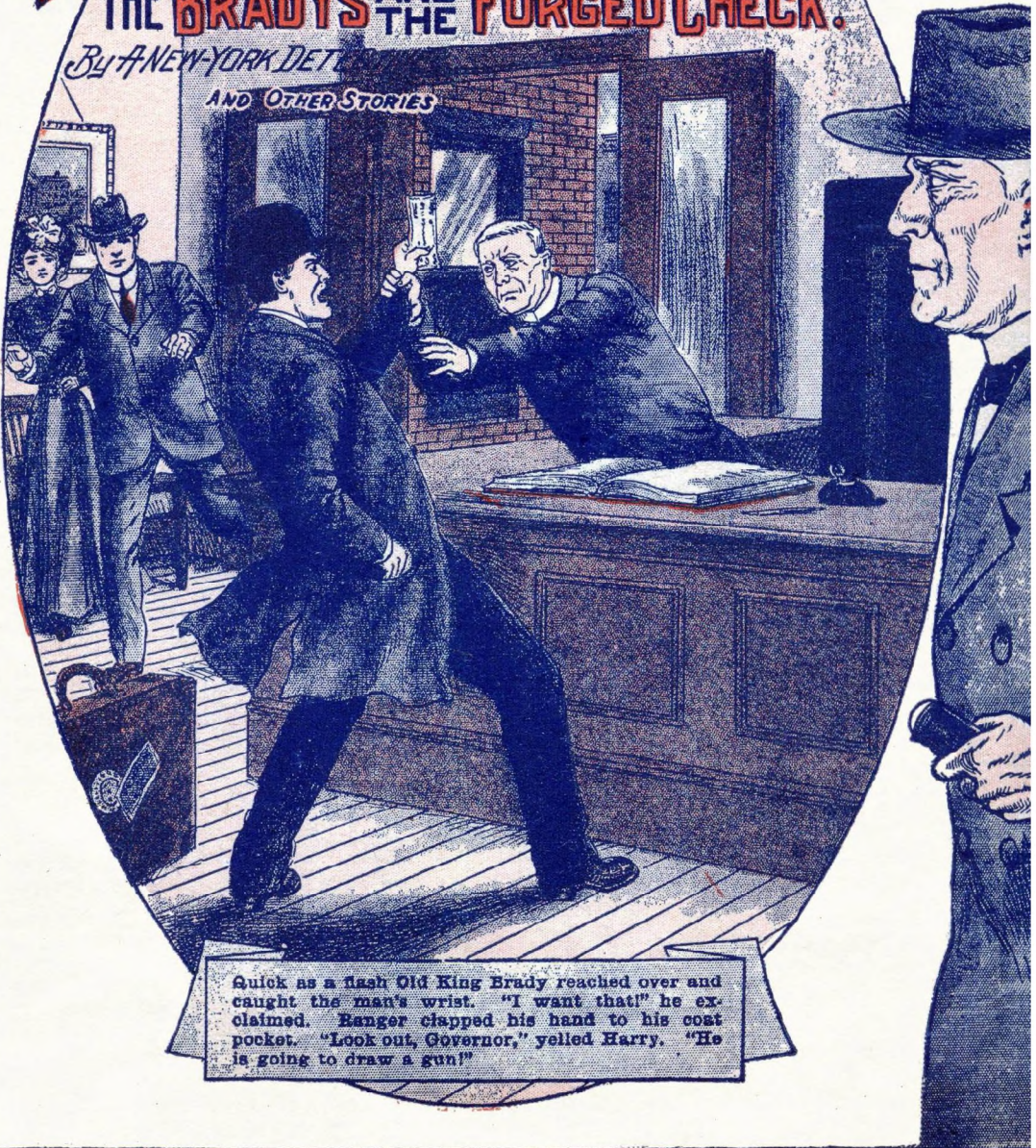


# SECRET SERVICE.

## THE BRADYS AND THE FORGED CHECK.

By A NEW-YORK DET.  
AND OTHER STORIES



Quick as a flash Old King Brady reached over and caught the man's wrist. "I want that!" he exclaimed. Banger clapped his hand to his coat pocket. "Look out, Governor," yelled Harry. "He is going to draw a gun!"



# SECRET SERVICE

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## The Bradys and the Forged Check

OR, CONVICTED BY AN INK MARK

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE

### CHAPTER I.—A Case With the Suspects.

This seems to be our destination, governor," remarked Young King Brady, as the cab came to a halt in front of one of the many fine mansions on Michigan avenue, in the city of Chicago.

"Ah!" rejoined Old King Brady, the world-famous chief of the Brady Detective Bureau, of Union square, New York. "And now, perhaps, we shall be able to learn why we have been hustled out here in such haste."

"Per order of that most mysterious of all mysterious institutions, the United States Secret Service Bureau," Alice Montgomery added, as her younger partner assisted her from the cab.

Thus we find the entire firm of Brady in the big city by the lake side. It was a typical case of Secret Service work. The orders of the Washington bureau, received at New York, were that the detectives should start at once for Chicago and present themselves in evening dress at the house of Mr. Ronald Rowan at exactly ten o'clock on this particular December evening.

"We are right on time," remarked Harry, consulting his watch, as Old King Brady turned to dismiss the cab.

"They seem to be having a ball or party," observed Alice.

The bankers' windows were all ablaze with light. The strains of a two-step floated on the cold evening air.

"Let's see, what was our name to be, again?" questioned Old King Brady. "It has slipped my mind."

"Tynan," replied Harry. "I have the cards all ready. You are Mr. James Tynan. I am Henry Tynan, Alice is my sister, Miss Tynan."

Two minutes later and the "Tynans" were being shown to the dressing-rooms in the banker's elegant mansion. Before Old King Brady fairly had time to remove his overcoat a note was slipped into his hand by a servant. It was unsigned, and read as follows:

"You will be specially introduced to three persons—Mr. Herman Lutz, Mr. Simon McTish and Mr. Samuel Wing. Particularly observe them.

Do not leave the house until you have had an interview with Mr. Rowan."

The old detective passed the note to Harry, and continued his preparations to descend to the banker's salon. It was a particularly gay company which they found assembled. Mr. Rowan came forward and greeted them as though they were old friends. The banker's wife did the same, even going to the length of kissing Alice.

After the dance which was in progress was over, the detectives were introduced to many of the company by the hostess. Among these were her three daughters, Miss Laura, Miss Grace and Miss Polly Rowan. Also to their escorts, who proved to be the persons mentioned in the note.

Mr. Herman Lutz had Miss Laura on his arm, Mr. Simon McTish took charge of Miss Grace, leaving Miss Polly to Mr. Samuel Wing. Thus, at the outset, the Bradys had a part of their work indicated. Needless to say, they took particular note of the three young men.

It was two in the morning when the break-up came. But this was not the end for the detectives. Now they received the summons to attend Mr. Rowan in his library. The banker began with an apology for detaining them so late.

"My method of introducing my case to you, I know, is peculiar," he said, when they found themselves seated in the library, "but it was suggested to me by the Secret Service commissioner, Mr. Fisher, whose aid I sought through the introduction of Senator Raymond."

"Mr. Fisher's methods are apt to be peculiar," Old King Brady replied, adding:

"But state your case, Mr. Rowan. Our orders from Washington are to place ourselves entirely at your service, and here we are."

"It is the matter of a forged check," said the banker. "My business is such that I have found it convenient to keep an account with the Merchants' Bank of St. Louis. Sometimes the account runs quite heavy, as much as a hundred thousand in fact. This, you will understand, is a personal account of my own. I alone sign checks. About two weeks ago a check for \$500, which I signed, was held up. The Merchants telephoned me that my account was already overdrawn. I was amazed, for my bank-book showed a balance of

\$60,000. The explanation came when I was informed that three days before a check for \$62,500 had been paid by the St. Louis bank. The check was a forgery, gentlemen, yet it had been torn from the back of my check-book; the signature was so perfect that I could scarcely believe that it was not written by myself. More than that, there was a secret mark on the check which I have been in the habit of using. That the Merchants Bank was justified in paying the check there is no denying, for it came to them through the clearing house in the regular way of business. The only thing I have against them is that they did not notify me that the account was being overdrawn, as they certainly should have done."

"Have you got the check?" Old King Brady abruptly asked.

"No; it is at the bank," was the reply.

"To whose order was it drawn?"

"To the order of Raymond Adamson, president of the Northwestern Lumber. I—er——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Rowan, but if you will permit, let us make this a matter of question and answer. If there are any additional details you can give them later. What has Mr. Adamson to say about the check?"

"Nothing. He is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes; he deposited the check in his bank and drew against it to the full amount. Two days later he shot himself in his private office, leaving no explanation for his suicide."

"Had you any business relations with him?"

"Never had. I have met the man on 'Change, but I had no special acquaintance with him."

"Now, to get down to these three men who we were asked to specially study by you, I take it."

"Yes, I wrote that note. One of them must have forged the check, either personally or through some one hired to do it."

"Exactly. And their relations to you are what?"

"Herman Lutz is my cashier and is engaged to my eldest daughter Laura; Simon McTish is my head bookkeeper, and he is engaged to my second daughter Grace; Sam Wing is my teller, and he is engaged to Polly, my youngest."

"How long have these young men been in your employ?"

"Since they were boys. I trained all three and that I have felt absolute confidence in them you may judge from the fact that I have allowed them to become engaged to my daughters. It was my intention to retire next year and turn the business over to them."

"Any preference in your suspicions?"

"Absolutely, no. I find it only too hard to suspect either one of them."

"Does the St. Louis bank propose to make good?"

"On the contrary, they will not admit that the check is a forgery. Our correspondence has been very sharp. I shall certainly bring an action against them, but I want to clear the matter up first."

Old King Brady now inquired into the character and personal habits of the three suspects. Lutz was one of a large family and lived with his people, it appeared. McTish's people were all dead and the young man boarded. Wing supported a widowed mother and an invalid sister.

All three were religiously inclined and were church members. Neither of them had any bad habits so far as he was aware.

"I don't see that we can get any further tonight," said Old King Brady, when this stage of the explanation was reached. "To-morrow I will call at the bank and see the check."

"Very good," replied Mr. Rowan, "but one thing I wish to ask. My note requested you to particularly observe these young men. I wrote it because I wanted your impressions of them. Now, may I ask how you were impressed?"

"It is rather a difficult question to answer," replied Old King Brady, "and to commit myself may, in a way, influence my work. However, I will say that I take McTish to be a secretive man, Lutz to be rather stupid and a plodder, while Wing I had put down for a frank, open fellow, somewhat boyish in his ways."

"You have sized them up correctly," said the banker.

The interview ended here. The first thing next morning, Old King Brady called at Mr. Rowan's bank on La Salle street, where he was given an opportunity to examine the forged check. His study of it through the powerful magnifying glass which he always carries was long. Completed at last, he handed it back to the banker, without comment.

"Do you see anything to throw any light on the matter?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I don't, as a rule, go into explanations while a case is in progress, but in this instance I will make an exception and admit that I have discovered one point."

"What is it?"

"You use but one kind of ink here?"

"Only one kind of black ink."

"That is what I mean. On the forged check, two different inks have certainly been employed."

"I fail to see it so. Seems to me that the check is drawn up with the same ink which we always use."

"It is so. The ink is identical with that of the genuine check, but the secret mark has been done with a different ink, and at a different time, as you will certainly discover if you examine it through my glass."

Mr. Rowan made the examination.

"Looks a bit lighter than the ink of the body of the check," he said.

"Not only that, but it is an ink of a different shade—brownier. Yours is a dead black."

"It is a nice distinction," Mr. Brady.

"Doubtless, but in detective work nice distinctions sometimes constitute a clew. It is a different ink, Mr. Rowan; upon that I stake my reputation, but as yet I fail to see how the discovery is going to help us any. However, we shall see what develops."

And with this he took his leave.

## CHAPTER—II.—Looking Up the Record of a Suicide.

That the mystery was likely to prove difficult to solve, Old King Brady felt certain, and he said as much to Harry and Alice when they questioned

him as to his plans. Harry was instructed to make general inquiry into the habits of the three young men, while to Alice was given the task of doing the same thing in regard to the three Misses Rowan, for Old King Brady regarded it as essential that they should know more of the young women than had been told them by the father.

When he left the banking office, Old King Brady, for his own part, undertook a task at the other end of the line, so to speak. Going to the office of the Michigan Lumber Co., the old detective sought an interview with its head salesman, one Rogers, whom he knew.

"I want you to tell me all you know about the late Raymond Adamson," he said. "You knew him, of course?"

"I certainly did," replied Rogers.

"What did you think of him?"

"He was as straight as a string. I was terribly shocked when I heard of his death."

"Rogers," said the old detective, "I have been acquainted with you for some time, and I want you to be frank with me. You are keeping something back. I can read it in your face. I can get it from the tone in which you speak. Now, what is it? I have taken up a case in which Adamson is involved, and I came to you, feeling sure of what help you could give me."

"What is the case, if I may ask?" inquired the salesman.

Old King Brady told him, frankly.

"I have heard it rumored, although it has not got into the papers yet," said Rogers, "but I didn't know that the check was drawn to Adamson's order. Was it his personal account he drew the money from or the Northwestern Lumber Company's?"

"His personal account. I understand that the lumber company is in no way involved. Was he a man of wealth?"

"He was supposed to be well-to-do, but not what one would call rich in these days. I worked for him once. He always treated me well."

"I know you did, and that is why I came to you. It was about five years ago?"

"Yes."

"Come, do I get it?"

"I hate to speak ill of the dead, Brady."

"Very well. I once did you a favor. It would seem to be in your power to do me one now, but it is up to you."

"Oh, well, I suppose as long as the man is dead it can do no harm. He was crazy, that's all. Surest thing you know. Just as soon as the sun went down that man went nutty. He controlled himself wonderfully well, but I have seen him at midnight on the street when he didn't know me and he didn't drink nor dope either."

"How did he show his insanity?"

"Oh, walked very fast, kept looking over his shoulder and muttered to himself. He was a slasher of women's dresses. I've seen him do it. Once I saw him nearly strangle a little girl away out on Loomis street, one night. He surely would have killed them if I hadn't jumped in. He didn't know her. The child had been sent across the street on an errand. He didn't know me, either. Tried to bite me. I had an awful time with him. Next morning he turned up at the office as sane as you are or I am now. About that times sev-

eral little girls were found mysteriously murdered—strangled, every one of them. I never doubted that Adamson killed them. I believe it still. That's why I left the company. I grew horribly afraid of the man."

"Where did he live?"

"He had rooms on Ashland avenue, No. —. He was a bachelor. He seldom slept a night there, however, that I know, but he generally turned up in the early morning."

"Who gets his property?"

"I don't know. I've told you all I do know, Mr. Brady. I shouldn't wonder if he forged that check himself. He was very handy with the pen."

"Do you think his associates in business began to suspect him towards the last?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps I can find out, though. I'll inquire if you say so."

"Do so," said Old King Brady, and he left, then, feeling that he had made a beginning, at all events.

The next thing seemed to be to take in the Ashland avenue house. But Roger's information dated back five years, and it did not surprise the old detective to find out that Mr. Adamson had sold the property some three years before. Inquiry of some of his former neighbors brought out a contradictory statement from that of Rogers, in a way.

They all seemed to consider Mr. Adamson as a quiet, gentlemanly person, but eccentric; a man who made no acquaintances. This left things rather up in the air. Old King Brady now resolved to go directly to the Northwestern Lumber Co. with his inquiries. He was coldly received. The new president positively refused to be interviewed. The clerk who received the old detective and carried his messages was a young man and was extremely civil. He went twice to the president, but when Old King Brady desired to send a third message he declined, saying that it would be no use.

