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by Harrington Strong

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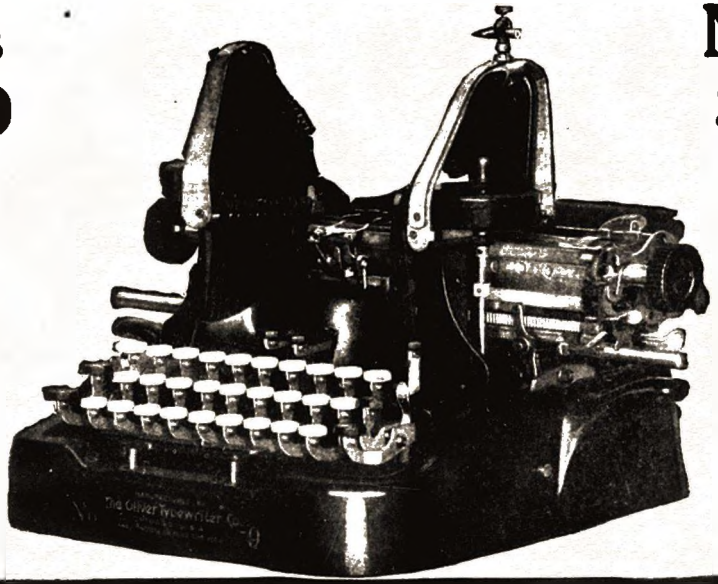

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DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE

E V E R Y T U E S D A Y

Vol. XXXV Contents for November 2, 1920 No. 6

ONE COMPLETE NOVEL

TWO SERIALS

SIX SHORT STORIES

ONE SPECIAL ARTICLE

DEPARTMENTS

MISCELLANEOUS

Publication issued every Tuesday by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. ORMOND G. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Secretary and Treasurer. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this Magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, September 4, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $7.50. Foreign, $8.50.

Secrets of Selling that Make These Men $10,000 a Year Star Salesmen

Some Amazing Stories of Quick Success

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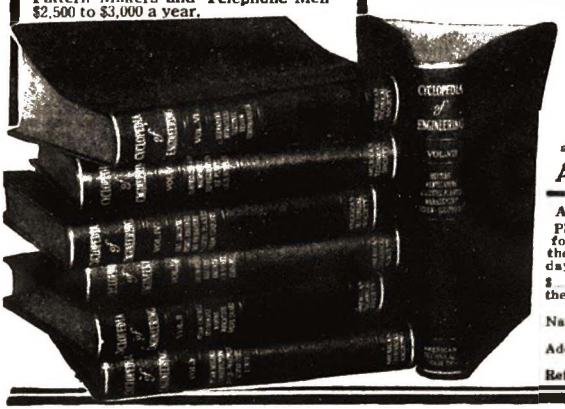

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DETECTIVE STORY
MAGAZINE
EVERY TUESDAY

Vol. XXXV November 2, 1920 No. 6

Mental Murder

By Ernest M. Poate
Author of "Petit Larceny," etc.

CHAPTER I.

HYPNOTISM.

THE five of us were sitting in Callaghan's room; it was coolest there, for his was the "parlor bedroom," and boasted two big windows. It was just dusk of a hot May evening. We sat and smoked, talking languidly, postponing our study time as young men will when the spring days lengthen and the out of doors calls to young blood, and therapeutics and surgery, calculus and Blackstone, seem tedious and profitless.

At last Kane rose, yawning. "You medics have a cinch," he declared. "Your stuff means something, anyhow; it's not like the higher mathematics—which is senseless, and an invention of the devil."

We jeered at him. Everybody knows that men in the arts college don't have to work at all—just a few cinch courses to sleep through, a silly thesis, and they graduate you, anyhow.

"If you'd taken law, now," said Grimstead. He was a sallow, saturnine chap with blue-black hair, always a little long, and a coarse black beard that always needed shaving. "If you'd studied law, you'd have a right to complain. What with this new 'case system' there's no bottom to anything. It's all guesswork."

Walter Hughes groaned agreement; he, too, was in the Law College. "Couldn't you hypnotize a fellow, Paddy, and put him into a kind of a trance, so he'd like torts and things?"

We all laughed. Callaghan's enthusiasms were a standing joke. Lately he had been talking a lot about hypnotism. Both he and I were taking Doctor Bentiron's spring course in psychiatry; and we had developed a tremendous admiration for "Old T. B.," as generations of medical students at the uni-

versity had affectionately nicknamed their lean, imperturbable professor of psychiatry and medical jurisprudence. Indeed, Callaghan was doing some special work in the psychological laboratory under his supervision. He was studying the possibilities of post-hypnotic suggestion, experimenting upon a heroic squad of volunteers from the class of '21—juniors in the art school. And Callaghan talked hypnotism, early and late.

Now he made a face at Hughes. "Hypnotism won't create brains," he answered pointedly.

Grimstead's sallow face twisted into a grin. "Hypnotism won't do anything else," he declared sarcastically. "It's mostly a fake."

"No such thing!" began Callaghan.

Hughes cut in again. "If it's such hot stuff, why not try it on 'Lisshy?'" he drawled. "Make her lay off you."

Lisshy—Alicia Ransom—was the daughter of the house; a rather obvious young lady with a nice taste in chewing gum. She clerked in a department store, and cast frequent tender looks upon poor Callaghan, to his considerable discomfiture. Yet he resented any slur upon her.

He was red-haired and hot-tempered. Now he flared up; Hughes had been baiting him.

"Cut that out!" he cried, a tide of red obscuring his freckles. "The girl's all right. You make any more cracks, and I'll swing on you!"

Hughes looked surprised. "Don't get huffy," said he. "I didn't realize you were so fond of the lady." His tone made the apology an added offense; Hughes could be disagreeable enough, in his bland, ladylike way.

But Kane, always the peacemaker, cut in. "You go easy, Goldilocks; Paddy's a bear!"

We all laughed. Callaghan's flush faded, and Hughes grew red in his turn. He was a nice-looking young fellow; his clear skin and golden curls made the nickname so absurdly apt that its very repetition amused us.

Thus hostilities were averted. But Grimstead returned to the attack.

"Paddy beefs and beefs about hypnotism," he declared, "as if it was magic. *I* don't believe there's anything in it."

"I've seen Doctor Bentiron do some pretty queer things," I began.

"Oh, yes—maybe," Hughes said skeptically, still a bit resentful. "But Paddy, here—honest, Fleming, can Paddy hypnotize anybody?"

"Of course he can," said I.

Hughes sneered. Grimstead thrust out his long, bristly chin. His sallow features were defiant.

"He can't hypnotize me!"

Callaghan grinned. "I'll bet I can, Kirke," he answered. "That is, if you'll give your word to help me."

Grimstead fumbled in a pocket; he was a born gambler. "I'll just take you up," he announced. "Here's ten dollars that says you can't hypnotize me, not if I do just exactly as you tell me."

Paddy was quite undisturbed. He hunted through his pockets. "Lend me five, will you, John?"

I gave him the money; he counted out the rest in bits, picked up here and there in the room. The final dime came out of his tobacco jar.

"And a two-cent stamp over," said he. "There's your ten, Kirke. Fleming can hold the stakes. And if I lose, Mrs. Ransom'll hold the bag until I hear from home. It's understood that Grimstead is to coöperate. John Fleming will be judge of that; if he decides Kirke's holding out on me, the bet is off."

Grimstead agreed. He seemed honestly convinced that he could not lose; that hypnosis was really a "fake." On his side, Callaghan seemed as confident of success. Hughes and Kane were curious and doubtful; I was inclined

to back Callaghan. Despite his strong features and long, stubborn chin, the saturnine Grimstead had the quick, nervous movements, the rolling, uneasy eye, of the neurotic; if he followed directions in good faith, I was inclined to think he might be a fairly easy subject. And Callaghan had been trained by Doctor Bentiron.

While we others sat in a row on the edge of the bed, like spectators at a play, Callaghan disposed his subject in the worn morris chair, a pillow at his back.

"Lie right back," he directed. "Make yourself comfortable. And mind, you're to give yourself up; don't try to fight it. Let yourself go loose; let your mind wander. Try to think about nothing."

He fumbled about on his disorderly study table until he found a paperweight, an inch-thick block of plain glass with some photograph pasted to its underside. This he placed on the edge of the table, arranging it with care so that it reflected the light of the shaded student lamp and focused it in Grimstead's eyes.

"Look straight at that," ordered Callaghan. "No," as the other moved his head, "don't move; just turn your eyes."

As the chair was placed, Grimstead, lying back at ease, must look slantwise at the bit of shining glass. He maintained his gaze with some effort.

"It strains my eyes," he complained.

"I know," said Paddy. "That's part of the game. Rest easy, now. Keep looking right at that bright spot. Don't try to think." His voice was low, monotonous, soothing. He stood behind the chair, touching the other's forehead with light fingers.

"Your eyes are heavy," he went on softly. "The light's too bright. But you're comfortable—very, very comfortable. And tired. You've been working hard. Now think about rest—and quiet—and sleep. Your eyes are heavy; you can't hold them open any longer. See, your lids droop—and droop—and droop."

The soft, quiet voice droned on; even we three, watching breathless from the bed, felt its influence. Involuntarily I began to yawn. Grimstead settled himself more comfortably; I could see his tense muscles relax. The lines of his face smoothed themselves away; he looked oddly boyish, lying there. He breathed quietly, deeply, like a sleeping child. Beneath Callaghan's gentle touch his eyelids drooped and drooped, and presently closed.

He frowned, passing a hand across his face. His heavy brows twitched; he struggled to open his eyes. Kane murmured protest: "He's not playing fair!" but Paddy scowled at him.

"You're asleep," he intoned, pressing Grimstead's lids down again with firm, gentle fingers. "You're asleep. You can't open your eyes; you can't move."

He made two or three strong downward passes with his open hand, almost touching the other's face.

"You're asleep," he repeated aloud. "You can't open your eyes; you can't move. Try it!"

Obediently, Kirke Grimstead's face twitched. His closed lids quivered; I could see the muscles bunch beneath his coat. But he lay still, now quite rigid; and his eyes stayed shut.

Callaghan turned to us, triumphant, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"How about it, fellows?" he questioned triumphantly. "Do I win? Try him."

"Grimstead!" called Kane. "Kirke! Oh, Kirke! Wake up!"

He rose; shook the unconscious man strongly, shouting in his ear. There was no response; Grimstead lay inert, like one cataleptic.

Kane gave the hypnotist a look of admiration tinged with awe.

"You've done it, Paddy," he ad-

mitted. "He's under, sure enough. Are —are you sure he's all right?" he finished rather uneasily.

Callaghan laughed. "Of course he is. It's nothing but hypnotic catalepsy. Grimstead! Stand up."

His eyes still closed, Grimstead arose stiffly, moving like an automaton.

"You're rigid, Kirke," declared Paddy. "Stiff as a board; can't bend a joint. Remember that!"

The other froze into position. With my help, Callaghan tipped him over, and we lifted him up. It was like handling a cigar-store Indian; there was no yielding. We put his head on one chair and his heels on another; his body held its position, "stiff as a board."

"The lot of you could sit on him, and he wouldn't bend," declared Callaghan. "But we won't try it; might hurt him. Are you all satisfied?" looking around at us. "Or shall I make him flap his wings and crow like a rooster, or lie on the floor and swim? I can, you know; but I kind of hate to make a fool of him unnecessarily."

I think Hughes would have been glad to see the other made ridiculous; but Kane and I protested. We felt, as Callaghan seemed to, that it would be taking an unfair advantage.

"All right, then," Paddy said. "But there's one more thing. Just to prove to Kirke that he was really hypnotized, I'll give him a post-hypnotic suggestion —something to do several hours after he comes to. He won't know why, but he'll have to do it; and that ought to show him, when we explain, that I won fairly. What'll it be, boys?"

"Might make him go in and kiss Lisshy; she won't mind," Hughes suggested smoothly malicious.

Paddy scowled, face red as his hair. "Hughes," he flared, "you're in my room, and I try to be polite. But if you drag that girl into anything more to-night, I'll knock your block off—and dissect you afterward," he finished, only half in joke.

Kane intervened once more. "Shut up, Hughes," he advised amiably. "You talk too much. About Grimstead here: why not tell him to come back to your room and get something—at two in the morning, say. Make him wake up and come in here—could you do that?"

Paddy nodded, grinning, his anger forgotten. "Sure, I can. I'll make him come back here and get—what?" He glanced about, in quest of something, then picked an autopsy knife from the littered table; a cartilage knife, heavy-backed, with a six-inch blade, sharp as a razor—such a knife as will cleave through a rib as though it were butter.

"Of all things," said our host, "Kirke would be least likely to borrow this, wouldn't he?"

He turned to Grimstead, now lying on the bed where we had put him, rigid as a wax figure.

"Kirke Grimstead!" he called, and the other obediently turned his pale face, eyes still tightly shut. "Grimstead! At two o'clock in the morning, you will get up and come to my room and borrow my autopsy knife to slice dill pickles with. Understand?"

CHAPTER II.

A POKER GAME.

NOW," Paddy said, "if everybody's satisfied, we'll let him off. You will sleep five minutes, Kirke, and then wake up naturally. And you will remember everything that's happened. I could just as well make him forget," he explained, "but I don't want any question about that X. I need the money."

He made two or three strong upward passes close before the sleeper's waxy face. Grimstead's lids fluttered; a faint color crept up beneath his unshaved beard; his stiff limbs relaxed visibly. Sighing, he turned on one side, settling

his head into the pillow, and slept naturally.

We others huddled together, watching him, and talked in hushed voices. I had seen many experiments in hypnotism; yet this was impressive enough, even to me. The others were a little awed; they seemed uncomfortable. I thought they drew back from Callaghan as though that red-headed, freckle-faced reprobate were something more than human.

It was rather uncanny. Grimstead, who was so dominant, so aggressive, lay there quiet and helpless, sleeping so profoundly that we scarcely saw him breathe. Kane tiptoed to the bedside to stoop over him, then drew back, flushing, as the sleeper stirred and yawned.

"I—I—he lay so still," he apologized.

Grimstead yawned again, throwing both arms over his head, then opened his eyes and sat up, blinking.

"Hello, you fellows," he muttered. "I must have been asleep."

He swung his feet off the bed and sat staring at us. Gradually an expression, half sullen, half ashamed, spread over his sallow face with its day's growth of bristly beard. He flushed darkly.

"Well," he hesitated. "Well, Callaghan, you win. You' can take the money."

His manner was ungracious; he gave poor Paddy an ugly look. Grimstead was never a good loser. He drew out his watch.

"Eight o'clock and after," he said. "I'm going. Macgregor'll be here in a minute. Come along, Walter; come on, Kane. You want to sit in, John?" he invited, pointedly omitting Callaghan. "Just a quiet little game; ten-cent limit."

But I shook my head, for examination week was coming fast, and I was shaky in all the specialties, otolgy most of all. "No, thanks," I declined. "Got to bone O. M. P. C. for a while"

The hall door opened, and I heard Macgregor's jovial voice outside: "Oh, you gamblers!"

Cheerfully promising to rob their visitor and send him home in a barrel, the others trooped out, leaving me alone with Paddy. I grinned at him.

"Your entertainment may have been a success, old dear," I told him, "but the audience wasn't pleased, nor the chief performer, either."

Paddy shrugged. "Grimstead's a sulky beast," he declared. "As far as that goes, I'd sooner have his money than his company." He patted the ten-dollar bill affectionately. "Here's your V back, by the way. As for Kane and Hughes, I don't suppose they ever saw anybody hypnotized before. They looked at me as if I was Svengali; they'll be afraid to be alone with me for two days, for fear I'll put a charm on 'em to witch their brains away—what they've got. And then they'll forget all about it. So that's that. What you doing to-night? Otology? Run along home, then. I'm digging at neurology for old man Hopkins."

So I went back to my own room, past Kane's open door. While the other three arranged poker chips and cards, Hughes called over his shoulder to me.

"John! Oh, you John Fleming! I've got a nine o'clock engagement in the morning. Call me when you get up, will you, old Early Bird?"

I promised, and went on to my own back room.

Ours was a quiet little boarding house in the West Sixties, close by the medical school. There were only the five of us: Paddy and me, and Hughes, Kane, and Grimstead. The place was handy enough for us two medics, but why the others had selected it I don't know; both the arts college and the law school are way uptown, as everybody knows. Perhaps it was because it was

a quiet place, and easy-going. Stout, comfortable Mrs. Ransom never complained about late hours, and the front door was never locked. As long as we didn't make too much noise, we might do as we pleased, indoors and out. And she was usually reasonable in the face of those periods of financial stringency which every college student lives through.

Then there was Lisshy—a nice-enough girl, and just the companion when one was inclined for a show. In spite of the fun they often made of her, both Hughes and Grimstead enjoyed going out with her. I suspect that there was a trace of envy behind their jeers at her preference for Paddy Callaghan. Well, she was a good, sensible girl, and amusing if she did chew gum. In the crowded heart of New York City, there was no such social life as one finds in small-town universities; and a young man away from home needs occasional feminine companionship. Alicia Ransom was a boon to all of us.

As I have said, she worked downtown somewhere. Her mother ran the house; her father, old Jim—"Jay-ames," as his wife called him—was the typical husband of a boarding-house keeper. He was small and frail and colorless, and woolly faced like an Airedale terrier. He went about in shirt sleeves with a chronically unbuttoned vest, sweeping and making beds. I suspect he scrubbed the kitchen floor; his trousers bagged at the knees so that he always seemed crouched for a desperate leap. When not on duty as a chambermaid, he inhabited the kitchen, poor, ineffectual little man! Mrs. Ransom and Lisshy ate with us; but he ate at the second table. And that was his life.

I sat in my room, trying to plug; but the voices of the poker players, the clicking of chips, came through the thin partition and distracted me. At last I pushed back my book and sat thinking.

Perhaps it was as well that the school year was so nearly over; that our little group was soon to break up. Kane was a decent chap, but I began to tire of both Grimstead and Hughes; their ideas were not mine. Evidently Paddy felt the same, since he had almost come to blows with Hughes twice that very evening. Oh, well; he would have forgotten it all by morning. Paddy was a forgiving soul. But I would be glad when we all got our sheepskins and separated finally.

Loud voices broke in on these reflections. Beyond the partition Hughes and Grimstead were hard at it.

"You slipped that one from the bottom!"

"Tut, tut," came Hughes' smooth tones. "Don't come the baby act just because you're losing."

"You lie, you card marker!"

I heard a table overturned; the scuffling of feet; the sound of a blow. Then Kane and Macgregor interposed; their voices, muted by the wall between, held soothing and expostulation.

I sighed. Friction seemed to be rife in our erstwhile quiet house.

In some fashion the quarrel next door was composed. Presently I heard voices in the hall.

"Good night, you chaps! Now don't be a pair of soreheads; you'll both feel better in the morning."

Then Grimstead's surly tones. "There's my I O U, Hughes. That makes five hundred. I'll settle up on the first."

"I'd be awfully sorry to have to write your old man," answered Hughes smoothly.

Then the gathering broke up. Hughes and Grimstead went up the stairs to their rooms, and Kane closed his door. Sighing, I picked up my otology.

But I was not in the humor for work. The events of the evening had upset me. Hughes and Callaghan, Grimstead and Hughes—their quarrels fretted me.

I kept seeing Grimstead's wax-white face as he lay rigid and unconscious on Paddy's bed; wondering whether such hypnotic experiments were surely harmless; wondering whether the house would settle down to its former peace and good-fellowship, or whether we would continue to growl and snap at each other until commencement released us to go our several ways.

At last I gave it up, undressed, and went to bed. But I could not sleep. I tossed and tumbled restlessly, for the night was unseasonably hot. As is always the case when I lie awake of nights, every unpleasant happening of months rose up to torment me. I fretted over my low marks in the specialties; imagined myself flunking otology and ophthalmology—busted out, compelled to take another year's work. It was a miserably uncomfortable night.

To add to my troubles, a cat began yowling somewhere. Another joined in; the two brutes squalled and wailed interminably, like lost souls squirming on the grids; the racket was unbearable.

At last I rose, fuming, and collected a couple of empty bottles, the inkstand and a paperweight. Loaded down with this ammunition, I went out into the hall, resolved to have peace though I must fight for it. It was five minutes past two by my wrist watch.

Outside, I almost stumbled over Kane, fumbling down the hall in his pajamas. He carried a heavy match safe and a pair of shoe trees, and there was wrath in his sleepy eyes.

"I'll fix those damned cats," he muttered.

We groped along the dark hall, on tiptoe lest we alarm our quarry. Through the door came continued demoniacal caterwauling; the brutes seemed to be right on the steps.

"All set?" whispered Kane, his right arm drawn back.

"Shoot!" I cried.

With his left hand he snatched the door open; in the same breath we both fired.

The cacophony without rose to a shrill, startled squeal and broke off suddenly. With the crash of our artillery—my inkstand and Kane's shoe tree—came a frenzied scratching; two cats—from the sounds, there might have been forty—disappeared in haste, being thus rudely interrupted.

Kane and I pursued them with paper weights, match safe, and objurgations; and they fled before us.

"There!" grunted my companion, with one last, vicious volley. "They'll finish their concert somewhere else, I reckon. Gee, this pavement's cold! Let's get back to bed."

He led the way, his bare feet flinching from the flagstones, hopping like a hen on a hot griddle. I followed, audibly praising my superior wisdom; for I wore slippers.

As we reëntered the dark hall, Kane almost stumbled over a dim, pajama-clad shape which was just emerging from Callaghan's room.

"Hi!" he ejaculated. "Who's this? Hello, Kirke!"

It was Grimstead. His eyes were tight shut; his bare feet made no sound. In his white pajamas, he moved before us like a wraith, stalking along with the stiff, mechanical movements of an automaton. In his right hand, held rigidly out before him, was Paddy's autopsy knife.

"'Is that a dagger that I see before me, its handle toward my hand?'" whispered Kane irreverently. "Pipe Lady Macbeth, Johnny, in her justly celebrated sleep-walking scene! Hey, Kirke!" he called. "Oh, you Kirke Grimstead!"

But Grimstead made no sign. He looked neither to the right nor the left, but stalked on up the stairs and disappeared.

"Dead to the world," said Kane. "Paddy sure put the Indian sign on him

It's kind of uncanny, isn't it, to see him like that? Well, Callaghan won his sawbuck, fair enough. Wonder if Kirke'll come out of it all right? I'm tempted to follow him up there and see."

He hesitated at the stair foot for a moment; but I reassured him.

"Grimstead'll be all right in the morning," I told him. "This isn't anything—just post-hypnotic suggestion. He'll go back to bed and forget all about it. I don't believe he's in any trance now; he was just ashamed at being caught, and pretended not to see us. Run along to bed, now. Good night!"

Kane shut his door, rather reluctantly, and I turned into my own room. I was tired out; I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

CHAPTER III.

MURDER!

I WOKE with a start, and glanced at my watch. It was broad daylight; almost eight o'clock, and I had promised to call Hughes early.

I jumped out of bed, scrambled into bath robe and slippers, and raced up the stairs.

"Hughes! Oh, you Walter Hughes!" I shouted, pounding at his door.

There was no reply. I called again, beating a tattoo with both fists; but Hughes did not answer.

I opened the door and looked in. There he lay, flat on his back, arms thrown wide, evidently sound asleep.

"Wake up, Rip Van Winkle!" said I, catching him by the shoulder—and started back with a cry.

For Hughes was dead—dead and cold. He lay on his back, his half-closed, filmy eyes staring at the ceiling; his stiff lips were drawn back into a faint, cynical smile, and the rough, black handle of a knife thrust up from his left breast.

He had been stabbed twice, for there was a cut in his pajama coat just above the one which the knife blade now filled, and his body and the bedclothes were stained red. He must have died instantly; both cuts had pierced his heart. The knife was buried so deep that its guardless handle was pressed into the flesh between the ribs.

He had been dead for hours; that was plain, for rigor mortis had already set in. Looking closer, I recognized the knife. I had seen that black wooden handle, scored with crossed diagonals to give a firm grip, many and many a time. It was Paddy Callaghan's autopsy knife; Paddy's cartilage knife, whose heavy-backed six-inch blade could shear a rib like cutting butter.

Yes, it was Paddy's knife—and I had seen it last at two o'clock this very morning, when Kirke Grimstead had emerged from Paddy's room, holding it stiffly before him!

Half stunned in the presence of this unexpected tragedy, I lifted up my voice.

"Kane! Oh, Kane!" I called.

I suppose my voice must have held alarm and urgency, for Kane responded immediately. I heard his feet hit the floor with a thump; tousle-headed and yawning, he emerged from his room next to mine and hurried up the stairs.

"What's the trouble, Johnny? Ugh!" The sleepily querulous tones broke off; as he caught sight of our housemate's body, his breath came out in an audible grunt.

"Good heavens, man," he went on stupidly, "he—he's d-dead! What's happened? Wh-what shall we do?" He fell to rubbing his sleepy eyes with both fists, sniffing and choking like a frightened baby. He was no more than half awake.

I was sufficiently bewildered and shocked myself; but the sight of Kane's helplessness roused me a little.

"Do?" I repeated. "Why, notify the

police, I suppose. We ought to do that first of all, and not touch anything in the room until they get here. And, Bill, I think we ought to see what Kirke Grimstead's up to. You remember what we saw last night?"

Kane blinked at me in horror. "Great heavens, Johnny," he stammered, "what're you getting at? You don't think—you don't mean?"

"I'm not thinking anything," I declared. "Only, we saw Grimstead come out of Paddy's room at two o'clock this morning, carrying a knife—and look here!" Kane's shrinking gaze followed my finger reluctantly, and fastened itself upon that ugly, protruding knife handle. "Look at that! That's Paddy's bone knife—the knife we both saw in Grimstead's hand six hours ago!"

Kane made an inarticulate sound, putting out his hands as though to ward off a visible menace.

"And—and Grimstead quarreled with Walter last night," he muttered. "Called him a card sharp, hit him in the face. And when he went upstairs he said, 'If Hughes writes to my father about that I O U I'll f-fix him!' Oh, heavens, what a mess—what a mess!"

He covered his face with both hands and groaned. He was badly shaken, poor chap. It is not easy to be jerked from peaceful sleep into the gruesome presence of murder and sudden death.

"Brace up, old man," I comforted him. "Better go and get some clothes on, while I call up police headquarters."

But he would not be left alone. "You wait for me, John," he begged. "I don't like to stay alone—with that. It won't take me a minute—then we can go down together."

All this time Grimstead's door, just across the hall, had remained closed. I heard no stir from behind it; my shouts, which had brought Kane from his room belowstairs, did not seem to have roused the man so much nearer.

I scowled at the blank door. "Before we do anything else," said I, "I move we go and rout out Kirke—if he's there! We ought to give him a chance to explain. He may have left that knife in the hall—somebody may have broken in and found it. Anyhow, I think we ought to talk to him. After all, he's lived with us all this while; we ought to see what he has to say. It wouldn't be quite fair to turn the police loose on him without any warning at all."

Kane nodded. I think we both felt the same. Here was a man who had been our familiar friend through four years of college life; we owed him something. It was hard to believe him guilty of such a thing as this. We hoped against hope that he might have some explanation to offer; some excuse which might relieve us of the necessity of holding him to be a cold-blooded murderer.

"Let's call Paddy first," suggested Kane. "He's in it, too; that is, it's his knife. We'd better all get together before the cops come."

I suppose we were moved by the clannishness that holds college men together. At a university one feels himself part of a great family. The police belong to another world; one resents their intrusion. And so, though both of us were convinced, almost beyond hope, that Kirke Grimstead was a murderer, the clan spirit held; before calling in any outsiders, we must get together, present a united front.

We went down the stairs, and to Paddy's room at the front of the house. His door, too, was shut; being so far away, he had evidently heard nothing. We did not wait to rap.

Paddy lay on his bed, fast asleep; so still that for a moment my heart stopped beating lest he also might have a knife through his breast.

But our entry roused him. He stirred and yawned, ran a hand through his

rough red hair, and sat up, blinking at us.

"Oh, hum!" said Paddy. "Breakfast ready? Sure, you look like you needed it, the pair of you. If your souls were as white as your faces, Saint Peter himself couldn't keep you out of paradise this minute. Have you been seeing a ghost?"

"Paddy," I began. "Paddy, was Kirke Grimstead in here in the night?"

Callaghan laughed. "Sure he was! Am I not the prince of all hypnotists? At two o'clock he came, as prompt as prompt, and borrowed my cartilage knife as I told him. Said he wanted it to slice dill pickles with, and all the time with a face to curdle milk at the thoughts of it!" He laughed again, and then fell sober at our worried looks.

"Something's happened," he declared, slipping his feet out of bed. "Something's gone wrong; I can see it in the scared faces of you. What's the matter?"

"Paddy," I persisted, with some vague idea of getting a statement before he knew what had happened, "was Kirke all right when he came in? In his right senses, I mean—not hypnotized?"

"Of course he was," Callaghan said impatiently. "You both saw me wake him up. Sure, he was all right—only sleepy, and wondering why he wanted my knife. You could see the puzzle in the face of him. Now, then, what are the two of you looking like præcoxes for, anyhow? What is the matter with you?"

"Walter Hughes is dead!" Kane announced. "Fleming just found him in bed, with your knife stuck through him."

Paddy clutched at his brick-red curls with both freckled hands. His face was twisted into an expression of mingled bewilderment and alarm.

"Good heavens, boys," he muttered, climbing right out of bed. "This is awful, isn't it? Now what in thunder'll we do?"

With shaking hands he began to sort out his clothes. In spite of my anxiety, I had to laugh at him, hopping about on one foot as he tried to thrust his left leg into the wrong side of his trousers.

"Get some clothes on, you fellows," he ordered, "and we'll go get Grimstead and talk this thing over."

Alicia Ransom mounted the stairs from the basement dining room as we piled out into the hall. She averted her eyes from our disarray, flushing a little, and opened the front door. As she went out, I caught the glint of a demure little smile.

Callaghan groaned again, tugging at his carroty hair. "There's another one," he muttered. "It'll be fine for her, won't it, now? The papers'll all play her up—'Quarrel over Landlady's Beautiful Daughter Ends in Murder!' Of course, Grimstead must have done it," he finished.

I nodded sadly. "Looks that way," I agreed. "But it wasn't about Lisshy; they had a scrap last night over a card game. Maybe it wasn't him, though. We ought to give him a chance first."

"Come on, then." Paddy was dressed.

The three of us climbed the stairs, buttoning collars and tying neckties as we went, and presently arrived at Grimstead's door.

It was still shut; we listened, but there was no stir within.

"Hum!" said Callaghan. "Grimstead! Kirke Grimstead!" He rapped sharply. "Either his conscience is clear, or he hasn't any. If it was me, I'd never be able to stay in my room at all, let alone not answering the door."

He turned the knob, and we all piled in, huddled together, expecting we knew not what.

The bed was empty and undisturbed;

it had not been slept in. At first glance, I thought the room was empty, too; then I caught sight of Grimstead's black, rumpled head above the back of his morris chair at the window.

He did not look about at our entry, nor move when we approached him. Still clad in white pajamas, he sat upright and rigid in the chair, his eyes closed. His sallow face, wearing, as always, one day's growth of bristly black beard, was pale and still as that other face across the hall. He did not move; he scarcely seemed to breathe. His hands gripped the two arms of his big chair, and hands and sleeves were smeared and stained.

"Grimstead!" said Kane. It was almost a sob.

"My heavens, Grimstead!" cried Callaghan.

I gripped the man's shoulder and shook it fiercely.

Beneath my hand he stirred faintly; I felt his muscles tense into strong shuddering. He opened his eyes slowly, and stared out of the window.

He seemed dazed. For a moment he paid no attention to us, but sat quite still, his eyes dull and vacant. Gradually the sallow mask of his face crumpled into an expression of horror; he looked down at his bloody hands, as though unbelieving what he saw there.

At last, "Good Lord!" he groaned, "what have I done?"

He doubled forward, head on his knees, face buried in his stained hands. His shoulders heaved; he made queer, clucking sounds.

Then he straightened up and turned to face us, ghastly white, a muscle in his thin cheek working rhythmically.

"Tell me, fellows," he begged, "did I —has something dreadful happened? Or was it only a bad dream?"

"Walter Hughes is dead," I told him soberly. "Stabbed through the heart with the knife I saw in your hands last night!"

"As God is my judge," Grimstead cried fervently, "I know nothing about it! If I did it, I don't remember."

His hot black eyes held mine for a moment, then wavered and fell. "I know nothing about it," he repeated almost sullenly. "I don't remember anything after I went into Callaghan's room early this morning, and he——" He checked himself, with an odd, sidelong glance at Paddy, and shut his lips firmly.

"I haven't anything to say," he declared.

"But, man," I protested, "you've got to say something; you've got to explain. We'll have to call in the police—we just waited to tell you about it first. Here's a man dead—murdered—and two of us saw you going toward his room early this morning, carrying the knife that killed him. Don't you understand that you've got to tell us what happened, unless you want us to think you guilty? We're your friends; tell us," I begged. "If you dropped the knife in the hall —if there was any chance of somebody's breaking in and getting it—if there's any way at all to clear you, just tell us now. Maybe we can clear things up before the police come. If we don't —if we leave things as they stand—you'll be arrested, sure!"

But Grimstead shook his head. "No," he repeated obstinately, "I've nothing to say—not a thing! Go on, call the police if you like; it's nothing to me!"

His face was darkly flushed; he stood with averted eyes, scowling at us. His manner expressed sulky defiance; we might have been his deadliest enemies instead of his near friends, seeking to help him. I gave it up.

"All right, then, Grimstead. If you don't want our help, I don't see what we can do. We'll have to call police headquarters right away; we've waited too long already. And as things are, I think you'd better stay right here in your room until an officer comes."

Behind me, Kane and Callaghan nodded solemnly, Grimstead surveyed us with a twisted grin.

"Under arrest, am I?" he said sneeringly. "You're getting pretty important, aren't you, Fleming? I'll do as I please!"

None the less, he sat down again, and, after a whispered colloquy, Kane set off to the basement telephone while Paddy and I stood guard over our housemate, whom we were compelled to think a murderer.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ARREST.

WE heard a commotion belowstairs; the sound of a querulous, scolding voice, coming closer and closer. Mrs. Ransom had heard of the tragedy. Her shrill tones, broken by asthmatic wheezings—for she was stout—floated up the stair well.

"A fine sort of doings to be going on in a decent house! Is this what I get for being easy? Door always open, and no questions asked if things was quiet, and letting the rent money go over until you heard from home? Oh, these college students! Everybody warned me—but I knew too much—I thought they'd appreciate being treated decent. And now here's my house ruined, with a bad name as long as I live, and the police in here, reporters, and poor Lisshy mixed up in Heaven knows what!"

Her lament rose in a sharp crescendo as she mounted the second flight and loomed large and threatening in the hall without. Paddy and I glanced at each other, not without trepidation. Mrs. Ransom, usually placid and easy-going, was a terror when roused.

"You c'n just pack your trunks, the lot of you," she declared, "and get right out of my house! I'll have no more such doings!" Tears hopped down her fat, shaking cheeks; the poor woman was quite beside herself. I do not think she knew what she was saying.

"Get right along with you this minute! I want the whole business out of my house before the police come to——"

"Now, now, Mollie!" came a diffident protest. Mr. Ransom had followed her, shrinking and uneasy as ever, his mild, woolly face all creased with worry. "Now, Mollie, don't be hard on th' poor boys!"

She whirled on him. "Hard on them? Hard on them? And what've they done to me? But that's just like a man—no thought at all for your poor, hardworked wife. If I had a husband as was worth anything, he'd throw these trash out, instead of hanging round here, doing nothing, and the breakfast getting cold on the stove! You, Ransom, you get right back into that kitchen—trot yourself, now! And set breakfast on the table for these boys. They must be starved—the morning half gone, and the work not started, and all.

"Now come along down, all of you!" Thus Mrs. Ransom, having relieved her pent-up feelings. As many people do, she had scolded herself back into good temper, and her natural motherliness reasserted itself. "The eggs are all cooked and getting cold, and you can't expect me to fry any more, what with eggs eighty cents a dozen. Poor Mr. Hughes! He was so fond of bacon and eggs, too!" And the good lady wiped away a tear and bustled downstairs again.

Callaghan and I followed. This was a dreadful affair, of course; but we were young and healthy and hungry. Kane refused to come—he had no appetite, he said. And Grimstead only sat in his chair, head in hands, and sullenly ignored us all.

So we left Kane upstairs as a sort of guard, and descended to the dining room.

Mrs. Ransom served us, sniffing tear-

fully. But though we ate in haste, our breakfast was no more than half over when we heard the doorbell ring.

Wiping her hands on her apron, our hostess hastened to answer it, and Callaghan and I abandoned our meal, sighing, and mounted the stairs. We had our parts to play in this investigation; also, we desired to miss none of it.

Backed by two stalwart uniformed patrolmen, a little, stoop-shouldered man stood in the hall. He was absurdly bow-legged; his rust-colored hair was cropped close all over a small bullet head. His face was clean-shaved, and all seamed and puckered, like the faces one used to see carved upon pipe bowls. He had little, beady black eyes, alert and restless, like a bird's eyes, and his manner was awkward and shy.

"What's this?" he was saying. His reluctant voice creaked like a disused hinge. "What's this, now? A killin', they said, ma'am—a college boy killed, is it? An' where's th' corp'?"

Mrs. Ransom only eyed him helplessly and began to cry once more. Paddy looked at me, and I stepped forward.

"Upstairs, sergeant," I said, guessing at his rank. "I found the body. I'll show you."

"An' where's th' man done it? Th' message says he was here, too."

"Upstairs, too. At least, we don't know whether he did it or not, but——"

The little detective checked me with a gesture. "Save it," he advised, clumping up the stairs. "Let's have a look first. Moran, you come along; Schwartz, stay down here and keep folks away, if anybody comes."

Back into Hughes' room we trooped; the detective—his name was O'Malley—the patrolman, Paddy and I. Seeing us there, Kane came across the hall; but Grimstead sat still in his chair, head in his stained hands, and gave no sign.

"Huh!" grunted O'Malley, stooping over the corpse. "Dead f'r six 'r eight hours, maybe. You ain't touched him?"

We all shook our heads.

"Stabbed twice," he went on, "right through th' heart. An' he's bled quite a lot. Must of been done in th' dark; never moved—never knew what hit him. Now then"—wheeling upon me—"what about it?"

I told him briefly how I had come in at eight o'clock to waken Hughes, and had found him dead.

"Eight?" creaked the detective. His shrewd, beady eyes fixed me for an instant. "Ye took your time! An' now, about who done it?"

"Why," I hesitated; it was hard to tell. "Why, Grimstead, in that room across the hall. Kane and I saw him coming up the stairs at two o'clock this morning, carrying a knife."

"Th' same knife? An' why didn't ye stop him? An' what was ye doin' in the hall, that time o' night?"

"Some cats were fighting," I explained. "Yes, it was the same knife; we recognized it. It belongs to Callaghan, here. And we didn't stop him, because—because he'd been sent after it. We never dreamed of anything like this!"

O'Malley's restless eyes shifted from one face to another. No doubt we all looked guilty enough, for he scowled portentously.

"There is somethin' funny here," he announced. "Whaddaya mean, you sent him?"

I looked at Callaghan, but he made no answer. I seemed to be elected spokesman.

"Why," said I uneasily, "it was a joke, officer. You see, Grimstead—over there in his room—bet Callaghan he couldn't be hypnotized. Callaghan is a medical student; he's been studying hypnotism under Professor Bentiron, at the university——"

The detective cut me short. "With the doctor!" he cried. "An' why didn't

ye tell me that, first off? Sure, if he's helpin' the doctor, he must be all right. An' so he hyp—hypnotized this here other fellow, huh? Yeah—g'wan!"

His manner had changed. He was no longer suspicious; his harsh, creaking voice was almost cordial. I began to realize that Doctor Benfiron must be a great man in the larger world, as well as in the microcosm of the university.

"Well," I continued, "Callaghan told him to come back at two o'clock and get this knife, just to prove he'd been hypnotized, you see. And—and he did it."

"Ye-ah," said the detective dryly.

He turned from the dead body and clumped across the hall. Grimstead sat still with his back to the door, glooming from the window, apparently quite uninterested in what went on. O'Malley tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's that on y'r hands?" he demanded curtly.

Grimstead looked stupidly down at his stained fingers, but did not reply.

"An' how come it there?" The little detective's voice was sharper, more accusing.

Grimstead shook his head. "I don't know."

"Did ye, or did ye not, kill this man Hughes?"

But the other only shook his head again, so that the dank black lock upon his forehead swayed back and forth.

"Nothing t' say," he mumbled, and dropped his face into his hands once more.

O'Malley could get nothing from him. In spite of bullying and persuasion, he would neither admit nor deny. And at last, learning that he was a law student, the detective gave it up in disgust.

"Sure," he said, "I might have knowed it! A lawyer, is it? I will waste no more breath on him."

He went over the whole matter again, questioning Callaghan, Kane, and me, and finally summed up thus:

"This dead fellow and him"—indicating Grimstead with a spatulate thumb—"hadda scrap last night over a poker game, an' this one says he'd fix Hughes f'r something'. Is that right, huh? Ye-ah. An' in th' night he goes to Callaghan's room after a knife—some hocus-pocus made him do it, you says. Well, I dunno; anyways, he got this here knife. An' how long was he in your room, now?"

Paddy started. "Why," he stammered, "why, I don't know. A few minutes, I suppose. Not long."

Grimstead lifted his head from his hands to give Paddy a long, sinister look. His sallow, unshaven face twisted into a hateful smile; but he said nothing.

"Well, an' you two saw him goin' upstairs with the knife. An' next thing, you, Fleming, found this here Hughes dead, huh? An' that's all. No noises in the night; no signs of anybody breakin' in?"

"The door is never locked," I pointed out.

"Huh! But anybody'd have to go past you three fellows' rooms downstairs, an' climb up here, an' get that knife Grimstead had, an' all. What'd he do it for, huh? Nope. Looks t' me t' be open an' shut. This here Grimstead got th' knife an' went in soft an' quiet an' stabbed him while he slept. An' then he seen he couldn't get away with it, an' he didn't even try t' clean up. Got rattled, I s'pose. Scart half t' death right now—that's why he won't say nothin'. Well, you just come along with me, Grimstead, me bucko. 'F you won't talk to the likes o' me, mebbe you'll tell it to th' judge."

He snapped a handcuff upon Grimstead's unresisting wrist, and linked his prisoner to his own arm.

"These quiet ones is th' worse," he vouchsafed. "Liable to break an' run,

like as not. I'll be takin' no chances with him!"

The medical examiner bustled in to take charge of the body. We spectators were hustled out, and went soberly downstairs, to watch poor Grimstead, our housemate for all these months, driven away in a patrol wagon, handcuffed to a detective.

CHAPTER V.

EXPERT ADVICE.

VERY late, Paddy and I set forth for Dwyer's surgical clinic at Redview. My chum was unusually subdued; he scowled anxiously, rumpling his carroty hair.

"I don't like it, John," he declared. "The thing's not natural. It's bad enough at best; but Grimstead don't act right to me. If he'd just had a quarrel with Hughes and killed him like that, he'd have run away surely. Or else he'd have taken some precautions; used another knife, at least, and left the front door open. He might have taken Hughes' watch and money, too, to make it look like burglary. But he made no attempt to shield himself. Any sane man would have known he'd be caught and convicted."

"Any sane man," I repeated. "Paddy, you don't think Grimstead is crazy, do you?"

Callaghan shook his head. "I don't know," he confessed. "Maybe. He's always been a grouchy, queer chap."

"Well," said I, "he's never done or said anything, to my knowledge, to show that he was off his chump. Certainly nothing that would satisfy a jury."

Paddy looked at his watch. "We're too late for old Dwyer, anyhow," said he. "Let's cut him. Doctor Bentiron will be at Redview now, making rounds in the psychopathic ward. Suppose we go over there and put this thing up to him? It worries me, somehow. I'd hate to see poor Kirke railroaded, if there is anything wrong in his bean. And besides, it was my knife, you know. And he wouldn't say a word. It makes me kind of uneasy; did you see how he looked at me? Suppose he goes on the stand and tells some story dragging me into the thing? I wouldn't put it past him. There's something behind the way he acted; I'm sure of it. Either he's crazy, or else he's cooked up some defense to spring at his trial. He's a lawyer, you know."

The idea seemed reasonable enough. Either Grimstead depended upon some twist of the law to clear him, or he was insane. From my meager knowledge of psychiatry, I judged that a crazy man might show just this callous indifference to his own peril, and yet, Grimstead had always seemed level-headed enough, in spite of his surly nature. And I knew that he stood high in his classes at the law school.

"I give up," I concluded. "Let's go put it up to old T. B."

By now we had reached the Redview Hospital. We passed through it into the grounds, to see Doctor Bentiron's familiar blue limousine standing there, liveried chauffeur and footman at attention upon its front seat.

We reached the two-story brick pavilion of the psychopathic ward just in time to catch Doctor Bentiron coming out. As always, he was carelesely clad in shapeless, baggy homespuns. His hands were thrust deep into the pockets of wide trousers; his bearded face was expressionless and weary; his battered slouch hat was pulled low over his high-bridged nose, shading two extraordinarily long, deep-set gray eyes, which stared absently at nothing. As usual, he was accompanied by his assistant, Doctor Blakely; a huge, beefy man in his middle thirties, with a pleasant, rather heavy face. We all like him, up at the medical school. He was solid and dependable, if scarcely brilliant, and he had a certain amiable, dry wit.

Also, he believed that Doctor Bentiron controlled the rising and setting of the sun—and I would hesitate to deny it myself.

The doctor saw us fidgeting on the sidewalk, and stopped. Standing on wide-set feet, stooped forward from the waist, his head cocked to one side, he gazed mournfully westward toward the old stone chapel. He did not vouchsafe us the merest glance.

"Umphf," said he. "Blakely, here are two children playing hooky. What means this truancy? Is not old man Dwyer asthmatically removing appendixes for your delectation, this very now? How can you hope to become great and famous, as he is, unless you learn your lessons?"

We grinned at this, shuffling shamefacedly like the schoolboys to whom he compared us. Professor Dwyer was a pompous man, very fat, who wheezed as he operated, and talked through a gauze mask about the ailments of millionaires. Doctor Bentiron's dry, toneless drawl brought the man vividly before us. "Old T. B." said what he pleased about everybody.

"Umphf," resumed the doctor, still blinking into space. "You appear upset, my infants. Something has occurred to ruffle your adolescent sensibilities; yes, no? And you've come to consult the old doctor about it. Very commendable. Umphf. Yes. Exactly."

He fumbled in his pockets, and produced rice papers and a little muslin bag of tobacco. These he offered to us; and when we were through with them, rolled himself a cigarette so deftly that it was lighted before either Paddy or I had finished making ours.

"Umphf," said Doctor Bentiron. "Practice makes perfect." He held a match for us. "Be comforted, boys; by the time you're as old as I am, you will have learned to roll your own quite acceptably—that is, if you persevere. And now, let's go over to my car and discuss the state of the realm. I can always think better sitting down."

He yawned hugely, and led the way to his big limousine. The footman dismounted smartly, opened the door and stood beside it, rigidly at attention, while we all climbed in. Is it any wonder that "old T. B." has been beloved of generations of irreverent medical students? At the very head of his specialty, he treated us as equals; he never preached or patronized. One of the city's busiest men, he always had time for our little troubles. In the quiz room, his mordant, drawling wit might cut deep; but none of us minded it, knowing that the doctor's heart and pocketbook were always open to "his boys."

"Now then, Callaghan," he began, when we were all comfortably settled, "you look more upset than your buddy; what's wrong? You're not in jail—yet. Are the cops after you?"

Paddy started violently. Doctor Bentiron's drawled guesses were often uncannily near the truth. No wonder he was the country's greatest alienist, he was a veritable mind-reader.

"Why, why, no, doctor," my chum answered. "Not yet. But we're mixed up in an awful mess."

And he told the whole story of Hughes' murder, beginning with the experiment in hypnotism, I cutting in occasionally with added details. Doctor Bentiron sat quiet in the stationary motor car, lean legs thrust far out before him, blinking dully at vacancy. Save that he rolled and smoked one cigarette after another, he might have been asleep; he seemed supremely uninterested.

When we were done, "Umphf," said he thoughtfully. "As you say, Paddy, an awful mess. Exactly. As far as you know, has this man Grimstead ever had any fits? Convulsions, or 'weaknesses,' or nightmares?"

Callaghan shook his head. "No, sir,"

said I. "I'm pretty sure of it, because we roomed together for a while last year, when Hughes had company."

"We-ell," commented Doctor Bentiron, "that doesn't prove anything, except that he had no fits during that time. The man's conduct; this absolute indifference, even to his stained hands, suggests the possibility of an epileptic furor followed by confusion. Did he seem dazed—mixed up—as though he didn't know what he was doing?"

We both hesitated, searching our memories. "No," I said at last. "I don't think so. He was kind of grouchy and sullen; but he looked to me as if he knew pretty well what he was about. Only he said, 'If I did it, I don't remember it,' or something like that."

"Exactly. You hypnotized him, Callaghan? Was he a good subject?"

Paddy nodded. "First class," he replied. "I put him into a cataleptic state without any trouble at all. And he took the post-hypnotic suggestion perfectly."

"Umphf," said the doctor. "That was to come back after your knife? Why that, my son?"

Paddy flushed. "It was a cartilage knife," he confessed. "Grimstead was squeamish about it, because I'd used it for my autopsies. Of course it had been boiled up since. So I told him to borrow it to slice dill pickles with."

"To make your suggestion more pointed," Doctor Bentiron supplemented. "Well, it did. How did he act?"

"Pretty much disgusted," grinned Paddy. "Face all screwed up. You could see he hated to touch the thing. He couldn't imagine what made him ask for it. It was funny."

"And directly afterward, Fleming here saw him in the hall, and he acted as though he were hypnotized then."

"Like a somnambulist," I declared. "He was stiff as a poker. He didn't seem to see Kane and me; I think his eyes were shut. And he didn't even turn his head when we called after him."

"Umphf," said Doctor Bentiron, turning a keen look upon Paddy. "And this morning he refused to talk at all. This, my children, appears to be an interesting case. Exactly. When I get time, I will even take my dignity down to the Tombs and interview this Grimstead. A law student, you say? I begin to suspect him of being a very clever young man. Run along now, the pair of you. I have a certain amount of work to do, you know; and I suspect that Doctor Lapage desires your presence at his neurology quiz."

So we thanked him profusely, and scuttled. Examination week was close; we couldn't risk too many cuts.

CHAPTER VI.

MARKING TIME.

OUR life soon settled down into a routine once more. Events crowded upon us, leaving scant time for brooding. Hospital examinations were posted and held; both Paddy and I had the good luck to make Bellevue, Paddy on the open and I on the Manhattan division. We elected the surgical services, which began July first; as a result, of course, we stay in New York.

Examination week came and went, and beneath its tension we almost forgot that there had ever been a man called Hughes. But both of us passed, with respectable places in Section B; we were not greasy grinds, to aspire to the honors of an "A." Kane—because, as we assured him, arts is a cinch course—graduated with honors, ranking seventh in his class.

We passed through the final ordeal of commencement, all diked up in rented caps and gowns, and returned to Mrs. Ransom's for the last time, hugging our sheepskins to us.

That evening we three sat soberly in Paddy's room, smoking and talking over old times. The upstairs rooms were closed; of our former company, Hughes was dead and gone, and Grimstead locked in the Tombs. Mrs. Ransom had made no effort to rent their rooms; she was waiting, she told us, until we, too, should leave. After that, she would take no more students, but would fill her house with women.

"You've been here most three years," she told us, "and you've been real good boys, on the whole. I miss poor Mr. Hughes something terrible, an' even Mr. Grimstead was nice enough—only kind of sour in the mornings. I can't believe, even now, it was him done that awful thing! Students ain't much trouble, if they do keep late hours and make lots of noise, and make a body wait for her board money sometimes. They don't cook in their rooms, nor do out washings in the bathroom, nor come to breakfast in kimonos and boodwar caps. But some ways, I wouldn't never feel comfortable to have 'em again; I'd be afraid of finding myself dead in bed, some day. Not but what you boys are all right," she hastened to add, "but then, so was Mr. Grimstead, too." Which impressed me as rather a backhanded compliment, although we all assured her that she might rest easy; none of us contemplated murder in the near future.

Callaghan and I planned to go home for a flying visit, and Kane had enrolled in the summer school and was moving up on to the heights next day. He hoped for an instructorship in the arts school next fall, his ambition being to become a professor of the romance languages. Well, he could afford it; his father was rich.

So this was our last night together; the end of four years' companionship. We said little. It seemed rather a solemn time, and the tragedy of the house oppressed us more than ever.

"Poor Hughes!" I said at last. "You know, fellows, I don't like to go past his door. I shan't be sorry to be out of this house for good."

"Nor I," agreed Kane. "I keep worrying over it; the thing upsets me. It was so queer, so kind of unnatural. I hate to think about Grimstead. The fellow must have been crazy."

"Some of us ought to visit him," I reflected guiltily.

Callaghan flushed until his freckles were obscured. "I went," he confessed. Paddy was a friendly soul, incapable of holding a grudge. "But he didn't seem pleased to see me, somehow. He—he was kind of nasty, I thought. Said it was all my fault, his being in jail. I suppose he meant because I had him borrow that knife. I don't know what else it could be. Maybe having it in his hand, that way, put the whole thing into his head. Heaven knows, I never dreamed of such a thing!"

Kane looked uncomfortable. "I was down there, too," he said. "He didn't say much, but I thought he was glad to see me. But he's sure got it in for you, Paddy; he wouldn't tell me why. He called you all kinds of names—a sneak and a traitor, and I don't know what all. I wasn't going to say anything about it, only—well, he finished up by saying that there'd be an awful surprise at his trial; people would find out who the real murderer was. I asked him what he meant, and he shut up like a clam, with that mean little grin he has when he thinks he's got something on you. He wouldn't say another thing—wouldn't even say he didn't do it himself. He just grinned and said, 'Ask Callaghan; he can explain—if he will!' I don't know what he meant."

We both looked curiously at Paddy, who seemed as much at a loss as either of us.

"Now what did he mean by that?" he worried. "I've felt all along that he was cooking something up for me. You

don't think I know anything about it, do you, fellows? You know I was right down here in my room all night."

It was true; at least, I did not see how Paddy could have gone past my open door, upstairs and back down again without waking me. And Grimstead had had the knife. But I could not help remembering that Paddy and Hughes, also, had had a quarrel——

Kane and I exchanged an odd, almost guilty glance. Then I shook my head. "This won't do, boys. The thing is over and done with, and if Grimstead didn't do it, I suppose he can prove it at his trial. We mustn't get to suspecting each other; Kane might have done it, or I, for that matter, just as well as you, Paddy. But none of us had the knife, and Grimstead did. We'll let it go at that. Maybe he means to claim that being hypnotized upset his mind; started a 'brainstorm' or something—that he was sleepwalking, and didn't know what he was about. Anyhow, there's no use getting upset about it; we'll find out what he meant at the trial."

And on that we shook hands all around, said good night, and went to our familiar rooms for the last time.

The next day found Paddy and me at Redview Hospital, no longer lordly seniors, but the lowest of green internes, expected to keep our mouths shut and wait on our betters as though we were freshmen once more. It was an absorbing life; the murder grew faint in our minds, and Grimstead, down in the Tombs, seemed very far away. We rarely thought of him.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE SUPREME COURT.

IT came almost as a surprise when Paddy and I were waylaid, during the first week of August, and served with subpœnas in the case of State versus Grimstead.

That same evening we were summoned to the district attorney's office, and took a car downtown, filled with curiosity and vague apprehension, such as seizes most people when the law stretches forth a hand to drag them into its ponderous machinery, albeit in the most innocent capacity.

As yet, the case had had almost no publicity. The newspapers had scarcely mentioned it; neither murderer nor victim had been of any prominence, nor was there any mystery about the killing. The verdict seemed a foregone conclusion.

On our way downtown, Paddy and I speculated as to the defense. None seemed possible; yet I could not imagine Kirke Grimstead going to the chair without making a determined fight. Paddy reiterated his idea of a surprise.

"He's going to spring something," he declared. "He's got some watertight defense up his sleeve, you mark my words. And I'll bet he drags me into it some way. I'm glad we put it up to Doctor Bentiron. Do you suppose he's been to the Tombs yet? I'm going to ask him to-morrow."

We found Kane waiting on a bench in the long corridor of the district attorney's office. While we were still shaking hands, an officer called our names.

He led us into the room of Jerome Somers, the assistant district attorney who was to try the case. He was a lean, nervous man, prematurely bald, with dark pouches beneath his snapping black eyes. I knew him by reputation as a determined prosecutor and a brilliant lawyer; although one of the youngest of the staff, he had already been mentioned as his chief's successor. He chewed fiercely upon a huge black cigar, glaring at us the while.

He went over the entire case with us, questioning us over and over as to every detail, while his scowl grew

deeper. At last he rose and began to pace up and down the office, rolling his frayed cigar back and forth between clenched teeth.

"I don't like it," he declared. "I don't like it a bit. As it was handed over to me, the case seemed to be dead open and shut—sewed up. And so it is. But the defense has retained Al Lawlor. You must have heard of him." I had, as a shrewd and not too scrupulous attorney with a great reputation in criminal law. "And Lawlor's going round with a grin like a cat that's eaten the canary. He's got something up his sleeve!" He was talking half to himself. "If I could get an inkling of the defense—an insanity plea, maybe. But Grimstead's been acting sensibly enough, down at the Tombs. I believe I'll see Doctor Bentiron about it."

