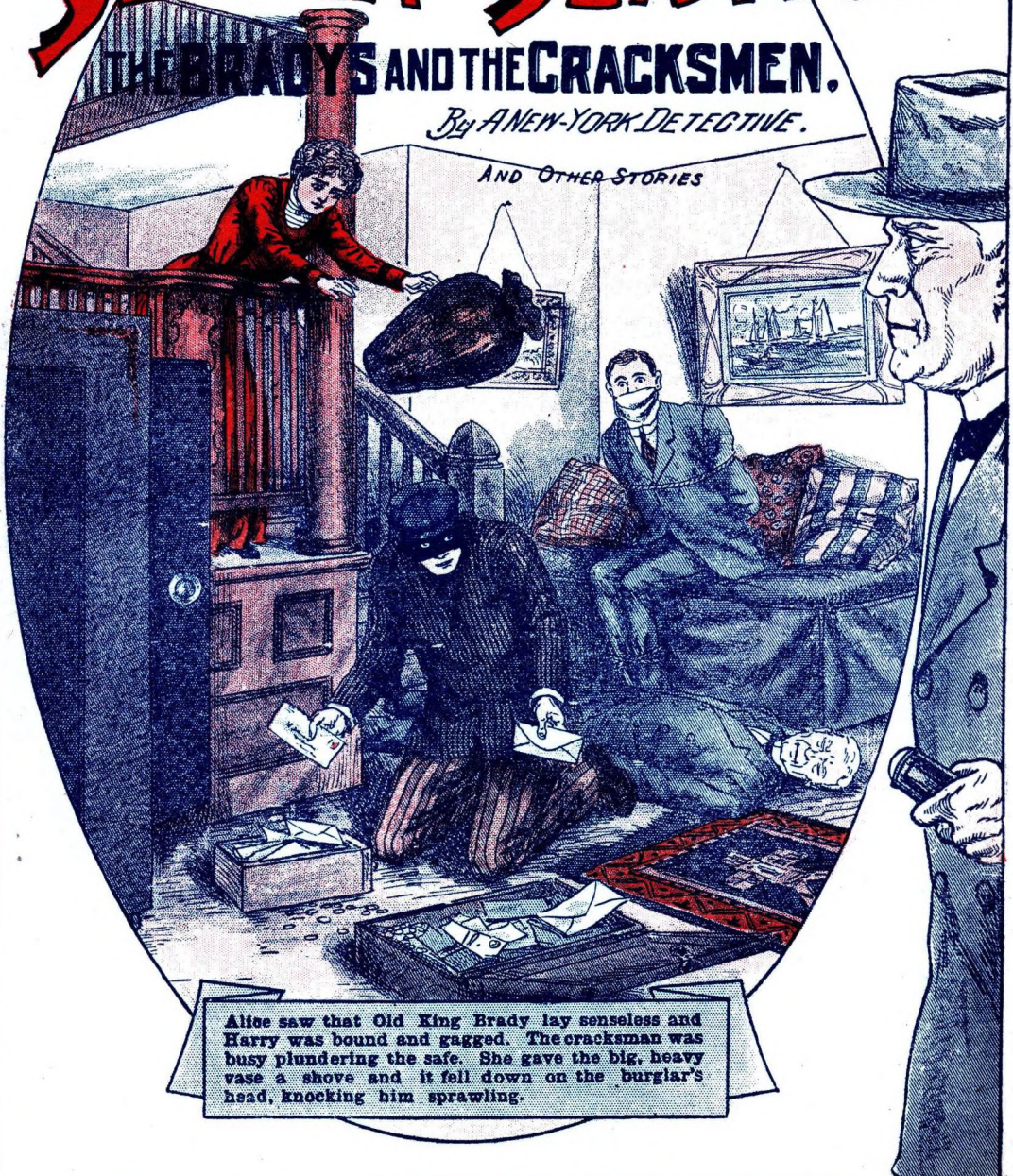


SECRET SERVICE.