Old King Brady quietly remarked that he would write a note. He accordingly wrote on a leaf of his memorandum book as follows:

"If you can and will supply any information about Mr. A., it will be worth your while to call at the Palmer House about 5 o'clock. I pay cash for all I get."

The morning had now been consumed. Old King Brady went back to the Palmer House to dinner. Harry had returned, but Alice had not.

"Well, what luck?" Old King Brady asked.

"If you mean, have I found anything to indicate that either of our three suspects forged that check, then my answer is, no luck at all," replied Harry. "I have succeeded fairly well in obtaining information, though, but in each case it is all to the good for these young men."

Old King Brady then went on to tell of his morning's work.

"There must be somebody in Chicago who knows more of the man than you have been able to learn," said Harry.

"Of course," was the reply. "I have only begun. I shall put in the afternoon on the job and in order that you may be sure I do my work well

you may as well go with me. I don't, for the moment, think of anything else you can do."

Harry laughed, and they went to dinner. The afternoon's work was a partial success. Certain facts now stood out prominently. That Raymond Adamson was considered a good business man and was also considered straight in money matters. That his suicide was a complete mystery. That he certainly had drawn \$62,500 from his bank on the forged check and closed his account two days before he shot himself. That no part of this money had been found upon him.

That after his death his remains were taken to a funeral chapel and buried by the company. That the only persons who attended the funeral were business associates and employees. All this did very well as far as it went, but it by no means went far enough to suit Old King Brady, therefore, he looked with some anticipation to see what five o'clock would bring. It brought the friendly clerk from the lumber company's office, all right. He introduced himself as Carroll Blivens.

"I don't know how much help I can be to you, Mr. Brady," he said, "but I am here to tell what I know. As for our president, I don't believe he knows a thing about the man more than everybody else knows and that is why he would not see you. He's an old crank, anyhow."

"Do you know where Mr. Adamson lived?" demanded the old detective, adding:

"I have found out a whole lot since I wrote that note, but that is a point which we have yet to learn."

"That's just what I think I do know," replied young Blivens. "Have you learned of the disappearance of Arthur Hyde?"

"Come, he's a new one. And who may Arthur Hyde be?"

"Adamson's private secretary for the last four years."

"And he has disappeared?"

"He walked out of the office the day Adamson killed himself and has not been seen since."

"Were his accounts straight?"

"Yes, and so were Adamson's, that's a sure thing."

"What kind of a fellow was this Arthur Hyde?"

"A snoozer! The meanest man I ever met, and the rudest. We didn't speak. Nobody in the office would have anything more to say to him than they had to. What I am getting at is this: One Saturday afternoon, about six months ago, when I was riding out South Chicago way, on my wheel, I happened to pass an old hotel which is closed up and abandoned. I saw Hyde letting himself in with a latch-key. He didn't see me. He hadn't been at the office that day, nor had Adamson. They usually came together and left together. I wondered if he could be living there, and I had just curiosity enough to inquire in the neighborhood. I found, to my surprise, that Hyde was supposed to be the caretaker and that he lived there under the name of Smith. I learned also that a man lived with him who had the reputation of being crazy after dark, and that whenever he went out at night, which he often did, Hyde always went with him. The strangest part of it was that the description I got to this crazy man fitted Mr. Adamson exactly. I have never told this to any one before, Mr. Brady. I

used to wonder what it all meant. Sometimes I believed the man was really Adamson, and then, again, I came to doubt it. I was sure it was he after he shot himself."

"Did you see him shoot himself?" demanded Old King Brady.

"No; he did it in the private office. I heard the shot fired, though, and I was the first one in."

"Where was Hyde at the time?"

"Out. He came in a little later and stayed around for about an hour. Then he walked out and nobody has seen him since."

"All this is very interesting. Did you ever see anything to make you think that Mr. Adamson might be crazy?"

"I can't say I ever did."

And this was about the extent of Old King Brady's information mine. He secured the exact address of the old hotel, and paid young Blivens \$25 for his trouble.

### CHAPTER III.—Good Detective Work.

"Well, Harry," observed Old King Brady, after the departure of young Blivens, "I flatter myself that we are doing fairly well in the country, thank you. There is much food for thought in all this. I propose to follow the lead further."

"To-night?"

"Why not?"

"But Alice?"

"Her absence is certainly singular, but I don't see what we can do about it, seeing that I have not the faintest idea where she had gone. Let us get out to this old hotel and see what we can do for ourselves. It may all have very little to do with the forged check, yet I am of the opposite opinion."

Harry raised no objection, and they went. The Bradys had been the hotel before, although they had never been directly to it and knew nothing of its history. It stood back about two hundred feet from the lake front, with no building very near it. It was a clear cold night, with every star shining, when Old King Brady and Harry approached the place from the South Chicago station. There was nobody in sight, then, but as they stood looking at the hotel they caught the sound of footsteps and, turning, saw a woman walking rapidly towards them.

"Why, it's Alice!" exclaimed Harry, after regarding her for a few seconds.

Alice came hurrying up to them.

"I saw you when you started over from the station," she said. "I was just giving it up. You can think how glad I was to see the big white hat coming my way."

Always, when not in disguise, Old King Brady affects a peculiar costume: The big, broad-brimmed white hat, alluded to by Alice, a long, blue coat, with brass buttons, and an old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar.

"And what brings you here, Alice?" demanded Old King Brady.

"My work. And yourselves?"

"Our work. We have struck a trail. It has led us to this hotel."

"I don't know whether I can say that I have

struck a trail, but I have certainly struck something which I fancy Mr. Rowan will be interested in. You know I started out to learn what I could about his three fair daughters."

"Yes."

"I hardly knew how to go about it, so the first thing I did was to call on my friend Mrs. Moffatt."

"As I supposed you would. The woman is an inveterate gossip, and I don't like her, but she does know all about Chicago society."

"Yes. She knows the Rowan sisters, too. She gave the two younger ones a good send-off, but when she came to speak of Laura, the eldest, it was different."

"Mr. Lutz may think he is going to marry her," she said, "but it is my belief that Laura Rowan hasn't the faintest idea of marrying him."

"Of course, I asked why, and learned that Laura was in the habit of meeting a younger man at a certain restaurant every Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. As this is Tuesday, I decided to be on hand at that restaurant to see what points I could pick up, so I stayed to lunch at Mrs. Moffatt's and kept my appointment. Sure enough, she came."

"And the young man?"

"Came, too. I managed to get in with the girl who waited on me—it is a sort of bakery and ladies' restaurant combined, away down on the South Side. The girl knew the young man's name, and who do you suppose he is?"

"Well, if you want me to guess, I should say that his name is probably Arthur Hyde, and that he is, or rather was, Raymond Adamson's private secretary."

"Right. I see your trail has crossed mine. Well, to cut the story short, I followed that couple in one way and another till they separated, which was about five o'clock. Then I took up Miss Laura. Thought she was going home; instead of that she went into a certain house in Englewood. Half an hour later she came out disguised. Looked like a servant. I trailed her here. She let herself into that old hotel with a latch-key. I haven't seen her come out. I watched until I was cold and tired and was just starting to go when you came along."

"Your work fits in with ours, splendidly, Alice," declared the old detective. "Now listen to our story while we make the circuit of this building and see what we can discover."

"It certainly looks as if we were up against something definite," said Alice, after she had heard the Bradys' story. "But what do you propose to do?"

"The first thing is to pick up such points as I can," was the reply. "Now that I have such an efficient working force, I propose to leave you and Harry here on the watch while I go over to where we see that group of lights. Looks like a little neighborhood by itself. I dare say I shall find some one able and willing to post me."

A few minutes later Old King Brady started on his errand. Here there were two blocks of houses standing by themselves out on the prairie. Among them were several stores, a saloon being among the rest. This seemed the correct place to begin, so Old King Brady entered, feeling himself fortunate when he saw a stout German behind the bar, reading the paper and quite alone.

There was no trouble in getting the man into conversation.

"Dot hotel? It was puilt by a gompany vot pusted," the saloonkeeper said, in response to Old King Brady's first question.

"And who owns it now?"

"I dunno. De mortgagees, mebbe. I dunno nothin' about it. Dere's a caretaker livin' dere. He'll tell you, mebbe."

"What's his name?"

"Smith."

"I have heard of him. There was a crazy man living there with him, was there not?"

"Yah, his uncle. He doan'd live dere no more now. Mebbe you know him?"

"No. To tell the truth, I am a detective. I want to see this uncle on important business, and I don't know his name. Thought perhaps you could tell me."

"Nein. I nefer knowed his name. Vas you going to arrest him? He ought to be arrested, so. But he doan'd was dere now, so I hear."

"Is he very crazy?"

"Yah, you bet. So dey say, anyhow. He nefer comes by my place. Smith, he comes vonce in a vile. He say his uncle vas very pad efery nide after de sun goes down, but vas all ride in de daytime. He goes to peesness efery day, off you please."

And so it went. Old King Brady could get no other details. All this dove-tailed with the original story heard from Rogers, the salesman. Old King Brady, finding that he was not likely to learn any more from the saloonkeeper, now returned to the hotel. Harry and Alice quickly joined him.

"Well, anything doing?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied Harry. "We have not seen a soul."

"It is a cold night. There are few people stirring. Have you made any further examination of the hotel?"

"Yes, and we have been all around it again. That door we saw around on the other side, leading into the basement, is secured merely by an ordinary lock. I have a skeleton key in my bunch which will take it."

"Then we go inside and see how the land lies."

They went around to the rear of the hotel. No light was to be seen in any of the windows, which made it hard to believe that the place was inhabited. Harry readily opened the door with his skeleton key. The Bradys now got out their flashlights and threw them around. They found that they had entered what had once been the hotel kitchen, and here at once they discovered signs of occupancy.

There were two ranges, a large one and a smaller one, in which a fire burned. There was a teapot on this range and on a table were the remains of a meal. Two persons had been eating here, evidently. They passed out into a passage and, coming to a flight of stairs, ascended to find themselves in a long corridor. Away down towards its end they caught a glimmer of light. They stole down the corridor and located the light. It proved to come from the keyhole of a door leading into an interior room, which accounted for the light not being seen from the outside. Listening at the keyhole, Old King Brady

caught the sound of voices. He drew back and whispered:

"Two persons, a man and a woman!"

"But we must find some better place than this for our observation," he added.

They had turned off their flashlights as they drew near the door. Opening a door beyond, the old detective flashed his light inside for a single second. The place proved to be the office of the hotel, a spacious room bare of furniture.

The other room opened from it, and the light was much brighter here. They stepped inside and saw that the connecting door stood partly ajar: Old King Brady put his finger to his lips and whispered:

"We can do business here in the listening line. Quiet now."

There was a big semi-circular counter between them and the door. They did not attempt to go behind it, but moved on tiptoe to a position from which they could get a look inside, but they could see no one, and the voices were hushed now. Waiting for something to happen, a man's voice spoke at last:

"Tired, Laura?"

"Very," replied the voice of the woman. "Remember I was up almost all night."

"Dancing with that——"

"No, now, Arthur! Say nothing against the poor man. He loves me devotedly. I believe it will break his heart when he learns the truth."

"But wouldn't it make any man mad to have another fellow constantly making love to his wife?"

"Yes, but you knew you would have to stand for it when you secretly married me, so where is the sense in kicking now?"

"They are married," breathed Alice.

The Bradys had made an important discovery. It was now certain that the supposed Miss Laura Rowan was, in reality, the wife of the man known as Smith, the care-taker. But it still remained to be shown if this Smith was Arthur Hyde, the missing secretary of the suicide, Raymond Adamson.

#### CHAPTER IV.—Wild Work in the Old Hotel.

Presently the detectives heard the man get up and begin walking about. As it seemed possible that he might leave the room, the detectives drew back into the shadows of the office. Presently they caught sight of him as he passed the open door.

"That your man, Alice?" breathed Old King Brady.

"Yes; he is the man," replied Alice.

They waited, the man continuing to pace the floor.

"My gracious, Laura!" he suddenly exclaimed. "If this matter could only be brought to a head. The suspense is maddening. To think that this hold-up is the end of all our fine plans!"

"It has saved you from the crime of murder at all events, Arthur."

"Saved me!" cried the other. "I didn't want to be saved. It would have given me particular pleasure to have killed him after all the indignities I had stood for."

"Hush! Hush! Please don't talk that way, dear. It makes me shudder—makes me afraid of you. Remember, I am not used to this sort of thing, and much as I love you——"

"Oh, cut it out. If you could only suggest something practical, some way of solving this mystery."

"But I can't."

"Nor can I. If this keeps up much longer I shall follow in Adamson's footsteps and turn a revolver at my head."

"And leave me to marry Herman Lutz?"

"No, by heaven! Not that. If you marry that Dutchman I vow I'll haunt you."

"To haunt me you will have to be dead. Won't it pay better to remain alive? You talk wildly, foolishly. If we only hold out long enough I am certain we shall succeed."

"Yes, but you'll kick when I do him up."

"No; I have made up my mind to stand for it. If your account it true, he is little more than a wild beast, and better dead than alive."

"I know nothing of him more than what I have told you. Mad though he was, Adamson never opened his mouth on the subject once until that night."

What were they talking about? What did it all mean? The Bradys could form no idea, and the old detective was trying to figure it out in his mind when Laura suddenly offered a suggestion which put them on the alert.

"Arthur, suppose we try it again," she said.

"What's the use? Haven't we searched this old roost from top to bottom time and time again? It makes me tired to think of the time we have wasted."

"But we have time to spend. We might as well be moving about the house as sitting here fretting and fuming."

"Well, that's so, I suppose. Hang it, I don't care. Only thing is the house is so blamed cold."

"You can put on your overcoat and I'll put on my sealskin sack."

"Your sealskin sack! Ha! What would papa say if he only knew where that same sealskin sack was now?"

"Say! I believe he would strangle me with his own hands."

"Adamson's trick. More than once have I prevented that wretch from strangling some one whom he had never before laid eyes on. Oh, Laura, if you only knew what I went through with that man you would not wonder that I was ready to kill him."

"Hush, dear, hush! I really can't stand it. Shall we go? It will help you to quiet your mind."

"Oh, well, all right! Let's go if it will please you. I'll light a lantern. By the way, where are you supposed to be to-night?"

"Spending the night with my mythical friend, Milly Brown, out at Oak Park."

"Discovery is certain, Laura. With these Bradys on the job I fear for you. I do, indeed."

"So much the more reason why we should work hard to bring matters to a head and quit Chicago forever."

"Heaven knows I am willing. I am practically penniless. Would be quite so but for the allow-



ance you make me. I am too proud a man to live on my wife."

"I only wish I could make it more, dearest, but papa is so cross if I ask him for money since the matter of that forged check came up."

"Pshaw! He's a tight-wad, anyway. What is sixty odd thousand to him, even if he has to stand for it, which he probably won't. But come on if you are ready. I am."

The Bradys were ready, too.

Anticipating what was to happen, they had retreated into the old billiard-room which opened off from the office. The pair now came out into the office, Arthur carrying a lantern. They turned directly into the corridor and disappeared.

"What can they be driving at?" whispered Harry now that it seemed safe to speak.

"Goodness knows," replied Old King Brady. "We must follow the thing up. It grows most interesting, this situation."

