a sob.

A THRILL ran through me as I rose to my feet. The mystery of Conroy's death was solved at last. Old Hard Luck Lawson had settled an account with him, and one that involved the honor of his daughter.

The next day after Hard Luck Lawson had been removed from the shack on a stretcher, to the county jail at Jarilla, and details concerning the charges against Silent Sam had been arranged, with Wyck-off in charge, Pitney and I caught the Golden State Limited for Los Angeles.

"Well, Frank," I said, after we were comfortably settled in our compartment on the Pullman, "we have had a pretty busy time of it, and we have done a lot of good work, yet I feel, in a way, that we haven't accomplished what was expected of us."

"Meaning," said Pitney, lolling lazily in his seat and gazing abstractedly at the thin curl of smoke from his cigarette, "that we failed to recover Mr. Sawyer's stolen gold?"

"Yes. What do you think the Chief will say?"

"He won't say anything," he replied sagely, "and neither will our friend Mr. Sawyer, since we have established beyond any doubt that he didn't own any gold to lose. And aside from that very insignificant piece of work, you must remember that we cleared up two murder mysteries for him, so—"

"First call foh dinnah!" called out a deep, drawling voice, and Pitney's last words were lost to me—we both became interested in other things.

I might add, however, that although acquitted of the slaying of De Luca, Silent Sam died soon afterward without revealing the place where he had secreted the gold from his mine, and although many searching parties were organized at different times that sought diligently for the treasure, their efforts proved fruitless. The gold still lies buried, perhaps, or hidden in some secret cave in the mountains, the location of which no one knows.

Confessions of a Confidence Man

(Continued from page 49)

to the door and threw it wide. What I saw there made my heart skip a beat.

STANDING outside my hotel room door, here in Trenton, was Gil Hawkins!

"Gil!" I exclaimed. "How did you know I was here? Come in—come in!"

I could see the old fellow was amused at my surprise.

"Nothing easier, son," he said, a smile broadening his face. "You were to meet me at ten o'clock this morning for breakfast. You didn't show up, and I figured

something was wrong. You had no money of mine—and I knew you were a right kid—so you weren't trying to take a run-out powder. I called up your hotel, and they told me you hadn't been in at all last night. So the only thing I could figure on was trouble."

"Yes," I said eagerly. "But how did you trace me here?"

"Lucky thing I'm no bull," he said, and again he smiled. "You left me about quarter to four, didn't you? Well, the first thing I did was to look up time-tables. I found that the only train out of Phila-



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delphia between four and five was this Trenton train, the one you must've got at four-thirty. And this Commercial House you're stopping in is right across the street from the depot. I phoned it from Philly, talked to the manager, who is a friend of mine—and here I am."

I was dumbfounded. I learned then one important fact that has been confirmed in all the years that followed: Confidence men are better detectives than most of the dicks in the business.

Gil and I went to breakfast, and during the meal I told him all that had happened the night before.

"You left your things, eh?" he asked, my story over with.

"Yes. I couldn't see anything else to do."

"Want the stuff?"

"Well, there were a couple of suits of clothes, a dozen shirts—"

"I see. You better get 'em. Owe the hotel any money?"

"Three days."

"All right. Here's what you do. You better learn it now, because you might have to do a fade-out some time again. Send cash through the mail, enough to pay what you owe, and about five besides. Tell them to pack your things and ship them, express prepaid, to Trenton. The stuff'll come into the general baggage-room here. And get them to mail you the baggage check in care of General Delivery, Trenton. And when you write, be careful to use plain white paper that has no water-mark, and a plain white envelope."

"I get all that, Gil. But suppose the bulls are after me for assaulting Charlie Higgins? I'm not afraid, understand. I'm just inquiring. Won't they pick me up when I go for mail at the post-office, or when I go for my bag?"

"WHEN you've had more experience dodging shadow dicks, you'll see it's a simple matter to lay in hiding until your shadow moves from a post-office window he's watching. And you'll find out as you grow older that the average dick would rather kill three hours in a pool hall than hang around the corridors of a post-office or a baggage-room. Besides, you may be in Kalamazoo before your bag gets here. What do you want to do, anyway?"

"I hadn't thought of that, Gil. I suppose that depends on you a good bit."

"I'm glad we're out of Philly. The card racket was getting stale. I was ready for a change. What do you say we hang around for a few days? We can have plenty of fun living on the fat of the land—at somebody else's expense. And we may run across a sucker ripe for election."

"Suits me," and so it was agreed.

"Election," as I well understood, is a confidence man's reference to the B O O B—Benevolent Order of Boobs. A "candidate for election" is a man whose self-advertised prosperity and general cockiness invites men who live by their wits to dress him down and incidentally relieve him of his cash.

There followed days of glorious play and rest, in which Gil and I spent our time loafing, living like kings. We had money in our pockets, no urge to make a killing to pay expenses, only the fun of killing time in luxurious, leisurely fashion. I made good use of our periods of talk—"chin-fests," as Gil called them—by get-

ting the old grifter to tell me his experiences. Much of what I learned during that lay-up in Trenton became my mental guide, my philosophy, used even to this day.

After about a week the idleness became irksome. I was impatient to be up and doing, anxious, I guess, to put into practice some of the things I had learned from Gil.

There came a day when a wandering circus was to open in Trenton, for a one-week stand. It was a small show, called the Shelby-Alter Wonder Show. Gil saw a poster announcing its opening for the following Monday, one morning as we were walking to a restaurant for breakfast.

"These small circuses are gold-mines, son," he told me. "I think it would pay us to tie up to this one next week."

I was all eager interest at once. "Suits me," I said. "What'll we do with them?"

"Wait and see."

THAT was all he said then. And I didn't mention the circus again, because I knew Gil had it on his mind; my asking him would only look like distrust of him, would only irritate him. So in spite of my eagerness, I kept still.

The Monday morning the circus came to town, Gil and I were sitting over coffee cups in the Alkazar, when he handed me the local paper. He pointed to an ad, and made no comment.

I looked, and found the ad to read: "Strong man wanted for Hinkle Troupe. Apply circus grounds, 9 to 11."

I mention that Gil said nothing, but really he had told me volumes. He had as much as told me it was up to me to go after that job and land it.

The Hinkle Troupe as I knew from the poster ads, were acrobats. They were five in number. The "strong man" of the outfit stood on the ground and supported the others in "pyramid" and other statue formations. He should also know how to tumble, turn somersaults, and the like.

My only qualification for this job was my natural physical strength. Since early boyhood this strength had always been prodigious. But—I knew I had to get that job, because Gil wanted me in the circus. A con-man never fails. Like the soldier who carried the news to Garcia, he cannot fall down. If he fails, he fades, knowing he will be ostracized from his set of cronies as a dud. With con-men, alibis never go.

I nodded to Gil to let him know I understood what he wanted, and left immediately for the circus grounds, on the north side of town. As I left the restaurant, I thought I detected a slight smile on the old fellow's face; I knew he was pleased by the way I had "snapped into it."

On the circus lot I asked for the Hinkle tent. There I met a man about forty, of strong build.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Hinkle," he said. "What can I do for you?" There was a smile in his eye and a straightness to his chin that made me warm to him at once. He was in tights, being engaged in tumbling practice with a girl, as I entered.

In the interview that followed I showed myself a good con-man, I invented experience with another circus; I "bulled"; I exaggerated my strength; I volunteered to go in on the tanbark and turn a few flip-

flops to show him what I could do. "You don't need to show me," he said, when I had finished talking. "You've told me enough for me to know you're on to your stuff. One of my men is leaving the end of this week. I'll need my new man to open in Paterson next Monday. Come around to-morrow for practice. You're O. K. You can practice with the troupe till Monday, then go right on. Now as to salary—"

MY heart warmed within me. I was hired. My little confidence game had worked! Here was the first time I had stepped out to con my way into a job, and I had so far made good. The talk about salary was only secondary with me. I got back to Gil and told him the good news as soon as I could make it.

"I knew you'd do it," he said, and that was all. He always was chary of praise, taking success for granted.

Then followed for me the period of work that many con-men consider the hardest part of all they have to do building up a lay—fixing to take a victim. I had secured my chance. Now it was up to me to learn enough to make good on my word, and I had only twenty-four hours to pile in the technique other men have spent years developing. Once years later I had to be thoroughly versed in botany to "take" a man who was an expert on the subject. I spent forty-two hours of close work, going through a dozen volumes; and when I met my man, there wasn't much about botany I didn't know.

And so with my acrobatic work. When the following morning came, my natural strength, plus a cool head and calm nerves, plus a kind of sixth sense that told me when to sail in, when to lay low—won for me not only the job I sought, but the praise of Hinkle. Before the morning was over, he took me to meet the "Colonel," the nick-name given the owner of most small circuses. I suppose because of the conventional wide-brimmed Stetson and flowing mustaches, plus black frock coat which most of them affected. And when I came away, I was really one of the "Hinkle Troupe of Acrobatic Whirlwinds."

Then began for me an association with circuses that continued, more or less regularly, for seventeen successive seasons; but not, as will soon be shown, in the capacity of acrobat.

The following Monday matinée I went into the ring and took my part with the act, without a hitch. I soon learned that

everybody connected with a small circus is expected to fill in at various jobs. In the early morning parades it became my part to ride a horse, dressed up in white satin, with the flowing, feather cap of a seventeenth-century courtier. And I started to learn trapeze work, with a view to understudying one of the regular artists on the flying bar.

THERE came a sharp interruption to the gaiety and glamor of the new life. One morning a letter came to my hotel, addressed in familiar handwriting. It was from Mary. Of course, I had written home to tell my family that I had given up "railroading" to join the Shelby-Alter Show. That's how Mary knew where mail could reach me. But I was in no wise prepared for what I read:

DEAR JIM:

I must see you, and now. I can't get through the situation I'm in without you. The thought of your traveling all over the country, now near home, now far away from me, is a worry to me. Oh, I'm foolish, I guess. But I want to see you, and just as soon as you can get here.

Lovingly,

MARY.

That didn't sound like Mary at all. I couldn't imagine her weakening, no matter what situation she was in. Then my mind flew to another idea, and with it came a boiling sensation. I was mad clear through.

Charlie Higgins! He was at the bottom of this hurry-call home, I was certain. In some way unknown to me he had prevailed upon Mary to get me to come back to town. No doubt he had prepared a legal trap of some kind, to cheat me of my freedom.

Then and there I made up my mind not to follow my first impulse, but to stay away from home—and if I found that Charlie was indeed back of this, that he had upset Mary and worried her, I'd settle with him in a way he'd remember for the rest of his life!

Is this a fake letter, written by Charlie Higgins, to lure Jim Kendall back to Dover, so he can fulfill his threat? There is a sequel to this letter that is startling. Even a clever con-man may get a surprise that his shrewd plans do not provide for. Read in May TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES of Jim Kendall's colorful experiences with the Shelby-Alter Circus, and later, what happened to him when he hurried back to see Mary. The May issue will be on the news-stands April 15th.

The Clue of the Leering Face

(Continued from page 27)

Of course, Kinsella had seemed interested, but it was quite likely that this was merely my fatuous imagination. You never could tell what that Assistant District Attorney was thinking. He had the faculty of masking his feelings in a way that would have been worth a fortune to a poker player.

I ENTERED the Commissioner's office with a hangdog air which, try as I might, I couldn't throw off. And I must have looked as dumb as I felt, for the Chief sat regarding me with an odd, ironi-

cal expression for a full minute before he spoke. During that pause, I felt like a tailor's dummy with enormous hands and feet which were out of all proportion to the rest of the figure. Thanks to my mother, my suit was spotless and neatly pressed, and she always saw that my shoes were shined. It was of those things, rather than the murder, that I thought while I stood, speechless and uncomfortable, before the Commissioner.

"Go over to the District Attorney's office right away. Until further notice you're to work under Kinsella!" I heard the



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(Letters from Lovers: VII)

"—and as we sat together in the dusk, I felt the subtle madness of the moon weaving a spell around us. Every breath was tremulous with the faint, poignant fragrance of Narcissus blossoms. My throat throbbled with an unquenchable yearning, as I saw you—the most mysteriously lovely woman in the world."

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Chief speak. His words sifted through my despondency, clearing it out in swift, clear strokes.

"Er, thank you, sir. I, er—" I don't know what I stammered out.

The Commissioner smiled. "Good luck!" he chuckled, as he picked up a blue-covered statement, and signified the interview was at an end.

Ugly, traffic-congested Market Street, drifted like buoyant water under my feet as I made my way to the Criminal Building where the District Attorney's office was located. It was my first "special assignment." My chance had come! I didn't dare entertain any thoughts of possible failure, though I knew darned well that I was going to be given a devilishly hard nut to crack.

I had done a lot of "rough neck" stuff, mingling, in disguise, among safe crackers and burglars, sleeping in their dives and eating in their beaneries. But I had never cared for that line of work—it was necessary, of course, but too much like being a professional stool-pigeon to suit me. At last I was to do some real detective work. Kinsella must have been impressed with my deductions, I congratulated myself complacently.

As I entered Mr. Kinsella's office, I found some difficulty in replacing a smile, which bordered on a smirk, with what I considered the earnest and dignified expression suitable for an officer entrusted with a "special assignment."

The Assistant District Attorney was replacing the receiver on the hook of his telephone as I opened the door. A cryptic smile hovered over his lips. On the desk, I noticed the early editions of the evening papers on the front pages of which were glaring head-lines announcing the atrocity of the night before.

"GOOD morning, Rayens. I want you to get hold of Bill Conners. Keep me posted daily. As soon as you find him, bring him down here. Do nothing else except hunt for him until further orders. That's all just now."

With a nod of dismissal to me, he picked up one of the papers, and as something displeasing caught his eye his brow corrugated in a heavy frown.

I knew the Assistant District Attorney well enough to realize that he would keep close on my heels, and if my daily reports did not contain exhaustive, detailed accounts of my every move, he would want to know the reason why.

As I made my way along the gloomy corridors toward the elevator, I strove to recall all the information I had ever received about the redoubtable gang chief.

Bill Conners was somewhat of a mystery to the police. He was evidently well educated, while his parents were very poor, but thoroughly honest folks. Just where and how he had gotten his education, and when he first took to wrong-doing, nobody around Headquarters has ever found out.

Leaving the Criminal Building, I made a bee-line for the home of old Mr. and Mrs. Conners. They lived in a double-decker flat on River Avenue between Hickory and Sidney Streets.

His father, an honest bricklayer, came to the door when I rang the bell. He opened it about a couple of feet, but he kept his body in the opening. Over his

shoulder peered the anxious face of his wife.

"I want to see Bill," I said without preamble.

"Sure, an' Bill's not here at all," Conners answered positively. "He's over at the Oscawana."

"Now, Conners, what's the use of your putting up that bluff?" I spoke sharply, though I felt that the old man was unaware of the tragedy. "Bill's place has been shot up and he's cleared out. I don't believe your son had anything to do with the shooting. All the time I've known him, I've never known him to carry a gun. But the District Attorney wants to see him and explain who did the shooting."

Conners stood staring blankly at me. As he did not speak, his wife broke into the conversation: "An' he'll never do that," she spoke proudly. "He'll not want to tell on the others and he'll just know you want him to cough up what he knows."

Mrs. Conners was a law-abiding, God-fearing woman, and it was odd to hear her speak so proudly of her notorious son. She was not boasting when she asserted he would not give his underworld companions away. I knew that she was merely stating a known fact. However, my job was to find Bill and pick him up. To question him was Mr. Kinsella's problem.

BILL was well supplied with funds and friends. He had plenty of places to hide in and plenty of money to escape with. My one hope in capturing him lay in locating his wife, a delicate, consumptive young woman whom he adored.

Working eighteen hours a day, I made a tiresome, exhaustive hunt from house to house. Conners took none of his associates into his confidence in regard to his home life. I figured that I would find Mrs. Conners living in some perfectly respectable neighborhood, and that, consequently the people who lived there would not be suspicious when a stranger made inquiries.

In this I was right. On the third day, I found her in an apartment on upper Grant Avenue. She was in bed, very ill, with nurses in constant attendance.

I did not disturb her, but waited until Bill would come along, as come along I knew he would. Just as dusk was falling, I saw a slim young man of average height, his face very pale and worn with anxiety, step from a taxicab and quickly hand some money to the chauffeur. Without turning his head, his dark, black-ringed eyes flashed up and down the street.

"Sorry, Bill, but you'll have to come down to the District Attorney's office. Mr. Kinsella wants to ask you a few questions," I told him after he had opened the door and found me in the vestibule. I had been watching him through the lace curtain which covered glass panels in the door.

For an instant he hesitated. "Of course, I know what you want me for," he said, at last, wearily, "but I swear to you I don't know who started the fight. My wife's at death's door. I—I can't leave her. They telephoned—"

The words grated through clenched teeth. Bill, I knew, wasn't stalling. He wasn't playing for sympathy. The pallor of death testified to the mental pain he was suffering.

"You'll have to leave her for a few hours
(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 84)

anyway; you know it." I spoke gruffly, though I couldn't help feeling sorry for the man. "I'll go up with you so you can pay her a little visit, but you'll have to come on down-town immediately afterwards."

It wasn't a pleasant task being present at that visit. I would rather have entered one of the toughest dives with my badge plastered with phosphorus, and arrested a desperado single-handed, than have gone into that dainty little bedroom and faced the sweet-faced little woman lying back wanly on a pile of fluffy white pillows.

BUT there was nothing else for me to do. I kept my mind on Kinsella's orders and shut my ears to the sick wife's pleading voice, begging her Bill not to leave her again.

All the way down-town, her voice kept echoing in my ears. Neither of us spoke. Bill sat with his face turned to the window, his elbow on the arm rest, his chin cupped in his hand. Would he squeal? I wondered. If he "came across" he could return to his dying wife immediately. If not—

His face was set in a mask when, on arriving at our destination, we left the cab.