THE BRADYS AND THE CRACKSMEN.

By A NEW-YORK DETECTIVE.

AND OTHER STORIES



Alice saw that Old King Brady lay senseless and Harry was bound and gagged. The cracksmen were busy plundering the safe. She gave the big, heavy vase a shove and it fell down on the burglar's head, knocking him sprawling.



SECRET SERVICE

Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$5.00 per year; Canada, \$5.50; Foreign, \$6.00. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc.
166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, December 24, 1923, at
the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 1346

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1924

Price 10 Cents

The Bradys and the Cracksmen

OR, A DESPERATE GAME FOR MILLIONS

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE

CHAPTER I.—The Closed House on Hudson Street.

One cold morning in the month of December, 19—, Old King Brady the detective, accompanied by his partners, Young King Brady and Alice Montgomery, entered the law offices of Mr. Christopher Behr, on Nassau street, New York City, at precisely ten o'clock. On this occasion, as always when not in disguise, the keen old detective wore the long, blue coat with brass buttons, the old-fashioned stock and stand-up collar, and the big white hat, with its extraordinary broad brim. The visitors were received by a clerk, with the greatest politeness, and shown into the private office. Here they found Mr. Behr seated at his expensive roll-top desk. With him was an elderly gentleman who was introduced as Mr. T. T. Wilton.

"Mr. Brady," said the lawyer, after preliminary greetings had been exchanged, "I really must compliment you on your business methods. I was wondering if I should have to send for you. But, no, you have kept an appointment made twenty years ago."

"I see no necessity for any speculation over the matter," replied the old detective. "I make it a practice to keep my appointments."

"Yes, but—"

"The lapse of time makes no difference, sir. Twenty years ago to-day I told Mr. Washington Wormser that on this date, at 10 a. m., I would call at your office, if we both lived. As Mr. Wormser was a client of mine, I fail to see any reason why I should not keep my word."

"It's five minutes past ten now," remarked Mr. Wilton. "You are right on the tick."

"May I ask if Mr. Wormser told you why your presence was wanted here?" inquired the lawyer.

"He did not," replied Old King Brady, "nor did I ask. I had much business with Mr. Wormser. I knew his secretive nature too well to press for his confidence. Had he thought it best for me to know he would have told me."

"This is certainly very remarkable!" exclaimed Mr. Wilton.

"I see nothing remarkable about it!" snapped Old King Brady. "Moreover, I would suggest that inasmuch as my time is valuable, we proceed to business at once."

And Mr. Behr began his story.

"Mr. Washington Wormser, as you know, was a wholesale dealer in ready-made clothing. He was popularly supposed to have accumulated a large fortune—several millions, in fact, by government contracts during the Civil War. He had fifteen children, all grown at the time of his wife's death, and yet, within a year death claimed every one of them through various causes, which need not be rehearsed.

"The youngest of these children, the daughter Rebecca, was the only one who married. Her husband was Charles Wilton, who was lost at sea six months after his marriage. Rebecca died four months later."

"Pardon me, it was five months and seven days," interrupted Old King Brady.

"Possibly you are right," assented the lawyer. "but it is immaterial. Sufficient to say that she died leaving a child under guardianship of his paternal granduncle, our friend Wilton here. To-day that boy, Charles Wilton, is of age.

"His grandfather's will was peculiar. It left the entire estate to me, in trust for Charles. The inventory was a surprise and a disappointment. It appeared that Mr. Wormser had disposed of almost all his property. All I could find footed up to about \$100,000, out of the income of this sum the boy had been supported and educated.

"The will contained one peculiar clause until now unexplained, which may, when explained in turn, offer an explanation of the smallness of the estate. I will read the clause.

"Clause 6. I hereby direct that my house, No. —Hudson street, be closed so securely that entrance by burglars is rendered as nearly impossible as it can be made. It is my wish that my executor, the said Behr, visit the house annually on the day of my death to see that all is in order. On December 10, 19—, at 10 a. m., Old King Brady, the detective, will meet the said Behr at his office. I direct that the sealed packet which I have delivered to the said Behr be opened in the presence of the said Brady and T. T. Wilton, guardian of my grandson, Charles Wilton. I further direct that action be taken along the lines of the instructions contained in the paper which will be found in said packet. This course is not to be varied on any account."