They crept out into the corridor. The lantern carried by Arthur was a particularly good one, and in the absolute darkness of the place its light could be seen for a long way. Much time was given to each room. Old King Brady managed to get a look in on the couple. Clearly they were searching for secret panels, for Arthur was sounding the walls. And such was the situation when all at once a fearful cry rang out through the deserted hotel.

"Goodness!" breathed Alice, grasping Harry's arm. "What was that? Is he killing her there?"

"Back into this room!" said Old King Brady.

They were not an instant too soon. Arthur and Laura came hurrying out into the hall.

"By heaven! he's on the job again!" they heard the former say.

"It's awful!" breathed the girl.

"He is on the floor above!" cried Arthur, drawing a revolver.

"Take the lantern," he added. "Keep close behind me. Be a brave girl now, Laura, and remember that I shall make it my first duty to defend you."

He hurried towards the stairs which led up to the third floor. And now the cry took the form of words.

"Jonas! Jonas!" was shouted. "Where are you, Jonas? Come, I defy you! Come and I'll kill you, Jonas! I've got a knife. Come to me if you want to die!"

By this time Arthur and Laura had gained the floor above. Old King Brady led the way to the foot of the stairs. The cry had ceased now. They could hear Arthur's heavy footsteps. In a minute he called:

"Come out and show yourself like a man. I tell you again that Jonas is dead. If you are wise you will make terms with me."

No answer.

"Arthur," said Laura, "it does seem to me as if the call comes from the attic."

"I don't think so."

"I do. It came from there before, too. Now be guided by me for once. Let us go up there and see what comes of it."

"Well, all right. Laura. Anything you say goes."

The Bradys heard them moving about then. Presently a door slammed violently as if caught by a gust of wind. The last glimmer of the lan-

tern light had now vanished, and the detectives were in total darkness.

"This won't do," said Old King Brady. "Evidently they have gone up to the garret, and the wind has blown the door shut. We must turn on the light."

He got his flashlight out and listened at the foot of the stairs. Not a sound could be heard.

"I'm going on the next floor," said the old detective.

"It would seem to be safe enough," replied Harry. "You are right in your conclusions, of course."

They ventured up and located the garret stairs which were cut off by a door. Shutting off his light, Old King Brady ventured to open it. He could see the light bobbing about, and in a moment caught the murmur of voices.

"They are still at it. They have found nothing," he whispered.

"What can it mean?" questioned Alice.

"It means," replied the old detective, "that some crazy man is hiding in this hotel."

"Yes," said Alice, "but who can he be?"

"There's your problem," replied the old detective, "but evidently they have failed to locate him. This is not their first search by many. Ha! There he goes again."

It was the same weird cry. Three times it was repeated. Eagerly the Bradys listened at the foot of the garret stairs.

"I see you!" they suddenly heard Arthur shout. Then it was:

"Adamson! Come forward. Don't fear me. I'm your best friend!"

"Great Scott!" whispered Harry. "What does this mean? Isn't Adamson dead then?"

"Hush!" breathed Old King Brady. "Listen!"

"That's better. Arthur was heard to say in a wheedling one: 'Come, my friend! Come! Let us have a talk. Your brother is dead. I now represent him. I was his friend and I will be yours if you will only let me.'"

"Oh, Arthur, do be careful!" they heard Laura say.

"By Jove! he's going to get there," whispered Harry.

"It would seem that this madman must be Raymond Adamson's brother," Alice added.

"He is Raymond Adamson himself, if I know anything," Old King Brady breathed. "Did you not observe that he called his dead brother Jonas? But hush! We want to catch every sound."

But there was no difficulty in catching the sounds which followed. For now suddenly they heard a rush—a fierce imprecation on the part of Arthur—a wild scream from Laura. Then a shot was fired and the noise of a heavy fall followed.

"Trouble!" cried Old King Brady. "It is up to us to take a hand in the game."

He drew his revolver, but at the same instant he jumped back. A strange outfit was seen coming down the garret stairs.

#### CHAPTER V.—Laying in onto Laura.

What the Bradys saw on the garret stairs was startling enough. A tall man, and very shabbily dressed, was coming down with the girl Laura

in his arms. He carried her as one would carry a baby, and seemed to exhibit great strength.

"We must stop that," breathed Old King Brady.

He jumped forward, revolver in hand. Before he could reach the door, a gust of wind sweeping in through some broken window probably blew it shut. The old detective tried to open it, but in vain. Apparently the door was secured by a spring lock on the inside, and this, while previously turned back, had now sprung into place. The door resisted all his efforts, and as he tried it the madman yelled again and again. The old detective got out his skeleton keys, but these are but poor contrivances when it comes to a spring lock, and they refused to work. Old King Brady persevered, however. Meanwhile all sound had ceased. Evidently the madman had retreated up the stairs.

"Let me try," said Harry. "I've got a little key on my bunch which is different from any of yours and may work."

The little key proved a success, and the door was opened. All was very still now as Old King Brady flashed his light up the stairs. They now ascended the stairs. There stretched upon the floor seemingly unconscious lay the man Arthur.

"He has killed him," said Harry.

"We will soon find out," replied Old King Brady, bending over the man.

"No," he added; "he is not dead, but he is certainly in a bad way. That madman has nearly strangled him, and when he fell he seems to have struck his head with sufficient force to knock him out, but he is bound to come to all right if I know anything."

"What shall we do?" questioned Harry.

"I'm thinking," replied the old detective, flashing his lantern about.

The garret was very extensive and full of dark corners, of course. The first thing seemed to be to discover if the madman was lurking in some one of these hiding places with Laura, but they could see nothing of him, although both Harry and the old detective went about with their lanterns.

"He has gone," observed Old King Brady. "There must be some secret way of escape or a hiding hole in which he lives."

They returned to Arthur, who was still in the same condition. But the man was breathing regularly. There seemed no reason why he should not come out of his swoon.

"Governor," said Harry, "I've got an idea, and I do hope you will not refuse to allow me to carry it out."

"What is it then?" demanded the old detective.

"I am so fixed that I can easily disguise as a tramp. Let me do so. You and Alice pull out. I'll stand by this man. He is bound to come to his senses sooner or later. I will pretend that I came into the hotel for shelter this cold night, that I heard the cry of the madman, and made my way up here and so found him. It will give me a chance to work in with him, which may prove all for the good of our case."

"But what explanation will you give about your flashlight? It will never do to pretend that you worked your way up here in the dark."

"I'll find one. Quick! Decide! He is liable to come to at any moment, I tell you."

"Well, well, have your way, and may good

come of it," asserted Old King Brady, for in a way the scheme appealed to him.

Harry quickly made his change. "Fortunate that I came prepared for this," he observed. "Now will you two leave me to do what I can?"

"Come, Alice," said the old detective. "We mustn't stay here."

They retreated then. Alice was inclined to make further objections, but Old King Brady silenced her.

"Let us get down to that room behind the office and see what we can find while we have the chance," Old King Brady said.

They entered the room, finding the lamp still burning. It was fitted up as a sitting-room in comfortable style. Opening off from it was an equally well furnished bed-room. In the sitting-room was a handsome desk among other things. It stood open, and the old detective proceeded to examine the drawers and pigeon-holes. And now came discoveries which went to show that Mr. Rowan's three suspects were unjustly suspected, and that the Bradys had made no mistake in beginning their work at the other end. In the first place, abundant evidence was discovered to show that the desk had been the property of Raymond Adamson. In one of the drawers was discovered two sheets of Mr. Rowan's private checks on the Merchants' Bank of St. Louis. Also two sheets of checks on Barnes & Co., private bankers in Detroit, which went to show that the St. Louis account was not the only private account kept by the Chicago banker. These sheets were new and clean, and had not been torn out of any book. To this Old King Brady directed Alice's attention.

"Evidently printed for the purpose of carrying out these forgeries," he said.

"Yes," replied Alice, "and it looks as if the intention might have been to forge another check on Barnes & Co."

"It certainly does. It may have been done already, and Mr. Rowan not know it. But I must try this ink."

The reference was to a bottle on the desk. It proved to be a dead black ink. The label showed it to be the same sort used by Rowan's bank.

"Let us listen at the foot of the garret stairs and see if we can hear anything of Harry," suggested Alice.

Old King Brady assented, but they did not have to do it, for when they got to the foot of the first flight they saw a light coming down from the top floor. Listening here, they could hear Harry's voice talking. Arthur's voice was heard in answer, but they could not make out what was being said.

"The boy gets there," whispered Old King Brady. "I was sure he would."

They hurried down to the kitchen then, and leaving the house by the back door, returned to the hotel. Now it must be confessed that Old King Brady had not left Harry behind him without many misgivings. So anxious was he that the first thing next morning he despatched Alice to the hotel to see if she could learn anything, while he, himself, called on Mr. Rowan. Mr. Rowan received the old detective promptly and asked as to the progress of the case.

"We are making decided headway," said Old

King Brady. "It is my hope that within a very short time the mystery may be solved."

"Good!" cried the banker, and which of the three suspects is involved?"

"Neither one of them."

"How? Do you mean to tell me that you suspect someone else?"

"My suspicion is almost a certainty," replied the old detective.

And to whom does your suspicion point, may I ask?"

"To Raymond Adamson himself."

"Do you mean it?"

"Unless I had meant it I should not have said it, Mr. Rowan. There can be but little doubt that the suicide either forged the check himself or caused it to be forged."

"Well, I suppose you know your business, Mr. Brady. I have no right to question your work."

"And now, Mr. Rowan, I must touch upon another matter," said the old detective. Who printed your check-book?"

"It was printed by the firm of Macdonald & Co., on Monroe street."

"Did Macdonald & Co. also print your private check-book on Barnes & Co., of Detroit?"

Mr. Rowan gave a quick start.

"Whoever told you that I had such an account?" he demanded.

"That I shall not do. While working up a case I never expose my hand. Is it true?"

"Well, yes, it is."

"And how many people know the fact, may I ask?"

"Only one person besides myself."

"And that person is Herman Lutz, your cashier?"

"Yes. So he is involved, then?"

"Innocently involved, if I am right."

"How can he be innocent and at the same time involved?"

"Mr. Rowan," said the old detective slowly, "it is necessary that you should prepare yourself for a great shock."

"Shock! Do you mean to say——"

"Your daughter Laura——"

"For heaven's sake, Mr. Brady, don't tell me that, Laura is mixed up in this rascality."

"I'm afraid I shall have to tell you just that, for she certainly is, though to what extent I do not know as yet."

"Heaven help her poor mother! Tell me all! I must know the worst."

"I cannot tell you all now, for to do so will seriously prejudice my case. But let me ask a question. Laura was away last night?"

"Yes. She is visiting a girl friend out at Oak Park. A Miss Brown."

"She has not been to Oak Park. Her girl friend is a myth."

Mr. Rowan groaned.

"You may as well know that Laura is married to a young man named Arthur Hyde, who for some years has been private secretary to Raymond Adamson."

"This is too terrible!" the banker groaned.

And he added:

"Does Lutz know of this?"

"No; he knows nothing of it so far as I am aware."

"But where is my daughter, Mr. Brady? At least tell me that."

"I do not know."

"Mr. Brady tell me more. Give me details, for heaven's sake."

But this Old King Brady would not do.

## CHAPTER VI.—The Fire at the Old Hotel.

When Arthur Hyde came to his senses Young King Brady, disguised as a tramp, was working over him. Hyde had been nearly strangled and was very weak. It was some minutes before he recovered his speech. Meanwhile he gazed at Harry inquiringly.

"Who are you?" he at length demanded.

"Where's my wife?"

"If your wife was with you, mebbe she thought you were dying and went to fetch a doctor."

"Perhaps she did!" cried Hyde, catching eagerly at the suggestion, "but who are you and how came you in this house? I'm the caretaker here. I have a right to know."

"Well, I'm just nobody," replied Harry. "My name is Bill Moonex; I came over from Indianapolis on a freight. It was so blame cold that I sneaked in here to sleep. I heard an awful yelling, so I came upstairs to see what it was all about. That's the time I seen your light and found you here. I thought you were dead. What happened you, anyway? I had a deuce of a time to bring you back to your senses. I done the best I could."

"It's a good job you came," groaned Hyde. "Get me downstairs to my rooms. I want to see about my wife."

Harry helped him to his feet and supported him as they descended the stairs. Hyde said nothing until after they entered the room behind the office and he had helped himself to a huge drink of whisky.

"She isn't here," he said then. "Perhaps she has gone for a doctor as you think, but I'm afraid that infernal madman has got her."

"Who is the madman?" asked Harry. "What about him?"

"He's a dangerous lunatic. He is hiding somewhere in this house," replied Hyde. "It was he who tried to choke me to death. That's all I know."

He flung himself in a chair and did not seem to want to talk.

"Well, I'll be going," said Harry at length. "So long as you have found me out, I may as well beat it."

"Hold on," interposed Hyde. "For heaven's sake, don't leave me alone. I've got a fit of the horrors on me tonight. Stay till I can pull myself together. I've got to know about my wife. Did you hear anyone come downstairs?"

"No, I didn't."

"Where were you when you heard the madman holler first?"

"In the kitchen. I'll be honest with you. I was helping myself to a cup of tea which I found on the stove."

"Did you come right upstairs then?"

"No, not till he hollered the second time. I was groping my way with a flashlight I picked

up. It wasn't till he hollered the third time that I went upstairs."

"Then you would surely have seen my wife coming down if she went for the doctor. That madman has got her all right. This is terrible. Come, let us go downstairs again and see what we can do. I'm right glad you happened in. I should die of the horrors otherwise. It was bad enough before but it is worse now."

They returned to the garret after Hyde had turned down another drink.

"Say, Bill," he began, growing familiar, "my theory is that there is some secret staircase here. That's what I was looking for when the madman came out on us. That stairway must be found."

Harry suggested at length that they probably could do better by daylight, and that they might better wait.

"We'll watch here in the dark," declared Hyde. "He may come out of his hole. Are you afraid?"

"Sure not if you are not," replied Harry. "I want to help you out. I'll do anything you say."

"As he may be listening and watching, we will pretend to go downstairs and then sneak back again," said Hyde, and this they did.

There were quite a number of broken chairs in the garret along with other old furniture. Seating themselves they waited there in the darkness for over an hour. Harry, having been up pretty much all the night before, grew fearfully sleepy. He told Hyde as much, and said that he was going to lie down on the floor and sleep for a few minutes.

"Wake me up instantly if anything happens," he added.

Just how long he slept he could not feel quite certain, when he was suddenly aroused by the madman's cry. It seemed to come from below, and it rang out again and again. Harry sprang to his feet.

"Did you hear that?" he exclaimed.

There was no answer. Had Hyde taken himself off? Quickly Young King Brady got out his flashlight. There was Hyde sprawling on his back. The whisky bottle from downstairs lay empty beside him. Meanwhile the madman continued his yells. At the same time Harry heard a loud pounding at the foot of the garret stairs. It was all very startling. Harry chased downstairs, drawing his revolver as he went, determined to solve the mystery on his own account if the thing was possible. And now came a discovery which was anything but pleasant. The door at the foot of the stairs had been nailed up. The cry of the madman had now ceased, but Harry could hear someone moving about. Suddenly a match snapped, then another. "Ha! Ha! Ha! I'll roast 'em out! I'll roast 'em out!" the madman shouted.

Harry shut off his flashlight. It was as he feared. A bright light shone in through the key-hole.

"Great heavens, that fellow is firing the hotel!" exclaimed Young King Brady. "He knows we are here. He means to burn us alive!"

Chasing back to Hyde then, Harry tried his best to arouse him. But the young man was dead drunk and the attempt failed. Meanwhile a strong smell of smoke became perceptible.