Once, in the District Attorney's office, for a second I thought he was about to break down when he asked permission to call up his home. I explained circumstances to Mr. Kinsella, and he handed over the phone. The conversation was very brief, but it left him even more haggard than before.

"The quicker you tell us all you know, the quicker you'll get out of here, Conners," the Assistant D. A. reminded him. "Give us your version, anyway."

"I was standing at the curb with my dog on a leash when a hansom cab drove up," he said, after moistening his dry lips. "Two men stepped out of it. One paid the driver, and then, seeing me, he came up and addressed me.

"'Hello, Bill,' he said. 'How are you? I want you to meet my friend So-and-so.'

"Honestly, I don't remember the name," he continued, anticipating Mr. Kinsella's question. "I was very much worried over my wife's health. I didn't notice what the man who addressed me said, and I swear to you that I don't know who the man was. Lots of absolute strangers who came to the Oscawana called me by my first name—thought it smart, I suppose.

"I went in and saw the two men go up to the bar and order drinks. Very shortly afterwards, I went into our dance hall. The bartender came to me and said that a party had arrived and wanted champagne. We had none in the place. I told him to send Gudell, who owned the bootblack stand, to get it.

"Everything seemed quiet. Then suddenly a fight started up. Before I could get into the barroom, somebody had smashed the lights out. The battle was carried into the dance hall and everybody there cleared out.

"The whole thing was over in less than a minute, as those things always are. I knew the police would be along, so I cleared out. That's all. It wasn't until the early evening editions came out with the news that I knew that stranger had

been killed. I recognized him from the description."

"What did the fellow who introduced the murdered man look like?" Kinsella asked.

"He reminded me vaguely of Terry McGovern. He was flashily dressed. That's all I can say."

Mr. Kinsella allowed Conners to go, even though he realized that he knew much more than he told. No matter how worried he was, his training as a gang leader would have enabled him to note the presence of enemies. And there were many enemies of his there that night, as developments proved.

"Your next job is to hunt for a man who looks like Terry McGovern," was Kinsella's curt order. Naturally, he had been disappointed in his examination of Conners, but I knew that had the man not been in such a distressed state of mind over his wife's condition, we would have obtained absolutely nothing. In the "man who looks like Terry McGovern" he had at least flung us a sop which was some sort of a definite clue to work on.

Hunting for a man, with only this meager description to go by, among men and women who were habitually suspicious of all inquiries, was a rather hopeless task. Also, since this person was not an underworld character, we could expect no assistance from "stoos."

I posed as a friend of the man I sought and, disguised as a down-and-outer, I circulated throughout the rookeries which clutter up the congested East Side. I explained that the real name of my friend was Harry Sandler, but that I believed he was just then living under an alias. With me I carried a soiled snap-shot of McGovern which I exhibited when necessary.

At a soft-drink stand on the corner of one of the streets which cut through Claremont Street, I obtained my first lead. The old woman who ran it looked me over closely before giving me her information. I was dressed in a cheap ill-fitting suit which closely resembled those handed out by Sing Sing to departing guests. Evidently her scrutiny was more favorable than flattering, for there was a decidedly sympathetic expression on her face as she said:

"I haven't seen him 'round for quite a spell, but a while back, I saw Hetty Gordon chasin' round with a bloke like your friend."

Hetty Gordon, or Handsome Hetty as she was monickered, was well known to the police. She had quite some local fame as a heart-breaker, a good money-maker from obscure sources, and a "lady" over whom more than one fight had been waged.

These duels were strictly inter-gang affairs; alien admirers were regarded as necessary evils and were outside the pale of possible jealousy. In suggesting that the mysterious stranger had been murdered because of some gunman's moll, I believed that Murphy was wrong.

Just where Hetty secluded herself during the daytime when she was not engaged in shoplifting—at which nefarious art she was one of the most skillful—I did not know. However, with the fall of night, she had been accustomed to mingling with the merrymakers at the Oscawana. Since that resort was closed, I figured that she had probably transferred her patronage to Lew

Terrell's saloon and dance hall, a much be-gilded place of pleasure on Dacer Street.

I thanked the old woman and lounged off in the direction of the nearest subway.

On arriving home, I changed into my regular "civvies" and then called up the District Attorney's office to find out who had performed the autopsy on the body found in the Oscawana. There was nothing further I could do on the detail Mr. Kinsella had handed me until night, and I was curious to find out if the Medical Examiner corroborated my theory about the manner of the victim's death.

I learned that Doctor Joe Flavelle was the man.

He was on the point of leaving his house on a homicide call when I arrived. Briefly, I put my theories before him. A humorous grin flashed beneath his small dark mustache and his beady black eyes twinkled.

"You think because the dead man had a smirk on his face when he was shot that he died without knowing what struck him?" he queried. I nodded. "Well, Eddie, you've seen quite a number of dead people. Has it ever struck you how peaceful and happy most of them look, even when they have died in the greatest agony?"

"Yes, that's so, but I never saw one with a silly smirk before," I stuttered. The blasé saw-bones' sarcastic voice got under my skin.

"Don't get huffy, old man," he chuckled. "As a matter of honest truth, you know as much as any of us medicos do as to why dead people look pleasant. Maybe it's because they are glad to leave this wicked world, and be rid once and for all with its troubles. However, doctors do know that a smile is quite often a sign of pain just as contorted features are. When a baby smiles in his sleep, the physician recognizes the smile as a sign that the infant is suffering that acute spasmodic pain in its tummy which is called colic."

"THEN you believe that he man may have been accidentally shot?" I asked gruffly, refusing to smile at his facetiousness. It was a serious matter with me. If the man had been murdered, after we found someone to identify him, it would probably be an easy enough matter to find the motive—and from that, the murderer. If he were accidentally shot in a mêlée, there was every likelihood of the case remaining an unsolved mystery.

"Oh, I believe he was murdered without question," he said more gravely. "He was shot through the heart deliberately and the bullet was fired by a .38-caliber pistol which must have been held very close to the body—so close that there were powder marks on the shirt, as you noticed. But, really, my dear fellow, the subject of just what causes instantaneous rigidity of the muscles in certain cases of death has been endlessly debated and never definitely decided upon."

Upon leaving Doctor Flavelle, I called up the Assistant District Attorney and told him that I believed I should have something interesting to report later on in the night. Until I had interviewed Hetty, there was no use in mentioning the fact that I had fallen on another lead which might prove—like many others—a will-o'-the-wisp.



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At nine o'clock I sauntered into Lew Terrell's and found Hetty seated at one of the small tables at the farther end of the room. In the glow of the pink-shaded candles, her peaches-and-cream complexion and blonde curls gave the girl a fictitious appearance of youth and innocence. In years, Hetty was only seventeen, but in sin she was as old as the ages. When she caught sight of me, her large blue eyes lost their baby stare and hardened, her rouged lips, which had been smiling coquettishly at a natty-appearing young sailor, lapsed into a sullen pout.

Otherwise, she scorned to notice my presence when I approached her table, until I bluntly requested a word with her in private. The youth took the hint and departed after first favoring me with a black look of suspicion.

"Say, listen here, youse," she snapped angrily as soon as we were alone, "what d'youse mean comin' here an' askin' fer a word with me in private? Everybody here knows youse is a bull, and I'll be losin' me reputation!"

"Oh, cut that out, Hetty," I laughed. "Be yourself. I want you to tell me the name of that man you were going around with that looks like Terry McGovern," then seeing a blank look on her face, I showed her the snap-shot.

"Geib, you mean?" she spoke before she thought. Then she bit her lower lip in chagrin as she realized that she had made a slip. "I don't know who youse mean," she amended surlily.

"Oh, yes, you do," I insisted sternly. "And you know the man he chummed with, too. The—man—who—was—found—murdered—in the—Oscawana." While I said this, I held her eyes with mine. They contracted sharply for a flash of a split second, and then became black and lowering.

"I give youse my woid, if youse was to arst me to swear on me dead mother's grave, I don't know a t'ing 'bout dat trick. An' I don't know that bloke, either." Hetty protested with many expletives, and pointed to the picture which I had laid on the table.

"Well, I want you to come to the morgue and identify the dead man," I told her, rising to my feet. "Either that or you come straight to the District Attorney's office with me. Mr. Kinsella's waiting for us. If you can't tell us anything, maybe the men of the Loft Squad would be interested in learning where the sable pelts came from that I see so democratically hobnobbing with 'Grand Street Cat' in your doggy coat."

A visit to the morgue meant nothing in Hetty's hectic life, while, as I suggested, a visit to the D. A.'s office was full of unpleasant probabilities. She reluctantly chose the best of the two evils and agreed to meet me at the house of the unknown dead at 11 o'clock.

I made the appointment for 11 o'clock for two reasons. One was I wished to have a talk with two men belonging to the Ninety-eighth Precinct who had posed as sailors and hung around the Oscawana for about a month before the murder. Second, I wanted to give the Assistant District Attorney as much information about the woman as I could, and obtain instruction for her disposal.

I was, of course, not the only man working on the case. During the time I had been engaged in looking up Bill Conners and trying to get a line on Terry McGovern's double, the Detective Bureau at Headquarters had thrown a net over the underworld and dragged in scores of gunmen. These had been strenuously cross-questioned about the identity of the dead man, only to respond with stoical silence. Some admitted having seen him at one time or another, but none professed to have the faintest knowledge of who he was.

AT the station-house, I was fortunate in finding the two detectives I sought. They knew Handsome Hetty very well, but told me that she had been ordered by Bill Conners to keep away from the Oscawana because she had been the cause of a disturbance there on one occasion.

"Were you there at the time?" I asked the man.

"No, it was on my night off," he said, "but I heard about it. She was dancing with a sap named Gleason and Joe Werner called out some fresh remark. The sap didn't resent the remark, but 'Pug' McManus got mad and arranged to meet Joe outside later on. Gleason was invited to go 'long. Next morning McManus was found dead. They're still working on that."

And that was all I got there. As I was leaving, Captain Griffin entered.

"Listen, Eddie," he said, and a wry smile wreathed his lips, "you better make good, for I've heard a whisper that you're to be transferred to the backwoods for the good of the service. Tough luck!"

It was worse than that. I was at that time planning to get married, and a transfer would certainly mean postponement, for transference means also demotion in rank and consequent reduction of salary.

So far, the Oscawana murder looked like one of those crimes which defy solution.

I called up Mr. Kinsella and found him still busy at work down-town. I didn't even know whether he had other men besides myself working on the case. I was simply plunging along in the dark, but I told him what I knew of Handsome Hetty's connection with the affair, slight as it seemed.

"Bring 'her down to see me after she has viewed the body," he told me briefly. My news didn't seem to interest him much—at least his voice sounded that way to me.

Fagged out, discouraged and my nerves on edge, I went to my rendezvous with Handsome Hetty. We had arranged to meet in the back room of a saloon across the street from the morgue. The girl would be on her guard, of course, and would be shy on identifying the murdered man.

That she had changed her "sable" coat for a simple, but smart, light velvet wrap, was significant. Hetty came prepared for trouble and did not want to risk appearing before the District Attorney or police officials wearing pelts which might lead to embarrassing questions. Her cunning, in this instance, acted like a boomerang. It convinced me that she knew the unknown and expected to walk into some sort of a trap.

The morgue was an ugly sight that night—more gruesome even than usual.

An epidemic was raging in the city and a load of unfortunates had just arrived. When we entered, the custodian was grumbling because he had no place to accommodate them all.

NOT a bit disturbed, Hetty held her wrap closely about here and stepped daintily in the wake of our guide.

I watched her face closely as the oven-like aperture was opened, and the slab on which the mysterious stranger lay was pulled out for our inspection. She was unable to control her features, struggle as she might.

I knew that Hetty recognized the corpse. Her hands opened and closed convulsively—a sign that she was bracing herself against some sort of betrayal, and her jaw dropped.

"I—never—seen—that stiff before," said Hetty slowly.

"You're lying, Hetty. You not only know who he is, but you know who his murderer is!" That was a long shot, but it found the target. Hetty was not an artist in applying make-up; when every vestige of natural color left her face, two splotches of rouge remained harshly outlined on a surface of dead white. "In shielding him you are obstructing justice and will be sent up for a long term as an accessory after the crime. Geib will tell—"

"But you ain't found Geib!" she asserted with almost a snarl. While she spoke I glanced, as if involuntarily, over her shoulder, simulated annoyance and slightly shook my head. Just a bit of play-acting; there was nothing but dead bodies behind Hetty.

However, she fell into the trap and looked hastily in the direction of my glance. Seeing nothing, she looked at me suspiciously. This by-play had taken only a few seconds. When she answered, all bravado had disappeared. I could see that she thought Geib was on the premises.

"I'm asking questions, not answering them," I snapped. "Are you going to come across?"

"It's Gleason," she whispered. "But honest, Sergeant, I don't know a t'ing 'bout who bumped him off. If Geib says I do, he's a liar! Gleason was just a soft guy; he warn't no fighter. Just blew in once in a while. He was a fall guy wit' his dough and he paid for peace."

That was all I wanted; in fact, I had gotten more than I expected. Gleason, the cause of her exclusion, was the victim. There we had a motive. I took her down-town as prearranged. Mr. Kinsella was waiting for us. Before he started his examination, I linked up the Oscawana scrap over Hetty and the murder, for his consideration in directing the questions.

IT was midnight when we reached the Criminal Building. For three hours the Assistant District Attorney and myself put Hetty through a rigid examination. During that time she lied, exaggerated, boasted, tripped herself up and was trapped, time and again. The complete statement as taken down by a stenographer resembled a picture puzzle with as many odd pieces as there were serviceable parts.

What we learned was, briefly, as follows: Geib was an ironworker who had some affiliations in the East Side—just what they were she didn't know. Lew

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Terrell's dance hall was his regular hang-out. He and Gleason worked in foundries somewhere across the state line. They didn't have any friends at Lew Terrell's—nobody had paid any attention to them.

On the night of the murder the two men met Hetty and another girl, dined them and took them to a theater. They wanted to go on to the Oscawana, but since Hetty was not allowed to enter there, the two girls were told to go to Lew Terrell's and their escorts promised to pick them up later.

Hetty admitted that "Dude" Wilson, who at that time was the Beau Brummel of the underworld, was her sweetheart, but she strenuously denied that he had anything to do with the shooting.

"Dude knows that a lady must live," was the way she put it, according to the record. "Gleason was an easy mark. That's all he was, the poor stiff. And he treated me always as a poifet lady—no rough stuff. But as fer Dude bein' jealous—course, the boys is always ready for a scrap among themselves over their lady frens. But they haven't nottin' to do wit' them oder guys. "Besides," Hetty continued, as we watched her dubiously, "Dude ain't here just now. He's in Baltimore."

Hetty was taken away and locked up in the House of Detention as a material witness. If Dude were in Baltimore, he had had a serious reason for going there. An habitué of one city's underworld is as much at home in another town as a fish out of water.

With the information on hand, I had little difficulty in locating Geib; there was a lot of leg work but little of interest in the search. The problem was how to get him. We couldn't arrest him where we found him—that was out of our jurisdiction—and we had nothing on him to warrant extradition.

FORTUNATELY, Geib for the time being was out of touch with the denizens of the East Side, for Hetty's disappearance was the talk of the underworld. Suspicion there was, of course, that she had been picked up, for my conversation with her had not gone by unnoticed.

I took a chance, however, and sent a decoy letter to the susceptible ironworker, signing Handsome Hetty's name to it. My case depended on him. In naming Lew Terrell's as the rendezvous, I realized that I was treading on dangerous ground, but had I mentioned any other place, Geib might have become alarmed. I was desperately afraid that he would be intercepted as it was.

When it came time for the appointment, I hung around the entrance. Everything seemed to be sitting pretty when I saw the hulking figure of the ironworker swinging up the sidewalk.

Then, out of a clear sky, trouble came. I was standing with my back to the wall—a precaution always taken by detectives in dangerous localities—keeping a keen lookout for danger. But, even when a man is cross-eyed, he can't look in two directions at once. Just as I was congratulating myself that no one had penetrated my disguise, and was preparing to meet Geib, a man bumped into me from the left. It was a deliberate action, an invitation to fight—but I refused to be distracted.

However, I couldn't afford to disregard

him. I pretended to lunge at him. At this, a plain-clothes man whom I had planted on the opposite side of the street, rushed over and placed my antagonist under arrest. I recognized the prisoner as "Dagger" Danny, a game little gangster who had literally slashed his way to fame.

Geib's overwhelming curiosity led him to throw caution to the winds. He walked right into my arms when he came up rushing to see the fight.

"Mr. Geib, the District Attorney wants to see you at his office right away," I told him, flashing my shield. "Come quietly or there's liable to be trouble, and you may be the one to get shot this time."

He had no underworld connections and his code was that of the average citizen, "Self-preservation first!" He had, also, the average citizen's horror of the "third degree." While he hesitated, I explained: "I sent you the decoy letter, but the thugs 'round here don't know that. They probably imagine you met me here voluntarily by appointment—and you know they shoot first and investigate later on."

Had he had his wits about him, he would have known that the gangsters would never in the world have suspected him of making a rendezvous with a cop at Lew Terrell's, but he was naturally flustered, and went along quietly, if sullenly.

ONCE, in Mr. Kinsella's office, he spoke frankly and without any effort to shield anyone.

"After we left the two skirts," he said, "Gleason and me went on to the Oscawana. We went in through the dance hall, back into the barroom that's behind it. We ordered drinks. Pretty soon Harry Walsh came in with several of his gang, Dude Wilson, Dagger Danny and Johnny Richards. I knew them by sight and pointed them out to Jack.

"The Walsh bunch ordered champagne. There wasn't any in the house, and somebody went to tell Bill Conners. He came in, gave some money to the man at the bootblack stand and told him where to go for it. Dude came over near us. He had a glass of beer in his hand and spilt some of it over Gleason's coat. Dude was sore because Gleason was the cause of Hetty's being kept out of the Oscawana, where she used to make good money dancing with the men who came in and so on."