"Which explains our presence here," observed Old King Brady. "You are now about to open the packet."

The packet, produced from the lawyer's safe, proved to be but a small affair, just a big envelope, sealed with several red wax seals, in fact. Mr. Behr broke the seals and took out a folded paper. There was nothing else in the envelope.

"More instructions," remarked the lawyer. "I was in hopes there might be something in the cash line."

"That will come later, perhaps," observed Old King Brady.

Mr. Behr opened the paper and read as follows:

"It has been my experience that for a young man to grow up in anticipation of great wealth is almost always ruinous to him, therefore, I have decided that it shall be otherwise with my grandson, Charles Wormser Wilton, the last of my race.

"For this reason I have sold my real estate and converted my property into cash and securities, which are likely to prove of permanent value. These I have deposited in a secret vault built in the cellar of my house, No. — Hudson street."

Here followed directions for locating the vault, together with the combination of the lock. And the paper went on to say.

"This cash and these securities are to become the property of my grandson at once, as he will be of age when this paper is read, providing he has grown up honest, industrious and in every way fitted to take proper care of a fortune.

"As judges of the young man's competency, I appoint Mr. Behr and my friend, Old King Brady.

"Should the young man, in their judgment, not be so constituted as to be able to carry out my wishes, I hereby direct that nothing be said to him of this matter. That the house be sold and the proceeds added to my estate already in Mr. Behr's hands, then to be turned over to him, while the millions in the secret vault be divided as follows."

Here followed a long list of charities who were to benefit. The inventory called for \$5,000,000. Thus it seemed safe to assume that a corresponding amount was in the secret vault. The mystery of the twenty-year-old appointment was now explained.

"And what about this young man, gentlemen?" inquired Old King Brady.

"He is in every way fitted to manage a fortune," replied Mr. Behr. "I am sure you will agree with me when you come to see and talk with him.

"Now this explains what has puzzled me for years," he went on to say. "I felt that there must be more property somewhere."

"It is to be hoped that the securities in which Mr. Wormser invested still retain their value," remarked Young King Brady, who had refrained from speaking until now.

"It is, indeed," replied Mr. Behr. "Times have greatly altered since this paper was written.

"But now, gentlemen, what say you? Shall we at once proceed to Hudson street and see what fortune really has in store for this lad?"

"I should say so!" replied Old King Brady.

Mr. Wilton agreed, and a start was at once made.

"The closed house on Hudson street," as it was locally known, was located on the upper part of that thoroughfare in that quaint section of New York commonly known as the "Greenwich Village." It was an old-fashioned three-story brick, with a store on the ground floor in which Mr. Wormser had at one time carried on a tailoring business.

Adjoining the house on the north was a tumble-down frame tenement, the store on the ground floor being to rent. On the south there was a modern building, used as a storage-warehouse. Mr. Behr unlocked the side door and proceeded to open the gate. All passed in and the door was locked, the gate being left unfastened. A musty smell pervaded the place.

"Is the house furnished?" inquired Alice Montgomery.

"It is all just as Mr. Wormser left it," replied Mr. Behr. "He would never live anywhere else but in the rooms over the store."

"The furnishing is quite elaborate, as I remember it," observed Mr. Wilton. "There are pictures which are quite valuable unless they have been removed."

"They remain undisturbed," said the lawyer. "I have interfered with nothing. I have not even allowed the house to be swept and dusted, for such was Mr. Wormser's wish. But let us go directly to the cellar. I have not visited it since the old man's death. Little did I dream of the treasure it contained. I have the key of the cellar door on this bunch."

The door was at the end of the hall, and Mr. Behr, selecting the key, inserted it in the lock. It turned freely enough, but when the lawyer tried the door it refused to yield. Old King Brady tried the door when Mr. Behr got ready to give it up.