"We told Doctor Bentiron the whole thing the very next day," I ventured, "and he said he would see Grimstead."

Mr. Somers removed his cigar, looked at it with disfavor, licked its torn wrapper, and put it back again. "I'll see him to-morrow," he decided, puffing furiously, and let us go.

On the morning of August 11th Callaghan and I applied for leave and went down to the county courthouse bright and early. We got front seats, just behind the lawyer's table, crowded in among grumbling talesmen. We could almost touch the attorneys in front of us. Whether it was an oversight or not, I do not know, but we were allowed to stay there, and so saw and heard everything. Kane was not there; I suppose he was held with the other witnesses, as perhaps we should have been.

There was a little stir and a craning of curious necks as Grimstead was brought in. His lawyer, a stout, youngish man with a chubby face, like a child's, rose to greet him. The two sat down together, heads close, whispering busily.

Mr. Somers bustled in, hands full of papers, and sat down just in front of us. He fidgeted, tugged at his collar, arranged his briefs, played a devil's tattoo with his finger ends, pulled a big black cigar from his pocket, looked at it longingly, and put it back. He was a highly nervous man.

A fat, uniformed attendant rapped sharply on the clerk's desk.

"Mr. Justice-coming-into-court!" he sang out, all in one breath, and every one stood up.

Justice Gavan entered, white-haired and dignified in his robe, and took his place on the bench. He was the very pattern of an impartial judge; stern and deliberate, with a clean-shaven, square-lined face and sharp, steady gray eyes. He arranged his robe, glanced over a paper or two, picked up a pen and sat waiting.

And so the case of the State versus Grimstead was called. The defendant pleaded "Not Guilty," and presently the examination of talesmen began.

It was a tedious process, as always, and I did not follow it very closely. There were the usual questions. Had the talesman read of this case—had he formed an opinion—had he any scruples against capital punishment, and so on. There were the usual quibblings and evasions, the usual efforts to escape jury duty for divers inadequate reasons, the usual acceptances of reluctant jurors and challenging of willing ones by the defense or the prosecution, for no cause apparent to me, at least.

I noticed that Mr. Lawlor, for the defense, asked none but the routine questions, and this seemed to worry the prosecutor. Perhaps the latter hoped for some indication of the line of defense. But Lawlor consulted a bulky sheaf of papers as each name was called. He seemed to be searching for names on a list; when he found and checked the name of a talesman, his questions were cursory, and he would accept the

juror with a satisfied look. But when he failed to find the name on his list he did his utmost to disqualify the man and, if that failed, grudgingly used another of his peremptory challenges.

Mr. Somers, in front of me, watched his opponent's activities with growing agitation, biting his nails and muttering under his breath. At last, as court adjourned at noon, with four jurors chosen, he turned to a quiet, insignificant-looking person at his elbow—a man at whom no one would have looked twice.

"Kalb," he whispered, loud enough for me to hear, "get a look at that list. Find out what it is—what sort of dope Lawlor's got on these talesmen." There was more; but I could not catch it.

Paddy and I lunched on sandwiches and coffee in a little Park Row "dog-house" and hurried back, to wait in the dingy courthouse halls.

Two o'clock neared; we slipped into court and got the same seats. The room began to fill; the talesmen returned; the attorneys reappeared; and at last, just as Judge Gavan's coming was announced, the man Kalb slipped quietly in and made his way to the lawyers' table.

"Say, counselor," he whispered, standing at Somers' elbow as the justice took his place, "I got it." He emitted something that sounded like a chuckle. "Whaddaya think? A sucker list, it is, outa th' Great Eastern Book. Y' know, th' clairvoyant, fortune-tellin' bunch—'Professor' Gates made a list of all the spirit come-ons east o' th' Mississippi, with all th' dope on 'em—dead relatives, financial rating, an' all. Well, this here's a list of all th' trance-medium come-ons in N' Yawk. Heard Lawlor talking about it to his pardner—an' I got a slant at it m'self."

"Good gosh!" the prosecutor moaned. "Picking veniremen from a list of spiritualists! What the devil does that mean? Going to claim the devil came up out of hell to stab that boy? Yes, your honor, the prosecution is ready. Beg pardon, your honor!"

The selection of jurymen went on, with Somers growing more irritated and Lawlor more blandly satisfied at every choice. When court adjourned, the jury box was full; and at least four of its occupants had been checked on Lawlor's list. Four spiritualists, sufficiently gullible to have found a place in the great dope book compiled from the reports of hundreds of professional trance mediums, crystal gazers, fortune readers, hypnotists, and clairvoyants; what demand was the defense to make upon their credulity?

I went back to the hospital wondering, and more and more convinced that this would prove an interesting case.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NOVEL DEFENSE.

COURT convened next morning with the jury box full of insurance agents, carpenters, and retired grocers; at one end the inevitable gentleman of leisure, diffusing ambrosial scents, and at the other the equally inevitable imbecile with a face like an elderly sheep, chockfull of inane questions to fire at the witnesses, feeling his importance keenly. Looking them over, I imagined that I could pick out the spiritualists by their vague, lack-luster eyes, and general air of credulity. With the exception of Juror Number Nine, who had an undershot jaw beneath a huge, sweeping mustache, they were a mild-looking lot of middle-aged men. Lawlor had done his best to select men of family; at least three had boys in high school or college. Now he surveyed them placidly, a satisfied smile on his pudgy, infantile features.

Now that the veniremen had gone, the courtroom was only moderately full, and most of the spectators had the appearance of confirmed courtgoers—a type as well defined as that of the the-

ater first-nighter. I saw a few men from the university; mostly law students, Grimstead's classmates. Pa Ransom's mild, woolly face smiled diffidently from the rear; his wife, I suppose, was in the witness room. Just before the judge came in, Doctor Bentiron drifted languidly down the aisle and dropped into a seat beside Mr. Somers, who seemed very glad to see him.

Judge Gavan appeared; the courtroom attendant bawled his unintelligible formula, and court was convened.

Mr. Somers opened for the prosecution. He was no orator; but he spoke clearly and forcefully, walking up and down before the jury.

"We shall show," he concluded, "that this defendant quarreled with the deceased over a card game; that he afterward threatened his life; that during the night, after brooding over the affair until he worked himself up to the pitch of murder, defendant borrowed a knife; that with this knife he murdered his friend in cold blood, while he slept, stabbing him twice through the heart. It was murder, gentlemen of the jury; premeditated murder of the most treacherous kind. Here is a young man in the very flower of his youth; a brilliant student, respected by his teachers and beloved by his classmates, foully done to death by a false friend" —here those jurors who had boys in school looked very grave—"and the State asks for justice upon his slayer."

Mr. Somers sat down, evidently rather proud of himself. His peroration seemed to please him; but its effect was marred by his jerky, nervous delivery. However, he went about the presentation of evidence in masterly style.

Macgregor was called first, to tell of the poker game during which Grimstead had accused Hughes of cheating.

"Was there reason for the charge?" asked Somers.

"I don't think so. None of the rest of us saw anything."

"But this defendant was a heavy loser?"

"Yes, sir. He had lost in other games, and that night he made out an I O U for five hundred dollars to Hughes, to cover it all."

Somers looked significantly at the jury. "Ah! And did Hughes press him for payment?"

Macgregor fidgeted. "Why—why, in a way. He said he'd hate to write Grimstead's father about it, and we all knew——"

"Object," interposed Lawlor mildly. "Witness testifying to hearsay."

"Sustained," nodded Justice Gavan.

Somers made no effort to pursue this line further; it was before the jury that Grimstead owed Hughes a large sum, and that Hughes had threatened to write his father. The inference was plain enough.

Lawlor did not cross-question at all, and this increased the prosecutor's uneasiness.

Kane was called next. He corroborated Macgregor's account of the card game and the quarrel.

"And did the defendant make any further remark to you?"

"On the way upstairs he said, 'If Hughes writes my father, I'll fix him,'" Kane admitted reluctantly.

The jurymen exchanged significant looks.

"I will recall this witness later," Somers said, and turned to his opponent.

Lawlor rose slowly. "Now, Mr.—Kane," he drawled placidly, "just how much importance did you attach to the defendant's words, at the time?"

"Why, I thought he meant he'd give Hughes a licking—or, at least, that he was talking about that. I didn't really think he'd do anything at all. But afterward——"

"Never mind that! At the time you

thought nothing of his words? Is that right? You may stand down."

Callaghan took the stand, identified the knife, and told of Grimstead's borrowing it at two in the morning.

"Your honor," said Lawlor, "may I defer the cross-examination of this witness?"

Judge Gavan nodded; the prosecutor looked more anxious than ever, and whispered to Doctor Bentiron, beside him. So far, Paddy's experiment in hypnotism had not been mentioned.

It was my turn next. I told of getting up at two o'clock to chase those cats away, and a subdued smile ran through the room. I told of meeting Grimstead, carrying the knife. Then the prosecutor paused for a moment, looking dramatically toward the jury.

"And now," said he, "tell the jury what happened next morning."

I told of going up to call Hughes, and of finding him dead, with Paddy's knife in his heart. Mr. Somers held the knife up by its blade.

"This knife?" he asked. "You found this knife buried in the heart of the murdered man?" And when I had identified it, it was marked in evidence.

In answer to his questions, I told of calling Kane and Callaghan, and of entering Grimstead's room. I described his appearance, his stained hands and sleeves, his first words, "My God, what have I done?"

The attorney for the defense rose to cross-examine me, a bland smile upon his plump face. The state of his client seemed perilous enough; but he was anything but dismayed.

"Now, Mr. Fleming—or Doctor Fleming, as I suppose I should call you—on discovering the body you called out, I believe?"

"Yes," I answered. "I called to Kane, downstairs."

"And he came at once; so you must have spoken loudly. My client's room was just across the hall, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you shouted, loud enough to be heard downstairs, he ran out at once?"

"No. He didn't seem to hear. At least, his door stayed shut."

"Ah! And finally, after making a good deal of noise, I take it, the three of you had to go in and rouse him? Now, doctor, please tell the jury how you found the defendant."

"Why," said I, "he sat in a chair by the window, looking out. He didn't turn around until I touched him."

"And then did he seem alert, curious? Or was he frightened and guilty in manner? Or what was his attitude?"

I pondered a moment, seeking for words. "He acted kind of queer," I said finally. "He seemed dull and confused—as if he were dazed."

"Ah! Dazed!" The lawyer seized upon my last word. "Did you think, then, that he was not entirely conscious of his surroundings; that he might be in a sort of trance?"

The prosecutor looked puzzled and uneasy at this series of questions, and Doctor Bentiron, who had been blinking at the ceiling as though half asleep, sat up and opened his eyes wider. The four jurymen whom I had picked out as spiritualists leaned forward at the mention of a trance, staring at Grimstead with new eyes.

"I don't know," I said, and Mr. Somers closed his lips upon an objection. "He seemed mixed up, if that's what you mean."

Lawlor cast a meaning glance at the jury. "That describes it very well, doctor. And now let us go back a little. You have testified to seeing the defendant going through the hall in the very early morning, carrying a knife. Do you know how that happened? Wasn't it a rather curious occurrence?"

"Why," I answered, "that was a post-hypnotic suggestion. You see, Callaghan had hypnotized Grimstead the

evening before, and told him to come after the knife at two in the morning."

A little stir ran through the courtroom. The jury leaned forward still further. At one side, a stray reporter began to scribble furiously. Somers scowled and fidgeted. He turned to Doctor Benuron, beside him, and his lips moved. "Now it's coming!" I guessed at his words.

Mr. Lawlor stepped closer to me. His slow, placid voice deepened; his chubby face expressed surprise.

"Ah! My client was hypnotized!" He dwelt upon the words, with a knowing eye upon the jury. "Suppose you tell me all the circumstances?"

Somers could contain himself no longer; he jumped up. "Object!" he interposed. "Object t' this line o' questioning, y'r honor; its immaterial, incomp'tent, an' irrel'vant!"

His opponent's face expressed mild protest. "I wish to show the defendant's mental state both before and after the time of this crime," he explained smoothly. "It seems to me, your honor, that this is both relevant and important."

"You may proceed," directed Judge Gavan.

"Exception!" Somers said mechanically.

The courtroom was very quiet as I told an intent jury about Grimstead's bet, and Paddy's experiment in hypnotism.

"And in your opinion, the defendant was really hypnotized?"

"Object!" repeated Somers. "Witness not qualified as expert."

"Sustained," nodded the judge.

Undiscouraged, Lawlor returned to the attack. "You are a doctor of medicine, graduated from Redview Medical College last June?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have you ever seen any other person hypnotized?"

"Yes, sir."

"About how many?"

"Why, I suppose a dozen or fifteen, at least. I did a little special work with psychotherapy."

"And did the condition of the defendant, while in this alleged hypnotic state, differ in any way from that of others whom you knew to be hypnotized?"

"No, sir," I answered. "He showed exactly the same symptoms."

Lawlor turned to the justice. "If your honor please, when the defense presents its case, we shall introduce expert testimony on this point. And now, Doctor Fleming, when you saw my client in the hall at two in the morning, was his appearance the same as during this alleged hypnotic trance, or was it different?"

I hesitated. "Why, I only glanced at him; but I thought he did act as though he were hypnotized. I spoke of it to Kane at the time."

"Ah! And next morning, when you found the defendant in his room and he seemed 'confused and mixed up,' as you have testified, did it occur to you that he might still be in the hypnotic trance?"

"Object, y'r honor!" Somers was on his feet, excitedly waving his hands. "Object to my learned opponent's continued attempts to extract expert evidence from this witness. I object to his continuing further with this line of questioning. If he desires to prove that the defendant was in an abnormal mental state at the time of the murder, he should introduce competent medical experts at the proper time, and not try to lead this witness, a youth without experience, into making statements which tend to prejudice the jury."

Judge Gavan reflected for a moment.

"Before proceeding further, counselor," he said at last, "I think you should state your purpose. What do you propose to establish by these rather unusual questions?"

Lawlor straightened and faced the jury, though his reply was addressed to the justice. His plump face was suddenly square and forceful; his voice rang deep and loud. I began to see why, despite his infantile appearance, he was rated a first-class criminal lawyer.

"Your honor," he declared, "we purpose to show that this defendant is not guilty of the crime charged against him; that while his body actually performed the deed, his mind protested against it. We intend to show that he acted merely as a deadly weapon in the hands of a third person; that he was not conscious of his act by reason of hypnotism. We intend to show that Kirke Grimstead was once more put into the hypnotic trance at two o'clock on the morning of this crime, and that he committed it while in this trance, and unconscious, and at the direction and compulsion of a person whose motive for the murder shall be shown at the proper time!"

And upon this bombshell the court adjourned for its nooning.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEFENDANT TESTIFIES.

PADDY and I slipped out for lunch. My chum was stunned; he sat with head in hands and would not eat.

"I knew it, John," he mumbled. "I've felt all along that I'd be dragged into it somehow. And now what'll I do? That damned lawyer will send me to the chair, sure as shooting. They'll show that I had a scrap with Hughes, that same night—and they'll make it a lot worse than it was. And I suppose Grimstead'll go on the stand and swear that I hypnotized him again when he came back—and that jury'll believe it, too. That bunch would swallow a defense of black magic! Two days more'll see me in jail, Johnny. I don't suppose they'll arrest me until Grimstead's been acquitted; maybe I'd better cut and run. If I don't, they'll railroad me, sure!"

The poor fellow was almost beside himself. He was always a mercurial chap, all animation one moment, and down in the depths the next. Now he could see nothing before him but the electric chair.

"Cheer up, Paddy," I comforted him. "Nothing's been proved yet; the jury may not fall for that bunk. Besides, Doctor Bentiron is there; don't forget him."

"What can he do?" my chum moaned; but I could see that the thought comforted him. Doctor Bentiron was a tower of strength; surely he could find some way to help us.

On our way back to the courthouse we met him, dragging wearily along, a cigarette drooping from his bearded lips. Seeing Paddy's downcast face, he grinned faintly.

"Buck up, old son," he encouraged. "Electrocution's an easy death, they say. In China, they used to boil 'em in oil. Think of that!"

"Have a heart," implored poor Paddy. "Can they put that over, do you suppose?"

"I don't know," confessed the alienist. "Nobody ever tried it before, as far as I know—certainly not in this country. Of course, it came rather as a surprise; but I've been looking up the law on hypnotism, because I expected Lawlor might try to drag it in. 'Corpus Juris' says hypnotism might be considered a defense—and that's just about all the books have to say. There may have been such a case in some other country; there's none reported in the United States. So this will be guesswork, at best; there are no precedents. This case will make one. It's an interesting case—very interesting indeed," and he yawned vastly to prove it. "I'm grateful to you, my son, for bringing it to my attention."

Hands deep in his pockets, he made

to slouch away; then, as though by afterthought: "Don't be too alarmed, Paddy, my child. I think we can manage to keep you out of jail, one way or another."

And with that we had to be content.

Although we were half an hour early, the courtroom was full. We had hard work to secure our seats just back of the counsel table. In the mysterious fashion in which such news spreads, word had gone out that something was doing in the supreme court, trial term, part one—and lawyers by the dozen poured in, so that the lay curious could not find even standing room. The press table was crowded with reporters, hurriedly sent around to write up this latest *cause célèbre;* two other justices sat with Judge Gavan to observe the course of that rarest of legal phenomena, a case without precedent.

The attorney for the defense did not cross-examine me further. Mr. Somers hurried to conclude his case; his heart was no longer in it. He called the medical examiner, and Sergeant O'Malley, to establish the condition of the body. The latter told of the incriminating stains on Grimstead's hands. O'Malley, and afterward Mrs. Ransom, described the position of the different rooms, and the almost impossibility of any one's having been able to get to Hughes' room from outdoors without rousing some of us downstairs.

Having established a few more similar details, the prosecution rested. Superficially, the case would scarcely have been more damning if there had been an eye-witness to the murder. Mr. Somers had marshaled his evidence well; it was manifestly impossible that any one but Grimstead could have done the murder. Yet the prosecutor's lean face bore a worried scowl as he sat down; the liver-colored pouches beneath his eyes were deeper than usual. He made no mention of hypnotism; evidently he chose to wait until the defense had fully disclosed its hand before attempting any rebuttal.

Attorney Lawlor rose slowly, and bowed to judge and jury. His stout, comfortable figure seemed to radiate confidence; his pudgy face wore an ingratiating smile.

He began to speak in a smooth, conversational fashion, without any of his opponent's intensity. Every murder trial was a serious affair, said he, since it involved human life; but this one was more than usually grave, for we dealt here with a plot diabolical in its cleverness of conception; a plot to accomplish wanton murder through the unconscious agency of another, and thus to place that other, also, in jeopardy of his life.

Under the guise of citing authorities, he plunged into old medieval court records of demoniacal possession, of trials for witchcraft and wizardry; and the jury hung upon his words, open-mouthed. I began to see why Lawlor had desired a jury of spiritualists; he played upon their credulity very cleverly, dropping now and again into the jargon of their craft. And then, just as Somers would have interposed an objection, he switched back to the case in hand. The possibilities of hypnotism, he declared, had not yet been plumbed even by its most serious students. Hypnotism had been most of the lore of priestcraft, even from the dawn of history. By its use the Egyptians had accomplished seeming miracles; and he referred to the magicians of Pharaoh, who turned rods and canes into living snakes. Practitioners of hypnotism had existed throughout the ages, justly feared for their power, often regarded as witches and wizards; only within the last two generations had any scientific study been made of hypnotic phenomena. And its most earnest students, alarmed by its possibilities, had urged that its use be made illegal except for medical purposes.

He went on to express very skillfully the popular idea of hypnotism—a power by whose means certain specially gifted individuals were able to control the minds of those about them, even against their will; to dominate them, subjugate them, even force them to commit crime. Again and again he emphasized the false belief that a person once hypnotized is always thereafter subject to that hypnotist, and may be put back into the hypnotic state by a word or a look. He referred to Svengali, the old mesmerist in "Trilby;" to Poe's gruesome story of the "Hypnotic Experiment" which held a dead man's soul in his body for months.

Before he reached the matter of Hughes' murder, he had most of his audience ready to believe that hypnotism would almost bring the dead to life. I saw a court attendant cross himself furtively; men looked queerly at each other, and those about us drew away from poor Paddy as though he had been leprous.

"We shall show," Lawlor concluded, "that in the house with my client and the murdered man there resided a young doctor whose natural hypnotic powers had been developed and trained by this country's greatest alienist." And he bowed to Doctor Bentiron, who looked supremely bored. "We shall show that this man had quarreled with Walter Hughes on many occasions. Brooding upon his hatred, this young man conceived a fiendish plot. Ostensibly in jest, he contrived to hypnotize my client, and thus obtained control of his mind. Who was it, gentlemen of the jury, that decided the nature of this post-hypnotic suggestion of which we have heard—that my client should return, in the dead hours of night, and procure this knife, designed, gentlemen, for experiments upon the dead, for the dismemberment of the human body? But the evidence will show you that, gentlemen.

"What happened at that interview, gentlemen of the jury? What was the nature of the talk between this hypnotist and his luckless victim, at that hour when human vitality is lowest, when my client's power of resistance to suggestion was weakest? That also shall be shown, in part, at least. Let me only picture to you now my unfortunate client, climbing the stairs, knife in hand; with his eyes closed, as witnesses have testified, paying no heed to any one, although called by name—in the hypnotic trance, as has already been suggested, and as we shall later prove. Who is truly guilty of this crime, gentlemen of the jury? Who is the real perpetrator of this heinous offense, of which my client has no memory or knowledge? Intelligent men, such as yourselves, can soon decide whether the law should punish the senseless body of my client, or that malign intelligence which controlled it—that man who, secure in his own chamber, projected his evil will upon this defendant and constrained him to an act of which he had not dreamed.

"Gentlemen, my client is innocent. His was the hand, but the mind was the mind of another!"

And Mr. Lawlor sat down, flushed and triumphant, after a really remarkable opening address.

Kane was recalled as the first witness for the defense. Lawlor drew from him the details of Paddy's quarrel with Hughes; how twice on that last evening they had almost come to blows. The reporters wrote avidly; I could imagine the headlines which would hail poor Lisshy, next day, as the "woman in the case." Mrs. Ransom's fears had had foundation; Lisshy was to be dragged into this affair, after all.

I followed, and was forced to repeat Paddy's half-joking threat: "If you say any more about that girl I'll knock your block off, and dissect you afterward."

Lawlor rolled a significant eye upon the jury.

"And this knife, doctor, which you have identified; that is a dissecting knife, is it not?"

It was a trivial thing; yet his tone made it seem important.

"No," I said sharply. "At least, it's an autopsy knife."

"Ah! Quite so." And he fell to questioning me about Grimstead's early morning visit to Callaghan's room. How long had he remained there? But neither Kane nor I had seen him go in; we could not say.

Somers had maintained a constant fire of objections throughout my examination, but all of them had been overruled. Judge Gavan decided that in view of the defense as outlined, it was proper to show motive on Callaghan's part.

When I had stood down, Mr. Lawlor addressed the judge. "May it please your honor," he began, "the defense has decided to waive cross-examination of Doctor Callaghan, which was deferred, as you recall. Under the circumstances, we can scarcely ask the witness to give answers which would tend to criminate and degrade him."

"Object! Object! Object!" Somers was on his feet, waving his arms. "Your honor, I submit that my opponent has no right to use such expressions as that. Nothing has been proved against Doctor Callaghan; nothing has been charged against him, except upon the unsupported statement of my worthy colleague. The counsellor may waive cross-examination if he pleases, but I submit that he has no right to prejudice the jury thus. There is nothing to show that Doctor Callaghan need hesitate to answer any proper question upon any account!"

Judge Gavan frowned upon Lawlor. "Strike counsel's remark from the record," he directed. "Gentlemen of the jury, you will disregard the comment of the attorney for the defense. Counselor, I am allowing you great latitude, because of the unprecedented nature of your defense; let me warn you not to abuse it! Hereafter you will omit all such comments upon the possible conduct of witnesses."

Lawlor bowed, striving to look crestfallen; but his eyes gleamed. He had made his point; although directed to disregard it, the jury could not fail to believe that poor Paddy had something to conceal. And it was too late, now, for the prosecution to question him further as to Grimstead's second visit. Somers saw his mistake; he scowled and muttered to himself, making a note for use in his rebuttal.

"The defendant will take the stand in his own defense," announced Lawlor; and Grimstead was called.

He had lost flesh in jail; his sallow cheeks, for once clean-shaven, were sunken and drawn. He slouched in the witness chair, his hairy hands intertwined. His black eyes were nervous and unsteady. He did not make a very favorably appearance, I thought.

"Now, Mr. Grimstead," began his counsel, "your movements upon the evening of May 7th have been described. It has been testified here that you were hypnotized and given a post-hypnotic suggestion. State first, please, whether you remember what happened while you were in this trance."

"I remember everything," replied Grimstead. His voice was low and husky; he avoided Paddy with his eyes. "I heard Callaghan say, 'When you wake up you will remember everything.' Then he told the other fellows he could just as well make me forget, if he wanted to."

"Ah!" said Lawlor. "He told you to remember; but he said you would not remember if he'd told you to forget." He looked at the jury and nodded. "And now, as to this post-hypnotic suggestion. Did you know why you went

back to Callaghan's room at two in the morning, then?"

Grimstead shook his head. "No; that is, I knew I wanted to borrow his knife, but I couldn't imagine why. I always detested the thing!" He shuddered and made a wry face.

"Quite so. And you returned to Callaghan's room at two o'clock. Now, Mr. Grimstead, tell the jury in your own words just what happened there?"

The courtroom was breathlessly still; we all leaned forward, intent upon Grimstead's lips, lest we lose a syllable. Beside me Paddy ground his teeth.

"I went in," said Grimstead slowly. His eyes shifted; he kept twisting and wringing his nervous hands together as he spoke. "I went in and asked for the knife. Callaghan was up and dressed; he seemed to be waiting for me. He gave me the knife and had me sit down in his morris chair; the same chair I was in when he hypnotized me. He made passes before my face, like he did then, and said, 'Sleep—sleep! Go back to sleep; you can't stay awake,' or something like that."

A faint sigh ran through the room. Lawlor nodded wisely. "And then?" he prompted.

"And then I felt my senses going. I couldn't keep my eyes open. I tried as hard as I could, but Callaghan made more passes, and I felt his mind kind of taking hold of mine and beating it down. I dropped back in the chair. I couldn't move. I felt just like I did before, when he hypnotized me the first time, only weaker."

"He had established his control of your mind," declared Lawlor. "And then what happened?"

"Callaghan began to talk softly. 'You hate Hughes,' he said. 'You hate Walter Hughes. Take this knife and stick it through his heart! Kill him—kill him!'"

"And then?"

"I tried to get up; I struggled! I managed to shake my head and say 'No, no!' but it was only a whisper. And then he made more passes, and I lost myself. I can't remember any more."

CHAPTER X.

A TEST IN COURT.

THAT was the substance of Grimstead's evidence. Struggling against Paddy's domination, he said, he had lost consciousness, the last words in his ears, "Stab Hughes with this knife!" He remembered nothing after that, until I had roused him next morning. No doubt, he suggested viciously, over a fire of objections from Somers, Paddy had ordered him to forget all that happened during his trance.

When he came to his senses, I was shaking his shoulder. He was in his own room, in pajamas, as he had gone to visit Callaghan, and his hands and arms were stained. At once, he remembered Paddy's last words, and cried out, "My God, what have I done?" This was because he realized that he must have been forced to carry out Callaghan's command. "It came to him in a flash" that he had killed Hughes while unconscious.

He realized, he said, that it was no use to tell his story then; Callaghan and his gang would have denied everything, and merely laughed at him. So he refused to talk until he had consulted his attorney, and then, upon advice of counsel, had waited until his trial, planning to take the stand in his own defense.

Noon came with Grimstead still in the witness chair. He had told his fantastic story well enough, and without much prompting; I could see that the jury, prepared by Lawlor's opening address, swallowed every word of it as gospel. They stared at poor Paddy with manifest aversion; indeed, curious necks craned toward him from all over the room, so that he slid far down in

his seat and covered his face. It was a dreadful situation for any man; I pitied him. And yet, so powerful was the impression made by Grimstead's tale, I shrank from him involuntarily, wondering if perhaps this strange thing were true. Paddy's was a fiery temper; and he had been very angry with Hughes. Was it possible, I wondered, uneasily, that he had actually sent Grimstead upon this horrid mission?

But Judge Gavan was adjourning court. We rose while he went out; then as Paddy and I would have followed, Doctor Bentiron reached out a long arm to check us.

"Umphf," he said. "Hold on, Paddy. Things look pretty blue to you just now, don't they? Be of good cheer, my son, for the enemy is delivered into our hand. I was hoping that he'd take the stand himself; it gives us just the chance we need—provided Judge Gavan's not too fussy. And I think we can persuade him." He turned to Mr. Somers, who waited uneasily beside the table, stacking his papers.

"Come along, Somers," he invited. "I'll take you out to lunch; you and my friend Doctor Callaghan. Yes, and you, too, Fleming. I have devised a cunning stratagem, a miracle of wit, and all that sort of rot. Listen, while I tell you how to confound the adversary."

For all his imperturbable mask, I could see that the doctor was in high good humor. We all laughed, perforce, at the high-flown language which his dry, toneless drawl made ridiculous. As we filed out, he even hummed to himself in a discordant sing-song:

"'And poor Ma-a-ry per-ished and died!' Somers, old dear, will you let me direct the cross-examination of this defendant?"

The prosecutor looked at him gratefully. "I'm at my wits' ends," he confessed. "I don't know what to do. This hypnotism stuff is beyond me—and there's no precedent at all."

He spoke as though the foundations of the solid earth were rocking beneath him; a lawyer conducting a case without precedent is helpless indeed.

"Umphf," replied Doctor Bentiron placidly. "We'll proceed to make us one, then. We'll establish a precedent, for the guidance of posterity, so we will."

He had led us to one of those quietly luxurious restaurants one finds tucked away on the top floors of big office buildings; places which scarcely trouble to serve dinner at all, but are crowded from noon until three or four o'clock with bank presidents, corporation lawyers, highly paid executives—where business deals running into the millions are consummated over creamed sweetbreads or kidney sauté.

"Let's eat first. And quick, Alphonse, for we've lots of talking to do. My throat aches at the thought of it. Umphf. Yes."

And after our luncheon Doctor Bentiron unfolded to us a scheme so brilliant, so audacious, and yet so simple that we were fairly stunned. Somers shook his head.

"It's unheard of," he objected. "It's never been done before."

"So's the defense unheard of," answered Doctor Bentiron.

"But—but suppose it doesn't work—suppose he really did shoot? And, anyhow, Judge Gavan will never allow it."

"Leave him to me," said the doctor confidently. "I'll give you arguments enough. And if it doesn't work, why we're no worse off, are we? While if it does——"

Somers gave up. "I'll try it," he decided. "But you'll have to take the responsibility. Let's go over that argument again, now."

When court reopened, at two o'clock,

Mr. Somers rose in his place, conning over a slip of paper.

"May it please your honor," he began, "before beginning the cross-examination of this witness I have a suggestion to offer. It has been testified here that this defendant is a hypnotic subject; that on the night of May 7th he was hypnotized before witnesses. The defendant himself has sworn that he was rehypnotized during that night, and ordered to commit a crime; that he lost consciousness, and supposes that he must have done this crime without knowledge thereof. Now, your honor, I request that you direct the defendant to submit himself to a hypnotist here, in the presence of the jury, in order to determine whether or not he is really subject to hypnotic control, as he alleges."

An electric thrill ran through the room; the jurors started, and began to whisper among themselves.

Counselor Lawlor sprang to his feet, his mouth open upon an objection. Then he hesitated, looked uncertainly about, and sat down again. Kirke Grimstead scowled blackly, with an ugly glance at Paddy; then he caught his attorney by the arm and whispered urgently to him.

Justice Gavan said nothing for a moment. His stern, clean-shaven face was inscrutable. He looked down at his desk, making meaningless marks upon a paper before him.

At last he raised his head and looked questioningly toward the attorney for the defense.

"This is a case without precedent, so far as my knowledge goes," said he. "For that reason I have allowed all possible latitude to the defense. What is your attitude, counselor, as regards this suggestion?"

Lawlor rose, his client still whispering to him vehemently. "Why—why, your honor," he hesitated, "this comes as a surprise. I—we—my client is anxious only for the truth. But I submit that this courtroom is no place for such an experiment; conditions are unfavorable; such an attempt would undoubtedly fail."

"In that case," offered Somers, "no harm is done. The prosecution admits the uncertainty of such an experiment, and its failure need not prejudice the defendant's case. It would then be necessary to offer expert testimony as to the defendant's susceptibility to hypnotism and as to the likelihood of his having been in the hypnotic state at the time alleged. But I submit, your honor, that if the defendant could be so dominated by another as to be forced to commit murder, it should be possible for an expert to hypnotize him here."

He gestured toward Doctor Bentiron, beside him, as though to say that here was an expert hypnotist; and the jurors, some of whom knew him by sight, nodded among themselves.

Lawlor seemed uncertain. "The defense is willing to submit to any proper means of arriving at the truth," said he. "But, may it please——"

Judge Gavan checked him. "I will listen to an argument, Mr. Somers," he stated, "and to the rejoinder of the counsel for the defense, should he desire to make one. But I think that, until this point is settled, the jury had best be excluded."

It was done forthwith; the jury filed out, and the courtroom was cleared. Remained the prisoner, the attorneys for either side, and a scattering of lawyers, among whom I noticed the district attorney himself, come to watch this unusual case. Three other justices sat beside Judge Gavan on the bench, listening gravely. Doctor Bentiron was giving Somers some last whispered instructions. When an attendant would have hustled Paddy out, Mr. Somers checked him; and I, too, was allowed to remain.

"You may proceed, counselor," directed the judge.

Mr. Somers rose and began his argument. I shall not attempt to report it in full, but will give only its salient points.

"Hypnotism has received but little judicial cognizance," said he. "However, in State versus Worthington, 105 Cal——" and he reeled off a string of cabalistic letters and numbers, "and elsewhere, it was ruled that the existence of the hypnotic state must be established beyond reasonable doubt, and not merely upon the statement of the person alleged to be hypnotized. That the defendant is in any way subject to hypnotism has been shown only by non-expert witnesses. He may have been simulating the hypnotic trance with a view to the defense interposed. If he is pronounced to be in trance by an expert, it will at least prove that he is susceptible to the hypnotic influence.

"Moreover, we are prapered to show by expert testimony that memory of events which occurred during the hypnotic sleep, although lost to waking consciousness, may be restored by re-hypnotizing the individual. In the case of Austin versus Barker"—again the string of numbers—"the plaintiff was permitted to testify that her memory of an alleged assault was restored after she had been hypnotized by her counsel. If this defendant actually committed a crime while unconscious by reason of the hypnotic state, it is likely, as we can show by the testimony of experts, that if he be hypnotized once more his memory of said crime will return, and that while still in this trance he will be able to give a full account of all that occurred during his previous trance."

He continued for some time, arguing from general legal principles, and concluded thus:,

"Before being asked to absolve this defendant upon the ground that he was hypnotized and therefore irresponsible, the jury ought certainly to understand more clearly what constitutes the hypnotic state and by what means one can be placed in it, and the nature and extent of the control which the hypnotizer can exert upon his subject. Surely this can be done better by an actual demonstration than by expert testimony alone. Moreover, if the defendant's memory of events which he claims to have forgotten can be restored by this means, the attempt ought to be made for his own sake. The prosecution realizes the unusual nature of this case, and is anxious solely that the truth should be brought out and the guilty person punished, whoever he may be."

Judge Gavan nodded gravely, and turned to Lawlor, who had been consulting his client once more. The stout attorney rose. "Your honor," he began, "we are willing to submit to such an experiment, requesting only that the jury be instructed that its failure shall not prejudice my client. If the prosecution's expert fails to hypnotize him, we feel that the jury should be instructed that conditions in this court—the confusion and strain, the presence of a curious crowd—are at fault. We reserve the right of introducing expert testimony later, as to the results of a similar experiment to be conducted outside the courtroom."

I thought that he seemed a trifle uncertain; inclined to feel that the prosecution had made an error by which he might profit, and yet fearful of some snare. Grimstead, on the other hand, seemed confident enough. He grinned crookedly, casting at Paddy a glance of malignant triumph. The sight of him disturbed me; he was so sure. It roused all my half-admitted suspicions of Callaghan.

I was not greatly surprised when Judge Gavan beckoned to an attendant and whispered with him briefly. The officer came over and took up a position just behind my chum. Evidently Paddy was to be kept under surveil-

lance, pending the outcome of this experiment; his forebodings had been justified. I wondered whether he would not have been wiser to run while he had the chance—whether, perhaps, a guilty conscience had not prompted that desire.

But the jury had returned; a press of spectators once more crowded into the room, so eagerly that the officers admonished them. In an atmosphere of intense excitement, the business of the court recommenced.

Judge Gavan first made a brief address to the jury. "Gentlemen," he said, "the defendant has consented to be hypnotized in your presence, in order to prove his susceptibility and that you may see for yourselves the nature of the hypnotic state. I must instruct you, however, that if this experiment fails you are not, on that account, to allow yourselves to be influenced in coming to a decision as to whether this defendant was actually in the hypnotic state at the time this murder was committed. It may be impossible, in this crowded room, to induce in him a trance condition which might easily be brought about if he were alone with his hypnotizer. Now, counselor, you may proceed."

Every one shifted, craned forward. Mr. Somers stepped forward and beckoned to Doctor Bentiron.

But the doctor, as much to the surprise of the prosecutor as of the rest of us, shook his head and thrust Paddy forward. Lawlor jumped up.

"Your honor," he cried, "I understood that this test was to be made by Doctor Bentiron—by an acknowledged expert, and not by this inexperienced young man!"

The judge hesitated; Doctor Bentiron whispered briefly to Somers.

"May it please your honor," the prosecutor said smoothly, "as I understand it, the defense alleges that this 'inexperienced young man' hypnotized the defendant and compelled him to commit murder. Surely, then, he should be able to repeat the process, if any one can. If he fails, the defense may, if they so choose, declare that he did not make an honest effort because of his own interest in the case; if he succeeds, their contention as to his hypnotic power is sustained."

This statement of things left Lawlor without grounds for objection. He sat down, looking uneasy. The judge conferred with his colleagues for a moment; he, too, seemed rather uncertain at this turn of affairs. But finally—

"You may proceed," he ordered.

Callaghan stepped forward, ignoring Grimstead's hostile glare. The doctor stood beside him, a hand on his shoulder, and his touch heartened Paddy. The boy's bearing was confident, his voice clear and firm as he addressed the sulky defendant.

"Lean back in your chair, Grimstead; make yourself comfortable. Turn your head—so. Look at my fingers."

Standing to one side of the witness chair, he held up a hand so that Grimstead must look at it from an awkward angle, straining his eyes. Then he began the usual formula of the hypnotist: "Your eyes are heavy, you can't keep them open. Rest; think of nothing; let yourself go. You're getting sleepy—sleepy—sleepy."

The room was very quiet; I could hear Grimstead's breathing, rapid and harsh at first, grow quieter, more regular. His eyelids drooped, reopened, drooped—and closed. He settled himself more comfortably in the stiff chair; his head dropped back; he was asleep.

A hundred close-held breaths were exhaled in one vast sigh; men looked at each other queerly. Here was art magic, they thought. It was as though a breath from the Middle Ages had been wafted into the close, hot atmosphere of this sordid, prosaic room, where was enacted a scene character-

istic of modernity; as though a wizard, born centuries after his time, were working his unhallowed spells before us, the protagonists of advanced civilization. It was uncanny, this subjugation of one man's soul to the will of another; and it convinced.

Lawlor relaxed with a satisfied smile, more than ever convinced that the prosecution had blundered irredeemably; Somers looked worried. Had the case been given to the jury at that moment, they would not have left their places—of that I was sure. An immediate verdict of "Not guilty" would have been followed by a demand for poor Paddy's arrest.

Callaghan turned to the prosecutor. "I guess he's ready," said he, and we all started at the sound of his voice.

Doctor Bentiron stepped forward, felt the unconscious man's pulse, lifted his lids and glanced at the motionless eyeballs, then turned away, nodding.

Mr. Somers consulted his slip of paper once more. "With your honor's permission," he began, "we will first attempt to demonstrate the extent of the hypnotist's influence."

Asking permission with a glance, he began whispering to Paddy. Doctor Bentiron also approached, and the three stood for a moment, heads together. It was an extraordinary scene; I could not but wonder what had become of the orderly procedure of the court. But Lawlor interposed no objection; everything favored his client. And Judge Gavan sat quiet. Having committed himself to this experiment, he was evidently determined to see it through. I was forced to admire his impartiality, the dignified decisiveness with which he had met an unheard-of situation.

Doctor Bentiron handed Callaghan two objects, whose nature I could not see. Then he and Somers sat down, leaving Paddy once more alone before the witness chair, the center of all eyes, object of universal wondering suspicion. Even the prosecutor seemed to feel that the boy was tightening the bonds about him; unnecessarily and foolhardily furthering Grimstead's acquittal, and, thereby, his own ultimate conviction.

Callaghan turned to the still figure in the witness chair.

"Grimstead," he said, and the closed lids fluttered. "Grimstead! Here is a knife."

He held out a ruler. Grimstead took it by one end, holding it like a dagger, avoiding its edge as though it had indeed been one.

"Open your eyes," ordered Paddy. "You're still asleep, mind! Now—stab that man behind you—kill him!"

Grimstead opened glassy, staring eyes. Upon the word, swiftly, unhesitating as some deadly machine whose starting lever had been pressed, he whirled and thrust with the harmless ruler at the midriff of the stout court officer who stood behind his chair.

An involuntary grunt escaped the other, as the blunt end of the ruler drove into his bulging front. Somewhere in the crowd a woman laughed hysterically; the sound was discordant, shocking, in the universal gasp of horror than went up.

It was enough. Here, it must seem to the jury, was the final proof. Patrick Callaghan had put the noose about his own neck, with his own hands tied the hangman's knot.

Attorney Lawlor was upon his feet. "Please your honor," he stuttered, all excitement, "isn't that enough? My worthy opponent has proved our contention, better than I could have done it. Is there any need to harrow us further—to place further strain upon my unfortunate client? Surely this thing has gone far enough!"

I think Judge Gavan agreed with him. Even the discipline of years upon the bench did not suffice to hide the loathing in his face as he looked at Pat-

rick Callaghan. He would have spoken, but Somers interposed.

"One moment, your honor! I submit that this is not a test. The defendant must have known, even in his trance, that this was not a deadly weapon. Go on, Callaghan!" He shook with excitement.

Callaghan moved; swiftly now, as though he feared interruption.

"Grimstead," he cried sharply. He whipped a gleaming something from beneath his coat and thrust it into the other's reluctant hand.

"Grimstead! Take this pistol—it's loaded—*and shoot the judge!*"

A shiver, a moan of horror, ran through the room; men shrank away, covered their faces. Judge Gavan turned to face this peril, his strong, clean-shaven features whitening slowly. On either side of him the other justices drew back, shuddering.

But no one moved to save him. A dreadful paralysis seized upon us all; we could only gaze, open-mouthed, helpless to prevent this culminating madness, this final, grotesque tragedy.

All eyes were riveted upon Kirke Grimstead. He did not leap to obey this command, unthinking, unhesitant, as he had the other. For a long moment he sat quite still, slack-jawed and stunned, while the pistol hung loosely from a trembling hand. His face was blank and witless; his head rocked weakly upon his shoulders.

Then, slowly, he heaved himself up, shaking in every limb. One could follow the changing expressions of his sallow, twitching features as his dreadful dilemma struck home. Pure shock first, and incredulity; he could not understand how this stunning reversal had come about, just when his hopes were highest. Then horror, deadly fear, despair, chased each other across his face.

Either he must do murder once more, and now openly—in full court strike down the presiding justice before us all—or he must by his refusal confess that Callaghan held no such power over him.

It was a fearful thing to see, this tragedy of a naked soul. The man's eyes were open now, glassy and fixed in an unseeing stare; his face was colorless, even to the lips, and great drops of sweat sprang out upon forehead and upper lip, coalesced, and trickled down his chin.

Twice he raised the pistol barrel, which wavered and shook in his unsteady hand, menacing us all in turn; and twice he lowered it again, irresolute. We all gaped upon him; the judge leaned forward, his own peril forgotten, to watch this absorbing drama.

And at last, still mute, he raised the pistol again, his face now set in lines of desperate determination. While a paralysis of horror still held that crowded courtroom inert and helpless, he turned the deadly muzzle upon his own breast. With a dreadful, mirthless smile, he pulled the trigger.

A little click!—startlingly loud in that deathly stillness—and no more.

As though the sound had released him from physical bonds, the court attendant behind Grimstead leaped forward and caught his arm. Judge Gavan bounded from his seat, trembling; then sat down again and wiped his face.

Somewhere in the rear of the room a little, half-hysterical chuckling began. It spread and swelled, until presently the whole room rocked and roared with laughter, nervous, explosive—the result of this absurd anticlimax of the empty pistol, which had turned high tragedy into farce. It was not truly mirth; it was nearer to hysteria—the revulsion of nerves tortured almost beyond endurance.

Judge Gavan frowned, recapturing his poise with an effort, and gestured to the court attendants. Startled, they leaped into action.

"Order in the court! Order in the court!"

The judge's gavel rapped sharply; a strange sound in the usually decorous courtroom. But he evidently despaired of quelling this tumult.

"Clear the court!" he cried. "This is intolerable!"

So it was done, not without much disorder and pushing, and at last a semblance of order was restored.

CHAPTER XI.

A CONFESSION.

ALL this while Grimstead had remained in the witness chair, face buried in his hands, the empty pistol unheeded at his feet. Now, as the room quieted, he raised his head and looked vacantly out over the empty benches. Then he turned to the judge, his face calm.

"Your honor," said he clearly, "I'm done for. I can see it now. It's no use; that trick beat me. I confess. I did this murder, alone and uninfluenced. Callaghan had nothing to do with it."

Lawlor rose, his face still white and drawn, and pitched his brief upon the table before him.

"Please, your honor," he stammered, and his voice was unsteady and strained, "I wish to withdraw from the case. I was misled—I—I——" He broke off, swallowing hard, and sat down again.

Judge Gavan turned to the defendant. His face was composed, his hands steady as though he had not looked into the eyes of death a moment since. I felt a thrill of admiration for this old gentleman's poise.

"I can appoint other counsel if you desire," he said steadily. "Let me advise you not to talk unguardedly, without having consulted an attorney. It is my duty to conserve your interests as far as they do not conflict with the interests of justice."

But Grimstead shook his head. "No, sir," he replied. "There's no use of prolonging the agony. Of my own free will, without coercion, I want to confess. I'll feel better. It's been a strain." His face contorted itself queerly for an instant.

In a low voice, but steadily and without emotion, Kirke Grimstead told his story: that he had lost heavily to Hughes at poker for months, until he owed the other nearly a thousand dollars besides that five hundred for which he gave his I O U on the night of the murder. Hughes had made little of it in public, but in private he had dunned Grimstead again and again, growing uglier each week that the debt remained unpaid, until at last he began to threaten that he would write to Grimstead's father. Now, this father was a clergyman who had come into money and retired from the pulpit. (Between the murder and the trial Grimstead's father had died, it was said, of a broken heart at his son's disgrace.) He was a sternly religious man, almost a fanatic, who held his fortune as a sacred trust, and devoted his whole time to bestowing its income upon charity. It had been a bitter disappointment to him that Kirke would not study for the ministry, and the meager allowance which paid his way through college and law school was doled out grudgingly. If this rigid old gentleman had been told this his son gambled, Kirke's career would have come to a sudden end. He would have paid the boy's debt, perhaps; but no other cent of his father's money would have come to Kirke Grimstead. More than this; the careless, cynical youth held such a deep affection for his stern father that he could not bear, he told us simply, to have the old man's hopes of him thus shattered.

It was strange to hear him ascribe this cowardly murder to motives of filial piety; yet I do not think it occurred to any one who heard to doubt his

words. The man was utterly sincere, finally baring his soul to the public gaze without thought of the result. Perhaps it was because he spoke in the very shadow of the gallows—rather, as though already seated in the electric chair. Perhaps it was because he had not yet stepped back from the anteroom of death, whose doors he had tried to wrench open only a moment ago. Whatever the cause, all who heard him knew that Kirke Grimstead at last told the truth as clearly as he saw it, extenuating nothing.

Upon that fateful night our idle talk of hypnotism had brought back to his memory the speculations of a lecturer at the law school, who had dealt with curious and unusual defenses, naming among them hypnotism, and remarking that here was a defense against crime held competent by all authorities, yet one which had never been presented in any recorded case in this country. Then, to his considerable surprise, Callaghan had succeeded in hypnotizing him.

"He really did it, that first time," declared Grimstead earnestly. "After I once let myself go, I had to do as he said."

Being awakened, he went from Paddy's room to the poker game, and lost consistently, as usual. Hughes had won as steadily; and Grimstead repeated that he believed the other had marked the cards, although he had no proof. He had lost another forty-odd dollars, increasing his total debt to something like fifteen hundred—a staggering sum to an impecunious student, dependent upon an unindulgent father for everything. And Hughes had spoken once more of writing to his father.

Grimstead sat alone in his room for hours, revolving his plight, unable to see any way out. And gradually the lecturer's words and Paddy's hypnotic experiment had pieced themselves together to make a desperate plot.

"I didn't think much of Callaghan's part in it," he confessed. "Perhaps if I'd realized what it might mean to him, I wouldn't have gone through with it. But all I saw was that if I killed Hughes without trying to hide it at all, and just claimed I didn't remember anything about it, I'd probably get off. I was desperate; I think I must have been crazy, that night. I didn't expect to be tried; I thought they'd let me off in the magistrate's court when I proved I'd been hypnotized."

Well, he had sat brooding upon such things as this until just as he was climbing into bed, at two in the morning. Then he felt a sudden urgent need to go downstairs and borrow Paddy's knife.

"I just had to do it," said he. "I didn't know why. So I went down. Callaghan laughed at me, and told me that was his post-hypnotic suggestion, and gave me the knife. I wasn't going to take it—I hated the thing—but it was then that the final idea came to me. I took the knife—I'd heard Kane and Fleming outside—and went out with it. I kept my eyes shut, and walked stiffly, and didn't answer when they spoke. I wanted them to think I'd been hypnotized again. It was just imagination, until then; I was just playing with the idea of getting rid of Hughes. But when it came out that way—when I had the kife in my hand, and knew two witnesses would swear Paddy made me take it, why it seemed as if everything was taken out of my hands. I just went on without thinking, as if I'd really been hypnotized. I went upstairs, and right into Hughes' room and felt for him in the bed—it was very dark. And I stabbed him twice, as hard as I could, and left the knife in him, and went back to my own room and sat down, waiting for morning. It seemed as if daylight would never come!"

So it had been. Hearing him, one was compelled to a reluctant pity for

the poor chap, so constrained by evil fortune and his own reckless acts. There seemed some excuse for his deed; surely, such a combination of events could scarcely come again—the knife had actually been forced into his hand, and with it what had seemed an adequate defense—a defense which would infallibly have cleared him, had it not been for the genius of Doctor Bentiron.

At last he finished his story and sat there, quiet and resigned, waiting almost indifferently for what might come. Having given himself over into the hands of fate, he no longer seemed to feel an interest in the future.

So he sat, indifferent and detached, while the concluding formalities went on and his case passed into the hands of the jury.

Oddly enough, they debated for some time. In this unprecedented case there had been so many swings of sentiment, their sympathies had been so swayed from one to another, that it was small wonder, after all, if the jury hesitated over their verdict.

But at last they found Kirke Grimstead guilty, as need they must; guilty of murder in the first degree. With this pronouncement, the foreman made a recommendation of mercy.

"We've found this case so mixed, your honor," he asserted, "that we scarcely know what to think, even now. We feel that the prisoner's mind may have been touched, somehow, by this hypnotism business, so he did what he wouldn't have done without it. We don't hold any blame against Doctor Callaghan," he hastened to add, "but we just feel as if the boy didn't quite have a fair show, or something."

It was an involved, almost incoherent statement; but it expressed the feelings of most of us. Upon the known facts, here was a callous, crafty criminal, who plotted to commit murder in such a fashion as to put the blame at another's door. But we saw a harried, bewildered boy, driven by forces too strong for him to combat, grasping an excuse which was fairly thrust into his hands. Who could say how far that hypnotic trance had affected his judgment, his self-control?

At any rate, Judge Gavan sentenced him to imprisonment for life, which was later commuted by the governor to fifteen years.

When the trial was over at last, and we all filing out of court, Paddy and I seized upon Doctor Bentiron, demanding enlightment. Paddy, it seemed, was as much in the dark as I; he had merely followed instructions whose purport he did not understand. It was an eloquent commentary upon Doctor Bentiron's forcefulness that a man should have followed his orders so exactly, even when they seemed to be leading him straight to arrest and conviction for murder.

The doctor yawned, proffered papers and tobacco, and rolled himself a cigarette.

"It was simple enough, my children," he told us as we sped back toward the hospital in his big limousine. "Very simple, once you began at the right place. There's a lot of foolishness talked about hypnotism. In reality, no man can be hypnotized against his will; and no man, in the hypnotic state, can be forced to do anything against his principles. That is, you can make him forget his dignity, but not his conscience. You can make him stand on his head; he'll flap his wings and crow like a rooster, perhaps; he'll do all sorts of play acting for you, as long as it is play acting, and he knows it. You can hypnotize a man and tell him a sofa pillow is a baseball bat, and he'll hit somebody over the dead with it. He'll stab a man with a rubber dagger, maybe—but that's because he knows it's not a real one. The hypnotic state doesn't destroy judgment, you know; it only puts it to sleep; and actual danger will wake it up again quick

enough. Give your sbuject a real knife, a real gun, and tell him to kill somebody—and watch him come out of his trance. Umphf. Yes. Exactly.

"Wherefore, I knew to begin with that Paddy here couldn't force Grimstead to kill the other chap, whether he wanted to or not. It was logical to suppose, then, that Grimstead was faking the hypnotic state for reasons of his own. It was really a very pretty little scheme—I was sorry to upset it so.

"The difficulty was to prove to the jury that Grimstead acted of his own volition; and juries have a not unnatural prejudice against expert testimony—so many experts say so many different things. So it occurred to me to show them graphically that it couldn't be done. Mr. Grimstead gave us the chance by going on the stand himself; and Judge Gavan was broad-minded enough to permit something of a demonstration.

"Of course, when we set Paddy after him, Grimstead had either to go into hypnosis or admit that Paddy couldn't always hypnotize him. He proceeded to fake the hypnotic state, as I saw when I examined him. But if he'd really been hypnotized the result would have been the same. When Callaghan gave him the ruler, he used it at once; that was easy, and would have convinced the jury beautifully, if we'd stopped there. But when it was a real gun, he balked. That was different. If he'd really been in hypnosis, the suggestion would have waked him; as it was, it spoiled his pretense pretty effectually.

"Of course, I scarcely hoped he'd try suicide; that amounted to a confession, and settled things right away. All I expected was that he'd refuse to shoot; then we'd have to introduce expert testimony, and establish all this I've been telling you. It would have been cumbersome and much less dramatic; but I think we'd have kept Paddy out of jail, even so.

"If he'd had nerve enough to shoot Judge Gavan we'd have been in a bad way, of course; and he might have known, if he'd stopped to think, that the gun wouldn't be loaded. But I banked on his being too rattled to reason it out. It was a risk, of course; but one worth taking, it seemed to me. Anyhow, it worked. We had to keep it pretty quiet, and spring that gun on him before any one suspected what we were up to. Grimstead had no chance to get set, that way—moreover, for all his love of justice, the judge would hardly have put himself in the way of being potted from the witness chair like that.

"Oh, well." He threw down his cigarette, yawning vastly. "It has been a very interesting and instructive case. Umphf. Yes. Exactly. But, my infants, when you contemplate murder, I'd advise you not to make hypnotism your defense. Here we are at the hospital. Get out, do, and run along. I have a number of things to attend to besides turning my car into a perambulator for you two."

SING SING PAPER TO REAPPEAR

THREATENED for a time with indefinite suspension the Sing Sing *Bulletin*, the newspaper published by the inmates of the prison at Ossining, New York, is not to miss a single issue after all. Differences about the paper's policy, which arose between Warden Lawes and State Superintendent of Prisons Rattigan, have been adjusted, and the warden, who is to supervise the editing and censoring of copy for the paper, has ordered immediate resumption of editorial activity among the inmates. The *Bulletin* has appeared in consecutive issues for twenty-one years.

In Justice to the Derelict

by Frank H. Shaw

Author of "The Second Mate," etc.

NEWLY emerged from the gale, the *Strident* presented a somewhat forlorn appearance; but I was so overjoyed at the plucky fight she had made against appalling odds that her dishevelment detracted nothing from her compact sturdiness. I discovered myself patting the bridge rail as a token of appreciation.

"Well done, old girl," I said; and as if in echo to my words the crow's-nest lookout reported: "Sail on the port bow, sir."

Through the binoculars the craft showed but dimly; the high heave and lift of the still agitated seas completely hid her from view frequently; but when she soared sluggishly to a wave crest I saw she was once a fine sailing craft, though her masts had gone by the board and she floated perilously low in the water.

"She's in distress, sir," I told the skipper, who had newly reached the bridge of the *Strident* after a well-merited calk below. He had seen the heavens-hard gale through indefatigably, pitting all his skill and cunning and powers of endurance against the untrammeled might of the elements, with the result that, save for a few flattened ventilators and torn hatch covers, a wash port plucked from its hinges, a man lying in his bunk with a broken leg, and such-like trifles that come into the ordinary run of sea voyaging, we were but little the worse.