"Then what happened?" Mr. Kinsella asked.

"Well, Gleason was never looking for a fight, so he got up and went into the washroom to wipe off the beer. Harry Walsh's bunch were talking with their heads together.

"When Bill Conners goes back to the dance hall, one of Harry's boys says out loud: 'Who can fight here?' or something like that. They dashed towards the washroom. I got behind the bootblack stand. I saw Dude aim his gat at Bill Conners, who had re-entered the place when the shout went up. Just at that moment, Gleason came out of the washroom. He was rather stewed, and was grinning foolishly—trying to look pleasant, like's if he hadn't seen the invitation to a fight when the beer was spilled on him.

"I honest don't know if Dude meant to shoot Gleason when the fight started, or if he just got rarin' mad when he seen him grinnin' like that. Anyway, the shot caught

Gleason fairly amidsthips. He crumpled up on the floor. The lights were shot out and we all cleared out."

"Didn't you investigate to find out if your friend was still alive?" Mr. Kinsella asked him.

"Naw, I got out with the rest," he replied with a callous sneer. "I didn't want to get mixed up in any trouble. And Gleason wasn't any particular friend of mine. Used to loan me money sometimes, otherwise I wouldn't have bothered with the sap. He never told me where he lived and I wasn't inquisitive."

Dagger Danny was already in custody in a peculiarly fortunate way. Almost, it looked, as if he had invited arrest when he saw Geib walking right up to me, whom he must have recognized.

Was Dagger Danny angry at his pal's desertion? Certainly a police station was the last place on earth for a friend of Dude Wilson's to be on that particular night. Anyway, he "came across" without much urging.

INSPECTOR FENTON from Police Headquarters went quietly down to Baltimore, secured extradition papers and brought back Dude Wilson before the least inkling leaked along the underworld grapevine which so often succeeds in handcuffing the arms of the law.

Though he engaged one of the greatest criminal lawyers in America for his defense, Dude was sentenced to from ten to twenty years in Sing Sing when he was found guilty of murder in the second degree. Little Dagger Danny died of pneumonia before the case came to trial, and Johnny Richards was killed in a street fight the day after the word was broadcast that Dude had been arrested.

One afternoon a year after Dude Wilson had been sent up the River, Handsome Hetty called to see me.

I had been transferred, as Captain Griffin had prophesied, but instead of being sent to the "sticks" I was promoted to first-grade detective and made a member of the District Attorney's staff.

"Well, Hetty," I greeted her, "this is a surprise. How comes it?" Some extraordinary reason must have brought her to the D. A.'s office—regarded by girls in her class as more dangerous than a nest of rattlesnakes.

"Well, say, Mr. Rayens, the year's up, ain't it?" She was decidedly flustered. "You don't need to keep Gleason's things any longer?"

Hetty referred to the law which orders that all evidence belonging to any murder case be retained intact for one year after the conviction of the criminal, in case he might decide to appeal.

"What in the world—" I began, when she interrupted:

"Well, say, can't I have his boots as a keepsake?"

"Why, Hetty," I said. "I thought there was nothing between you and Gleason. I thought you said he was just a fall guy—an easy mark."

"Yah," answered Hetty softly, "he was. He warn't much on nerve. He warn't great shakes as a bruiser. But he was a quiet, nice, generous gent. Besides," she added, "they can't try Dude over again for the same offense."

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Hetty sorely lacked a public school education, but she had a wonderful working knowledge of criminal law.

"And when Dude comes out?" I teased. "God knows where we'll be then," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Eight to twenty years—might as well have given 'im life!"

Again Hetty spoke truly, for in the under-

world, eight to twenty years is an eternity.

Hetty got the boots. There were no other claimants for them. And Hetty was in eternity long before the eight years were up.

"Heart failure," read the death certificate.

But behind the "heart failure" lay another story which will never be told.

Midnight Madness

(Continued from page 57)

don't let them arrest him. You can find the guilty—"

I patted her hand. "As I see matters, judging by what Mr. Kennedy has told us, there are things which Archer must explain. We cannot interfere just now."

"THEN you won't help me?" Her words came in a great sob. "Oh, if there were only someone I could turn to!"

"Dot," I took her in my arms and tilted her chin until I looked full into her eyes, "I am going to help you. If Archer is innocent, I will do my best to prove it. So will the others."

"Oh, I know you'll do it. You have done it for so many others."

"Very well. That's settled and you can count on me. But you must do as I say—absolutely."

"I will, I will."

"Fine. Now go to bed. Get what rest you can. Maybe I will have good news for to-morrow."

"But you won't let them arrest Archer?"

"I must. No matter what your feelings for him are, he is stubborn. We've got to get the truth from him. Arresting him may be the quickest way. This is a case of murder. We can't afford to lose time. However, if you don't see it my way, I shall step aside, completely."

For a full minute she stood, silent and uncertain, her eyes searching my face. Then she reached out a little hand and took mine. Turning, she shook hands with Kennedy, kissed her father affectionately, then left the room, closing the door after her.

"I'm sorry Dot heard," said the Sheriff, "but I've just got to arrest Coleman. He's been doing things I didn't dare tell in front of her. He's in deep, I'm afraid—"

The whir of the telephone bell in an adjoining room interrupted. Patston hastened to answer, while Moseley and Caruthers, who had come to the house to make up the bridge foursome, muttered good nights and left. The instant we were alone, Kennedy came close, his voice trembling with excitement as he whispered hoarsely: "Get this, Neil. I don't want to spill it before the Judge. Archer's been mixed up with some pretty wild women. I happen to know he brought one out here one night and took her for an air ride. I rather 'spicion he's needed more money to keep in with them than he could make at cards, and—"

"The call is for you, Sheriff," said Patston, returning. "One of your men. Says it's important."

"This is an awful mess, Neil, for all of us," he continued as Kennedy hastened to the telephone. "I'm a government official and perhaps I shouldn't criticize. But—well, it seems to me the government has

no business transporting large sums of money in practically unguarded trucks."

"RIGHT. And I am going to find fault, though I have worked for the government and still do, occasionally. There are times when some persons at Washington display a woeful lack of understanding of crime conditions. It took a big robbery, right in the streets of lower New York City, before any worth-while precautions were made to protect the transportation of mail there. It required several robberies right on the platforms where valuable mail was being transferred to and from trucks before the platform men were armed."

"Recently the yeggs have turned to robbing the practically unguarded mail trucks in the suburban districts. It has become their favorite sport. Some day, after more killings of guards and a few robberies so outrageous that they will bring an avalanche of public criticism, the government will begin to make the preparations which should have been completed before a single sack of valuable mail was carried. And when the move is made, conditions probably will make it necessary to call out men from the Army or the Marines, as guards, until the necessary armored trucks can be built."

"I fear you're right, Neil."

"I know I am. The situation has been an open invitation to the crooks."

Kennedy returned to the room, his expression indicating he brought news. "The boys have turned up the car the killers came up in. It's a big limousine with a New York license. It was found turned over in a ditch at Hairpin Curve, proving, as I guessed, they didn't know the road and went off in the dark at that dangerous point. How they escaped without being seriously hurt is a marvel, for the machine was badly twisted and the glass smashed. They forced open a door and climbed out. That's why they were late—why they killed Frank to get his car."

"I hope the boys have been careful not to disturb things," I interposed.

"You bet they have. I warned them all to go slow in the dark so as not to spoil possible finger-prints or footprints. One of my men got into the car, though, and found some new rope and two sawed-off shotguns which the crooks left behind in their hurry."

"I'll postpone looking over that and Carney's car until daylight. They may tell us a lot of things. But it's nearly one o'clock now, and I'm going over to the station with you in your automobile and hear what Archer says when arrested—if he's on that train."

"Good!"

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"ONE thing before we start, Gus. Even if the crooks were in this big car when it was ditched, I can't believe they came up from New York in it. Undoubtedly it was a stolen machine. As such, the police would have been on the lookout for it. It was too conspicuous. They wouldn't have taken the chance of driving it past the city traffic cops, particularly as I feel certain, because of their ruthlessness, that they were old-timers and known to the authorities. My guess is they came up part way by train, bringing some stolen license plates with them. Somewhere along the road they stole the car, the first they found unguarded. Get your headquarters on the phone and tell your men to try to learn if a car answering the description of the one found was stolen, not many miles from here, last night. I have a particular object in wanting to know."

When the train from New York drew to a stop at the station, Kennedy's men were scattered along the platform. But I kept a bit in the shadows at the point where the smoker would stop and where I had advised the Sheriff to take up his position. Archer was among the first to alight. He jumped from the steps almost into Kennedy's arms.

"Hello, Gus," he said, as the other placed a hand upon his shoulder. "What you doing out this late?"

"I want you to come along with me, Archer."

"What the devil for?" His manner indicated he had been drinking, but he was not intoxicated. I didn't wait to hear more, but stepped close to the conductor. "Can you tell me," I said, "the exact place where that youth got on your train?"

"Surely. He was on when we started—at the Grand Central Terminal. I punched his ticket."

"Thanks." I hurried away before he could begin questioning me. Kennedy was leading his prisoner away, surrounded by his deputies. The youth's voice was raised in anger, and more than once he swore and tried to wrench himself free. I purposely remained out of sight. But one thing kept turning over in my mind as I followed. Archer probably had been in New York all evening. It wasn't possible for him to have been with the robbers and gotten back to the big town in time to catch this train. There still remained the possibility, though, that he was a confederate of the killers—had supplied the tip and helped plan the hold-up.

WHEN we reached the jail I remained in an ante-room while the Sheriff and his men pushed Archer into the inner office and began questioning him. I listened at the partly closed door during the five minutes in which the youth refused stubbornly to make a statement.

Then Kennedy came out, his face crimson, his hands clenched. "Want to take a crack at him, Neil?"

"In a minute. Did he have a gun?"

"No. Not even a penknife. We took what he had—about \$80 and a lot of junk. But he's cute—not a letter or anything with writing on it."

"All right. Go back, outline what's happened and put him under arrest. Just tell him you have evidence which indicates he was connected with the crime. I'll keep out of sight until he's had a chance to think. Then he may talk."

Overnight I Stopped Being The "Under Dog"

and became an acknowledged leader this amazing way!

By JAMES PERKINS

THE great moment had come. My voice trembled as I made application for the job I had waited five years for.

"Perkins," replied the General Manager when I had finished talking, "this position requires a man with a lot of punch—a lot of pep—a lot of personality. We like you. You're a hard worker. But to be perfectly frank, I don't think you're the man for the job."

Sudden anger swept over me. "All right then," I shouted, "I quit! I'm through!" I stumbled out of the manager's office—jammed my hat on my head—and a few minutes later I was walking the streets—alone—unhappy—out of a job.

I Get a Jolt

I decided to call on Charlie Harris, an old friend of mine and an experienced business man. "Don't you think they treated me badly?" I asked when I had finished telling Charlie my story.

"Not a bit!" Charlie shot at me. "You got just what was coming to you. I wouldn't have given you the job either. That job requires a man with a dominant personality—a man who is always sure of himself."

Charlie paused to glare at me. I was too surprised to speak.

"I've known you ever since you were a foot high," Charlie stormed. "You never seem sure of yourself. You lack confidence. You are afraid of others. You used to be afraid of the big boys in the street. Now you're afraid of your boss—of the men you work with. You are timid—self-conscious. You have brains. You have ability. And yet you act as if you were nothing but an 'Under Dog.' No wonder you don't get ahead!"

I was stunned. "What can I do?" I asked hopelessly.

Charlie studied me for a full minute. "Would you be willing to invest a dollar or two in your future?" he finally asked.

"I'll invest anything I've got," I replied.

I Learn the Secret

Charlie scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to me. "That's the name of a wonderful volume," he said. "I advise you to send for it. It will give you just what you need—confidence—poise—and a Magnetic Personality."

That night I sent for the book—"Instantaneous Personal Magnetism." It came by return mail. What a revelation that book was! It showed me exactly what I lacked—exactly why I had failed—exactly how to develop wonderful self-confidence!

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"All right then," I shouted. "I quit! I'm through!"

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This recipe is worth keeping.

It was a full half hour later before I went in to see Archer. The guard left as I entered and the lad; seated in a chair tilted against the wall, looked up. But the sullen expression did not leave his face.

"What are you doing here?" he blurted.

"I'm stopping over at Judge Patston's house, taking a little rest. Heard you were in trouble and came over to see if I could help you."

"No, I don't want your help or anybody else's. Everyone in this town is against me. But they couldn't drive me out any other way, so they've charged me with murder." He paused, then stood up, his change of expression indicating a new thought. "I think I'm beginning to get this. It's a frame-up by Patston, to mix me in some dirty killing. Well, it won't work, damn him. And as for you—well, you'll get fat trying to pump me and carry tales to the coppers outside."

Knowing the boy as I did, I kept my temper. I pitied him and regretted the haphazard rearing responsible for developing all his worst traits. But I tried to reason with him, persuade him that the Judge and I were his friends, anxious to help him if he would be absolutely candid and give the authorities the information they sought.

However, he refused to yield, speaking not at all, occasionally sneering at something I said. Finally I decided it was best to leave him alone for a considerable time before making a second attempt to question him. But there was something I must learn before leaving, even if by doing so I wiped out any vestige of confidence he still retained in me. I had noted that his hands were grimy, indicating he hadn't washed them for hours. Suddenly I reached down, grasped them as if I were going to shake hands, then drew each in turn quickly to my nose. I was smelling to detect any gun-powder odor. There was none.

"WHAT the devil are you trying to do? Say—get out of here, you damned sneak—" He drew back as if to strike me, but held his blow. Years before I had given him his first lessons in boxing. He knew what would happen if we clashed physically. On the flash I determined to alter my tactics—give him a bit of mild third degree.

"Listen to me, Archer, and then congratulate yourself that I am taking an interest in such a worthless idiot as you have become. I'll tell you what the police have against you. When I'm gone, think it over. Try and figure out how you're going to beat the case by being a stubborn fool. You are one of the few who knew about the Cartier company's cash being sent to New Jersey each Friday night. You knew all about the arrangements at the flying field and that Maloney drives alone. You also knew of the change in time for the transfer of the money, for the first time to-night—that \$65,000 in cash was to be carried in Pete's truck."

I was watching him while I spoke. Watching his cheeks which slowly turned to a pasty yellow. Noted him moistening his dry lips. Saw him when he pushed his twitching hands into his pockets.

"Now get this." My voice was not raised, but I kept my tone hard. "For months you've been playing around with a bunch of New York's bad element—some

of them crooks. You've been drinking and gambling and—well, you know. I mean the women. You, the son of DeLos Coleman, making intimates of these harpies—"

"It's a lie!" he snarled, his anger almost choking him.

"No, it's the truth, Archer. You, so long the sweetheart of Dot, bringing one of these women out here to your home town—taking her to fly in your plane—"

He swayed, swallowed hard several times, then: "Good God, Neil—how did you learn? What else do you know?"

"A lot. Now think over what I've said. I'll be back some time in the morning. Maybe by that time you'll be willing to come clean."

As I left the room, the guard stepped inside and closed the door. "You heard?" I asked Kennedy. "Good! I think I've got him started. Take him to a cell and lock him up. Don't talk to him at all—unless he volunteers something. I'm going to the Judge's for an hour's nap. Pick me up before daylight and we'll go out and look over the cars. But do something else at once. Get in touch with the county physician and have him perform an autopsy upon Carney. I want to get possession of the bullet which killed him."

THE first hint of dawn, a long streak like dull silver, was just beginning to show along the eastern sky-line when I tumbled into the car beside Kennedy. My sleep had been brief. For I had found the Judge waiting my return. And he would not retire until I had told him of Archer's arrest and my meeting with him. Most of our conversation I withheld. But I informed him I had learned something in the lad's favor and asked him to repeat my statement to Dot.

My breakfast had consisted of a cup of black coffee. But the snap of the fresh country air and a cigar put new life into me, and I was keyed for action when we reached Carney's wrecked car. I could make nothing of the footprints about the car. Too many persons had been to the place, drawn by curiosity, before the Sheriff's men had received his orders that any telltale tracks should not be obliterated.

Stepping upon the running-board, magnifying-glass in hand, I began my search for possible clues. The seat beside the driver's was still sticky with blood and the floor showed many dark stains. No doubt the man shot by Curtin had occupied that place. And he had been badly wounded. Moving around to the opposite side, I was surprised to find bloodstains upon the wheel—all on the right side. The driver also had been injured. But the flow had been trifling. I studied the stains through my glass. They were slightly wider than a man's finger and too blurred to show prints. My deduction was that the driver had worn gloves, that he had not been shot, but that his right hand had been cut, probably by flying glass while he was driving the car which had been ditched.

Next I looked over the space between the front and rear seats. There were several parcels, a much-worn valise and two grips, practically new.

"Those probably belonged to poor Frank," volunteered one of the men who had been on guard. "We haven't touched any of them. Sheriff's orders."

I picked up the grips first and examined

them. As I had suspected, they were empty. No doubt the thieves had brought them to carry away their expected plunder. I placed them in the Sheriff's car, telling him I wanted to look them over at my leisure. The packages and satchel contained only clothing belonging to the Carney family. I did not take time to search for finger-prints then. I was too well satisfied that the killers were seasoned crooks, the kind who would wear gloves throughout their venture.

TO reach the ditched car we had to double back to the town, then go back nearly two miles along the main highway from New York. We did not stop at the point of the murder. Too many had been there for me to hope to locate the killers' tracks. Besides, by that time the sun was well up, and I was anxious to follow up more promising leads.