There were two windows, one at each end of

the garret. Harry took both in, but only to find the situation hopeless, for the windows were high up from the ground. By this time the smoke was beginning to become stifling. Harry lost not a second in getting back to the door again, resolved to kick it down if the thing was possible. He failed. The door, an unusually stout one, resisted all his efforts. Young King Brady was now reduced almost to despair. Upstairs he chased, and seizing Hyde's lantern, ran around under the eaves, making a last desperate effort to find some way of escape. It was well that he had come to realize the great danger in which he and his drunken companion stood. For it was not only in that top hall that the hotel had been fired. It was the same in both halls below. Within a short time the fire attracted the attention of a watchman in a neighboring factory, who turned in an alarm.

By the time the firemen arrived on the scene, flames were shooting out of many of the windows on the west side of the long building, while the office and the entire lower floor, in fact, was all ablaze. When Alice reached the scene next morning, great was her surprise and anxiety to find nothing but a heap of smoldering ruins where the hotel had stood the night before. One engine remained playing on the debris, and two policemen were on guard. Alice immediately made herself known to one of them.

"How did the hotel catch fire?" was, of course, her first question.

"Nobody knows, miss," replied the policeman.

"Were there any lives lost?"

"It is supposed that the caretaker was burned. He hasn't been seen. He lived in the hotel. He was a married man and his name was Smith. Sometimes his wife stopped there with him, but she didn't live there right along. It is not known whether she was there last night or not."

Seriously alarmed on Harry's account, Alice hurried back downtown to tell the startling news to Old King Brady. But even in this she was balked, for the old detective was not at the hotel, nor did he come in until nearly four in the afternoon. By this time Alice found herself with every reason to feel afraid on Harry's account, for nothing had been seen or heard of him.

"It's a bad job," said Old King Brady. "Still I am not going to jump at conclusions. Of course, the hotel must have been fired by the madman, but it does not follow that Harry and young Hyde were in it when it burned."

This was for Alice's encouragement. Old King Brady admitted afterward that he felt little hope.

"We will remain in till night and see if any word comes," he added, and he fell to talking about the case.

The only thing Old King Brady had accomplished was to match the ink with which the secret mark had been written. This he succeeded in doing through the aid of a wholesale stationer, who went to a good deal of trouble to help him. It was at last decided that the ink was a certain brand which had but a small sale in Chicago. The stationer himself did not carry it, but he informed Old King Brady who the selling agents were. A call upon these people procured for Old King Brady a list of their customers who used this particular ink.

Among them was a fashionable stationer on State street. Although it seemed altogether a hopeless case, Old King Brady went from one stationery store to another inquiring if Miss Laura Rowan was a customer, for it was his theory that it was she who added the secret mark to the check after having obtained the information from Herman Lutz, Mr. Rowan's cashier. And sure enough, he succeeded at the fashionable stationer's mentioned. Miss Laura Rowan had an account there it seemed. Books being consulted, it developed that the young lady had purchased a bottle of this particular ink some three months before.

Old King Brady at once hastened to the bank and told Mr. Rowan the whole story upon learning that Laura also had not turned up. Of course, this started an investigation at the ruins of the hotel. It brought no Young King Brady—no Laura Rowan. Nor were any human remains found among the rubbish in spite of as diligent a search as could be made.

#### CHAPTER VII.—Held a Prisoner by a Lunatic.

Harry was very far from being dead. What happened must now be explained. We left Young King Brady searching again for a secret stairway with Arthur Hyde's lantern. He had no hope of finding it. It seemed to him a hopeless case if he failed to find it. And yet the unexpected happened after all. Harry had not gone half the rounds of the long garret when under the eaves on the west side, sure enough, he discovered the secret stairs. Indeed, he could not very well help making the discovery for a secret panel most unusually placed and as large as an ordinary door stood wide open. Here was an avenue of escape.

But it seemed practically certain that it led to the madman's quarters, wherever they were. Harry flew back to Hyde, determined to wake him now, for the fellow was no lightweight, and to get him down the stairs in his present condition would be well-nigh impossible. He succeeded by dint of violently kicking the young man many times.

"What in thunder! Here, stop that?" Hyde suddenly grunted.

"Up! Up! The house is on fire! Up if you would save your life!" Harry shouted, seizing Hyde by the hand.

"Heavens! You don't say so!" gasped the drunkard, scrambling to his feet.

He reeled and fell, however. He was drunker in his legs than in his head. Harry got him up again hastily, explaining the situation.

"And we can't get out? We are penned in?" cried Hyde all in a tremble.

"No, no, no! Don't you understand what I'm saying to you?" said Harry. "I have found the secret stairs."

"Oh! And Laura, my wife?"

"I have seen nothing of her."

"I won't go till I find her."

"Are you mad? Probably that crazy fellow took her by the way he has left open to us. Come on! Come on!"

He supported Hyde to the secret panel. Harry

had to support him down the stairs, which were set in an angle of the building and extended from garret to cellar. Reaching the bottom they came to two doors. One which evidently led into the cellar of the hotel was not only locked, but securely nailed. The other opened into a narrow passage. This door stood ajar.

"This is the way your madman intends we shall go, and it's the way we have got to go," Harry said.

He led Hyde along to the passage with stumbling step. A moment later and they came to its end. This was at another open door made of wood, but covered with sheet iron. Harry pushed it back and flashed the lantern inside. Here was a large room with two walls built of brick, while the other two were of boards. It looked as if they were in a part of some old foundation which had been partitioned off. In one of the partitions was a second iron door which was locked. Harry now let go of Hyde, who immediately fell sprawling.

"Knock on the door," he said thickly. "Shake 'em up. Let 'em know we are here. I want to get at the bottom of this business and find out what has become of my wife."

Harry pounded on the door. In less than a moment a key was heard in the lock, and the door opening, there stood a huge colored man as black as the stove.

"Hello, dah! So youse came!" he cried. "Has he been an' gone an' done it? Has he set fire to the hotel?"

"Sam Taylor, can this be you, you black rascal!" exclaimed Hyde, thickly.

"Black rascal yo' ownself! Doan' yo' go to gibbin' me no sass, Mistah Hyde!" cried the coon. "If I'se brack I doan' git drunk, anyhow, dat's one suah t'ing."

"But how came you back here? What does this mean?"

"Nebber went away, boss. I know mah business. Say, has he fired de hotel?"

"He has," said Harry, "if you mean the madman."

"Now, now, doan' you get gay, neder, young feller. Youse is a-speaking ob mah boss, an' I doan' allow no one to do dat ar disspeckfully. Sometimes he's a little nutty, I will admit, but dat's on'y at night. Daytimes he's jest as wise as any one. But come along if yo' want to see yo' wife, Mistah Hyde."

"That's what I want," retorted Hyde, trying to get up.

"Lemme manage him. I'se toted him more'n wunst when he was like dis, hain't I, Mistah Hyde?" said the coon.

He got the drunkard on his feet and dragged him through the door into a short passage, at the end of which was still another iron-plated door, with a second one which stood open. There was a light burning behind this door. Harry, who had walked ahead, pushed the door open and stepped inside. It was just a little box of a room, with an old mattress thrown down, a table and two chairs. Sam Taylor dumped Hyde on the mattress.

Then, without the slightest warning, he dealt Harry a stunning blow between the eyes, which sent him tumbling back against the partition, at the same time tripping him up. It was a com-

plete knockout for poor Harry. Like a flash, the coon was down upon him, searching him for his revolver. He got that as well as what money Harry had, and other things. Young King Brady found himself powerless in the hands of the black giant, and it was the same when Sam Taylor came to tie his hands and feet.

Hyde made an effort to help, but he could not get on his feet, so he took it out in swearing. He got his dose next. Sam Taylor handled him very roughly, taking away his revolver and money. This done, he left the room and locked the door without making any explanation. Harry was in despair, for among other things the coon had taken his Secret Service shield, which he supposed to be securely hidden. What was to come of it all?

Hyde promptly went to sleep again. Harry found ample food for thought in listening to the noises overhead. He quickly realized that he must be underground, near the stable of the old hotel—in its cellar, perhaps. He could hear the roar of the flames when the fire reached its height, the noise of the engines and the shouts of the assembled crowd. At one time he feared that the barn might catch fire and that after all he was doomed to perish, but it all died away at last, save the clank of one engine, which remained to play on the ruins. It was morning now, and Hyde finally awakened, sober.

There seemed to be nothing for it but to be patient and wait. And the wait for a long one, but at last the door was unlocked and Sam Taylor appeared. He was as fresh as ever, wanting to know if the prisoners had a good night, pleasant dreams and so on. He spoke of the fire as the dandiest exhibition of fireworks ever. After various remarks of this kind he informed Hyde that the "boss" wanted to have a talk with him. Untying the cords about his legs he led the young man away, taking care to lock Harry in. He was soon back again, however, with a tray containing a light breakfast.

Harry's hands were untied and he was allowed to eat while Sam stood guard with a revolver, which seemed scarcely necessary, considering how strong the man was. Tied up again, Harry had another hour of it on the mattress and then the door was unlocked and a white man came in. He was a person of about fifty, tall, powerfully built and rather stylish-looking, aside from his extremely shabby clothes. But there was that about his eyes and his way of continually glancing over his shoulder which showed that he was certainly insane. Here, then, was the lunatic at last. Harry eyed him with intense curiosity, wondering who he possibly could be. His stare was returned for a few moments in silence. Then the madman, seating himself, began:

"So you're a detective?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Brady."

The answer seemed to attract no special attention.

"How came you with Arthur Hyde?" was next asked.

Harry concluded not to tell. He repeated the story of having crawled in through the window of the hotel to get warm. No comment was offered to this statement.

"May I ask who you are?" Harry ventured.

The madman drew himself up, proudly.

"I am Raymond Adamson, president of the Northwestern Lumber Company," he replied.

"I had understood," said Harry, doing his best to display no excitement, "that Raymond Adamson was dead; that he committed suicide a short time ago."

"It is false. I am Raymond Adamson. I am sorry, very verry, that you ran up against me."

"I will soon get out of your way if you will set me free."

"Unfortunately, that is just what I cannot do. Having discovered me, you would be sure to make me trouble."

"I am not so sure of that. Why do you say it?"

"You believe me to be crazy."

"Well?"

"I am crazy, but it is only at night. Now I am sane. They had me in an asylum. I escaped. I don't want to be captured and sent back. That's what would happen if I set you free."

"Not necessarily."

"But I say it would. Still, I don't like to keep you a prisoner. Crazy men do crazy things. I am liable to kill you. That would be a crazy thing to do. I am perpetually doing crazy things. Last night I did the craziest thing I ever did."

"May I ask what that is?"

"Set the hotel afire. I don't know why I did it. The building belonged to the Northwestern Lumber Company, of which I am president. Why should I burn it? I don't know, and yet burn it I did. To-night, when the fit comes on me again I think it very likely that I shall come in here and kill you, and yet it is something I don't want to do."

#### CHAPTER VIII.—Trailing the Madman.

A third day passed, leaving Old King Brady all at sea with his forged check case. As for Harry, he had given him up for dead. So had Alice, and her grief was great. The fourth day passed without event. Old King Brady had been unable to advance his case one inch, save that the ink which made the secret mark was found in Laura's room. That his daughter had made the mark seemed certain to the banker.

He questioned his cashier, and Lutz admitted that Laura had questioned him about her father's secret check mark and that he had told it to her, never imagining that it could do any harm. Such was the situation on the evening of the fourth day, when, while Old King Brady and Alice were sitting together at the Palmer House, the card of Rogers, the lumber salesman, was handed in.

"Show the gentleman up," Old King Brady said, and to Alice he added:

"Now, perhaps, we may get some point which will help us. Rogers promised me that if he learned anything more about Raymond Adamson he would tell me."

It was quite evident from the manner of the salesman, as he came in, that he had some information to impart.

"A very singular thing has happened, Mr. Brady," he said, "and I thought I would come right around and tell you about it, but first let me ask how you are getting on in the matter of that forged check?"

"I am not getting on at all," was the reply. "The case has come to a standstill," and he went on to explain.

"Well, that's a bad job," said Rogers. "And so you really think Young King Brady is dead?"

"It begins to look very much that way. But what is it you have to tell me? Let it come."

"Why, it's a very singular thing. Last night I had business with a man down in the neighborhood where this hotel of yours burned. After I finished with him I thought I would walk around and have a look at the ruins. I was particularly interested because I sold the company who built it—all the lumber. That was for the Northwestern. To be sure, they had to foreclose on the company and buy in the hotel for their pay, but it was a rattling good order, just the same."

"Will the man never come to the point," thought Old King Brady, but he remained silent, for he saw that it would be little use to attempt to hurry Rogers.

"Yes," continued the salesman, "I was prowling about there when all at once I saw a man come out from behind the barn. He wore a long overcoat and a slouch hat. He walked very fast and kept looking over his shoulder, like Adamson used to do. In fact, his whole manner reminded me of Adamson. He shot past me, and as he did so he made a hissing sound and snapped his teeth like a dago."

"And you saw his face and he resembled Adamson?" demanded Old King Brady, all impatience.

"Resembled him!" cried Rogers. "Resembled isn't the word. If I hadn't been to Mr. Adamson's funeral and hadn't seen him dead in his coffin I would stand ready to swear at this moment that the man I passed last night was Raymond Adamson and no one else."

"Come, this is immensely interesting," said Old King Brady.

"It sets one thinking, Alice," he added, "that perhaps after all every one didn't perish in that fire."

"Indeed it does!" cried Alice. "The man Mr. Rogers speaks of must be our lunatic, sure."

"Your lunatic?" questioned Rogers.

Old King Brady now went more into detail with his story.

"Did Adamson have a brother?" he asked.

"Not that I ever heard of," replied Rogers, but, then, I really knew very little about his family affairs, and I doubt if any one else did."

"It is something which should be looked into," said Old King Brady, "and that at once. Suppose we all go down there to-night and see if we can pick up points?"

"I would cheerfully go with you, but I have an important business engagement," said the salesman. "I just can't go."

"Well, I am sure I am a thousand times obliged to you for coming here," said the old detective, and shortly after Rogers left.

About nine o'clock Old King Brady and Alice turned up at the ruins.

"Now, then," said the old detective, "as Rogers spoke of seeing his hissing man come out from behind the barn, our first move is to surround said barn and see what we can find."

"They found nothing. They watched for perhaps half an hour in the barn.

"I hear footsteps!" Alice suddenly exclaimed.

"Yes, I hear," replied Old King Brady, peering out.

"Not our man," he said, hastily, drawing back.

"Who, then?"

"A big coon, with a basket on his arm. Don't you hear him whistling?"

"Yes."

They drew further back into the shadows. In a moment a giant negro passed the open door. He carried a large market basket on his arm and walk past whistling, in a subdued way, "New Coon Come to Town."

He trudged on, around the horse sheds, and vanished.

"Can this have any connection with our work, think?" questioned Alice.

"I doubt it," said Old King Brady. "The way through these grounds may be a short cut to some particular place. However, I will see. Stay here. I'll go around the sheds and see where the fellow is heading for."

He was back in a minute.

"Why, Alice, the man has vanished," he said. "It looks as if there was something in it."

Both went behind the sheds and made a careful search. There was no trace of the man with the basket, nothing to explain his sudden disappearance.

"Back to the barn," said Old King Brady, adding:

"It looks like an underground hold-out, in my judgment. Can that coon be cook for this mad Adamson? The thought suggests itself to me."