"Head up for her, Mr. Grafton," said the skipper; "we'll have a closer look at her. She's derelict, though—if I know anything about a ship." Accordingly, I altered the course to bring the strange sail almost directly ahead; and the *Strident* plowed a dogged way through the clamorous swells that still tore at her as though chagrined at her escape.

Inside half an hour the unknown craft was practically within hail; and a piteous sight she presented. The gale had made havoc of her—she was merely a sheer hulk, with breached bulwarks and spouting scuppers, with a raffle of fallen spars weltering in the broken water alongside, and—for never a vestige of bunting flew from her mizzen-mast stump—deserted. I laid hold of our whistle lanyard and blew sonorous blasts, with the object of attracting the attention of any such as might remain on board; but no signal displayed itself from the wreck; she simply rested there, sinister and forsaken—and, somehow, though the bright sun of early morning was already forcing its light and warmth through the dispersing cloud wrack, I was conscious of a vague chill, a nameless apprehension.

"It might be as well to give her a look over—this sea isn't big enough to swamp a boat just now," Captain Hinges said.

"I was thinking the same thing myself, sir," I replied. I spoke no less

than truth; the unknown bark—a bark she had been—exercised a curious fascination over me. It is difficult to put my feelings into words, for I'm no sort of penman—merely a plain, matter-of-fact seaman; but the emotion was mingled with curiosity and fear.

Accordingly, as the *Strident* maneuvered to obtain a more advantageous position in relation to the wreck, I called the deck crew together, told them I proposed to pay a visit to the forlorn vessel, because there might be living, suffering human beings aboard her, and asked for volunteers. I had a crew in the twinkling of an eye. We wasted no time now. In short order a boat was released from its grips and swung over to leeward, and we took our places. In lowering our boat we almost lost her, for the forward tackle jammed; but the slash of a ready knife soon set matters to rights. Almost before I realized what was happening we were moving out across the still-boisterous run of the whitecaps, which snarled and roared as though determined to intimidate us.

I am not an emotional man; I rather pride myself on the steadiness of my nerves; but as the boat approached the wreck I grew curiously conscious of an almost overpowering sense of depression. There is always something saddening to a sailor's heart in the sight of what has once been a good ship lying wallowing in the run of the seas, lurching in the deep troughs, rolling and pitching pitiably on the snorting crests. Drawing nearer to her, the havoc wrought by the recent storm became more and more apparent; the gaps in the bulwarks were ominous. The surge of unclean water from her decks cascaded from her scuppers, and the torn bulwarks at every roll she gave told that she was near her finish. That she floated suspiciously low in the water we had noticed from the *Strident;* but the nearer we drew the more convinced was I that only a miracle prevented the craft from sinking under our very eyes. I steered the boat round under her stern, and on the overhang of her counter I read her name, the *Resplendent,* of Liverpool. She was anything but resplendent then—disconsolate would have fitted her condition better.

To negotiate the raffle of wreckage that weltered and clamored under her lee required deft seamanship. Eventually I saw an opportunity, and, telling the stroke oar to keep a watchful eye on the boat, I contrived to scramble on to the *Resplendent's* slimy deck. The feeling of depression assailed me even more strongly than before as my foot touched the planking; but beyond the disorderly litter that I had expected there was nothing whatsoever to cause even a slight feeling of apprehension. Her boat tackles swung free in the wind, as sign and token that her crew had abandoned her in a regular fashion; there was even a case of canned meat wedged under a spare spar, as though the ship's company, employed in provisioning their boats, had been forced to abandon their craft in haste. The deck house forward was breached wide open; the galley was a ruin. I felt the sodden heave of the ship, accompanied by a curious quiver. Once before I had abandoned a ship just as she was sinking; and I remembered the warning. Consequently, I made haste in my investigation, shouting as I went, in case some survivor should remain behind. But no human voice answered me.

The wreck was rich with noises: the creaking of timbers and the groans of wreckage, together with the sullen swish of prisoned water, and the wind whistled triumphantly all about me. I moved aft, picking my way as deftly as I could, for heavy objects were hurtling from side to side of the swaying deck; and as I went I continued to cry out. There was still no answer, and I

was on the point of signaling to the *Strident* that the vessel was completely derelict when I fancied I heard a curious, whining sound. The sound came from aft, but there was nothing visible on the *Resplendent's* poop. That was completely deserted and swept as clean as the palm of a man's hand. I shouted again, and again came the feeble whine. It seemed to slip through the wild chorus of major sounds, and something in its timbre made my blood run cold in my veins. But I conquered the weakness and hurried aft. The ship boasted a half poop; that is to say, the after part was only raised about three feet or so above the level of the main deck; and the only means of entering the cabin portion of the accommodation was through a companionway on the poop deck itself, which companionway led down from the teakwood chartroom. In the way that a man notices slight deviations from the normal, I saw that the deck planks to starboard were heavily scored, as though some heavy objects had been hurriedly dragged along them. Somewhat to my surprise, I discovered that the big harness casks that should have been lashed in front of the charthouse were missing.

"They've carried away from their lashings," thought I. "They've taken charge along the deck, and that accounts for the scorings." Again I heard the melancholy whine, and, a sailor's senses being almost as highly trained as a wild animal's, I realized that the sound came from somewhere beneath my feet. I hastened to the companionway and stared down into the gloomy cavern below. The first thing that attracted my attention was the heavy swish of moving water—evidently the ship was so full as to have her cabins flooded. Then I plunged below, to find myself stopped by the two missing harness casks, which had apparently rolled through the companionway door and lodged themselves halfway down the stairs. Making this discovery, I heard again the whining sound, and I confess that my hair stood on end with superstitious terror. The sick lurch, the deadness of the *Resplendent*, warned me that little time was to be lost; but as the whine persisted I determined to take an extra risk and rescue the imprisoned dog below—for I decided that the whine could only come from a dog's throat. I had noticed a hatch batten lying in the skylight cleats, and I took possession of this tool. A few heaves, and a harness cask came clear. I scrambled over the second one, and promptly plunged knee-deep in water that was none too clean.

Then I entered the main saloon—to find it water-logged and deserted. The whine increased, and came from behind a door at the fore end of the main cabin. This door I approached, to find it locked. But a couple of blows from the hatch batten laid the timbers abroad, and over the wreckage I entered what was presumably the captain's cabin. It was a spacious apartment and had been handsomely furnished; but the encroaching water had made havoc with its appointments. That water swilled and guttered almost to the level of the bunk; and it was over the edge of this bunk that I saw a dog's head. The animal whimpered as I spoke to it; then it emitted the most ear-piercing howl I have ever heard. Intent on saving this single inhabitant of the derelict, I plunged through the deep water and reached the bunk. There I forgot about the miserable dog, which endeavored feebly to lick my hand. For there, lying in the bunk, fully dressed, was the body of a woman with an ugly gash in her throat.

Believe me, I drew back from that sleeping place as though I had been touched with a hot iron. The sight of that inanimate, though beautiful, body was unnerving, and it was not until I reached the air above that I recovered my composure. But the open whirl of

the wind steadied me; and, as the *Strident* was within signaling distance, I semaphored across to the skipper some particulars of my discovery.

"Can you bring body off?" he signaled in return. I dived below again, although the motion of the *Resplendent* was by this time alarming, but a moment's consideration showed me that the task was impossible. I spared a moment or two, however, to scrutinize the cabin, and a dismal place I found it. The suck and gurgle of the imprisoned water had a sinister sound; the liquid came to my armpits as I studied the woman's beautiful face. Look where I would, I could find nothing to throw light on the tragedy—nothing that even a skilled detective could have used by way of evidence. As I groped about there came a loud warning cry from outboard; and it was succeeded by a stealthy quiver of the ship. Once before I had felt a similar quiver, and I understood its significance. Without any further hesitation I snatched the emaciated dog from the bunk and, with it in my arms, fought my way to the open.

"Look out, sir, she's going!" cried the stroke oarsman of the boat. "Jump!" I jumped in the nick of time. The men in the boat thrust off hurriedly, and before we had placed a dozen fathoms between ourselves and the *Resplendent* the ship gave a heave, writhed like a living thing in agony, and then slid into the depths of the Atlantic stern first. As it disappeared the dog that I still held in my arms gave a mournful wail, struggled loose, and plunged overboard. For a moment it swam weakly, then the suck of the eddies took it, and it disappeared. We pulled hard to escape the menace of the swirls, and once out of danger I gave orders to the men to lay on their oars; but nothing came into view save stray bits of timber that stabbed upward through the disturbed water. No trace of the dog was to be seen. The bray of the *Strident's* whistle summoned us back aboard our parent ship; and, I must admit, I breathed more freely as I mounted her bridge ladder to make my report to the skipper.

"A beautiful woman, with her throat cut?" said the Skipper. "Are you quite sure of that?"

"As sure as I'm standing here; and thankful I am to be back, sir," I said, and went into details. I told him about the whining of the dog and the general desertion of the wreck, and he listened interestedly.

"How long do you think she's been dead?" he asked as the *Strident* steadied afresh on her course and lumbered steadfastly along.

"I'm no expert in such matters," I said, "but I don't think she'd been dead for more than two days at the outside."

"It was blowing hard two days ago," he said reminiscently, and I agreed with him. Small chance of the lost *Resplendent's* boats weathering that storm, I decided.

"You'd better go below and get a change," the skipper directed. "We can talk about this business later on."

It was wholesome to get back to my own cabin, to find myself surrounded by familiar objects, and to don clean, dry clothing; but as I refreshed myself I could not help pondering over the mystery of the derelict. A derelict in itself is nothing; a derelict with a murdered woman aboard is a rarity. And such a beautiful woman! She was hardly the sort of person that one would have expected to find aboard a windjammer of the *Resplendent's* type; inexperienced in the matters of the social world as I was, I could not help thinking that she would better have fitted some glorious setting such as an old court or palace. Although she was dead, there had been something regal in her expression.

A full statement of the affair was written down in the log book and signed by myself and the skipper. That was

all we could do; and as another gale started within twenty-four hours of the *Resplendent's* sinking, we soon had other matters to occupy our attention than the mysterious fate of that tragic victim.

Nothing was to be learned of the fate of the *Resplendent's* crew when the *Strident* reached port. Judging by our own experiences, there seemed little reason to doubt that the ship's boats had been overwhelmed in the gale which had so effectively made a mess of what had once been a fine ship. And so for a period of two years and more not the smallest vestige of a solution presented itself. Not that we of the *Strident* were able to do much toward the solving of the problem—we had other matters to concern us. The small matters of earning our own livings and dividends for the shipowners were of more vital importance to us than the real facts which lay behind the *Resplendent's* tragedy. I must admit that I had practically forgotten the occurrence when Captain Hinges died—a sling of cargo carried away just as he was passing beneath it—and I was left in command of the *Strident*.

Not for long, though—that bit of luck was far too good to last. I took the ship from New York down to Pernambuco and Bahia, calling in at a few odd ports, and then received instructions to work her back to Liverpool. Arriving there, we were boarded by the marine superintendent of the Clamorous line—a tall, gaunt-faced man, who had the deepest-sunk eyes I've ever seen.

"This is Captain Brendon," the superintendent said. "You'd better know him. He has bought the ship from us, and he intends to sail in command of her himself."

I made my best bow—be quite certain of that. There weren't too many berths going a-begging just then for me to be cavalier in my reception; and as I was rather fond of the old *Strident* I don't know that I was particularly keen to leave her—even though I saw there was no earthly chance of retaining command. Still, I was only a youngster—and the chances were that Captain Brendon would soon swallow the anchor and settle down ashore to get fat on the dividends his ship earned for him.

"I hope you'll stay on as mate, Mr. Grafton," the new owner said. "I'm a square-rigged man myself, and I'd count it a favor if you'd keep your old berth. I don't see any reason why we shouldn't pull together as well as can be expected."

So it was left at that. Captain Brendon struck me as being a likable sort of man in the general run, though he was given to curious fits of abstraction. Once when I went into his cabin after a knock, thinking that I'd heard his summons to enter, I found him prancing up and down the sea parlor like a madman, waving his arms and muttering things in a sort of half whisper. He stopped at once when he saw me, and his face darkened.

"What do you mean by——" he began, but stopped and smiled. "I'm something of an elocutionist," he said, "and I was rehearsing. What is it?" I mentioned the unimportant bit of business that had taken me into his presence, and we discussed it thoroughly. There was certainly nothing the matter with his thinking powers.

And so, under her new commander, the *Strident* put to sea again. If I were a man of words, I've no doubt I could write a whole novel about that trip and Captain Brendon. In a way he took me more into his confidence than the average shipmaster does his chief mate—he often invited me into his cabin, for instance, and offered me refreshments.

"A skipper has a lonely life of it," he said more than once. "He gets a lot of time for thinking. Tell me something about——" So it went on. He

always wanted me to be talking with him. And often and often when I was on the bridge he would come up beside me and yarn away for the entire watch, and even at the end of it would press me to go down into his room and tell yarns until all hours.

So it came about that one day, when we'd taken noon sights and worked up the ship's position, I went to his cabin with my results. He had unrolled a big chart on the table—the *Strident* hadn't a regular chart house, and we did our marking off in the skipper's cabin—but our noon position took us off the edge of that chart.

"Dig out the next sheet," he said to me, and I rummaged about until I found it, and spread it out before him on the polished mahogany.

"What's that red cross?" he asked. The cross, being in ink, stood out distinctly against the crisscross background of pencil marks.

"That's the spot where we sighted the *Resplendent*," I told him.

"The *Resplendent?* Her name seems half familiar to me. Was there anything curious about her, then, that you marked it down so clearly?"

"She was derelict, sir," I said. "Derelict and sinking—her crew had abandoned her. But perhaps you saw the story in the papers?" He shook his head. Being all his life in sail, he said, gave him but scant opportunities of studying the daily press. A man might easily fail to hear of a world-spread revolution during the average three to four months of a windjammer's passage from port to port.

So I up and told him about my remarkable experience; and he listened with a good deal of interest, especially when I came to the part about the murdered woman.

"You're sure she was murdered?" he asked. "Has it ever struck you that it might have been a case of suicide?" That explanation had certainly never occurred to me, I must admit. When a man discovers such a tragedy as I'd seen, his first thought is, naturally, one of murder; and for lack of other evidence he is somewhat inclined to hold to his earlier opinion. And as the floor of the *Resplendent's* cabin had been deeply awash, it was quite possible that the weapon with which the tragedy had been committed had slipped from the woman's dead hand and got lost in that swelter of murky water.

"You never know what a woman's going to do—especially at sea," he said. "Well, what do you make your noon position, Mr. Grafton?" He was once more the skipper, keen and businesslike, as he bent over the newly opened chart and opened the dividers. As it happened, his noon position and my own tallied to a hair; and he dotted down the latitude and longitude and ran the usual circle round the dot with a steady hand.

"We ought to be somewhere near that cross by to-morrow evening," he said. "That is, if we hold on this present course." He placed the parallel rulers in position, and, sure enough, a line drawn from the encircled dot along the course we were making would have cut clean through the red cross. There was nothing out of the ordinary in that—but there the matter was. Remembering my sensations afresh when I saw what secret the derelict *Resplendent* held, I was aware of a shiver shaking me. I'm not superstitious, by any means; but—there are certain things that affect a man's nerves.

That evening, about six-thirty, after supper, the skipper came up on the bridge in his customary fashion and yarned for a while about the weather and the prospects of picking up a cargo at the port whither we were bound and the usual ship talk that goes on aboard any old tramp.

"Tell me about that *Resplendent* affair again," he said after the conver-

sation had languished. I told him in detail, even to mentioning the fact of the harness casks being thrown down the companionway.

"It's a strange story—another of those sea mysteries that'll never be cleared up. I've happened on one or two strange things in my time, too," the skipper said. "There was one case I heard—no one would believe it if they read it in a book; they'd say romance could be overdrawn. Have a cigar, Mr. Grafton." He lit one himself and held the match to the end of mine. It was growing dark, but the match flare illuminated his face very clearly, and I was struck by the remarkable brightness of his eyes—they were like a ferret's.

Now, the average skipper doesn't encourage his mates to smoke while on duty; but Brendon was different from the common run. He blew a whiff of smoke into the air and watched it spiral upward thoughtfully. The wind was dead aft and our decks were becalmed.

"I came across a man, long ago, when I was a youngster," he said, "who told me a yarn that beats yours into a cocked hat, Grafton. This fellow was a big, handsome man, and had a way with women that some found irresistible. There are men like that—I've met a few—even though they themselves aren't overkeen on the fair sex, they get mixed up with all sorts of entanglements. This man—Stevenage by name—at least, I think it was Stevenage—had more affairs than the majority, according to his own accounts. He was simply drawn into them against his better judgment. Phew! this following wind makes things a bit breathless, doesn't it?" Captain Brendon wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration stood in big beads.

"Down in the South Seas this was—thousands of miles from here, and twenty or thirty years ago," he went on. "It was your mention of the—the—what did you call the ship? *Expensive,* did you say, or was it *Superb?* Ah, yes—the *Resplendent.* Your talk of that ship it was that reminded me of Stevenage and his story. He was a dying man when he told me the yarn. He fell head over ears in love with this girl, and apparently she returned his feeling, because after a while they got married, and he took her to sea with him. He fitted out his cabin in a special fashion. His ship carried a Japanese carpenter, who was handy with tools. Stevenage spared no expense to make the after accommodations exactly right.

"You're a young man, Mr. Grafton, and I dare say you've not had much experience with women. This wife of Captain Stevenage seems to have been a curious specimen. She tired of him after a while and began to take far too much notice of his chief mate, who was a shaggy, tawny-haired, rough-and-ready man, without any polish about him. And Captain Stevenage grew to be as jealous of his wife as a man could be—he dreaded to allow her out of his sight. Prior to his marriage he and his mate had been good friends, but a breach grew between them—all on account of Mrs. Stevenage.

"Of course, even on shipboard, it wasn't possible always to keep his wife under close observation, but Stevenage did his best. Then, one night, after he'd been on deck for a long spell on account of the ship meeting heavy weather, he wakened suddenly from the deep sleep into which he had dropped. His wife wasn't in the cabin, and his suspicions grew acute. He slipped on a waterproof and crept cautiously on deck. Mrs. Stevenage was there, talking to the mate. That discovery of the skipper's signed the mate's death warrant for him. You can't understand the power of jealousy. When you turn in to-night, Mr. Grafton, go down on your knees and pray to be saved from that curse. Look here, don't you think we'd

do better if we headed the ship a bit into the wind? A man can hardly breathe."

I explained to him that to get a decent draft along the decks it would be necessary to turn the ship right about; and he saw my point.

"I dare say it's nothing; but—I felt a bit overcome, that's all. I'm all right now. Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes—about Stevenage and his mate and his wife. Stevenage was blazingly jealous, and he accused his wife of flirtation with the mate. She denied it, saying she found the cabin unbearable on account of its closeness, and, knowing he was tired, she'd just slipped on a coat and gone on deck; and she had asked the mate a question—and so on. Lies, all lies! But two nights afterward the mate disappeared—quite suddenly. The man who had the wheel from two to four in the middle watch said the mate had leaned against the rail, the rail had carried away, and the mate was precipitated overboard. There was a big sea running, and though the captain was called at once it wasn't possible to do anything, what with the darkness and the bad weather. So the mate died. Not a soul knew that Captain Stevenage had deftly cut through the rail, merely leaving a splinter to keep it in place, so that the least weight against it would break it. But that's what he'd done. It's a terrible thing to have a beautiful wife and to be jealous of her—terrible. I'm glad I never married.

"After that things got better for Stevenage. Not for long, though. He came to fancy that his wife was making eyes at his second mate. And he worried over that. Of course, in a way he was mad, I suppose—but cunningly mad. He loved his ship and he loved his wife; but he loved himself best of all.

"And this is what he did, in the long run: He waited until bad weather came along, and then he killed his wife—shot her dead. That was the best solution to the problems that were troubling him. But he was clever with it—oh, yes, he was clever! He didn't want to be called on to pay the penalty of his misdoing; before he murdered her—and she was a very beautiful woman—he scuttled the ship. He knew all about the ship, and he drove holes through her skin; and what with the leaks and the bad weather—why, the ship began to sink. So the crew abandoned her, though the skipper refused to enter a boat. He waited until all hands were clear, and then—he—he—took good care that his wife shouldn't come up on deck and bother him again. He fastened the cabin so that she shouldn't—shouldn't accuse him, and went overboard on a spar; and—why, then the ship sank, and he was left afloat. He was picked up—but no one ever heard a single word of his crew again—whether their boats were swamped or whether Captain Stevenage had bored holes in them no one'll ever know."

"And what became of Stevenage?" I asked, interested not so much in the story as the way in which it was told.

"Oh—he—he was haunted ever afterward. He went here and he went there, but he was always afraid of something coming to light, and his fear fed on itself until it became unbearable—unbearable. He went to sea again—bought a ship of his own and fitted her out like a yacht—I told you he was a ship lover, didn't I? Somehow, he couldn't settle down to steady seafaring again. He was afraid that he might sign on a man who'd been among the crew of his old ship, some one who'd accuse him of—of murder. So he sold the ship and settled down ashore in a remote place; and he—he died there."

I chewed over this story for a bit, but the sultriness of the night must have clouded my brain a little, for I didn't seem able to make head or tail of it. I was still trying to discover why Cap-

tain Brendon had told it to me, when the narrator touched me on the shoulder.

"It's a fine night," he said. "No need for both of us to be up here. I don't feel sleepy, so there's no reason why you shouldn't go below and turn in—get an extra calk." Show me the sailor who would refuse such an offer and you show me a curiosity, as sleep is the god of the men who use the sea. I accepted the offer with thanks, and went below. Once in my bunk, spite of the night's closeness, I slept like a top.

Next day, at noon, I handed in my working of the ship's position. It agreed exactly with the skipper's, and I watched him as he jotted it down on the chart and ran the customary circle about the dot. Then he drew a line from the noon position of the day before. That line passed a clear twenty miles south of the red cross.

"There must have been a strong current running," he observed. "Curious, too, considering the wind was where it was. But one never knows what's going to happen at sea."

"What distance do you make her to have done, sir?" I asked.

He measured the distance with the dividers, and named a figure that was some fifteen miles less than normal. It was curious, but he seemed quite satisfied, and it was not for me, as mate, to express an opinion. Once the day's navigation was completed he looked up and said:

"I want the carpenter in my cabin for the next day or two—there are a few jobs to be done. Can you spare him? And if there's one of the crew who's handy at carpentering, you might send him along, too. I do like a comfortable cabin; it's a mania with me." By the time the *Strident* reached port the captain's cabin was materially improved; it looked like a room in a liner.

We made two more voyages after that, ordinary voyages enough, with nothing outstanding to differentiate them from others. I noticed that on each occasion we encountered that same current which set the ship a long way south of her proper course, and jotted the fact down in my meteorological notes—I was keeping pretty exhaustive observation of astronomical and atmospherical phenomena for the United States government—but beyond that I did not worry over the matter. Then we cleared for a third voyage.

Thanks to my work on behalf of the meteorological department of the United States government, I was kept well supplied with all the latest news concerning currents, icebergs, and so forth; and I noticed, when reading the comprehensive data that was addressed to me, that a series of disturbances had been noticed in the Atlantic; there had been a succession of mild submarine upheavels. And during the first days of this voyage of which I am speaking the weather was out of the ordinary—heavy and oppressive, while the sea was different from the normal, somehow. It was a period of stagnant calms, and the water ran oilily, streaked here and there with lines of grayish mud. The skies were leaden and lowering in the main, though the sun showed often enough to enable us to take our sights and work out our positions.

Now, even a tramp steamer like the *Strident* runs more or less to a given time-table nowadays; and on a certain day, presenting my navigational working to the skipper, I noticed that the red cross of the chart was due to be passed at somewhere about six o'clock on the following morning.

"I wonder if we shall meet that current again, sir," I said. "I've mentioned the fact to the authorities; but they've said nothing about it in their correspondence."

"Oh, you mentioned it, did you?" the skipper asked. "Well, we never know;

currents change a lot. But I think we'll probably meet it again, somehow."

He lifted his eyes from the chart and looked at me sharply. It struck me that he was not well—his eyes had a strained look and his lips were almost colorless. And, for some reason or other, I felt a sharp chill shake me. But I said nothing about it, for the skipper drew my attention to some new alterations in his cabin and discussed them at length. He had used more of the carpenter's time than I, as mate, quite approved of, but he had made his cabin a place of beauty, no getting away from that. And yet, looking about the cabin, I felt the sweat stand out in beads on my forehead. I don't know why, except that it was very close and oppressive.

I slung a hammock under the boat skids that afternoon for my customary talk, but I failed to sleep well. Later I took the watch. At about four bells the skipper came on the bridge and commenced to talk. He was a bit affected by the weather himself—he went from one subject to another and was impatient of argument. After a few minutes, however, he grew calmer and advised me to go below and turn in, which I did. This was during the eight-to-twelve watch, which I usually kept, selfishly enough.

At four a. m. I was around by the quartermaster, who told me that the second mate—the *Strident* carried three watch-keeping officers—was unwell and unable to keep his watch. I turned out and visited him where he lay in his bunk. He was suffering from an old enemy of his, a malarial fever contracted on the west coast of Africa. He was shivering and half delirious. I at once agreed to stand his watch, and went to the bridge. The sultriness still held, but the third mate, whom I relieved, told me that two hours before he had noticed a curious restlessness in the water, with a long, uneven swell. It was, he said, as though a submarine volcano had erupted some distance away. There had also been a lot of lightning, and the barometer was jumping like mad. I made a note of these facts, and let him go below. Then, because there was an eerie feeling in the air, and because an acute sense of loneliness afflicted me, I walked to the steering compass and peered within. Old Clementson was at the wheel—a man I'd signed on for voyage after voyage.

"Is she steering all right?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, she's steerin' well," he said. "She was a bit awkward on her helm durin' the first watch, after the cap'n altered the course, but——"

"Did the captain alter the course?" I asked.

"He did, sir—told me to steer due south as soon as you left the bridge. It was my wheel then, as you might remember. Come to think of it, he's done the same thing every voyage we've made since he came here, sir."

"Steer due north for a bit," I said. I was wondering about that peculiar current that I had observed, the one that set us down south every time we came into the neighborhood of the spot that was marked with the red cross. Why the skipper should have desired to alter course was a puzzle beyond my comprehending. I stationed myself in the wing of the bridge after seeing the ship was steadied on her new course, and tried to think the matter out, but could find no solution; and after a while I gave it up, with the mental note to ask Captain Brendon if he had any purpose in his mind in thus altering course and failing to inform me of the fact. I had something else to think about—the atmosphere was growing curiously clammy and oppressive; it was as though all the air had become tautened like a string about to break. I cannot describe it any better than that. As time went on it became almost impossible to breathe, and the strangeness of it must have got on my nerve, for several times

I fancied I heard voices whispering about me; and once, looking over the sullen water, I could have sworn I saw a pale, shadowy hand beckoning—beckoning.

"Looks to me as if you were in for a dose of malaria, too," I told myself. This was just before four bells, and, as it was wintertime, the dawn would be late in coming, and the night still held with increasing blackness. Almost as I said the words, I heard a soft patter of feet beside me, and then Captain Brendon's voice spoke raspingly in my ear. I had never noticed him come on the bridge; but he must have slipped up the ladder and taken a squint into the compass, all the same.

"What the devil do you mean by altering course without asking me?" he demanded. I started in with an explanation, and as I opened my lips he caught me by the throat.

"You're a spy!" he hissed. "You smooth-tongued swab—you're a spy, like the rest of them! But I'm finished with your suspicions—finished, do you hear?" I tried to cry out, because his grip was choking me—but no sound left my lips. The helmsman sat in the wheelhouse, where the hiss of steam and the clank of the steering engine would deaden any sound from outside. I tried to fight, but the man's strength was prodigious—abnormal. I was like a wet rag in his hands. He crushed me back over the rail, bent the upper part of my body outward; and I saw what he would be at. He intended to murder me—to throw me overboard with a broken back. And I could do nothing—nothing. Nothing save tear at his strangling hands and kick with my shoeless feet at his shins. Thunders clamored in my ears, my brain swam.

It was as though I heard a voice from an infinite distance, an unreal voice; but even in my distress I noticed the abject fear of it.

"Starboard—for Heaven's sake!" I could do nothing, and the sound failed to reach the helmsman's ears. Next thing I knew was a sudden, sickening jolt, a sodden heave, a horrible squelching sound. The *Strident* quivered from stem to stern and stopped dead; there followed the hideous screech of tortured metal. That was all I remembered.

When I opened my eyes I was in one of the ship's lifeboats. Old Clementson was pulling stroke oar. He saw that I was conscious again, and he leaned forward and tapped me on the knee.

"We hit a derelict," he said. "It sank us—tore the bottom outer the *Strident*. I saw her as she came up astern—an old sailing ship that must ha' been at the bottom for years. I've heard of ships lyin' on the mud until a volcano or something pitched 'em up to the top ag'in. Maybe this was similar, sir."

I remembered then, and the first question my lips framed was: "Where's the captain?"

"Don't know, sir—he jumped overboard, shoutin' a woman's name as he went. He said he was comin'—no need to beckon him any more." Clementson stirred and reached to the bottom of the boat.

"Here's something I picked up," he said. It was a fragment of board, waterlogged and unsightly. But, despite its sorry condition, I could still make out the outlines of a name that had once been painted thereon—and the name was *Resplendent*.

I offer no comments; I merely tell the thing as it happened. But putting things together in my own mind, adding Captain Brendon's story to his behavior in altering the course—I leave the solution to the reader's good judgment.

The Demon

by

Harrington Strong

Author of the "Noggins" Stories, etc.

CHAPTER I.

ASSASSINATION.

THE one flickering gas jet in the room gave forth a flaring, uncertain flame and caused countless grotesque shadows to dart across the walls and play over the furniture, and "Big Charlie" Snokes shivered when he saw them.

Big Charlie always had been afraid of shadows, unless they were of his own making. He did not dislike remaining in the dark himself at times, but he wanted the rest of the world bathed in light so that he could see what was going on; and he wanted to stand with his back against a wall, sometimes actually and sometimes metaphorically, that no enemy might get behind him. Having often struck from behind himself, Big Charlie Snokes had a horror of receiving the same treatment.

The gulp he gave now was half of fear and half induced by a feeling that he had been found out and that a scene was coming. Big Charlie Snokes disliked scenes in which he could not dominate, and he seemed to sense that in this project he would cut a sorry figure. There was a moment of silence.

It was a poorly furnished room on the second floor of a ramshackle building on an alley, reached by a flight of rickety stairs that shook dangerously when a man walked upon them, and by their loud creaking warned of his approach.

The single, flickering gas jet revealed a table, half a dozen battered pine chairs, an old bureau, and nothing else in the way of furniture. The tattered shades were drawn at the two windows that looked out upon the alley, and blankets had been fastened over them afterward, as an extra precaution.

On the table in the middle of the room was a bottle of liquor salvaged from the old wet days, several glasses, a box of cigars, and two packages of cigarettes. Standing beside the table was Alderman Redson.

Redson was a gigantic man, fully as large as Big Charley Snokes, and his appearance and manner gave indications of a power fully felt and understood. His shoulders were broad, his neck thick, his face blotched with purple. When he spoke, the words came from between thick lips that denoted cruelty and a disregard of all save self.

Alderman Redson sneered as he looked at the man before him. A snarl like that of a wolf at bay came from the throat of Big Charlie Snokes. His eyes glittered, he bent forward and balanced himself on the balls of his feet, the hands hanging lifelessly at his sides suddenly became fists—but Snokes did not strike.

"Showin' fight, are you?" Redson asked, sneering again and stepping closer to Snokes. "You show fight around me, and see what it gets you! I'm about fed up with you, Snokes! You're commencin' to think that you're quite a man in the district, ain't you?

One word from me—one snap of my fingers—and you'll be on your way up the river, you ass, to the big gray house where they serve the meals regular, such as they are!"

"I don't see what right you've got to talk like this to me!" Snokes almost hissed the words, but he was trying to curb his anger, for he knew well this was no time to start a battle, with all the odds against him. Alderman Redson could do as he had threatened, and with little trouble to himself.

"I'll talk to you as I please!" Redson said in an ugly voice, stepping still nearer. "You're a tough bird, are you? Gunman, gangster chieftain, all-around bad man! Well, I'm not afraid of you and your whole gang, and you'd better remember it. Start something, if you think it'll be for the best!"

"I've done the right thing——" Snokes began.

"You've come precious near trying to double cross me—that's what you've done!" the alderman accused. "I don't want to talk to you, Snokes, except to say that you've got to toe the mark—and to ask a few questions."

"Well——" Snokes asked, trying to keep from showing his fear of the man before him.

Alderman Redson did not ask Snokes to sit down, but he sat down himself, lighted a cigar, blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, and regarded his man again through tiny, glittering eyes that seemed to send forth flecks of fire.

"What do you know about 'The Demon?'" he asked suddenly.

Big Charlie Snokes felt relief surge through his breast. He had been afraid that the question would be something else, something he could not have answered without showing Redson that he had intended to betray him politically.

"The Demon?" Snokes gulped. "I don't know anything about him. And what's more—I don't know any man who does know anything about him."

"What have you heard, then?"

Snokes was feeling a bit better now. If he could get Redson to talking of The Demon, and interested in that unusual character, perhaps the evil moment would be averted, postponed for the time being.

"He calls himself The Demon, and that's all I know," Snokes said.

"Have you talked to anybody who has seen him?" Redson demanded.

"Yes. 'Slim' Foggs, a particular friend of mine, had a visit from him."

"Well?"

"He kicked open the door and walked right in on Slim in his own room. It was about three o'clock in the mornin'. He's a medium-sized man, and he dresses in ordinary clothes, but he's got a close-fittin' red hood over his head, with horns on it, like—like the devil. He tells everybody to call him The Demon. He wears gloves——"

"Is he a crook or a cop? That is what I want to know! What's his idea?" Alderman Redson demanded.

"I don't know, boss," Snokes replied. "If you ask me, I think he's one of the gang havin' some fun with the boys. He's taken some awful chances, but he's got away with it every time."

"What did he do to Foggs?"

"I couldn't get all of it; Slim won't talk about it much. But he hauled Slim out of bed—I know that much. He made him stretch over the foot of it, and he tied him there with a rope, all the time threatenin' him with a gat. And then he took out a whip and lashed Foggs across the bare back."

"Why?"

"Foggs was scared, but not too scared to ask him that. And The Demon said for it to be a lesson to him. 'You turn honest and get a job,' The Demon told him. 'You're too crooked to be a crook.' Foggs didn't know what he meant by it."

"What else have you heard about him?" Redson asked.

"He paid a visit to 'Bull' Carter the other night. Bull and a couple of others—just between ourselves, boss—had turned some sort of a trick, and Bull got away with about three-fourths of the swag. The Demon whipped him and told him he was a crooked crook. Bull won't talk much about it."

Redson sneered. "And do you think I'm goin' to believe all this rot?" he demanded.

"I've told you all I know, boss. I ain't seen this Demon. He hasn't troubled to visit me—and he'd better not. He knows the men he's pickin', I guess."

"I suppose you'd handle him?"

"He wouldn't whip me—gat or no gat!" Snokes declared.

"Sure you aren't The Demon yourself, Snokes?" Redson bent forward across the table as he asked the question, and his eye blazed into those of the gangster. "Sure you're not playin' a little game—say politically?"

"It ain't right for you to talk that way, boss," said Snokes. "Think I'd put on a cheap show like that? I'd face my man, and I'd make him back down!"

"I've been hearin' things about you, Snokes. I've been told that I shouldn't trust you any more."

"I've got plenty of enemies——"

"I know it, Snokes. And be mighty careful you don't have me for one!" said the alderman. "I've handled enemies before, you know. Any time you feel like double-crossin' me, think twice before you start it. I don't like this Demon thing. Seems to me he's been payin' a lot of visits. He's got every crook in the town scared to death——"

"I know one that's not scared."

"Maybe you'll change your tune when he visits you. But what and who is he? That's what I want to know. What's his game? Is he some cop tryin' to get wise? Is he some crook who's playin' to boss this district? I want to know!"

"I'll find out if I can, boss."

Redson struck a match and lighted his cigar again.

"Now, there is another thing," he said.

"Well, boss?"

"I understand you've been payin' visits regular to Dick Blanner's flat?"

"I—I go down there now and then," Snokes admitted.

"Why?"

"Blanner's one of us, ain't he? He used to be one of the best in the business when he was a yegg. He's done time and reformed, and all that, but he's the right kind of man."

"Just go down there to pass the time of day with Dick Blanner, do you?"

"Sure. He can give a lot of us pointers, even if he don't play the game himself any more."

"Snokes, you're a liar!" Alderman Redson exclaimed. "You go down there to see Nellie Blanner, and you know it!"

"Well, she's some girl!" Snokes said, trying hard to smile. "You can't blame a man."

"She's no girl for you, you tough! If you want a moll——"

"Suppose I want a decent girl—a wife?" Snokes asked.

"You're not entitled to one, you ass! A man like you marry a decent girl?"

Snokes' eyes blazed suddenly, and he bent forward again.

"Showin' fight once more, are you?" Redson sneered. "I think you need a lesson, Snokes! And I'm the man can give it to you! You stay away from Nellie Blanner!"

"But why?"

"Because I say so. To make it stronger, just let me drop into your cauliflower ears the hint that I am interested there myself. Understand, Snokes?"

"But——"

"You get me? I'm interested there myself."

"And I suppose you're entitled to a decent girl?" Snokes said sneeringly. "You're so much better than I am. Barrin' the fact that you're an alderman and boss of the district——"

Big Charlie Snokes ceased speaking and seemed to choke. Alderman Redson had got half way out of his chair. His eyes were unnaturally bright; his lips were curled back from his teeth, he looked like a wild beast about to attack.

Snokes realized in that instant that he had committed the unpardonable affront. The dishonest man always feels it the most when he is so called. And, looking into the eyes of Alderman Redson now, Snokes knew that he could expect no pardon.

"Get out!" Redson cried. "I don't want to talk to you any longer now, Snokes! I'll think over your case, and I'll send for you later—maybe!"

They glared at each other again, and into the breast of Big Charlie Snokes a sudden great fear was born. He grasped his hat, strode across to the door, turned for an instant to look at Alderman Redson again and search his face in vain for an indication of mercy, and then went out.

Snokes stamped down the rickety stairs to the office of the place on the first floor. Before he had reached the bottom, he heard Redson's angry voice calling for another gangster. Snokes tried to get the anger out of his face, tried to grin like a man who has had a satisfactory interview, tried to speak in an even, low voice as he always did after seeing the boss.

In the office room below there were almost a dozen men, called there by Redson that night to consider things pertaining to the coming election. Snokes nodded to them. He knew them all—gangsters and thieves, thugs and gunmen. Some of them were his friends, and others were his enemies; members of rival gangs, jealous of his prestige in the district. But this was neutral ground. They might fight one another, but they were banded together when Alderman Redson, boss of the district, called them to war.

Snokes stopped only to light a cigarette and impress upon them that his interview had been satisfactory, and then he made his way toward the street door. It would not have been ethical for them to question him, and so they did not.

Outside the rain was pouring down. Snokes turned up the collar of his coat, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and stepped out into the storm. The wind lashed against him, the rain beat upon him, signs and awnings swaying in the force of the storm shrieked at him. He went as far as the corner, and there stopped for a moment in a dark doorway.

The street was free of pedestrians. The only vehicle in sight was the automobile of Alderman Redson, which stood close to the curb at the other corner a block away, while the chauffeur amused himself in a billiard parlor there. Snokes' lip curled as he looked at it.

He had seen that car often—a little, high-powered closed car, the outer appearance of which did not indicate the money spent for the engine beneath the hood. Now he snarled at it, as though it had been the man himself.

He had not misunderstood Alderman Redson's threat, and he knew that Redson would not hesitate. There was scarcely a man in the district who was not under Redson's thumb. The alderman had a way of collecting information and holding it over a man's head.

And Big Charlie Snokes knew that, in his case, it would mean at least twenty years in prison. He had done time once before—a matter of a mere

eighteen months—and he never had forgotten it. Snokes was not the type of man to reconcile himself to prison, to pass the years there as though in a bad dream and emerge to forget it.

Snokes shivered now when he thought of that eighteen months. He could see the tiers of cells, the workshops, the guards; he remembered the cold rules and regulations of a strict discipline, shuddered at the memory of methods of punishment of which he had heard but never had witnessed.

The eighteen months had almost killed him, and he knew that a score of years would do so in fact. A sudden terror came upon him at the mere thought of it. And Redson would do this thing—would frame him and send him there. He was guilty of a certain offense, and Redson knew it. A word from Redson in the proper quarter, and arrest, trial, incarceration would follow.

And he knew that Redson would not hesitate to speak that word now. He would do it within the day, perhaps. To-night he was busy with his hirelings in the district. After he was done, he would ride to his mansion uptown, purchased by graft in the contracting line, and in his ornate library he would consider the case of Big Charlie Snokes for the space of a few minutes. Then he would reach for a telephone, speak a few words, and Snokes would be doomed.

So Snokes felt a terrible fear, and also a terrible hate. What right had Redson to tell him to stay away from Dick Blanner's flat and from Nellie Blanner? Hadn't Blanner been a crook, had he not done time? Was his daughter too good for Snokes? And Redson! Redson, with his warped soul!

Snokes had the right to save himself, he thought. And perhaps he would be saving Nellie Blanner at the same time. For if Redson wanted the girl, he would have her. He would threaten her father—a former convict always can be caused trouble. And, to give Snokes credit, he had been influenced for good by his acquaintance with Nellie Blanner. He knew that she was a fine girl. And he knew Redson's real character, too. He shuddered to think what life with Redson would mean to Nellie Blanner.

But, above all, he considered his own safety. There would be no escape, he knew, if Alderman Redson spoke the word. His trial and sentence would be matters of but a few weeks. And then there would stretch before him the seemingly endless years behind the gray prison walls—the years of agony that he felt he could not endure.

His fear gave him a false courage and the cunning of a wild beast. Redson would be holding his conference for half an hour or more, Snokes knew. Then he would walk up the street, bending against the storm, to his automobile. He would ride to his residence, and there he would reach for the telephone——

Snokes left the doorway suddenly and darted around the corner. The side street was almost in pitch darkness, and there was nobody in sight, not even the two patrolmen who walked this beat in each other's company.

The wind still howled and the rain poured down. Snokes hurried along against the force of the storm, made the next corner, went along that street swiftly and darted into an alley, sure that he was not observed.

Now he stopped for a moment, crouching against a building out of the rain. He listened, but heard nothing except the shrieking of the storm. On down the alley he went, to a ramshackle shed, whose one door was swinging in the wind. Snokes darted inside.

He waited for a couple of minutes, and then took an electric torch from his coat pocket, and flashed it. Sure that there was nobody in the shed,

Snokes hurried to a corner, kicked away a pile of trash, groped in a hole beneath the foundation, and brought out an automatic. Being a gangster and a gunman, Snokes had several weapons cached away in spots where they might be needed. He knew better than to carry one on his person except when he intended to use it.

He crept back to the door again. Snokes was not himself now. His fear had taken possession of him. It mingled with his hate for Redson, and turned him from a man to a deadly thing charged with enmity and murder.

From the hip pocket of his trousers he took a handkerchief and a pair of light gloves. He drew on the gloves, and then, using the handkerchief, he polished the barrel and butt of the automatic, rubbing at them furiously, obliterating all traces of finger prints. The pistol could not be traced, he knew. It had been stolen more than a year before from a house far uptown.

Reasonably certain that no finger prints remained on the gun, Snokes made doubly sure by picking up a handful of dust and smearing it over the weapon, rubbing it in and then wiping it off again. Then he slipped the pistol in his hip pocket, listened at the door a moment, and crept out into the alley and the downpour of the storm.

He went through the alley to the street, cautiously, constantly alert, scarcely afraid of coming face to face with an officer of the law, but fearful of meeting one of his own ilk who might mention the fact afterward, and so put the detectives on the right trail.

Coming to the mouth of the alley, he crouched behind a pile of old boxes there. He could look down the street and see the old lodging house where he recently had left Alderman Redson, and where, he knew, Redson was still talking political business with his henchmen. The alderman would come out a certain door, and Snokes would see him. He would cross the street and go toward the automobile at the corner, and he would pass the mouth of the alley. The distance would be less than twenty feet, and Big Charlie Snokes was an excellent marksman with an automatic.

As he watched, he visualized what would follow. He would make certain when he shot. There would be nobody on the rain-swept street, and if the shots were heard at the corner it would be a few minutes before anybody could reach the spot. There was a possibility that the shots would not be heard, that Alderman Redson would remain stretched on the pavement at the mouth of the alley for some time before a passer-by stumbled over his body and gave the alarm.

He did not fear that there would be somebody else with Redson. When the alderman was on a mission such as engaged his attention to-night he walked the streets alone. He would slip from that old lodging house and up the street, and call his chauffeur from the billiard hall. Only he would not call the chauffeur this night.

As soon as the work was done, Snokes would dart back through the alley, throwing away the automatic and his gloves. Let the police find them! A lot of information they could get from them, if they did! At the other end of the alley, Snokes would dart across the street, go quickly around the block, and to the back room of a resort that formerly had been a corner saloon, a hang-out of his gang. There he would sit and talk, smoke and drink, and conduct a conversation along lines that would have nothing to do with Alderman Redson. The men of his gang would be prepared to say that he had been there for some time, at the hour when Redson was killed, especially.

And he would dare the police to find a motive that might cause suspicion

in his direction. It was well known that he was one of Redson's men in the district, a henchman who always delivered on election day. Nobody would know that he had quarreled with Redson to-night. Redson was not the man to speak of such things, being the sort to settle his quarrels himself. The police would look for some political foe, or for some man who had avenged a woman. The police would know that Redson had been liable to assault by some man avenging a woman. It was a wonder that he had not been slain before.

Crouching behind the pile of boxes, Snokes watched the door of the distant lodging house. It was almost eleven o'clock, he knew. Redson would not be much longer.

Twice men came along the street, men who had been having a conference with Alderman Redson. Snokes watched them hurry by, their heads bent against the storm. He spent the minutes feeding the flames of his hate and increasing his fear. The first blaze of rage had died down long since. Snokes was a deadly thing now, the killer, with just raging hate enough to hold him steadfast to his purpose, but not enough to cause him to grow careless and make some mistake that would lead to disaster.

And then he saw his man! Redson came through the door a block away, paused for a moment beneath the light to say a last word to some man behind him, turned up the collar of his coat and pushed his hat down upon his ears, then bent his head and started along the street.

Big Charlie Snokes watched him as a cat might watch a mouse creeping from its hole. He crept a few feet forward, to be nearer the sidewalk line. He made sure that, when he stood up, the boxes would not be in his way. Now he was cool, collected, calculating.

Alderman Redson reached the corner and cut across the street diagonally. Along the walk he hurried, keeping close to the curb, holding his coat together at the throat, bending his head forward, making his way as swiftly as possible through the storm to where his automobile was waiting.

Now he was less than fifty feet from the mouth of the alley. Big Charlie Snokes took out the automatic, made sure that the safety catch was off, gripped it in his right palm, and hooked his forefinger around the trigger.

Again there surged through him a tempest of fear and hate. He must not fail, he told himself! To fail meant a score of years in the big prison, a living death. To fail meant, perhaps, that Nellie Blanner would have a life of misery.

Snokes tried to convince himself that he was doing this thing as much for Nellie Blanner as for himself, but he could not. He knew, in the depths of his heart, that he was trying only to preserve his own liberty, save himself from the consequences of a crime three years old, of which Redson had knowledge, that he was acting from a selfish motive entirely.

He saw Alderman Redson stagger suddenly as a stronger gust of wind struck against him. Now he was holding his hat with one hand and the collar of his coat with the other. His elbows were raised, his breast was exposed. No man could have wished for a fairer target at the distance.

Big Charlie Snokes suddenly stood up and back against the wall of the building. He knew that he could not be seen there, even if Redson happened to glance in that direction. He looked back through the alley, but could see nothing. At the other end of the block there was a light, but nobody seemed to be passing beneath it.

Alderman Redson hurried along, bending against the force of the storm again. Snokes told himself that he had

to allow for that, and for the rush of the wind. His arm was lifted quickly, was leveled, and the automatic was pointed. Another instant he waited. Alderman Redson was opposite the mouth of the alley now. Three shots rang out as quickly as Snokes could work the trigger.

Alderman Redson stopped, threw wide his arms and whirled halfway around. Snokes could see a peculiar expression come into the face of the stricken man as it was turned for an instant toward the arc light on the corner. It was an expression of mingled pain, fear, and surprise.

Snokes fired one more shot, for he wanted to be sure of his work. Alderman Redson began to collapse. His knees sagged, his head fell forward, his arms dropped to his sides. And suddenly, like a filling ship taking its last plunge beneath the waters, he crashed full length to the wet walk.

Down at the corner somebody gave a cry of alarm. Big Charlie Snokes heard it, dropped the automatic, tore off his gloves and threw them away, turned, and ran swiftly down the alley through the raging storm.

CHAPTER II.

THIEVES' DEN.

WHEN he reached the next street, Stokes stopped for a moment in the darkness and glanced back. Nobody had reached to the side of Alderman Redson yet. He was still sprawled across the walk, with the rain beating down upon him.

Snokes knew that the shots had been fatal. He had taken the trouble to aim carefully, and fear and hate had guided the bullets. Within a short time, he knew, the news would be flashed throughout the district that Alderman Redson, political boss of the ward, had been slain. Then it would be flashed uptown, and the entire city would have it. Police by the score would invade the district, detectives would be at work dunning down every possible clew, and it would be a dangerous time for every crook known to the authorities.

The first thing, Snokes knew, was to have an alibi; but that in itself would not be enough. Every criminal in the district could manufacture an alibi to suit every occasion, and the police knew it well. Snokes realized that it would be his manner, actions, demeanor that would be counted either for or against him. He would have to be natural above all, not act like a man who had taken a human life.

And Snokes did not fear the outcome. Killing a man was not such a great and unusual event with him that he would allow his mind to dwell upon it to any great extent, and so appear nervous and guilty. He would force himself to think of other things, act in a natural manner, throw even his friends off guard.

Now he darted across the street without being seen, and into another alley, passed through an old, empty house, and emerged on a side street two blocks from the scene of the crime. He walked along rapidly without meeting any one, entered still another alley, and finally came to the side door of what once had been a corner saloon constantly under police surveillance.

Snokes opened the door and entered. Half a dozen men were in this rear room, all of them members of the gang of which Big Charlie Snokes was the chief. They sat around tables that had been used in the old wet days, smoking and playing cards, gossiping, speaking of things outside the law.

There was a sudden silence when Snokes stepped into the room and closed the door behind him against the force of the storm. The men there looked up quickly at their leader, as though anticipating orders. Big Charlie Snokes

turned down the collar of his coat, took off his hat and shook the rain from it, and crossed over to the stove and spread out his hands.

"A fine night for ducks!" he said finally, in a gruff voice that showed his followers he was not in a gracious mood. "A fine night! All of you guys seem to want to stay here and hug the stove. Not that I'm blamin' you!"

"Too wet and windy to do anything in my particular line," said Slim Foggs, grinning up at him and pulling his chair nearer to the stove.

Snokes glanced around the room and turned his back to the fire.

"What time is it?" he asked suddenly.

"Ten minutes after eleven," replied Foggs, glancing at the clock on the wall.

"Do you remember what time I dropped in here this evenin'?" Snokes asked, smiling nervously.

"Perhaps you'd better tell us," said Foggs, sitting forward suddenly in his chair. "We don't want to make any mistake about it, or have different stories—if that's the way of it."

"That's the way of it," Snokes answered. "It was exactly half past ten, if anybody happens to ask you. And don't any of you forget it. We were sittin' around the stove just after I came in, and you, Slim, made the remark that it was half past ten and that the storm made it seem like a long evenin'."

"Half past ten," Foggs said, nodding.

"Do you know where I'd been?"

"Nope!"

"Please remember that you heard me say, earlier in the evenin',' that I had a date with Alderman Redson to talk over the comin' election, and that as soon as I got done with him I'd come back here to play cards."

"Sure, we heard you say that, now that I come to think of it," Slim Foggs remarked, grinning again. "But slip us the news, chief. What's the big idea?"

"After leavin' the alderman, I sapped a guy down on the water front," Snokes replied. "He didn't have anything on him, either. Somebody saw me makin' my get-away, and maybe I was recognized. And I just want to be sure that I was here instead of down there, and so it couldn't have been me. Get me?"

"Got you!" said Foggs. "We've all got you, Charlie. Sapped a guy and didn't make expenses, eh?"

"I thought he was a rounder out for a time, with a roll on him, and I guess he was only a bookkeeper or clerk goin' home late after workin' overtime," said Snokes. "It's hard luck, if you ask me. I ain't any too flush with jack. We'll have to get busy and turn some trick worth while after the election's over."

"Any election news?" Foggs asked.

"None special, only that the alderman expects us to do our duty as usual," Snokes replied. "And, by the way, I think that I saw The Demon."

"The Demon!" Foggs exclaimed, turning pale and commencing to tremble.

"I just got a glimpse of him runnin' into an alley, and I'm pretty sure," said Snokes. "He had some fool thing on his head. I'd have taken after him if it hadn't been rainin' so hard."

He glanced at the others, Foggs in particular, and sneered nastily.

"He's sure got the Indian sign on you," Snokes said. "Why the shakes? Do you think he's the real devil on earth?"

"You—you've never met him," Foggs said, licking at his lips and panting.

"You're right, I haven't. The Demon is a wise bird, whoever he is. He doesn't seem eager to show himself around where I am."

"Don't—don't talk like that!" Foggs stuttered.

"Think he's liable to overhear?" Snokes said with a sneer. "Think I'm afraid of him?"

He walked to an old cupboard on the

other side of the room, and took from it a bottle of moonshine liquor and a glass. He held the bottle up against the light, as though to make sure that nobody else had helped himself from it during his absence, then went to one of the tables and sat down, poured a drink and tossed it off, sputtered a bit, and turned to laugh at them.

"The Demon!" he cried. "There's somethin' funny about that man. I'd like to know who he is, and what's his game, too. I'm sure I saw him sneakin' through an alley. Alderman Redson was askin' if I knew anything about The Demon. The alderman seemed to be worried about it, if you ask me. I'd say he was almost afraid."

"You wouldn't think it so funny if The Demon paid you a visit," Foggs said.

Snokes threw back his head and laughed raucously, slipped down in his chair, and spread his legs out toward the stove.

"Which do you suppose he is—crook or cop?" he asked. "He's a white-livered practical joker, if you ask me. And he's mighty particular who he plays his jokes on. Demon, eh? I'll make a demon out of him if he comes around me."

"Maybe," said Foggs in a low voice.

"Think he's a bear, do you, just because he hauled you out of bed, tied you across the foot of it, and lashed your back? You haven't said much about it, Foggs. Why not tell the rest?"

"What rest?" Foggs challenged. "There isn't anything more to tell. I was asleep when he got in my room, and he had me before I could get awake."

"And you didn't know him?"

"No, I didn't know him. His head was covered with that devil's hood, and when he talked he growled low down in his throat so I couldn't get his right voice."

"Well, a cop wouldn't play that kind of a game!" Snokes said. "He's a crook tryin' to throw a scare into all of us and boss the whole gang—that's my guess. We'll see how far he gets!"

Snokes drank again. The raw liquor sent a shock through his body and gave him momentary false courage. It made him forget the assassination of Alderman Redson for the time being, made him seem his usual ugly self. He did not want even these members of his own gang, men under his own leadership, to suspect that anything was wrong, or that he had done anything more than to knock down a man for the purpose of robbery, as he had told them he had done.

"A fine night for ducks!" Snokes said again, looking across the room.

Foggs got up and put more fuel into the stove, for he was beginning to fear Snokes a bit. It was nothing unusual for Snokes, filled with bad liquor, to demonstrate his leadership and superiority by beating up some of his followers. Twice within the past month he had done so, and Foggs did not want it to occur again, especially when he was present.

"They're sayin' around town," Foggs mentioned, "that The Demon is a master crook."

His words had an effect opposite to what he had expected. Snokes crashed his glass down upon the table and sat forward, his eyes blazing, his chest heaving. Here was his chance. By raging at The Demon, he could forget Alderman Redson.

"Master crook!" he cried. "And who says that he is a master crook? And who does he master? I'm sick of hearin' of The Demon! Get me? Wears a devil's hood, does he? He'll wear a couple of black eyes and a bruised face when I meet him."

He glared across the room at them, and every man there gave his particular attention to something else, as though The Demon did not exist and

they had not heard Snokes speak. They had aroused the lion, they knew, and they feared the outcome. Snokes in an ordinary ugly mood was bad enough; Snokes angry because he had struck down a man without profit was a being for all men to avoid.

"The Demon!" he exclaimed sarcastically again, filling the glass. "I'd like to meet up with him. I'd like to see whether he's master crook enough to master me."

"The cops are after him," one of the others put in. "They're worried because they don't savvy his game."

"Cops don't savvy anything," Snokes said scornfully. "The only decent cop in town is Camisell, captain of dicks and my friend, and he's decent because he don't stick his nose into other people's business too much. Cops after The Demon, are they? Maybe!"

"It's my idea," said another of the group, "that The Demon belongs to some other gang. It's a smooth way of beatin' up gangsters who ain't in with him."

"And he beat up Foggs, one of our men," said Snokes. "If I thought he belonged to some other gang, I'd take after him, and I'd get him, and get him good. I've a notion to take after him, anyway."

"You leave him a'one, Charlie," Foggs begged. "He hasn't touched you."