The limousine, obviously, had left the road while going at good speed, then crashed into a tree and toppled over on its side, smashing the radiator, putting the engine out of commission and breaking all the windows. And there appeared little chance of detecting footprints, for the car lay in a growth of brambles and scrub, the fringe of the surrounding forest. The ground all about was covered with matted, coarse grass, weeds and dried leaves. Bent double, I moved in all directions, then along the road for a considerable distance, searching for the tracks of two persons walking together and headed toward the town. No luck. My quarry had been too clever. They had stuck to the side of the road, where they would leave so faint a trail that it would require more time than I could spare to uncover any prints. However, I located a leaf here and there on which were spots which resembled dried blood. This satisfied me that my guess had been correct, that one of the bandits had been cut by the shattered glass.

I returned and examined the license plates and the wheel. On neither did I find finger-prints. The shotguns I placed with the grips. Then I went over the wheels, tires, brake-drums and axles. Feeling certain that the car had not come from New York, but had been stolen at some not distant point, then run off the main road while the license plates were changed, I hoped to discover a twig or a leaf of some plant of a not widespread growth, which might help me to fix the locality where the shift was made.

I did not find what I sought. But I did find, between the grooves of the tires, on the spokes and elsewhere, considerable caked clay of a peculiar reddish color, almost crimson. Obviously the car had been run through considerable of this clay in a moist place. I knew of no such earth anywhere around New York, except in New Jersey. But I could not believe the car had come so far away. Besides, there was so much of it that I felt positive it had been through the clay recently.

HOWEVER, just as I was about to question Kennedy and his men, a machine came racing up from the direction away from the town, stopped with a grinding of brakes and another of the Sheriff's men leaped out. "Tried to get you on the phone, Gus. The boys said I'd locate you here. We were wrong about this car coming from New York. It belongs to a doc-



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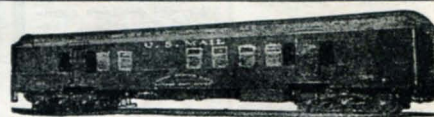
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tor living about five miles back, just outside Munson. He'd been out visiting his patients, got back later than usual and left it at his gate while he went in for his supper. He couldn't come with me because he's got some urgent calls to make this morning."

"Great!" I said. "Now we're moving. Of course it carried Connecticut license plates?"

"Sure did."

"When was it stolen?"

"A little after nine o'clock."

"My guess is the bandits got off at Munson, from the train which stops there at seven-thirty," I said. "They found difficulty in locating a car. And when they did steal this one, they had to work fast. No wonder they became frantic when they were ditched and still had nearly two miles to go to reach the junction where Maloney would pass. The chances are that, after stealing the machine, they didn't go far before changing the license plates. Above everything else right now I want to locate that spot. They were moving under pressure and probably became careless. If I can find the place I may pick up some real leads. Now you fellows look at this red clay caked on the shoes and spokes. Do you know where there's any like it along this road?"

"Yes, I do," replied the deputy who had brought the information concerning the stolen car. "There's a place about a half mile this side of where the car was taken—then some more, way on beyond. I've lived in Munson and know. We called it 'Jersey mud' up there, because of its color and that it remains soft for a long time after a rain. It's unusual in this part of the state. Years ago people used to make bricks for fireplaces out of it."

"Fine. I'm going to take this man, Gus, and go over and examine the nearest patch of this clay. As soon as I'm through I'll go to the jail and have another interview with Coleman."

IN jig time we reached a point where I noted considerable water in the slight ditch beside the road. Another quarter of a mile and the shrubbery and weeds gave way to a stretch of red clay, still soggy in many places and with only a bit of rank vegetation here and there. I left the machine and walked along, my eyes on the alert. Soon I saw automobile tracks, where a car, a heavy one, had turned from the clay and returned to the highway. The fact that the wheel prints were on my left established the fact that the car had gone in the direction of the spot where the overturned automobile was found. And the indentations were identical with those of the abandoned car.

Directing my aid to trail along in the machine, I followed the significant impressions. Thirty feet, and I came to where the car had been halted. The ground was quite soggy. But only a single set of prints showed. One person only had alighted to change the plates. That he was the driver, I had no doubt, for all the impressions were on the wheel side of the car, in front and in back.

There was something about these prints which fairly fascinated me. They had been made by a man with a well-shaped foot. My measurements showed the size to be number seven. Also, I noted that the impressions of the rubber heels and soles

showed no signs of wear. Either the shoes were new or had just come from a cobbler's. Rather a fastidious bandit to be so particular with his shoe leather, I thought. But I noted another fact, far more significant. The impressions made by the left foot were the heavier. There was a slight drag in the prints from the other foot. The man who had made the impressions was slightly lame, his left leg being better than his right leg.

After making a careful drawing of the prints to actual measurements, particularly the heels and their markings, I measured the length of the stride. This told me that the man was short-legged, therefore, probably below medium height. It was while making these measurements that I inadvertently turned over a leaf, thereby exposing a bit of cigarette butt about an inch long. Smelling it, I was satisfied it had been lighted within a few hours. The fact that it had landed in a moist place had kept it from burning up entirely. Also, I noted that the tip was of straw, not cork, as with most cigarettes.

BELIEVING the bandit had smoked while changing the license plates, I hunted further. I found a taper. No others were anywhere near. This satisfied me I was right, that the stub had not been blown there. As a matter of business, I had made a special study of tobaccos. I lighted the stub whiffed the aroma, then immediately extinguished it and put it in my wallet for future reference. One thing I had established to my complete satisfaction. One of the killers—the driver, was my guess—smoked Rexleigh cigarettes. So, when I began my hunt for a lame bandit who fitted in with my other deductions, I would note all who came under suspicion to learn if they used this particular brand of straw-tipped cigarettes.

During all this time Kennedy's deputy had sat watching me, keenly intent, but speaking only to warn me of an approaching car, that I might return to the roadway until it had passed. Satisfied I had done all possible at this point, I directed my companion to drive me back to the town jail. I might have searched for the missing license plates, but decided that they would be of little use as it was almost certain they would contain no finger-prints.

Kennedy met me as I entered the lock-up. "Here's the bullet you wanted," he said, handing me a bit of lead of unusual size. "Looks like a forty-five."

"You're right; it's from one of those big guns. Now I know the kind of weapon to search for. Where are the guns and grips?"

"In my room. I wore gloves bringing them in so's to leave no prints. But the boy's been asking for you. I think he's going to talk."

"Good! Bring him up and put him in the back room. I'll see him after I look over the grips and weapons."

With powder and a glass I went over them thoroughly. There were no fresh prints anywhere. Most certainly the crooks wore gloves. Next I opened the grips. They were empty. But, in the bottom of one, I noted some powder in the corners. I scraped it together. Tasting it, my suspicion was confirmed. It was cocaine. Presuming that the suitcases belonged to the crooks, my impression was that either one or both took dope or handled it, using



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that particular grip to carry it in. It was another important lead to follow.

When I entered the rear room, Archer sat in a chair, propped against the wall, smoking a cigarette. Several stubs were on the floor near him. I saw by his changed expression and the alert look in his eyes that he was contrite and anxious to make amends. As I drew up a chair, I glanced at his shoes and the stubs. There was no red clay upon the former and no tips of any kind upon the latter. These were good signs. I spoke first, putting him at his ease, making him understand I was anxious to help him.

"Listen, my boy," I concluded, "you must come clean. Both Dot and the Judge will not believe you're guilty."

"YOU—you mean that?" he asked eagerly.

"Absolutely. But you must explain many things. How did you get acquainted with this crooked New York crowd? Where have you been gambling? Who were your intimates—the ones you talked to, about the mails and the flying field? Who was the girl you brought out here?"

His story in brief was this. Some months before, in a spirit of adventure, he had flown to Long Island, where he had competed in some stunt flights at a gigantic picnic staged by some political organizations. There he had met a young fellow, Joe Parlotti, who was about the field making wagers on the various events and who had won money on him. They had become quite chummy in the afternoon. And, at Parlotti's suggestion, he had put his plane in a hangar for the night and gone to Manhattan with his friend "for a good time." There had been a dinner, with plenty of drinks, at a cabaret, during which he had been introduced to a number of flashy young women and many men, all of whom looked like gamblers or worse.

"I was flattered, though," Archer said, "for my friend 'Snow' was popular—"

"Just a second. Was Parlotti's nickname Snow?" I had a hunch I was getting close to something important.

"Yes. It was unusual, and I asked him about it. He only laughed. But I recall that afterward one of the girls said he used cocaine."

"Was this Snow particular about his dress? Did he wear loud clothing?"

"Yes, as I remember."

"And was he rather short and stocky? Was he lame, limped a bit in his right leg?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Maybe." I could scarcely repress my feelings. Unquestionably I was on the right track. My guess had scored a bull's-eye. A little more information such as Archer had given me and I would be ready to move with considerable certainty. "Go on with your story," I said.

"I won't be able to tell you much about this Parlotti. Late that night he took me to a place called Grogan's, a regular dive, where men and women congregated to drink and play cards. The crowd there was worse than in the cabaret. I didn't play then. I just talked with Parlotti about my flying, the stunts that I'd been doing at the field here and that I might become a mail flyer. I never saw him again.

I'll cut the rest short. I got to going over to Grogan's regularly, about three

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times a week. I heard enough to realize that many around me were crooks and carried weapons. But—well, it was new to me. I liked the excitement. And the gambling got me. I'm a lucky player. I made enough to pay my debts here and plenty more and I held up my end. I suppose if the Judge hadn't ordered me to keep away from his house it might have been different. I had an idea everybody here was against me, so I didn't care. Then I got acquainted with a girl named Mollie Bergen. I was told she'd been Parlotti's girl, but she said she'd thrown him over.

"She was good-looking and wise, and I liked going around with her. But I blabbed too much to her about my flying. She laughed at me and said I was boasting. To prove that I was on the inside, I told her things I shouldn't have. And one night I flew over to Long Island, brought her over here in my plane and pointed out the field and where the trucks transferred the mails to the planes."

"Did you tell her about the cash shipments from the factory? Anything which might have caused her or someone else to plan to-night's attempted hold-up?"

"I'm afraid I did. She was always asking questions. And I've been drinking too much lately to keep my head. God! Why did I make such an ass of myself?"

The remainder of his replies to my queries were along similar lines. They all indicated to me—if he was not lying so as to shift the blame to others—that he had been made the victim of a band of crooks, with the girl acting as decoy to pump him. The only other important bit I gleaned was that there was a youthful gunman, Mike Connors, known as the Albany Kid, who was on sufficiently good terms with Mollie to be permitted to sit at their table occasionally. He, too, asked questions, but explained that he was anxious to become a flyer and some day would have Archer teach him.

Early the next morning I went to New York, carrying the license plates from the ditched car with me. For it was in New York I was confident I would be able to clean up the case. In the circumstances I realized my shortest cut would be to consult the department police and, if necessary, ask the assistance of one or more of them. Among my intimates at Headquarters was Mike Delaney, a veteran detective, who knew the city's underworld backward, carried the likenesses of all the big crooks in his mind and was not only a clever and persistent officer, but a two-fisted fighter.

LUCKILY, when I located Mike, he was disengaged. Without reserve I repeated everything I had heard and learned, also my own deductions and guesses, and asked for any information he could give.

"I'm glad you came to me, Neil. I sure can give you an earful. And, if you say the word, I'll lend a hand besides and turn in the help of as many of the boys as you may need. First off, the morning after that killing, we picked up an abandoned automobile with a lot of blood in it, in the Bronx. We suspected it might be connected with the Connecticut affair and started to trace the owner. Just before you came in we learned it belonged to a man named Dickinson, living in Middletown. From what you've said, it means

that the killers probably belong here. After leaving the stolen car they no doubt got to their hideout in a taxicab.

"Now, about Snow Parlotti, his girl, Mollie, and Kid Connors. You've got Snow sized right. He's a dope fiend, lame in the right leg and always dresses flashily. He's thoroughly bad, a yegg, and a killer when he's 'hopped up.' We've arrested him several times, but just haven't been able to send him over. Connors is his sidekick, a thief and a gunman. He's done two stretches. Mollie is their spotter and lookout.

"For a long time we've suspected Snow and the others were mixed up in a series of robberies of branch post-offices, the kind located in drug-stores. Dope always was included in the hauls. I'm certain it was them now. A couple of months ago they raided such a place up-town, run by a man named Baker, after the place was closed for the night. They got \$300 in cash from the safe, a lot of narcotics, including considerable cocaine, and a quantity of stamps. Through the latter we hoped to trace them, for they included several hundred of the four-cent variety, which Baker had gotten in for a mail-order house. Now listen close, for I've got something hot. The thieves who turned that trick did it in a stolen car, which they abandoned after taking the plates. And, from this list, I see that the numbers correspond with the plates you brought."

"That's great, Mike. I think I've almost got enough for a running start."

"But there's a possible out to all this. Ever since that haul Snow has been among the missing. The rumor is that he was bumped off and his body hidden. And Connors has been working. At least, until recently. Then Connors disappeared. But Mollie still hangs out at Grogan's. What you've told me makes me almost believe that Snow and the Kid have been lying low, planning the Connecticut job."

"Anyway," I said, "my lead is to get into Grogan's. I'll spot Mollie and trail her until she leads me to something definite. Can you get me into Grogan's so I won't excite suspicion?"

"YOU bet. I've got a stool called Fingy Dick, a dip. I'll put you next to him to-night. Meet me at Broadway and Grand Street at eight. But, you're up against one of the hardest gangs in town. Disguise yourself so you'll look the part of a regular at Grogan's. And have your gun where you can get it in a hurry."

Before leaving Headquarters, Mike gave me an extra picture of Parlotti from the Rogues' Gallery. He didn't have an extra of the Albany Kid. But I studied the one he showed me until I was certain I had the crook's features fully fixed in my mind.

That night I was taken to Grogan's by the stool. It was two flights up, over a shabby "coffee house" restaurant. I found it to be a rendezvous for the scum of the underworld men and women. Partitions had been removed, making one large room. The windows were heavily curtained so that no light could be noted from the outside. In the front was a bar and many tables, about which the habitués were gathered, drinking and playing cards. In the rear, up three steps and separated from the front portion by a railing, was a section devoted to pool and billiards. A crowd

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of youthful thugs were gathered about the tables.

Fingy Dick indicated Mollie, playing cards with several companions. The Albany Kid was not there. I made myself as inconspicuous as possible, remaining about the pool tables most of the time. But I kept a close watch upon the girl.

It was a little after midnight when Mollie, a bit unsteady from the liquor she had consumed, threw down her cards, arose from the table and adjusted her hat. Whispering to the stool not to follow me, I moved away from those gathered about the pool tables and slouched out of the place and down the stairway. My intention was to follow the girl, hoping she might be going to keep an appointment with Snow. I was certain that, ultimately, she would lead me to the place where she slept. I was relieved to see no taxicabs about, believing she would walk, at least part of the way, giving me a good chance to trail her.

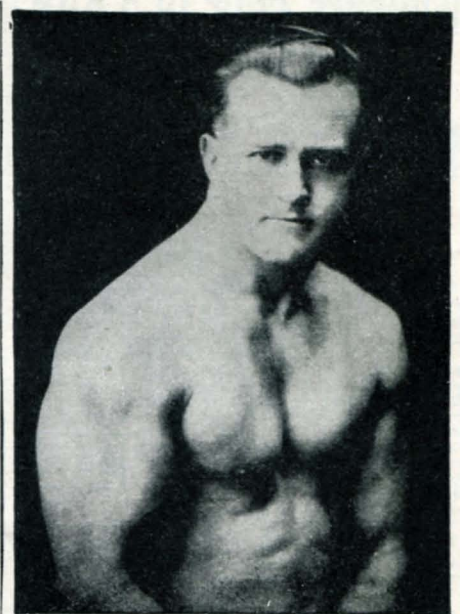
I didn't realize I was almost on the threshold of the climax of my adventure. But from that time on matters moved with speed, at times with a rush akin to the action of a fiction thriller.

From my place of concealment in a near-by doorway I saw Mollie when she left Grogan's, alone. She turned westward through a side street, sufficiently dark for me to follow her without exciting suspicion. I was at her heels when she climbed a stairway to the "L" and took a train headed north. The ride was a long one. But she left the train at 116th Street, walked a few blocks down Third Avenue, then pushed ahead into the upper East Side Italian district. The trail there was short. She turned suddenly and went into a tenement.

WONDERING whether it was her home or if she had merely stopped there for some purpose of her own, I followed to the lobby. The hall beyond was lighted only by a single electric light. And she had gone beyond its illumination. Knowing the passers-by would pay me little heed, I struck tapers and examined the names in the letter-boxes. None was familiar. Several nameplates were empty, though some of these contained mail. My guess was that more than one person in the place, for obvious reasons, did not care to display his or her name. It was the kind of a house where Mollie's kind belonged.

I was about to enter and explore a bit when I noted that someone was descending the stairs. Instantly I slipped out and took a position in the next doorway. I was just in time. Mollie emerged. Then came a man, a short, stocky youth, too fashionably dressed for the neighborhood, smoking a cigarette. I could not see his face as they passed me, but guessed his identity. For he walked with a perceptible limp in his right leg. I trailed them at a distance. And I picked up the cigarette stub after he had dropped it. I almost laughed aloud. It had a straw tip.

The two walked for several blocks, conversing earnestly. Then they paused in the shadows before a tenement, not far from the river. And, after another talk, the girl entered and the man turned back in his tracks. Obviously the place was Mollie's home, so I followed the man. I was desperately anxious to make certain of his



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so quickly I
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at the wonder-
ful results ~*

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CROW'S FEET



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PIMPLES—BLACKHEADS

identity. Luck favored me. He entered a cigar store. Through the glass I got a good look at him. Beyond question it was Snow Parlotti. I was not far behind him when he entered his house. Waiting until he had ascended the first flight, I opened the door noiselessly and listened. It was a good move. In the stillness I could hear his footsteps, going up a second and a third flight. Then a door closed.