Resuming their former position, another wait followed of a little short of an hour, when footsteps were again heard coming from the other direction. This time the watchers got what they wanted. A tall man shot past the open door.

"Our lunatic!" breathed Old King Brady, "traveling at a mile a minute gait. After him, Alice. I shan't wait for you if you can't keep up. In case you lose me, return to the hotel."

They hurried on after the man whom both had identified as the same person they had seen on the garret stairs. It was amazing how rapidly the man walked, but Old King Brady can do the rapid walking act, too. Alice could not keep up with him, as he had anticipated, and this much to her disgust.

"You will have to give it up," Old King Brady called back to her. "Get back to the hotel. Take care of yourself now!"

Alice turned back towards the barn. Her mind had been set upon solving the mystery surrounding Harry's fate. She had no notion of immediately going back to the hotel. Determined to see what she could do, Alice once more went around behind the horse sheds and began to search for the entrance to some underground retreat. Meanwhile, Old King Brady was doing his best to keep up with the lunatic. The man kept looking over his shoulder, but he did not seem to look back far enough to catch sight of the old detective; at

all events, he kept straight on. His destination proved to be the railroad station, which he reached just as a Chicago-bound train was pulling out. He sprang aboard, and for a moment it looked as if there was no show for the old detective, but he managed to swing on to the last car and made his way through the train until he had located his man, who sat in the smoker with the slouch hat he wore pulled low over his eyes, apparently intent on his own thoughts. Old King Brady watched him closely during the short ride to the Canal street station, where he left the train. Taking Madison street, he walked with the same rapidity until he came to Halsted street, where he turned south. This is the district known as the "New Levee," and is probably the toughest section of Chicago to-day.

Still pressing forward with that fearful rapidity, the man covered many blocks before he finally turned down a side street. Old King Brady, all but winded, felt that he had now probably lost him, and so it proved, for when he turned the corner the man was nowhere to be seen. He strolled on, looking over the houses on the block, into one of which the madman had unquestionably gone. They were shabby old single-family dwellings. Most of them seemed to have been turned into tenements, for the doors stood open and there were lights in every curtainless window. But there was one house which carried an air of mystery. The windows were concealed behind closed blinds, and the door was shut. This was the last house of the row. It cornered on a street where there were factories, lumber and coal yards. Old King Brady, after surveying the house, walked on to the corner and turned into the other street in order to get a view of the rear. Here the windows were also cut off by blinds, but lights could be seen burning behind them. The strains of a violin could be heard.

"They seem to be having a dance in there, so I suppose that can't be the house," sighed Old King Brady. "Well, I have lost my man, so I suppose I may as well ring off and go to the hotel. He turned the corner and, just as he did so, pulled back. For he had made a discovery. A young man with his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his eyes was standing on the steps of the corner house. As it happened, there was an electric light burning on the other side of the cross street in front of a factory. The light fell full on the face of the man and in spite of its partial concealment the old detective, peering around the corner of the house, was able to recognize him.

"Why, it is Arthur Hyde!" he murmured. "Good! If he has been saved, then there is surely hope for Harry, so far as the fire is concerned. This is great!"

#### CHAPTER IX.—Sam Taylor Hires a Detective.

Young King Brady was in despair after Mr. Adamson left him, which he presently did. Persuasion had proved useless. Harry waited, expecting that Arthur Hyde would be brought back to share his prison. This, however, did not happen. The days passed and Harry saw nobody ex-

cept Sam Taylor, who regularly brought him his meals and attended to his wants.

Adamson did not show up again, but often at night Harry could hear him howling. What had become of Hyde and his wife Harry could not learn from Sam Taylor, who positively would not talk. Such was the situation during the first two days. On the morning of the third day, when the coon came in with the breakfast, Harry thought he could detect a disposition to be more friendly.

"Yo' must be mighty tired o' dis yere," was one of his first remarks.

"Indeed I am, Sam," Harry replied. "I'd give a lot to get out of this snap, too."

"Yaas, I s'pose so," replied Sam. "Wisht I could help yer, but I can't."

"It would be a good hundred dollars in your pocket if you could help me, Sam."

"If youse has got any money. I dunno whether yo' has or not. All yourn was taken away and it didn't amount to anyt'in like a hundred dollars, neither."

"I can get the money—don't you fret. Think it over, Sam."

"Well, mebbe I will."

This was as far as Harry got on that occasion, but it gave him a ray of hope. He asked about the Hydes, but could get no satisfaction. Still, it was evident that Sam was chewing on something. That this was so was speedily proved, for before the morning was over he suddenly burst in upon Harry in a state of considerable excitement.

"Now, looker heah," he said, lowering his voice, "youse is a detective, so I s'pose yo' know all about checks, an' banks, an' money, an' sich."

"Of course," replied Harry. "What's in the wind, now?"

"Now, dat's wot I don't jest understand, but it's some kind of crooked work. Say, dere ought to be big money in readin' it off. No hundred dollars won't suit me. Wot I'se gunning for is a couple of t'ousand; 'nuff to lemme marry a gal I know and buy a house for her, ef yo'll swar to stand in wiv me I might put yo' on to dis yere. I'se done made a prisoner of mahself for small pay long enough, to say nuffin' ob taking big chances of having de boss turn on me in one ob his crazy spells wot doan' seem to come as often as they did."

"You shall share whatever I make. I swear to that," replied Harry. "But explain."

"Kean't. I'm too blamed ignorant to understand deir talk—see? Yo' might, dough. S'posin I untie yer legs an' tak' you' whar yo' kin heah de talk what's goin' on betwixt 'em now. After dat, we kin talk better. I keant set yo' free yet, so doan' expect dat."

"All right," replied Harry, "anything for a change. I'm with you, Sam. But who are these people?"

"Why, de boss and dat ar' Hyde, sure."

"Oh, the Hydes are prisoners here, too, then?"

"No, dey hain't, neither. Dey went away de night after de fire. Dunno where dey keep demselves, but he's a-coming hyar in a few minutes to talk about dat ar' business what I 'fer to. I'll come and fetch yer soon's ever he does come."

Harry waited for the summons with all impatience. It came within half an hour. Sam came bounding in and quickly untied Harry's legs.



"Now foller me," he said, "an' remember, I'se got mah gun handy and I'se gwinter shoot ef yo' make any 'tempt to double on me. I kean't trust yo' yet o'ny jest so far."

Harry made no attempt to argue with him. It was necessary to take things just as they came. He was led through the passage and into the open cellar, which was quite large. Here were, evidently, Sam Taylor's own quarters. There was a cook-stove, table, chairs, a bed, pots, pans and dishes all in the greatest confusion. Over in one corner a light shone through a partition.

"Don't speak one word!" Sam whispered, with fierce emphasis, and leading Harry over to the partition, which cut off a small room, he pointed to a knot-hole through which the light streamed. Voices could be distinctly heard. Harry peered through the knot-hole. Adamson and Arthur Hyde sat on opposite sides of the table, talking and smoking. There was a bottle of whisky between them; they had evidently been taking a drink. It was no wonder that Sam Taylor found difficulty in understanding these men, and the fellow was too stupid to understand why. For they were talking a mixture of the French-Canadian dialect and English, a barbarous dialect spoken by the lumber-jacks of the Northwest. They were talking about Laura when Harry got his ear to the knot-hole.

"She's all right, I tell you," Hyde was saying. "She will never betray us. She has no use for her parents. All she wants is to get her hands on money enough to enable us to pull out and start life in Mexico, as I told you."

"Yes, but I don't like to be at the mercy of a woman's tongue, and above all I don't want to get into an asylum again."

"Have no fears. Don't harp on this one point. If you persist you will get so that your spells will come on you day as well as night. It was so with your brother towards the last. It was all I could do to keep him in shape to attend to business."

"And you hold me responsible for his death?"

"Can I do otherwise, Mr. Adamson. Did you not rob him of the proceeds of the forged check? Would you not have killed him if I had not come to the rescue? That was a bad job. If you could only remember what you did with the money we would not have to run this second risk."

"But I can't," was the reply. "I don't know what I did with the money any more than you do."

"Don't you suppose you know at night, when the spell is on you?"

"Perhaps; but when I can't remember in the morning what good does that do?"

"If you would let me watch you, as I proposed—"

"Nonsense! Cut it out and come down to business."

"I am ready. Well, I have at last got the Barnes & Co. checks from the printer. If you are ready to come to business, draw up the check and Laura will add the secret mark."

"Why not tell me the secret mark and let me put it in?"

"I won't do it, Mr. Adamson. That is our secret, and the hold we have on you. Without that particular ink mark no check of Mr. Rowan's can be cashed. Don't let us waste time in argument.

Get down to business and draw up the check as only you can do it. Prove yourself what your brother called you, the most expert penman in the United States."

"My ability as a forger only comes to me with the mad fit. I can only do that sort of work at night."

"Is that really true, Mr. Adamson? You surprise me."

"It is true as I am telling you."

"But your brother never mentioned that."

"My brother was a lunatic, same as I am. I can't be responsible for what he said."

"Then, when will you write the check? Shall I come to you to-night? I must confess I am afraid of you when you are in one of your spells."

"I have not been so bad since the fire. You need not fear me. I am able to control myself fairly well. In fact, I am now partially sane at night. I suppose that is one reason why I cannot remember what I did with the money you say I stole from Jonas."

"He said so. I don't know which of you to believe," replied Hyde, gloomily. "All I know is that after all the trouble my wife was to help your brother put through that forged check and all the risk she ran, we were bilked out of our share of the money."

"I can throw no light on the matter. I have no recollection whatever as to the happenings of that night."

"Well, well; let us cut it out and get down to business. Have another drink first."

The liquor was passed out.

"Here's hoping that we may stick to business," cried Hyde, as the glasses clinked.

"Kin yo' ketch on?" breathed Sam Taylor, in Harry's ear, violating his own command.

"Yes. Hush!"

"Now, then," said Adamson, "I tell you what you do, Hyde. I have a friend who is as nutty as I am. He lives at 92 Woodridge street, where he keeps a sort of boarding-house for nutty people, strange as it may seem to you. Sometimes at night several of us gather there, all men. It isn't every one I'd tell this to. Nobody is allowed in the house except such as my friend knows, but I can gain admission for you. Come here to-morrow night, say at half-past ten. I will be on hand and you shall see me draw the check."

"Then I may as well pull out. By the way, what have you done with the detective?"

"He is still a prisoner. I don't know what to do with him. I dare say I shall kill him some night. Perhaps I shall do it to-night."

"I wouldn't. He belongs to a very important firm. I would hold on to him till we can put this Detroit business through and slope. Then have Sam Taylor set him free."

"Well, I'll see about it."

"You may as well go now."

"And you?"

"Oh, I never go out in the daytime."

"What on earth do you do with yourself?"

"Read and sleep. You know I never sleep at night."

Harry pulled away.

"All in!" he breathed in Sam Taylor's ear.

The coon immediately took him back to his prison.

"Well, wha' it all about?" he demanded.

"It's about forging a check on a bank in Detroit," replied Harry. "That's what they are up to. The only way we can possibly hope to make money out of it is for you to set me free so that I can head them off."

Now, right here was where Harry missed fire, and that badly.

"Head 'em off!" cried the coon. "I don't want to head 'em off. Let the thing go froo. Let 'em get de money an' den it will go hard with Sam Taylor if he doan' get his share ob it. De boss keant' do nuffin wit'out me. He knows dat blame well. Once I know he got money he won't keep it very long, yo' bet. Much obliged, young feller. Youse has done tole me jest wha' I wanter know. Now, I'se gwinter tie yo' up again."

Harry protested and tried his best to bring Sam into a different way of thinking, but all in vain.

"I'se gwinter set yer free when de right time comes and not before," declared the coon. "Yo' leab it all to me. Meantime, I shall see dat yo' get 'nuff to eat."

And thus, unsatisfactorily, did Young King Brady's partial taste of freedom end. The third day dragged itself out to a close and so did the fourth, and still there came no change.

#### CHAPTER X.—Alice Rescues Harry.

Leaving Old King Brady lurking around the corner, we must take up Alice's case now.

Determined to do her best to find out where Sam Taylor went to and where the madman came from, Alice turned back on her tracks, as we have shown. As both the appearance and the disappearance took place behind the horse shed, Alice went around there and looked over the ground again, but with no success. She now determined to watch on this side instead of from the interior of the barn, so she pulled off to a little distance and paced up and down. It was well that she lost no time in so doing. For she had not been thus engaged more than three minutes when she suddenly saw a man come directly out of the back of the horse shed, as it appeared. It was Sam Taylor, without his basket. Still, whistling "New Coon Come to Town," the darky went around the end of the horse shed and vanished. This was simple enough in itself, but Alice had examined the horse shed for its entire length and had seen no door. She carefully noted the place of the coon's appearance, and hurrying to it now turned on her flashlight and proceeded to examine it for a secret door, something which she had not previously done. Soon she spotted it, nor was it much of a secret, either. The spring which controlled it was of the simplest description. The door opened inward and instead of finding herself under the open horse shed, Alice entered a narrow enclosure behind a part of the shed, concealed by a door on the other side, which she had taken for a carriage house. Here, in the floor, was a trap door with an iron ring attached.

"Well, here we are, sure enough," thought Alice. "Is it safe to venture further? I must, for Harry's sake."

With the madman and the coon both out, Alice felt that she was not running much risk. Pulling up the trap door, she saw a ladder leading down into a dark hole. Here was her road. Had she the courage to follow it? Indeed, she had! Alice has courage enough for anything when it comes to detective work. So she descended the ladder by the aid of her flashlight and pushed along a boarded passage, which ran under the horse shed in the direction of the ruins of the hotel. It was but a short affair and ended at an iron-covered door. It was locked, but Alice's skeleton keys promptly did the business. The door opened directly into Sam Taylor's kitchen. All was dark here. Listening, Alice could hear no sound. She immediately began pushing about to see what she could discover. Her first discovery was the room in which Adamson and Hyde had their talk. Here, besides the table Harry caught sight of through the knot-hole, was a cot-bed and a great pile of books stacked up against the wall. Besides, there were a few old clothes, some whisky bottles and other evidences that the room was occupied by a man. Opening off from the kitchen was another small room, empty, save for a cot-bed.

Realizing the necessity of haste, Alice stopped only for a hasty glance. Another door attracted her attention. It was unlocked, and she passed through into a passage running in the direction of the hotel. Hurrying on, she came to a door behind which she could see a light burning, for there was a narrow space for ventilation at the top.

"There may be some one inside," she thought. Breathlessly, she stood waiting and listening, when suddenly she heard a slight cough behind the door. Instantly it occurred to her that it might be Harry, for he had a cold and the cough sounded like his. But what to do? She did not dare to risk betraying herself on an uncertainty. The suspense ended in a minute, however, when Harry's voice exclaimed:

"Another wakeful night, I suppose. Ah, this is misery, indeed!"

It was misery soon to end!

"Harry!" called Alice, joyfully.

"Heavens! Alice!"

"Yes."

"The saints be praised! Quick! Try your luck at the door! Where's the coon? You are running a fearful risk."

"No risk at all if you only have two jailers, the coon and that madman."

"I know of no others. Try with your skeleton keys."

"I am getting them out now, Harry. Have you been here ever since that night? Goodness! You don't know what a relief it was to hear your voice. We had given you up for dead."

"This is my fourth day, Alice. Tied up almost all the time. I don't know that I ever suffered more."

"You poor boy! But have patience. I shall soon find a key to fit. Provoking! Every one of them seems to go back on me. Now, then, to try the last of the bunch."

"And that does the business!" cried Harry as the door swung back. "Free at last, thanks to the courage of the girl I love!"