"You can bet he hasn't! And he won't touch me, either. Whoever he is, he's playin' some deep game. It's been two months since we heard of him first. And he's handled a score of men in that time, too. And we sit around like a bunch of girls and let him get away with it."

"He don't confine his work to any one gang," said Foggs. "He's gone after 'em all."

"And he'll find himself in a nice stew!" Snokes declared. "The cops are after him, are they? And so are the crooks! And somebody's goin' to get him! The Demon, eh?" He took another drink. "I'd like to meet him face to face. You, Foggs—you ass! Shakin' yet just because we've been talkin' about him!"

"He's a devil!" Foggs said. "He's as strong as an ox! He just growls at a man——"

"Gettin' white-livered, ain't you?" Snokes questioned scoffingly. "You'd better buck up, if you want to continue travelin' with this crowd! If The Demon ever comes near me, I'll know what to do to him."

"He—he knows things!" Foggs said. "That's the worst of it! He told me things I'd done—things I didn't know any other man knew. So he ain't a cop. If he was, I'd be pinched. That's what gets me, Charlie—somebody, and I don't know who, is runnin' around knowin' things about me."

Snokes sat forward suddenly.

"Does he know things about anybody else?" he demanded.

"He hinted that he did, Charlie. He hinted that he knew about everything, about all the men in this part of town. And he'd make some of them behave."

"Behave, eh? Did he mention me?"

"He didn't mention anybody in particular. But he—he said he'd see me again, if I didn't mend my ways. Them was his own words, Charlie. If he'd shot me, knifed me, beat me up—— But that whip!"

Snokes sneered again. "Got you worried, has he? And you a member of the Snokes gang! You'd better buck up! I'm gettin' sick of this snivelin'. If ever The Demon meets me, he'll learn a thing or two. If he was to walk in this minute——"

Snokes stopped in the middle of a sentence. Somebody brushed against the door at which he was pointing. The knob was turned, the door was opened quickly, and a man came in from the night.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN CAMISELL.

SLIM FOGGS and the others would not have been surprised had it been The Demond come in answer to Snokes' boast. Snokes himself, despite his brave talk, flinched a bit as the door was opened, and started to get out of his chair. But he sank back into it again, with a sigh of relief. It was not The Demon.

Into the room, having closed the door behind him and shut out the wind and rain, came a middle-sized man of about thirty-five years. He was dressed in a neat suit, over which he wore a raincoat. He removed his hat and stepped forward into the light, revealing a pleasant face, light-colored hair, blue eyes with a twinkle in them—the countenance of a docile man.

"Camisell!" Snokes gasped. "Welcome, cap'n! Come in and take a seat."

The newcomer walked nearer the stove and looked them over. "A nasty night!" he said. "You're taking it easy, I see."

Beyond nodding a greeting that was not sincere, none of those in the room spoke except Snokes. Captain Camisell's presence made them feel uneasy. Since he had been a captain of detectives he had been given to dropping around now and then and visiting hangouts, but they could not get used to it. Only Snokes did not seem to fear him. But it was possible that he came on grim business now, possible that Snokes had been seen and recognized when he had knocked down his man, and that a bogus alibi would not save him.

Snokes, knowing the truth and thinking of the graver thing, felt a moment of fear, but managed to shake it off. This was a regular visit, he told himself; and, if it was not, he must pretend that he thought so.

"I don't suppose I can offer a drink to an officer of the law," Snokes said, managing to grin.

"Not that stuff," Captain Camisell replied. "I've too much respect for my stomach."

He sat down beside the stove, took a cigar from his pocket and lighted it, and puffed in silence. Those in the room glanced at one another nervously.

"It's a bad night for a cop to be out," Snokes said. "Why not stay in the station and play checkers?"

"Sometimes a cop has to be out whether he wants to or not," said Camisell.

"I suppose so. That's what he gets for bein' a cop. You ain't out lookin' for The Demon, are you?"

"If I am, what do you know about him?"

"I don't know nothin' much," Snokes declared. "He beat up Foggs there a week ago, for some reason or other. And I think that I saw him tonight."

"What's that?" Captain Camisell sat up straight in his chair and looked at him sharply.

"I'm pretty sure of it," Snokes went on. "I had an engagement with Alderman Redson. It's no harm to tell you about it. The alderman called for the boys to meet him and talk over the comin' election."

"Where?"

"The usual place—I guess you know where, cap'n. I went down early, so I could get back and play cards. Soon as the alderman was done with me, I beat it back here. And I thought that I saw The Demon dartin' into an alley. At least it was somebody with a funny thingamajig on his head. I didn't see him close."

"What alley?" Camisell asked.

Snokes was quick to tell him—the alley at the mouth of which Redson had been shot.

"Um!" the captain grunted. "That

may be important information, Snokes."

"How's that?"

"Oh, it is just possible that I am interested in The Demon. What time was all this?"

"Let me see! I got back here about half past ten, didn't I, Slim?"

"Just about," Foggs replied. "I remember that I made the remark, just after you got back, that it was only half past ten, and that the storm made it seem like a long evenin'."

"So you did—I remember," said Snokes. "All right, cap'n, I got back here about half past ten. So I must have been passin' that alley about ten minutes or so before that. If it hadn't been rainin', I'd have taken after him and maybe learned a few interestin' things. Who is The Demon, cap'n?"

"People don't seem to know," Camisell replied.

"He's been beatin' up the boys, and they're after him. And I understand that the cops are after him, too. Somebody ought to nab him, then. I want to meet him—that's all."

"And what'll you do if you meet him?" Captain Camisell asked, puffing slowly at his cigar.

"Oh, I'll give him a lesson, all right! He beat up one of my boys, didn't he? The Demon, is he? He won't be such a demon when I'm through with him. I'd like to know his game."

"So would I," Camisell said. "So you got back here about half past ten, did you, Snokes?"

"Just about, accordin' to that clock on the wall. I suppose it's right."

Captain Camisell, with the eyes of every man in the room upon him, took out his watch and compared it with the clock.

"It's only a minute fast," he said. "Have you boys all been here all evening?"

"They were here when I came," Snokes said.

"We've been here since about eight o'clock," Foggs added. "Too wet to be out."

"Ready to swear to all that, I suppose?" the captain asked.

"Sure!" came the chorus.

Captain Camisell grinned at them and returned his watch to his pocket. They tried their best to grin back at him, but they were ill at ease.

"I guess you boys are all right," he said. "But it's fortunate that you've been here all evening."

"What's the idea?" Foggs asked, before Snokes could speak and change the subject. "Has somebody been turnin' a trick and you're out lookin' for them?"

"I'm not the only one looking around to-night," Camisell told them. "You'll find a mess of detectives scattered through the district. What you say about The Demon interests me, Snokes. There's been something pulled at the end of that alley where you say you think you saw him to-night."

"Yeh?" Snokes said, pretending to show sudden interest. "What was the game, cap'n?"

"Just a little murder, Snokes—that's all."

"Somebody snuff out a guy?"

Captain Camisell puffed slowly at his cigar again. "Yes, somebody snuffed out somebody," he replied. "The victim was Alderman Redson."

Snokes had been expecting it, of course, but the others had not. And now that he heard it, it seemed to shock Snokes as much as it did the others. There was an instant of silence, and then Snokes was upon his feet.

"Alderman Redson!" he gasped. "The big boss? Somebody snuffed him out?"

"Yes—four shots altogether." Captain Camisell spoke in a matter-of-fact way.

"But—but—— Why, I was talkin' to him to-night!" Snokes gasped. "We

were talkin' about the election, and I was tellin' him that he could depend on our boys."

"And when he left that lodging house he walked down the street and got plugged," said Camisell.

"But who——"

"That is what we are eager to learn," Captain Camisell said, puffing at his cigar. "There are a hundred possibilities, of course. Some political foe may have done it, or some woman, or somebody about whom Redson knew too much."

"I can't believe it!" Snokes cried. "Alderman Redson! The boss of the district——"

"We found the weapon—it was an automatic," Captain Camisell went on. "No finger prints. A regular gunman's stunt, if you ask me. So we've been looking around."

"Redson! He was a square guy with his friends!" Snokes gave the dead man that hypocritical tribute.

"Um!" Camisell grunted. "I've not heard many men say that, Snokes. On the contrary, I've heard men say some pretty hard things about him. However, he's been killed, and we want his murderer."

He puffed at his cigar again, took it from between his lips and looked at it as he twisted it in his fingers, and then glanced around at them once more. They all were nervous now, but Snokes was the coolest of the group. Snokes knew what the others did not.

"It—it might have been The Demon," Snokes said suddenly. "You say Redson was shot at the end of that alley where I say I thought I saw The Demon?"

"Right there, Snokes."

"Then maybe it was The Demon, Camisell, every man in this end of town will help you go after him! You just pass the word that you want The Demon! He's not any too much loved around here, and Redson was the boss."

"We certainly want him, Snokes."

"And you'll have him, if he ever comes face to face with me!" Snokes boasted. "Demon, is he? I'll make him wish he was an angel before I get through!"

Snokes took another drink of bad liquor, and Camisell puffed at his cigar and gave no indication of leaving.

"Camisell, you're a big cop and I've done time!" Snokes said. "But you're a mighty white cop. You 'tend to your business and don't pester everybody just because you wear a shield. I'm strong for you, Camisell."

"Thanks!"

"And I don't care who knows it!" Snokes continued. "You ain't one of these rough guys. You take it easy and hold your job—don't go around tryin' to cause trouble for everybody. And nobody'd better try to cause you trouble while I'm around. It's because I like you, cop or no cop. And no man has the nerve to call me a stool pigeon, either!"

"You certainly are not, as far as I am concerned," Captain Camisell said.

He stood up suddenly and began buttoning his raincoat. Those in the room looked their relief.

"And I hope that you come face to face with The Demon," the captain added.

"If I do, there'll be fireworks!" Snokes promised. "I'll take off that thing he wears on his head and cram it down his throat! I'll hold him with one hand and slap him to sleep with the other! Demon, is he? He'll be a good little boy when I'm done with him!"

"Talking pretty loud, aren't you, Snokes?" Camisell asked. "Suppose he hears you?"

"Let him!" Snokes exclaimed. "I only hope I get a chance at him. The cops can have what's left when I'm done—if there's anything left. Beat

up one of my boys, will he? Run around posin' as the big terror of the town, will he? I'll——"

"Tell me about it afterward," Captain Camisell said dryly; "spare the details now."

He finished buttoning his coat, put on his hat, and walked across to the door. Snokes staggered after him, waving a hand in friendly fashion. Camisell nodded to the men in the room, jerked open the door, dashed out into the storm, and closed the door after him with a bang.

Snokes stood looking at the door for a moment, and then he turned back and faced the others, a grin on his face.

"Nice little captain!" he said in a low tone. "If all cops were like him, we'd have a cinch. I don't believe he ever arrested anything worse than a drunk in all his life—don't believe he carries a gat or blackjack. Pull off a stunt right under his ladylike nose and he'd never see it! Unburied dead—that's what Captain Camisell is! But he's a good scout, all the same. I'm strong for him. He's content to draw his salary every month and keep out of trouble as much as he can——"

Snokes staggered back toward the table, fumbling at a cigarette, looking straight ahead instead of at his companions. Slim Foggs regarded him through bulging eyes.

"Alderman Redson!" Foggs said almost in a whisper "The big boss! Snokes—you—you didn't——"

"You fool!" Snokes cried, whirling toward him. "Do you want me to handle you, Foggs?"

"Now, Charlie——"

"Then don't even hint at such a thing! Do you want to get me into trouble? I didn't have anything against Alderman Redson, did I? Wasn't he the boss of the ward, and didn't he always take care of us and treat us right at election time? It's The Demon—that's what! The Demon was in that alley—and I saw him!"

Snokes went on to the table, muttering to himself, and attacked the bottle again. The others began playing cards, glad that the menace was over for the time being. They had expected the enraged Snokes to start a brutal fight.

Half an hour later two of the men slipped away, and only Foggs and three others remained with Snokes. They were watching Snokes carefully. He was in an ugly mood now, and he would be worse before long, they knew. He sat before the table, his legs sprawled out, a sneer on his lips, his fists doubled. Mean and dangerous he was, but the bad liquor had robbed him of some of his cunning and strength for the moment.

"The Demon, eh?" he sneered. "Just let me meet him face to face—that's all I'm askin'. Man or devil—let me meet him soon! If I do, I'll—I'll——"

Again Snokes stopped in the middle of a sentence. Again somebody brushed against the door, and the knob was turned. Once more the rain and wind rushed into the poorly lighted, poorly ventilated room from the narrow alley. And with the rain and wind came a man.

To be continued in the next issue of DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE, out on Tuesday, November 9th. As this magazine is published every week, you will not have long to wait for the next installment of this intriguing serial.

Modeled with Blocks

by Bertram Lebhar and Wilbur S. Boyer

EVERYBODY said that Harvey Dennison was sure to "beat the case." Even the district attorney felt in his heart that the defendant could never be convicted, although that secret belief did not detract from the energy with which he conducted the prosecution.

The issue was clean cut. Dennison made no attempt to deny that he had killed young Martin. Such a denial would have been useless, even if the prisoner at the bar had wished to make it, for there were two eyewitnesses to the tragic affair on the courthouse steps. But his plea was self-defense, and there was plenty of evidence to support that plea.

The prosecution put Ellen Martin, stepsister of the slain man, on the stand. She was one of the State's star witnesses, although from the nature of her testimony the young district attorney was at first inclined to think that she made a better witness for the defense than for the prosecution.

White-faced and faltering, the girl told how she had been standing on the steps of the county courthouse on that fatal evening, chatting with Dennison, when her stepbrother Charlie and a young man named John Barnes had come along.

Both Barnes and her stepbrother had been drinking, she testified, and as soon as they came within speaking distance of the girl's companion they began to abuse and threaten him.

"My stepbrother didn't like Harvey Dennison," she declared tearfully. "Even when he was sober Charlie objected to the attentions Mr. Dennison was paying me. And my stepbrother wasn't sober on that terrible night. He was in a very ugly mood. He came up to us and drew a gun and ordered Harvey to make himself scarce. He said he would give Harvey two minutes to go. If he wasn't out of sight by that time he would begin shooting.

"And Harvey wouldn't budge. I begged him to go, but he stood there defying my poor stepbrother—told him that he knew he was only bluffing and wouldn't dare pull that trigger.

"Then suddenly Charlie began firing. The bullets missed, and Harvey drew a gun himself and fired back. His first shot killed my stepbrother."

"Dennison didn't draw his gun, Miss Martin, until your stepbrother had begun firing?" counsel for the defense asked in cross-examination.

"No; he didn't draw the weapon until Charlie had fired several wild shots at him, missing each time," the girl answered. "He was very cool, and I suppose he was very courageous, too, only I—I wish he had gone away while he had the chance instead of stubbornly holding his ground. He might easily have stepped behind one of the colonnades of the courthouse in the first place or gone around the corner until Charlie and Mr. Barnes walked on out

of sight. If he had, this awful thing wouldn't have happened."

John Barnes followed Ellen Martin on the witness stand. He was a good-looking young man, but his countenance was ravaged by the traces of dissipation.

His testimony substantiated the girl's account of the tragedy. He admitted that he and Martin had been drinking heavily before they encountered Dennison on the courthouse steps in the company of Miss Martin. He admitted, too, that they had abused and threatened the prisoner at the bar, and that the victim of the murder had been the first to shoot.

"But Dennison could have avoided all the trouble by making himself scarce when he was ordered to do so, could he not?" the district attorney asked. "If he had gone away then, there wouldn't have been any shooting?"

The witness nodded. "If Dennison hadn't been stubborn, there wouldn't have been any murder," he declared. "Charlie gave him a chance to go, but he wouldn't listen."

Counsel for the defense took the witness for cross-examination.

"You were sweet on Miss Ellen Martin yourself, were you not, Barnes?" he asked with a significant glance toward the jury box.

"I had been keeping steady company with her since we were kids," the young man answered simply. "She threw me over in favor of Harvey Dennison because—because I couldn't let the booze alone.

"But I've had my last drop," he continued, glancing wistfully in the direction of the girl. "This thing has been a lesson to me. I swear I am never going to touch liquor again."

The eyes of the prisoner at the bar were on the girl's face at that moment. The expression of joy that Barnes' words brought to her features was not lost on him. He was more concerned over that incident than over his impending fate. But then, of course, he had nothing to worry about so far as the outcome of the trial was concerned. He was soon going to be free. His attorney and everybody else had assured him that he was bound to beat the case. No jury could possibly bring in a verdict of guilty when it was so very clear that he had acted in self-defense.

The charge of the learned judge, however, in summing up was thought rather hard.

"The law is clear and unequivocal," the jurist declared in his soft, pleasantly modulated voice. "In volume 91, appellate division, at page 67, self-defense is defined as follows:

"'When a person believes that his life is in danger, or believes that he is in imminent danger of grievous bodily harm, he has a right to defend himself.'

"But the law also says clearly that a person, in defending himself, must use no more force than is actually necessary. He must, if he can, avoid the quarrel. In other words, if he can run away it is his duty to do so. While that may not be popular with men of courage when they are assaulted, yet that is the law of our State.

"Therefore, the jury, in considering the evidence must take into account whether the defendant used more force than was absolutely necessary in the circumstances. If you gentlemen are satisfied that the defendant had an opportunity to escape the peril which threatened him by withdrawing from the scene of the quarrel, and giving full weight to the testimony just heard that the victim was intoxicated and shooting wild, then, laying aside all sentiment, it is your duty to bring in a verdict of guilty, no matter how much your sympathies may be with this unhappy young man."

And the jury, after due deliberation,

brought in a verdict that surprised every one—the defendant was guilty of murder in the second degree. Not a person present failed to feel a measure of shock and amazement when the verdict was delivered.

Harvey Dennison could scarcely believe his ears. It seemed incredible that twelve sane, unbiased men should have branded him as a criminal just because he had fired a shot to save his own life. Whatever the law said about it, no man with a drop of red blood in his veins would have taken to his heels at the command of a couple of drunken bullies.

He believed that he had acted throughout like a man of courage, and that he had displayed considerable restraint and nerve in not pulling his gun until his assailant had begun firing. And they were talking of sending him to State's prison for that! It couldn't possibly be done.

It was done, however. A week later Dennison heard himself sentenced to a twenty-year term in Sing Sing. And presently he was on his way to that grim institution.

What hurt him perhaps, even more than the injustice of it all, was the fact that Ellen Martin did not come near him—did not send him even a written word of farewell or sympathy.

He brooded over that considerably for the first two years of his penal servitude. Probably the girl's attitude had a lot to do with his rapid transformation from a smiling, good-natured young man into one of the most sullen, vengeful brutes who had ever been confined within those gray walls. Of course the refusal of the governor to pardon him, the soul-deadening atmosphere of the prison, and the long solitary hours of bitter reflection over the "raw deal" he had received, all played a large part in the change that came over him; but he might have withstood all these demoralizing influences if only the girl had given him some sign that she cared.

And when, after he had been there a little over two years, word came to him from the outside world that Ellen Martin had become the wife of John Barnes, that was the last straw.

He laughed when he heard the news, but it was not a pleasant laugh. So the two witnesses whose testimony had been largely responsible for landing him in this living death were now husband and wife! They had married, so his informant told him, only six weeks after the judge had passed sentence on him. He understood well enough at last why the girl had not come near him to offer him one little word of comfort while he was eating out his heart in the county jail, waiting to be transferred to the penitentiary. It was not because he was the murderer of her stepbrother. It was because she had been too busy at the time accepting the attentions of Barnes.

"If ever I get out of this!" he muttered, an evil glint in his eyes.

II.

The heavy pine door of the lumberman's log cabin was flung open violently, demolishing the child's house of blocks on the floor and letting in a gust of chill October wind. Closing the door, and backing against it, one hand in his hip pocket, the man in heavy boots and "overs" gave a scowling glance around the whitewashed interior.

It was a crude Adirondack cabin of simple architecture, with a window in front and one in the rear; to his left an open fireplace; to the right a door leading to the one other room of the dwelling; a trapdoor in the floor; in the left-hand farther corner of the ceiling an opening into the attic above, reached by rungs spiked against the hewn-log wall. For furnishings there were three chairs and a table, all of

home manufacture; a packing case on its side with sticks at the corners for legs, its contents hidden from view by draw curtains made of flour sacks dyed with coffee; and across the room from the observer, with its head near the door at the adjoining chamber, a small bedstead of cedar half stripped of its stringy bark.

The only occupant of the dwelling was a girl of six, squatted in a trembling heap on the bed, her big eyes, unblinking, fastened on the countenance of the intruder.

"Where's your dad?" demanded the visitor sharply.

The child sprang to the floor on the other side of the bed, thus placing it between them, and faced him with her black eyes widening in fear.

"Where's your dad?" repeated the man, as in the deepening twilight he made a second survey of the quarters.

"He—he isn't home," replied the child quaveringly. "Go 'way, please. I don't know you. Go 'way. Dad isn't home, and ma isn't home."

She had been crying, for she tried to wipe away traces of tears with the hem of her calico dress.

Ill-naturedly he kicked at the scattered blocks—bits of odds and ends from plank and joist—and moved swiftly from window to window. Cautiously he drew aside the chintz curtains to scrutinize the small barn to the rear and the stretch of leafless birch and maples beyond. Flattening his face against the pane, he peered to the left, up the double line of ruts to where they vanished in the thick pine woods of the mountainside. Now, with extra precaution, from the front window he looked down the lifeless road as it dipped toward the hazy east, where against the weird red glow of a still invisible moon the forest stretched skyward its fantastic, skeleton arms.

A stifled sob made him turn. The girl was trying to control herself.

"Stop blubbering," he growled out.

"I have a right to cry," she answered with a show of spirit; "and I want you to go away."

He spoke with signs of impatience. "Well, I'm not going away. I'm going to wait for your dad."

The little girl edged toward the foot of the bed and measured the distance to the door leading into the other room.

A sneer spread over the features of the unwelcome guest. "Humph!" he grunted. "I guess being for eight years where there ain't any little girls makes me forget how to talk to 'em. Don't run and hide. If I'm nice and quiet will you let me build a fire and get us both warm?"

The child made no answer, but no longer did she give signs of intended flight. Her teeth were chattering and her legs were trembling. She kept at a distance as he selected pine and white birch from the woodbox beside the stone chimney, whittled some kindlings, and started a blaze. When the flames sprang up and he had seated himself before the fireplace, she sidled nearer the welcome warmth, still keeping a wary eye upon him.

"There!" he exclaimed. "That's a more cheerful welcome for your dad's old friend. Guess he'll be a bit surprised to see me after my long absence."

The stranger's grin was not a pleasant one, and she shrank back at sight of it.

"What are you shivering for?" he demanded gruffly. "Are you as cold as all that?"

"I'm awful cold, and I can't get my shoes off, and ma isn't here to do it for me." She put one hand to her lips to control the tremor.

The man shifted in his chair uneasily, an annoyed look upon his face. For a minute he said nothing; then, as though deciding upon a disagreeable necessity, he dropped to his knees to

examine the footwear, while the child, surprised by this sudden attention, stood poised like a doe ready to leap away at the slightest sign of danger.

"Here, let me get them off. Why, they're wet! How'd that come?"

"Wet?" She contemplated them dully. "Oh, yes. Dad raced the horse a long ways till we couldn't hear the bad man chasing us any more. Then he stopped the buckboard, and I ran down to a brook and filled dad's hat and got my feet wet. When dad put the water on ma's face, she woke up and said the bad man wanted to shoot dad, too, and she was glad he only shot her. And then she said, 'Good-by, John. Maybe it's all over. Take care of Ellen'—that's me—and she didn't talk any more, but shut her eyes and groaned every once in a while. And we were 'way up there on the mountain, and dad drove so fast I fell out, and he had to stop to pick me up. And when we go there he said I must stay and be brave until he came back, because he couldn't drive fast and hold ma and me, too, and he must hurry ma to the doctor. And then he whipped the horse and went away down toward—— Ouch! You hurt."

"I didn't mean to," said the stranger with gruff condescension. "The knot's pretty tight."

"Ma tied it," said the child. "She could open it."

He muttered something unintelligible, and resumed the task.

"There! Slip off your stockings and draw close to the fire, or you'll shake yourself out of your skin. You get on my nerves with your shivering."

In spite of his words, his manner was grudgingly gentle, as though it went against his grain to act otherwise to an infant. The child responded to this subtle undercurrent. In her loneliness it required little to encourage her to be friendly. She crouched near the fire and absorbed its welcome warmth, occasional shivers attesting that she had indeed been thoroughly chilled.

"Did your dad say when he'd be back?" inquired the visitor as he balanced his chair on its hind legs and stretched his feet toward the blaze.

"No, but dad wouldn't leave me here all alone when it's dark. I know he wouldn't." She spoke more in a tone of hope than of conviction.

"I guess I'll wait for him, then," said the guest in a grim, quiet voice.

He peered into the fire and sniffed with relish the odor of burning birch.

"So your name is Ellen, too?" said he at length.

"I was named after ma."

He spoke as though musing aloud. "Only hope you—— Ha! Well, probably you'll be the same when you grow up. It's in the blood." He passed his hand over his face with a gesture indicating a desire to brush away an unpleasant thought. "I'm always forgetting you're only just a tiny mite," he added.

Little Ellen, longing for the caress of her mother's hand, eyed him wistfully. She wanted to go to him and place her hand on his knee.

And for the first time he studied her by the firelight. Once his hand reached out and gently touched her soft black hair; but he drew it away again with a shudder and a catch in his throat; and the child's face changed expression.

"It's getting awful dark," said Ellen, appeal dominating her voice. "I'm hungry, too."

Before answering he again took a precautionary look up and down the road, and returned to the fireplace.

"Let's get a bit to eat while we're waiting. Is there any grub in the house?"

Ellen pointed to the trapdoor in the floor.

"There's lots down there, but I couldn't get it open."

The visitor grasped the ring and

swung back the door. He dropped into the six-by-six cellar and passed up a loaf of homemade bread, some store cheese, and a pitcher of condensed milk mixed with water. Closing the trap again, he placed the food on the bare table.

"Aren't you going to set the table?" she asked.

"It sure would taste better, hey?" he agreed.

"The tablecloth is in the sideboard," said Ellen, indicating with a pointing forefinger the transformed packing box. The snap of command in her words caught his cynical fancy.

"You get that way pretty young, don't you?" he muttered. But the remark was lost on the child. Drawing a chair up to the table, she climbed into it, curled her little bare legs under her, and arranged the scanty calico dress about her with a tug here and a pull there, simulating the airs of a grand lady.

He contemplated her acting, a half sneer, half smile playing over his features.

"Well?" she demanded significantly, clasping her hands in her lap.

"Oh, yes, the cloth," said he, hastily making for the crude sideboard; "of course—the cloth."

It was a cheap red and white cotton affair, frayed and patched, but with extravagant servility he arranged and rearranged it according to her finical, fickle directions. At her further command, he got out plates, knives, and coarse napkins for two.

"Get me a bowl," ordered the mite, and he obeyed.

He broke up bread in the bowl, sprinkled it with sugar, and covered it with milk.

"Now you've washed all the sugar off," she complained. "Put more on, please—more—more yet. There, I guess that's nuff. I like lots of nutmeg. The grater's on the mantelpiece over the fire. That's nuff. Now, you can sit down and eat."

The invitation was accepted with a mock obeisance. The visitor made free use of the cheese and most of the loaf of bread, then pushed back his chair.

"If you have no objections, I'll have a smoke," said he, proceeding to light a cigarette.

"If dad would only come," Ellen said, sighing, as she dipped up the last mouthful of sugar from the bottom of the bowl. "He'd be glad you were so nice to me."

Puffing stolidly at his cigarette, the guest volunteered no reply. His gaze was fastened upon the fire, though now and then it wandered to the disordered blocks on the floor.

"If ma'd come"—Ellen's lips again behaved suspiciously as she viewed the closed door of her mother's room—"she'd put me to bed."

The man put his cigarette on the table edge.

"Oh, it's too early to sleep yet," he asserted. "Come on. I'll build your house again."

"It'll never be like it was," objected Ellen, and he looked at her sharply. "Can you make a house with all rich girl's things in and wish it big?"

"I'll make you a fairy house that you can move all over till you find just the spot you want it to be. Let me see if there's something about that'll do for the magic carpet."

He examined several gayly colored pictures tacked on the walls and chose one on a stiff card from which all of last year's calendar had been torn. On the floor he laid the card and started building. Ellen drew close and at length sank down on her knees beside him. Close together drew two heads, one disheveled and touched with the gray of a life of which she knew nothing, the other soft, black, smooth, and trustful.

"I wish I lived in a home like that

really," the girl said with a sigh. "Now, I want it where there's lots of other girls and boys and no bad people that hurt mothers."

"I guess fairyland is the only place like that," remarked the builder; "but here goes. Tell me when to stop."

He pulled the card with its burden around the room, twisting in and out around the few pieces of furniture, and at her command he snatched the card from under the building and left Ellen's house standing complete on the bare floor.

"Oh, let me do that!" cried the child eagerly.

"I don't think you're quick enough. You'd tumble it over."

"Ma says I'm awful quick. Put the paper back again."

"That's the magic carpet; once you choose where your home is to stand that settles it—your home must be there forever."

Ellen kicked over the edifice. "Now you got to make a new one," she said and laughed.

The man laughed also. It was not a nice laugh. It rang with the hatred, the pessimism, the rancor of years of brooding and waiting. "Make a new one! Ha, ha ha!" With an effort he controlled himself. "You'll have to build your own after destroying the one I offered you," he declared, "but I'll show you how to snatch away the carpet."

The child's eager attempts to play fairy toppled the houses over. Patiently he strove to teach her how to give the snap of the card that would not disturb the structure, but she always fell short of success.

"Build me just one more house," she pleaded; "a nice one to show dad when he comes in."

"I think I can build a house that will surprise your dad," he asserted grimly.

Carefully he erected a building the like of which Ellen had never seen.

"Your dad will recognize this," said he as he capped the cupola. "It's the Dwelling of Memory. I guess that's too hard for a little mite to remember." His laugh was again harsh and grating.

There was the neigh of a horse outside. He leaped to the front window, the red moonlight touching his features with an uncanny color. He sprang away again with an oath. He ran to a rear window, but drew back.

"The devil!" he muttered. "What brings them here so soon? He must have bumped into them."

There was a touch on his arm.

"Why don't you hide and s'prise dad?"

"It isn't your father. It's—it's some men I don't want to see." He paused, and his eye turned appraisingly to the trapdoor in the floor, then dubiously back to the child. "If I was to hide—down in the cellar—would you—do you think you could manage not to tell them that I was there?"

"I wouldn't tell them," she declared.

Still he hesitated; then, with a shrug: "Well, at all events, I've nothing to lose." And into the cellar he dropped, the trap closing over him.

The child glanced toward the door. She stood for a moment waiting expectantly, but nobody came. Presently her gaze shifted to the house of blocks glistening in a patch of moonlight at the further end of the room. She moved over to it, interest in her new toy transcending her curiosity regarding the expected visitors. Across the floor she dragged the structure by its magic carpet, and when she had brought the fragile edifice to the center of the room she essayed again that deft flick of its cardboard foundation which had completed her sardonic friend's performances.

The result caused her face to light up with gleeful triumph. "I did it! I did it!" she crowed. "He said I wasn't quick enough to——"

Two men came in.

"The kid's safe," said one, who had a star on his coat, drawing a handkerchief from his pocket and wiping his forehead. "Gee, but I can breathe easy now!"

"Shucks!" said the other, a short, stocky fellow. "Dennison would never come near this place."

"Dad isn't home," put in Ellen, getting up from the floor, the square of cardboard in her hand. The serenity with which she took their intrusion would have aroused the suspicion of one more acquainted with the ways of children, but the sheriff was a handler of men.

"I'm all alone," she declared boldly.

"We know, kid. Your dad sent us here. He's taken your ma to the doc. We ain't going to hurt you."

A third man entered, tall and rangy.

"Nobody in the barn," he announced. "I reckon you didn't find no one in here neither, eh?"

"Nope," admitted the sheriff. "Guess he'll give this place a wide berth for a——" He paused, stepped quickly to the table, and picked up the half-burned cigarette.

"Dennison's been here," he announced quietly. "John don't smoke them things. And he's had a feed. Which way did he go, little girl?"

Ellen looked up sideways at the shiny star on his breast, but made no answer.

"He wasn't in sight up the road beyant the barn," declared the taller deputy, "so he must have beat it before we got in sight."

"When did he go? Which way did he go, kid?" demanded the sheriff.

Ellen rose, braced her little bare legs apart, and looked straight into the eyes of the law's representative.

"You mustn't make me tell," she protested hotly. "I'll never tell. Ma says I must never tell on anybody. I won't tell—so there!"

"That's right," agreed the sheriff as the short deputy pushed open the door to the bedchamber and disappeared within. "A brave girl, you are. But he is a bad man. He has been very wicked. Your ma would tell you that you ought to tell us."

But Ellen set her lips tight.

"No time for chinnin', boys," advised the short deputy, appearing from the adjoining room. "I'm goin' to look up in the loft."

"Take keer, Bill," warned the sheriff; but Bill took a candle from the stone shelf above the fireplace, lit it in the flames, and, clambering up the rungs fastened to the side wall, poked his head through the opening into the little attic.

"Blaze away, Dennison, old scout!" he cried cheerily. "I'm here to be clicked."

Receiving no response, he climbed up, and they in the room below could hear him poking about among the general litter above. He was down again shortly.

"I'd jest like to know," began the sheriff, "whether he came down the road to lay low and let us lose him, or whether he's made a get-away. See here, kid, that man went and hurt your ma—er—very much, and maybe he's meanin' to hurt your pa. We want to find out what's become of him. Now will you tell?"

The child's eyes grew big, but still she kept silent.

"Look under the trapdoor," suggested the taller deputy.

"Don't spoil my nice new house," begged Ellen. She ran to the trap in the center of the room, dropped to her bare knees, and put her arms protectingly about the Dwelling of Memory.

The sheriff stiffened as he caught sight of the structure. The short deputy stooped closer to examine the building.

"Gad!" he exploded. "Harvey Dennison ain't under that thing unless he

built it on top of himself. There's the cupola and the two-story front stoop with the four big posts. Ain't no doubt who done that job."

The sheriff spoke with conviction. "No kid built that. He's gone."

"Let's take a look to make sure," persisted the tall man.

"You're a greenhorn in this county or you'd know what that pile of blocks means," replied the short man.

"That's the county courthouse," explained the sheriff. "Eight years ago on them steps Harvey Dennison was courtin' Ellen Martin when along came her stepbrother Charlie and John Barnes, both tightin' drunk. Ellen and John had been keepin' steady comp'ny since they was kids, but she'd throwed him over because he wouldn't—couldn't—let booze alone. Well, that pair started to abuse and threaten Dennison. Charlie ordered Harvey to make himself scarce or git killed. Dennison didn't budge an inch. Charlie kept on tellin' him to go. Ellen begged him to leave her and save trouble, but he didn't see things that way. Charlie fired and missed and—— Well, it ended in Charlie's death. Self-defense was the plea at the trial, in this very same courthouse. And Ellen and John were the only witnesses—it was night, and the courthouse ain't in a neighborhood where folks hangs out at night.

"The jury brought in a verdict of guilty," the sheriff continued. "Most of us thought it was pretty rough on Dennison, but the trial had one good effect. It brought Johnnie Barnes to his senses. He ain't touched nary a drop since, and though him and Ellen has been as poor as church mice they've been happy. But reckon what Harvey Dennison must 'a' thought, breakin' out o' prison and findin' Ellen married to John all these years!"

The short deputy was getting impatient. "She never cared a dern for no one but John," he declared. "Now, come on. Let's quit chewin' the rag and get busy. Dennison ain't really in his right mind. He won't rest easy till he's potted John, and it's up to us to git him before he does. Come on."

"What about leavin' the kid?" inquired the tall deputy.

"She's all right," said the sheriff. "John'll be right back as soon as they tell him it's safe to leave Ellen. And if it turns out bad he'll send some one else for the kid. That's what he said."

The tall one eyed the trap dubiously. "I'd just like to peek under there for luck," said he.

"Come along!" the sheriff directed snappily. "Dennison built that thing himself, and the little girl don't want it spoiled. How could he be under a trapdoor with that thing built on top of it?"

And the three passed out. Presently the clatter of horses' hoofs died away.

A long time there was silence in the house, broken only by the occasional snap of the dying fire and the mournful cry of whippoorwills in the woods near by. A hoot owl's dismal wail joined in at intervals, and the child, though accustomed to those sounds, tiptoed about, loneliness and the spirit of the night getting possession of her until she could contain herself no longer. She threw herself upon her bed and cried.

Even when the trapdoor swung back, tumbling the House of Memory to one side, she did not lift her head. The man closed the opening and stood scowling and undecided. He strode toward the bed.

"Come, Ellen," said he, "quit your crying."

"They said a lot of bad things," the child said, sobbing, "and I don't know all they said because they talked so fast, and I'm scared and sleepy."

"Go to bed, then," he advised. "I'll sit up and wait for your dad alone."

She slid from the bed, wiped her eyes on her sleeve, and stood with her back

close to him. He did not comprehend, so she turned to see what was the matter.

"Ma has to unbutton me, and she—she isn't here," she explained.

He hesitated; then, with clumsy, trembling fingers, performed the unaccustomed task. While he replenished the fire she slipped into a coarse woolen nightgown. And when he had obediently buttoned it at the back of the neck she climbed in under the covers.

"Ellen," said he, sitting on the far side of the bed and facing the door, "why were you such a nice girl not to tell on me?"

The child sat up. "Don't you know?"

He shook his head.

"Once, ma says, a little girl—no, she was a big girl—told a lot of things about a man, and she thought they were good things, but the judge said no, they were bad things, and they took him and put him in prison, and ma says she was awful sorry and she always told me never, never tell about anybody when it may hurt them, because nobody knows what's good and what's bad."

The man cleared his throat.

"Your ma told you that?" he repeated huskily.

"Yes, and she always cried when she told me, and dad would say, 'We told the truth; we thought we were right.' And she'd say, 'Poor Harvey!' and cry some more—and you were nice to me and I wouldn't tell, no matter what they said—they were trying to fool me, weren't they? That wasn't all true, was it? But they didn't fool me, did they? But, oh, I want my ma, I want my ma!"

Baby Ellen Barnes threw her arms around the neck of her new friend.

"God!" The visitor's features became seamed.

"Oh!" said Ellen in an awed whisper. "That's right. I forgot God. I must say my prayers."

The door opened. The child on the bed, kneeling the other way, was unaware that on the threshold, silhouetted in the ruby moonlight, stood her father, alone, unarmed. On his face was a look of worry, but not of hopelessness.

One look, however, and the father silently threw up his arm.

As the curly head bowed upon the man's shoulder the revolver which the guest had snatched from his pocket was shifted to his other hand behind the child's back.

"Now I lay me," the baby voice commenced, but when it reached "keep" it faltered.

"If I should die," suggested the man. His face relaxed, and his voice was singularly soothing.

"If I should die before I wake—what's next?"

"I pray the Lord my soul to take," breathed the man gently, and at the sound of that voice the look of desperate resolve in the father's face passed away as though he knew that his child was safe.

Ellen repeated, then added: "God bless dad, God bless—oh, please, God," she quavered, "bless ma, and tell her how I miss her to-night! And make her well again."

The father's muscles tightened. The glint in his eye gave indication of meditated action, but a warning gesture of the gray steel behind the baby's back held him in his tracks.

"There, there, Ellen," said the visitor tenderly, "I got a hunch that your ma is going to get well. Lie down, close your eyes, and when you wake up—perhaps——"

"Going to wait for dad?" queried Ellen.

"I'm going far away. Good by, Ellen. I wish I'd met you before. Things—things might have been different. If you hear me shoot a bad animal outside, don't get frightened."

"I won't," promised Ellen. "Wait a minute. I forgot to pray, 'God bless *you!*'"

She held his face between her baby hands and kissed him full on the lips.

He arose, and, though keeping the man at the door covered, laid the child's head back on the pillow with the face away from the moon and the firelight, and the baby eyes closed trustfully at his bidding, while at the door stood the father, his muscles tense, the breeze-blown firelight revealing beads of perspiration on his forehead.

The visitor stepped softly away from the bed, beckoning to the father.

Both stepped outside. The door closed. There was a shot. The door opened—and against the door case leaned Ellen's father. The whitening moon, rising out of the eastern haze, cast its pale, pure light upon another form huddled near the doorstep, still gripping a smoking revolver.

FIRE COMPANIES BREAK UP RIOT IN PRISON

NOT approving of the food given them, more than fifty prisoners in the Maryland penitentiary at Baltimore recently rioted and were not quelled until several firemen had been called to the prison and had turned streams of water upon them. The rebellious prisoners had gone on a hunger strike and had been segregated in a dormitory of the building. Shortly before three o'clock in the morning they broke from the dormitory, disrupted the electric-light system of the institution, and created such pandemonium that the noise of the riot was heard for blocks about the prison. Guards were unable to handle the recalcitrant ones effectively because of the darkness. Finally the warden asked for the assistance of the local fire department, and after several streams of water at fairly high pressure had deluged the rioters order was restored.

AFTER STRANGE EXPERIENCE BURGLAR VOWS TO REFORM

BECAUSE while burgling a house he touched a coffin in the dark, Walter White, alias "Silk-hat Harry," decided to enter some less nerve-racking line of work. According to the story told by White, who was paroled from Sing Sing prison recently, he broke into a house one night and, feeling about him in the darkness of the room, took hold of something his sense of touch told him was silverware. He flashed on his light and to his horror saw that the silver was attached to a coffin and that the coffin contained a human body. So tremendous an impression did this experience make upon him that he left the house without carrying out his plan of robbing it and resolved that never again would he commit a crime.

The sentence recently completed at Sing Sing was served for a burglary in which he engaged prior to this experience.

Hipped on Hunches

by Harold de Polo

THE other day I met my friend Jud Perkins after a lapse of what I suddenly recalled must have been close to a year. He was standing in front of a certain Broadway hostelry, where genial rogues of his ilk, previous to the great drought, had been wont to gather. The newness and cut of his clothes, the sparkle emanating from the stone on the little finger of his right hand, the bland and fragrance of the panatela cocked jauntily in his mouth, not to mention the complacent smile on his sleek face—all served to inform me of the fact that Mr. Perkins had been highly successful of late.

Sundry times, when the cheerful confidence man had been down to "the duds on his back and the kicks on his feet," as he expressed it, I had purchased him resuscitating beverages and large cigars. In payment of which I always received a highly amusing and colorful, if somewhat rambling, adventure. To-day, though, I decided to search for one with a new style.

"Jud," I complimented, after he had heartily shaken my hand and several times pounded my back, "I've got a hunch that one of your undeniable perspicacity, coupled with your financial status, could even in these lean and thirsty days find a place where the elbow might be crooked."

"Speaking of hunches—speaking of hunches——"

Mr. Perkins beamed and winked slyly. He paused, puffed at his weed, eyed his diamond, and took me one block over, two uptown, half a one east—and led me through an exceedingly unassuming-appearing door.

"Speaking of hunches——"

"Say, I don't think you ever had the pleasure of meetin' a gent who has the cognomen of 'Hunch' Peters? No? Well, this Hunch bird happens to be jest about the neatest an' prettiest manipulator of the painted pasteboards I ever viewed in my career—an' my career, I can unblushingly remark, has been one which might strictly an' in every sense of the word be termed a varied one. A slim, quick, little feller, this card baby—one of them boys that always gives the impression of bein' right hot off the barber an' manicure and Turkish bath emporiums. Quiet, polite, nice talker, only he does carry a pair of orbs that's a leetle too black an' a leetle too swift an' shiny an' close together.

"Along comes Hunch, one day, an' we form an attachment that's mutual an' brotherlike. It was out Chi way, some years back, when I was as immature as the buddin' spring grass. It comes to me I was dispensin', along the circus route, some colored water that would cure anything from colic to cattle, at four bits a throw. Considerin' my youth an' inexperience, I dis-

tinctly rise to remark that I was already figurin' how busy I'd be some day jest sittin' at a mahogany desk an' clippin' coupons. Yessir, in the hip pocket of my jeans, kid, I had a roll that needed a' elastic band to keep it from getting away—eight hundred an' some odd berries, explicitly as you might say.

"As I inform you, along comes Hunch, durin' a layoff, an' proceeds to take me under his wing an' show me the town. He has, I gather, a fatherly interest in one so young, an' warns me of the wiles of the world. Moreover an' absolutely, he don't let me separate myself from a single iron man, tellin' me he's got plenty an' can always grab boodles more. Somehow, after a few nights, we gets mixed up in a little poker party, even though I never had been dumfounded with any joy about sittin' in at the national indoor pastime. Some has been kind enough to remark, though, that I don't play such a bad game, an' in this case they seems to come my way. They was comin' so good, in fact, that I don't mind the stakes bein' raised. After that, him probably not liking to see me suffer long, I hold four kings. Yep; right you are, little one. Aces—four of them—is against me, and Hunch has to lend me car fare. The next day, from various an' authentic sources, I gathers precisely how slick is dear Hunch Peters.

"Though you may not believe it after that, in some ways I was a wise kid. I didn't say nothin', jest took my doctor's treatment calm an' smilin', as if my suspicions hadn't even had no arousin'. We parted next day like the best of pals. We meets up often in the hectic years that follows, an' I never mention that first rigid an' remembered lesson. Tellin' the truth, I'm bettin' he don't even have no hint that I knowed. Now, Hunch, bear in mind, could jest about make any deck do what he asked it to; he had 'em all beat, an' I'm goin' on record that I've mingled with the mightiest. But—he had one failin'! His sobriquet designates it—hunches. Yessir; wise though that bird was, I've knowed an' saw him to buck a roulette wheel he wasn't sure of with his whole roll because he'd touched a hunchback or run acrost a black cat or had a blind man ask him for money or—oh, well, any of them merry little incidents that some human flesh is heir to. A hunch nut, I'm impressin' you, of the worst order. An' when he played hunches, don't fail to keep in your mind, he played square—square. Said they wouldn't work if you did otherwise.

"Anyway, here's jest how strong he was for hunches, if you want more further an' conclusive evidence. About a week ago he drops into town for one of his sprees. On them he mostly always leaves business aside an' gets me to link arms with him. He does so on this memorable occasion, too—calls me up an' elucidates that he's got some four thousand in noisy an' crinkly bills that are battlin' to be blown. I agree that I'd like to assist in these pleasant ceremonies, an' arranges to meet him in a hour, havin' first a little business to conduct before I can lay aside cares for the carouse. Hunch is on time to the second. We swaps lies for a bit an' then, bein' early afternoon, starts out for a stroll. On the pavement outside the hotel he stops suddenly, an' I see that queer light come to his eyes as he jabs with his stick at a card that's restin' on the sidewalk—the king of clubs.

"'King of clubs—king of clubs,' he mutters to himself. 'H'mmmm! Gotta remember that—looks good—nice hunch! H'mmmm! King of clubs.'

"Gently yet firmly I grab him by the arm an' pull him away, tellin' him this is to be a hunchless party. He nods absentlike, an' I notice that weird glint in his orbs remains. Finally I lead

him into another cozy caravansary where illicit hooch don't cost more than a berry a jolt, an' we seat ourselves in the soft leather an' lie back to enjoy ourselves. Hunch, though, every once in a while mumbles about that king of clubs, tryin' to dope out what it was meant for him to do. Finally two birds strolls in an' seats themselves at the next table. They're talkin' kinda loud, I must confess, an' one gathers they're about literary matters an' events. Anyway, suddenly one of them pounds the table, yaps out his ultimatum—an' I thought Hunch would go clear through the roof.

"'Look here, now,' states this guy. 'I don't give a hoot what you say; you can't show me a better book this season than "The King of Clubs," by that young Englishman. That, my son, is away and above anything done on this side of the old pond.'

"'Oh, I wouldn't make such a sweeping assertion,' puts in the other.

"'I don't care what you'd do. I tell you that "The King of Clubs" is *the* book of the year—absolutely the biggest!'

"I didn't hear no more after that. Hunch Peters has a hold of my arm, grippin' it like he was in one of them death throes, an' is starin' at me with a froze expression.

"'Heavens, man,' he finally gasps in a whisper that was hoarse with what you call suppressed excitement, 'did you hear what that feller said?'

"'Hol' on a minute, ol' hoss,' I replies softlike an' soothin, 'you're all right. You jest need a little air, Hunch, an' you'll be your own sweet ol' normal self.'

"'Didn't you hear?' he breathes, his eyes still poppin'.

"'Say, Hunch,' I tells him, firmlike, 'you been drinkin' afore you seen me—what?'

"'Drinkin'? Drinkin' be hanged! Didn't you hear? The king of clubs, Jud—the king of clubs, you fool, for the second time!'

"I allows what you might term a smile of good-natured amusement to flit acrost my features.

"'Oh, so that's the dope, eh? Still dreamin' of that little pasteboard you seen on the sidewalk?'

"'You bet I am,' grunts Hunch earnestlike. 'Heavens, Jud, did you ever see a prettier hunch? Tell the truth, now—did you?'

"'Not bein' a hunch nut,' I shrugs.

"But his reply now is to call the waiter, payin' the bill an' insistin' on gettin' out. He says he's gotta go to it while the hunch is fresh, decidin' that if he don't get into a little game of poker somewhere an' clean up the fortune waitin' for him he'll never forgive himself.

"'See here, Hunch,' I argues with him, 'we set out, at your express invite, for a nice little party—an' no poker an' no hunch plays was mentioned in advance.'

"'I—I know, Jud,' he says, grieved but firmly polite, 'but—but this is one of them special occasions. Heavens, man, I've never seen no finer nor no surer hunch in my life. I've got to play it—I'd feel like I was committin' sacrilege if I didn't. Oh, come, Jud, ol' man, be a good sport an' get up a little game for me—a straight game, you know, for I don't play nothin' else when the hunches are ridin' me. The king of clubs—the king of clubs twice! Wow! Jest gimme the chance where I need to pull that card, Jud, an I'll back it with my roll!'

"Hunch, I'm presumin' you can gather, is off his head, but I still argues with him that we stick to our compact about remainin' on this spree he's [illegible] of. An' then, along the street, comes ol' Pop Heffinger. He's gotten up regardless, as per usual, with one of them suits he favors that howl to high heaven. Toppin' it off, he carryin' a

stick as thick as your wrist an' with a ball of gold on the top the size of a man's fist.

"'Pop,' I murmurs sardonically after I make 'em both acquainted, 'where—oh, where—did you connect your corpulent person to that glitterin' flagpole?'

"'Some classy club, eh?' Heff grins, proudlike. 'I call it the King of Clubs, ha! ha!' An' he laughs as if he likes the joke.

"I didn't even have no time to answer him. Hunch has took my forearm in a grasp of steel, an' has pulled me by main an' violent force into the cigar store on the corner. There he gets a strangle hold on me an' lays down the law without no amendments.

"'Quick—telephone. Get three or four of the boys—any one. Hustle, Jud—hustle. This agony is' killin' me, an' I gotta feel them pasteboards or I'll have to be took to the hospital. What a hunch—king of clubs—three times. Jud, have a heart an' display a little pity an' don't let me suffer no longer. King of clubs—three times!'

"Well, I see by now, I admits to him, that there's nothing to do but fall in with his designs. Howsoever an' withal, though, I insists myself on puttin' in one clause to this here proposition.

"'Hunch,' I says, lookin' him stern in the eye, 'Hunch, I'm gonna depart from my usual path of never makin' no personal remarks—'cause I gotta. Hunch, I wanna have it completely an' fully understood that there ain't to be no crooked work. Wait a minute, now, an' don't go off the handle that way. I ain't doin' no accusin'; I'm simply mentionin' now what I ain't never hinted before—that they has been lots of rumors, to put it mild, that a certain Mr. Hunch Peters is about the worst crook with the pasteboards that these here United States fosters within her boundaries. Now to me, see, it don't make no difference one way or the other; even so an' nevertheless, these here birds I'm gonna call up is friends of mine, an' if I tell 'em about a game they're expectin' to meet a straight an' square player. Hunch, you gotta gimme your word, man to man.'

"'Jud Perkins,' he replies, 'you know I don't never pull nothin' when——'

"'Yeah,' I retorts, 'I know you're supposed never to pull nothin' when one of them hunches is ridin' you—but this time I gotta be sure.'

"'I'm swearin' you can be, Jud,' he promises; then he adds, proudlike: 'Yes, Jud, I reckon them rumors you remark of about me bein' the slickest card crook there is, usin' plain terms, is kinda correct. In fact, kid, when you introduces another to my gaze I'm willin' to pay.'

"After that, an' a coupla more fervent an' furious vows about him bein' dead on the level this particular day, I retires to the phone booth. It takes me nigh onto some fifteen or twenty minutes to get four birds together that seems anxious for a little excitement, an' we repairs to my own domicile. Hunch was kinda peeved when I kept firm about stayin' out of the game, but I insists that I'm jest as happy, if not happier, watchin' others enjoy the great indoor pastime.

"'Why, Jud,' says he, 'you act like you suspicioned I wasn't gonna keep my word about playin' straight——'

"'Not on your life,' I comes in quick. 'If I suspicioned you was even gonna try any funny work against my frien's I'd—I'd likely behave rough.'

"'I know, Jud; I know,' he hastens to assure me. 'Don't worry!'

"Then, when the boys troops in he resigns himself to my stayin' out an' pulls up his chair an' tells me to sit behind an' watch him do some cleanin'. He exudes so much of what they call that confidence personified stuff that I'm admittin' I was shaky about him maybe tryin' to slip some dirty work

over on the gang. Yessir, he was so cocksure, I'm sayin', that I'm willin' to wager he'd have bet me that he couldn't lose. I guess you can gather the impression, therefore, that I certainly did resolve to keep my eagle orbs close an' continuously on his nimble digits. Which same I did.

"As far as the game goes, I guess it's fair to middlin' excitin' for them that's in it. It drags along for a coupla hours, with Hunch keepin' between five an' six hundred to the merry. These here other cahoots in the game, too, appeared to the casual observer like they'd also heard at least dim whisperin's about their little playmate. Anyway, they all of 'em watch so close, an' play so careful that the séance reminds one of a bunch of crooks watchin' each other to see that none of them don't slip nothin' over—an' this goes for the way Hunch behaves, too. Honest, jest sittin' back in the rôle of spectator is 'kinda good fun.

"'Jud,' says Hunch suddenlike, 'this here king-of-clubs hunch I got seems to be endeaverin' to evade me. Maybe,' he adds with a grin, an' turns to the boys, 'maybe it's because we're insultin' the gods of chance by indulgin' in sech impecunious stakes?'

"At that I began to wonder an' also to peel my eyes. Was he tryin' to raise the limit so's to come across with one of his crooked plays? Anyway, after a slight amount of powwow they all agrees to play one round, no limit, an' then endin' the game. An' say—say, ol' man—I'm tellin' you that when they starts on that first deal I ain't never seen no more mistrustin'-your neighbor-lookin' crowd in my versatile career. I'm recordin', too, that I includes myself. An', though you'll agree that I probably has a better chance of detectin' any criminal intent in any participant, me bein' but a so-called disinterested spectator, I don't glimpse no slightest trace of cheatin' when Hunch pulls down the pot with some four-hundred American berries in it.

"The next hand Hunch was sittin' on the left of the edge man, an' when he looks at his cards, stony-faced though he is when playin' his own kind of game, I see his beady eyes look like they're gonna leave their sockets. Glancin' at his hand, I see three kings. The king of diamonds, the king of spades, the king of hearts—an' with only the king of clubs missin'!

"Old friend an' faithful listener, I'm gonna dwell most lightly an' kindly on the details of that there hand, seein' as I wanna retain my rep of possessin' a tender heart. Even if I have got a vital organ of that same kinda softness I'm confessin' I can't help laughin' sorta to myself at what happens to the greatest card crook the world has ever knowed. Briefly and succinctly, it costs Hunch, after he does the raisin', jest precisely twenty-seven hard, cold, lovely American iron men before he's allowed to draw cards. Three of the boys has dropped out at the first bet, but ol' Sam Hopkins, the edge man, has been the one to meet the demand an' stick as far as the draw.

"Sam is served first. Rather an' otherwise, I should say, he wasn't waited on. He jest stays pat, grinnin' right gleeful. This don't faze Hunch a mite. He calls for two an' rubs 'em long an' gentle together against the three he already has. Quietly I see him slip 'em apart—an' it must have taken five minutes for the operation—an' the very first card he sees is the king of clubs!

"'How much doe- them little things appeal to you?" Hopkins wants to know with what you might call tolerant scorn.

"Hunch don't answer a word verbally. His hand is a trifle unsteady, an' his eyes is froze. He jest peels off a thousand from his fadin' roll an' tosses it onto the table, raisin' his head an'

lookin' at Sam with what you guys calls arrogant triumph.

"Sam fondles his clips meditativelike, an' speaks soft an' tantalizin'ly pleasant:

"'Jest how much did you say you got left, Hunch?'

"Hunch counts his remainin' lucre, an' informs his opponent that it comes to eleven hundred an' forty. Whereupon, without no delay whatsoever, Sam sees the first thousand Hunch bets, carefully counts out eleven hundred an' forty more, an' lays it tenderly on the table.

"Hunch thinks maybe five seconds. He's nervous, but not afraid—only excited. Throwin' in his eleven hundred an' forty, he remarks with sincere sorrow how painful it is he ain't got no more with him, an' reaches for the pot while he lays down his four kings.

"Ol' Sam Hopkins raises his hand quietlike, an' says that this is one time when hunches don't work. To prove it he puts out, one by one, a seven-high straight flush in spades. Yessir, a straight flush that for the first time in his life makes Hunch Peters, the greatest crook in the game, leave the table stripped of his every kopek. Did he deserves it? *I'll* say so!"