The following morning I returned to the neighborhood with one of my men who was shabbily dressed and carried some cheap rugs. He went through the building in which I was interested, offering them for sale, but spending only brief time with the tenants on the first three floors. Whether Snow lived on the fourth floor was what I wanted to know. He obtained the information. However he also covered the fifth floor so as not to excite suspicion. Also he canvassed other houses in the row and actually sold one of the rugs before he came away.

WHEN he rejoined me I learned that a man in freshly creased trousers and a loud silk shirt had ordered him away gruffly from the doorway of the left rear flat. The fellow's features corresponded to those of the Rogues' Gallery picture I showed him, and the general description of the man was satisfactory. I was certain it was Snow, that I had located his hide-out. My man had been unable to look into the place and had seen no other.

Within a few minutes I was negotiating with the janitor of the tenement next to that in which my quarry lived. I asked for a furnished flat, "up-stairs, away from the noises." He could furnish one with truck left in the cellar by tenants for unpaid rent. The upshot of our dicker was that I obtained three rooms direct across a narrow air-shaft from the flat occupied by Parlotti. I haggled over the price for appearance's sake. But I paid a month in advance, told him to move the furniture into the place at once, as I would be back in the afternoon. Then I departed, after giving him an assumed name. In the afternoon I took possession.

However, I was unable to learn anything until after dark. For the setting sun struck aslant Snow's quarters, and the curtains were drawn across the windows. But, at dusk the curtains were pulled back. I caught sight only of the hands of the man who operated. Nothing now separated me from a look into the room beyond. I waited patiently for darkness. Finally the lights were switched on, and in the room I saw at a glance what I had hoped to see. Snow was before a mirror, obviously dressing for the street. I noted that a finger on the right hand was bandaged. He was the driver, all right. In a corner, partly dressed, a man reclined on a white enameled bed propped against pillows and eating from a tray beside him. The stiffness of his movements indicated he was wounded. I was certain of his identity. His features corresponded to the likeness I had seen of the Albany Kid.

Later Snow went out. I trailed him. He kept close to the buildings and made for the river-front. There, in the shadow of a big municipal gas tank, he waited. After a time Mollie joined him. Their rendezvous was so well chosen that they would have noted anyone attempting to

approach them. Therefore I dared not try to overhear their conversation. It was brief, however. I followed Snow back to the house. He went directly to his room, stripped off his coat, vest, collar and tie and began playing cards on the edge of the bed with the Kid. Satisfied that he was in for the night, I went to Grogan's.

MOLLIE was there. I sat at the next table, hoping she would indicate her purpose in meeting Snow. My fear was that they were planning to leave the city, but I hoped that they were arranging another job. I would have liked to catch them red-handed. But I learned nothing. About midnight the girl went to her home, alone.

Next morning, after I returned to my quarters from a hasty breakfast, I received both a surprise and a jolt. A taxicab stood before the tenement house next door. Believing a getaway was about to be attempted, I ran the several flights to my room. I saw that Mollie and Snow were assisting the Kid to dress. Mollie was kneeling by the bed, holding the Kid's coat for him while he sat on the edge of the bed beside Snow, who was putting on his collar. Both Mollie and Snow had their hats on, and for a moment I was tempted to rush out and summon police help, then I decided to wait a moment. I stood close to the sill, and listened. I was just out of their line of vision. All the windows were open and I could distinctly hear across the narrow air-shaft:

"Come, Kid," said Snow, "we got to get you out of here."

I thought then that meant their getaway and I was just on the point of rushing down the stairs when the next remark set me straight.

"You're getting stale, Kid," said Mollie. "You need the fresh air. We're going to take you for a little ride."

My excitement had all been for nothing. They were only going to take him out for a ride. I may have been taking a chance in letting all three of them get out of my sight. But I figured, if they did leave town, I would be able to regain their trail. Ever since spotting the crooks' rooms I had been scheming how to get into them and make a search. This opportunity was too good to be passed up. I might not get another one. My decision proved a lucky one.

As soon as the three left the house I hurried to the roof, and entered the house next door through the fire exit. Luckily for me, the lock on Snow's door was a simple one, which one of my keys opened. Inside I found cigarette stubs on the table, dresser, everywhere. All were Rexleigh straw-tipped. Next, I made a hasty examination of everything in sight, particularly the bed, hoping to find some loot or the forty-five caliber revolver. I located nothing but Snow's ornate raiment and the Kid's shabby clothing.

THERE was no trunk. Among the shoes piled upon the floor there, I made a lucky find—a pair which indicated that they had been recently soled and heeled. But, more significant, considerable crimson clay was caked upon them. With nervous fingers I drew out the sketch I had made of the prints I had found in the clay. These corresponded identically with the soles of the shoes I held. I had forged



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another link in the chain which would drag Parlotti to the electric chair. The condition of one of the shoes indicated why the fastidious murderer never had worn them again. There was a two-inch gash in the leather, undoubtedly cut by flying glass when the windshield of the stolen car was smashed.

As I was debating what to do with the shoes, I heard the bang of a door and the sound of persons ascending the stairs. Suspecting the Kid had not been sufficiently strong for an extended ride and that all were returning, I dropped the shoes and made for the roof, locking the door behind me. I was just in time. Looking down I saw Snow and Mollie practically dragging the Kid. She left them at the door of the flat and hurried away.

Through the day I watched the pair. Nothing of particular moment occurred. A doctor, probably sent by Mollie, came and dressed Connors' wound. The Kid seemed to recover quickly. And twice thereafter he and Snow ate from a tray brought by a waiter of shifty appearance, no doubt from a near-by restaurant. In the late afternoon, satisfied neither was going out for a time, I went to a drug-store and telephoned Delaney, telling him I had something of importance to communicate. I asked him to come to the neighborhood that night and wait in the doorway of the place across the street until I came to him.

Immediately after dark there was movement across the shaft. First, Snow dressed carefully, obviously for the street. Then he pulled the dresser aside, lifted a bit of planking and drew forth a big revolver and a box. The weapon fascinated me. From its appearance I felt certain it was the murder gun. Taking the cover from the box, Snow lifted out two small packages, and placed one in his pocket. I could see the Kid was talking angrily and shaking his fist. Snow laughed, opened the other, placed its contents upon the side of his hand and drew it beneath his nose. He had taken a shot of cocaine, probably to steady his nerves.

THEN he moved to a heavy square-post dresser, carrying the weapon. And to my amazement, he unscrewed the round top of one of one of those wooden dresser posts, ran his fingers inside, drew out some cartridges, loaded the gun and slipped it under his left arm, evidently in a holster. The hiding-place was a new one on me. A minute later he put on his hat. I hurried to the street. He walked away boldly toward the avenue, instead of slinking, as had been his recent custom. I picked up Delaney, hurriedly outlined some of the things I had learned, dwelling upon the big revolver and the clay spattered shoes. "You've got enough to nick him. Why not rush him now?"

"Because I think he's going to lead me to Mollie. If we can take them together, we can speed back and nail the Kid."

Snow jumped into a cab and headed south. I suspected he was going to Grogan's and confided my thought to Delaney as we trailed him in a taxi. "Listen," I said, finally, as the route of the taxi ahead indicated its destination was the East Side dive, "I'll go inside, learn if he meets Mollie, then come out and tip you." In the meantime summon a few men to help in case of emergency and send one to watch



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was half-way through the opening before I could aim. At my shot he seemed to crumple up, then slipped out into the blackness.

Instinctively I snatched up Snow's gun. Dully I realized that the hubbub was subsiding. And I could hear Delaney's shout of encouragement as I hurled myself through the window upon the fire-escape. On the platform one floor below, at the foot of the ladder, lay the huddled body of a man. Delaney was at my shoulder when I turned it over. It was Snow Parlotti—dead.

"Where's the girl?" cried my companion.

I POINTED to an open window directly before us. "She probably made her getaway through there. We haven't a minute to lose. Ten to one she's off to warn the Kid. Tell your men to clean up here and you follow me." In a few seconds we were in the street. We halted a taxicab and immediately headed north, telling the driver to forget all traffic rules.

Reaching the Kid's hideout, Delaney and I leaped from the cab and raced up the stairway. The detective on guard met us. "A girl just came. She's inside with the Kid."

"Come on," I cried. At the door I wasted no time in strategy, but struck several blows. "Who's there?" came in a man's voice from inside.

"Open up, Connors, we want to see you!"

"Like hell I will."

"Quick! Before they can shoot through the door," I whispered.

The next instant the three of us hurled ourselves against the barrier. A creaking, a crash as the lock splintered and it flew wide. The Kid was leaning against the bed, Mollie helping him on with his coat. As we entered she made a dash for the table upon which lay a revolver. I was upon her in a bound, wrenched it from her hand and sent her staggering into a corner. I turned to note that the others held Connors by either arm.

"Sit him on the bed," I said, seeing that he stood stooped, favoring his injured side. They frisked him, found nothing and did as I had directed.

"What the devil do you guys—"

"Shut up, Kid," I said, stepping to the foot of the bed. "Now listen and get everything straight. You're under arrest. Murder's the charge." His eyes went wide, but he laughed hoarsely.

"I said—murder. We've got Snow. Mollie has told you that. And he's squealed—everything."

"That's a lie." Mollie pushed close, fairly snarling with rage.

"Get me, Kid," I said, shoving her aside. "Snow has blown the works—told how he first got acquainted with Coieman and pumped him about his flying, the air mail and all the rest—how you and he and Mollie planned to hold up and rob the truck carrying the sack of cash from the refrigerator company—all about stealing the automobile at Munson, ditching her, then killing Carney so you could use his car for the getaway. He told me that I'd find the shoes he wore, cut by glass from the broken windshield and spotted with Connecticut clay, in that closet. Wait! This is what will interest you most. He's put it down in writing that it was you who fired the shot—"

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"Don't talk, Kid—don't!" from Mollie. "They're bluffing." I nodded to Delaney and he pushed her into a chair.

"No, Kid," I went on, "he wasn't lying. Here's your big forty-five, see." I pushed it toward him. "He told me he borrowed it before he went out to-night."

HIS face had gone chalk-white, but he set his teeth and clenched his hands, trying to down the agony of fear which gripped him.

"And he told me where you kept the bullets, always close by you. Look!" With rapid fingers I unscrewed the top of the dresser post, picked out half a dozen cartridges and tossed them on the bed beside him. He looked at them, a crazed fear in his eyes. Then he faced me, fairly stuttering as he spoke. "So help me, he's lying. That ain't my gun—it's his'n—"

"Don't, Kid—don't talk! Snow'd never squeal. They're—" Delaney clapped a hand over her mouth.

Then I got a hunch. There might be something concealed in the other post. Shrugging, I moved to it—unscrewed the top. The space uncovered was filled with postage stamps. I plunged my fingers in and drew out a big handful. Dozens and dozens of them, apparently all of the four-cent value. Swinging upon the Kid, I laughed derisively. "Lied, did he? Not much. And he didn't lie about these and the other branch post-offices you've robbed. These are the stamps you and he stole when you cleaned out Baker's drug-store. Where you also got \$300 in cash and a lot of dope—"

"Wait a minute. For God's sake, give me a chance." The Kid was fairly quivering, clutching at the bed-clothing, the muscles of his face twitching with awful fear. "I'll tell . . . everything—"

"You shant." It was an agonized cry from Mollie.

"The hell I won't!" he snarled, swinging toward her, his lips drawn back from his set teeth, all the brute in his nature showing in his features. "Do you think I'm

going to the chair to save him? No, blast his crazy hop-head!"

The girl slumped and covered her face with her hands. She realized the game was up. Connors turned back to me and dragged himself close. "Listen, mister, so help me, that's Snow's gun. He killed the guy. I didn't want him to. But you couldn't hold him that night. He had filled himself with snow for nerve to go through. Dope from what we got from Baker's. Dope he's been using ever since. That was what was the matter with him. Always after the dope. He hadn't the guts of a rat without it. That's why he went after so many drug-stores—"

"Just a minute," I broke in. "How was Coleman mixed up in this? Did he help plan it?"

"No, the sap. All he did was blab. Mollie made a sucker of him and he blew all he knew."

"COME over here to the table, Kid."

I half dragged him to a chair. Then I pulled up another, opened my note-book, took out my pen, ready to record his confession. And he made one, complete in detail, piling up the evidence which clinched my case and listing a chain of crimes certain to convict him and Mollie before any jury. I, more than the others, welcomed his admissions with extreme satisfaction. For he confirmed my deductions almost to the last detail and proved that I had followed a pretty direct trail.

By pleading guilty to second-degree murder, the Albany Kid saved his neck. He's doing a life term. And Mollie will be behind bars until she's an old woman. Archer Coleman, after serving the state as a witness, was released from custody. He is in the Far West, working hard and building up a reputation which will permit him to come back some day and ask Dot an important question. She probably will say "yes," for she stuck to him throughout the trial, despite his admissions that he had made several kinds of a fool of himself.

Hijackers

(Continued from page 45)

where you are until I cough. Then you jump up and give them the works."

There was a rumble of assent. Fingers groped for revolvers.

Lieutenant Rennie leaned forward as the headlights picked up the entrance to the wooden bridge.

"They have it blocked." The words came between his set teeth. "We're in luck."

"Crash the bridge!" Captain Lunn ordered. "We aren't supposed to know the bridge is blocked." He bent over the back of the front seat. "Hold tight, everybody. Watch your heads against those sides!"

THE car leaped forward. There was a shock, the roar of metal striking metal, and then the tinkle of falling glass. Lieutenant Rennie snapped off the engine. Captain Lunn swore with the vocabulary of a bootlegger. The rear of the car was very quiet.

A shadowy form appeared in the road near Captain Lunn. A hand reached for-

ward and threw open the door. The next moment there came the rays of a flashlight playing over the front seat, revealing the two officers.

"Put your hands up!" directed the owner of the light.

Captain Lunn and Lieutenant Rennie obeyed. A second form came out of the night and stood beside Lieutenant Rennie.

"What you got in back there?" demanded the first hijacker.

"Greased lightning," said Captain Lunn.

"Huh!" The grunt came from the man with the light. "Maybe whiskey."

"Maybe," Captain Lunn admitted.

"Me see." The owner of the light revealed a second hand in which a revolver glittered. "Hop out!"

Captain Lunn obeyed. A third man came out of the night, pressed a revolver against the chest of the officer, and forced him against the entrance of the bridge. Lieutenant Rennie was covered by a fourth hijacker as he stepped from the car.

The two men advanced toward the rear



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doors of the machine. The reporters felt the muscles of the troopers above them stiffen. Sergeant Merkle was swearing softly beneath his breath. His right hand, in which a revolver was gripped, moved up and down convulsively.

"Come on, baby!" Trooper Williams whispered.

Sergeant Gaffney climbed to his knees and crouched, ready to spring.

A groan came from a reporter, who had a spur from the foot of one of the troopers sticking into the muscles of his leg.

"What's that?" demanded one of the hijackers.

His answer was a cough from Captain Lunn. The officer seized the revolver pointed at his breast and knocked it upward. There was a flash of light, a loud report, which echoed along the banks of the gully, and the two men fell to the ground.

Lieutenant Rennie dove at the man before him. They grappled, fell, and rolled down the bank.

Sergeant Gaffney leaped upon the shoulders of the man on his side of the car. They went down together without a sound. Sparks flew from the road where the sergeant was trying to gain a foothold with his spur.

SERGEANT MERKLE and Trooper Williams both hurled themselves upon the fourth hijacker. He went down with a thud. There was a groan.

"I've got him," Sergeant Merkle's muffled voice sounded in the night. "Break away, and go to the Old Man."

Trooper Williams struggled to his feet. He limped as he ran forward. There was an ominous silence.

"You would, would you!" Sergeant Merkle's voice broke the stillness. There was the sound of a blow, a groan, and then silence again.

A revolver barked twenty yards back along the road.

"Lieutenant!" Captain Lunn's voice rang out in the night.

A furious struggle was going on up there by the road. Trooper Williams limped forward, struck a hole in the road and fell. A groan passed his lips.

"Light!" he called. "He's killing the Lieutenant! For God's sake, bring a light!"

He tried to stumble to his feet, groaned, and fell again.

Sergeant Gaffney staggered toward the bridge, half leading, half carrying a man. Sergeant Merkle charged forward. The flash-light he carried showed Trooper Williams stretched out on the ground. He was very still.

Then a voice came from the other side of the road, by the old wooden fence that led to the river at the bottom of the gully on that side. What was being said couldn't be printed here.

There was Lieutenant Rennie, engaged in a death struggle with an Indian. But the struggle was just ending when they got to him; he had his antagonist overpowered.

"Coming! I've got him!" he yelled.

Handcuffs were quickly produced and placed on the prisoner's wrists. The Indian was the man Lieutenant Rennie had questioned regarding his name. The officer held him against the side of the bridge.

"So your name is John Crow, is it?" he demanded.

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The Indian was silent. Captain Lunn appeared with a prisoner. "Where is your man?" he asked Sergeant Merkle.

"Back on the ground," came the answer. "He's out."

Captain Lunn threw a ray of light over the group.

"Everybody here?" He counted the figures grouped about him.

"Trooper Williams isn't." The cry came from the reporters, who tumbled from the car. "He's on the ground somewhere. He's hurt."

THEY found him. Captain Lunn dropped to his knees. His practiced hands went over his head, his body, and then his legs. When he reached one ankle he stopped.

"Bring the light close," he directed.

Captain Lunn removed a puttee. He drew his knife, cut the laces of the shoe, and then the leather. He carefully pulled the shoe from the injured foot.

"Hm," he said. "Busted ankle. He's fainted."

"I think he broke it when we both dived on that bird back there," explained Sergeant Merkle. "I heard something snap as we all went down."

"Hm," Captain Lunn repeated. "Ran thirty feet with a busted ankle trying to go in to help Lieutenant Rennie." He lifted Trooper Williams in his great arms and placed him tenderly on the rear seat of the car.

They loaded the prisoners in on the floor. Sergeants Merkle and Gaffney and the reporters rode on the running-board.