"Oh, what a relief!" he added, as Alice, having cut his bonds helped him to his feet.

"What time is it?" he quickly added.  
 "Ten o'clock," replied Alice, consulting her watch.

"Too late!"  
 "Too late for what?"

"To head off the madman and that scoundrel Hyde. But thereon hangs a tale which I will explain later. Meanwhile, I have work to do here if I am given the chance."

"Seems to me our work ought to be to get out of here just as quick as we can, Harry. You have suffered enough I should think."

"Indeed I have. All the same, the work must be done."

"Meanwhile, either the madman or the coon may return."

"The madman, who is Raymond Adamson, won't. He happens to have an appointment in Chicago. Because of this, my theory is the coon has taken a night off and won't be in a hurry to come back. He has a girl somewhere around here, as I happen to know. But, come, we will start a money hunt."

Harry led the way to Sam Taylor's kitchen, hastily explaining what he had overheard.

"Then the money is probably what the other Adamson received from the forged check," observed Alice.

"That's the way I read the riddle," replied Harry. "Of course, I have no means of knowing it is here. He claims to have hidden it in one of his insane fits and that he don't know where, himself. Anyhow, let us have a look. It would be a triumph, indeed, to find it."

A lantern which hung suspended from the ceiling was lighted and they went right about their search. Every hole and corner was ransacked, but in vain.

"We shall have it give it up," observed Harry, at last. "I supposed, from the first, there was really no hope."

"This man must be a great reader," said Alice, glancing at the books.

"He spends his days reading and sleeping, I heard him say," replied Harry. "Let's have a look and see who his favorite authors are. Not novels, if you please. Scientific books. There seems to be much method in his madness. Hello! There they go!"

As he was pulling the books the whole pile suddenly toppled over.

"Why, look here! What's this?" cried Alice.

Behind the book pile there had been concealed three long envelopes, which now lay revealed.

"Money, surest thing!" cried Alice, as she picked one of the envelopes up and opened it.

"Same here," echoed Harry. "We have won out! Adamson spoke the truth. He did not know where he hid the money he stole from his brother. We have found the proceeds of the forged check."

There seemed to be no doubt of it. The money was all in hundred-dollar bills. They did not stop to count it.

They hurriedly started to make their exit now. Alice was triumphant. Here was news for Old King Brady. She only hoped that they might find him at the hotel. They climbed the ladder and passed out into the open, but they were not destined to walk off with their lucky find so easily. For just as they were turning the cor-

ner of the horseshed, Sam Taylor swung into view.

"Jerusalem crickets!" he shouted, and his hand went behind him.

Harry, who had already made a dive for his hip-pocket, drew as quick as a flash and fired. The coon saw what was coming and dodged around the corner of the shed.

"Hold back, Alice!" cried Harry. "Leave me to settle with him!"

He ran out into the darkness a few paces and then forward, so as to obtain a view of the front of the shed. It was lucky that he did so. The coon was lurking under the shed, all ready to jump on him. Harry fired out of the darkness.

"Mah good gollys! I kean't stand for dis none!" Sam shouted, and he took to his heels, quickly disappearing in the darkness.

Harry hurried back to Alice, and they struck off across lots in a different direction, making their way to the station. Walking proved a difficult process for Young King Brady, his legs were so stiffened up by his long confinement. It was a relief when he found himself on the train. And now a careful comparison of notes was had.

Alice had but little to tell. Harry's story of what he had overheard the day before seemed of great importance.

"Perhaps Old King Brady will trail Adamson to that house," observed Alice.

"Evidently that is where the man was heading for," replied Harry, adding:

"But it's the Palmer House for ours, Alice. We must see that money safe first."

Arrived at the hotel, Harry deposited the money in a sealed package in the safe. Old King Brady had not returned, nor had he shown up by midnight. Harry grew very restless.

"It seems to me, Alice, as if I just must go after him," he said.

To this Alice objected, but Harry was determined, and off he started, alone. But that was all the good it did, for as he stood at the corner of Madison and State streets, waiting for a car, some one touched him on the shoulder and there stood Alice.

"Bother!" he exclaimed. "Why on earth couldn't you oblige me by keeping out of this?"

"And allowing you to tumble into more trouble? No, I thank you, sir. I have had bother enough to rescue you to-night without doing the work over again."

They got off the car at Halstead street and walked to Woodridge street. The corner house which had riveted Old King Brady's attention proved to be No. 92. It was perfectly dark now, both front and rear.

"I'm sure I don't see what we can do here?" observed Alice. "Are you going to ring the bell and ask for Old King Brady, then?"

"I don't know," replied Harry, "but it comes to me stronger than ever that the governor is going to need me here to-night."

They were on the side street when this remark was made. A fence ran from the house to the alley.

"Let's get around into the alley and see if there is a gate," said Harry. "I'd like to take a sneak into that back yard."

There proved to be a gate opening on the alley, but it was bolted on the inside.

"I can climb the fence if you will give me a boost," said Harry.

"Hark!" breathed Alice. "Don't I hear voices behind the gate?"

They stood silent. A low mumble of voices could now be heard behind the gate. Suddenly came a yelp, but it did not sound like the yelp of a dog.

"Hush! you crazy loon!" a voice said, sharply. "Do you want to bring the police down upon us? We won't find them so easy to handle as we did Old King Brady."

"There!" breathed Harry. "What did I tell you, Alice? The governor has got himself into trouble here, surest thing."

#### CHAPTER XI.—A Skeleton Ball.

The appearance of Arthur Hyde upon the steps of 92 Woodridge street stirred up Old King Brady in more ways than one.

"Plotting and planning," he muttered. "Instead of the case being ended it is apparently in full swing again. I must get on the job and see what it all means."

Just then the door was opened. As Old King Brady stood he could not see who by, but Hyde was evidently holding a parley with some one. He did not get in, then. The door was closed upon him. A brief wait followed, during which Old King Brady continued to watch. After a few minutes the door was opened again and Raymond Adamson came out on the steps. The man appeared to be sane enough now. He talked with Hyde in a low tone for a minute, and then both entered the house.

"Plotting and planning," muttered Old King Brady again. "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

He was wildly curious to know what it was all about. Just then a man came hurrying down the street. He was tall and very thin, his cheeks were deeply sunken, as were his eyes, which blazed with the evident light of madness. He kept looking over his left shoulder as he walked.

"Another lunatic," thought Old King Brady. "Can it be that he is going to that house?"

It was nothing else. The man ran up the steps and pulled the bell. Old King Brady noted that his clothes were of the most expensive materials. Now suddenly he gave a curious yelp, stamped his foot and swung his arms wildly. This instantly passed and he stood quietly waiting for the door to open, which it did in a minute, and he went inside.

"Why, this house would seem to be a harboring place for lunatics," thought the old detective. "What can it mean? I must and will find out."

Once more he went around to the rear, and this time he discovered the alley gate. It was a chance to get a little nearer to his object if he could open it. The gate was bolted, but Old King Brady is a man of many resources. He saw that the gate did not fit close in the fence. There was a bit of the bolt exposed. Producing a pair of long, slim nippers, the old detective managed to get hold of the bolt and draw it back after several attempts.

A backyard littered with ashes and rubbish lay beyond. There was a back stoop leading up to the first story, for this house, like so many of the older dwellings in Chicago, stood on a sunken lot, the front being on a level with the street, while in the rear it was all open underneath, the house resting on brick piers. Old King Brady sneaked into the yard. The music had now ceased, but inside he could hear someone shouting, although it was impossible to distinguish words.

"Nice neighbors these," muttered the old detective. "I should think they would reduce the rents on the entire block."

He ascended the steps and listened. The shouting continued. Somebody appeared to be making a speech in a wild, boisterous way. Presently there was a great clapping of hands; then the fiddle started in business again and the dancing was resumed. And a mad dance it seemed to be. The house shook. Old King Brady's curiosity was more than ever aroused. He tried the door, but found it fast. It seemed scarcely safe to try to get in by skeleton keys. Old King Brady now descended the steps and went in under the house, flashing his light around. He found what he was looking for, a ladder leading up to a trap door, a common arrangement in such houses.

"Of course it is bolted down," muttered the old detective, alluding to the trap door, "still it can do no harm to try."

But the trap door was not bolted. When Old King Brady ascended the ladder and pushed on it, up it went. The way was open it seemed. The temptation was too strong to be resisted in Old King Brady's present frame of mind. He determined to take his chances and investigate this mysterious house. The trap door through which Old King Brady now crawled opened into a closet, the door of which proved to be locked, but the old detective's skeleton keys quickly overcame that difficulty.

He stepped out into a passage where a gas jet burned. The dance was still going on, the floor trembled beneath his feet, the squeak of the fiddle mingled with yelps and suppressed cries. The dancers were in the back room apparently. Old King Brady tip-toed to the front door and turned back the spring latch so as to give himself a chance to beat a hasty retreat. Listening at the door of the front room then, and satisfying himself that the sounds all came from the rear, he ventured to open the door.

The front room was scantily furnished, but a dining-table occupied the middle of the floor. It was set for eight persons. Portieres cut off the room behind, and this favored the old detective's purpose. He crept up to them and peered through. A dance of madmen! This was what Old King Brady saw.

There were six on the floor, jumping and capering in the most absurd fashion. Every man wore a skin-tight garment of black material, upon which was painted the representation of a human skeleton, while each wore a mask painted like the front of a skull. Each held in his right hand some part of a genuine skeleton, one a leg bone, one a bony arm with hand attached, another a bunch of ribs wired together. One held a perfect skull. These they waved as the mad dance continued to the music of a violin

played by an old man with a white mustache who wore no mask. They stamped, swung round and round, waving their bones, velping and calling out in half suppressed voices.

"Well of all the strange things I ever ran up against this is the limit!" muttered the old detective beneath his breath.

"But I must pull right out," he added. "It biased with mad rage.

He turned to find himself facing trouble. Raymond Adamson, accompanied by young Hyde, stood right behind him. The eyes of the former blazed with mad rage.

"He is Old King Brady!" hissed Hyde. "Now do your killing, old man!"

But the madman needed no urging. With a feishish cry he sprang at the old detective's throat. Old King Brady struck at him, throwing him back. Adamson got in his work, however, for up went his foot, and back tumbled the old detective, doubled up by a kick in the stomach. He fell through the portieres and measured his length on the floor. Instantly it was bedlam let loose. The mad dancers jumped about the luckless detective, belaboring him with their bones. They would have killed him to a certainty but for the fiddler. This man, who kept the house, as was afterwards ascertained, was quick to interfere.

"Back! Back you crazy fools!" he cried. "Do you want to queer my house and deprive yourselves of the only place in Chicago where you can do as you please? Hands off that man, I say, or I'll call the police, and then it is the bug-house for every man jack of you! I am boss here. Obey!"

They tied the old detective hand and foot, and then withdrew to the dining-room, paying no further attention to him until they had eaten a meal which the fiddler served from a kitchen in a little extension in the rear. At last the portieres were pushed aside and Adamson came in smoking a cigar.

"So you are the famous Old King Brady," he began, seating himself and stretching out his legs.

"I am," replied the old detective.

"Working for Rowan, the banker?"

"Working for Rowan, the banker, as you say."

"Good! Behold the forger."

"And who may you be?"

"Raymond Adamson, president of the Northwestern Lumber Co.," replied the lunatic, drawing himself up proudly. "I am not attending to business just at present, but that is who I am."

"Raymond Adamson is supposed to have committed suicide."

"Supposed is the word. That was my brother Jonas. Listen to my story. I don't mind telling you all, for it has been decided that you must die. There were two of us Adamsons. Our father died insane; ditto our mother. My brother went crazy ten years ago. I kept him concealed in my house for a long time, giving him what freedom I could. Meanwhile I prospered in business and became president of the lumber company. Jonas, who was my twin and exactly resembled me, had also been in the lumber business in Canada, where we were born, but of him the Northwestern people had no knowledge.

"At last Jonas began to improve. He became almost sane. Strange to say just at that time the family inheritance seized me. I felt it coming. I knew what I was up against. Jonas and I talked the situation over, and it was decided that I should go to a private asylum for treatment while he took my place at the lumber company's office personating me. He did so, and for five years no one suspected that he was not Raymond Adamson."

"This is certainly very interesting," said Old King Brady. "And he died in harness it would seem."

"Yes, but he was crazy. It came back on him. For three years he was closely watched by his private secretary, Arthur Hyde. During the day he was sane enough to attend to business, but at night the fit was on him. I was pretty bad, too. Jonas took me to the old hotel where you saw me. He concealed me in secret quarters. Nights we went out—but enough. This don't interest you. What you want to know is about the forged check."

"Yes."

"Hyde put up the job. I, who am an expert penman, forged the check. Jonas put it through the bank. He was all but ruined by speculation. Our scheme was to go to Mexico and—"

Right here the master of the house looked in. "Enough of this talk, Mr. Adamson," he said. "You come with me. We must dispose of this man somehow. While your head is clear enough to talk it over I want to see you. Come!"

They went away together. At last Adamson came sneaking in alone. His eyes were blazing and there was a light foam at his mouth. In his hand he held a long knife.

"Ah ha! Ah ha!" he cried. "Now I've got you foul! Now your time has come! Prepare to die, Mr. Old King Brady. What's-your-name! I am going to bury this knife in your breast!"

## CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

Harry and Alice listened breathlessly outside the bolted gate.

"There is only one thing to do," said the voice of the man who had checked the yelper, "and that is to carry him out into the alley and pack him down to near the end of the block. Then we will set Adamson free and turn him on the old sinner. His knife will do the rest. The body will be found so far away from my house that no suspicion can rest upon us. That's the scheme."

Harry caught Alice by the arm and drew her around the corner of the fence.

"We seem to be just in time to save him," he whispered.

Harry peeped around the corner of the fence. "There they go up the alley, only two of them," he said.

"What do you propose to do?"

"Why, wait till they bring the governor out, and then rescue him, to be sure."

"Here they come back again," said Harry. "Dodge behind the fence. Then we'll scoot up the alley and be ready for them."

And this they did. An open gate leading into

a backyard afforded them a secure hiding place. They had not long to wait before the sound of footsteps coming down the alley was heard. Harry peered out and saw the two men carrying a third between them head and feet. He dodged back and hand closed the gate. On came the men, and as luck would have it, they deposited their burden directly opposite the gate. As they retreated, Harry peered out.

"Governor, we are right on the job," whispered Harry.

An inarticulate grunt was the only answer Old King Brady could give. It was but a moment and he was free.

"Well, I certainly owe you two a debt of gratitude," Old King Brady exclaimed as Harry helped him to his feet.

"We want to come down to tacks quick," said Harry. "Do you know what we are up against?"

"Oh, yes. That lunatic. They intend to turn him loose on me; I was told. Come, let us go."

They were none too quick about it, either, for as they turned out of the alley they saw Adamson coming down on the run, knife in hand. As it was, they expected to be chased by him, and they hurried around on Woodridge street. The madman did not put in an appearance, however, and they could only assume that failing to find Old King Brady he turned back to the house. Harry told his story as they hurried down Halsted street waiting for a car to overtake them. So they returned to the Palmer House, where Harry obtained the first real rest which had come his way in four days.

"Well, have you located him?"

The speaker was Old King Brady, and Harry was the one addressed. The old detective sat in a private parlor at the Russell House, Detroit, with Alice, when Young King Brady came hastily in.

"Yes," replied Harry. "He and his wife are stopping at the Wentworth, where they arrived last night."