My friend Jud paused, purchased another libation, and handed me one of his excellent panatelas. There was a smile of inordinate bliss on his lips and he spoke with sinful pride:

"Yep. That little hunch play put me exactly three thousand five hundred an' eighty-eight dollars to the good. Which, considerin' that crook nicked me for a young amount totaling over eight hundred, makes me nearly three thousand seeds to the merry. Not what I'm callin' awful worse, heh?"

"Put you——" I pondered.

For answer Jud extracted an envelope from his pocket and obligingly wrote the following on its back:

To Jim and Earnie, for conversing on literature: namely, *The King of Clubs*	$20.00
To Heff, for carrying cane and making apt comment thereon in regard to it being "The King of Clubs"	10.00
To theatrical costumers for hire of gold-knobbed cane mentioned in above item	2.00
To Nolan and Hopkins, they being broke, for sitting in a game of poker	150.00
To Garry, he being broker than others	50.00
To Betts, for sitting in above-mentioned game also, only doubled his price for skill at changing decks at right moment and for lending his best samples of counterfeit money	200.00
	$432.00

"Jud," I began, "I certainly hand it to——"

"An' I'm takin' it without no blushes," he admitted. "Pretty good stuff, eh? Especially when I only had about forty beans to begin with. Also it might have cost me more if the boys hadn't been so broke an'—an', oh, yes, I was able to paste that first king of clubs there myself. Considerin' everythin', though, I don't reckon it's so bad. Only—only it was a shame to queer the best hunch Hunch Peters ever had, eh? Sort of might sour him for good, maybe!"

LONE BANDIT HOLDS UP SIXTY PERSONS

WHILE a storm was raging a lone highwayman held up a trolley car with about sixty passengers one night recently near Atlantic City, New Jersey, and took from the conductor a mail pouch and twenty-five dollars. The lights of the car were out at the time but the bandit had no difficulty in persuading the passengers to elevate their hands while he robbed the conductor.

Notorious Criminals

by Charles Kingston

Madame Guerin, Matrimonial Agent

THERE have been many matrimonial agency swindlers, but, when Madame Guerin, the plump little Frenchwoman with the pleasant and engaging manner, entered that profession, she introduced new methods into that old form of fraud. She did not hanker after a lot of clients, preferring to find a nice, gullible man with money, scientifically relieve him of it, and then pass on to the next.

Her career proved short and exciting, and only by an accident did it fail to wind up with a tragedy. But that was not madame's fault, for she showed that to obtain a fortune she was capable of running any risk.

Versailles is a famous suburb of Paris, and there, in the shadow of the old palace, Madame Guerin, with the assistance of a friend, who was known as Cesbron, but was really her husband, started her matrimonial agency.

It was no ordinary affair worked from a cheap suite of offices with all the usual appliances of a modern business. Madame could not be as sordid as that. She was human and sympathetic, and her personality was electric. She had reached that time of life when men found her society agreeable, because a flirtation could not be taken seriously by her. She let them understand that she knew that most men wanted young and pretty wives with fortunes, and that she was in a position to help them to find their ideal.

Her business premises took the shape of a pleasant, secluded villa, beautifully furnished and delightfully managed. It was an honor to be invited to an intimate little dinner at madame's home, and her invitations were very seldom declined. When it was tactfully whispered that the fair tenant was in the habit of bringing very eligible girls and handsome bachelors together, she quickly found the sort of clients she required.

One of her first victims was a gentleman of good family, who held a remunerative government post. He was just the type of man who would rather die than enter into negotiations with the average matrimonial agent, but over a recherché meal at madame's villa there seemed to be no loss of dignity in half carelessly discussing his desire to marry a girl of beauty and fortune.

It was then that Madame Guerin revealed talents of a high order as a swindler. She never lost her pose of the smart society woman who was entertaining a friend and talking about his future amid the soft lights and the restful furniture.

When the government official mentioned that he had about fifteen hundred dollars a year in addition to his salary of about the same amount, Madame Guerin decided that there must be a way of separating him from some of his fortune by persuading him that she was going to add to it.

"I know a very pretty girl," she said languidly, "a dear girl, too, and one who is anxious to marry. She is an orphan, and is bothered by fortune hunters. She would like to become a

gentleman's wife, and as she has twenty-five thousand dollars a year derived from first-class securities, it seems to me, my friend, that she would just about suit you."

Twenty-five thousand dollars a year! It made his mouth water.

"Where can I meet this delightful lady?" he asked anxiously.

"As she is my dearest friend I could invite her here," she answered after a moment's pause. "Her name is Miss Northcliffe."

"She is English, then?" said the official, but there was no disapproval in his tone.

"Her mother was French," madame said, who had all the time been watching his face. "Her father was an eminent doctor in London. Miss Northcliffe loves France, and she has often told me that she would love to be married to a Frenchman and live all her life in Paris."

The bait took, for the fish rose to it greedily. Thereupon madame, feeling she had landed him, dropped her pose as hostess and became a matrimonial agent. Of course her expenses would be heavy in connection with the visit of Miss Northcliffe. She would have to furnish a suite of rooms specially for the great English heiress. Then, as he would gain twenty-five thousand dollars a year by the introduction, it would not be out of place if monsieur paid something in advance. Madame Guerin guaranteed success, and so forth. He believed every word.

"You and my dear girl friend will be thrown together for days," she said in a confidential tone. "I'll invite no one else here, and it'll be your own fault if you don't win her. But you must send me one of your photographs to-night, and I will show it to her the moment she arrives. She is a very impressionable, impulsive girl, and I am certain she will fall in love with your picture."

Most men will believe a woman's flattery, and in the case of this French official he swallowed Madame Guerin's with avidity. It seemed to him that he was on the road to riches, and he scarcely hesitated to send madame not only the photograph, but a preliminary fee of five hundred dollars.

If he was disturbed by doubts during the succeeding days, they were set at rest when an invitation arrived from madame to meet Miss Northcliffe at dinner at the cozy villa. He was, as he admitted afterwards, almost crazy with delight. The heiress was a reality. Madame had not been pulling his leg after all. Had she asked him for five thousand dollars there and then he would probably have paid it without a murmur.

The dinner was a brilliant success from start to finish. Never before had monsieur met such a charming, unaffected girl. A typical English beauty with fair hair, a peachlike skin and dark-gray eyes, who dressed exquisitely, and spoke French with a fascinating accent. Her reserve, too, was perfectly enchanting. She did not gush or chatter, and during the greater part of the dinner she hardly uttered a word, but towards the end she became animated.

"She said she would wait until she had made up her mind about you before becoming friendly," whispered Madame Guerin at the first opportunity.

Monsieur thrilled with pleasure and turned to resume his conversation with Miss Northcliffe.

When he left the villa close on midnight his brain was in a whirl.

Miss Northcliffe had plainly shown her preference for him, and he was in love with her. He was an expert on old engravings and modern poetry, and she had, wonderful to relate, revealed a knowledge of those two subjects which, though not profound, proved that she

would be an ideal collaborator when they were married.

And then her dress! Well, it was a dream, an exquisite creation that might have been made out of angels' wings. The pearl necklace the English heiress had worn was worth one hundred thousand dollars. At least, Madame Guerin said so, and she ought to know, because she had some famous pearls herself. Monsieur lay awake most of the night exulting over his good fortune, and early the following morning rushed off to Versailles to take Miss Northcliffe for a motor drive.

A week later madame suggested that he should propose, but she warned him that the girl was suspicious of fortune hunters and that he must prove to her that he was not a needy vagabond, marrying to be kept.

Monsieur laughed at the notion, but he took it seriously all the same, and when Miss Northcliffe modestly and blushingly accepted his offer of marriage, he impulsively asked to be tested as to his means.

But Miss Northcliffe preferred to leave that to her dear friend and guardian, Madame Guerin, and the latter thereupon suggested that monsieur should realize ten thousand dollars and settle it right away on Miss Northcliffe, who was, of course, equally willing to supply evidence that her fortune was not a myth.

The infatuated man declined to doubt his fiancée for a moment, and the ten thousand dollars were in the possession of madame two days later. She received the money with a congratulatory smile, and told him to call again the following Sunday and fix the date for the wedding.

There were four days to Sunday, and how he passed them monsieur never knew. Certainly he was a very inefficient public servant during that time, for his mind was concentrated on the beauty and fortune of the lovely English girl who was about to become his wife. When Sunday came round he was up at dawn, and two hours before he was due to start for Versailles he was hatted and gloved.

The villa looked very inviting as he walked up to it and pulled the old-fashioned bell. A long pause ensued, and then the fat cook opened the door and breathlessly informed him that madame was resting in her room, but would be down in a few minutes. He expressed his regrets, but when he was in the drawing-room he began to feel that there was something wrong. The atmosphere depressed him, and he had audibly to reprove himself for being morbid, to prevent a fit of pessimism overwhelming him.

He was staring through the window when madame entered, very pale and dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. In great alarm he rushed to her side. What had happened? Where was Miss Northcliffe? Was she ill? A dozen questions tumbled over one another, and all the time the plump little widow tried to control her sobs.

"Oh, monsieur," she exclaimed, with a piteous expression, "how shall I break the news? I am distracted, desolate? Miss Northcliffe—she has gone—disappeared. I know not where. She may be kidnaped or she may have run away. I am too distracted to be able to think. It is all dreadful and——" A flood of tears completed the sentence, and in vain he implored her to tell him plainly what had happened.

The result was that he left the villa aware that he had lost his ten thousand dollars and dimly suspicious of Madame Guerin, although that good lady had sworn that Miss Northcliffe had taken away every penny of it, and, indeed, owed a goodly sum to her.

Further reflection convinced him that he had been swindled, and he began to think of appealing to the police, but at forty-five one does not do things

in a hurry, and monsieur was not the person to court ridicule. He had walked into the trap open-eyed, and if his colleagues in the government service heard the story of the English heiress they would make his life a misery with their vulgar chaff.

Beyond another visit to the Versailles villa to inquire if Miss Northcliffe had returned he took no steps to recover his losses.

The next exploit was even more subtle. Some one introduced a well-to-do Parisian of the name of Lalere to Madame Guerin along with the information that he was on the lookout for a wealthy wife. As M. Lalere had a comfortable bank balance of his own madame enthusiastically agreed to provide him with a bride, and when she learned that he was partial to an English girl, her delight was boundless.

On this occasion the Versailles villa was not utilized as the stage for the little comedy. Madame decided to vary her methods, and she started by going to London and putting up at a fashionable hotel. The ten thousand dollars extracted from the government official came in very handy, as even in London one can live quite a long time in an expensive hotel on that amount.

Shortly after her arrival Lalere came at her invitation. Madame was, of course, fashionably dressed and apparently busy all day calling upon the leading members of the English aristocracy. She could not give monsieur more than a few minutes one afternoon, and when he expressed disappointment she promised to do her best when she had fulfilled her social obligations. She mentioned glibly that she was dining that night with the wife of a very prominent person, and that the day after she was lunching with some one even more famous.

The Frenchman was greatly impressed by these lies, and he, therefore, appreciated all the more her spontaneous invitation to him to accompany her to the opera the following Monday evening. It seemed that a friend of hers had been called out of town and that her stall was vacant. Madame Guerin added that she hoped to be able to introduce Lalere to some English heiress between the acts.

Monday night found Madame Guerin and Monsieur Lalere seated in the stalls at the Covent Garden Theater. Just before the curtain went up the woman indicated a private box, wherein three young ladies, beautifully dressed, were sitting.

"Three friends of mine and all rich, monsieur," she said confidentially. "You can have your choice. Let me know the one you prefer. They will be guided entirely by my advice."

Of course after that Lalere had no eyes for the stage, and some of the greatest singers in the world failed to engage his attention. His eyes were always wandering to the box where the three English beauties were, and he studied their appearances carefully. Eventually his choice alighted upon the girl in the centre, whose name was, madame informed him, Miss Northcliffe.

Thus once more the mysterious Miss Northcliffe appeared on the scene, and again she found a Frenchman who was mesmerized by her beauty and her reputed fortune. All the acting that night at Covent Garden was not behind the footlights. Both Madame Guerin and Miss Northcliffe could have given points to many of the professionals.

That the girl who acted as the matrimonial agent's decoy was clever and educated there can be no doubt. She could speak French fluently, and she had a first-rate knowledge of the world. She had been able to talk intelligently to the authority on old engravings and modern poetry, and now she charmed M. Lalere by her acquaintance with the subjects that interested him.

The sequel was that Lalere paid madame seventy-five hundred dollars on the understanding that she was to bring about a match between himself and Miss Northcliffe. But no sooner had he parted with the money than the heiress vanished, greatly to madame's distress and Lalere's annoyance, and all he had to show for his expenditure was a cynical and bitter contempt for womenfolk in general.

Success made madame avaricious. She began to crave for a large fortune, and she believed that she was clever enough to gain it at one stroke. Experience had proved that it was easy enough to open a man's purse with a story of a rich bride, and her victims took their disappointment so calmly that there was no danger of retribution. Perhaps the sight of wealthy London fired her imagination. Anyhow, she immediately began to look round for a wealthy dupe there.

It was, however, necessary to have her husband's help. As she pretended to be a widow, she called him her friend, and it was as M. Cesbron that she introduced him to her friends and acquaintances. Hitherto Cesbron had wisely kept in the background, an admiring spectator from afar of his wife's astuteness, and no doubt he shared in the little windfalls from the government official and Lalere.

He was not averse from taking a leading part in the next big swindle, and it was Cesbron who found the very man for their purpose. Through a friend he had heard that in the West End of London there was a doctor who had saved a considerable sum of money, and who was in every way a very eligible bachelor.

The initial difficulty was how to make themselves known to him, but madame solved the problem by planning a pretty little scheme. She might have called on the doctor in the guise of a patient, but she decided not to do this lest he discovered there was nothing the matter with her.

Her final plan was to pretend that she had invented a new method of sterilizing milk, and that she wished to have a doctor's opinion of its merits.

Madame Guerin underrated her abilities, for, as events proved, she need not have bothered about the invention. The doctor was pleased to make the acquaintance of the charming widow, and she soon had every opportunity for dragging in references to her rich young lady friends, who were anxious to find husbands.

The medical man was incredulous at first, then curious and eventually impressed. Madame did not look like a swindler or talk in the manner of a professional matrimonial agent. She was too human for that, and there was nothing of the hard-headed business woman about her.

The doctor readily agreed to join madame at a dinner party and meet the young heiresses, and choose which of them he would care to marry. The meeting took place in a hotel, and on this occasion Miss Northcliffe failed to win his approval. A young lady, whose name was given as Miss Smith, gained his vote.

Miss Smith was a beauty, vivacious, clever, and fascinating. When he was persuaded to believe that she had a large fortune, the doctor considered himself the luckiest man in the world.

The girl, one of madame's cleverest confederates, was equally as good an actress as Miss Northcliffe, and, shrewd man of the world as the doctor was, she had no difficulty in persuading him that he had captured her maiden fancy.

Now, as has been said, the doctor was not a penniless adventurer. He was a prosperous professional man, with a good position and a consoling balance at his bankers, the Credit Lyonnais. Apart from the somewhat unconventional means by which they had become

acquainted, the engagement was, on the surface, nothing remarkable. Miss Smith was obviously well educated, and fit to preside over the doctor's home. They were, therefore, of equal social position.

Madame Guerin was, of course, the brains of the affair, and only the spade work was left to her husband. It was madame who decided when she and Miss Smith should leave London on the plea that they had to keep engagements in France, and it was madame who instructed Miss Smith to agree to her fiancé's request that she should name the day.

The two women left for Paris a day before Cesbron, but they only stopped a day at the capital before they proceeded to the villa the swindler had rented in the vicinity of Fontainebleau. It was situated in a very lonely spot, and madame and Cesbron had taken it because they had decided to murder the doctor and obtain his fortune.

They had already endeavored to get the doctor to transfer his account to the Paris bank, which they said looked after Miss Smith's immense fortune, but he declined to effect the change. However, they were not disheartened. If they were equal to killing the doctor they were also capable of forging a claim to his money at the Credit Lyonnais.

The marriage was fixed to take place in the second week of November, 1906, and early in the same month Madame Guerin invited the doctor to spend a few days at her villa before he became the husband of the heiress. He was very busy just then, but of course, he was most anxious to see his friends, and he accepted the invitation, and in due course arrived at the isolated villa.

If he had not been absorbed in his forthcoming marriage, the doctor would hardly have found the place attractive at that time of the year. Of course, madame was always interesting, and she was a perfect hostess. There were good points about her friend Cesbron, too, and with the excitement of the engagement, the flattery of his hostess, and the attentions of Cesbron, the doctor was never dull.

He could hardly be expected to believe that the woman with the plump, smiling face and the sympathetic eyes had planned his murder, or that Cesbron, her husband, was merely waiting for the proper moment to remove him.

One afternoon madame and the doctor were chatting in the front room, when Cesbron drove up in a cart with a huge, iron-bound trunk.

"Is our friend going to be married, too?" he asked jocularly. Madame's eyes glinted, but her lips parted in a smile.

"Oh, he is always buying clothes," she said indifferently, "and he likes to keep them clean and dry when traveling. He told me yesterday he had ordered a new trunk. It is a hobby of his."

The truth was that that trunk had been purchased to hold the doctor's corpse!

There was quite a little party at the villa that night, and all the time the huge box was waiting in the next room for its victim. The visitor had no suspicion that anything was wrong. He knew by now that madame would expect a commission for having introduced him to the great heiress, but he thought none the less of her for that. Cesbron, too, was respectful and attentive, and all appeared to be looking forward with intense satisfaction to the marriage celebration. Miss Smith was not, of course, at the villa. She was now in Paris selecting her trousseau, and her fiancé had to be content with a charming little love letter which came to him every morning.

The day before the one fixed for the tragedy Cesbron and the doctor happened to be in the little garden, when

the former playfully started a discussion as to their respective physical conditions, and before long the two men had agreed to a friendly wrestling match to see which of them was the stronger.

To Cesbron's surprise and annoyance, he discovered that the doctor was by far the better of the two. This put him out, for it meant that he would have to resort to firearms to achieve his object, the murder of the doctor.

Cesbron did not like using a revolver. It made a lot of noise, and, lonely as the villa was, there was always the danger that some one might be passing at the moment of the crime. However, the risk had to be taken. He knew now for certain that he was quite incapable of seizing the doctor by the throat and strangling him, and that if it came to a fight he would be no match for his opponent.

On November 9, 1906, the doctor was alone writing a letter in the drawing-room. The house was very quiet, and he was under the impression that madame and Cesbron had gone out. At this time of the year it was dark at half past four, and the doctor wrote leisurely, pausing occasionally to polish off a phrase before committing it to writing.

Suddenly an explosion seemed to take place in the room, and simultaneously he felt something sting him. The next moment he knew that a bullet had passed into his neck behind his left ear, cutting through the tongue and soft palate, and breaking several teeth.

But the wound was not sufficient to prevent his rising and confronting Cesbron, who was standing near the door with a smoking revolver in his hand. Only for a fraction of a second did the two men pause. Then the injured man made a dash at Cesbron, who, recalling his playful encounter of the day before, took to flight, well aware that he would be helpless if the doctor got his fingers round his throat.

When Cesbron sped into the darkness the doctor made his way out of the house and into the garden, stumbling toward the gate. To his surprise this was locked. Evidently the conspirators had not forgotten anything.

There was nothing for him to do now but to try and climb over the wall, and he succeeded in getting his head above the top, but immediately it was silhouetted against the sky another shot was fired, and for the second time he was hit. He fell back into the garden, where, thanks to the darkness and the shelter of the bushes, he was able to remain concealed until the morning, when he crawled to the police station at Fontainebleau, and told the story of the attack on him at the villa.

The police took the doctor to the local hospital, and then went in search of madame who, when arrested, thought to avenge herself by swearing that the doctor was her accomplice. She lied so skillfully that she persuaded the police to detain him for a time, but in the long run the truth was discovered, and it was proved that the doctor was merely another of Madame Guerin's dupes.

A strange feature of the case was the disappearance of Cesbron. The police and detective force of France searched for him everywhere, but he was never seen, and the same lack of success was experienced when the authorities became anxious to make the acquaintance of the English heiresses, Miss Smith and Miss Northcliffe. Not a trace of them could be found, and this was very fortunate for madame, because, when she was brought up for trial in July, 1907, she could pose as a poor woman who was being prosecuted while her partners were allowed to go free owing to the incompetence of the authorities.

The jury took a lenient view of her

swindles, ignoring the charge of attempted murder, because it was undoubtedly Cesbron who had fired the two shots at the doctor, and without his presence in the dock it was impossible to tell exactly what part the female prisoner took in the final tragedy. But that she was a very dangerous adventuress and swindler was obvious, and everybody was surprised when the judge passed sentence of three years' imprisonment.

Madame's face lit up with joy. She had been afraid that it would have been at least ten years. Three years! Why, it was worth running such a bogus matrimonial agency if that was the only punishment.

It is the French custom to sentence any accused person who fails to answer the charge in person, and Cesbron was ordered two years' hard labor. He did not, however, oblige the prosecution by appearing and undergoing his punishment, and from that day to this nothing has been seen or heard of him.

BANK SWINDLED OUT OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS

FORGED bills of lading were used, it is alleged, in an ingenious swindling game recently perpetrated on several New York banks. George Pteriotis, a Greek, has been arrested with three associates, as the leader of the band of crooks.

The company of which he was president maintained a small office for a short time in Wall Street and then moved uptown, but continued to use expensive stationery engraved with the Wall Street address. Letters were sent out to prominent firms in Greece offering them sugar below the market price. Delighted with this opportunity, the Greek firms responded promptly and soon established credits for more than fifteen hundred thousand dollars in New York banks. Then, it is alleged, Pteriotis and his associates shipped two or three bags of sugar to their foreign customers, obtained the bills of lading for them from the steamship companies which shipped the goods, and altered the numbers in the bills of lading. Instead of two bags of sugar the forged bills of lading indicated that twenty-two hundred bags had been sent by steamer abroad. The bills of lading were presented to the banks, which paid for their foreign customers the amounts Pteriotis' company called for. About two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was obtained from banks before the swindle was uncovered. Pteriotis fled to Paris and later to England. In the latter place he met a sympathetic Greek—in reality a United States secret service agent—who assured him that the investigation of his affairs by the government had been dropped, so he returned to America. He was arrested as soon as the boat docked.

BURGLARS USED DEADLY GAS

TO silence watch dogs and prevent them from giving the alarm to the occupants of country houses selected for robbery, a band of French burglars is using poison gas. Two dogs belonging to farmer near Massy were recently found dead near the owner's house, which had been ransacked during the night while the family slept. Chlorine gas, hurled from army projectors, caused the death of the dogs. The burglars left an empty chlorine tank and two gas masks on the farm.

The Unseen Ear

by Natalie Sumner Lincoln

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

WHILE Judith Richards is waiting in the drawing-room for her husband, Major Richards, a man slides in through the portières. He rifles the safe while Judith dozes. Intending to read a document he has taken from the safe, he creeps toward a side electric bulb. As he does so, a hand that clutches a dagger reaches out from behind the portières and stabs him fatally. Later, Judith awakens, finds the prostrate body, and cuts a locket from the man's watch chain. She has just detached it when Major Richards enters. Ferguson, a detective, learns that Major Richards and his wife are guests of Mr. Robert Hale and his wife, who is out at a reception with her brother-in-law, John Hale. Robert Hale is ill in bed. Mrs. Hale and John Hale arrive as the detective's examination is proceeding. John Hale identifies the murdered safe-breaker as his stepson, Austin. No clews are found except the pair of shears that Judith Richards dropped when she clipped the locket from the dead man. It is learned also that John Hale and his stepson, Austin, were both in love with Robert Hale's secretary, Polly Davis. John Hale intimates that the motive for the murder was robbery, as a valuable antique watch, which always hung on Austin's chain, is missing.

Judith Richards goes to see Frank Latimer, a stock broker, to sell some stocks, but decides, on Latimer's advice, to get a loan on them instead. She gives the numbers of the certificates, and a moment later one of Latimer's clerks announces that certificates bearing the same numbers have just been bought from her husband. Judith later overhears Latimer tell John Hale how her husband had sold her stock, which was in the safe the night Austin was stabbed. John appears anxious to fasten the guilt on Richards. Judith writes Latimer that she had asked her husband to dispose of the stock.

Mrs. Hale shows Polly Davis part of a note which was written by Austin Hale in New York, stating that he was leaving for San Francisco that same evening. Mrs. Hale states she found the note in Judith's car.

CHAPTER X.

BELOW STAIRS.

ANNA, the waitress, found the time lagging in spite of the game of solitaire she was playing to while away the tedium of her enforced idleness. She cast a resentful glance at her swollen ankle before shuffling the cards for the thirtieth time since she had eaten her midday meal; she had discarded the morning newspaper, and refused to find entertainment in the novel which the cook had brought to her early in the morning, and her last and only solace was the pack of playing cards.

Mrs. Hale, a New Yorker by birth, until her marriage had spent her life in the North, and while she had quickly succumbed to the spell which the capital city casts over those who come to its hospitable doors, she had never taken kindly to employing negro servants. She did not understand the African character, and her one attempt to adjust herself to the conditions then prevailing in domestic service in the District of Columbia had proved a dismal failure, and with her husband's hasty approval she had sent to New York and engaged French and English servants.

Aside from her eccentricities, Mrs. Hale was a kind and thoughtful mistress, and the servants remained long in her employ. Even during the chaotic period of wartime conditions in Washington, with its influx of war workers and deserters from the domestic field, her servants had loyally remained with her in preference to seeking government positions as elevator women and messengers.

It required a person in Anna's state of mind to find fault with the large bedroom in which she sat; a coal fire on the hearth added its cheerful glow, and at her elbow was an electric reading lamp ready for instant service when the winter afternoon had drawn to a close. It was a cozy, well-furnished, homelike room, with big closets in it.

Anna scowled at her reflection in the mirrored paneling of the door leading to the bathroom which she and cook, a Swede, shared with Maud, the parlor maid. She had been kept captive inside the four walls of her bedroom for nearly twenty hours and her restless spirit rebelled. Fate, in the guise of a treacherous high-heeled slipper, had given her an ugly tumble down the kitchen stairs on her way to bed the night before, and Doctor McLane's assurance that she had had a lucky escape did not assuage Anna's sense of personal grievance nor deaden the pain of her physical injury.

Footsteps and the clatter of dishes as a tray was brought in slight contact with the stair turning came distinctly through the open door leading to the hall, and Anna's downcast look vanished. Seizing the cards she was intent on laying out her favorite solitaire when Maud entered bearing a tray loaded with appetizing dishes.

"I'm a bit late," she explained apologetically, as Anna swept the playing cards into her lap to make a place on the table for the tray. "But there's been so many people coming and going in and out of the house that it keeps a body moving."

"Sit down and have a cup of tea with me," suggested Anna, on whom the extra cup and saucer on the tray had not been lost; Maud had evidently anticipated the invitation, judging also from the amount of cinnamon toast and thin slices of bread and butter. "I am sorry, Maud, to have more work thrown on you just now; perhaps I can hobble downstairs to-morrow."

"Now, you rest easy," advised Maud earnestly. "I can handle the work all right, and Mr. Hale said he would come down handsome for it——"

"He did!" Anna's eyes had narrowed to thin slits, but Maud, intent on consuming as much tea and toast as was humanly possible in a given time, was oblivious of her facial contortions. "Mr. Hale is a generous gentleman; you stick by him, Maud."

"You bet; what he says goes." Maud nodded enthusiastically. "Funny household, ain't it? A dead easy one if you are in the 'know,'" and she chuckled. "Let me pour you out another cup, Anna," and, not waiting for permission, she replenished Anna's tea, at the same time refilling her own cup. "My, don't cook make good toast; no wonder Major Richards is so partial to it."

"Is he?" Anna's tone was dry.

"I should say so, and he's partial to a good deal more besides," Maud relished an opportunity of airing her views to so superior a person as Anna; it was not often that she had her undivided attention. "Major Richards knows a good-looking woman when he sees one."

"Is that so?" indifferently, helping herself to more sugar.

"Yes, siree," with emphasis. "Didn't I see the look and smile he gave you yesterday."

"Tut, tut! None of that." Anna spoke with severity. "Major Richards is Miss Judith's husband, a nicely spoken gentleman."

"Sure he is." Maud smiled broadly, nothing daunted by Anna's frown. "And, say, ain't Miss Judith mashed on him? That cold kind always flops the worst when they fall in love."

"Miss Judith isn't the cold kind," retorted Anna warmly. "She has plenty of temper about her, but I will say it's tempered with proper pride."

"I wonder if it was proper pride which made her quarrel so with Mr. Austin?" Maud's snicker always grated on Anna, and again the waitress frowned. "Say, wasn't his death awful?"

"Yes." Anna sat back with a shiver. "Terrible."

"And they donno who done it," pur-

sued Maud with relish, her somewhat nasal voice slightly raised. "Leastways that is what Detective Ferguson told me this afternoon."

"Was he at the house again?"

"Yes, three times." Maud looked regretfully at the empty toast dish. "I asked him if he wanted a bed made up for his convenience, and he was real peevish; my, but he asks a lot of questions."

"What about?" inquired Anna.

"Oh, where we were on Tuesday night, and if we heard anything unusual," answered Maud with candid candor. "Didn't seem to believe that we had all gone to bed the same as usual. I told him if we'd a known Mr. Austin was to have been murdered, o' course we'd have waited up for it, so as to supply the police with details; that settled him for a time and then he wanted to know when I last saw Miss Judith Tuesday night."

"So?" Anna leaned out of her chair and took up a box of candy from the bureau. "Help yourself, Maud. What did you say to Ferguson?"

Maud received the candy with brightened eyes, which sparkled afresh as Anna put the box conveniently in front of her; her craving for sweets had frequently earned her a reprimand from Mrs. Hale when she caught Maud in the act of purloining candy from the stock kept in the dining room.

"I told Ferguson that Miss Judith was undressing in her bedroom when I went upstairs." Maud's speech was somewhat impeded by a large caramel. "Then he wanted to know when we first heard o' the murder. Silly question, wasn't it?"

"Very," agreed Anna, "considering he came upstairs and joined us just after Mrs. Hale had broken the news of Mr. Austin's death. Men are silly creatures."

"Some of 'em are," amended Maud. "I never would call Mr. Robert Hale silly. Say, Anna," and Maud hitched her chair close to the waitress, "do you 'spose he knows about the courting that went on between Miss Polly and his brother?"

"There isn't anything that escapes Mr. Hale's notice," Anna responded dryly.

"But Miss Polly was mighty sly about it," argued Maud. "Mr. Austin caught her once, though, and my didn't he flare up!" Her eyes grew bigger at the recollection. "I wonder if he was smart enough to know Miss Polly, for all her appearing frankness, was playing father and son off against each other."

"Men never know anything where a pretty woman's concerned," replied Anna scornfully. "Miss Judith knew what was going on, though, and"—she lowered her voice to confidential tones—"it's my belief that her uncle John used his influence with the family to get her sent on that visit to Japan."

"And there she met Major Richards." Maud selected another piece of candy. "My, ain't fate funny sometimes!" Her companion agreed, and Maud munched the milk chocolates with silent enjoyment; then her active mind went off at a tangent as she caught sight of the playing cards still reposing in a disorderly heap in Anna's lap. "Mr. Hale got in one of his tantrums this morning."

"He did?" Anna put down her cup, from which she had been slowly sipping her strong black tea. "What about?"

"He said one of his playing cards was missing from the pack he keeps in the library, and he just as much as asked me if I had stolen it." Maud sniffed. "If he hadn't been so nice about my wages and my room wasn't so comfortable, and you and cook being so agreeable, I'd a given notice."

"Oh, pshaw! Mr. Hale doesn't mean half he says." Anna hastened to smooth down Maud's ruffled feelings. "He forgets the cause of his tantrums

ten minutes afterward. What's the use of paying attention to them; his wife never does?"

"I ain't his wife," objected Maud. "And he didn't forget this tantrum, though it was about such a measly little thing, but came right back after lunch and asked me had I found the card in any one's room. He was put out when I told him no."

"It is too bad, Maud," Anna remarked, who had followed her story with gratifying attention. "Mr. Hale shouldn't worry you when you have extra work with me laid up here. Why not speak to Mrs. Hale —"

"Not me!" broke in Maud hastily. "I ain't hankering to start a family ruction. Don't you worry, Anna, I fixed it." Maud smiled slyly. "I went up to Miss Judith's boudoir with the C. & P. man to mend her branch telephone this afternoon, and I just happened to see a pack o' playing cards lying on Major Richards' dresser; their backs were just the same as Mr. Hale's pack in the library, so I sneaked out the Knave o' Hearts and after the telephone man left, I gave the card to Mr. Hale. And, say, what do you 'spose he did?"

Anna shook her head. "I can't guess. Do go on."

"Well, first he gave that funny giggle o' his, then he slips the card in his pocket, and asks me where I got it"—Maud paused dramatically. "When I said I found it in Miss Judith's bedroom he looked at me kinda funny and" —a violent sneeze interrupted the recital—"then he gave me a raise in wages."

"Bless me!" Anna ejaculated admiringly. "That was smart work, Maud."

Her companion smiled deprecatingly. "'Tain't nothing to what I can do when I set my mind to it," she replied. "I just happened on Major Richards' cards. How's your ankle?"

The waitress started at the abruptness of the question.

"It is not so painful," she said, and glanced significantly at the clock on the mantel. "Isn't it 'most time for you to see about setting the table for dinner?"

"No; the family's dining out tonight," rejoined Maud, "so that me and cook can rest up. Mrs. Hale is pretty much of a fool, but she is considerate of us. There are times," added Maud in a burst of confidence, "when I feel durn sorry for her."

"Don't let your sympathies get the better of your judgment," warned Anna. "Mr. and Mrs. Hale are, well, you might say, discordantly happy."

Maud wrinkled her brows. "If you are hinting they like to fuss, you are dead right," she acknowledged. "There's one thing odd I've noticed today——" She paused to contemplate herself in the mirrored door with inward satisfaction; the simple black dress on her slight, trim figure, and neat white collar and cuffs, which Mrs. Hale insisted should be worn by her servants, was becoming.

"What were you noticing to-day?" asked Anna, growing impatient as the pause became prolonged.

"That Mrs. Hale and Miss Polly Davis were getting as thick as thieves," explained Maud. "I ain't never seen them so loving."

"Is that so?" Anna stroked her cheek reflectively. "Mrs. Hale feels Miss Judith's marriage more than she is willing to allow, I believe, and she's just looking 'round to find somebody to mother."

"It's a funny deal her picking on Miss Polly for that," laughed Maud as she arranged the tea dishes on the tray preparatory to departure. "D'ye know, as poor as I am, I'd give a month's wages to know who had a hand in killing Mr. Austin." She paused and placed her lips against Anna's

right ear. "Them shears Mr. Ferguson is forever exhibiting never belonged to Miss Judith," she whispered, "but Miss Polly's are missing from her desk."

Down in Robert Hale's den Polly Davis stopped transcribing his manuscript notes to stare at three letters which she spread before her; she read them in rotation for at least the seventh time, then settled back in her chair and, resting her weight on its arms, contemplated the notes.

The first was but a scrawl:

DEAREST: You must dine with me to-night. I will not take a refusal, and will call at the usual hour. Your devoted lover,

JOHN.

The second letter was from Judith.

Do not hesitate to use the inclosed check for your contemplated trip. Return the loan at your convenience, and let me know if you should need more. Ever, dear Polly, faithfully yours, JUDITH.

"My contemplated trip," quoted Polly softly. The haggard lines in her face were accentuated by the merciless electric light which beat down from a lamp but a few feet above her typewriter desk. "Judith, are you mad?"

Slowly her eyes turned to the third note. It had no commencement other than the words:

In recognition of your valuable services, I am increasing your salary $50 per month. Please arrange to give me additional hours daily. Yours etc., ROBERT HALE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE THREAT.

FROM their corner table Judith watched the gay throng which filled the public dining room at Rauscher's, the famous caterer of the capital, with total lack of interest, although the scene was one to arrest attention—the smartly gowned women, the foreign attachés in their gay uniforms in contrast to the khaki-clad army officers and the somber evening dress of numerous civilians, formed an attractive center for the mirrored wall and shaded lights. Judith's inattention was a source of displeasure to her mother, whose efforts to keep the conversation going had failed signally.

"Really, Judith," she remonstrated, "it is very annoying of you to make me repeat my remarks."

"I beg your pardon, mother." Judith awoke from dreary thoughts. "I did not mean to be rude, but our—our mourning," glancing down at her black dress, "seems so incongruous here. We should have found a less conspicuous place to dine."

"Tut! you are supersensitive; we must eat, and why not here? We are not giving a dinner," Mrs. Hale paused to bow to an acquaintance. "Robert and your husband went to the club so that we would not have even an appearance of a party. Why, there is Frank Latimer; wave to him, Judith."

Not waiting for her suggestion to be followed, Mrs. Hale signaled vigorously with her fan and succeeded in catching the eye of the attentive majordomo who, guessing her meaning, directed Latimer's attention to her table. Mrs. Hale greeted the stockbroker with a cordial smile.

"Join us, Frank," she exclaimed as their waitress placed a chair for him. Latimer cast a doubtful eye at an adjoining table.

"That is my habitual place," he explained. "I dine here every night."

"Fortunate man, with no domestic problems," sighed Mrs. Hale. "Really, Anna could not have selected a more unfortunate time to fall downstairs—or was it upstairs, Judith?"

"I don't know, mother." Judith had changed color at Latimer's approach as memory of her interview in his office, the conversation she had overheard the night before, and her letter explaining the stock transaction recurred to her. "Anna is so seldom ill we can forgive

her this once." She raised grave eyes to Latimer. "Do dine with us, Frank."

Latimer had only opportunity to murmur his thanks as Mrs. Hale took possession of the situation and claimed his undivided attention, but as the meal progressed he stole a look now and then at Judith. Her preoccupation was evident, and the furtive glances she cast about the big dining room were indicative of her nervous condition. Latimer's anxiety grew. Would Mrs. Hale never give him a chance for a private word with Judith? After receiving her note that morning he had tried to write an answer, but after a vain attempt to crystallize his thoughts into black ink he had thrown down his pen and applied to that mixed blessing the telephone, only to be told that Judith was not at home.

If Judith divined his desire to talk with her she gave no sign of it. Latimer's anxiety was tinged with vexation. Was Judith deliberately avoiding every effort he made to drag her into the conversation? His hot temper was gaining the upper hand when Mrs. Hale unconsciously gave him the opening he had been hoping for.

"How is the stock market?" she asked, and not waiting for an answer, added: "Did you purchase those Liberty Bonds Robert spoke of last week?"

"Yes." Latimer turned determinedly to Judith. "Your husband sold your Troy valve stock at somewhat of a sacrifice."

Mrs. Hale caught the words and looked at her daughter in open consternation.

"Judith! You haven't parted with the stock your grandfather left you?" she exclaimed.

"Yes." Judith tossed down her napkin and pushed back her chair. "Joe and I decided that this was the time to invest in Liberty Bonds." Her charming smile disarmed criticism. "Besides industrials are dangerous investments."

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Mrs. Hale with indignant emphasis. "You know what General Hale thought of his valve stock and how carefully he portioned it out among us in his will. Your father will be seriously displeased, Judith."

"Not when I tell him that the valve stock is already depreciating in value," responded Judith quietly. "It *is* depreciating, Frank, is it not?" Her emphasis on the verb arrested Latimer's attention and quickly he caught his cue.

"Liberty Bonds are a better investment," he stated, "especially just now. You," and he smiled at Mrs. Hale, "are putting your money in Liberty Bonds."

But Mrs. Hale was not appeased. "I am not selling valuable stock," she retorted. "The money I invest in Liberty Bonds is the income from other sources. What did you realize on your stock, Judith?"

Judith's brow wrinkled in thought, then she turned to Frank. "I have a poor head for figures," she admitted softly. "What did Joe get *for* the stock, Frank?"

Latimer eyed her thoughtfully. "We paid Joe $1,275, less commission. The stock brings $125 a share."

"Is that all!" And Mrs. Hale's eyebrows rose in displeasure. "What a wretched time to sell! I shall remonstrate with your husband for permitting you to part with the stock."

"You will do nothing of the sort." The girl's tone brought a hot flush to her mother's cheeks, but there was that in Judith's expression which checked her angry rejoinder. "Please, mother, recollect that I am independent as far as my fortune is concerned, and my own mistress."

Mrs. Hale considered her for a minute, then to Latimer's horror, for he had a shy man's distaste of scenes, her lower lip quivered suggestively while her pale-blue eyes grew moist.

"What a way to address your mother, Judith!" she said reproachfully. "I,

who have your best interests at heart. It is most unkind."

"I had no intention of being unkind," Judith laid her hand for a second gently on her mother's shoulder. "Only, please do not discuss my affairs with my husband; he, also," she looked squarely at Latimer, "has my best interests at heart and I can rely upon his honest judgment."

Latimer bowed. "Joe is no fool," he remarked dryly. "Don't worry, Mrs. Hale, I guarantee that Judith is quite right in the stand she is taking, and," again he bowed, "I admire Judith for it."

"You have always approved of woman's suffrage," grumbled Mrs. Hale, as she rose and led the way down the aisle to the entrance to the dining room. "But take a word of advice from an older woman, Judith; it is not the wife who asserts her independence who gains her wishes, it is she who concedes the little things of life who controls the big issues. To rule, a woman must never show she rules."

She paused to speak a complimentary word to the major-domo, and Judith, striding ahead down the short staircase, discovered that Latimer was keeping step with her. Before he could voice his thoughts, she had formulated her line of action.

"If you have any stock deals," she said in an undertone, "do tip me off. Hush, not a word; I don't wish mother to know I am playing the market, and here she comes."

His ideas in a whirl, Latimer assisted them into their limousine just as a touring car drove up to the curb and stopped with a grinding of brakes which echoed down the street. A second more and John Hale had flung himself out of the car and dashed over to the limousine. A rapid survey showed him the only occupants of the car were Mrs. Hale and Judith.

"Where have you left Polly?" he demanded.

"Left her?" Mrs. Hale's voice showed her astonishment. "Nowhere. Polly has not been with us."

"Not with you?" Her brother-in-law stared at her. "Didn't she dine with you?"

"She did not," tartly. "What gave you that impression?"

"Mrs. Davis told me that Polly telephoned she was with you." Hale turned almost savagely toward Judith. "Where is she?"

"I do not know." Judith eyed him in wonderment; it was not often that she saw him discomposed in manner. He moved slightly and the light from the limousine's lamps showed his features more clearly. "Surely, uncle John, you are not worried about her whereabouts?"

John Hale passed a nervous hand over his chin. "Polly was to dine with me," he explained. "I waited at her home, and finally her mother returned from dining with a neighbor and gave me Polly's message. I remembered you were to dine here, so chased you up. You are sure you don't know where she is?"

"Of course we don't," chimed in Mrs. Hale. "Bless me, John, why worry? Polly is quite old enough to take care of herself, and she is not likely to get lost in Washington."

"Lost? Of course not," with rough emphasis. "I have a message for Polly which must be delivered. Have you any idea where she is dining, Judith?"

Judith thought a moment before replying. "Possibly she may be with the Wards in Chevy Chase," she suggested. "I recall Polly had a telephone talk with Kate this afternoon."

"Thanks." John Hale swung around and caught Latimer by the shoulder; until that moment he had ignored the presence of the little stockbroker.

"Drive out to Chevy Chase, Frank,"

he urged. "Come, man, don't keep me waiting," and not heeding Latimer's remonstrances he hurried him toward his car; then as the latter hung back with the reiterated statement that he had an important business engagement, he interrupted him with an oath.

"Cut it out, Frank!" John Hale spoke between clenched teeth. "I'll explain later; jump in." And only waiting for Latimer to do so, he climbed in behind the wheel and, turning the car up Connecticut Avenue, he speeded her along that thoroughfare.

Latimer rode in perturbed silence, occasionally stealing a glance now and then at his companion's set, stern features; he had followed John Hale in his college days with doglike fidelity and the habit had clung through their years of faithful friendship. As the car left the city limits behind and tore along the road leading to the fashionable suburb of Chevy Chase, Latimer broke the protracted silence.

"What's to pay, John?" he asked.

John Hale waited until they had overtaken a trolley, then slowed down the car's speed.

"Heaven knows!" he responded, and his voice was not quite steady. "Frank, I—I'm miserable—miserable," and Frank, after one glance at his face, forbore to question further.

Mrs. Hale, from the window of her limousine, watched John Hale's abrupt departure with astonishment not unmixed with resentment.

"Upon my word, Judith, your uncle grows more impossible every day," she remarked, and meeting with no comment from her daughter she picked up the speaking tube and called to her chauffeur, "Home."

On reaching there Mrs. Hale changed her mind with characteristic suddenness.

"I'll run down to the club and pick up your father," she said, and hopped back into the limousine. "I remember now that he left word we were to call for him. Won't you come, Judith?"

Judith, halfway up the steps leading to the front door, shook her head.

"No, thanks, mother. I have several letters to write," and with a wave of her hand she hurried inside the house. Maud, who had waited in some uncertainty until she saw the limousine drive off with Mrs. Hale seated in it, closed the front door.

"Can I do anything for you, Mrs. Richards?" she asked, as Judith paused to look at several notes lying on the hall table; none were addressed to her, and she laid them back again unopened.

"No, Maud, not a thing," she replied. "Has Major Richards returned?"

"Not yet, ma'am," Maud, catching a furtive look at herself in the long mirror on the wall, rearranged her cap to a more becoming angle. "Is it too early to take your pitcher of ice water to your boudoir, ma'am? Anna said you had one generally."

"It is not too early," Judith turned toward the circular staircase. "How is Anna?"

"Much better, ma'am; she practiced walking around after dinner and got on first rate," Maud lingered a moment, "not but what I warned her to be careful; 'tain't any use of taking chances with a banged-up ankle."

"True," agreed Judith absently, and unloosening her coat she went upstairs. Instead of going at once to her boudoir she hurried down the hall to her father's den, and as she entered it Polly Davis looked up from the manuscript she was copying and stopped her machine.

"You—here!" Judith halted abruptly.

"Yes." Polly pushed her chair away from the typewriter. "Why not?" The question was put with studied insolence and Judith's eyes widened. "I am working on your father's manuscript."

"But at this hour——"

"I am working overtime." Polly flipped a note in her direction. "Your father here asks me to give him 'additional service,'" she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Any objections?"

"Objections? No." Judith's manner retained its old friendliness, and she ignored the girl's manifest hostility.

"Then why question my presence here?"

"I do not question your right to be here." Judith chose a chair near Polly. "I have just seen uncle John——"

"Well?" as Judith stopped.

"Uncle John was told by your mother that you were dining with us——"

"Pardon me," Polly's interruption was curtly spoken, although the words chosen were politeness itself. "Mr. Hale was informed that I was with you."

"But you were not——"

"In one sense, yes; in another I am with you while working in this household," again Polly shrugged her shoulders. "Of course I am not responsible for whatever interpretation you and he put on my message to my mother."

Judith regarded her for a moment in silence.

"What is your object in splitting straws?" she inquired. "Wait—uncle John understood you were to dine with him, then thought you were with us, and he now believes you are with the Wards in Chevy Chase and is motoring there, and—on returning home I find you here."

"Your uncle asked me to dine with him, but I never accepted his invitation," replied Polly. "Frankly, I preferred to wait here and see you."

"Why didn't you tell me, Polly, and I would have remained at home," exclaimed Judith. "Have you had any dinner?" with a hasty glance about in quest of a tray.

"I dined at the Pastry Shop," Polly leaned back in her chair and watched Judith. "I asked for you before I left this afternoon, but you had not returned from your drive, and so I came back an hour ago. What was your object in writing this note?" and leaning forward Polly placed Judith's note and check in her lap.

Judith did not touch the papers.

"The note is self-explanatory," she stated. "I hope the vacation will restore your health."

"My health is quite robust, thank you," dryly. "Let us have done with camouflage, Judith, and be honest with each other. What is your object in wishing to get rid of me?"

"I have no such desire."

Polly's lip curled in scorn. "You wish to get me away from Washington, away from this house," she charged. "Why?"

The two girls contemplated each other, but while Judith was pale, a feverish color heightened the sparkle in Polly's overbright eyes. When Judith spoke it was with deliberation.

"I suggested that you go on a vacation," she said, "for your own good."

"Indeed!" Polly's laugh ended in a sneer. "Are you quite sure your consideration is not misdirected?"

"Quite sure." Judith's temper was gaining the upper hand in spite of her endeavor to keep it under control. "Once before you ignored my advice, with what results you know," she paused. "Austin's death——"

"Well?" Polly leaned forward, both hands on the arms of her chair.

Instead of completing her sentence Judith placed the note and her check on Polly's typewriter.

"You had better arrange to leave tomorrow," she said softly.

"I won't." Polly's voice rang out clearly. "I don't know whom you are trying to shield, but you shan't drive me away; you shan't—you shan't!"

"Polly," Judith's manner compelled the hysterical girl to gain some hold on

the remnant of her self-control. "You have forced this scene; I have tried to avoid it by supplying you with a way out," she pointed to the check. "I was the first to find Austin's body——"

"Ah! You admit it——" Polly's voice rose almost to a scream. "Why haven't you told that to the police?"

"Because of my desire to shield you," calmly.

"To shield me!" Polly half rose, resting her weight on the arm of her chair.

"Exactly." Judith stood up and pulled her coat about her shoulders. "In addition to my silence, I took from Austin's body a trinket——"

"Yes, go on." Polly watched her, fascinated, as she took a step toward the door.

"Your conduct to-night forces me to use a threat." Judith spoke in a monotone, and slowly the color ebbed from Polly's cheeks. "Unless you leave Washington within twenty-four hours I shall give the trinket to the police."

"What——" Polly moistened her parched lips. "What is the trinket?"

"A Mispah locket. Good night," and without a backward glance Judith hurried away.

CHAPTER XII.

THE THEFT.

JUDITH had not inherited her mother's fondness for being waited upon, and therefore she had never acquired a personal maid. After her interview with Polly she had gone immediately to her bedroom, and it required but a brief time to put away her coat and scarf. In removing the latter from around her neck, its delicate mesh caught in the diamond horseshoe pin, her only ornament, which she wore in the front of her evening dress. In striving to free the scarf she discovered to her dismay that one of the diamonds was missing from the horseshoe.

The pin had been her husband's wedding gift. Throwing down the scarf Judith bent anxiously and peered at the carpet, but it was difficult to see so small an object against its soft coloring, and dropping to her knees she felt about until her fingers touched a hard substance. A look at it disclosed the missing diamond, and with an exclamation of pleasure and relief Judith rose, folded the stone in a piece of tissue paper and placed it with the diamond pin in her jewelry box. In doing so she caught sight of a gold locket safely ensconced in the bottom of the box under several bracelets and chains. Judith considered the locket gravely, then closed and locked the jewelry box just as her name was called in the boudoir. With heightened color she hastened across the bedroom and joined her husband.

"I did not hear you enter, Joe," she said quickly, as he held out both hands to her. "How does it happen that you returned so early? I thought you planned to run in and see Doctor McLane about that troublesome cough of yours?"

"Oh, that can wait until morning," lightly. "I came back to be with you," he placed a morris chair for her before the hearth, where a coal fire burned fitfully, and perched himself on the chair's broad mahogany arm. "I haven't seen you alone to-day," and his voice was tinged with reproach.

Judith slipped a hand inside his. "I did not mean to neglect you," she said. "But mother and certain business matters claimed a lot of attention. Why," turning her head as it rested against the cushion of the high-backed chair, "why did you volunteer to dine with father at the club and not come with us to Rauscher's?"

"It was your mother's plan, not mine," Richards laughed softly. "My first impressions of your mother have radically changed."

"In what way?"

"I thought her all fuss and feathers, but underneath it she has a will of iron," and Richards' smile grew rueful. "Does your father ever oppose her wishes?"

It was Judith's turn to smile. "Not if he can help it," she admitted. "Father is something of a diplomat as far as mother is concerned. Perhaps you have noticed it."

"Yes." Richards stared into the fire; he had become grave. "Somehow, dearest, I do not believe your father likes me; oh, he's been polite enough," as she was about to speak. "But there is something in his manner, well," with another rueful smile, "it couldn't by any stretch of the imagination be termed cordial at any time, and lately"—he hesitated—"the dislike is more apparent."

Judith's pretty color, which had come when she found him waiting for her in the boudoir, had waned. "Lately?" she queried. "Do you mean within the last few days?"

"Yes; to be exact, since Austin Hale's mur—death," he caught himself up. "Don't mind, darling," observing the shadows which had gathered in her eyes. "I am sorry I mentioned the subject. Your father, like the rest of us, is upset by the tragedy—we will all return to normal when the mystery is solved."

"When?" Judith contemplated her well-fitting suede slipper and the embroidered silk stocking just peeping beneath her skirt. "Have the police advanced any new theories?"

"Only that the crime was premeditated."

Judith looked up. "Premeditated? Then some one must have known of Austin's plan to come here Tuesday night." She drew in her breath sharply. "Some bitter enemy." She again looked directly up at Richards and found him gazing in the fire. "What is your theory?"

"My theory? I hardly knew—know anything of Austin; therefore it is difficult for me to form a theory." Judith took silent note of his quickly covered confusion, and her hand, still resting in his, moved uneasily. "Was Austin the type of man to have an implacable enemy?"

"N-no." Judith drawled out the word. "He sometimes had a nasty way of speaking, which used to annoy uncle John; but he was generally very agreeable, and some people found him fascinating."

"Meaning women?" Judith did not at once reply and Richards' eyes narrowed. "You think that Austin was killed on impulse?"

"So it appears to me," she confessed and suppressed a shudder.

There was a brief silence, then Richards roused himself. "I agree with you," he said. "The nature of the weapon used proves that."

"The shears," Judith glanced up and then looked quickly away. "You think Austin was stabbed with the shears?"

"Evidently, for there was no other weapon——"

"No other weapon has been found," Judith corrected him softly. "The murderer may have carried it off with him."

"True," acknowledged Richards, "but then how came the shears to be stained? For what purpose were they used?"

Judith's breathing seemed suspended for an infinitesimal second, and several minutes elapsed before she spoke.

"I am not good at solving problems," she twirled his seal ring, which she had given him, about on his finger. "Have you heard uncle John's theory that Austin was killed by a burglar?"

Richards regarded her fixedly for a minute. "Is that so?" he exclaimed. "And what leads him to suspect a burglar?"

"Austin's gold watch is missing." Judith felt his arm slip down about her shoulders and his weight rested

against the cushioned back of her chair. "Also, father found some papers missing from his safe."

"He did? When?" The question shot from Richards.

"Some time Thursday; I don't know exactly when." Judith caught his intent gaze, and while her heart beat a bit more rapidly, she continued to look directly at him.

"Has he notified the police?"

"I presume so; he was talking to Detective Ferguson yesterday just before dinner." Judith's voice sounded a trifle strained in her own ears, but apparently Richards took no notice; his gaze had shifted again to the fireplace.

"When Mr. Hale first examined the safe he declared that its contents was intact," he remarked. "Your news is surprising, Judith; it may be that poor Austin found a burglar rifling the safe and was killed by him; it is a reasonable hypothesis in the light of your father's discovery. You said something else was missing."

"Yes, Austin's watch. It was a valuable heirloom inherited from his grandfather, and he always carried it with him. The watch has not been found either on his body or in his room."

"But, Judith, it may be among his effects in New York," Richards suggested. "Your mother told me that he had quarters at the Yale Club and kept a trunk there."

Judith shook her head. "Uncle John talked to the steward of the club on the long-distance telephone, and a search was made, but the watch could not be found." Abruptly she changed the subject. "Will you please hand me a glass of water, Joe?"

Richards had started for the door when she called him back. "Don't go downstairs, the ice water is here." She looked about the boudoir. "There, Maud put it over by the bedroom door."

Richards filled a glass for her and replacing it a moment later on the table, he poured out a glass for himself and almost gulped it down. Crossing the room he again seated himself on the arm of Judith's chair.

"Judith," he began, "a strange thing happened to-day, and I want to tell you about it."

"Yes, dear," she prompted gently, as he paused. "Go on."

But Richards evidently found some difficulty in continuing, for several seconds elapsed before he spoke again.

"The treasurer of the Metropolis Bank called me up this afternoon and asked me to stop in and see him," he went on. "And when I reached the bank I was informed that ten thousand dollars had been placed to my credit."

"Good gracious!" Judith clapped her hands. "Why, Joe!"

"Exactly—why?" dryly. "Why should any one do such a thing? I have no near relatives, no one under obligation to me, and so I told the bank treasurer, but he refused to disclose the donor's name or by whose authority the bank had acted. He did assure me that it was perfectly proper for me to use the money, stating that it was a gift without a string tied to it and the money was legally mine."

"But that is splendid!" exclaimed Judith. "Are you elated?"

"No, only puzzled," Richard admitted slowly. "I have racked my brain, Judith, to find out where that money could have come from, and——" He held her close to him, his eyes scanning her face. "Did you give it to me?"

Slowly her eyes fell before his ardent look and a telltale blush mantled her cheeks.

"Yes," she murmured, and for a second clung to him, then pushed him gently from her. Suddenly he raised her hands and kissed them impulsively.

"Judith," he steadied his voice before continuing. "I can never thank you,

never; therefore it is all the harder to tell you that I cannot take your money."

"But you must!" she exclaimed in alarm. "Dear, I am wealthy in my own right, and this money is some I had lying idle in savings banks. It is no sacrifice for me to give it to you."

"I would like to think it was," he murmured wistfully. "Tell me, dearest, what put it into your head to make me so generous a present?"