Long after midnight the car stopped before the county jail in Tracer. A sleepy deputy answered the summons. He blinked as he saw Captain Lunn.

"What you got, Captain?"

"Hijackers," Captain Lunn chuckled. "Hijackers. Lower than a snake, and twice as dangerous."

That was the passing of the Pardoe gang.

A Human Life for One Square Meal

(Continued from page 42)

She is living at Vendome apt. Brainard 674-676 apart 20. His telephone is Hoy. 3412 W. You call him and tell him to quit going with her or leave note in his car.

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347-408 which is by this apt. most any night especially Sat. and Sun. night. If you would go and see Mrs. Brennan she can tell you lots.

And if you want to know where Mr. Cort lives the Brennens can tell you. If she is suing for divorce they will make good witnesses. I think he will be easy scared out. And would quit her long ago but she coaxes him to go and tell him you don't know a thing about it. She wants to live over there with Clara and Dell. And her in there love nest.

And none of them married Now you know something and you can do as you like about it. Breaking up her plans. He is a good fellow but she tells him so many tales of woe. Destroy this and if any one asks where you heard this tell them you have a detective at work."

There was no signature.

"Bill and his wife have been parted almost a year," said Thomas. "They simply couldn't get along. He likes her. Was crazy about her, but their tempers clashed. It was a case of can't live with her and can't live without her. I don't know where this note came from and I don't know if Bill investigated or not. You see it came to him and he didn't say anything about it. I found it when I moved and now it may have some bearing on the case. I want to help all I can."

THE envelope was missing but Thomas said he thought he had thrown it away. He didn't remember because he had thrown out a lot of rubbish but it had been in an envelope when he found it. He didn't know the date it had come because there was no date on it, but undoubtedly it was a few days before Bill disappeared, as he had started talking about his wife and had been out several nights, possibly watching the apartment mentioned.

Thomas did not know who the mys-

terious Dave Cort was nor could he throw any more light on the affair. He was vague too when it came to naming any specific expressmen who had warned him to keep from working so hard. They had not spoken to him but to Bill, he said. Bill was more of a manager and worked harder than he. All he knew about it was what Bill said. But wasn't the note enough to convince any one that some business rival had killed him?

"Now to find Mrs. Hanlon. I'm sure she can help us," said Harris. "We'll go to her apartment. At least, to the apartment this note indicates she is living at."

But Mrs. Hanlon wasn't living there and never had been as far as could be learned. But finding her was easy. She had read of the death of her husband.

Mrs. Hanlon came to the county jail and told what she knew about the murder of her husband. She had been parted from him for nearly a year. There were no other men she assured the deputies. They couldn't get along so she left him. She liked him but why should they attempt to live together when they were so unsuited for each other?

But Mrs. Hanlon had been living under the name of Helen Ashley.

"Why should it be necessary for you to live under an assumed name, Mrs. Hanlon?" asked the desk captain. She could not explain why it should—other than that she had parted from her husband and wanted to forget him.

This ended the questioning for the time being. Deputies began to check up on her movements and after she left, other questions arose. Thomas came forth with more information.

"I'm sure she knows something about it," he said. "When Bill left, he said he was going on a second honeymoon. She killed him, that's what she done, or she hired some one to do it. Oh, my poor brother!"

The case was becoming complicated.

And then entered another figure. A man by the name of Willis P. Hooker. He was

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a friend of the dead man and had been with him frequently. He must know something about him but he claimed he was unable to throw any light on the mystery. He knew nothing of any notes. Neither did he know of any threats. He knew Bill had engaged in several petty quarrels with different people but he did not think they were serious enough to warrant a quarrel to the death.

"This was no street brawl," said Harris. "This man was slain in some house and carried away. That eliminates that."

HOOKEK knew Bill had money. As his clothing was missing it was not at all improbable that he had been slain for his money. Possibly his slayers thought he had the money concealed on his body and had removed his clothing to get it, and then had thrown it away and carried the body to a lonely spot to hide their crime. This was plausible.

"That's motive number three," said Harris. "We'll get some place after a while."

In the meanwhile investigation of Mrs. Hanlon revealed that she had been keeping company with a policeman by the name of Stanley Grant. It was believed he might know something of the affair but he denied it. But why didn't Mrs. Hanlon mention him as a caller, deputies asked? And then Thomas entered. Was it not possible that he and Mrs. Hanlon may have had an affair which led to her leaving? Possibly he may have loved her and with her assistance had killed Bill?

And then Thomas produced a list of names which he said he had found among some papers which were to be investigated in case Bill was killed.

"See—he feared death," said Thomas triumphantly.

But it was impossible to find any of the people mentioned, for questioning. Thomas said he had never heard of them. Neither did Mrs. Hanlon. Who were they then? Underworld associates? No, that was impossible. Bill did not associate with underworld characters. But still they must be some one he knew. He must have had trouble with them. If they could be located, undoubtedly the slayer would be found.

There were so many possibilities in a case of this sort that it made me dizzy. It seemed as though it grew more complicated with the passage of the hours. As it was only two days had elapsed since the body had been found and about the only thing the authorities were certain of was that Bill Hanlon was dead.

And then it appeared that the least important of the suspects, if he could be called a suspect, was locked up. He was Patrolman Stanley Grant. He was booked for "investigation." He was able to convince deputies that he knew nothing of the crime and had only a passing acquaintance with Mrs. Hanlon and he was released after a brief stay in jail.

As though to make amends for his release and to do something that at least would make it appear as though a solution was near at hand, Thomas, Mrs. Hanlon and Hooker were arrested on the charge of suspicion of murder. While they were in jail a woman living on a nearby street told of hearing shots on the night of November 14th and hearing a woman scream,

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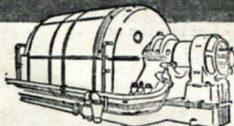
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"Oh, oh!" This was three days before the blood-stained trunk and bed-clothing had been found.

"He may have been killed right in the garage. Maybe there was a woman present when he was killed. It might have been over another woman as well as his wife."

AND so deputies searched the garage in which the brothers kept their trucks. They had been there before but their inspection had been only cursory. The story of the woman, which later was found to have no bearing on the case, prompted them to search this time more thoroughly. For the first time they noticed loose earth under the boards which served as the floor of the garage. Something evidently had been buried there. Closer inspection revealed that this "something" was just the size of a man's body.

Thomas admitted digging but said he was attempting to level the earthen floor and his story sounded plausible as the floor was rough and uneven. And then it occurred to the deputies to ask where some of the furniture was. The brothers had two beds. Now Thomas had but one.

"Oh, I sold a few things," said Thomas very readily. "You see, when Bill said he was going to Rockville on that second honeymoon I figured that if he did come back he wouldn't want to live with me, and the chances were he would want new stuff. So, I sold some of the old furniture."

He told where he had disposed of it and deputies investigated. He had sold the bed but no bedding. A spot on the iron frame-work no larger than the head of a pin looked suspicious.

"It looks like blood," said Harris. "I believe Bill was killed in bed while he slept and that the body was buried in the garage and then removed to the country. Now I know there is some connection between the trunk and Bill. We'll find out immediately."

He asked Mrs. Hanlon to look at the bedding.

"I recognize it," she said. "It is Bill's."

I felt my own judgment had been vindicated. I was sure the two were linked up in some way. I was happy. The trunk mystery had been solved. Had not the trunk been found, it is doubtful that it would have been definitely established that Bill was killed in his own home, but this clinched it and eliminated the robbery motive. Once again we were back on the old track. Was he killed by rivals, or by a suitor of his wife?

It is a rule for the sheriff of Gaines county to investigate cases only outside of the city limits of Plainfield. Crimes committed within the city limits are handled by police entirely. As it had been almost proven to a certainty that Bill was killed in his own bed, possibly while he slept, the case was given to Detective Lieutenant Henry J. Barker and Detective Sergeant Harry Wood. Their first move was to search the rooms above the garage.

They found several spots of blood on the wall paper and in examining the stairs leading to the garage, they found several strands of hair in the worn treads.

"This proves that it was done by one person," Lieutenant Barker told me. "His slayer carried the body downstairs alone

and the head bumped along the stairway. This is Bill's hair."

"ALL it shows is that he was killed here—very likely on November 14th—and that a woman was present," said Wood, thinking of the story told by the neighbor. "Maybe Mrs. Hanlon is in on it."

But questioning at the jail disclosed nothing that would implicate any of those under arrest and in the meanwhile two more detectives had been assigned to the case. They were Detective Sergeants Frank Dahl and Robert Fralich. They too were unsuccessful in throwing any more light on the mystery.

And then the detectives told the prisoners what they knew about the case. Wood ended up with, "Some one here is not guilty and tomorrow is Sunday. It would be pretty nice for the one that did this to come clean and let the others go home to their Sunday dinner. If this party comes clean, I'll take him over tonight and buy him the finest meal he ever ate."

At this time, Wood told me later, he was no nearer the solution than he had been earlier and he made the remark as a joke. It was on a Saturday afternoon, November 27th, exactly 10 days after the trunk was found and four days after the discovery of the body.

Several hours later the four detectives were told they were wanted at the county jail.

"Did you mean that about a square meal," said Thomas.

"Certainly," responded Wood.

"Let the others go then," said Thomas.

"I killed my brother. I wrote those notes to divert attention from myself. I didn't mean to kill him. We got into an argument over Mrs. Hanlon. Bill said he was going back to live with her. I told him he had better stay away from her now, that our business was so good, and that they would be scrapping again. One word led to another and before I knew it Bill had the gun which we kept for our own protection, and I thought he was going to shoot.

"We tussled, and it went off. I had him back on the bed trying to get the gun away from him. He died on the bed, and I knew I would have to get rid of the bed so I wouldn't be accused of killing him.

"But first I had to hide the body. The shooting happened about 8 or 9 o'clock the morning of the 15th of November, and not the morning of the 14th, as our neighbor said. She must have heard something else. That was a day before Bill and I had our tussle.

"I dug a shallow grave in the basement and pulled the body down the steps the best I could for Bill was heavy, and then I covered him with earth. Then I took the bedding and put it in the trunk and carried it to the truck and drove to the field where it was found. The next morning, the morning of November 16th, I put Bill's body on one of our trucks and covered it with a tarpaulin, and when I got to a lonely road I threw it as far over in the underbrush as I could. That's the truth, gentlemen. When do I eat?"

AFTER being given his promised meal he made a formal statement to a prosecutor and stenographer. Mrs. Hanlon

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and Hooker were immediately released.

Thus ended the "10-day wonder," as police had come to call it, and another mystery had been solved. The solution was as commonplace as the introduction was unusual, but during the development of the case, as a newspaper story, it was filled with incident after incident which made it good reading.

Thomas demanded a jury trial and on January 27th, 1923, was found guilty of manslaughter and on February was sentenced to 7½ to 15 years in Lamont prison. He remained firm in his story that the shooting was an accident.

"If I had of been a little more careful about getting rid of that trunk I don't think anybody would ever have found it out," he said.

Lone Wolf, the Bou-doir Bandit

(Continued from page 23)

eight," he said. "The name is Rogers."

"Yes, and what is your name please?" asked the editor.

"This is Lone Wolf," came the startling reply, followed by a sharp click that announced the quick hanging up of the receiver.

The editor thought the happening somebody's misguided effort at a practical joke. But he determined to take no chances, so dispatched a trio of reporters to the apartment house in a taxicab.

POLICE were already in the building. That the message had come from Lone Wolf, was all too true. Almost at the very moment he had telephoned, Miss Agatha Rogers, his fourth woman victim, had succeeded, after a three-hour struggle, in freeing herself from the bonds in which he had placed her—and herself had given the police alarm.

Lone Wolf had put Miss Rogers, a mature woman about forty years old, through the same living hell, according to the story she told the police, that the other women had undergone. And what was more amazing, he had struck for a second time in the same building, even while the community literally seethed with police, for the apartment house in which Miss Rogers lived, was the one in which the infamous criminal had visited Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Winters.

Only comparatively minor details, all of them still sensational, marked the difference between the intrusion upon Miss Rogers and those upon the other women.

Agatha Rogers had returned home rather late at night. Putting on the light in her bedroom, she was amazed to discover that things were topsyturvy in the room. Lone Wolf's previous visit in the house had frightened her. Now her one thought became the possibility that he was in her own apartment. In a panic of fear she made for the door leading to the hallway.

A lurking form, seemingly coming from nowhere, suddenly blocked the doorway. Her fears had been all too well grounded. Lone Wolf, with his white mask and murderous-looking automatic, stood in her path. And worse—he was angry because she had tried to get away.



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He roared a command for her not to make an outcry. Grabbing her savagely by one arm, he led her to a chair. He faced the chair toward the wall and ordered her to sit down. Covering her eyes with a towel, he bound her with cord taken from the table lamp, and put a gag into her mouth. Then, as if doubtful whether she was fully aware of his identity, he exclaimed, with characteristic braggadocio:

"I'm the guy who was down-stairs a couple weeks ago. I tied up the pair down there. I—er—well—I robbed them. And I'm going to rob you."

He was true to his word. He completely ransacked the apartment, gathering in a seal coat valued at \$400, two dresses costing \$40 each, a sweater, and several pairs of stockings.

Once he stopped his prowling to offer Miss Rogers a glass of liquor. She shook her head.

HE retaliated, she testified afterward, by striking her brutally on the head with the butt of his gun.

When Miss Rogers gained consciousness, long afterward, she was bound to her bed.

Just before leaving the apartment with the loot, Lone Wolf wet his finger and wrote with soap on the chiffonier mirror in Miss Rogers' bedroom: "I'm the Lone Wolf."

When the newspapers got into the streets with the tidings of this episode, Lone Wolf and his boudoir banditry became more than ever the outstanding topic of conversation. Probably in all the city there was not a woman who did not shudder at the thoughts of an encounter with him. Hundreds of young women—students, artists' and cloak models, stenographers, and others—removed from the locality. Police stations were flooded with appeals to catch the man lest he get in more of his heinous work—even commit murder on some girl who chose death in preference to unwilling submittal to assault.

But it is one thing for the public to request the apprehension of a clever criminal, and quite another for the police to do it. Not that they didn't try, on a scale far surpassing their previous efforts. But, as one of the inspectors on the case said: "We haven't anything to work on. It's the same old story of trying to find a needle in a haystack!"

The force of several clever inspectors and detectives already working on the case, was augmented. In a hundred and one other ways the work was broadened and intensified.

Two days afterward Miss Lenore A. Hughes, a movie actress and model, reported that her apartment, in the same locality in which Lone Wolf was carrying on his reign of terror, was the scene of more boudoir sensations. Three men, apparently using false keys, entered her apartment, she said, bound and gagged her, and stole a valuable diamond ring and other articles. She thought Lone Wolf was one of the men.

Because of threats, the girl had delayed for hours reporting the case to the police. Lone Wolf had come back to one apartment house a second time, she said. "She did not doubt that he had the nerve not only to make a second sally in the same

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building, but in the very same apartment and upon the same person.

IF the leader of this trio really was Lone Wolf, then the police were up against new troubles. Suppose he was organizing a sizable gang of criminals and training them to follow in his footsteps?

Such a development was almost too terrible to contemplate. Imagine a whole squad of Lone Wolves each carrying out an individual boudoir robbery, in all its sensational details, every few nights! Why, the whole city would be thrown into a panic!

Scores of additional policemen, some in plain clothes, others in uniform, were assigned to the district. Suspicious persons both afoot and in automobiles were held up and questioned. Patrolmen covered beats in the despoiled district in pairs, heavily armed to cope not only with Lone Wolf but with two or three of his pals, if the occasion arose.

That same night Miss Martha Ludwig, residing in an apartment only a few steps from the house in which Mrs. Gilbert and Miss Winters and Miss Rogers had been visited by Lone Wolf, telephoned the nearest precinct police station that she was sure she had spied Lone Wolf in an apartment adjoining hers.

When a squad of officers responded, Lone Wolf was not to be found. Nor did a thorough search reveal any evidence that he or any other hold-up man, pal of his or otherwise, had been there.

The very next night the police received a sudden call that Lone Wolf had been seen entering a suite in the same apartment house where he had committed his first crime—of which Miss Armstrong had been the victim.

A patrol wagon load of officers clattered to the scene. Again Lone Wolf and any pals that he might have had, were conspicuously absent. But attempts had been made to force the outer doors of a couple of suites in the building.

At the same time that the patrol wagon load of officers had gone to the apartment building, others had sped to points from which all streets leading out of the locality could be watched.

If Lone Wolf or any of his pals were in the neighborhood, they would have the time of their lives trying to get out!

The officers who had gone to the apartment house searched it from roof to basement in the hope of finding Lone Wolf in hiding. They found no trace of him.

THEY extended the search to one after another of the clifflike apartment buildings in the vicinity. Lone Wolf was not behind any of the chimneys on the flat roofs, nor in any of the musty trunk lofts in the basements. He was not in any of the army of closets and wardrobes, under any bed nor behind any rich draperies. Neither was a glimpse caught of any man in the least answering his description.

If he had been in the district, he must have taken flight as suddenly and completely as a conjurer's rabbit.

Though that extended search did not produce Lone Wolf, it did bring out some startling new tidings about him—tidings that magnified the uneasiness of the people of the community tremendously, and caused the police to extend their already

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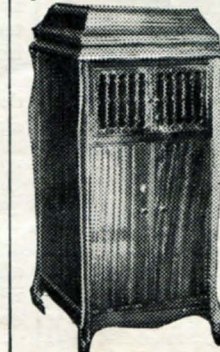


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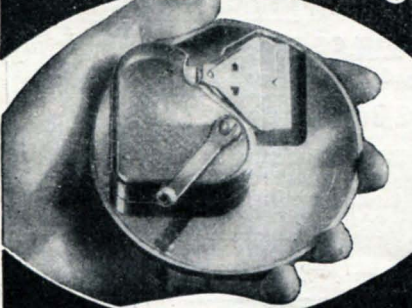
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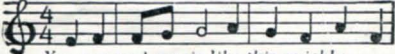
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widespread efforts to apprehend the man.