The Bradys were in Detroit waiting to finish up their case. Banker Rowan's relief at obtaining the money which the Bradys were able to turn over to him, through Harry's lucky find, was great. But when Mr. Rowan came to hear the whole story he assumed a different attitude toward his daughter from what the Bradys had anticipated.

"It is certain that Laura has grossly betrayed us," he said, "and neither Mrs. Rowan nor I ever want to see her again. What you want to do, Mr. Brady, is to arrest her rascally husband in such a way and at such a time that will make conviction certain. Let Laura be arrested, too, and let her suffer the full penalty of her crime."

A week had not elapsed since the Bradys came to Detroit. Harry and Alice had been watching the hotel, and now the former was able to announce the arrival of the Hydys.

"All right. Keep an eye on them," said Old King Brady.

At the proper time for business, Old King Brady turned up at the bank.

"Any news yet?" Mr. Barnes inquired.

"Hyde is in town," replied the old detective.

"I suppose we shall have to be on the lookout for him this morning, then?"

"It seems so to me, and by your permission I will do teller's duty again."

So he took the teller's place that morning and the business of the day proceeded as usual. It was nearly noon before there was anything doing. Old King Brady was sufficiently disguised to prevent him from being recognized offhand. And now there entered the bank a man whom Old King Brady did not suspect of being Hyde, nor did he perceive at first glance that he was disguised.

"I have a check which I wish certified," he said.

The signature was the perfect fac-simile of Banker Rowan's, even to the private mark. It was written on Mr. Rowan's blanks. It was drawn to the order of George Ranger, and the amount was \$38,622. Old King Brady looked the check over and then looked hard at the man.

"I must verify the signature," said Old King Brady.

The old detective pretended to consult the signature book. Returning, he laid the check on the counter and said:

"This check is unquestionably a forgery, Mr. Ranger."

Ranger seized the check. Quick as a flash, Old King Brady reached over and caught the man's wrist. Ranger clapped his hand to his coat pocket.

"Look out, governor!" yelled Harry. "He's going to draw a gun, but I've got him covered! He's a dead one if he does!"

He sprang up alongside the man and presented his revolver. Old King Brady drew one, too. Hyde dropped the check, then.

"And now," said Old King Brady, as the bank people, including Mr. Barnes, crowded around and he came out from behind the counter, "and now, Mr. Hyde, what about your insane accomplice, the actual forger? We want him next. To be found at the same old stand I suppose. I refer to the secret cellar, near your burned hotel."

"Yes, you'll find him there," replied Hyde, dryly, "and you won't have any trouble in arresting him, either."

"And what may you mean by that?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Simply that the man committed suicide three days ago. The last time I was in the cellar I found his corpse. As I didn't bother my head to report the matter, I presume you will find it there still."

It was as Hyde said. The body of Raymond Adamson was found by the Bradys upon their return to Chicago. Sam Taylor had vanished and could not be found. Before leaving for Chicago the Bradys arrested Laura Hyde. Extradition was promptly granted by the Governor of Michigan, and the prisoners were taken to Chicago. Hyde got five years in Joliet—it ought to have been fifteen. But the Rowans weakened when it came to Laura, and the charge against her was not pressed. The misguided girl returned to her home and was forgiven.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS' BEST TRICK; or, THE CLUE IN THE GLASS JAR."

## CURRENT NEWS

### STEAL SAFE TO GET MONEY

Bank robbers raided the Caldwell State Bank in the village of Chatham, Ill., near Springfield, recently. Instead of blowing open the safe they took it away with them, according to a telegram received at the offices of the Illinois Bankers' Association.

Unable to open the safe by the combination, the robbers leisurely procured an automobile wrecking truck, backed it to a window near the safe, and then derricked the strong box, which weighed 4,000 pounds, through the opening.

Bank officials said the safe contained \$400, but that the most annoying loss was that of the safe itself.

### SNAKES SCARE BURGLARS

A group of safe crackers in Toledo, O., was ready to sign the pledge recently after an unsuccessful raid on the safe in the Boy Scout cabin and all because of seven guardian snakes. After knocking off the combination with sledge hammers the veggs apparently gave it up as a bad job and looked about for other loot. The first object that met their attention was a satchel. They opened it and fled.

The satchel contained seven puff adders which had been sent to the cabin as a present to Lester Pierce, educational director, now in Colorado, by W. H. McCarthy, who borrowed a rattlesnake from Pierce this summer.

### **BOYS, READ THIS**

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THE EDITOR.

## IN THE WAR

— Or, —

### A Boy's Adventures in Mexico

By **TOM FOX**

(A Serial Story.)

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued).

In due time they reached the headquarters of General Velasco. The Mexican commander was more than pleased to see the boys, and listened to their story. He said when they finished:

"You have proved your bravery and your kindness in fighting for my beloved land of Mexico. I do not know how things will come out, but all good Mexicans grieve that your people have sided with Villa and his men. We hope, however, that we will be able to subdue the rebellion and bring peace and good government to Mexico by and by. Now I know that your term of enlistment in our army has some time to run yet, but I also know that you are anxious to get back to your country. I understand the very good reason, senior," with a nod and a smile at Dick, who blushed red.

"Therefore I take pleasure in giving you an honorable discharge. There is another reason also. I know that you have been loyal, and that you have fought faithfully for Mexico, but perhaps in the changes that may come through the fortunes of war, I might not always be able to exert my authority in your behalf. Your safety may not be wholly assured after this incident in which Gonzales is concerned. He is an ambitious man, and vengeful, also. He will feel sore because his authority was set aside, and I shall probably have a personal conflict with him later. So it will be better for you to accept your discharge and go back to your people with profound best wishes from myself."

"General Velasco, we stand ready to finish our term of enlistment on our honor, if you wish us to. But we will be glad to avail ourselves of an honorable discharge and go back home," said Dick.

"Good!" said the Mexican commander; "I will have my secretary prepare it this very day."

And that ended the adventures of Dick and Jupe in the Mexican army. They received the discharge from General Velasco before nightfall, and were soon on their way to the border under escort of an armed guard. They crossed the line into Mexico, and Dick said:

"Well, fortune played us a kind trick that time, Jupe. I never expected to see home again."

"Same here, old top! Now let us find out if Donna Mercedes kept her word."

They reached San Antonio later, and Dick wired to the home town where Nancy Powers was to have taken up her abode with an aunt. It was with much suspense that the boys awaited the answer. It came at a late hour that night.

"Am safe at Aunt Sofia's. Come over.

"NANCY."

"Hooray!" shouted Dick, as he embraced his pal; "come on over, Jupe."

But the cowboy shook his head.

"Not this time, kid! Later! Don't you think I have some one waiting for me, too?"

Dick laughed, as he comprehended, and parted for the time with his friend. They met later, and a double wedding is to result. Which is the end of this story of two American boys in the war.

The End.

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**NEXT WEEK!**

**NEXT WEEK!**

A Grand New Story

Entitled

**BILL AND THE BOSS**

— Or, —

**The Boy Who Saved the Firm**

By **TOM FOX**

Don't Fail to Read This Story

**OUT NEXT WEEK!**

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#### HOW THE HUMAN FACE IS CHANGING

The human face is not what it used to be, according to a London report. Prof. Arthur Keith declared before the board of the Royal College of Surgeons that a curious change is taking place in the processes of growth affecting the face, which makes the modern face a half inch longer than the ancestral physiognomy.

The bone of the mouth, it seems, is growing downward and carrying with it the teeth, as the result of which the face is daily getting nearer the standard set by the bloodhound. These changes also are affecting the upper bones of the face, giving it also a downward tendency.

Sir Arthur believes that the changes are related to the changes in society brought about by the industrial revolution and due to a large extent to the absence of light in large cities. The contracted palate of the modern skull has been brought about by these tendencies. Sir Arthur has discovered among other things that teeth are now twelve millimetres below the teeth of primitive people; that there has been a downward growth of the cheekbone; that the teeth are sinking backward; that there has been the growth of more bone from the lower jaw and the appearance of a sharp ledge of bone between the teeth and the nose.

"These changes," declared the lecturer, "are not only among the most remarkable in the human body, but they are not anything like finished. I am convinced that this displacement of the teeth and the resultant contraction of the palate is connected with such disorders as adenoids, and that they are all part and parcel of a disorder of growth about which we as yet know little."

The speaker added that, far from the contracted palate being a sign of stupidity, a man with a contracted palate was often more intelligent and more courageous than another man.



## FROM EVERYWHERE

### TRAGEDY OF CANADIAN WILDS

A weird tale of witchcraft, torture and murder came over the wires from the far-away Telegraph Creek.

It was a message from a Royal Canadian mounted policeman, announcing that, after trekking for a year through northern British Columbia, he was returning to civilization with an aged squaw and four Indian accomplices, who killed a young brave by inches because his "sorcery" brought the wrath of the evil spirits upon his tribesmen.

Atol Moassin was the victim's name. The name of the squaw charged with his murder was not contained in the policeman's dispatch. There was only a brief account of the crime.

A year ago, said the message, hunting suddenly became very poor among the Indians of the northern wilderness. A long, cold winter followed, and starvation, disease and death cut swaths in the ranks of the tribesmen.

The superstition of their religion taught the Indians that some one of their number, some sorcerer and maker of "bad medicine" whose witcheries invoked the wrath of the evil spirits, had brought calamity upon the tribe. Suspicion fell upon the youth Atol.

Led by the aged squaw, the tribesmen invaded his shack at night, found him mumbling strange words over his tiny woodfire and laid hands on him. They tied him to a sapling, head downward and let him hang for days, slowly dying.

At length the aged woman grew impatient that Atol died so slowly, according to the policeman's telegraphed account, and so she cut his throat with a hunting knife.

Over the trails from camp to camp the story filtered through to the mounted police, and one of its members set forth to bring the slayers to justice.

### CRIME PREVENTION

A "crime prevention bureau" is being organized in San Francisco by Chief of Police Daniel J. O'Brien, who says its objects will be to "take opportunity away from the crook and render it harder for him to make a living."

The first work mapped out for the new bureau is a survey of the burglar hazard of every building, store and home in San Francisco. To accomplish this the police of each district will study every building on their beats from the viewpoint of the potential burglar. The patrolman will discover the vulnerable points of houses, pointing them out to the owners, that the necessary precautions may be taken.

The inspecting patrolman will ask himself: "Are those windows close to the ground kept locked?"

"What about the skylight on this building—is it easily removed?"

"In this office building on Sundays do they keep watch on strangers who use the elevators? Do they report strange men using the stairways or other entrances on holidays?"

The latest wrinkles in burglar tricks and the adroitness of pickpockets will be broadcast to the public by the crime prevention bureau. The bureau will assemble exhaustive statistics on criminals' methods.

"Intelligent cooperation between the public and the Police Department," explained Chief O'Brien, "will reduce burglaries, robberies and larcenies."

The bureau, said to be the first of its kind in the country, had been placed in charge of a lieutenant of police.

### LEVIATHAN'S CHEF MUST SUIT ALL NATIONS

Catering to the appetites of travelers of all nationalities by maintaining an "international cuisine" is the task assigned to Albert Meyer, famous Swiss chef of the ex-Kaiser of Germany, who now presides over the kitchens of the steamship *Leviathan*—the floating city of this United States Lines, Inc.

Chef Meyer said recently that while American dishes predominate on the *Leviathan* the menu always must contain delicacies to appeal to the appetites of English, French, German and Russian transatlantic travelers. Specialties that are classed as strictly typical of the United States, he said, are chicken a la King, lobster Newburg, Boston baked beans and chicken pie, Southern style.

In addition to several thousand dollars' worth of groceries, which supplement quantities of staple foods brought from New York, Chef Meyers laid in a huge supply of delicacies for the return voyage of the *Leviathan* in order that he might maintain the title given him by numerous transatlantic travelers—the premier chef of the seas. Among some of the things taken aboard the vessel under his supervision before the liner sailed from Cherbourg, recently were 150 pounds of Russian caviar, 60 dozen frogs legs, 400 pairs of sweetbreads, 800 Bordeaux squabs, 400 pounds of fresh mushrooms, 100 tins of truffles, 1,200 French poulardes, 1,000 bunches of hothouse grapes, 200 tins of pate de foie gras, 150 coeurs de palmier, or hearts of palms, and a large quantity of fresh vegetables.

The kitchen staff of the *Leviathan*, over which Chef Meyers holds command, comprises 200 cooks, bakers, butchers, pastry experts and pantry men.

In the days of the ex-Kaiser's splendor Albert Meyer was the chef on board the former emperor's private yacht. He continued in this capacity on the steamer *Ypianga*, which was chartered for an eight weeks' cruise to Norway by the former Kaiser. Later he took command in the galley of the steamer *Ypianga*, which was chartered by Sir Ernest Cassel for a cruise to the Orient, with Albert Ballin and Felix Warburg as guests.

When the *Leviathan* was commissioned originally Meyer sailed with her as first chef. His culinary education was obtained in the leading hotels of London, Paris, New York and the Far East.

# INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

## CLEAN THE PINS

Dirty contact pins in vacuum tube adapters can cause a great deal of noise in the earphones. Clean them every once in a while with a piece of fine emery paper.

## ONE OF THE BEST TUBES

The UV-201-A has a longer life than the old-type UV-201, and it is estimated to be about twenty-two times more efficient than the UV-201. Such tubes do not require special circuits. The standard regenerative circuit can be used with them.

## USING BATTERY SWITCH

In arranging an A battery switch in a set using a potentiometer, be sure that the circuit is broken some place before that instrument, as it is connected directly across the battery and draws a slight current from it. It makes no difference whether the switch is in the negative or positive wire.

## BENDING WIRES

Before making a bend in the wire, be sure it is of the proper length. If the wire is bent and then found that it is too short or too long, do not attempt to straighten it—lay it aside to be used for some other connection. Wire that has been bent is apt to break if an attempt is made to straighten it out, and even if it does not break, it will be weak where the bend occurred or, due to crystallization at this point, it may cause high resistance.

## POINTING THE ANTENNA

To receive with best results from the West point the antenna east and west and take the lead-in off the western end. It may be that longer hours of daylight are affecting your reception instead of something wrong in the set or antenna. Daylight greatly reduces the range of a set and long-distance stations are not heard so early in the evening as in the Winter.

## TO AVOID HOWLING

Howling may be caused by having wires too close and parallel, producing a feed-back. The audio transformers should be about four inches apart and at right angles to each other. Too high ratio transformers and short-circuited transformer winding or too high "B" battery voltage also cause howls. Check up the connections to make sure they are correct. Continuous oscillation may be produced by mounting the apparatus too close together; long wires in the hook-up or too high "B" battery voltage.

## THE RADIO BEAM

Senator Marconi, world famous wireless inventor, announced development of a system of directional radio transmission early last Decem-

ber in London. The electric waves carrying the messages, he said, could under the new scheme be turned in any desired direction, like the beam of a searchlight, as opposed to the present system whereby the waves are sent out in all directions.

## A 7,000 MILE TALK

Carlos Braggio, of Bernal, Buenos Ayres, and Ivan O'Meara, of Gisborne, New Zealand, radio amateurs, with 7,000 miles of South American continent and Pacific Ocean between them, conversed two hours by radio, establishing what is said to be a world's amateur radio record.

Braggio, who knows English, had spent most of the night unsuccessfully attempting to get some North American amateur to answer the signals of his station, CBZ8, when at 4 o'clock in the morning he was amazed to receive an answer from the other side of the globe—O'Meara's station 2AC.