"I—eh——" Judith's native honesty would not permit an evasion. "I heard that you had met with reverses in business, Joe."

Richards looked at her long and intently. "You heard?" he repeated. "Where?"

Judith raised a protesting finger. "'Ask me no questions,'" she quoted, "you know the old saw, Joe," and before he had time to frame another question, she asked reproachfully: "Why did you not come to me at once, Joe? I would gladly have helped."

A dull red flush mounted almost to Richards' forehead and he averted his eyes from her direct gaze.

"I can't borrow from a woman, Judith—even the very best and dearest woman in the world," he confessed. "Keep your money, sweetheart; my financial embarrassment was only temporary, but"—his voice deepened with emotion—"I prize your loyalty above all earthly things. Judith, I shall strive to be worthy of you," and dropping on one knee he kissed her hand with fervor.

Judith saw his shapely head and fine features through a mist of tears. Her faith in him should stand all tests; in spite of what she had learned of the stolen stocks, he must be innocent—he was worthy of her trust, her love.

The clock had ticked away fully an hour when Judith awoke to the time.

"It is almost midnight," she exclaimed reproachfully and rose in haste. As she walked across the boudoir her attention was attracted by a package of addressed and stamped envelopes. "Oh, I forgot to give these to Maud to mail first thing in the morning, and they are important——"

"Let me have them." Richards snatched them up. "There is a post box in front of the house; I'll be right back," and he hastened down the hall to the circular staircase.

Not waiting to lower any of the lights, Judith went into her bedroom and started to undress. It took but a moment to slip on her wrapper, and she was about to comb her hair when the disorderly appearance of her dressing table startled her. Her display of toilet articles was tossed hither and yon.

Judith's hand sought her jewelry box; the key was already turned in the lock. Tossing back the lid she gazed inside—the box was empty.

A half-strangled cry escaped from her white lips, and Richards heard it as he entered the boudoir; a second more and he was by her side.

"See, my jewels, they are gone," she gasped. "Your horseshoe, even, Joe."

"Hush, my darling. I'll find it or get you another." Alarmed by her pallor, he picked up a bottle of smelling salts which stood on the dressing table and held it open before her. "I will replace the jewelry."

"You can't replace the locket——"

"The locket!" Richards changed color. "Have you lost the locket?"

In her agitation she failed to catch his question.

"My jewelry was here, every piece, and the locket when I went in to speak to you, Joe," she declared. "I added the horseshoe just before you called me."

Richards gazed at her in dumfounded silence. "What is that?" he asked. "You left your jewelry in that box when you came in to talk to me in the boudoir a little while ago?"

"Yes; I can swear to it."

Richards sped to the closet door and flung it open; only wearing apparel rewarded his search; a glance at the windows showed that they were closed and locked on the inside; the bathroom and dressing room beyond were empty—convinced of that he turned back to Judith who had sunk into the chair before the dressing table.

"Was any one with you in this room?" he asked.

"No, I was alone." Judith passed her hand dazedly before her eyes, then again inspected the empty box. "Every piece of jewelry is gone," she stated, "and the box was full two hours ago."

"Are you sure, Judith?"

"Absolutely certain—the jewelry was stolen within the last two hours."

Richards looked first at her and then at the empty box.

"How can that be?" he asked. "There is no entrance to this bedroom except through the boudoir—and you and I, Judith, have been in the boudoir for the past two hours."

CHAPTER XIII.

"MISPAH."

DETECTIVE FERGUSON completed his tour of the suite of three rooms and bath which Judith and her husband occupied and took up his station in the boudoir. He was followed into the room an instant later by Judith, who watched him inspect her empty jewelry box with the aid of a magnifying glass. Quickly he made his test for finger prints, and she judged from the negative shake of his head and his puzzled frown that the results were barren.

"About what hour did the robbery occur last night?"

Judith started at the abrupt question, for Ferguson, recalling her deafness and forgetful of the cleverly concealed ear phone which she wore continually, raised his voice almost to a bellow.

"It must have been between half past nine and eleven-thirty last night," she answered. "You need not speak so loudly, Mr. Ferguson, I can hear quite well if you use your ordinary tone."

"Beg pardon, I'm sure," and Ferguson sunk his voice to its normal pitch. "When did you last see your jewelry?"

"Just after taking off my wraps upon my return from dining at Rauscher's," Judith explained. "I opened the box to put away the diamond horseshoe pin which I had been wearing."

"And your other jewelry was then in the box?"

"Yes."

"Where were you between half past nine and eleven-thirty?"

"Here, in this boudoir."

"Any one with you?"

"My husband, Major Richards."

"Any one else?"

"No."

Ferguson blinked at her solemnly for a minute, then rising, stepped to the bedroom door and glanced inside.

"This is the only entrance to your bedroom," he remarked, turning to the silent girl. "How could a thief enter your room while you and your husband were here and you remain unaware of it?"

"I am sure I don't know." Judith shook her head in bewilderment. "I lay awake nearly all night puzzling over the enigma."

Ferguson surveyed the boudoir from ever angle before again addressing her.

"Where were you sitting?" he inquired.

Judith crossed the boudoir toward the fireplace and wheeled the morris chair forward until it stood in the exact spot of the night before."

"I sat here," she explained. "And my husband was perched on the chair arm."

Ferguson walked over and sat down in the chair.

"I presume you and Major Richards were absorbed in conversation," he grumbled, and not giving her an opportunity to answer, continued: "But you both had a good view of the boudoir door leading into the hall, through which every one has to enter. Any one entering last night would have had to come directly in your line of vision. Was the door open or closed?"

"Open."

"All the way open?" he persisted.

"The door stood just as it is now," declared Judith, after studying it a moment. A look outside convinced Ferguson that a person in the hall would be unable to see what was happening in the boudoir, at the angle at which the door stood ajar.

"A person could enter without having to push it farther open," he announced. "Does the door squeak?" Springing to his feet he answered his own question by moving the door to and fro. "Nary a squeak," he commented, and drawing out his memorandum book sat down near Judith. "Now, madam, was it your custom to keep the jewelry box on your dressing table?"

"When I was in my bedroom or in here, yes!" replied Judith. "At other times I kept it in the drawer of my bureau."

"Was the key in the lock of the box?"

"Yes." Observing his smile, Judith frowned. "I do not usually leave the key in the lock, but my husband called to me and I joined him here, leaving the box standing on my dressing table."

"I see." Ferguson stared reflectively at her for a few seconds. "Ever had anything stolen before?"

"Never any jewelry," Judith spoke with unusual rapidity. "Nor any money," she added.

Ferguson pursed his lips together and tapped them with his pencil.

"Odd!" he exclaimed. "Were the servants aware that you had this jewelry box?"

"They may have been; for while I do not have a personal maid, Anna, the waitress, and Maud sometimes assist me in dressing for evening entertainments." Judith wondered when Ferguson would go; she desired most heartily to be alone and thresh out her problems by herself. At Richards' earnest solicitation she had notified police headquarters of the robbery and Detective Ferguson had been detailed to investigate it. "It is probably that both the girls have seen the jewelry box on my dressing table," she added after a brief pause.

"Where were the servants last night?"

"Anna was in her bedroom suffering from a sprained ankle." Judith's foot was keeping up an incessant tattoo. "Maud let me in; after that I did not see her again. They have both been here for years and are excellent servants—they are English."

Ferguson made a slight grimace. "That Maud is a nice she devil," he exclaimed, below his breath; Maud's scathing remarks about the inefficiency of the detective force in general and Ferguson in particular still rankled. "I'd like to"—he checked himself and again addressed Judith.

"How much approximately was your jewelry worth, Mrs. Richards?"

Judith took a paper from her mesh bag. "Here is a list of the articles in the jewelry box," she explained. "Major Richards suggested that I prepare it for you."

"That's fine." Ferguson reached eagerly for the paper and scanned the items with increasing interest. "I see you estimate the jewelry at forty-five hundred dollars," he remarked. "A pretty haul for any thief. Fortunately your initials are on every piece." running his eye down the list in which Judith had inserted a minute descrip-

tion of the jewelry. "Hold on, here's one item, a locket—with nothing checked against it—has the locket any distinguishing mark?"

Footsteps behind Judith caused her to whirl around and she saw Richards stop behind her chair.

"I couldn't get away any sooner," he explained. "Your mother detained me in the dining room. Good morning, Ferguson; has my wife told you of the disappearance of her jewelry?"

"Yes, major, and I was just asking her for details to aid in identifying it at the pawnshops," Ferguson again referred to the list he was holding. "What about that locket, Mrs. Richards?"

Judith closed her mesh bag with a snap, and the quick tilt upward of her chin indicated to Richards, who had grown to know each mood and tense, that she had reached a sudden decision.

"The locket bore the word "Mispah,' in raised lettering," she stated. "It is insignificant in appearance."

"Do you attach any particular value to it?" questioned Ferguson.

"No money value," she responded quietly, and the detective looked sharply at her.

"I see; you mean it is a trinket of importance from sentiment only," he commented.

It was Major Richards who answered and not his wife. "You've hit it," he laughed. "I presume Mrs. Richards values the locket more highly than rubies."

Judith looked at him oddly before turning to the detective. "I have a request to make of you, Mr. Ferguson," she began, without preface. "It is that you make no mention of the loss of my jewelry to any one. I am convinced that if we conduct the search in secrecy, the thief will betray himself."

Ferguson stroked his cheek thoughtfully. "I don't like the idea," he objected. "I am a believer in publicity myself."

"You have had plenty of publicity in the Austin Hale case," Richards pointed out dryly. "I cannot see that it has advanced you very far."

Ferguson reddened. "We haven't told the public all we know," he admitted. "There are a few cards up our sleeve."

"For instance?" and Richards' smile was tantalizing.

"As to the nature of Hale's wound" —the detective paused abruptly; "but that will come out in the medical evidence at the inquest."

"And when will the inquest be held?" demanded Richards.

"When we lay our hands on a material witness necessary before we can present the case." Ferguson spoke with provoking slowness. "You will learn all the facts in good time, major; at present certain clews cannot be divulged."

"I thought you were an advocate of publicity," Richards remarked, and again Ferguson flushed.

"You've got me," he acknowledged with a show of good nature. "All right, Mrs. Richards, I'll conduct this investigation as quietly as possible. But how are you going to prevent your family knowing that you have lost your jewelry? Won't they comment when you don't wear it?"

"If they do I shall say that I have put it in my safe-deposit box," was Judith's ready response. "My father has frequently urged me to do so in the past, and with Austin's death and the theft of his watch, what more likely than that I should place my jewelry in a safe place."

Ferguson nodded his approval. "That is a wise argument," he said. "No one can dispute it. Now, about Mr. Hale's watch," he turned back the pages of his memorandum book until he came to a certain entry. "Can you describe it?"

"In a general way," Judith spoke

with some hesitation. "I have seen the watch often, but I am not very observant."

Ferguson considered her for some seconds in silence; he disagreed with her statement—Judith, in his opinion, was not the heedless type; her detailed description of her jewelry, safely tucked away in his pocket, proved that.

"What was the watch like, Mrs. Richards?" he asked for the second time.

"It was an antique, made before the Revolution, so family tradition has it," she stated. "An open-faced watch, wound with a key, and the dial has an American eagle beautifully etched upon it."

Ferguson took down her words, closed his note book, and rose.

"I am greatly obliged," he said. "It should not be difficult to trace young Hale's watch and also your jewelry if the thief tries to dispose of it. But that," he stared at her, "presupposes it was the work of an ordinary thief."

"And what leads you to think otherwise?" asked Judith swiftly.

Ferguson took several steps toward the door and hesitated. "Your jewelry was stolen by some one familiar with your habits and familiar with the arrangement of these rooms," he stated gravely. "There is no possible way of entering your bedroom save through this boudoir, as all your windows were found locked on the inside. How the thief stole by you and your husband unobserved while you sat here we have yet to discover, but, take it from me, the thief was a member of this household. Good morning," and not pausing for reply the detective vanished.

"A member of this household," repeated Richards thoughtfully. "Judith, have you no suspicion—no clew?" and his eyes searched her face anxiously.

Judith leaned back in her chair, and gradually her tense muscles relaxed.

"I have no clew," she replied. "But—tell me, when you got that glass of water for me, did you glance at all into our bedroom?"

Richards pressed down the tobacco in his pipe and hunted through his pockets for a match.

"Did I look into our bedroom?" he asked. "I may have, but I can't swear to it."

To be continued in the next issue of DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE, out on Tuesday, November 9th. Do not forget that, as the magazine is published every week, you will not have long to wait for the next installment of this exciting serial.

CONSCIENCE CAUSED MAN TO REFUSE PARDON

THREE times "Uncle" Billie Edwards, who is seventy years old, refused to accept a pardon from the governor of Texas, and continued to serve sentence in the State penitentiary for a murder committed years ago. He felt, he said, that he had not fully atoned for his crime and that, until he had done so, he ought to remain in the prison to which the State had sentenced him for a thirty-five year term.

At the end of ten years, on his seventieth birthday, a pardon was offered him for the fourth time, and the old man, after thinking the matter over carefully and praying about it, decided that he had atoned fully for the killing. So he accepted the pardon and returned to his home in Callahan County. During his imprisonment oil was discovered on his land, and he is now a wealthy man.

Merely Fellow Boarders

by Frederick Ames Coates

Author of "The Welcome Lie," etc.

AS Mrs. Jenney was bustling about the dining room of the St. Botolph Street house which was at once her home and her stock in trade her movements were much more energetic than those of Hannah, the stolid maid, whose efforts she was directing; yet they did not preclude her thinking about her boarders.

She had only two—two, that *is*, who took meals in her dining room, though she had a number of other lodgers. And Mrs. Jenney concluded that taking boarders was a poor business at best.

"Eating at the same table is different from only rooming in the same house. Why, some of the roomers I hardly know myself; I rarely see them, except weekly when they pay me their rent. But boarders! Three times a day for a half hour or more——"

The strange part of it was that either of them was pleasant enough, in her way. Mrs. Carney, indeed, was the soul of cheerfulness, of unruffling good humor; but——

Yes, it must be mainly the fault of Miss Arnold, the strained atmosphere that enveloped the table at breakfast, dinner, and supper, except on such occasions when one of the ladies was absent. There was no denying that Alison Arnold was rather haughty and aloof—one of those naturally conservative women to whom has been added a pride of place and family that is quite artificial.

"Yet they must be both about the same age—about thirty-eight or forty. And they both seem to have plenty of money, at least for their simple style of living. Miss Arnold hasn't ever been haughty with me, either—always polite and friendly, if rather distant. And now there's this invitation to go to the theater with her to-night: the fact that she asked me shows her friendly intention. Her coldness is just habit, I suppose. And Mrs. Carney—well, of course——"

Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Alison Arnold by the front door. Mrs. Jenney, going to see who it was, stopped in the hall to speak to her. "Home, Miss Arnold? I hope that you've not tired yourself out walking. Going to the theater is quite an undertaking for a pair of such quiet, middle-aged ladies as we are."

"No," responded Miss Arnold. "I've only been down on Tremont Street doing a bit of shopping. I walked home from there. By the way, I saw our table companion, Mrs. Carney, while I was out."

"You did? Where?"

Miss Arnold shrugged. "In the public garden—with a man. She didn't see me."

"I wonder——" Mrs. Jenney stopped. She was not prone to gossip, and, besides, in a landlady it is not the best of business.

"Yes?"

Mrs. Jenney hesitated. "A gentleman called here to ask for her early this afternoon—soon after you went out, in fact. I was only wondering if he was the same. Hannah says he had heavy black sidewhiskers and beard—quite distinguished-looking, in a way."

"Evidently the same, then. They were talking in a very friendly way when I saw them. To think of Mrs. Carney—well, she's been married and ought to know what she's doing. I suppose, too, that you're in the same situation, Mrs. Jenney. As for me—well, I've had enough of men—of one man in particular—and, fortunately, I learned wisdom in time, before I married him. But at her age! Just like a silly girl."

Mrs. Jenney made no comment. She had been rather preoccupied during the latter part of the conversation, and not entirely with thoughts of dinner. From the front parlor, into which they had stepped, she had heard the street door open; and she had a vague premonition that it was Mrs. Carney herself who had entered and that the lady might be listening in the hall to the frank discussion of her affairs which the portières would not shut out. The landlady was, therefore, much relieved when Miss Arnold stepped into the hall, disclosing it empty. "I'm going up now to dress for dinner," she said.

Mrs. Jenney returned to the dining room to put the finishing touches on the table.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "Those two! It's things like that which make it a burden to cater to boarders. And each one so nice in her own way, too. I'm sure that I could get along with either, alone, without the slightest friction. I don't care; Mary Carney is pleasant and affable, always; and that's more than I can say about the superior Miss Arnold!"

At the dinner table, not long afterward, Mrs. Carney proved the truth of her landlady's estimate of her. She plumped herself awkwardly into her chair, picked up her napkin, and beamed ruddily at the two other women.

"My! Wasn't it a lovely afternoon, ladies! Too good to waste indoors at a matinée, as I did. I declare, if I'd planned to go for a walk or a ride, though, it would probably have rained. It always does, in Boston!" She smiled, with twinkling eyes, as if to assure the others that she was indulging in an obvious hyperbole. No real Bostonian minds the weather, and, besides, it is not the fault of the city or of its denizens.

Mrs. Jenney spoke. "A gentleman called to see you after you had gone: a tall man with a dark beard, Hannah says. He didn't leave his name."

"My! Isn't it too bad I missed him!" Mary Carney said. "A gentleman caller—and they're none too common with me, as you know, Mrs. Jenney; and I missed him! Well, maybe he'll call again."

"You spent the afternoon at the theater, you say?" inquired Miss Arnold with a meaning glance at Mrs. Jenney.

"Yes. The show wasn't none too good, either. Not near so good, they say, as the one you two are going to tonight. You are going, ain't you?"

Alison Arnold's face assumed the pained look that she always put on when afflicted by her fellow boarder's atrocious grammar. The landlady undertook to reply.

"Yes. We're leaving about quarter after seven. I'm afraid we'll have to hurry, as it is."

Mrs. Carney ate rapidly, chattering breezily as she did so, and smiting Miss Arnold's sensitive ear with many grammatical slips and expressions that are not current in the very best society. She appeared quite oblivious to the other's frosty air. Indeed, she had had plenty of time to become habituated to it, for it was nothing new to this occasion. Refusing dessert, she pushed back her

chair and excused herself. "I ought to rest up after my afternoon's dissipation, but, instead, I'm going out again to a theater. Have a good time at the show, girls!"

Scarcely had she disappeared through the doorway when Miss Arnold turned to Mrs. Jenney with a shrug. "So common! I sometimes wonder why fate gives money to such people to lift them above their proper sphere. She has the speech and manners of a servant girl. Why, in my father's house we had servants just like her. And yet here she is, mingling with—well, I can't bring myself to treat her as an equal, as a lady; and why should I? After all, we're merely fellow boarders; our association need go no further than that."

Mrs. Jenney was really pained; and, in spite of her ingrained habit of diplomacy, she was about to offer a remonstrance when Alison Arnold spoke again.

"And did you notice the deliberate untruth she told us? About being at the matinée and not seeing the man who called here? When I saw her with my own eyes!"

Mrs. Jenney had noticed it, but had wisely concluded that it was none of her business. She tried to divert the conversation into other channels, and with valid psychology turned Miss Arnold's thoughts to herself.

"Perhaps her experience with men has been not so disappointing as yours. I'm sure mine has not. You must have had very good reason for your opinion of the other sex."

Miss Arnold's mouth tightened. "I have. I was engaged once, while father was alive—I think I've told you that before. He was a very dashing young man, to my girlish imagination; his very name was romantic. Bradbury, I think it was—yes, Carl Bradbury. And the wedding was only two weeks off, when—well, I came upon him at a secluded spot in our grounds, kissing—yes, actually kissing one of the servants! Of course, that ended it—though poor father tried his best to patch matters up, for some unknown reason. But I proved wiser, for the man turned out to be no good in other respects, as well. He disappeared, and it was then learned that he had embezzled from the firm that employed him, in the hope of being able to square up, after his marriage, with my money!" She stopped suddenly; never before had she become so confidential with Mrs. Jenney, or with any one else, for that matter.

"I don't know why I've told you this; but at any rate, you can see that I have no great reason for trusting the men."

The landlady rose and switched on the lights.

"If you'll excuse me, I won't sit down again. I have a lot of instructions to give Hannah, and then I must get ready to go. I'll wait for you in the front parlor after I'm dressed. By seven-fifteen at the latest." And she disappeared into the kitchen.

Promptly on time she was waiting in the front room when Alison Arnold appeared.

Mrs. Jenney rose and picked up her coat.

The other advanced into the room with her fingers on her lips.

"Oh, I'm terribly upset, Mrs. Jenney!"she said in a whisper. "I don't know what to think! Would you mind very much if we were not to go, after all?"

Mrs. Jenney, who was not looking forward to an evening of undiluated enjoyment with her rather caustic boarder, did not greatly mind forgoing the expedition.

"But why?" she asked. "What has upset you?"

"That Carney woman. She must have come in, before dinner, while you and I were talking in here."

Mrs. Jenney nodded. Had Mrs. Car-

ney heard—and had she confronted her fellow boarder with what she had gleaned by eavesdropping? That seemed unlike her.

"At any rate, when I went upstairs I saw her in the hall—at my end of the hall, as if she'd been in my room. Her own is on the other side of the stairs. Of course, I paid no attention to it at the time—though she acted rather furtive. But just now, when I opened my desk to get the tickets, I found that it had been tampered with."

"What!" cried the landlady. "Why, that's absurd!"

"Hush!" warned Miss Arnold. "The papers were disarranged. I'm very methodical, and I'm sure that they were. But, most convincing of all, there's one missing: a stout, thick envelope containing a very important document!"

Mrs. Jenney gasped. "And you think—but surely Mrs. Carney is no thief! You must be mistaken. Are you sure that you had it there—sure that it's not there now? Maybe you mislaid it."

"No. I'm positive. I'm very careful of my papers, and that one was of the utmost importance. And the desk drawer was locked, too—the lock must have been picked."

"But—why, that's a terrible accusation! If it has indeed been stolen, it must be that some one else—some sneak thief—though this house has never been visited by a thief before!" The last was instinctively defensive; a boarding-house mistress cannot be too particular about the reputation of her establishment.

Miss Arnold placed a finger on her lips to command silence. Then she strode into the hall. "Come, Mrs. Jenney," she said loudly, "we'll have to hurry or we'll be late." She opened the front door and slammed it. Then, on tiptoe, she reëntered the parlor and switched out the lights.

She drew a chair near to the landlady's, and addressed her in a whisper.

"I can't help suspecting Mrs. Carney. It's not only that I'm sure I saw her near my room just before dinner, but other things, as well. Why, the manner of her coming here, for one. She came a week after I did, looked at the room you showed her, and took it at once. That's hardly natural. It seems as if she followed me here, with some purpose of her own, and has been waiting her chance. Remember, she's had plenty of chance to observe and to plan. She knew that I was out this afternoon, just as she was so particular to know that you and I were going out this evening. And then that man, to-day—maybe she's plotting something with him, a wholesale robbery. She didn't give you any references when she came, did she?"

"No; but——"

"And she seems always to have enough money. Where does it come from?"

"I've never asked her. But that's no sign. Why, you yourself——"

"That's entirely different," returned Miss Arnold. "Every one knows, or I could put you in touch with plenty of people who do know, that my father was one of the wealthiest men in the western part of the State. And though he suffered some losses before his death, he left me, fortunately, well provided for. But I flatter myself that any one could see that I have been brought up like a lady, that my life has not been a struggle with money worries. But Mrs. Carney—well, I suppose her late husband may have been a prosperous saloon keeper or something equally nice; but I doubt it."

Mrs. Jenney did not at all relish the innuendoes concerning her other boarder, and started to protest. Miss Arnold cut her short.

"Mrs. Carney is going out to-night. What I propose to do is to enter her room and see if my missing property is there. Of course, perhaps it's

her intention to take it with her; she could easily carry it concealed. We'll have to take that risk. At any rate, if it's in her room, we'll find it; and if it isn't, we might come upon something else equally enlightening."

Mrs. Jenney objected strenuously, in whispers, to the bold proposal. "I couldn't! And, anyway, what is this precious document you mention? Unless it's money, how could it be of any value to her? Really, I think that you have a very unjust idea of Mrs. Carney."

"I don't know what it is. Only I do know that it's important. So I can't tell you what value it might have for some one else—for her, for instance."

The landlady remained unconvinced; but, still in whispers, Alison Arnold argued the matter. It seemed quite out of the question that one of her boarders was a thief; yet it seemed equally groundless that the other should have any illegal or unethical motive for searching her fellow boarder's room, particularly since Mrs. Jenney was asked to come along as a sharer in the furtive quest.

The mellow-toned clock in the darkness near them pealed a single stroke.

"Half past seven?" asked Mrs. Jenney of herself. "Mercy, no—it must be half past eight!"

"Don't you see the significance?" asked Miss Arnold. "She said she was going out again—but she hasn't come down yet. And all the theaters have begun some time ago!"

"Perhaps she went out before we came in here," suggested the landlady. "She may have started earlier than we planned to."

"Yes; or she may be still in the house—waiting, knowing that we are out of the way until eleven o'clock or later, to let in that strange man, thinking that they'll have the run of the house to themselves."

The suggestion, following upon the long urging, had its effect on Mrs. Jenney. She wavered.

"At any rate," Miss Arnold continued, "we can easily find out. We can go to her room and knock. If she's there, it won't be a hard matter to explain why we changed our minds about going to the theater, without arousing her suspicion."

Quietly they went up the stairs together. The dim hall light was a sufficient guide to their steps. At the door of Mary Carney's room the landlady rapped lightly, while Alison Arnold stood back in the shadows. There was no response.

Mrs. Jenney turned the knob and the door opened. In the two women went; and not until she had felt her way to the windows to assure herself that the shades were drawn did Miss Arnold reach for the light switch. They were not mistaken; Mrs. Carney had gone out.

The landlady, in coming to the room, had been actuated by a desire to learn if her boarder was in it; she had not intended to acquiesce in Miss Arnold's suggestion of a search. But that lady had already taken the task upon herself, and was industriously pulling out one bureau drawer after another, turning over the articles she found in them in her search for the document she had spoken about.

Before Mrs. Jenney found the words for a diplomatic protest Miss Arnold turned to her in triumph.

"There! I knew it. She didn't even take the trouble to conceal it—it was only tucked under a pile of shirtwaists. No doubt she hoped to get it out of the house before I suspected. And she would have, too, if I hadn't happened to slip the theater tickets into the drawer in my desk where I keep my valuables."

"But—are you sure—that this is yours?"

The other held out the envelope, and

Mrs. Jenney took it and read the superscription. "To be opened by Alison Arnold in case of trouble which threatens her financial security."

"My father's handwriting," explained the woman. "The envelope was given me by his lawyer, after father's death. You see now why I say that I don't know what the document is—because I have never broken the seal."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Jenney, her mind smitten with this proof of Mrs. Carney's guilt, yet still incredulous. "I think I'd have died of curiosity!"

Her boarder smiled in a superior way. "I'm an Arnold, you see; and father knew that he could trust me. It's in the blood."

"But now?" asked the landlady suggestively.

The other, in spite of being an Arnold, avidly seized upon the suggestion. "You think, then—but of course! The very fact that this document was stolen means that some one has something to gain by the theft—and, most naturally, at my expense. Yes, quite obviously the condition mentioned on the envelope has arrived, I think we may assume."

Deliberately, with a slow sort of formality, she tore the end from the manilla container. Mrs. Jenney, curiosity and a score of other emotions struggling within her, looked on. Miss Arnold shook out some folded papers; one of them she picked up and read.

Before she had got very far into it she gave an involuntary gasp and sank limply into a chair. The landlady picked up the letter, which had slipped from her grasp, and spread it on the table. Miss Arnold, recovering herself to some extent, bent over it with eager eyes; and the landlady, for want of a rebuff that might have been easily given, read over her shoulder.

My Dear Alison: Because I love you like a daughter I am taking this means to safeguard you against every possible contingency after I am gone. The fact that makes it necessary is one that will come as a shock to you, and I pray that you may never need to read this. That fact is that you are not really my daughter.

Your mother was always, particularly in the early years of our marriage, of frail health, and for years we had no children. When finally we expected an arrival, she was very happy in planning the future of our child. Her whole heart was wrapped up in it; and since her condition was so critical, I knew that a disappointment would probably be fatal to her.

The baby died a few minutes after birth; and we never told her. Fortunately, a woman by the name of Milligan, who had been a servant in our house before her marriage, also had a baby born a few days later. I persuaded her to let me substitute it for my dead child; and my wife, whom you have always thought of as your mother, never discovered the deception. Nor have I ever enlightened her since then, because she, and I, too, soon became as greatly attached to you as if you were in fact our own flesh and blood.

Mrs. Milligan soon became reconciled to affairs, particularly after other children were born to her. And, of course, I provided well for her and her family.

You can see how impossible it was for me to legally adopt you, without disclosing to my wife the secret which I wanted to keep from her. And when I took thought of making my will, it occurred to me that I could not leave property to you without similarly disclosing your true identity. To get around the difficulty, I have conceived the plan of leaving no known will. In that case you will inherit, as my own daughter, your foster mother, of course, having a life interest in the estate.

But if it should ever leak out that you are not really my daughter, you would be deprived of the inheritance. It is to provide against this contingency that I have executed a secret will, herein inclosed, which leaves my estate to you under the name of Alison Milligan, and which explains the matters which I am setting forth here. I trust that you may never have need to use it, or even to read this. If you do, it will insure that my intention for you to enjoy my property will be carried out legally.

When Mrs. Milligan, your real mother, died some time ago, I thought that the secret was in my sole keeping, her husband having died some time before. But now I am not so sure. Carl Bradbury, to whom you were engaged, had some inkling of the matter, I

think, though he never told me just what his information was; but he used hints at his knowledge to coerce me into favoring his suit. For the sake of your foster mother and yourself, I did not dare to defy him; but I was glad indeed when you rejected him. Later events proved him to be a blackguard.

Your father, in affection if not in reality,
CALVIN ARNOLD.

For several minutes Alison Arnold sat silent, except for a gulping noise in her throat. Mrs. Jenny realized how severe the blow must be to one who had so prided herself on her patrician birth, who had commented so caustically upon people with "the manners of a servant"—to learn that she herself was the daughter of one! For want of words that would carry a true comforting ring, she kept silence, and picked up the other paper. A glance sufficed to show that it was a will. She replaced both papers in the envelope.

A sudden thought came to her, and she shared it with Miss Arnold. "This is an important paper, one that might mean money to any unscrupulous person who might get possession of it—but just how? Who would get the estate if you lost it?"

Alison Arnold roused herself. "Why—I don't know. Father had no other relatives, unless very distant. I don't think it could be they: I doubt if they even knew he left any estate. There were no relatives in this part of the country."

"Blackmail, then." Mrs. Jenney spoke decisively. "That must be it. To extort money from you by threatening to expose the information. And yet—you yourself didn't know the facts stated in the letter. That would make blackmail impossible."

"Unless," suggested Miss Arnold, "the blackmailer were to show or tell me the contents of the letter first. Then he—or she—would have something to work on."

"But having told you," Mrs. Jenney objected, "he"—she stuck to the masculine pronoun; the other seemed to her too much like an accusation of a specific person—"he would have no further hold upon you. He would have exhausted the possibilities of blackmailing you in the very process of turning them into possibilities. The shock of the disclosure is the only thing he could have to hold over you; having already given you that shock, how could he extort money? What could he threaten?"

Miss Arnold thought deeply. "Why, to make his discovery public."

The landlady's mind was not yet satisfied. "But how would that affect you? It isn't as if you were a leader in society or anything of that sort. You're in a city where you know very few people and few know you. Why, I doubt if even a sensational newspaper would print the story—it would have so little interest. You've told me yourself that you have practically no friends. A solitary woman like you is armed against any such publicity as this document might bring."

"But the money?" asked Alison. "Of course, the blackmailer wouldn't get it; but he could threaten me with the loss of it."

"No. If you lose it as Mr. Arnold's daughter, you immediately reinherit it as his legatee under this will."

"I've got it!" exclaimed the other. The problem had served admirably to rouse her from the effects of the first shock of her discovery. "The blackmailer might threaten to publish the letter and to destroy the will. Then I'd be deprived of the estate."

"But the existence—yes, and the provisions—of the will are mentioned in the letter," objected Mrs. Jenney.

"Yes; but that wouldn't answer the purpose, in the absence of the will itself, legally," Miss Arnold said. "That must be it. And to think that Mrs. Carney—whom you've harbored as if she were a lady—whom I've always

been polite to, should plot such a thing! And how did she know, in the first place? Or was it only accident that led her to take this, on the chance that it might be of more value than the little money I had in my desk drawer?"

Mention of her other boarder gave Mrs. Jenney a start of realization.

"Mercy! It's nearly ten o'clock, and here we are in her room, like a pair of thieves or busybodies! If she were to leave the theater early, now——"

Miss Arnold had arisen.

"We'd best go to my room. I wish you would come, too. I need some one to talk to, after this discovery. And as for Mrs. Carney—well, it seems to me that she needs discussing, too." She busied herself replacing the articles which she had disturbed in her search of her fellow boarder's bureau. Then, on tiptoe, because of the guilty feeling that neither of them could quite suppress, in spite of the evidence of Mrs. Carney's duplicity, they left the room.

As they approached Miss Arnold's door they heard a distinct sound come from within. At first it was only a footstep, as if somebody were walking about inside. Then came a muffled exclamation and the sound of a struggle, and a hoarse, though subdued, voice—a man's voice.

Alison Arnold drew back in terror, but the landlady quietly turned the knob and opened the door. The room was in darkness, except for a stray bit of moonlight; but the voice was now easily distinguishable, accompanied by the sound of blows and by a gasping, choking noise.

"Oh! So it's you yourself, Alison! You! My fine lady that jilted me just before our wedding, when I needed your money to set me right at the office. You, that made a fugitive, a hunted criminal of me, when it was almost within my grasp to become a pillar of the community, a leader in society and business! All the fifteen hunted years that I've lived since are your doing."

With a boldness born of desperation and sympathy, Mrs. Jenney switched on the light just inside the door. On the couch at the side of the room lay a recumbent figure of a woman, tearing with vain and feeble hands at the clutch on her throat, receiving the impact of blow after blow from a heavy fist—the fist of a black-bearded man, with face distorted by passion, who stood over her.

As the light flashed on, the man turned his head, saw Mrs. Jenney, heard her call back through the door for imaginary reinforcements—for Alison Arnold was too frightened to be of any real assistance. With a snarl he rushed to the open window and sprang out into the night.

The landlady rushed to the couch and bent over the still-conscious woman. "Why—why, it's Mrs. Carney!"

Miss Arnold came in, and together they bathed the bruised face and throat. At first the injured woman sobbed and laughed hysterically; then, regaining self-control, she began to explain.

"He'd have killed me, sure, if you two hadn't come in just then. And I suppose you're wondering, Miss Arnold, how I come to be in your room, anyhow.

"You never knew me, did you? But I knew you, and I came here only because you did. That is, I'd seen this man—that was here just now—in Boston, and he'd been looking for you and found you. He had a terrible grudge against you—as I have reason to know, since he mistook me for you in the dark here just now—and he wanted to get money from you. You'd know him, anyhow—Carl Bradbury."

Miss Arnold's face went white. "Carl Bradbury! That man—that fiend!"

"He wanted me to help him to get in touch with you, to get some papers or

something that he needed. He thought I'd help him, because—well, I used to be rather sweet on him, one time. And I pretended that I would, so's I could find out what his plans were, and help you against him. That's why I come here to Mrs. Jenney's in the first place; that's why I found out what the paper he wanted was, and come here and took it, so he wouldn't find it. I'd told him to-night, when you'd be out, that he could come and overhaul your things."

"But," Miss Arnold asked, "but why—at such risk to yourself—why should you have done all this—for me? For some one you never heard of?"

"Me?" asked the other, rallying rapidly from the effects of her recent beating, which had been interrupted in time. "Why, I knew you, long ago—even if you didn't recognize me. It's the name, I suppose, that fooled you. I was a servant in your daddy's house years ago. Carney ain't my real name; I was never married. I'm Mary Milligan."

"Mary Milligan!" The cry was full of mingled emotions. "Why, you're the girl—the girl that I caught Carl Bradbury making love to—when I broke my engagement to him!"

"Yes."

To Mrs. Jenney the disclosure of her boarder's real name meant something else. "Milligan?" She looked meaningly at Miss Arnold. "Was your mother at one time a servant in Mr. Arnold's house, too?"

"Yes. And a powerful lot she thought of him, too—and him of her. He left her well fixed before he died—it was him that provided for me, too, so that I can live like a lady, instead of working. He was a good man to us. And he often said to me, he said, 'Mary, if my little girl, Alison, ever needs help, and you're in a position to give it, do your best for her.' And this was my chance—and I couldn't do less for a man that had been so good to me and my mother. Not to mention that I was fond of you yourself, Miss Alison."

Alison Arnold flushed at the proof of the great-hearted loyalty which this woman had given her, in spite of the rebuffs, the coolness, almost the insults with which she had repaid her. And this was the daughter—the other daughter—of Mrs. Milligan! With reddened face and humbled air Miss Arnold opened her lips. "I—Mary——"

The landlady relieved her of her burden. "It seems that you're not merely fellow boarders," she explained. "We've found out that you and Miss Arnold are—sisters!"

Mary Milligan sat on the couch, open-mouthed at the startling information. Miss Arnold approached her, placed a hand in one of the other's hands, and spoke—proving that the instincts of a lady are not the exclusive possession of those born to old names.

"Mary—I—I've been horrid, I know. Even though I hadn't the slightest inkling—still there's no excuse for it! And all the while you were doing all in your power to help me, to protect me from that man! I can never thank you—never repay you. The risk you ran if he found out! And here, to-night—why did you wait here in my room, where he'd find you, where he'd mistake you for me, in the dark, as he did?"

Mary rose and walked toward the window. Mrs. Jenney reminded herself audibly that the police ought to be notified of the burglary, and started for the door.

"I—I wanted to talk to him, Miss Arnold." She kept the formal name, even though she knew now that the other was her sister, and that the name was not really hers. "He wasn't entirely bad, I know—or I thought and hoped so. I wanted to try to persuade him to—to give up his plan, to turn straight again, to—— I have plenty of money, and I could have helped him. I thought if he saw me here——"

She looked out of the window, leaning far over. In the moonlight she could see quite distinctly.

Suddenly she drew her head back into the room, and her face was white with suffering.

"Mrs. Jenney!" she called. As the landlady's steps were heard returning along the hall, Mary Milligan turned again to Alison. "He—that time you saw him kissing me, years ago—I loved him; and I think that he really loved me, instead of you. And when I first recognized him here in town a few months ago, I——"

The landlady reëntered the room, and looked inquiringly at Mary. "Did you call me?"

"Yes. You won't need to call the police. He must have landed on his head when he jumped from the window. Look; he's dead! And I loved him once—I've always loved him—I love him now!"

FINGER MARKINGS SURVIVE BURNS

RIDGES that have been obliterated from finger tips by slight burns are effaced only temporarily. Such at least is the conclusion reached by Mr. Bert Wentworth, an expert on dactyloscopy. This conclusion is supported by an experiment Mr. Wentworth conducted recently with himself as the subject. The scientist burned one of his fingers accidentally and then took advantage of the fact to find out what a superficial burn would do to the markings of the finger tip.

He took prints of the injured finger during a period of several weeks. At first along the line of the burn all ridges were obliterated, but as the finger healed the ridges could again be seen. One month and nine days after the accident Mr. Wentworth obtained a print of the finger tip which showed that the new skin had grown into exactly the same formation as that of the finger before it was burned.

AUTOMOBILE TRAP SNARES HIGHWAYMEN

BY a clever ruse John Woerle, John Hurton, and James Maher, detectives connected with the Hunter's Point police station, New York, recently captured two highwaymen believed to be the ones who had terrorized the near-by districts of Long Island for some time. The detectives drove in a motor car to the locality where numerous holdups had been staged, and there they pretended that their automobile had broken down. Woerle was apparently making repairs to the car and Hurton and Maher were hiding in the bushes bordering the road, when two men appeared and ordered the autoist to throw up his hands.

Instead of doing so Woerle began to fight, but was being overpowered by his assailants when Hurton and Maher came to his rescue. One of the footpads was captured after a chase; the other was arrested later at his home.

Without a Soul

by Howard Ellis Davis

Author of "Mermaids of the Swamp," etc.

THAT Arn Johnson must die Wes Lowery had fully decided. Since he had arrived at the conclusion that he must kill Arn, his neighbor and one-time friend, Wes had thought of little else

Although he worked with a sort of frenzy at whatever task was at hand about the farm, so great was his abstraction that he committed many strange omissions. Several times, in the evenings, after milking Betty, he had gone in and left her with the calf, to find, when he returned with his pail in the morning, that he had forgotten to separate them. He had opened the furrows between the rows of two acres of corn to plant velvet beans, only to remove the bull tongue from his plow, fasten a board in its place, and cover the furrows without having sowed the seed. It was only when his wife, Effie, discovered the untouched bag that he learned what he had done.

Effie thought, wrongly, that she knew the root of his trouble, and gave him sympathy, trying all the little blandishments at her command to cheer him up. He clung to her wistfully and to his little two-year-old, sandy-haired son, Tod. He grew gaunt and haggard; but he remained unswerving in his determination.

He was seated out on the back steps of his little home with Tod, who was clad only in his thin, cotton nightgown, clasped tightly in his arms. Effie, on the step above, was close, where Wes could lean his head against her lap. It was so quiet, so peaceful. In the branch beyond the field the mellow notes of a whippoorwill blendid sweetly with the evening stillness.

Yet so strongly did this specter that loomed above him grip with its icy hand that he shivered. For he had decided that the next evening, at about this hour, he would kill Arn. Hungrily he smothered little Tod to his breast. The hand that Effie had rested lightly on his shoulder he caught in his own and held against his cheek. But there was no relief. He wondered vaguely how long it would be after the deed before the peace that had been his would return.

This decision to kill Arn had come after all else seemed of no avail. Arn Johnson was a great hulk of a man. His place joined that of Wes Lowery's. Five years ago, when Wes had first come with Effie to make his home here, Arn had been his neighbor and good friend. Then, after two years, one gloomy night in September a hurricane had swept up the southeast and blown the great red oak that overshadowed Arn's house over on the roof, which had been smashed like an egg shell. In the creaking, howling darkness, from beneath the wreckage Arn had dragged the crushed, lifeless bodies of his wife and two small children.

Arn said that his own soul had then left his body and a devil had entered in its place. His neighbors had grown to shun him. He was a pariah, a man without a soul.

At first, after the stricken man had spurned with surly contempt the kindly

offices of Wes and Effie, there had been merely a cessation of neighborliness between the two men. Then Wes had begun to suffer from persecutions by Arn. A road over which Wes had always hauled in his winter's supply of wood ran behind the two places over unfenced ground. That part of the road which traversed Arn's land had been deliberately barred off with a single-strand fence, so that Wes had to go a mile out of his way to get around. A turkey hen with her brood had strayed into Arn's field. He had shot them, every one, and tossed them over the fence into Wes' place. Stock had been shot. The old white sow, heavy with pigs, had broken into Arn's melon patch, doing considerable damage. She had come home to die of poison.

Such depredations are unavoidable in a country where fences are none too good. But it is the part of a neighbor to forbear and allow his fellow to make good the loss. How gladly Wes would have made reparation! And he could not bring himself to visit on Arn's stock the retribution that was due their master when they, in turn, broke in on Wes' possessions. He simply drove them out and mended his fence.

He had never failed to go and remonstrate against the damage Arn's stock had caused him and to protest about the treatment of his own. And Arn had never failed to meet his protests with brutal sarcasm and to order him off his place. When Wes had gone to protest about the white sow, although he had been warned by Effie, his boiling anger at the outrage had made itself manifest in his speech. Be that as it may, Arn had caught the smaller man to him and unmercifully beaten him. He then flung Wes from him with the threat that if ever he caught Wes or his woman or his brat on his place, he would kill the one he found there.

Wes had crept home to Effie so bruised and beaten that he had to spend several days in bed. His pride was crushed. It is an awful thing to slink home to your mate, having been physically beaten by another. It was then he had made up his mind that he must either move away or kill Arn Johnson. Finally, because he refused to be driven away, he had decided to kill his neighbor.

Surely, he reasoned, there could be no sin attached to ending the life of a vicious brute like Arn. Wes had determined that his own life should not be blasted and his wife and child made unhappy by the deed.

Long and careful thought he had given the matter. Time, place, and method must be chosen that would leave no suspicion to rest on him. Many plans were found, sifted, and rejected. Then, at last, one was retained that he thought would do.

Wes had a broad knife with an eight-inch blade and a hilt, a hunting knife, which he had purchased to use in sticking hogs. This would be the weapon. After he had made up his mind to kill Arn, Wes had begun to spy upon him, and had learned that every evening, about dark, Arn went down to his lot to milk his cow. Twice Wes had slipped over to conceal himself in the loft of the barn to watch. Arn always entered the feed room, mixed his bucket of feed, then went out through a rear door into the lot. Wes decided that the darkened feed room would be the place.

No one would suspect him. He would slip in behind Arn, stab him in the back, drop the knife down Arn's well, then go quietly home. There would be no haunting memories of a death struggle. A quick blow in the dark was all. Perhaps it would be weeks before any one found out that Arn had been killed.

It had been hard for him to decide to slip upon his enemy and deal him the blow unawares. He would have preferred to arm himself securely with a pistol or shotgun, go and face Arn, tell

him that he deserved to die, then kill him. But this plan might miscarry. He might be found out, and Effie and Tod would suffer; for he had ceased to regard himself in the matter, except in relation to them.

The big, broad knife rested on a high shelf in the kitchen, and every morning, before Effie was dressed, he went out to make the fire in the little stove. He would take the knife down, look at it critically, then whet it a few turns on the rock that lay beside it, until it had developed a razor edge.

On the fateful evening, before Arn had yet left his house, Wes secured the knife and went to hide himself in Arn's loft. The last of the day had been blotted out by scudding clouds and a misty rain. It would be darker than usual in the feed room. Then an uncertainty came to trouble Wes. Suppose Arn brought a lantern?

But presently he heard Arn's heavy footsteps, saw his huge, stooped form dimly in the hallway which ran through the barn, and noticed the skirts of the old overcoat that Arn wore to keep off the rain.

Arn entered the feed room, leaving the door half open behind him, as Wes had noticed was his custom. There had been no way of learning just how long he remained within, before going out through the other door into the cow lot; but Wes decided to give him plenty of time to become busy in fixing his feed. Then he crept silently down the ladder.

At the door of the feed room he paused, heedful lest his entering should obstruct the light and bring the other's attention. Then, flattening himself, he slipped in sideways and leaned against the wall among some old harness hanging there. At first, it was too dark to see anything. Then, as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, he could see a bulk over against the feed box.

Cautiously he sidled along the wall. Once his groping fingers came into contact with the cold metal of a cow bell, suspended from its peg by a leathern collar. His heart seemed to stop beating while he listened to see if the impact of his fingers had been great enough to cause the swinging clapper to strike the side of the bell. Then he moved silently on.

Things were working out exactly as he had planned. He had, it is true, a difficulty in breathing. The pounding of his heart seemed to rock his body. There was a strange icy feeling about his lips and his hands. But, in the grip of the premeditated crime, he moved with precision, the knife held ready for the fatal stroke.

Now he hovered almost above that form at the feed box. Reaching with his left hand, his fingers lightly brushed the overcoat, frosted with raindrops. Instanly, with all the force of his right arm, he drove in the knife, up to the hilt.

Slowly the great bulk slipped down. He felt the weight of it against him. The wet coat was cold against the back of his hand. Turning, he ran from the room.

He realized that he was panting hard when he reached Arn's well and dropped in the knife, waiting an instant to hear it splash far below. He held up his hand to examine it. So far as he could see by the dim light, it was not stained. But he must compose himself; he must act naturally when he reached home and went into the kitchen to Effie.

As he neared the house, he examined his hand again in the light which streamed from the window, and still could see no convincing evidence. Some way, though, it seemed to be there, even if invisible to his eyes. His hand felt warmly sticky. Unconsciously he wiped it against his trousers.

As he entered the kitchen door little Tod ran to meet him, arms outstretched. Instinctively Wes held his right hand behind him and tried to hold

the child away. Again he looked for stains on his fingers, which felt so persistently clammy.

Tod tried to draw him to his accustomed chair; but Wes resisted and wished to keep out of contact with his baby boy. His mouth felt dry, and, although, time and again, he drank from the bucket on the table, the parched feeling was not relieved.

Effie, who was busy over the stove frying bacon, presently turned to him.

"Wes, lend me yo' pocketknife. I want to peel some taters. I been usin' that big knife er yourn what was on the shelf; but hit's gone. You seen it?"

He had been drinking some more water. At the mention of the knife he started so that the gourd dipper struck against his teeth and the water spilled down the front of his clothes.

"No, I ain't seen it," he said hastily, handing her his pocketknife.

He moved restlessly about the room, trying to avoid little Tod, who persistently clung to his legs, begging to be taken. Presently Effie came to place solicitous hands on his wet shoulders.

"You're all damp, Wes," she said. "Come over here by the stove an' dry yo'se'f."

But he shrank away from her touch and muttered something unintelligible.

"What's the matter with you, Wes?" she suddenly asked him, trying to look directly into his shifting eyes. "An' what makes yer hold yo' hand so curus? Did yer hurt yo'se'f?"

"No; I ain't hurt myse'f. Ain't nothin' the matter," he replied hastily, licking his dry lips.

"Yes, they is, too, Wes. You can't fool me. Tell me, honey. What is it? Has—has Arn been botherin' you ergin?"

"They ain't nothin', I say. What makes you so foolish?"

Although he backed away from her, she followed him across the room. When, against the wall, he could go no farther, with convulsive hand she gripped the shirt over his chest and stood looking up into his face.

"What is it, Wes?" she asked in a hushed voice. "What have you done?"

Then, with head averted, unable to meet his wife's eyes, almost without his knowledge something of the awful truth that seemed crushing his brain burst from him. But he tried to dissemble. Almost incoherently he babbled:

"It—it's Arn. I b'lieve somebody's done kilt him. I—I seen er man slip in the feed room behin' 'im. Arn ain't come out no mo'."

Her arms were about his shoulders now.

"Oh, Wes, Wes!" she moaned. "I was feared hit was comin' ter that. Oh, Wes, what kin we do?"

His thoughts, which were all out of balance, would not fit themselves consecutively together. Presently, however, the germ of an idea came to him.

"I'll go git Ed Hardin," he said. "That's what folks does when they finds somebody's been kilt. They goes fer the deputy."

Effie was suddenly calm. "No, Wes," she said in a strained voice. "Don't go after Ed. Don't do nothin'. Jes' keep quiet. Folks won't know. They won't think that—that——" Her voice quavered and broke.

But he was scarcely heeding her. Already a plan was forming in his brain, a story to tell the deputy, of how he had seen a man, armed with a knife, creep into the feed room behind Arn, of how his suspicions had been aroused so that he had come for Ed. It seemed impossible, now, to keep from talking of the murder.

"I must go," he said. "I must go."

Effie tried to hold him. He struggled to free himself. Little Tod, frightened, began to cry. Presently, with a wrench of his body, Wes slipped away, leaving his coat in Effie's clinging fingers.

Out through the front of the house

he rushed, bare-headed. The road was muddy, with frequent pools. Unheedingly he stumbled and floundered along, running most of the three miles to Ed Hardin's house, slowing to a walk only when his lungs seemed totally devoid of air.

Ed was in his bedroom, reading, his big frame hunched over a small table on which rested a kerosene lamp. He looked keenly at the disheveled figure as Wes, still gasping for breath, mawing, jumbling his words out in an incoherent mass, told his story. With no comment, the big deputy slipped on his shoes, thrust a searchlight into his pocket, and led the way out to the barn.

"Git in," he said when the little bay mare was harnessed to the buggy. They were the first words he had spoken. In silence they drove back the muddy road to Arn's stable yard.

At the feed-room door Wes shrank back. Ed flung wide the door, flashing his light inside.

"Ain't nothin' here," he said laconically after a moment.

Wes stumbled forward, brushed by Ed, stood with wide-staring eyes.

Ed walked farther into the room, the brilliant flare of the electric torch illuminating the space in front of him.

A sack of meal lay on the floor beside the feed box. Stooping, he grasped something dark and slowly drew the old overcoat from beneath the sack. Holding it up, he displayed a slit about an inch long between the shoulders. He then dropped it to the floor and stood on end the sack of meal. As he moved it from a small hole the meal streamed out to the floor. With a grunt he let it fall.

"What'd yer do with the knife, Wes?" he asked, turning the light full into the other's face.

"I—I—where is he, Ed? Where is he?" gasped Wes.

"Peers like yer wrecked yo' vengeance on this here harmless sack of shorts. What did yer do with the knife?" he repeated.

"I—drapped hit in Arn's well. An' I didn't kill 'im? Tell me, Ed! Tell me! I didn't kill 'im?"

"Hit was this way, I reckon," said Ed thoughtfully. "The meal was leanin' 'gainst the feed box, so. The overcoat was hangin' over hit, like this. Yer crope in in the dark, an' bein' sorter flusteredlike, driv yer knife through the coat inter the sack er meal, thinkin' it was him. Don't reckon hit was yo' fault that yer didn't——"

He paused. Wes had flung himself to the floor and buried his face in his arms. He sobbed aloud. His body squirmed, and the unswept litter clung to his drenched clothing.

The big deputy sat down on the bag of shorts and whimsically looked on. Presently he stooped and, grasping Wes by the arm, pulled him to his feet. "That'll do," he said sharply. "Now shet up an' tell me 'bout it."

"But—oh, Ed! I'm so glad I didn't do it!"

" 'Twa'n't yo' fault, howsomever. To all intents an' purposes you air er murderer, jes' the same. Now come an' tell me all 'bout the startin' of hit."

Together, Ed carrying the old coat over his arm, they went outside to stand in the light of the stars which were now peeping out from between the parting clouds. From the beginning Wes told of his persecution by Arn.

"An' yer thought ter cure him by sendin' his black soul on its way ter meet those of his innocent wife an' children?"

"But, Ed, he says he ain't got no soul. An' I b'lieve hit."

"Pshaw!" was the contemptuous reply.

Ed Hardin, his head bowed thoughtfully, moved slowly away from Wes. After a few feet he turned and came back. Then, looking quickly at the young farmer, he said:

"Wes, you air er murderer, all right. Don't fergit that. An' the only way I see fer yer ter clean yo' soul of the stain is fer yer ter act the hypocrite an' sorter keep up this lie yer tried ter pass off on me. They mostly goes tergether, anyway—lies an' hypocriteness.

"Don't try ter reason out the whys an' the wherefores, kase hit seems yer done made er pretty po' out of yo' reasonin' already. An' mebbe atter while yer kin act without playin' the hypocrite. Then's when yer kin stan' up befo' yo' God once mo' an' say: 'Look at me; I'm what yer calls er man.'

"We're goin' up now an' see Arn—this here feller what they says ain't got no soul. But you let me do the talkin'. Jes' keep yo' mouth shet an' listen, an' yer'll git yo' tip where you is ter come in. I may not be tellin' the whole truth in what I'm goin' ter say; but I'm er ole han' at lyin' an' kin do hit natural."

That part of the house which had been crushed in by the tree had been cleared away, leaving only the kitchen, to which a lean-to shed had been built, where Arn slept. Ed Hardin and Wes paused at a window to glance in, and saw the big man hulked in a chair in the kitchen, his grizzled head bowed forward on his chest. On the table, where a small lamp glowed dully through a smoked chimney, were evidences that supper had been in preparation. He seemed to have stopped right in the midst of them to sink into his chair.

When Ed knocked at the door there was no response. Unceremoniously he shoved the door open and entered, Wes, a little fearfully, following close behind.

Arn raised his head and glared at them. Inarticulate growls rumbled in his throat.

Then, lurching himself upright in his chair, he blurted:

"So yer've brought Ed ter 'rest me, have yer? Didn't I tell yer ef I ever foun' yer on my place ergin I'd kill yer?"

"Hold on, Arn," said Ed quietly. "Wes ain't meanin' yer no harm. Yo' own heart is so dam' black that yer can't see no good in others."

"Ed Hardin," roared Arn, half rising from his chair, "ef you've come here ter give me any er yo' lip——"

"Jes' rest easy, Arn," said Ed, raising his hand. "I ain't here on no fightin' bee to-night. Some other time I'll 'commodate yer, ef yer're so mind. I'm here ter tell yer that somebody tried ter murder yer."

"Tried ter murder me?" said Arn wonderingly.

"Yes. Wes, here, come tole me he seen somebody suspicious-lookin' sneakin' 'bout yo' place, an' that he got oneasy. Kase yer know yer don't exactly live in love an' charity with yo' neighbors, Arn. He didn' try ter warn yer. Yer know yer tole 'im yer'd kill 'im ef yer caught 'im on yo' place."

"How come Wes ter go fer you? He ain't got no call ter care what happens ter me."

"But we'd've been too late," continued Ed, ignoring the question. "Hit jes' happened by accident that feller didn't git yer. See this coat? See that hole? The coat was hangin' over er sack of meal in yo' feed room, an', thinkin' hit was you, that feller snunk in an' driv er knife through the coat."

"Yes; I thought I left the coat there when I went out to milk," said Arn quietly. "But when I come back I didn't see hit nowhere."

"Hit was down under the sack."

"Ed," said Arn after a little pause, and there was no passion in his voice now, "I wisht that knife had been stuck inter me stid of that bag er meal." Then he asked again: "How come Wes ter go fer you?"