What were these tidings? Two weeks previously a man having the physical make-up and the inexplicable characteristics of Lone Wolf, had entered not one but several apartments in the vicinity. Furthermore, even though the police had at that very time been on the watch for him in the locality, he had shown an amazing lack of caution. In fact, instead of making efforts to keep his presence unknown, he had gone out of his way to call attention to it.

Mrs. L. C. Laidlaw, living in Suite Eleven, at a certain address in the terrorized neighborhood, declared she had heard the man in two different suites on the same floor as her apartment. For some time he beat a drum found in one of them. At other intervals he sang at the top of his voice. Money and valuables were missing from both of these apartments. The people living in them were, perhaps to their good fortune, away at the time.

Another woman, Mrs. Maida Hurst, said that she and her husband returned from a visit out of town, to find that their apartment in the same building as that of Miss Armstrong, had been entered and ransacked. Plenty of evidence showed that the culprit had hung around for hours there, as if hoping to surprise the occupants when they returned. Fortunately, the Hursts had left little money and few valuables behind for the man to steal.

A jimmy and a cold chisel were found in the Hurst apartment. They bore no finger prints. If they were the property of Lone Wolf, then the police must believe that he had given up fire-escape climbing in favor of jimmying doors as a means of gaining entrance.

Two or three more apartments in another building near by also had been entered—during the tenants' absence. The thefts were of a minor nature.

WHY was reporting the robberies delayed in these cases? There could be only one reason: Fear that Lone Wolf would seek revenge. So strong was this fear in some of these women that they refused to talk at all to reporters, and answered police questions in monosyllables.

If these people had not reported, how many others might there be who had followed the same course? And how many people, particularly young women, might there be who, to shun the sensational notoriety of being drawn into the affairs of Lone Wolf, had suffered his intrusion without allowing even their closest friends, and most particularly their sweethearts, to know of it? The police hardly dared to contemplate. Nor were they certain that Lone Wolf had not by this time trained two or three pals to accompany him or follow in his atrocious footsteps.

Orders were issued to get Lone Wolf, dead or alive. The same for anybody who should be discovered accompanying him.

Flivver patrols (small automobiles used in each police precinct for special work) were transferred to the terrorized section from several police stations. They chugged day and night along boulevards, through alleys and private ways, each car filled with heavily armed officers investigating every suspicious person sighted.

Each day now scores of young women in the locality saw Lone Wolves in hall-

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ways, corners, and closets. But after the screaming and panic subsided, the Lone Wolves turned out to be nothing more harmful than shadows, misplaced outer coats, and other things that looked dark and fearful to the eye keyed up with dread and apprehension.

Days and nights passed. Though the police redoubled their efforts, they found no trace of Lone Wolf or anybody connected with him. Lone Wolf could not have dropped out more completely if a whale had swallowed him.

Making matters worse, the police of many other cities had been forced to admit their inability to help in establishing the man's identity. They had nothing to work on except a photographic copy of the lone thumbprint Lone Wolf had left on the ginger-ale bottle in Miss Armstrong's apartment. Nothing in their records corresponded with it.

Could it be possible that a criminal so heinous, so daring, so clever, never had had any previous police record—anywhere? This was a startling probability! If true, it robbed the police of one of their surest means of establishing an identity and thus giving them something tangible on which to work.

At this time into the same newspaper office to which Lone Wolf had previously telephoned came a message scrawled in disguised handwriting, in pencil, on a bit of note-paper. It said:

"Watch for my biggest move before I retire from the city.

"As you say,

"LONE WOLF."

That message, even to the case-hardened newspapermen who read it, carried a note of dread and terror unsurpassed by any of the heinous Lone Wolf's former exploits. What innocent girl would be his next victim? Where—and when—would he strike?

The astounding outcome of this super-sensation will be found in the May issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on the newsstands April 15th.

The Seven Who Died

(Continued from page 35)

shattered, two of the soldiers removed the damaged tire and attached the good one, and we were ready to go.

In the meantime Colonel Gaveau chatted with Carmelita as though the time were not early in the morning, and as though a whole regiment of soldiers was not waiting to be given the command to march. Leaning on the shoulder of Carmelita, I was able to get into the car, while she took her place at the driving-wheel.

We said a lingering good-bye to Colonel Gaveau—at least, Carmelita did—and we promised to call upon him at the fort in a few days. He took it for granted that we—Carmelita and I—traveled around together, it seems, and he invited us both. The French don't ask too many questions when they see a man and a woman together. They take things for granted—though I will say that they usually believe the couple guilty until proven innocent—and sometimes even after that.

To be truthful, I found that it was



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pleasant to have my association with Carmelita Perez taken as a matter of course, even though, as in this instance, it was quite unjustified. It was difficult to remember or to realize that I had seen this warm, dazzling creature for the first time this night—indeed, that I had hardly exchanged a dozen sentences with her.

THE Colonel finally took himself off, a sharp command was given to the troops and they started again to wind their snakelike way around the bend in the road, and with a clashing of gears we were off to Paris again. I tried to enter into a conversation with Carmelita, but she was too busy driving the car over the night roads, and I gave it up, at last.

We landed in Paris in a few minutes, by way of St. Denis (which is not pronounced that way; it is called San Dance) and she asked me where I wanted to go. I named a centrally located hotel. She nodded and turned the nose of the car in that direction.

"And you?" I asked.

"I? Oh, I'll stay there too, for the night," she returned lightly, as though it was a usual thing. She noted my look, however.

"Oh, you don't mean that—" she began, and blushed. I saw that it is not well to jump at conclusions.

"Of course I thought nothing of the sort," I hastened to add. "But even so, if we register at the same hotel, people are liable to think that—"

"Does that disturb you so much, my friend? That people should think that you and I . . . eh . . . ?" She smiled at me, and it was my turn to color up. I was not much used to this Continental way of jesting about the relations of the sexes, even when it was perfectly innocent, as in this case.

"No," I replied. "I should be only too proud. But it was you I was thinking about—what people would say—"

"Oh, people!" she shrugged her shoulders. "*Je m'en fiche!*" Which is the French equivalent of "I should worry."

After sending the machine to a garage we were given rooms at the hotel—she on the second floor and I on the fifth. We arranged to meet for breakfast in the restaurant—which is not a French custom, as most French people breakfast in bed, if they can.

In the morning I found that my foot was very much better, and that if I took the precaution to provide myself with a cane, on which I could lean in moments of particular stress, it would be all right. And indeed, in a day or two it was as though the accident had never happened. I called the garage on the telephone, and they told me that they would have the car fixed up by that afternoon. The damage was slight, and a few hundred francs would pay for it. I breathed a sigh of relief, and told them to go ahead.

BREAKFAST was a pleasant meal. And yet, pleased beyond expression though I was at being there with her—and I must say that the morning sun did nothing to alter my impression of her beauty—yet there was something unsatisfactory about the meal, about our conversation.

I tried, naturally, to find out exactly what it was that was happening the night

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before, when she broke away from a man to jump into my machine just as I was off on my wild ride to Paris. It did me no good. She shrugged her shoulders expressively and said: "It was just a whim."

"I know," I protested, "but the warning—that I was to be waylaid and robbed—"

"Just something I happened to overhear," she smiled evasively. "From whom? It doesn't matter."

"But it does matter," I insisted.

"Ah, no, it doesn't, my friend," she replied, and smiled again, as she leaned over and patted my hand where it lay on the table. I saw that I was not to learn a great deal.

"But those men! Surely you know who they are—especially the ones you broke away from—"

"My friend," and she sobered up for an instant, and I could see that she meant what she said, "don't attempt to pry into things that don't concern you. What is it you Americans say . . . 'Curiosity once killed the cat,' I think. It is a good thing to remember, *n'est-ce pas?*"

SHE was so beautiful and so friendly that no answer was possible. I went off on another tack.

"You live in Enghien?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "*Et vous aussi?*—and you also?"

I nodded.

"We will see each other, then—often," she went on, and even though I knew that she was simply trying to divert the conversation from a subject on which she had evidently determined to be secretive, it was pleasant, and I beamed.

"If we don't, mademoiselle, it won't be my fault, I can assure you," I responded.

"Ah, well, it shall not be difficult," She nodded her head gravely. "You will see."

"I must go to the bank," I said, "and after that I will have to wait until the afternoon when the automobile will be ready for me. Can I be of assistance to you in any way?"

"I think I will go to my room and sleep," she replied. "I am a little tired, after last night, and the sleep will do me good. I will have my lunch sent up, but if you will be so good as to take me back to Enghien in the car, I shall appreciate it very much."

"I shall be honored," I replied, and we left it at that. In a few minutes I said good morning to her, and she returned to her room. As for me, I went to the *Crédit Lyonnais* and opened up a rather noble bank-account—an account that made even the white-whiskered and blasé old teller look up in surprise. And anything that makes the teller of a French bank take notice of you is something worth while indeed.

Of that particular episode there is little more to be told. I procured the car in the afternoon, called for Carmelita Perez, and we turned our way to Enghien-les-Bains. I delivered her at her house, at one end of the Avenue de Ceinture, set in the midst of a large garden that bordered on the lake, and received a cordial invitation to call in the very near future, which I accepted, of course. I then searched out the owner of the automobile and returned it to him with my explanations and an extra 200 francs to ease his soul for the

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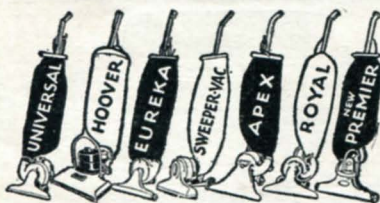
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damages that had been caused—though the
actual damage had been entirely repaired.

I decided, then, that I had had enough
of Enghien, and as it was too soon to call
on Carmelita that very evening, I took the
train back to Paris and began hunting for
a small apartment.

I FOUND a fine studio apartment on the
left bank, finally—the famous left bank
of the Seine, the Quartier Latin, which
has been so celebrated in song and story.
There was a large studio, which I in-
tended to convert into a laboratory, as
soon as I began living in it. I arranged
to move in the next day.

This I did not do, however, for the
simple reason that, on the morning of that
day I went out for a short stroll and met
Carmelita Perez.

"B'jour, m'sieur." She smiled at me in
her prettiest fashion, and I was a lost
man. Her voice and her appearance
pierced through to my very heart instantly.
Nobody in the world had ever had such
an effect on me. I was not a particularly
susceptible young man, but Carmelita
Perez was different from anybody I had
ever known. I can refute every statement
that there is no such thing as love at first
sight, for I loved Carmelita Perez from
the first moment I ever laid eyes on her,
and I love her still.

Carmelita and I met on the main street
of Enghien and talked, and before I knew
it I had asked and been accorded permis-
sion to call upon her at her home that
evening. I decided, therefore, to postpone
my moving into Paris until the next day.

It was a pleasant evening. Carmelita
introduced me to her father, a tall,
broad-shouldered man whom I put down
for Spanish or, at the least, Basque, which
is of the Pyrenees country—a sort of
cross between Spain and France, though
the inhabitants are supposed to be French.
He bowed to me in a courtly fashion, his
small piercing eyes looking me over the
while, and his hand-clasp firm and a trifle
lingering. There was a remembrance
awakened in me by the man. I could not
tell what the remembrance was, for the
instant, but when he spoke I remembered.

"I have to thank you, monsieur, for so
well taking care of *ma petite*," with an af-
fectionate glance at Carmelita, "night be-
fore last." He bowed gravely and
courteously, but with his voice the scene
of that night came back to me. It had
been dark, and I could not see very well,
but that voice!

His voice! Surely it was the voice of
the man who had stood over me with a
knife, two nights before—the man whose
sharp, rapid voice had sent his companions
hurry to their car at the approach of
the soldiers. I could not be mistaken, I
thought, and yet. . .

After all, the man was her father. Of
that I could be sure, for there was a
distinct family resemblance between them,
one that nobody could have missed. And
how could one believe that of her father.
I bowed.

"I am enchanted to make your acquaint-
ance, sir," I said in the quaint French
idiom. "Haven't we met before?" It was
just a chance shot, of course, and it got me
nowhere.

I was rewarded by a sharp, long look

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from out of the smallish eyes under his bushy eyebrows. He answered slowly.

"No-o, I think not. What makes you think so?"

"Nothing," I replied. "It was just an idea of mine. A wrong idea, I see."

He nodded. "Unless, perhaps, you saw me at the Casino two nights ago. I was there—and saw your remarkable run of luck. One of the most remarkable I have ever seen. I congratulate you."

"Thank you," I said. "It was remarkable. I don't think it will ever happen again."

"Perhaps not. I hope you have taken good care of the money." Was there a note of mockery in his words, that seemed so solicitous and friendly? I thought I detected it—still, it might have been simply my overwrought imagination. And yet. . .

"Yes, I've put the money into the bank," I replied, smiling at him.

"The best possible place," he nodded gravely. "And now, if you will excuse me, I have a few duties to attend to. My daughter will entertain you, I am sure."

HE bowed himself out of the room in a courtly fashion. I turned to Carmelita Perez. I was loath to believe it of her father, yet the thought recurred in my mind. Surely that was the same man.

"Who were the men you were struggling with night before last—just before you jumped into my car?" I asked bluntly. "And just what was it that was going on?"

She was silent for a moment. "They were chance acquaintances," she said finally.

"And why—"

"Well, I overheard their plot against you. I was about to tell you that they intended to waylay you on the way home when they got wind of what I was going to do, and attempted to stop me. That was the struggle. I broke away from them. They are bad men."

I was quiet for a moment. "Are they very good friends of yours?" I asked at last. I disliked to think of her as being the intimate of thieves.

Her face clouded. "I know them pretty well. Please do not question me any more, my friend," she said. "I will sing for you."

She sat down at the magnificent piano that occupied one whole part of the room, struck the first chords of an old Spanish song, and sang my heart away.

When I left that evening, she said to me: "Charles . . . I may call you by your Christian name, may I not?" I nodded, overjoyed.

"Of course . . . Carmelita."

Her whole face lighted up. "Thank you, Charles. I like you. We'll see each other again, will we not?"

My heart leaped for joy. There are few girls in France or Spain who would be so plain-spoken, but Carmelita was always different from anybody else. It was a large part of her charm, this outspokenness.

"As long as I have life left in me," I bowed. "Shall we have lunch in Paris the day after to-morrow? If you will come with your father, I'll show you my new apartment."

"I shall be happy to, Charles," she said prettily, and we arranged the appointment then and there.

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I left her, treading on air, so elated was I. This charming, wholly adorable creature liked me. She had said so herself. A whole new vista of life opened up before me. I knew that I would count the hours until I could hear her voice once more.

HOWEVER, we were not to meet on the day appointed. A curious accident intervened.

I got settled in my apartment early the next day, and embarked on a chemical experiment along lines on which I had long been working. Every chemist and chemical student knows how dangerous unknown and new experiments are. You never know when two apparently harmless chemicals are going to turn into a deadly explosive, or poison, when you put them together in certain proportions which have never before been attempted. It is always a hazardous business, and yet it is only in that way that the great chemical advances have been made.

This is what happened to me: I mixed two chemicals (which shall here be nameless, for reasons which are international) in a retort. I had never heard of these two chemicals being mixed, and, for some reason, was curious to see what would happen. Nothing particular happened, except that the liquid that resulted was colorless, and had a peculiar acrid odor, which I could not account for. Then I had a further irrelevant idea, which I carried out immediately.

I took a small portion of the liquid, poured it into a pan—there was just enough of it to cover the bottom of the pan, a fact, perhaps, to which I owe my life—and placed the pan over an alcohol light. It began to sizzle and crackle in a queer fashion. A light, bitter vapor came up in a thin stream from the bottom of the pan.

I leaned over the pan the better to examine the mixture and to see what was happening.

At once everything went blank before me. It was as though I ceased to exist. I might have been a stone, or a chair, or a cushion. I simply, from a standpoint of life, was extinct.

Who is Carmelita Perez? Was Carmelita's father the man who tried to murder Charles? But more important still, what happened to Charles when he unsuspectingly leaned over the chemical liquid? Further developments of this thrilling story will appear in the May issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on the news-stands April 15th. Order your copy in advance, to make sure you get it.

The Man Who Lost Himself

(Continued from page 64)

at least some part of the reward offered by the Western bank.

Then I recalled that the superintendent of the wall-paper factory had told me that Rankin had been seen on a train coming east from Kansas City just about the time of the Western robbery!

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THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS

3906 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Dept. 79-D

My time was my own, as I was on vacation, so I continued on the Rankin case.

I THOUGHT of digging up the earth around his cabin in the woods, in hope of finding at least part of the money stolen this was a big job to tackle single-handed. from the Western bank, but I realized that I contented myself by stealing out to the deserted cabin and turning over the earth under the rough board floor, all without result, except for several large blisters on my hands, caused by my work with pick and shovel.

Then I tried to trace him from Landisville, but no one seemed to know anything of his movements. Finally a farmer who lived not far from Rankin's shack told me that his little son had been a great favorite with the hermit.

"He sent the little fellow a nice card one Christmas, and also wrote him a letter at another time," the farmer said.

"Where from?" I asked eagerly.

"Baltimore," was the reply.

"Any street address?"

"Don't remember if there was," the farmer answered. "Of course the card and letter have been misplaced. But the letter was written on a letter-head of some one who made fancy lamp-shades. There was a picture of a lamp-shade printed with the name and address of the manufacturer. Think it was Baltimore Street, for I remember it because the name of the street was the same as the name of the city."

I could learn nothing more, so I left Landisville for Baltimore.

Here it was nothing more than a case of legwork again. I traveled Baltimore Street from end to end, hunting stores that handled fancy lamp-shades.