The amateurs opened a conversation which continued until 6 o'clock, when Braggio told O'Meara he had been up all night and wanted to go to bed. The New Zealander answered that he was sorry, because it was only 9 o'clock in the evening at station 2AC. Later, Braggio received a congratulatory cable from O'Meara confirming his conversation.

## SMALL FREAK SETS

Building radio receiving sets in extremely small spaces and on all sorts of bric-a-brac is always a sure way to catch the public eye and get the builder's picture in the papers, and yet such sets are the simplest possible types of receivers.

Of course in order to make outfits as small as this, vacuum tube detectors cannot be used, simply because of the batteries necessary as well as the comparatively large size of the tubes themselves.

Instead, crystal detectors were used, with the simplest form of tuning element, a single coil of wire. The fact that a crystal is used limits the reception to only a few miles, and it is absolutely necessary to use an aerial and ground of some kind. A loop aerial is useless, and for this reason the portability of the set is doubtful.

The tuning of these sets is usually fixed at one wavelength, that of the nearest broadcasting station. Sometimes a few taps are used but the sets will not tune well enough even with such a device to really make them of serious consideration.

Any set which employs a crystal detector and a simple coil with a set of taps, or without it, will generally receive several stations at the same time, or none at all. The slightest jar and the crystal has to be adjusted all over again and the total value to the advancement of the art of radio is extremely small. The fundamental circuit is one of the first ever used for wireless work, and except in the freak miniature sets, is next to worthless.

## GOOD READING

### FOLKEMAN'S QUICK WIT SAVES 63 LIVES

Sixty-three lives were saved by the quick wit of Patrolman Thomas Murphy, when an ape ran amuck in an animal emporium at No. 612 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York. The ape, who answers to the exotic name "Jocko," had been left without food over the week-end.

Jocko reverted to the law of the jungle under the pressure of hunger, and proceeded to open the canary cages in the window and devour the occupants. There were seventy caged birds and the ape had eaten seven and was opening the eighth cage when Patrolman Murphy arrived.

The policeman boosted ten year-old Ralph Giuppee, over the transom and Ralph snapped a leash on Jocko's collar and tied the animal to a ring-bolt.

A sidewalk statistician estimated the value of the monkey's meal at \$123, but nobody offered to present Jocko with the bill. Patrolman Murphy modestly disclaimed credit for the rescue, pointing out that the collars of the canaries—orange, white and green—commended protection from any black and tan brute when a Murphy was in the neighborhood.

### BERENGARIA STRIKES A TWENTY-TON WHALE

The officers of the Cunarder Berengaria, which arrived recently from Southampton and Cherbourg, told a story of how the liner met a whale at the tail end of the Grand Banks and what happened. "Twain: the fish's finish," said Chief Officer E. J. Rodgers, R. N. R., who said that the whale was eighty feet long and weighed about twenty tons.

The Berengaria was steaming at 23½ knots and her weight of 75,000 tons of steel and iron struck the whale a death blow just behind its midships, almost cutting it in two. The impact was not felt at all on the liner, the Chief Officer said. He thought that the whale had dived and was coming to the surface when the Berengaria struck it.

The incident occurred just before 8 o'clock in the morning, when there were not many of the first cabin passengers on deck. Captain W. R. D. Irvine, R. D., R. N. R., the master of the Berengaria, said that he had been nearly forty years at sea in sailing vessels, warships and steamships and it was the first time he had ever known of a big liner striking a whale.

### EXCAVATIONS AT POMPEII NO LONGER CONCEALED

The "new" excavations at Pompeii are beginning to be fairly well known, for permission to visit them is no longer hard to obtain. It is still forbidden to photograph or to draw, but I fancy that many cameras are clicked when the guide is round the corner and many pencils have transcribed the legible inscriptions, writes a special correspondent of "The London Times."

The system which prevails in Italy of autocratic control over the unearthing and publica-

tion of archeological discoveries by the Ministry of Fine Arts has many advantages. Treasures are not damaged by the ignorant or sold by the avaricious, but classified and preserved by experts. The great disadvantage is that their numbers are so vast and the officials' funds are so limited that months and sometimes years lapse before many of the rarest and most instructive are widely known. After all, however, they have mostly lain hidden for 2,000 years, and a few months more or less cannot make very much difference.

There are many Roman remains far more beautiful and more valuable to special branches of archeological study than Pompeii. Its interest lies in its completeness and in the picture it presents not of art or society at its highest, but of the ordinary life of a provincial town. More especially in the new excavations we can see, in their original places, the lamps, pins, posters, laundries, taps, doorknobs and other such humble possessions and productions of a vulgar little community. It is very salutary to be thus admonished that the Romans were not all square-built, hook-nosed men wearing shining armor and talking Ciceronian prose. It is enormously cheering to find that some of them had a keen sense of humor, for example the gentleman who wrote in his dining room:

*Lascivos vultus et blandos aufer ocellos;  
Conjuge ab alterius sit tibi in ore pudor.*

This is the pagan equivalent of the Tenth Commandment, rather pithily expressed.

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**FROM ALL POINTS****SHEDDED MOOSE HORNS AFFORD HUNTER LIVING**

A strange consignment arrived at Seattle, W., recently from Seward. It was a shipment of moose antlers billed to a knife handle and bone novelty factory in Tacoma. The shipment represented two months' work of Mose Harris who for years has tramped over the moose meadows on Kenai peninsula gathering the old horns dropped by the moose during the shedding process in February.

Harris says the antlers, although of the hardest of bone material, must be gathered from the damp forests soon after they are left by the animals. In less than a year they would return to dust, so rapidly is the decay in the swampy country. Once safely in a dry factory the bone is indestructible. From the broad smooth antlers, combs, handles and dice are cut. There is a growing market for the bone articles while scrap bone is shipped to China and Japan.

**SHINGLE NAILS PUNCTURE 20 AUTO TIRES**

With the frequency of machine gun fire the tires on more than a score of automobiles blew out recently while passing along Springfield Avenue, on the main highway from Newark, N. J. to Eastern Pennsylvania.

The police made an investigation, and after three official motorcycles had been compelled to turn back because of punctures, a fourth found Antonio Mocio of 10 Aubrey Street, Newark, driving a truck loaded so loosely with old, nail-filled shingles that they kept falling out. The driver was told to walk back the entire distance and pick up all the litter. Then he was served with a summons on a charge of placing obstacles in the road and causing punctures.

**FIRE-PROOF FIRE HOUSE BURNS**

Residents of Bay Shore, L. I., were roused at 1 o'clock the other morning to find their \$100,000 fireproof fire headquarters building in flames.

The siren adjoining the structure was sounded loudly, the members of the volunteer department responded, but as the fire fighting apparatus was all inside the blazing structure, they were helpless.

Appeals were accordingly sent to Babylon, Lindenhurst, Amityville, Islip and East Islip. The fire fighters from all these places responded. The lower floor of the fire headquarters building was destroyed, however, as were four of the six motorized pieces of fire fighting apparatus the village of Bay Shore had bought recently. The two other pieces were so badly damaged that they will require much repairing before being again fit for service.

The fire was discovered by a passing motorist. It would have been discovered sooner, an official of the village announced to-day, save for the fact that it was raining heavily there and automobile traffic was light. The Bay Shore department has some very well known persons as members and these responded with the rest. Though drenched by the heavy rain they remained at their posts and helped confine the flames to the lower floor.

The total damage to the building and equipment was placed at about \$100,000.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "SECRET SERVICE," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1924. State of New York, County of New York: Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of "SECRET SERVICE," and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—None.

2. That the owners are: Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; M. N. Wolff, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; J. P. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; R. W. Desbecker, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.; C. W. Hastings, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

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LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1924. Seymour W. Steiner. (My Commission expires March 30, 1926.)

## BRIEF BUT POINTED

### 10 ABOVE FREEZING HELD HOT DAY IN MARS

The temperature of the tropical regions of Mars at Martian noon is only about 10 degrees above freezing, observations made at Mount Wilson in California during the recent approach of the planet toward the earth proved. The Carnegie Institution also announces that mean temperatures over the south polar cap is about 95 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

The average temperature of the tropical region of Mars between sunrise and 9 o'clock is 10 degrees above zero.

### 1,200 METAL BITS TAKEN FROM GIRL'S STOMACH

Stove bolts, safety pins, crucifixes, rosaries, earrings, watch chains, coins, metal streetcar tickets, brooches, roofing nails, adhesive tape, ribbons, shoelaces, sewing machine bobbins—these are some of the articles removed from the stomach of a fifteen-year-old Saginaw, Mich., girl by surgeons, who declared that never before in the history of surgery has such a variety and quantity of foreign objects been found in the digestive tract of any human being.

The number of metal objects found in the girl's stomach and intestines was approximately 1,200. The mass weighed 3 pounds 14 ounces. The girl is not expected to survive. Her identity, at the insistence of her family, is being kept secret. She first was found swallowing foreign objects when two years old.

### HEAT AND FAT MEN

Fat men stand the heat better than lean ones, the Bureau of Mines has established through experiments in a specially constructed chamber at Pittsburgh.

The fat men, the bureau found, lost more weight when subjected to uncomfortably hot temperatures, but they were less exhausted when they were relieved. In a state of rest and in still air, the experiments disclosed, the human body cannot endure indefinitely a temperature higher than 90 degrees Fahrenheit with 100 per cent. relative humidity.

Pulse rate, rather than rise in bodily temperature, it was discovered, apparently determines the extent of discomfort in high temperatures. Subjects became very uncomfortable when the pulse reached 135 pulsations a minute, and unbearable symptoms appeared at 160. The highest pulse rate recorded was 184.

The American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers co-operated in the experiments, which were designed to afford a study of conditions as they might affect miners.

### RELICS OF ANCIENT RACE IS FOUND ON LONELY ISLAND

Skeleton remains discovered on the Island of Nihoa, about 250 miles northwest of Honolulu, by members of the recent exploring expedition which went there aboard the U. S. S. Tanager.

indicate that this island was once inhabited by a race of people bearing close resemblance to the ancient Hawaiians. Necker Island 150 miles farther on, showed traces of ancient visitors, but nothing to indicate actual habitation. On Nihoa there were many evidences of human habitation—acres of garden terraces, house-sites with implements scattered about, and an infant burial place.

Many of the house-sites were excavated. Among the relics discovered were ancient bone needles, which may have been used for tattooing or for sewing, and one rare fishhook, made of human bone, which is similar to hooks used by the ancient Hawaiians. Many grindstones, smooth on both sides and showing much wear, were unearthed, also stone adzes, polished and sharpened. The party spent four and one-half days on Nihoa, sleeping in caves about the island without damaging the birds, of which there are hundreds of thousands.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### A SLIDING CAT

A cat that slides down the brass pole in a fire station when an alarm rings and delights in accompanying the firemen to a blaze has been discovered in a station in lower Manhattan. The firemen adopted the cat as a mascot while it was a kitten.

### A RIVER OF INK

Travelers in northern Africa, have observed a curiosity of nature—a river of ink. The water is black, yet the streams which feed it are perfectly clear. Chemical analysis and examination have revealed the cause. One of the streams is strongly impregnated with iron from the soil through which it flows. Another carries tannin from a peat swamp. It is the chemical combination of the iron, tannin and oxygen of the air that turns the water black. This chemical reaction forms the basis of the most important class of inks known as iron-gall inks.

Iron-gall inks was first made in the twelfth century, but it was not until the fifteenth that it came into common use. The writer has seen a page from a hand written book on monkish satin, in ink, with the date 1445, and the writing is as clear, black and legible as on the date it was written.

The most important factor in the making of this ink is gall nuts, certain species of which are found in China, India, Japan and even in some oak and willow trees in America. A peculiar kind of insect, similar to our horsefly, bores into the small twigs of oak trees and lays its eggs. A little lump is the result. The egg shows with the gall and is soon converted into a larva. Eventually the larva becomes a fly and escapes by eating its way out. The best nuts for ink-making are those that are picked when fully ripe but just before the escape of the insect, as these contain the largest amount of tannin.

As the name implies, iron-gall inks are based on a liquid in which an iron salt is combined with tannin extracted from gall nuts. The iron salt is copperas and comes in the form of green crystals. These are secured in the United States. While there are other ingredients added, these two are the most important in the makeup of this type of ink.

This liquid is practically colorless until acted upon by the oxygen in the air; that is, a pen dipped into such a fluid would make no visible mark on the paper. Most people, however, like to see what they are writing as they write, and so a blue aniline color is added. After the ink is exposed to the air the iron-gall compound develops an intensely black and permanent color, entirely superseding the original blue, which ultimately fades away. This change in color is what causes it to be referred to commonly as blue-black ink.

### MAN-EATING WOLVES ROAM ITALY

The increase of wolves in Italy, especially in the central and southern provinces, is becoming a cause of serious preoccupation. There was a general belief that they had almost entirely disappeared, but of late years they have multiplied

to an alarming extent, and, fortified by numbers, they have grown bolder.

Instead of contenting themselves with an occasional stray sheep or horse left out to graze on the uplands, the Abruzzi wolves now hunt in regular packs and are frequently seen on the outskirts of towns and villages, where they attack stables and sheep fields, with dire results. Not far from Sulmona a wolf was found on the landing of a house, and a village near by was nightly visited by wolves all through last winter.

Human victims are becoming far from uncommon. A soldier returning home on leave was killed and eaten by wolves at a short distance from the railway station at Palena, and a few months ago three women were attacked by wolves on a country road. Two made their escape, but one was killed.

A fortnight ago the inhabitants of S. Vito, a little hamlet on the lower slopes of Vesuvius, were horrified, on coming out from mass, to see a pack of wolves awaiting them on the open space in front of the church. The women and children were hastily thrust back into the building and barricaded in while the men made for the animals with their guns and succeeded in shooting the leader.

The war—to which one inevitably returns as the immediate cause of any phenomenon—may be fairly held responsible for the increase of wolves, from the mere fact that for four years all the able bodied peasants capable of hunting wild animals were absent from their homes. The new game law, which limits shooting from the middle of August to the end of December, is viewed with dismay by those who have practical experience of the ravages of famished wolves, and will probably have to be altered. Formerly wolves might be shot at any reason, and a prize was given for each carcass brought in; five ducats for a male, six for a female. One Abruzzi peasant accounted for fifty-seven wolves in fifteen years.

If wolves are to be kept in check, on the other hand, the Government is encouraging the propagation of bears. The few remaining specimens of the *Ursus arctos marsicanus* are living under special protection in the beautiful Parco Nazionale in the Abruzzi, about halfway between Rome and Naples. This reserve, which covers some 70 square miles of mountainous region, is thickly covered with magnificent beech woods which also afford shelter to numerous chamois and eagles.

The bears are not numerous, and they rarely allow themselves to be seen. Between twenty and thirty are believed to be leading a secluded existence in the more remote districts. Not long ago a German scientist asked to be allowed to take up a temporary abode in the reserve for the rare chance of studying the habits of wild bears and of photographing them for film purposes. His request was granted, and he is still there, but has, so far, failed to take any photographs, as the bears only show themselves in the uncertain light of dawn or dusk.



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Lightning is sixth. Almost as dangerous are sparks that fall on roofs. Petroleum lamps and carelessly handled gasoline were once a prolific source of fire alarms, but fires due to these causes are now comparatively few. Hot ashes give the firemen many a run.

The entire loss from incendiary fires is scarcely one-tenth as great as that traceable to matches. Other fire causes that stand high in official statistics are illuminating gas, hot grease, tar, wax and asphalt, and the incineration of rubbish. Fireworks are supposed to cause immense fire losses, but they are only twentieth on the list.





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