The big deputy's voice rang with an intensity of feeling as he replied: "Wes don't want that black soul of yourn ter go up like hit is ter meet yo' wife an' children."

"Ed, I ain't got no soul."

"Jes' git that out of yo' mind, Arn. Wes an' Effie knows Mabel an' little Beth, an' little Sue is up there waitin' fer you, an' they don't want ter see yer go ter 'em like yer is now."

Arn slowly raised his eyes to a shelf on which was the picture of a family group—he and his wife and two children. He held on his knee one little girl; she held the other. Beside the picture was a small sock, only half knitted, the needles sticking crossways through the wool. Slowly Arn's hard face grew less tense. A softened light came into his eyes.

"Yer reckon they's waitin' fer me, Ed? I hadn't thought of that."

"Course they is! An' they's another woman would be jes' plum' 'stracted ef that man had kilt yer."

"Who, Ed?" asked Arn wonderingly.

"Effie. Wouldn't she, Wes?"

"She sho would, Ed. She sho would," replied Wes with conviction.

Taking advantage of the situation, Ed hurried on: "An' you're goin' over there with us now."

He grasped Arn by the arm and pulled him to his feet. He took a battered felt hat from the table and set it on Arn's head. "Come on."

And, before the big, grief-hardened man had time to realize what was happening, he was being hurried out through the door, Ed on one side of him, Wes coming to range himself on the other.

When they were near the house, from the kitchen of which the light still streamed, Ed sent the young farmer on ahead to prepare Effie. When they entered the kitchen door, she was there to meet them, hands outstretched.

"Arn Johnson," she cried, "I'm that glad ter see yer!" The relief and joy in her voice were unmistakable. "Come an' set right here in this chair by the stove. Ed, pull you er chair in out the yuther room. Wes, run out ter the smoke house an' git one er them sugar-cured hams. I'll have supper goin' in er jiffy."

Arn sank heavily down. Little Tod came to lean against his knee and gaze wonderingly up into his face. Suddenly the big man swept the child into his arms and clasped him hungrily against his breast. His face was bowed over the touseled, sandy hair.

"Where yer goin', Ed?" asked Effie suddenly, as the big deputy rose and sidled toward the door. "Ain't yer goin' ter stay an' eat with us?"

"No, honey. I mus' be trottin' erlong. But I'll be out ter see you-all soon."

As Ed Hardin untied his little bay mare from Arn's lot fence he confided to her with a dry chuckle:

"An' folks says he ain't got no soul. Huh!"

SING SING LOSES PRINCIPAL KEEPER

AFTER more than twenty-eight years in the prison service Martin J. Deeley, principal keeper at Sing Sing, Ossining, New York, has been retired on a pension. Appointed as a guard by Warden W. R. Brown in December, 1891, Deeley was trained in the old methods of dealing with offenders. Iron discipline was the rule when he entered the service, but with changing times he changed, too, and adopted the methods prescribed by those in charge of the penal institution. During the last six years, while he was principal keeper, Deeley has led many condemned men to the electric chair.

McLeod of Cactus County

by Vlasta A. Hungerford

HALTING his cayuse in front of the Cactus City Bank, Jim McLeod, sheriff of Cactus County, swung out of the saddle and, slipping the bridle reins over the hitching post, strode into the bank.

He was a close friend of John Brent, the bank's president, and greetings between them were informal.

"You sent for me," said McLeod. "What's wrong?"

John Brent fussed with the furnishings of his broad-topped desk before replying.

It was a peculiarity of his to give painstaking and articulate care to details when his mind was weighted with matters of grave import.

This habit was well known to Jim McLeod, and he now sat in patience, while the other put away his ink bottle and pens and straightened the litter of papers on the desk. Having attended to these trivial items, Brent leaned back in his swivel chair and met the keen, gray eyes of the sheriff with a worried gaze.

"My cashier's gone, Mac! With thirty thousand dollars' worth of negotiable securities!" he announced grimly.

The other gasped with astonishment.

"You mean Lew Calder?" he asked incredulously.

"I do," replied Brent, repressed indignation suffusing his face a dull red. "Lew Calder, to whom I gave a job—chiefly on account of his mother."

McLeod sat in shocked silence.

"He asked for his vacation yesterday," continued Brent, "and I told him he might take a week off. The securities came in yesterday afternoon, and I was with him when he locked them in the vault. I left the bank before closing time. He must have taken them afterward. They're gone!"

McLeod leaned forward. "And you just discovered this?"

"About twenty minutes ago. I've wired up and down the line. He left town last night, presumably for Portland. I telephoned the station agent and got that information fifteen minutes ago."

"We'll have a hard time to get him, I'm afraid," said McLeod, "with the start he has."

"I don't doubt it," replied Brent. "I want your opinion. As I said, I've wired up and down the road, and they're on the look-out for him, but I thought you'd maybe know what his real move might be."

"San Frisco," retorted McLeod decisively. "He'll never go to Portland. I've heard him say he didn't like it, and that Frisco was the only real town on the coast. He'll never get farther north than Frisco."

John Brent looked glum. "If he ever loses himself in that burg with that wad, it's good night, little Willie!"

McLeod lapsed into a brown study, his lean hands resting idly on the arms of the chair, his eyes bent absently on the floor.

"He's got a lot of friends here, such as they are, and there's a girl he's interested in," he commented finally.

John Brent caught his thought instantly.

"Lew Calder is a crook, but, also, he isn't a fool in that way. You'll never get hold of him through any woman!"

McLeod set his jaw stubbornly. "I'm going to get him!"

"How?" Gentle sarcasm permeated the query.

"I haven't an idea—yet," replied McLeod gravely.

The two stared at each other; the banker's eyes were the first to turn away. He sighed heavily, and his big, bulky shoulders sagged perceptibly as he got to his feet.

"Go to it, Mac," he said doubtingly, "and if you can do it, there's a thousand in it for you. I've got to recover those securities or I'm in serious trouble! Calder! Who'd have thought it!"

"Not so hard to believe, when you think of Calder, senior," replied McLeod. "He broke his wife's heart long before he was killed, cheating at cards in a row over in Parker's saloon ten years ago. I'm glad she's not here to hear this!"

"Well," Brent said grimly, "that's one aspect of the case to be happy over. But that doesn't help me out any!"

"Never you mind," McLeod consoled understandingly. "Just leave it to me—and I'll get him!"

He strode briskly to the door and on out of the bank. Throwing the reins back over his pony's head, and in the saddle again, he cantered down the street.

Although it was not yet ten o'clock, the morning heat gave promise of what the day might offer. Puffs of hot wind swept in off the desert, sometimes carrying the sting of sharp sand in its touch, as it traveled over Cactus City.

McLeod's cayuse was panting with the heat when he drew rein at his own little cabin at the ragged edge of the town, but the sheriff seemed scarcely conscious of the rising temperature. His mind was already struggling with the problem of getting Lew Calder.

Absent-mindedly he unsaddled and sparingly watered and fed his sweating horse, and, as if in a dream, prepared his own noonday meal.

Afterward he lit his pipe and sat a long time, wrapped in a brown study. The sun was casting shadows eastward, when across the withdrawn, half-vacuous look in his face—which always characterized his periods of intense concentration—there flickered the shadow of a solution.

Jim McLeod weighed and measured it with care and precision before finally accepting it as good.

Having once made his decision, he was ready to act. His face cleared of all doubt, he got to his feet, tense and alert. Looking at his watch, his eyes widened to find it much later than he had supposed, so swiftly did time pass when he was thinking.

Resaddling his pony, he started for the bank again, arriving just as John Brent was leaving for the day.

"I've got it, Brent!" he announced crisply.

A swift look of hopefulness flashed across the haggard countenance of the banker. He was plainly showing the anxiety under which he was laboring.

"Have you any news of him yet?" asked McLeod abruptly, as they entered the president's private office.

Brent shook his head gloomily. "Not a word."

"Well, listen to this," replied the sheriff, hitching his chair closer, "and see what you think of it." Then, making sure the door was closely shut, he talked long and earnestly.

When he had concluded, John Brent sat staring at him incredulously.

"I can't believe you're serious, Mac," he said, after the pause had grown uncomfortable.

"But I am!" declared the sheriff. "I never was more serious in my life! And if we don't work quickly it will be too late to ever try to get him—this way! What do you say?"

For a long moment John Brent sat staring at his friend doubtingly.

McLeod bore the scrutiny with as much grace as he could muster, then shifted restlessly in his chair.

"Maybe you've got a better idea to offer?" he asked sarcastically.

Brent shook his head. "My ideas don't run along your lines," he replied. "I couldn't think up a better—or worse—one, if I tried all night!"

"You mean you won't accept it?" asked McLeod quietly.

"I don't know yet. I haven't rejected it. But I can't see why, as long as you were thinking up something, you couldn't have hit upon a plan more—more——"

"Yes. I'll spend the next few days hatching some little plan exactly to your fancy," interrupted McLeod impatiently. "In the meantime, Lew Calder will be on his way to the Orient or South Africa! No! You take my advice this time! Call off the police and recall those wires you sent out to-day. Tell 'em it was a mistake. If you don't, it'll get into the papers, and Lew Calder will be watching for just that information. He'll know he's already been discovered. You leave it to me, and if my scheme doesn't work, I'll resign my job as sheriff!"

There was something in the keen, gray eyes and earnestness of McLeod's whole attitude that impressed Brent. He hesitated a moment longer, then his doubts gave way to resolution, and he thrust out his hand.

"It's a go, Mac!" he said decisively. "Maybe you're right, and maybe you're wrong, but I'm going to take a chance on finding out! And if we fail, we'll both have to take our medicine!"

"We won't fail," replied McLeod, getting to his feet. "And now, the sooner we get busy the better. I've got a lot of things to attend to before we start out." He looked at his watch.

"I'll be back in half an hour," he said. "Will you be ready then?"

Brent nodded.

After the sheriff had gone he sat for a time, wrapped in a brown study. Then his jaws set; he wrote telegrams recalling those he had sent out earlier in the day. The most casual observation would have disclosed that he was doing this against his better judgment. And John Brent wasn't a man easily swayed. He resented, even while he carried out, Jim McLeod's instructions.

Something of this crept into his attitude when, exactly a half hour later, McLeod again entered the private office.

As the two emerged from the bank, pausing for a moment on the street before getting into Brent's powerful roadster, Brent turned for a last protest.

"I don't see why you think it's necessary for us to go to Needles," he grumbled.

"I think I explained all that this afternoon," said McLeod carefully. "Now, drive around home and tell your family, and then let's get started."

Resignedly the banker got into his machine and took the wheel, while McLeod climbed in beside him.

As they passed the constable's office McLeod called out.

The constable, dozing in a chair in the shade of a strip of ragged awning, sat up with a jerk, his sleepy, blue eyes blinking.

"We're going to Needles on business," the sheriff said crisply. "May not be back to-night. Keep your eye on the pair of Mexes that's been hanging around town lately!"

Constable Torrey nodded and grinned as the car moved forward, then disappeared down the street in a cloud of fine dust.

A little later it swung back through the town and into the desert road leading to Needles.

It was a three hours' trip, and by the time the sheriff and the banker reached their destination the sun had been gone for some time and the cooling shades of night were falling.

The ramshackle town, somnolent during the day under the ferocity of the sun, had begun to show signs of life, which trickled from the heat-cracked dwellings and swarmed through the four-inch dust of Main Street as Brent and McLeod drew up in front of the Needles Hotel.

Everybody in Needles knew John Brent and Jim McLeod, and the welcome they received was rousing.

"Lookin' fer somebuddy, Mac?" shouted some one from the crowd.

McLeod shrugged. "I'm usually looking for somebody," he replied noncommittally.

No further questions were asked. Needles wondered, but, also, Needles knew how to mind its own business, and was content to honor its guests without exhibiting too much curiosity.

The sun was high and hot the following day when John Brent's car again chugged its way into Cactus, to find the town in the throes of a great excitement.

At the bank Brent and McLeod were met by a buzzing group of citizens.

"What's all this?" asked McLeod quickly, as all faces turned to him excitedly.

"The bank was robbed last night!" Harry Newton, paying teller, stepped forward, his thin locks disordered upon his high brow, his pale eyes owllike behind their thick-lensed glasses, his small, clawlike hands clenching in impotent indignation against the outrage.

"Yes, sir—robbed!" he went on in a trembling voice. "The back window was forced and the vault broken into, and forty thousand dollars in money and securities are gone, sir! Jimpson and I took the liberty of going over things, and that's the result we found, sir."

With an oath John Brent sprang from the car and rushed up the bank steps, McLeod close at his heels. They entered together and made a hasty examination of the vault. What Harry Newton had said was true.

Tremblingly the bank's president sank into a chair and mopped his forehead. He sat staring helplessly at McLeod. The latter turned on the paying teller.

"You had no business to touch anything," he said severely. "You fellows probably destroyed evidence that might have led to the identity of the thieves."

"Those two Mexicans," interrupted Constable Torrey, pale with excitement. "They're gone this morning. Late last night I heard horses galloping past my house. I know it was them, now!"

"Where was the night watchman?" asked McLeod angrily.

"Got slugged over the head, and didn't know anything until it was all over. They bound an' gagged 'im, an' we didn't find 'im until this morning. He don't know nothing about it!"

McLeod waved his arms impatiently. "Get out of here, all of you, except you, Lockwell!" he ordered, turning to the reporter of the Cactus weekly newspaper.

Having cleared the bank of all outsiders, he addressed the president. "What do you want to come out in tomorrow's sheet?" he asked gruffly.

Brent turned to the newspaper man. "The bank directors will stand back of anything I say. You tell Cactus, in tomorrow's issue, that the loss, although a heavy one, by no means cripples the

bank, and that we're open for business the same as usual."

"And tell 'em," put in McLeod, "that we're going to get the robbers if we have to turn Cactus County wrong side out to do it! Write up a full description of the two Mexicans, and offer a reward of a hundred dollars for any information leading to their arrest. And let's see a copy of your stuff before it goes to press. That's all just now!"

When the newspaper man had gone Brent sat staring into vacancy before him.

"This certainly is a mess!" he exclaimed pettishly. "I'd like to know what I'm going to do now! As a sheriff, Mac, you'd make a good——"

"Brace up!" cut in McLeod curtly. "You've got a lot of wiring to do and no time to waste now. You may as well go right down to the telegraph office to do your sending. It'll be easier. I'm going out to get together a posse."

He strode from the office resentfully, leaving the banker to his own conflicting emotions.

Cactus was stirred to its shallow depths by the outrage that had been perpetrated upon it, and the *Cactus Weekly* gave over its entire front page to descriptions and likenesses, more or less accurate, of the two bandits.

Sheriff McLeod's posse scoured the country far and near in search of the thieves, but to no avail. They had disappeared as mysteriously as they had come, leaving no sign or clew, except the looted bank, behind them. This, and much more, found its way into the pages of the newspapers in the days that followed, until the outrage was advertised throughout the State and every Mexican was looked upon with suspicion.

The bank went on with its usual business. But John Brent began to show plainly the strain he was laboring under and his weakening faith in Jim McLeod. It was apparent in his looks and actions whenever the two were together, and McLeod was fully aware of the doubts and misgivings in his old friend's mind, and his own seeming failure didn't make him feel any better.

It was just a week after the robbery of the bank that Lew Calder stepped off the train at Cactus, looking very stylish in a new outfit of clothes, radiating an air of prosperity and good humor.

The first person to see him was Sheriff McLeod. A vast relief came into McLeod's waiting eyes at sight of the natty, gray-suited figure, swinging down the station platform.

"Why, hello, Mac!" greeted Calder boldly. "How's everything! I've been gone a week, and it seems like a month!"

"Well, the past week seems like a year to me," answered the sheriff grimly. "We've had a stroke of bad luck since you left. But I suppose you've heard about it?"

"Lord, yes!" replied Calder. "Read all about it in Frisco. The papers were full of it, with descriptions of the two peons. Funny you and your posse couldn't get 'em. Must have given you the slip and gotten over the border. Pretty hard on Brent, isn't it?"

"It is," replied McLeod shortly.

"Brent's a fine sort," went on Calder magnanimously. "Always did the decent thing by me. He'll be sorry to know that I'm not going to work for him any more. Got a much better job up in the big town."

"Just came back to see your old friends?" asked McLeod.

"That's it," replied Calder, "or part of it. Got some business matters to settle, and there's a girl I'm going to take back with me——"

Sheriff McLeod's hand came down heavily upon his shoulder.

"You are under arrest, Calder, for robbing the Cactus bank of thirty thousand dollars the night you left Cactus!"

Startled fear leaped into Calder's eyes; then his lip curled.

"You talk crazy," he explained. "You talk perfectly loony!" But his gaze wavered before McLeod's steady eyes.

"This is an outrage," he went on sullenly, "and you're going to be darn sorry for this! You'll see!"

"Are you coming with me quietly—or not?" the sheriff asked calmly.

"Oh, I'll be quiet enough—I have no desire to make a scene! Don't worry about that! And maybe you won't object to stopping at the bank for a minute or two! I'd like to show Brent what a fool you are!"

There was an odd gleam in McLeod's eyes. "Brent'll be delighted to have you!" he replied.

John Brent paused in the midst of attaching his signature to a batch of letters as the two entered. He continued staring, while his fountain pen dripped ink.

"He just blew in on the afternoon train," McLeod announced.

Calder addressed the banker indignantly.

"Sheriff McLeod is laboring under the delusion that I robbed the bank!" he said angrily. "I was in Frisco the night it happened, and I have a half dozen fellows to prove it!"

The banker and McLeod exchanged glances.

"Tell him a thing or two," Brent ordered briefly.

McLeod fixed his gray eyes on the ex-cashier.

"You took thirty thousand dollars' worth of securities with you the day you left Cactus," he said gravely. "I knew you'd go to Frisco, and, once there, you had too good a chance to make a get-away. Whatever was done had to be done quickly. I knew you'd be watching the papers, and, if you read of a robbery the very night after you left, you'd feel your own theft was covered by the other steal. You did this very thing—and came back to Cactus, as I knew you would."

Brent nodded slowly, a vast relief in his face. Then he looked at Sheriff McLeod and smiled, the first genuine smile that had lit his face for days.

Opening a small drawer in his desk, he took out a slip of paper and tendered it to the sheriff.

"That's the thousand dollars I said I'd give you if your plan worked out."

McLeod hesitated. "Don't be a fool, Mac! And I'm sorry I doubted your wisdom in this matter——"

Calder moved impatiently. His show of bravado didn't seem to weaken.

"I don't seem to get your point," he commented dryly. "And I'd still like to know how you're going to prove this outrageous charge against me!"

"You will in a minute," replied McLeod. "That evening, Mr. Brent and I motored to Needles, presumbaly on business. At two in the morning we came back to Cactus, transferred ten thousand dollars' worth of securities from the vault to his private desk, wrecked things up a bit, and slid back to Needles. The next morning, of course, news of the robbery was all over town before we got back here. The papers played it up and you read 'em—and here you are!"

Calder looked dazed.

"Then—then—there really was no robbery!" he gasped.

"None but the one you committed," returned McLeod, glancing him over from the diamond in his scarf to the stone on his little finger—part of his newly acquired splendor. "And it won't be hard to prove where all this came from!"

Calder was a fool in many ways, but he was wise enough to know when he was caught and to realize the uselessness of further bluffing. He trembled and craven fear suddenly flashed into his white face.

"Take him out of here!" the bank president ordered, "before I'm tempted to wring his ungrateful neck!"

Headquarters Chat

TELL us, readers, gentle, fierce, and otherwise—we know this is an awful thought—but tell us, we ask, is FEAR the one and only thing which restrains man, woman, and child from doing wrong?

Generally speaking it is the fear of getting caught which makes the person who is contemplating a crime hesitate. But this is not always the case. The philosopher, if he is a wise one—no doubt made so by having paid a heavy tuition fee in the hard school of experience—realizes that if he commits a wrong, conscience will so haunt his guilty mind that the fruit of his wrongdoing will be too dearly paid for.

Thus, so far as we can see, the same thing, fear, which prevents a person from doing wrong because his conscience will bother him, prevents the person, without a conscience, from doing wrong, because he dreads the consequences if he is caught.

We often hear persons say they did so and so because they knew it to be the "right thing to do." Also, we know it pays in the end to do the right thing, but what, if we are wise, makes us do it? FEAR?

Much as we hate to admit it, this seems to be the answer. But don't go on and tell us that the man who fears to do anything but what is right is a coward, while on the other hand the man who does not fear to do wrong is brave.

Somehow, we seem to be getting in mighty deep with these deductions, and we certainly hope some of you heavy thinkers will come to the rescue and set us straight Help!

UNDER THE LAMP

CONDUCTED BY HENRY A. KELLER

THE basis of the problem I have selected for your consideration this week is a cipher vastly different from anything we ever have seen; at the same time it is unique and sufficiently baffling to satisfy those of you who have written in lately asking for a cipher that is "harder" than our usual run. The author of it has been a keen follower of our Under the Lamp department for years; he is Mr. C. Martin Eddy, Jr., of Providence, Rhode Island. If, when you've worked out the problem below, you feel you'd like to write Mr. Eddy and tell him what you think of his system, I'll be glad to forward your letter to him. We owe him three cheers for granting permission to pass such a splendid system on to our cipher fans, and I am taking this opportunity of giving him three loud and hearty ones.

The text of the cipher that is this week's "brain-twister" is an extract from the notes of the late Inspector Steele, relating to ciphers and their solution. It contains twenty-two words, and is as valuable a pointer to cryptography students

as I could give them. Here is the cipher. I won't spoil it for you by analyzing it before you begin. Dig in; don't put it aside till you get it—which oughtn't to take more than fifteen minutes, at most.

51-86, 34-02; 83-89, 40-25, 74-42, 11-07, 53-88; 74-09, 31-85, 82-69, 21-03; 71-82, 52-87; 94-03, 61-69, 71-07; 82-46, 23-08, 42-85, 41-41; 53-60, 94-27, 72-89; 34-07, 83-09; 61-44, 51-04, 94-06; 60-20, 82-17, 42-49; 44-08, 91-69, 21-07; 80-86, 40-20, 94-01, 70-23; 53-27, 23-09, 23-80, 93-84, 11-88, 70-46, 72-45, 11-04; 40-20, 70-47, 83-07, 94-26, 34-02; 80-27; 60-68, 71-83, 53-28, 51-09, 41-07, 73-62; 90-46, 41-03, 51-28, 73-06, 43-60, 21-08; 55-05, 83-02, 54-24; 60-44, 71-04, 41-41, 11-80, 32-85; 94-06, 93-06; 53-84, 63-07, 82-47, 64-47, 21-05; 71-83, 64-07.

See the next issue for the answer and complete explanation.

The answer to the problem in the last issue is: "I must relieve my mind. I kidnaped Billy Briggs to get his fortune. He is Billy Polaski now, of New Orleans. If the world only knew! But it never will!" The division of the message into three rows, then four, was the key to the problem. It meant that the third and fourth letters of the apparent jumble were the letters in the message. Every third and every fourth letter were not taken alternately; sometimes two groups of two or three intervening letters followed each other—this just to make it more baffling. Did you get it?

EXPERT LEGAL ADVICE

Conducted by LUCILE PUGH

In writing the Expert Legal Advice Department please be careful to give full details of your case, stating whether or not it has been before the courts previously, or whether or not it has been submitted to a lawyer of your locality. If you desire Miss Pugh to find a lawyer for you give your address with care: personal address, city, and State. Unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope your communication will be answered in this column.

INQUIRER.—The various forms of notes are as follows:

NOTE WITH SURETY.

"Six months after date I promise to pay John Doe, or order, ——— dollars.
"John Brown.
"Richard Smith. Surety."

AN UNNEGOTIABLE NOTE.

"Three months after date I promise to pay John Doe ——— dollars for value received. John Brown."

A NEGOTIABLE NOTE.

"Three months after date I promise to pay John Doe or order ——— dollars for value received. John Brown."

A NOTE PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

"On demand I promise to pay John Doe or order ——— dollars for value received. John Brown."

A NOTE BEARING INTEREST.

"Six months after date I promise to pay John Doe or order ——— dollars, with interest, for value received. John Brown."

A NOTE PAYABLE BY INSTALLMENTS.

"For value received I promise to pay John Doe & Co. or order ——— dollars

in the manner following, viz: ——— dollars in one year, ——— dollars in two years, with interest on all said sums, payable semiannually, without defalcation or discount. John Brown."

All of these notes should be dated in the proper manner.

A form of note of a more elaborate type is the following:

"For value received I promise to pay John Doe & Co. or order ——— dollars in three years from the date hereof, with interest, payable semiannually, without defalcation or discount. And in case of default of my payment of the interest or principal aforesaid with punctuality, I hereby empower any attorney-at-law, to be appointed by said John Doe & Co., or their assigns, to appear in any court which said John Doe & Co., or their assigns, may select, and commence and prosecute a suit against me on said note, to confess judgment for all and every part of the interest or principal on said note, in the payment of which I may be delinquent.

"Witness my hand and seal this —— day of —— A. D. 1920.

"John Brown (seal).

"Attest, George Matthew."

If you are an employer and desire to place your employees in the positions in your office or factory for which they are best fitted; or if you are just about to step out into the world to earn your own living; or if crimes involving handwriting have been committed in your community; or if you want to know the characters of your friends as revealed in their chirography—send Louise Rice, in care of this magazine, specimens of the handwriting of the persons concerned, and inclose a stamped, addressed envelope. She will analyze the samples submitted to her and will give you her expert opinion of them, free of charge.

Every communication will be held in strict confidence. When permission is granted, cases will be discussed in the department, with or without the illustrations. Of course, under no circumstances will the identity of the persons concerned be revealed.

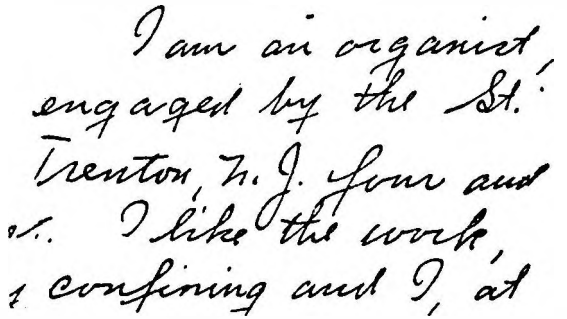
Miss Rice has on hand a thousand or more specimens of handwriting from readers who wished their handwriting analyzed in the magazine. On account of restricted space, it will be a long time before these letters appear. We therefore suggest that these readers send Miss Rice a stamped, addressed envelope, and she will give them an analysis of their handwriting in a personal letter.

CLAIRE.—No, Claire, I don't think you would make a good private secretary. I know I wouldn't want you for mine, anyway. I'm sure you would be thinking how much more becomingly I could dress my hair, just when I wanted the specimen sent in by some correspondent put before me, with sad results as to

the promptness of that specimen's appearing, and I am equally sure that you would find me a most exacting person if I thought you ought to be on time in the morning. Of course, you can change those things, but I am afraid that you haven't the nerve. You are extravagantly fond of ease and comfort, of pleasure, and of beautiful surroundings. With the best intentions in the world I am sure you would muddle up an office. But you have a tremendous will, if you choose to use it, and if—just *if*, mind you!—you can really get it into action, you might have success on the stage.

J. A. M.—By this, you can see, decidedly, that that "J. A. M." to which you refer was not you. In time I'll get to all of you, but I must ask you to have patience, for it seems to me that about one quarter of the inhabitants of these United States want me to read their writing. Well, where was I? Oh, yes, your character. It's a character in which sanity, caution, self-control, sincerity, and good sense are all strong, and that's saying a lot, J. A. M. You lack some of the elements of originality. You're too apt to follow the line of least resistance. You are too apt to do what seems expected of you; but you are warm-hearted, kind, and instinctively affectionate.

Organist.—From your writing, I should say that your best line of work was not in producing music, but in teaching it, or in directing others to play it. You have the musical director's "hand," which is a sort of cross between the musical and the literary and the administrative, so far as graphology goes.



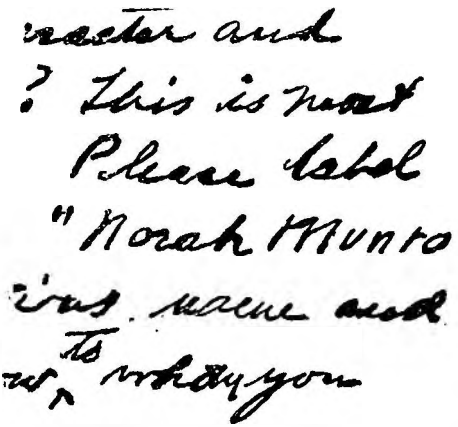
I don't believe in your giving up all your social life. Your nature is one which does not thrive on solitude. I would suspect you of losing your ambition and your initiative if compelled to work without the inspiration of companionship and pleasure in society. So there's your answer. I would either teach or try to do directing. Of the two, I think that the latter offers the best possibilities for ultimate success.

Jack William.—Oh, no, Jack, I'm at no disadvantage in not seeing you. Quite the contrary. When I see people and then am asked to read their handwriting, I am never able to give as clear or accurate a diagnosis as if I'd seen the writing alone. Because, as I've so often said, the personality is a sort of mask. I don't care whether you look like "a cross between a box of oranges and an Angora cat," for it wouldn't help me a bit. A. T. Craig can dope you from your finger nails to the way you comb your hair, but I can't. I have to see a person's script. Yours shows a person who is original, but who has little mental training; who is good-natured, but not consciously unselfish; who is possessed of some personal charm, but doesn't know how to use it; who is cautious and reserved and particularly canny as to money. Your "vocation" ought to be something that will depend for success on bargaining. For some reason, not easy to define, I think you would make a good country storekeeper.

F A. P.—Fred, I wonder just what you really mean by "criminalistic tendencies?" Nothing in your writing warrants me in supporting you in that suspicion, whatever it may be. I find you, if anything, abnormally conscientious, and therefore I suspect you of self-condemnation on the score, say, of a pilfered match—or some other such enormity! If you really have ever done anything outside of the law, you have been drawn into it by the force of circumstances, or by association with people of more will power than yourself, for in your will lies your weak spot, your openness to the enemy. Your personality, so suave and tactful, so antagonistic to force of any kind, would not bear up well against the pressure of more dominant wills. If there is actually the slightest danger, all you have to do is to place yourself in society of the utmost respectability, upon which your will will be just as firmly influenced for good as it could be for evil.

P. L. W.—Oh, Paul, you certainly are a self-conscious and rather vain fellow! You haven't a particle of humor, but, even so, you could cultivate a mild form of it, which would prevent you from telling me that "this is my own handwriting, which is truly represented by my handwriting." You, with your naturally accurate mind, ought to grin over that, but I suppose you'll squirm and blush instead. Try to grin, and thus take your first step in the right direction. You are too morbidly interested in yourself; too immersed in self-study. You need more of a normal– out-of-doors, as it were—attitude toward life.

Norah Munro.—I hope that business which you had with the writer of this specimen came off all right, but Ah ha' mee doots! People of this type are quick to promise, and, as they have very agile minds and are intuitive and adaptable, they can convince almost any one of their reliability. This writer is very clever; has an interesting personality; is forceful, positive, courageous, ambitious, and not too selfish. The element of unreliability runs through all of these pleasant qualities. Thus, he or she may mean the best in the world toward you, but will lack stability to stick to your best advantage; will be drawn away, intrigued, influenced. Note the variable and weak and vacillating "t." You can have all sorts of graphological faults, but if you have a strong t, with a long, sweeping bar, you can be relied upon, despite many defects. Your own writing

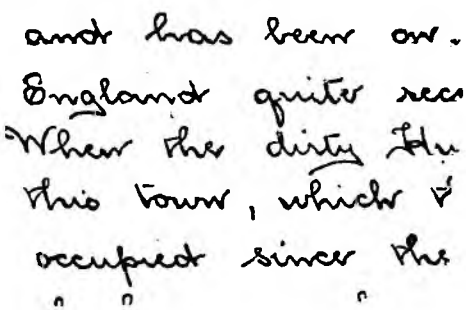


shows the more positive, the more ardent and deeply seated emotions and ambitions, and two such people will never, in the whole, wide world, get along together.

F. M. P.—You have a very pleasant, kind, and affectionate disposition. No, it's not "wonderful" to read character in handwriting. Anybody can do it who has a little native intuition, some knowledge of human nature, and a whole lot of patience. What you most need to cultivate is confidence in yourself. I am sure that almost any one can impose on you, for you have such a poor opinion of yourself that you would accept any villain at his own valuation. You are possessed of good taste. I should think you'd make a good dressmaker.

J. C., Toronto.—No, I don't consider you at all lacking so far as money matters are concerned. I would be far more inclined to suspect that stinginess and small-mindedness existed in the party of the second part. You, with your mildness and your reasonableness and your unselfishness, may, occasionally, act on impulse, but the other party, so close and accurate and stingy and self-satisfied and selfish, is the one who had better look to himself in this matter. He belongs to the tribe of husbands who need, but seldom get, a vixen for a wife. I grant his virtues, and his moderation and his thrift; but I do not grant him many graces of the soul or much charm of personality or any tact or much ability to put himself in the place of others. So far as my estimate of him goes, he ought to be shaking in his shoes for fear that he'll not be able to keep you, instead of grouching. No, I don't support women when they're in the wrong. A number of indignantly protesting letters from women, treasured in my desk, prove that.

E. A. Smith.—The specimen numbered one



is the writing of a person in whom the love of music and of all well-regulated arts is strong. It will be a pity if he does not follow this suggestion. The specimen numbered two shows good nature, weak will, and a personality which is pleasant, but not unusual. The specimen numbered three, while indicating lack of self-control, and rather an erratic nature, is also indicative of exceptional power and purpose, and shows a mind which is quite original. This writer needs training and discipline and educational development, but, with those things, would be, by far, the most interesting of these various writers. Your own writing shows ardor, unselfishness, and affection, but, mentally, you are lamentably in need of attention. A good college course or three or four years of business training would do you all the good in the world.

Mickey.—You ought to be in business, instead of being a locomotive fireman in a mine. You have a strong sense of values, a good bargain eye, and far more shrewdness than your present occupation would even suggest to you. If I were you I would open a store of some kind. Sorry, but I don't think this young lady would suit you, or you her. She is gay, unthinking, not shrewd, not

thrifty, very fond of pleasure, very impatient of correction, not inclined to think seriously about anything, not especially fond of home—eh? I hope my warning does not come too late.

The How, When, and Where of Success

Conducted by RUTHERFORD SCOTT

If it is impossible for you to wait for Mr. Scott to touch upon the work in which you are especially interested, in one of his articles, send a stamped, addressed envelope, and a careful, accurate, and brief statement of what your education is, what your experience has been, and where you wish to begin your career; also, the amount of time and money which you can give to your apprenticeship. He will write you a personal letter, and tell you what you wish to know.

The Selling of Plays

HAVING in my last article disposed of the question of the need for training, let us now consider the three branches of literary work from the wholly practical standpoint, that of marketing the goods and making money.

The playwright has by far the most difficult work in this department. To sell a play is harder work, it is said, than to write ten. This applies, of course, to the first plays. A successful playwright need never try to sell his plays. He will be approached by managers and can often secure a substantial sum in advance, by merely presenting to an interested manager his idea for a play. But with such successful persons these little articles have nothing to do. We are considering the beginner.

In other branches of literature "influence" counts for practically nothing. The work is the whole thing. But the dramatic field is different. Just to leave a type-written play at a manager's office is, usually, practically to bury it, unless, by some lucky accident, it should be discovered and happen to fill a pressing need.

An introduction, not necessarily in person, but by letter, from any literary critic or from a person known to the manager, saying that the play is considered to have possibilities and that it is the hope of the writer that the manager will give it some attention, will always help. It helps, too, if smaller plays are used by fashionable clubs, by amateurs, and so on. Any publicity that the playwright can secure, will help. If he can become the member of dramatic clubs he will always hear gossip which will be of assistance as showing him where to offer his wares. The stage is as shifting as sand. Partnerhips are made and dissolved overnight, plays are put on and taken off at short notice, new combinations of actors and managers are constantly being made. To know something of all this is essential. Of course, a good agent will be useful, but even with that, the playwright should himself be in touch with the world for which he proposes to work.

There is sometimes the possibility of writing a play for a particular actress or actor, presenting it to that person, and so getting a chance; but it is a big gamble to write such a play, since the possibility of its sale elsewhere is thereby greatly restricted.

Young men often ask me what a playwright can make. This is surely a proper occasion for the use of a most expressive bit of slang. "The sky's the limit." But it is to be remembered that, with this possibility of enormous profit, there is also the possibility of years of practical starvation. A number of playwrights, now well known and highly successful, all but died of sheer poverty and privation during their desperate hunt for a chance to have a play produced.

Men who ask if they should, on coming out of college, take up the writing of plays as a profession, get an emphatic "no" from me. Unless a person has an assured income, something gainful should be taken up first. This is not difficult. A dramatist's working hours are not many. They cannot be. The limit of two hours a day is set by one very well-known playwright. A man or woman, therefore, could easily pursue a lucrative vocation and allow the writing of plays to be a matter of holidays and odd times.

The presentation of the manuscript of a play in the usual form is really essential. There are no conventions so set as those of the stage, and this is one in which a deviation by a young writer is bad. Have a typist do your manuscript, who is accustomed to putting it in the usual form—indenting, correcting, underlining business with red, and so on. Thus the first impression created is of a person to whom the conventions of the profession are familiar.

A young playwright, presenting his first play, should make no stipulations whatever as to what it will bring him. He will, of course, want a contract; but let him take with thankfulness whatever he can get.

If he is successful, he can make his own terms in the future.

MISSING

This department, conducted in duplicate in DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE and WESTERN STORY MAGAZINE, thus giving readers double service, is offered free of charge to our readers. Its purpose is to aid them in getting in touch with persons of whom they have lost track.

While it will be better to use your name in the notice, we will print your request "blind" if you prefer. In sending "blind" notices, you must, of course, give us your right name and address, so that we can forward promptly any letters that may come for you. We reserve the right to reject any notice that seems to us unsuitable.

If it can be avoided, please do not send us a "General Delivery" post-office address, for experience has proved that those persons who are not specific as to address often have mail that we send them returned to us marked "not found." It would be well, also, to notify us of any change in your address.

When you hear from the person you are seeking, tell us, so that we may take your notice out.

Now, readers, help those whose friends or relatives are missing, as you would like to be helped if you were in a similar position.

WARNING.—Do not forward money to any one who sends you a letter or telegram, asking for money "to get home," et cetera, until you are absolutely certain that the author of such telegram or letter is the person you are seeking.

CAMPBELL, ED.—When last heard of was in Hartford, Connecticut, working as a motorman on a street car. Any one knowing his present address please write to H. Moore, 625 1-2 East Commerce Street, San Antonio, Texas.

MILLS, ROSS.—I have your wheel O. K. Don't worry; everything will be all right. Your grandmother is very anxious about you. Write as soon as possible. Will give you every chance to make good just where you are if you wish.—Dad.

RODNEY, DAVID.—He went out one Monday morning four years ago, leaving the impression that he would be back on Friday night, and that is the last that has been seen of him. He is a small man, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. The top of his head is bald, and most of his teeth are filled with gold. He is now about thirty-six years old. Any one who has seen him, or who knows where he is at the present time, will do a great kindness by writing to N. M. R., care of this magazine.

MORSE, LOUISA A.—She left her home in Tarrytown on July 9th last to take a position in New York City, and has not been heard from since. She is seventeen years old, but would pass for nineteen; five feet three inches in height, weighs about one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and is a blonde with grayish-blue eyes. She wore a silver class ring with initials I. H. S. and a mosaic brooch pin. She may be known as Peggy Travis. Any information about her will be gratefully received by her father, S. J. Morse, Tarrytown, New York.

INFORMATION WANTED as to the whereabouts of **GEORGE** and **JOHN JACKSON**, and **MRS. MARTHA WAGNER.** Please write to E. E. D., care of this magazine.

LAWSON, MISS VIOLET.—Please send your address to H. M. Weeks, care of this magazine.

COLE, JOHN, formerly of 365 Gould Street, Brooklyn, New York. He was last heard of about ten years ago when he was working for the criminal investigation department of New York. Any information about him will be gratefully received by Harry Harvey, care of this magazine.

SALTER, JOHN THOMAS.—He is thirty-nine years old, six feet tall, and has a light complexion and blue eyes. He was last heard from in Port Arthur, Texas, in 1911. His mother is anxious to get news of him, and will be grateful for any information. Mrs. M. J. M., care of this magazine.

TEBOE, HARRY.—Twenty-five years ago, when he was about seven years old, he was lost at Wrightsville Beach, Wilmington, North Carolina. There was a big excursion at the beach at the time, and it was thought that he may have been stolen by some one in the party, but all efforts to find him have failed. He had dark hair and brown eyes. Any one who can help to find this young man will earn the everlasting gratitude of his mother and all the members of his family. Any news of him will be thankfully received by his sister, Mrs. J. R. Turney, 263 St. Philip Street, Charleston, South Carolina.

LEONARD, ERNEST.—His daughter, who has not seen him for twenty years, is very anxious to find him. He lived somewhere in Iowa, and is blind in his right eye. His wife's maiden name was May Robison. They separated when the daughter was about four years old, and she has never heard anything of her father since that time. She will be deeply grateful to any one who can help her to get in touch with him. Mrs. Edna [illegible], 2758 Curtis Street, Denver, Colorado.

LIVINGSTON.—I was born in St. Louis, Missouri, on [illegible] 28, [illegible]. My father's name was Charles and my mother's Alice. On March [illegible], [illegible], I was placed in the Children's Home of Missouri, by a man named Holmes, who stated that my mother was sick and unable to care for me. I was taken from the Home by William and Clara Stohr, of Bates County, Missouri, who brought me up. Mr. Holmes is dead, and I have been unable to obtain any information about my people. I am seeking my father and mother, or any relative that I may have, and will be thankful to any one who may be able to give me information that will help me in my quest. My own name is Francis Livingston. Write John Stohr, care of this magazine.

DOUGLASS, ROSS WALDEMAR.—Communicate with me at once. Cable address, **MACBLAIR, MANILA.** Use Western Union Five-Letter Code. Bird St. Barbe-Douglass.

WAGNER, HARRY.—He was last heard from in the spring of 1917, when he was living on Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia. He is twenty-two years of age, five feet eight inches tall, weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds, and has a dark complexion. Any information about him will be gladly received by J. R. S., care of this magazine.

MOORE, FRANK B.—Twenty-six years ago he was in the army at Fort Myer, Virginia, F. Troop, 7th Cavalry. It was heard about a year ago that he was on a ranch in Texas. A very old friend of his would like to hear from him or from any one who knows him. R. G., care of this magazine.

MEDEROUS, MRS. GERALDINE.—About 1908-09 three daughters and a son were taken from her by their father, and removed from New Bedford, Massachusetts, to California. Frank and Rose stayed with their mother, who moved from New Bedford with her brother, and the other children have never heard from her since. The father died in 1918, and they would be most thankful for any news of their mother. Please write to Manuel Media, care of this magazine.

FLAVIN.—In 1892 a baby girl was adopted by Sam and Annie Conroy, of Cambridge Street, Boston, Massachusetts. It is believed that her name was Flavin. She is very anxious to learn something of her parents, and to find them, if possible, or any relatives. Any one who can enlighten her, or give her the slightest clew, will confer a favor upon her that she will never forget. H. J. B., care of this magazine.

CLARK, DONALD.—When last heard of he was in Dayton, Ohio. He is asked to write to E. B. V., care of this magazine.

O'ROURKE, PETER.—When last heard from he was in Denver, Colorado. Any one knowing his present whereabouts will do a great favor by sending his address to his sister, Mrs. A. G. Archer, 237 West Tupper Street, Buffalo, New York.

VINCENT, DONALD.—He left home on the fourth of August, 1916. He is now nineteen years old. He has brown hair and blue eyes, and is lame in his left leg. He has a good education. Any information that will lead to communication with this boy will be thankfully received by his family. H. S. Vincent, 53 St. Zotique Street, Montreal, Canada.

GLYNNE, RAYMOND.—He was born in Kootenai, British Columbia, in 1895, and was last heard of in France while serving as pilot in the R. F. C. He is a civil engineer. Any information about him will be greatly appreciated by J. E. Sexton, 148 Fort Garry Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

MURPHY, JOSEPH, colored, and his wife Mary. Their son, who was born in New York City, in 1900, and adopted by a colored woman named Mrs. Susan Gary, is anxious to find his parents, or to learn something of them. Any information will be gratefully received. Joseph P. Gary, care of this magazine.

SMARUP, GREGORY, generally known as "Curly." He is about five feet ten inches tall, with dark curly hair, dark complexion and light blue eyes. He was last seen about five years ago when he was working for the American Locomotive Company, in Schenectady, New York. He was born in Denmark and has a second wife and five children. His daughter by his first marriage would be grateful for any news of him. Lillian Smarup, care of this magazine.

Will any of the boys who were with Company L, 121st Infantry, Thirty-first Division, stationed at Camp Mills, New York, and who left for overseas in September, 1918, write to S. J. M., care of this magazine.

TRACY.—I have a brother and sister who were given out for adoption when my mother died to some people in the [illegible] of Wel[illegible], Massachusetts. My grandfather took [illegible] and I have never seen them since, as we came to V[illegible] soon after and all trace of them was lost. I was two years old at the time and I am now sixteen. I should be most grateful to any one who can help me to get in touch with them. Granville Tracy, care of this magazine.

HOWELL, WILLIAM P., of Islip, Long Island. He is about twenty-five years old. He enlisted in the Seventh Field Hospital Corps, and was sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas. From there he went to France, Mobile Hospital No. 13, A. E. F. A friend would be glad to hear from any one who knows his present address. E. D. S. F., care of this magazine.

MEYERS, PAUL VINCENT.—His grandmother has not seen him since 1902, when he went away with his father and his stepmother. He is now twenty-two years old, and when last heard of was living in Staten Island, New York. His grandmother is getting old and would like very much to hear from him. If he sees this she hopes he will write to her, and will be glad to hear from any one who knows his address. Mrs. J. T. Crawford, 1708 West Street, Norwood, Ohio.

TINNEY, PETER.—He left his family in 1901. His wife died soon after, and two of his children, Bertha Ellen and Margaret, were placed in a home. Their sister Pearl is anxiously seeking them. She would also be glad to hear from her father's brother, Dan. Mrs. Pearl Tinney Evans, 807 North Ninth Street, Lafayette, Indiana.

TYNBALL, ARTHUR T., an electrician, left Seattle, Washington, in February, 1918, for Casper, Wyoming. Letters addressed to him were forwarded to Thermopolis by the postal authorities, and thence returned to the writers. He has not been heard from since he left. He was about six feet tall, weighed one hundred and eighty pounds, is thirty-six years of age, and of a quiet disposition. Any one knowing his whereabouts will do a kindness by writing to his sister, Mrs. Martha Dorsey, Garnell, Montana.

CLARK, ROGER LYONS, a printer, formerly of Marshall, Texas, and last heard of at or near Butte, Montana. His brother is dead and there is some property for him. Also **JAMES J. JENNINGS,** printer, of Marshall, Texas. His brother would be glad to hear from him. R. L. Jennings, Karnack, Texas.

TIKKA, SELMA.—She was in Negaunee, Michigan, thirteen years ago. She went from there to Minneapolis and married. Her nephew would like to find her and does not know her married name. She is Finnish. Any information will be gratefully received. L. B. A. T., care of this magazine.

FISCHER, FRANK O., formerly of Company G, 152d Infantry, at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and later transferred to Officers' Training Camp at Camp Gordon, Georgia. It is believed that his home was in Muncie, Indiana. We soldiered together for about two years, then I was sent to France and lost track of him. I shall be grateful for any information that will help me to find him. Harry Homan, 8485 Commercial Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

SMITH, MRS. AMANDA.—About thirty years ago she went to Texas from Alabama to join her mother, Mary Davis, and her sister Josephine. She has been heard from only once since that time when her post office was Paris, Texas. Her daughter Alice would be so happy to hear from her, or from any of her relatives. Mrs. Alice C. McCain, 837 Noble Street, Anniston, Alabama.

WILEY, WILLIAM M.—He left Frankfort, Kentucky, twelve years ago, and was last heard from in Mount Pleasant, Iowa, ten years ago. His daughter Gladys, and his son Roger, would like very much to get in touch with him, and will be grateful for any information that will help them to find him. Miss Gladys Wiley, 417 South Toune Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

MILLER, ORVILLE EDWARD.—He left Indianapolis about February or March, 1917. He is a little over five feet in height, has black hair and blue eyes with long black lashes, and weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. His mother is very anxious and worried about him and will be grateful to any one who can give her news of him. C. T., care of this magazine.

SHIRLEY, MYRTLE.—When last heard from she was in Belton, South Carolina. A sincere friend would like to hear from her. Any one knowing her address will do a favor by sending it to J. Mason, 811 McCumber Avenue, Wilmington, North Carolina.

PEARCE, JOHN MARTIN.—He used to live at Butte City, Montana, and went from there to Park City, Utah. He is fifty-three years old, six feet tall, well built, and of dark complexion. His sister, who has not seen him for twenty-nine years, will be deeply grateful for any news of her brother. J. M. H., care of this magazine.

BRADELEY, VERA, who wrote a letter on June 15, 1918, from "Somewhere in New York, shopping again," to 257 West One Hundred and Eleventh Street, New York City, is asked to send her address to J. G. T., care of this magazine.

BAKER, MINNIE SARAH, who married H. Lyman, and afterward James E. Coburn. Her parents are old and are very anxious to find their daughter. Any one who knows where she is will do a great favor by writing to F. A. Cooke, 1112 Market Stareet, San Francisco, California.

HURLEY, JAMES.—He was last heard of in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1917, and is supposed to have left there for a construction job in Arkansas. Follows compressed air construction work as foreman. Any information will be greatly appreciated by H. E. Hurley, 5107 Hazel Street, Seattle, Washington.

ACKER, SERGEANT N.—A friend would like to hear from him or from any one who knows his present address. When last heard from he was at Fort Sheridan Hospital on duty during the "flu" epidemic. E. Hayes, care of this magazine.

COHEN, HARRY.—Xnt bzm bnld cbdl mnu zmxshld Rszdldlnsr. Zgd Enkknvhmf Fdd. Haa bnnedrude zme rzhe Rhemdx F. Fthkex Zgd sgd Oghbjt nm xntg zgl. Uhrhakd? Sgd zigddldms He Zeeqdblzade. Sidney A.

McRAE, JAMES.—When last heard of he was in Atlanta, Georgia. His mother is heart broken at his absence and silence, as she does not know whether he is dead or alive. There is important business awaiting his presence, and if he sees this he is asked to write to his brother at once. Calvin McRae, 121 West Buchtel Avenue, Akron, Ohio.

YULA, JESAMINE ISBELL.—Her aunt has not seen her since she was five years old, and she is now thirteen. She was last heard of in Wichita, Kansas, with her mother, who has married again. I hope some one will write to me who knows her, and I will fully appreciate their kindness. Her aunt, Mrs. W. C. Howard, Box 164, Picher, Oklahoma.

MARTIN, JOHN ALEXANDER.—He is the son of Laura Gertrude and James Alexander, of Toronto, Canada, and was born on November 5, 1897. He left his home in the early part of August, 1911, and his family has not heard from him since, but heard that he had been seen in Detroit. He is five feet six inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, and a scar on the top of his head. Every effort has been made to find him, but without success, and it is hoped that this appeal to our readers will bring some result. His mother has worried very much since he left, and any information about him will bring joy to his family. Please write to his sister, Mrs. M. J. Mountain, 22 Buchanan Street, Toronto, Canada.

HANRATTY, GEORGE.—He was last heard of eight years ago at Mobridge, South Dakota. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs about one hundred and sixty-five pounds, has blue eyes, black hair, and a ruddy complexion. He speaks with an Irish accent. His mother lives in Cork, Ireland. Any one knowing his whereabouts please write to C. M. Culbertson, 1213 South Twenty-seventh Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

J. B. H.—"The Duke," last heard from in Savannah, Georgia, about the first of June last. Your wife Margaret is in the hospital to undergo an operation, and is very much worried at not having heard from you. Please write to your sister at once. K. V. M.

MULLEN, MRS. SARAH, and her daughter **MAY,** who lived at 1098 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, nineteen years ago. Any information regarding their whereabouts will be thankfully appreciated by Mrs. Mullen's sister, Mrs. Agnes A. Ormiston, 41 Claverick Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

CAMPBELL.—My mother died thirty-one years ago in Montrose, Colorado. Her maiden name was Rachel Bowen, and her husband's name was Floyd S. Campbell. I was sixteen years old when my mother died, and when we last heard of her relatives they were living in Turkey Creek, Arkansas City, Arkansas. I would be very glad to get in touch with some of her people, and shall be most grateful to any one who can tell me where they are. Roscoe Campbell, Box 1152, Gallup, New Mexico.

URICH, HARRY D.—He left Denver, Colorado, in 1905. He is five feet ten inches tall. One finger of his left hand is missing. When last heard from he was in the navy. His sister has some money for him and would like to hear from him. Helen D. Urich, care of this magazine.

HARLEY, JOHN WILLIAM.—When last heard from he was in Alta Vista, Virginia, in December, 1913. He is twenty-eight years old. If any one knows his present address and will send it to his sister she will greatly appreciate the kindness. Lola Fowler, 173 Reynolds Street, Spartanburg, South Carolina.

SMITH.—I was born on August 13, 1887, in Cincinnati, Ohio. My mother's name was Sarah Smith. She was in poor health and placed me in the Foundling Home, Mr. Crouse being superintendent. When I was about four years old my mother died of consumption, and I was taken from the home by people who adopted me, and have always been most kind to me. They are both living, and I think the world of them, but there are times when I would like to know if I have any brothers, sisters, father, or any blood relations at all, and I feel that I must have. I can get no information from the Home. If any one can enlighten me and help me to know whether I have any living relatives or not, I shall be deeply grateful to them. Kathleen Smith, care of this magazine.

FIELD, JESSE H.—Twenty-four years ago he lived at Rapid City, South Dakota. He was then twenty-one years old, tall, with black curly hair slightly streaked with gray, hazel eyes, and a fair complexion. I would be glad to hear from him or from any member of his family. Mrs. Emma Fordham Bay, 6322 Compton Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

STARR, TED.—He was twenty years old last May, is about six feet tall, has very dark hair and dark blue eyes, and a small scar on his left cheek. He left home two years ago, and his mother thinks he may be working on a ranch, as he used to dress like a cowboy and was always craving for that life. She hopes if he sees this that he will write to her. Any one who has seen him, or knows anything of his whereabouts, will do a great favor by writing to Mrs. Starr, care of this magazine.

BOWDLE, GEORGE and **FRANK.**—They were last heard of in California several years ago. Their parents are old and in poor health, and are constantly worrying about their sons. Any information will be most gratefully received by their niece, Miss Sylvia Martin, 208 1-2 East Okmulgee Street, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

CHEEVER, CHARLES WESLEY, sometimes known as **JAKE.** Also **JAMES PLANK.** Drop a line to your old friend, Elbert R. Fry, Headquarters Company, Fourty-fourth Infantry, Presidio of San Francisco, California.

TRUNK, PAUL J.—He was last heard of in Okmulgee, Oklahoma. Any one who knows his whereabouts will do a great favor by writing to H. Hasbrouck, 9 Harrison Street, Poughkeepsie, New York.

COOROUGH, MRS. ANNIE M.—When last heard from she was in Nogalia, California, in 1917. She has a son Harold, about fourteen years of age, and a brother, John M. Berg, a steam-shovel engineer, who lives somewhere in California. Any information will be gratefully received by her daughter, Mrs. L. V. La May, 627 West One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Street, New York City.

WEESE, WILFRED W.—He was in France with the Air Service, and when last heard of was in Roanoke, Virginia. He is asked to write to his old pal, Corporal John May, care of this magazine.

HASKETT, ROBERT HENRY.—Twenty-four years ago he left Vandelie, Texas, for the gold fields in Alaska, and has never been heard from since. He was born and brought up in North Carolina, and after his marriage went to Norfolk, Virginia. His wife died shortly before he went to Vandelie, leaving one daughter. He was forty years old when he went away, about five feet six inches tall, of a dark complexion, and had a large birth mark on the left side of his face. Any information about him will be gladly received and greatly appreciated by his granddaughter, Miss Janie Wilkerson, care of this magazine.

ROGEN, ISIDOR H.—Come home, mother is sick and wants to hear from you very much. David Rogen, 531 Watkins Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

MARION.—If you see this please come home, or write to me. I am very lonesome, and am anxious to arrange things so that we can be happy. I have something important to tell you. Please do write. Effie.

LEVEY, IRENE.—She was last heard of when she moved from Absecon Highlands, New Jersey, to New York City. She is asked to send her address to G. Grenbel.

McHINEY, MRS. NELLIE, formerly of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Any news of her will be greatly appreciated by a friend, 12-10-5, care of this magazine.

ORR, OSA ANNA.—She is about fifteen years old and may be known as Helen Kuntz. She is the daughter of Nelson Orr, who was U. S. Court Commissioner of Kenna, New Mexico, and was killed in the courthouse of that place on March 31, 1912. Osa was last heard of in Roswell, New Mexico, with Mrs. Jolie Kuntz. Any one who knows where she is now will do a great favor by writing to her sister. V. A., care of this magazine.

McGINN, FRANCIS PATRICK.—He is twenty-four years old, five feet six inches tall, and has black hair and brown eyes. He was last heard from in Albuquerque, New Mexico. His sister and father are very anxious to find him and will be grateful for any information that will help them. Mrs. Cecilia Hopkins, care of this magazine.