In one of them, the proprietor, a Mr. Krauss, told me he knew no one by the name of Rankin. But the description seemed to register with him, and when I produced the designs on the scratch paper he brightened up at once.

"Yes, sure. I had a man here who did that sort of work a year or so ago," he told me, speaking freely. "Can't just fix the date. His name was Homer Reynolds. He made the finest lamp-shades in the city, or rather I made them and he decorated them. Painted dragons, pagodas, Japs, and all sorts of things on them. I got fancy prices for the work he turned out. Sure wish he'd come back."

Reynolds? What did this change of names mean? I wasted no time on the point then.

"Do you expect him back?" I asked, to keep up Krauss' interest.

"Said he'd be back. But he was a funny sort of fellow. Sometimes I thought he wasn't all there." And the storekeeper tapped his head. "He can go to work any time he comes back, for he makes designs that catch the women's eyes. I guess he'll show up all right, sooner or later, for he left his trunk here."

WHEN Krauss spoke of the trunk being left with him, I could scarcely keep my feet on the ground. I felt as if I walked on air, for I was certain that this trunk held the secret of John Doe's identity. I now displayed my shield and told Krauss that I would have to open the trunk. I knew he liked the man whom he knew as Reynolds, so I said nothing against him, more than I had to.

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Yes, send me full details of your free Aer-Pruf test offer and your money-making plan for distributors. This does not obligate me in any way.

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

We dragged the trunk out from under a bench in the rear of the shop.

"I'm handling this fellow's case, as his mind is a bit weak," I explained in a friendly manner. "And I'd like to open—"

"Sure you can open the trunk," said Krauss. "Why not? The man is crazy who owns it. I know the fellow is *vericht*. He talks to himself like he has money in the bank. You may open the trunk. It's all right with me."

I tried several of the trunk keys which I always carried with me, but none of them would open it.

John Doe, like many other slightly demented people, was decidedly cunning. He had set in his trunk a real lock, replacing the weak lock with which the trunk was equipped when he bought it. I lost little time, however, with keys. When I realized that I was up against a real lock, I promptly forced it open, with the aid of a cold chisel and a hammer. I was so sure that the trunk contained something or other that would reveal the true identity of John Doe—Henry Rankin—Homer Reynolds—that I was too impatient to waste time picking locks.

I threw the lid open and found a miscellaneous assortment of what first impressed me as being nothing more nor less than rubbish. There was a confusion of papers, many of them covered with queer figures and designs of the kind which I now readily identified as John Doe's handiwork.

In the tray in top of the trunk I discovered a large manila envelope, which contained a lot of newspaper clippings. Eagerly I scanned these, and I'm sure my eyes almost popped out as I picked up and read one clipping after another, each telling of a bank stick-up, and the successful escape of the lone robber. The dates ranged over a period of about three years, while geographically the operations extended the length and breadth of the country. In every instance the *modus operandi* was exactly the same as in the case of the Suburban National Bank, except that the latter instance was the only one in which the thief had to commit murder in order to effect his escape with the loot—and was the only time he had been apprehended.

WHEN I found the clipping that referred to the hold-up of the Western bank which I had in mind, I knew that I had been correct in all my deductions. But, as usual, something more was to be desired—I hadn't as yet learned the real name of John Doe. Eagerly, but none the less carefully and systematically, I went through all the papers in the trays of the trunk. I rather expected to find nothing but discarded clothes in the lower part.

Finally I picked up a little, old, discolored newspaper clipping, unimportant-looking in itself. But it proved to be the one big discovery. It was a news item telling of the sale of a piece of real estate by the Sheriff of Lawrence County, Ohio. The home of Frank Richards had been sold by the Sheriff, and Richards and his family dispossessed, the article explained; and all because the money which Richards had saved to pay the mortgage on his home had been lost when the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank had failed, a few months earlier.

The whole matter was now quite clear to me, but I determined to verify my theory by a trip to Lawrence County, Ohio. I would complete my examination of the contents of the trunk, and then be on my way.

But I was due for another surprise. When I lifted the tray of the trunk I found not a lot of discarded clothes, but bundles and bundles of bank-notes, some of them evidently unused, although others were well worn. There must have been a quarter of a million in cash before my very eyes. From the bands around the unused ones, I readily learned the name of the bank issuing them—the bank I figured they had been stolen from. The Western bank which I had in mind, was one whose notes were in the trunk.

It later developed that Joe Doe had robbed many banks, but never had spent any of the stolen money. His reason will be apparent presently. The fruits of his efforts were all in the trunk when I found it, and ultimately they were returned to their rightful owners.

A trip to Lawrence County, Ohio, immediately revealed to me everything I wanted to know. John Doe's real name was Herbert Richards. His father had been financially ruined as a result of the failure of the Farmers' and Drovers' Bank some ten or twelve years before. The disgrace of being turned out of their home preyed on the sensitive mind of Herbert Richards, then a young man, until he became a bit irrational. He was of a moody temperament normally, and regarded as a dreamer even in his early youth. His friends in those days predicted that he would achieve fame as an artist or painter, as he seemed intended by nature for such a career. Dejected and despondent, he left home shortly after the Sheriff had dispossessed the family, and had never since been heard of.

WITH the case worked out to the end, I returned from my "vacation."

"Good morning, Chief," I saluted cheerfully when I reported back for duty.

"Back on the job and all pepped up," commented the Chief, none too pleasantly. "Suppose you're ready to jump right in and find out the correct name of John Doe."

"I've learned all about him," I almost shouted, I was so elated with my success. "He's a poor unfortunate whose mind cracked under the strain when a bank out in Ohio busted and ruined his father. He's been seeking revenge ever since, sticking up banks all over the country. His loot was never spent, but just packed away in a trunk, which I have located and impounded. He robbed only because he held banks responsible for all his troubles, and he wanted to punish them. My investigation will save him from the electric chair, for I know all about him. He's a nut, sure enough. He changed his name several times, but like most persons who assume names, he retained his own initials. He has been known as Henry Rankin and Homer Reynolds, but his real name is Herbert Richards. I started out to find out his real name, and I got it."

"And made one for yourself," the Chief added, a complete change evident in his attitude toward me. "Yes, Mullane, you've made a name for yourself—and the Department. Fine work!"



LUMINOUS PAINT

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

Practically unobtainable except at an exorbitant price, we have at last succeeded in producing this remarkable LUMINOUS PAINT, which, applied to the surface of any article, emits rays of white light, rendering it perfectly visible in the dark. THE DARKER THE NIGHT, THE MORE BRILLIANT IT SHINES. Quite simple to use. Anyone you wish to make visible by night, you can coat the push buttons or switch plates of your electric lights, match boxes, and innumerable other articles; make your own Luminous Crucifixes, Luminous Rosaries, etc. Bottle containing sufficient to coat several small articles. Price 25c. Larger sizes \$50 and \$1 postpaid. Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 858, Racine, Wis.

Microphone Transmitter Button



\$1.00 POST-PAID

You can easily make a highly sensitive telephone by using this Transmitter Button to collect the sound waves. You can build your own outfit without buying expensive equipment. It is simple and inexpensive. You can install an outfit in your home and hear conversations being held all over the house. You can connect up several rooms of a hotel. This outfit was used by secret service operatives during the war. It is being used on the stage. It is ultra-sensitive and is the greatest invention in microphone work. You can mount the button almost anywhere—card board boxes, stove pipes, stiff calendars, on the wall behind a picture frame, etc. Button is so light and small it cannot be detected. You can be overheard without suspecting it. You can listen in on conversations in another room. A deaf person in the audience can hear the speaker. Connected to a phonograph, piano or other musical instrument, music can be heard hundreds of feet away. Button may be used to renew telephone transmitters often makes an old line "talk-up" when nothing else will. The ideal microphone for radio use; carries heavy current and is extremely sensitive. Amplifies radio signals. Countless other similar uses will suggest themselves. Experimenters find the button useful for hundreds of experiments along the lines of telephones, amplifiers, loud speakers, etc. Many fascinating stunts may be devised, such as holding the button against the throat or chest to reproduce speech without sound waves. \$3.00 is given to anyone who sends in a new suggestion for the use of the Button providing the manufacturers find it suitable for use in their literature. **PRICE \$1.00 POST-PAID ANYWHERE.**

REAL PISTOL Miniature Watch Charm Pistol

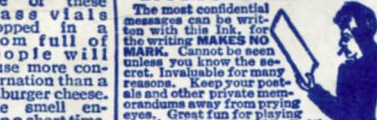


Full the trigger and it goes off with a loud bang. Pistol is break-open type; illustration shows position for loading. Made entirely of high grade steel, nickel plated, octagon barrel, handsomely engraved. Complete in box with cleaning rod. **PRICE \$1.75.** or with pearl handles. \$2.50. **BLANK CARTRIDGES** 50c box of 25.

EXPLODING MATCHES

More fun than fighting with your wife. Look just like ordinary matches. Put up in boxes just like regular Safety Matches. As the user strikes to light one he gets quite a surprise. **PRICE 10c per box, 3 boxes for 25c, or 12 for 75 cents.** By express.

ANARCHIST BOMBS



One of these glass vials dropped in a room full of people will cause more consternation than a hamburger cheese. The small canister disappears in a short time. **10c a Box, 3 Boxes for 25c.**

MIDCET BIBLE

GREAT CURIOSITY

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



EVERYTHING ABOUT THE KU KLUX KLAN

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

MAGICIAN'S OUTFIT

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

ANYONE CAN DO THEM 75c

It is great fun mystifying your friends. Get this Conjuror's Cabinet, and you will be the cleverest fellow in your district. It contains the apparatus for seven fantastic tricks, including The Disappearing Rose, that, when placed on the lapel of your coat, vanishes from sight at will; The Magic Vase and Ball Trick (a Wooden Ball is placed inside, and upon placing the lid has disappeared and is found in someone else's pocket); The Magic Net with which you can apparently cut your finger almost in two; The Wonderful Card Trick (a card is placed in an envelope, and when opened an entirely different card altogether is found); The Disappearing Coin Box (a coin is placed in a little wooden barrel, and when opened again, is found to have vanished entirely, or can be made to change into a coin of another denomination); The Famous Disappearing Penny Trick; The Glass Cabinet and Vanishing Coin Trick (a coin is dropped into a glass of water, and when the water is poured out the coin has vanished). With the tricks described above we send full printed instructions for performing each trick, so that anyone can readily perform all the tricks to the great amusement of their friends or the public. Any boy of ordinary intelligence, with this Cabinet of Tricks in his possession, can give a parlor entertainment not inferior to some regular magicians. All the tricks contained in the Cabinet, there are many other facts and illusions fully explained with full printed instructions, for which you easily make or procure the necessary apparatus. **ONLY 75 CENTS POST-PAID**

A DeLuxe Edition of our new 1927 CATALOG mailed on receipt of 25c. Only look of its kind in existence. 450 pages of all the latest tricks in magic, the newest novelties, card tricks, games, gipsy goods, interesting books, curiosities in magic, plants, etc., unobtainable elsewhere. Unusual U. S. & Foreign Stamps accepted.

STAGE MONEY



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

Wonderful X-Ray Tube



A wonderful little instrument producing optical illusions both surprising and startling. Without the aid of a camera, the interior opening in a pipe stem, and many other similar illusions. A mystery that no one has been able to satisfactorily explain. **Price 10c, 3 for 25c, 1 dozen 75c, Johnson Smith & Co.**

Good Luck Ring



A very striking and uncommon ring. Silver finish, skull and crossbones design, with two brilliant, flashing gems set in the center. Said by many to bring Good Luck to the wearer, hence its name. **Good Luck Ring.** Very unique. Price 10c. Take a prize in wearing. **ONLY 25 CENTS.**

Exploding Cigarettes



JUST LIKE ORDINARY CIGARETTES. BUT SUCH REAL STARTLERS! The box contains ten genuine cigarettes of excellent quality. They appear so real, but when each cigarette is about one-third smoked, the setting gets a very great surprise as it goes off with a loud BANG! A great mirth provoker yet entirely harmless. **Price 25c per box.**

Popular Watch Charms



Very pretty little curiosities and decidedly novel. Fitted with Magnifying Lenses that enlarge the pictures to a very surprising degree; in fact, it seems almost incredible that a clear picture could be possible in such a small compass, and how sharp and distinct they show up when you look through. Come in assorted cases—Actresses, Views of Panama Canal, Lord's Prayer in type, etc.

CIGARETTE MAKER



Roll your own and save money. Makes them better and quicker besides saving more than half. Use your favorite brand of tobacco. Neat, useful and handy. Pocket size, weighs 15 oz. Made entirely of metal, nickel-plated. **Price 25c postpaid.**

MAGIC FLUTE



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

Novelty Badges



Kissing Permit 10c **Garter Inspector 10c**

Two very novel metal badges. The first is a badge that you can wear, giving you fun out of all proportion to their trifling cost. **10c, each badge, 3 for 25c, or 75c per doz. p.p.d.**

Comic Celluloid Buttons



These Comic Celluloid Buttons provide subjects for pleasant jokes and amusing conversation and thus smooth the way to a more familiar acquaintance and cordial friendship. There are seventy different titles altogether, all very wittily worded and quite unobjectionable. Wear one and see the effect. **14 Buttons illustrated above will be sent postpaid to any address for ONLY 20c or a dozen, all different, for 45c.**

Pistol, Opera & Field Glass



It is made in the shape of and looks like a regular Automatic Pistol. No one is likely to stop and ask you whether it is real or not. Trust it is likely to prove itself very handy in an emergency. On pressing the trigger it opens up, as shown in the illustration at the right, revealing nine most useful articles—Opera and Field Glass, Telescope, Mirror, Magnifying Glass and Burning Lens, Reading Glass, Sun Dial, Sun Compass, etc. In the handle of the revolver there is a place for various pocket necessities, such as First Aid Articles, Buttons, Pins, etc. The Pistol is of sheet metal, blue finish that can be carried comfortably in pocket. **PRICE \$1.00.**

Comic Celluloid Buttons



WHO THE ARE YOU **KISS ME PRETTY** **OH HONEY GIVE ME SOME** **Wont You Be My Jazz Baby**

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BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL



This well made and effective Pistol is modeled on the latest type of Revolver, and has the appearance of which a man is enough to scare a burglar, whilst, when loaded, it will probably prove just as effective as a revolver with real bullets, without the danger to life. It takes the standard .22 Calibre Blank Cartridges, that are obtainable most everywhere. Even the most timid women can use it with perfect safety and frighten a thief without risk to herself or anyone else. A Great Protection Against Burglars, Tramps and Dogs. You can have it lying about without the danger attached to other revolvers. We sell large numbers around the 4th of July. Well made of solid Metal. **PRICE ONLY \$1.00 Postpaid.** Blank Cartridges 22-cal., shipped by express only, 50c per 100. Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 858, Racine, Wis.

Sneezing Powder



Place a very small amount of this powder on the back of your hand and sneeze into the air, and everyone in the room or car will begin to sneeze without knowing the reason why. It is most amusing to sneeze their remarks, as they never suspect the real source, but think they have caught it one from the other. Retrospectively, the laughing and sneezing you yourself will be having the time of your life. For parties, political meetings, car rides, or any place at all where there is a gathering of people, it is the greatest joke out. **Price 10c or 3 for 25c.**

Mystic Skeleton



A Jointed figure of a skeleton 12 in. in height, will dance to music and perform various gyrations and movements while the operator may be some distance from it.

Serpent's Eggs



Box contains 12 eggs. When one is placed in a glass of water, one gradually hatches itself into a snake several feet long. A very curious and twist about in a most lifelike manner. **Price per box 10c p.p.d.**

THE VENTRILO



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

ITCHING POWDER



This is another good practical joke; the intense discomfort of your victims to everyone but themselves is thoroughly enjoyable. All that is necessary to start the ball rolling is to deposit a little of the powder on a person's hand and the powder can be relied upon to do the rest. The result is a vigorous scratch, then some more scratch, and still some more.

KEYLESS LOCKS



These clever locks cannot be opened unless you know the combination. No key necessary. For your locker, bicycle, tool chest, mail box, thousands of uses. Shackle and tumblers nickel plated. Weighs trifle over one ounce. Small, yet strong. Secret and full instructions with each lock. **PRICE 25c or 3 for 65c postpaid.**

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ADDRESS ORDERS FOR ALL GOODS ON THIS PAGE TO

JOHNSON SMITH & CO. DEPT. 858, RACINE, WIS.

Postage Stamps Accepted

Black Jack

"that good old licorice flavor"



\$1000

**FOR TITLES TO THIS
BLACK JACK PICTURE**

8 cash prizes will be paid as follows:

1st Prize	\$500
2nd Prize	250
3rd Prize	100
4th Prize	50
5th to 8th Prizes (\$25 each)	100

Here's fun for every member of the family. This picture needs a title. Perhaps chewing Black Jack and enjoying its good old licorice flavor,

although not a condition of this contest, will help you to find the winning title that fully expresses the story this picture tells. Everybody residing in the United States or Canada is eligible except employees of the manufacturers of Black Jack Chewing Gum.

- RULES -

1: Each entry must contain a title suggestion in 10 words or less and the name and address of the sender. 2: Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. In sending in suggested titles white paper or the reverse side of Black Jack wrappers may be used. 3: All entries for this contest must be sent to "Black Jack Titles," Dept. 4, American Chicle Company, Long

Island City, New York, and must be in before midnight May 25th, 1927. Winners to be announced as soon thereafter as possible. 4: Each entry must be sent first class mail, postage prepaid. 5: Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, and clearness of expression and neatness will count. 6: The judges will be a committee appointed by the makers of Black Jack and their decision will be final. If there are ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.

Study the picture. Think of Black Jack's delicious licorice flavor. Then send in your title or titles on plain white paper the size of a Black Jack wrapper (2 3/4 x 3) or on a Black Jack wrapper. Contest closes at midnight, May 25th, 1927.