ORMAN, CORTLAND.—He used to live in Chicago, but when last heard of was in Anderson, Indiana, in 1915. He is about six feet tall, with light hair and blue eyes, and has two fingers missing from the left hand. Any news of him will be gladly received by Bill, care of this magazine.

ANDREWS, ALVA.—Her last-known address was 801 Lanely Street, Dallas, Texas. She is asked to write to an old friend, O. Tracy, care of this magazine.

COATS, HOWARD CLYDE.—He is eight years old, and when last heard of was living in Beloit, Wisconsin, with his father and aunt. Some one who is very fond of him would like to know where he is, and would be glad to hear from any one who can give news of him. Mrs. C. J. M., care of this magazine.

GARCIA, LILLIAN.—She left her home in Oakland, California, a short time ago, and had her children, two girls and a boy, with her. The girls are eight and nine years old, and the boy is six. They are all dark, and the mother is very fair. Her sister is very much worried about her, and will be most grateful to any one who can give her news of her. If she sees this she is asked to write, in all confidence, to Sister, care of this magazine.

CARR, IRENE.—She has not been heard from since August, 1918, when she was in St. Louis, Missouri. She is twenty-one years old, of Irish and French descent. Any information will be thankfully received by her mother, Mrs. Blanche Porter, 915 North Fifteenth Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

DEVON, GEORGE.—He sailed from England in the "Tudor Prince," in 1908, and has not been heard of since he left that boat in New York. Any kind reader who may have information about him will do a great kindness by writing to his brother, Stanley Devon, 14 Melbourne Street, Everton, Liverpool, England.

JOHNSON, GUS, who, in the summer of 1916, was proprietor of a billiard room in Seattle, and was having a small schooner built for coast trade. I would like to know his present address, and renew our brief but pleasant acquaintance. O. W. Pierce, 1715 North Pennsylvania Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

LUCIUS.—Your mother is much worried about you. Write home and tell her you are all right. Dallas.

DARTNELL, MR. and **MRS.**—They left Cork, Ireland, with their family, in 1905 for Winnipeg, Canada. Any news of them will be gladly received by Daisy Barrett, who is now Mrs. P. W. Chiswell, 256 Laurier Avenue, West, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

HAGA, JOHN.—He moved to Los Angeles some years ago, and after a short correspondence letters sent to him there were returned. His old friend, Paul F. Klaus, would like to hear from him.

PURCELL, BERT.—When last heard from he was in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1913-14. He is about five feet eleven inches tall, and is now probably thirty-five years old. His home and people were in Gallup, New Mexico, but he has not been there for years. He has a roaming disposition, and does not stay in one place very long. An old friend would be glad to hear from him, and will appreciate any information as to his present whereabouts. M. J. S., care of this magazine.

ALLPORT.—I would like to hear from any one who knew my brother, the late Captain Tom Allport, who sailed out of San Francisco in the eighties, or his widow, Rhoda Theresa Allport. Please write to J. W. Allport, 107 Thirteenth Street, Oakland, California.

DONOVAN, EDWARD J.—When last heard of he was sailing the Great Lakes with his uncle. He was formerly a captain in the Air Service. His present address is wanted by a friend. H. G. E., care of this magazine.

PETERSON, JACOB.—This was my father's name. He was born in Pennsylvania, about 1810, left his home when he was ten years old, and went to Indiana. He claimed to be a Hollander. He had a brother named Cornelius, and three sisters. He died in 1858. I am anxious to find some trace of his relatives, and shall be glad to hear from the descendants of any member of his family. J. J. Peterson, Dixon, Illinois.

SIMMONS, JUNE F.—He was last heard of seven years ago, when he was in Remlig, Texas. He is forty-one years old, has light-brown hair, and when last seen had a heavy mustache. Any one who knows anything about him please write to J. J. Simmons, Barringer, Arkansas.

WOOD, CHARLES B.—He left Louisville, Kentucky, in 1918. He is fifty years old, weighs about two hundred pounds, and is an automobile salesman. It was said that he went to some place in Ohio. Any information about him will be thankfully received by Mrs. Kate M. Wood, care of this magazine.

WINN, W. D.—He is a barber, forty-one years of age, with dark hair and blue eyes. He was last heard of in Amarillo, Texas, in 1916. His mother will be glad to hear from any one who knows where he is, or who can give her any news of him. Mrs. John C. Winn, Meeker, Oklahoma.

GUELDENZOPF, WILHELM and **CHRIS.**—They are about sixty-two and fifty-three years old respectively, and were last heard of in Clinton, Iowa, in 18[illegible]. Any news of them, or of their family, will be greatly appreciated by their cousin, Mrs. William Gueldenzopf, care of this magazine.

GILLESPIE, MURRAY EDWARD.—He was born in [illegible], New Brunswick, Canada, and when last heard [illegible] was in the employ of the Bethlehem Steel Company [illegible] years ago, when this company was building a [illegible] New York. His [illegible] would be most grateful for any information that would help her to find [illegible]. Mary Gillespie, 83 [illegible] Avenue, Braintree, Massachusetts.

JOSEPHSON, SYDNEY and MAX.—They were last heard from shortly before the War, when they were living in New York City. If they wish to hear some good news they should write to B. Segal, 725 Girard Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

NORTON, E. O.—He left New York about June 1, 1918, saying he would go to California, stopping at Buffalo, taking a boat across the lake to Detroit, and then go on. We heard that he stayed at the Iroquois Hotel in Buffalo from June the eighth to the tenth, and left without giving a forwarding address. He had a large steamer trunk and a hand bag, but we could not find out who took his baggage from the hotel. He has never been heard of since, and it has been impossible to find out what became of him after he left the hotel. He was sixty-four years old, weighed about one hundred and sixty pounds, had light hair and mustache, was well dressed and walked with a cane. He wore no jewelry but a gold watch and chain. Any information about him will greatly relieve the anxiety of his family, and will be deeply appreciated. Miss E. J. Norton, care of this magazine.

McCLELLAN, GEORGE LOYD.—He is twenty-one years old, six feet tall, with brown eyes, dark hair and complexion. There are tattoo marks on his arms of two women, and his initials, G. L. M. He is a third engineer, machinist, and when last heard of he was in Norfolk, Virginia, on a ship bound for the east coast. This was in January, 1920. Any news of him will be gladly received by his mother, Mrs. H. McClellan, care of this magazine.

SHEETS, ROBERT.—When last heard from he was in the oil fields in California, about 1918. He is twenty-four years old, with black hair and dark complexion. He is asked to write to his brother, Bert A. Sheets, 16 North Eleventh Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

O'SHAUGHNESY.—I was brought up in a convent in Kansas City, Missouri, and lost all trace of my people, as I was a very small child when I was placed in the home. We were seven children, and I would be very glad to know something of my family. Any assistance in this matter will be thankfully appreciated. Annie O'Shaughnesy, care of this magazine.

SHULTZ, JULIA A.—Ten years ago her family lost all trace of her. She used to live in a small town in Nebraska, in or near Mount Cook. Her sister will be most grateful to any one who can give her any information that will help to find her. Mrs. S. H. Nethaus, 35 North Hamilton Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

HODGE, JAMES.—He is about twenty-two years old, five feet eight inches tall, and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. When last heard from he was in Atlantic City, early in 1919. His brother will be very grateful to any one who will help him to find him. Coleman Hodge, 2509 West Dauphin Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

HANSEN, JULIUS.—You have nothing to fear. Please write to your daughter, M. D. H. B., care of this magazine.

LEGGO, HAROLD P., known as BUDDY. He left Newark, New Jersey, in February, 1918, for his home in Kenaston, Saskatchewan, Canada. Any news of him will be gladly received. If he sees this I hope he will write to me. Louis Paret, 45 Pemberton Street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

ESTES, REVEREND ALEC.—About eight years ago he was the pastor of Cook's Presbyterian Church, in Toronto, Canada, and left there for a pastorate in Detroit. An old schoolmate and neighbor would be glad to hear from him, and will appreciate the kindness of any reader who will be good enough to send his address. William James Henderson, care of this magazine.

CLAVEAU, ERNEST.—He was last heard from in Los Angeles, when his brother died in the service. His mother is worrying about him and will be grateful for any information that will help her to find her son. Also **MORRIL**, first name not given. When last heard from he was in Malta, Montana, in the employ of the government. An old friend would like very much to know his present whereabouts. A. L., care of this magazine.

PARKER, CARL M.—He left Johnstown, Pennsylvania, about 1909, and was last heard from in Arlington, Oregon, in 1911. He is about thirty-four years old, with dark curly hair and uneven teeth. He has been in Alaska. His sister is anxious to get news of him. Z. P. Hoffman, 5661 Broadway, Oakland, California.

SHOARES, ARTHUR J., formerly of New Haven, Connecticut; **HARRY LILLEY**, formerly of Bennington, New Hampshire, and **ARTHUR H. LANDRA**, who lived in Westboro, Massachusetts, twenty years ago, are asked to write to Mrs. G. H. C., care of this magazine.

POWELL, RUTH.—She was last seen in Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1917. Her home is in Iowa. I have some important news for her, and am anxious to get her present address. J. C. Vaughn, care of this magazine.

BESSIE B.—Please let me hear from you at once. J. W. M., care of this magazine.

COOK, BLANCHE.—She was last heard of in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1919. Any one who knows her present address will do a favor by sending it to E. C. Walker, care of this magazine.

WEST, SAMUEL J.—On December 12, 1912, he was twenty-six years old, and on that date he wrote a letter to his sister Nellie from the Cordova Hotel, Vancouver, British Columbia. He is five feet eight inches tall, with fair hair and blue eyes. His sister will be grateful for any information regarding him. Charlotte E. West, 2550 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

LUTHER, CHARLES B.—He was last heard of in Buffalo, New York, about 1903. He is now seventy-three years old, and a machinist by occupation. His son and daughter will be deeply grateful for any information concerning him. Mrs. A. Coulton, 295 Highland Avenue, Highland Park, Michigan.

STEPANIK, MARIE.—She is twenty-one years of age, about five feet three inches in height, with hair dark and blue eyes. She is supposed to be living with her father in Philadelphia. Any one who knows her address will greatly oblige by sending it to Julia Kowal, 551 East Twenty-second Street, Lorain, Ohio.

MILLER, "FROGGIE," formerly of the 37th Division, Ohio National Guard, and last heard of at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama. I would like to hear from him or from any of his comrades. Comrade, care of this magazine.

LANDAUER, MRS. W. A., formerly of Chicago, and last heard of in 1918. At one time she lived in Kansas. A friend is anxious to get her present address and will be deeply indebted to any one who may be kind enough to send it to G. W. R., care of this magazine.

ASTON, RICHARD, who served a term in the navy and was discharged in October, 1919. He is thought to be in some Western State. Any information about him will be gratefully received by John Aston, care of this magazine.

ALLEN, ALEX C.—He was a petty officer on the U. S. S. "New Mexico," and was last heard of in San Francisco in March last. He is thirty-three years old, with dark hair and blue eyes. If any one knows where he is they will do a favor by sending his address to J. W., care of this magazine.

McCARTNEY.—When I was four years old my mother died. My father's people took me, and my mother's sister took my sister, who was then five years old. I am now twenty-six, and have not heard anything of he, since that time. My mother's people lived in Rodney, Ontario, Canada, and I heard later that they had moved to Detroit, Michigan. Their name was McCartney. If any one can help me to find my sister, I shall be deeply grateful and shall never forget their kindness. Frank L. Auger, care of this magazine.

ROTHWELL, ROBERT E.—He was last heard of in the U. S. army, medical corps, at Camp Dix, and was going to re-enlist. He is tall and slender, with dark hair. His old pals Mike and Connie want to hear from him. Connie Allbright, 32 James Street, Rochester, New York.

WILSON, EVELYN RUBY.—Twenty-five years ago I placed my baby girl, then four months old, to board with a family named Osmore, at Hill, New Hampshire. They had a grown up daughter named Clara. I saw my baby once after leaving her there, as I was traveling all the time. After six months I went to take the child away, and found that the people had gone, and no one knew where. I have tried for years to find them, but without success, and I am now hoping that some one who knows them may see this and write to me, for which I shall be always grateful. Evelyn Wilson, care of this magazine.

WILLIAMSON, JOHN, who left Illinois about thirty-five years ago. His sister's son would like to hear from him or from any member of his family. Victor V. Baker, Oblong, Illinois.

LEE.—I was adopted from an institution in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1898, when I was one year old. My name was Theresa M. Lee. The people who adopted me called me Lucille Hall. They moved to Colorado when I was six years old. My mother, whose name was Alma Lee, was last heard of when I was about one year old, in Springfield, Missouri. If any one can tell me anything of her, or help me to find her, I shall greatly appreciate their kindness. L. W., care of this magazine.

PENNIMAN, JANE, the widow of Benjamin Penniman, who lived in New York City, at 503 West Twenty-third Street, in 1865. Any one who knew her will do a great favor by writing to Harry Johnson, Route No. 1, Watseka, Illinois.

DAY, KENNETH, who lived at one time in Sioux City, and later in Yankton, South Dakota, with a family named Britt, and **CLIFFORD OUTHOUSE.** These two are asked to communicate with an old friend. D. B., care of this magazine.

DARWIN, MAMIE CRYSTAL.—She is thirty-two years old, tall and slender, with light-brown hair, and one eye smaller than the other. She cannot raise her left arm higher than her shoulder. She is a teacher and plays the piano well. She is asked to write to her sister or her father, who are worrying very much about her, and would be greatly relieved if they could hear from her. Mrs. Thomas L. Wiggers, Box 7-A, Route 4, Eupora, Mississippi.

TUCK, ROBERT A.—I am safe and well. Please write or come at once. We want you. Rob Stanley, Harrison, Idaho.

LAUDERMILK, CHARLES, of the U. S. navy. He was last heard of in Bremerton, in 1919. He is about five feet five inches in height, with blue eyes and light hair. His home is in Ohio. Also **LAWRENCE WILSON,** of the U. S. navy, last heard from in Seattle, in February, of this year. He is tall with black hair and eyes. Any information about these two will be gladly received by L. H. B., care of this magazine.

WHITTIKER, CHARLES HENRY, formerly of Eureka, Kansas, and when last heard of was going to Hutchinson, but no one there seems to have seen him. He is of medium height, twenty-eight years old, of a quiet disposition, with dark-brown hair and eyes and regular features. Any information that will lead to communicating with him will be gladly welcomed by his sister, Mrs. M. Whittiker Miller, Box 51-A, Route 2, Bucklin, Kansas.

SHAW.—I was born in Toronto, Canada, on May 17, 1884. My father died when I was two years old, and I was then sent to live with my grandmother. When she died I was sent to the Buffalo Orphan Home, and from there to the Home in Syracuse. My mother's name is Anna Shaw. I have never heard anything more of her, and do not know what has become of her. If any one can help me to find her, or any of my relatives, I shall be most grateful for their kind assistance. Mabel Shaw, care of this magazine.

YOUNG, HERBERT A.—When last heard from he was somewhere in Colorado. His sister would be grateful to any one who can tell her his present whereabouts, or if dead, the place and date of his death. Mrs. C. J. Shelton, Box 743, Horton, Kansas.

SQUIRES, LE ROY F., better known as **"WHITIE."** He was last heard of in Baltimore in 1917. He is twenty years old, has light hair and blue eyes, and is left-handed, his right side having been scalded. He does not speak plainly. Any information about this boy will be gratefully received by his mother. R. S. F., care of this magazine.

MYERS, PAUL VINCENT.—He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on July 7, 1898, and was last heard of on Staten Island, New York, in 1919, where his parents had a laundry business. Any one who knows his present address will greatly oblige by sending it to Mrs. D. Lynch, 1014 Clark Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BROCKER, SYLVIA.—She was in Little Rock, Arkansas, in the summer of 1918, and was last seen in Charlotte, North Carolina, about January, 1919. She may be known as Sylvia Bangster. G. D. S., care of this magazine.

ADDISON.—Please communicate with May or Elizabeth, care of this magazine.

FORD, JOHN.—He was last heard of in Denver about 1912. Any information regarding him will be gladly received by his nephew, Joseph Toughey, care of this magazine.

FITZGERALD, MARIE.—Who at one time lived at 309 Weallon Street, Ionia, Washington, and later went to Grand Rapids, is asked to send her address to an old friend, who would be very glad to hear from her. E. C. Cook, care of this magazine.

HENDRIX, HERBERT J.—He disappeared from his home in Port Henry, New York, on May 31, 1916, and has never been heard of since. His mother is very anxious to know whether he is living or dead, and would be glad to hear from any one who can give her any news of him. His father is dead. If Herbert is alive his mother begs him to write to her. Mrs. Simeon A. Hendrix, North Hudson, New York.

WALTERS, FRED W., who was a corporal in the 316th Engineers, stationed at Camp Fremont, California, and when last heard of was with the A. E. F. at St. Aignan, France, is asked to write to his War Mother, care of this magazine, or to her address.

BEGGS, SCHUYLER and FRANK.—Your old pal Leonard would like to hear from you. L. A. S., care of this magazine.

DADDY, DAN.—Please come back. I am to blame. I know my mistake, and am sorry. Your wife, Marjorie.

SCHWOEBEL, JOHN.—Twenty-two years ago he was a resident of Orange and Newark, New Jersey. When last heard of he was about to go to Dodge in Kansas or some other Middle West State. His son, William J., now twenty-four years old, married and well, would be very glad indeed to hear from his father. Any communication will be held as confidential. William J. Schwoebel, care of this magazine.

ATKINS, ROYAL ASTON, sometimes known as **Duke,** or Royal Aston. He was last heard of in Mansfield, Ohio, in June, 1916. Any one who knows where he is will do a kindness by asking him to write to his sister, as she has news for him. Martha, care of this magazine.

DON, who was on board the "Utoka," in Cuba. A friend would like to hear from him. A. Scherzano, care of this magazine.

VAN HORN, MAUD, NORY, and MAGGIE, the children of Margaret and Charles Van Horn, and their mother, Margaret, whose maiden name was Overstreet, who were last heard from in 1885, from Sidney, Nebraska. The children were born in the early '70's, while their father was a soldier in the 19th U. S. Infantry. Any information that will lead to communication with them will be gratefully received by Charles van Hohn, 218 West Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

KENT, GEORGE.—He is twenty-five years old, five feet six inches tall, with chestnut-brown hair and dark-blue eyes. He was last seen by his brother four years ago, in Chicago. He is a tailor. His mother will be grateful for any news of him. Mrs. Samuel Wycoff, care of this magazine.

NEIDERT, EUGENE A.—At one time he was a trick cyclist and appeared in vaudeville. His wife has not heard from him for twenty-two years and will greatly appreciate any information concerning him. Mrs. Dorothy Neidert, 656 Columbia Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTICE.—It will be to the interest of the person known as a resident of Moberly, Missouri, who occupied lower five, car eight, Santa Fe train number six, between Denver and Kansas City, Missouri, July 30th and 31st last, to write to J. H., care of this magazine.

STEVENS, WILLIS A., who was last heard of about six years ago, when he was in charge of the telephone office in Santa Ynez, California, is asked to write to Olivia, care of this magazine.

WALSH, RALPH.—He is sixteen years old and was last heard of about five years ago. His old friend, who lived in the same house in New York City, would like to hear from him. James Shultz, care of this magazine.

PHILLIPS, JOHN WARREN.—He was last heard of in February, 1919, when he put his six children in the Christian Home at Council Bluffs, Iowa. Any information about him will be most gratefully received by his daughter Lia, care of this magazine.

HILL, BERT W.—He is twenty-five years old and was last seen in Texas about nine years ago. Any information about him will be thankfully received by his sister, C. Y. T., care of this magazine.

SHIVES, HENRY.—He is about forty-five or fifty years old, five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs about one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He used to live in Opolis, Kansas, and has two children, Opal and Ruby. He often visited Joplin, Missouri, driving a Studebaker car, and was last seen two years ago. I will be most grateful for any information. Zola Shives, 810 West Second Street, El Dorado, Kansas.

CHAMBERS, ERNEST and ARGIN RUCHMAN, of Arizona. Any information as to their whereabouts will be greatly appreciated by W. J., care of this magazine.

BRAGG, WILLIAM H., formerly of Huntington, Oregon, and last heard of in Ely, Nevada, four years ago. He is forty-three years old, ruther fair hair and complexion. His mother and sister wish to hear from him. Mrs. Laura Carey, 610 South Fourteenth Street, Boise, Idaho.

LIBBY, FRANK P.—He was born in Maine and was last heard of in Hobgood, Lower California. He is thirty-three years of age and a carpenter. He is asked to let his aged mother know where he is and so relieve her anxiety, as she worries about him. If any one who has known him sees this they will do a great favor by writing to Mrs. C. B. Libby, Freeport, Maine.

BELCHER, HARRY H.—He was last heard from in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1915. He is asked to write to his mother. Also **HENRY DAVID DOWNS,** who left Newark, New Jersey, in care of the superintendent of the Immigration School, and went West in 1908, his sister Tillie would be glad to hear from him. She is now Mrs. Estelle Belcher, Schoharie, New York, care of J. R. Gardner.

HOWSE, DAN, formerly of Indianapolis, Indiana. If by chance he should see this he is asked to communicate with P. O. Box 223 Wadesatic Terminal Building, Los Angeles, California.

BUCK, MRS. MARIE VICTORIA.—She is about fifty-two years old, and was last heard of in Sugar City, Colorado, about six years ago. Any information will be thankfully received by her niece, Marie Victoria Wilkinson, 215 South Carrizo Street, Corpus Christi, Texas.

A. E. S.—Please, darling, come back, or let me hear from you. I am quite ill worrying about you. I am lonely and my health is breaking. I need you, dear, and forgive everything. Your heartbroken mother. C. S.

BARREN, GEORGE ELMER.—He is about seventy years of age, with blue eyes, brown hair and mustache. His son, who was born in 1875 and was adopted by a family named Putnam when he was a small boy, is dead, and his daughter would like very much to get news of her grandfather. She will be grateful for any information that will help her to get in touch with him. V. M. P., care of this magazine.

DOYLE, ROBERT TYLER.—He was last seen in Philadelphia, in 1876. He returned to Pensacola, Florida, where he was in the hotel business with a partner, a Cuban of Spanish descent named Alex Fernandez, and for some years was a resident of Savannah, Georgia. It was rumored that he died of yellow fever at Pensacola, but this was never verified. His sister would be grateful for any information regarding him. Julie A. D., care of this magazine.

HALL, AUGUSTUS ROBERT.—His people have not heard from him since 1917, when he was ready to go to war. Any one who can give information about him will do a great favor by writing to his sister, who will be very grateful for the kindness. Sister May, care of this magazine.

HIGGS.—I was placed in the I. Z. T. Orphan Home in Fort Worth, Texas, when I was about one year old, and was adopted shortly afterward by Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Higgs, of Denison, Texas. I am now fourteen years old, and have brown hair and dark eyes, one eye being slightly crossed. The only name I have ever known is Lula. I have never heard of my mother, and will be grateful for any news of her, or any of my relations. Lula Higgs, 14 Swiss Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

WILHITE, WALTER LESLIE.—Information about him is wanted by his half sister, Mrs. Margaret J. Brush, 1529 Devon Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

BERGER, HENRY.—He is thirty-three years old, and five feet in height. He was last heard from some months ago in Cleveland and Utica, New York. Any news of him will be greatly appreciated by S. Windwahr, 132 Junius Street, Brooklyn, New York.

WATSON, WILLARD H., formerly of Englewood, a suburb of Denver, Colorado. An old friend would like to hear from him. V. H., care of this magazine.

BOUGHER, WILLIAM H.—He disappeared mysteriously from his home at Masonville, New Jersey, on August 20, 1920. When last seen he wore a brown slouch hat, blue suit, army dress shoes, a white shirt, a collar and tie. He is forty-nine years of age, five feet seven inches tall, of sallow complexion, with dark hair and sandy mustache, and weighs about one hundred and forty pounds. If any one knowing his whereabouts will notify his son he will be deeply grateful for their kindness. Roy C. Bougher, Masonville, New Jersey.

GUNTER, JIM.—In 1881 my father married a widow in Herefordshire, England. Her name was Gunter, and she had a son named James, who married and came to the United States. My father died in 1910 in England. I have been in the States since 1906, and would be very glad indeed to hear from Jim Gunter. James Price, care of this magazine.

LUPO, TONY.—When last heard from he was living on Clinton Street, in Detroit, Michigan, and was employed as a mechanic by Dodge Brothers. He is about five feet five inches tall, and weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He was nicknamed "Snake Eye" by his friends. I would be very glad to hear from him, or from any one who knows him. George Brown, 752 Beaubin Street, Detroit, Michigan.

BAUKER, ARTHUR E., formerly of Binghamton, New York. He left there about 1910-11, for some Western point. I would be very glad to get in touch with him again. Harry E. Turner, 54 Flowers Avenue, Sharon, Pennsylvania.

WEBSTER, E. M.—He is a newspaper and advertising man, about fifty years old, five feet seven inches tall, of light complexion, blue eyes, and a stubby mustache slightly mixed with gray. He weighs about one hundred and twenty-two pounds. He was last heard from in Nashville, Tennessee, in June, 1918. Mrs. A. J. died in February. News of great importance awaits him. The advertiser says he will pay a liberal reward for information that will lead to his finding this gentleman. C. K. Webster, 638 South Alvarado Street, Los Angeles, California.

SYBERKROP, FRED., formerly of Battery A, Second Regiment, F. A. R. D., stationed at Camp Jackson, South Carolina. His buddy would like to find him, and any one who can help him to do so will greatly oblige by writing to C. R. M., care of this magazine.

Will any V. M. I. graduate of 1912, or student during that year, please write to E. E. Webster, Wimico Beach, Ontario, Canada?

STEPHENS, BEULAH, last heard of in Chicago. Was leaving there for Detroit, Michigan. It is very important that I hear from you at once. J. Thorpe, 815 1-2 East Fifth Street, Los Angeles, California.

SEAGER, FRED.—An old friend would like to hear from him, and will be greatly obliged to any one who may send his address. M. V., care of this magazine.

RICE, WILLIAM A.—When last heard of he was with the A. E. F. overseas. His home is somewhere in Columbus, Ohio. A friend will appreciate any news of him. L. E. Vaughan, East Lynne, West Virginia.

DONOVAN, MRS., who has a son with a family in Connecticut, and has relations in Canada and the middle West. For information of her son she is asked to write to A. J. O., care of this magazine.

PRYCE, W. JOHN.—He was last heard from in Bangor, Maine, in 1917. He has dark hair and blue eyes, and is short and thick-set. I would like to hear from him in regard to his brother, Mrs. A. Pryce, 131 Second Street, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

GRIMES, ROBERT HENRY.—He left home in 1910, and was last heard of in St. Louis. He is a druggist. Any information about him will be greatly appreciated by Mrs. Roy Grimes, 1412 Congress Avenue, Austin, Texas.

STALKER, JAMES.—He is about twenty-one years of age. His father and mother died at Paisley, Scotland, in 1904, and he was taken either to Canada or to the United States by an uncle named Black. His sisters Annie, Bessie, and Ina, would like to get news of him, and would be happy to get in touch with their brother through the kindness of readers of this magazine. Please write to his sister Bessie, Mrs. R. Cotton, 1603 Clinton Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

LA GUET, MORELLE, pugilist, artist, and adventurer. He was last seen in Manila while serving in the marine corps. He is asked to write to a friend who is leaving for the Orient in December. N., care of this magazine.

BRITON.—My father's name was Briton, and he lived in Galveston, where he worked in a cotton mill. In 1900 he was killed in the Galveston flood. My mother then moved to Dallas, where she married a man named Hall. They went away and left their three children in a vacant house, Mary, Willie, and myself, Lizzie. Mary and Willie were placed in Buckner's Orphan Home, and I was adopted by a family named Dabney. Mr. Dabney moved to Hood County when I was six years old, fearing that my mother would steal me. I will be forever grateful to any one who will help me to find my brother and sister, or who can tell me anything about my mother. Mrs. Lillian Kinson, 2709 Pearl Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas.

McBEE, ISAAC CASWELL.—He left Shawnee, Oklahoma, about twenty years ago. He had a brother Prior, and a sister Anna. His son Albert, whom he has not seen since he was three years old, would like to hear from him if he is living, or would be grateful for any news of him if he is dead. Please write to Albert McBee, Box 111, Watonga, Oklahoma.

ODELL, LELAND C.—He is thirty-five years old, about five feet seven inches tall, with light hair and blue eyes, and a very red complexion. He was in the army, and was sent home from Base Hospital 115, France. He was discharged at Fort Dodge, Iowa, on May 12, 1919, and when last heard of was in St. Paul, Minnesota. Any one who knows anything about him will greatly oblige by writing to his brother, S. O. Odell, 1511 Fulton Street, Chicago, Illinois.

MATHEWS, MARTHA M.—She is about seventeen years old and left her home in Akron, Ohio, and went to live with an aunt in New York City, where she was last heard of two years ago, at 308 East Thirty-ninth Street. She was about four feet eleven inches in height, with brown eyes and curly hair. Any news of her will be thankfully received by E. H. S., care of this magazine.

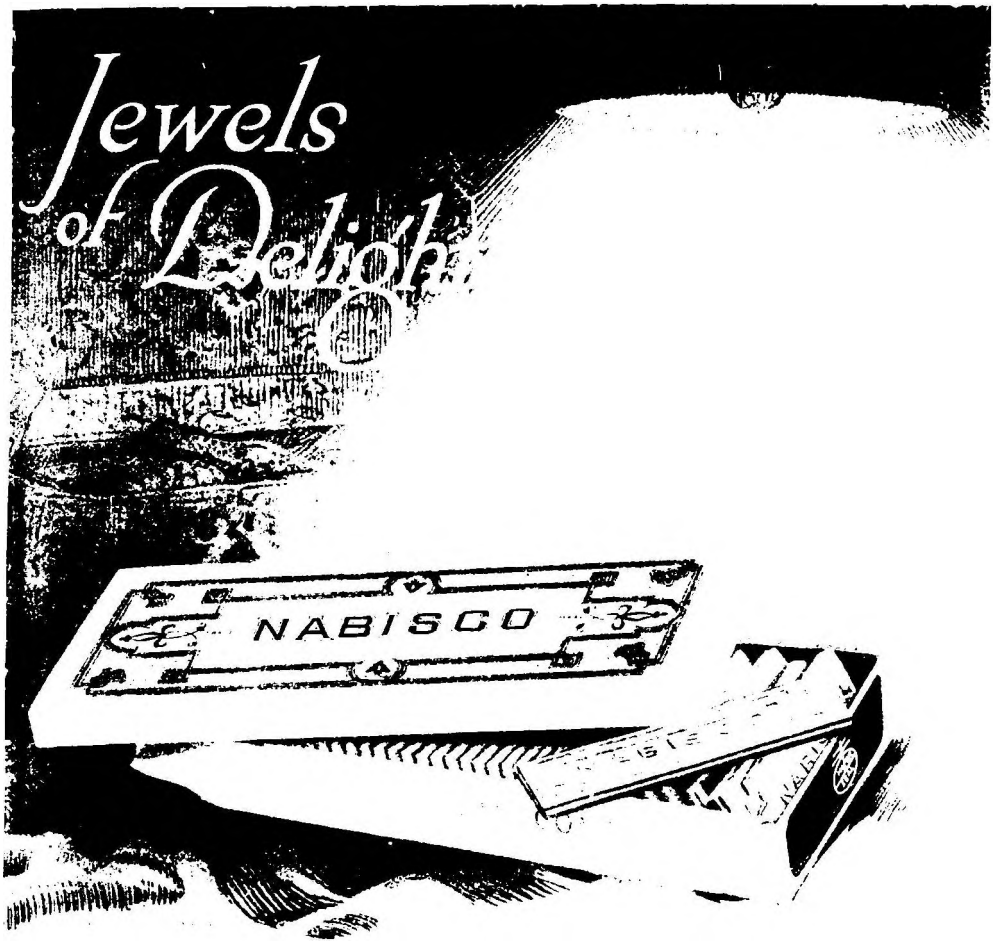
GASS, FREDERICK.—He is a Canadian war veteran and used to live on Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg. He is about twenty-five years old, five feet ten inches tall, has brown hair, and is slightly deaf. Any news of him will be gladly welcomed by his friend Arnold V. Brooks, Maimora Street, Box 688, Trenton, Ontario, Canada.

LARKIN, MOLLY, who left Toledo, Ohio, some years ago. Her brother Art would like to hear from her. Please write to P. O. Box 248, Station B, Montreal, Canada.

L. L. D.—Wilson says to write openly. Everything is all right. I have very much of importance to tell you. Send full address at once. Mother. E. M. D.

EVELYN, K.—She is about nineteen years old, and when last heard of was working in a shirt shop in Washington. A friend has an important letter for her. H. H. H., care of this magazine.

SINGER, MILTON, formerly of Windsor, Nova Scotia. Your old chum wants to hear from you. Tried to find you in Windsor, and also in Halifax in June, 1919. Please write quick to Stanley H. Hoke, Kingwood, West Virginia.



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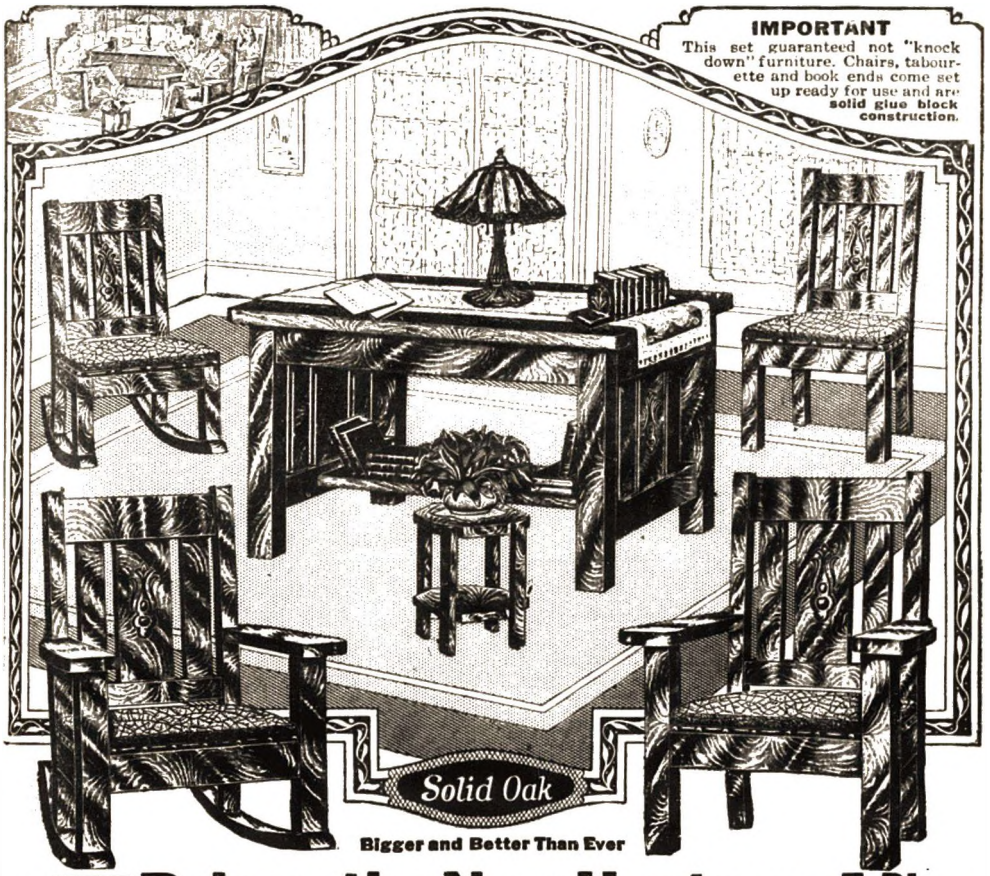

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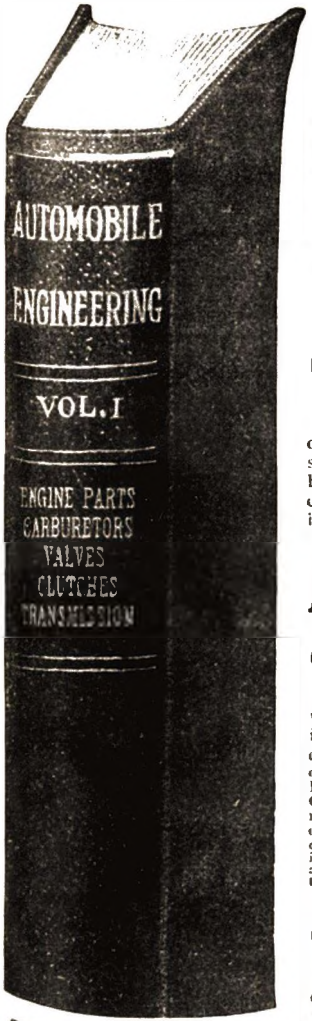

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Cowan Hair-Cutter Co.
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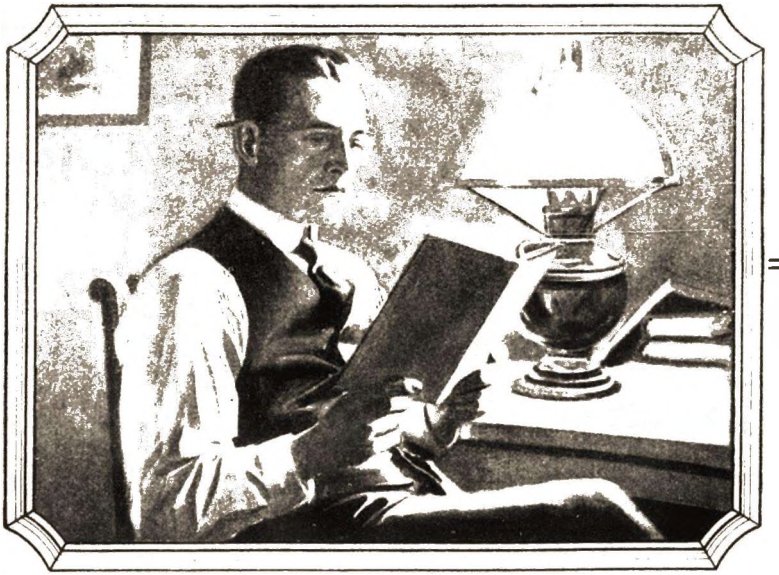


$95 An Hour!

"Every hour I spent on my I. C. S. Course has been worth $95 to me! My position, my $5,000 a year income, my home, my family's happiness—I owe it all to my spare time training with the International Correspondence Schools!"

Every mail brings letters such as this from some of the two million I. C. S. students. For 27 years men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through spare time study with the I. C. S. Over 100,000 men are getting ready *right now* in the I. C. S. way for the bigger jobs ahead.

What are *you* doing with the hours after supper? Can you afford to let them slip by unimproved when you can easily make them mean so much?

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to *you*. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, wonderfully illustrated I. C. S. text-books make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 280 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit your needs.

One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, it will! Put it up to *us* to prove it. Mark and mail this coupon *now!*

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 2979C SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I mark X.

- ELECTRICAL ENGINEER
- Electric Lighting and Railways
- Electric Wiring
- Telegraph Engineer
- Telephone Work
- MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Machine Shop Practice
- Toolmaker
- Gas Engine Operating
- CIVIL ENGINEER
- Surveying and Mapping
- MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- STATIONARY ENGINEER
- Marine Engineer
- Ship Draftsman
- ARCHITECT
- Contractor and Builder
- Architectural Draftsman
- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
- PLUMBING AND HEATING
- Sheet Metal Worker
- Textile Overseer or Supt.
- CHEMIST
- Mathematics
- SALESMANSHIP
- ADVERTISING
- Window Trimmer
- Show Card Writer
- Sign Painter
- Railroad Trainman
- ILLUSTRATING
- Cartooning
- BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- Private Secretary
- BOOKKEEPER
- Stenographer and Typist
- Cert. Public Accountant
- TRAFFIC MANAGER
- Railway Accountant
- Commercial Law
- GOOD ENGLISH
- Teacher
- Common School Subjects
- CIVIL SERVICE
- Railway Mail Clerk
- AUTOMOBILE OPERATING
- Auto Repairing
- Navigation
- AGRICULTURE
- Poultry Raising
- Spanish
- French
- Italian

Name____

Present Occupation____

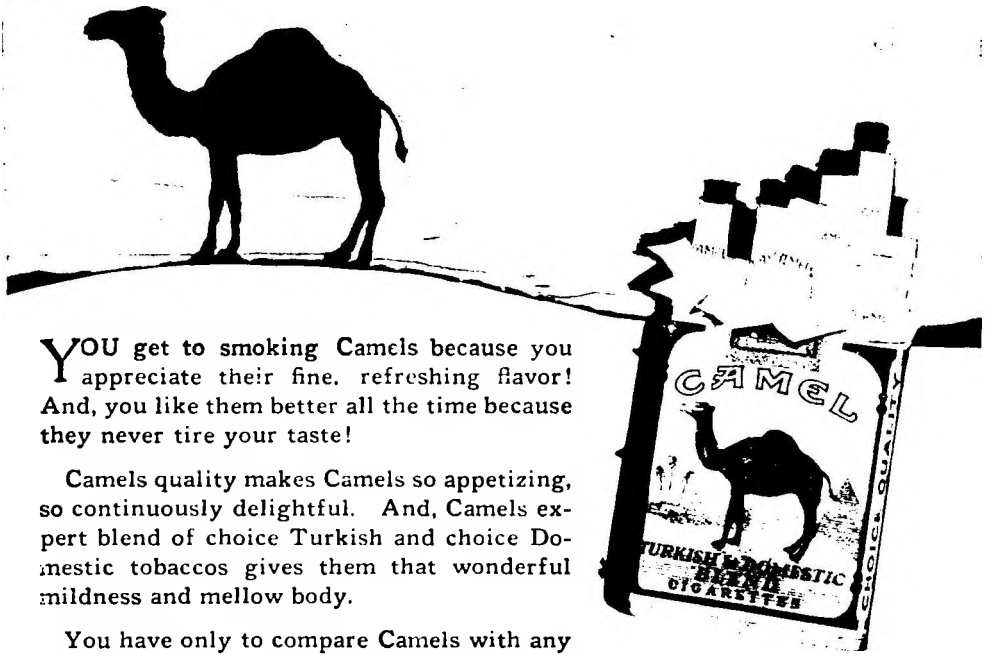
Street and No.____

City____ State____

Canadians may send this coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Montreal, Canada. 7-28-10

Camels ring true!

They'll give you new notions about how delightful a cigarette can be



YOU get to smoking Camels because you appreciate their fine, refreshing flavor! And, you like them better all the time because they never tire your taste!

Camels quality makes Camels so appetizing, so continuously delightful. And, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos gives them that wonderful mildness and mellow body.

You have only to compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price to know *personally* that Camels are a revelation!

And, Camels never leave any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or unpleasant cigaretty odor!

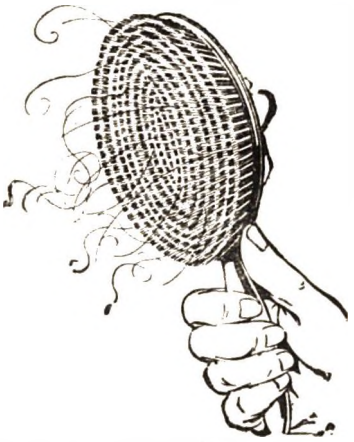
Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel

"DANDERINE"

Stops Hair Coming Out;
Doubles Its Beauty.



A few cents buys "Danderine." After an application of "Danderine" you can not find a fallen hair or any dandruff, besides every hair shows new life, vigor, brightness, more color and thickness.

Quality First

Notwithstanding that there are many different kinds of hose supporters we believe none has won such an enviable reputation for *quality* and *service* or given so much *satisfaction* to mothers and children as the

Velvet Grip

HOSE SUPPORTER

Why? Because the webbing of fresh live rubber feels better and wears longer. Because it is the *only* hose supporter equipped with that exclusive feature the

All Rubber Oblong Button

Because It Saves Hosiery

The All Rubber Oblong Button Prevents Slipping and Ruthless Ripping

George Frost Co., Boston

Makers of Velvet Grip Hose Supporters for Women, Misses and Children and the Famous

Boston Garter for Men

AK TABLETS

FOR

Grippe
Cold
in the
Head

Headaches
Neuralgias
Spanish Influenza
Women's Aches and Ills
Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains

Ask Your Druggist for A-K Tablets
(If he cannot supply you, write us)

Small Size **10c** — **Dozen Size** **25c**

Fac-Simile

See Monogram **AK** *on the Genuine*

The Antikamnia Remedy Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Write for Free Samples

Set in Solid Gold — Set in Solid Gold

Send Us Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite

DON'T send a penny. Just say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 day's free trial." We will mail it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $6.75 with the postman and wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back and we will return your deposit. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.00 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of these solid gold rings you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send your finger size.

Harold Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Av., Dept. 1928, **Chicago**

Better Light at ⅓ of the Old Cost

A mantle of pre-war quality, at the pre-war price! Usalyte and Lotolyt Mantles are unbreakable and because of their extreme brilliance, 1-3 less gas will flood your rooms with light

USALYTE Gas Mantles
In the Square Box with the Blue Label—10¢

LOTOLYT Gas Mantles
In the Distinctive Triangular Box—10¢

The Lights That Live

REMEMBER THE NAMES—TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE

Usalytes sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Murphy, Lyons and Retail Stores. Lotolyt at Kresge's. Good dealers too. Or sent by us on receipt of price. Dept. 255

J. I. ROBIN & SONS *Inc*
130th St. and Park Ave
NEW YORK
Manufacturers of the Wonderful Usalyte Gas Heaters

GET MORE MILEAGE

With Strong, Double-Tread Tires! Guaranteed for 5000 Miles

Strong Double-Tread Reconstructed Tires are made by our skilled mechanics, of double the amount of fabric (from choice material), and are built to give more than the guaranteed mileage and service which our customers very often receive.

RELINER FREE

Tubes Guaranteed Fresh Stock

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$5.50	$1.60	34x4	$8.75	$2.60
30x3½	6.50	1.75	34x4½	10.00	3.00
31x3½	6.75	1.85	35x4½	11.00	3.15
32x3½	7.00	2.00	36x4½	11.50	3.40
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
32x4	8.25	2.40	36x5	12.75	3.65
33x4	8.50	2.50	37x5	12.75	3.75

Send $2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S. or Cl, plain or non-skid is desired. All same price. By sending full amount of order you can save 5 per cent—our special cash with-order discount.

STRONG TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
3019 Michigan Ave. Dept.334 Chicago, Ill.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I can hear you with the MORLEY PHONE." It is invisible, weightless, comfortable, inexpensive. No metal, wires nor rubber. Can be used by anyone, young or old. The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE affords relief. Over one hundred thousand sold.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 758, 26 S. 15 St., Phila.

FREE

$20 TENOR BANJO

Ukulele, Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet or Banjo

Wonderful new system of teaching note music by mail. To first pupils in each locality, we give a $20 superb Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar, Hawaiin Guitar, Cornet, Tenor Banjo or Banjo absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write now. No obligation.

SLINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc. Dept. 35 CHICAGO, ILL.

LUCKY HORSESHOE RING ON 7 DAYS TRIAL

Believed by many to be a Charm of Good Luck. The Horseshoe Top is Solid Gold and the Nail Solid Silver, set with Genuine Garnet. It is odd, unique, attractive, admired by everybody. Send your name, address and ring measure (strip of paper around finger.) When you receive Ring, pay $4.95. Wear it seven days and follow the seven golden rules which come with Ring. All your money back if not entirely satisfied.

KOSMOS CO., Dept. D, 828 North Clark Str., Chicago

You Can Use MORE MONEY

A Better Job Will Bring It to You

There are far more good jobs than there are men qualified to fill them. You want to get ahead—you want to be a somebody. You want a bigger income — more pleasing surroundings — more latitude to grow. You can have these things. We will help you get them.

There Is a Job For You *with Big Money*

You can qualify for it in your spare time. No need to give up your present work. A few of the hours you now waste will, if spent in study of any one of our courses, fit you to take on a real job and hold it down. There is nothing reasonable you can't accomplish if you make up your mind to win and

Make Your Idle Hours Count

Our courses are planned and supervised by leading educators — men who know the subject they are teaching and how to tell you about it in plain, understandable English. Under their direction **it is simple—easy to master.**

What This Man Has Done You, Too, Can Do

ALBERT V. SIELKE
Architect and Engineer
1466 Ronedale Avenue
Bronx, New York

Gentlemen: When first I heard of a correspondence course I smiled, but I may truthfully say I would rather take a course in the American School than a course in college, because the money saved is almost five times the cost of a college course.

Words cannot express my gratitude for all that the American School has done for me.

Sincerely yours,
Albert Sielke

Let us send you, free, copy of our latest bulletin. Fill out the coupon below, mark the course or courses that interest you, mail it to us today. Make this start now. You'll never regret it. Every day you put it off takes just that much away from a splendid future.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. G 84, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago, U. S. A.

American School of Correspondence,
Dept. G-84, Chicago, Ill.

Explain how I can qualify for positions checked.

.....Architect. $5,000 to $15,000	.....Lawyer. $5,000 to $15,000
.....Building Contractor. $5,000 to $10,000	.....Mechanical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000
.....Automobile Engineer. $4,000 to $10,000	.....Shop Superintendent. $3,000 to $7,000
.....Automobile Repairman. $2,500 to $4,000	.....Employment Manager. $4,000 to $10,000
.....Civil Engineer. $5,000 to $15,000	.....Steam Engineer. $2,000 to $4,000
.....Structural Engineer. $4,000 to $10,000	.....Foreman $2,000 to $4,000
.....Business Manager. $5,000 to $15,000	.....Photoplay Writer. $2,000 to $10,000
.....Certified Public Accountant $7,000 to $15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer. $2,000 to $5,000
.....Accountant and Auditor. $2,500 to $7,000	.....Telephone Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Draftsman and Designer. $2,500 to $4,000	.....Telegraph Engineer. $2,500 to $5,000
.....Electrical Engineer. $4,000 to $10,000	.....High School Graduate. In two years.
.....General Education. In one year.	.....Fire Insurance Expert $3,000 to $10,000

Name..... Address.....

"HANES"—the national nameplate on underwear is an unfailing guide!

HANES

ELASTIC KNIT
UNDERWEAR

BUY "Hanes" winter underwear for men on the strict business basis of the most unusual quality, comfort and service ever sold at the price! Buy "Hanes" with your eyes shut, or over the phone—buy it without the slightest inspection, if need be, *because*

Every garment bearing the "Hanes" *national* nameplate returns in wear and in absolute satisfaction far more than you pay for it—more than you ever before got out of an undergarment! Our guarantee is your safeguard. *It proves our faith in "Hanes"!*

"HANES" underwear is made in heavy weight and medium weight Union Suits and heavy weight Shirts and Drawers. (Illustrated in this advertisement.) The new medium weight Union Suit, carrying the *yellow* label, has been added to meet the demand of indoor men. It is made of full combed yarn and silk trimmed.

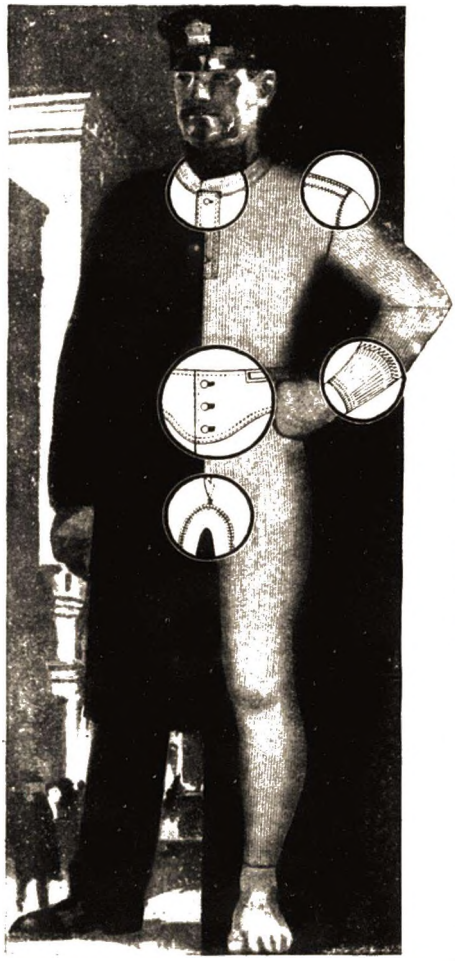
"Hanes" for Boys

Buy "Hanes" Union Suits for boys if you seek more warmth and more wear than you ever bought before. This extra-value underwear duplicates the men's Union Suits in all important features with added fleeciness that appeals so much to the boys —*and to mothers!*

Made in sizes 20 to 34, covering ages 2 to 16 years. Two to four year old sizes have drop seat. Four desirable colors.

See "Hanes" underwear at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, write us immediately.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
New York Office, 366 Broadway



Read Hanes Guarantee

"We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely —every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks."

Next Summer—You'll want to wear Hanes Nainsook Union Suits!

The Hands that do the Labor wear the Gloves-Boss Gloves

—wear them for protection from paint, dust, grease, dirt and minor injuries.

—wear them because they wear *well*, yet in spite of their tough texture allow a free "*feel*" of the work.

—wear them because they slip on and off *easily*, are comfortable—*and economical*.

—wear them because they are easy to get *anywhere* in any style or weight desired.

—wear them because they *always* have worn them —*and found them satisfactory*.

—wear them because millions of other hands are wearing them in hundreds of different lines of work.

Ask *your* dealer. He carries Boss Work Gloves. Three kinds of wrists, band, ribbed, and gauntlet. Sizes for men and women, boys and girls.

THE BOSS **MEEDY**—The world's favorite work glove for odd jobs around the house and garden, and all light handwork. Made of the best quality, medium weight canton flannel.

THE BOSS **HEVY**—The best bet for all work that requires a strong, wear-resisting glove. Made of the very best quality, heavy weight canton flannel.

THE BOSS **XTRA HEVY**—The world's champion heavy-weight hand-wear for rough work. Made of the finest grade of extra heavy canton flannel.

THE BOSS **WALLOPER**—This is the super work glove. Strong, flexible and built for rugged work. Made of the highest quality, heaviest weight canton flannel.

The Boss line includes highest quality leather-palm, jersey, ticking, and canton flannel gloves and mittens

THE BOSS MANUFACTURING CO., Kewanee, Ill.

Boss

Trade Mark

This Trade-mark identifies genuine Boss Work Gloves. Be sure it's on every pair you buy

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction

No More Scratching Noises—

Instead, *Pure* reproduction

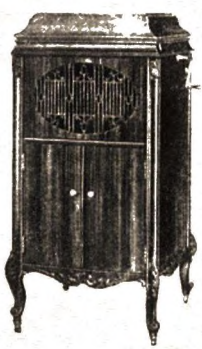
One of the foremost features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction is the Ultona, as pictured above.

It plays all makes of records—at a turn of the hand it presents the correct needle and diaphragm. Each record is played at its best, without the bother of attachments.

But another great advantage of the Ultona is that it ends those "surface noises" or scratching sounds formerly associated with phonographic music. It is the *only counterbalanced* reproducer and tone arm—and this patent is the secret of purer reproduction.

Contact between needle and record is so perfectly bal-anced that all those old-time and disagreeable noises are banished.

To prove Brunswick Superiority, hear different records played on it. Note their greater clarity and charm. You've never heard any record at its best until you've heard it on The Brunswick.



A Brunswick dealer will be glad to explain the Ultona and other remarkable advancements made possible by the Brunswick Method of Reproduction.

Ask to Hear Brunswick Records

Played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needles. They, too, offer betterments.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 76 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

Money can not buy a finer Christmas gift

No matter how much you spend, you can't find a handsomer, more useful, more acceptable gift for "him" than a Durham-Duplex Razor at One Dollar. Packed in an attractive case of American ivory, with three double-edged, hollow-ground, oil-tempered Durham-Duplex blades, famous for their wonderful sharpness, this beautifully finished razor is sure to bring a smile of genuine appreciation on Christmas morning.

Standard Set, as described above, One Dollar. Special Christmas Model, with gold plated blade holder and safety guard, Two Dollars. Other Models up to $12.

Make your selection Today at your nearest Dealer's

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, New Jersey
FACTORIES
JERSEY CITY, U. S. A. SHEFFIELD, ENG.
PARIS, FRANCE TORONTO, CANADA
Sales Representatives in all Countries

DURHAM-DUPLEX

A Real Razor-made Safe

This ghost was a 1920 model

LAST MONTH, on a bet
WITH THE boys up home,
I SPENT a night,
ALONE IN the old,
HAUNTED HOUSE.
AND WHEN I heard
MOANS AND groans,
I SAID "The wind."
AND TRIED to sleep.
I HEARD rappings,
AND SAID "Rats."
AND ROLLED over,
THEN I heard steps,
AND IN the light,
OF A dying moon,
A WHITE spook rose.
I WASN'T scared—much
BUT DIDN'T feel like
STARTING ANYTHING.
BUT THEN I caught,
JUST A faint whiff,
OF A familiar,
AND DELICIOUS smell.
WHICH TIPPED me off.
SO I gave the ghost.
THE HORSE laugh.
AND SAID "Ed,
YOU FAT guys,
MAKE BUM ghosts,
BUT BEFORE you fade,
LEAVE WITH me one,
OF YOUR cigarettes.
THEY SATISFY."

THAT spicy, delicious aroma of fine tobaccos, both Turkish and Domestic, makes you almost hungry for the "satisfy-smoke." And there isn't a ghost of a chance you'll ever find its equal anywhere—for the Chesterfield blend is an *exclusive* blend. It can't be copied.

They Satisfy **Chesterfield**
CIGARETTES
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.