"Why, this door is nailed from the inside!" he exclaimed.

"Is there no other entrance to the cellar?" inquired Harry.

"None except the coal-hole in the sidewalk," replied the lawyer, "and I presume the cover of that is chained in the ordinary way."

"I'll go and see," said Harry, "if you will give me the key of the front door."

He went, and returned with information that such was the case.

"The only way, then, is to break the door down," said Old King Brady, "and it will take an axe to do that."

They went into the kitchen, and from there into the old tailor's shop, but the search was in vain. Spying an old-fashioned woodhouse in the back yard, Harry went to it and returned with the desired tool, with which he proceeded to wreck the cellar door. Having effected an entrance, Old King Brady turned his electric flashlight upon the door.

"Nailed, as I said," he exclaimed, "and, what is more, it has been recently done. Gentlemen, I must confess that I don't like the looks of this. There must have been some one here ahead of us who had a strong motive for nailing up that door."

"It would indeed seem so," said Mr. Behr. "Let us hurry down and see what we find."

The directions for entering the enclosure in which the secret vault stood stated that the vault was cut off from the cellar by a concealed door, consisting of bricks built in a box, the whole being controlled by a secret spring. But the elaborate directions contained in the paper proved quite unnecessary, for as Old King Brady flashed his electric light about they saw that they were a day behind the fair. The brick door had been ripped out, beyond lay the vault, its iron door had been blown and hung all twisted on one hinge.

"Cracksmen's work!" cried Mr. Wilton.

"Aye! and experts at that," added Old King Brady, advancing through the wrecked door.

He passed into the vault, which was rather a large affair. There were shelves ranged around on the inside. But the vault was empty, save for a big collection of old account books, which lay scattered about the floor.

CHAPTER II.—The Blown Vault.

"Well, well, well! This is an outrage, indeed!" groaned Mr. Behr, "and so the old man's millions are gone!"

"So much for fool business," said Wilton. "Wormser was always a crank. Why on earth couldn't the man have put his wealth in a safe deposit vault instead of adopting this freak place?"

"Did you know him intimately, Mr. Wilton?" Old King Brady asked.

"Rather so; as much so as any one. He never allowed any one to become really intimate with him."

"Indeed he didn't!" cried the lawyer. "Look at my case. I was supposed to know all about his affairs. I knew nothing or next to nothing. But now we know why the cellar door was nailed up. Mr. Brady, how long do you think it is since this job was done?"

"I should say not over twenty-four hours, from the looks of things," replied the old detective.

"I agree with you," Young King Brady suggested.

"But come, gentlemen, we must get to work and find out how these rascals got in," continued the old detective. "Harry, you examine the vault for clues. Alice will help you."

And he added, by secret sign:

"Give nothing away. Good case here."

As for the old detective himself, as Harry and Alice turned their attention to the vault, he proceeded to explore the cellar, using his flashlight for that purpose. It was but a moment before the mystery of the crackmen's entry was explained. For in the wall which separated the cellar from that beneath the vacant store next door a large hole was found.

"Ho! So?" exclaimed the old detective. "This, then, is the way they came! Let us follow this thing up a bit."

He crawled through the hole, Behr and Wilton following him. In the other cellar they found an old mattock hoe, a crowbar and other tools.

"It looks as if they left in a hurry," said the lawyer.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the old detective, "these are secondhand tools of little value. Prob-

ably they had no further use for them. They seem to have carried away their burglar tools, all right. Ha! Here we may have a clue to the date of the burglary."

It was a piece of newspaper, which the detective picked up.

"You see I am right, gentlemen," he said, pointing to the date. "Here is yesterday's paper. This job has been but just done."

"Let us go back and examine the house," said Old King Brady.

They crawled back through the hole. Harry and Alice were talking outside the vault.

"Find anything?" demanded Behr.

"Nothing of any consequence," was the reply.

A search of the house followed. It was a revelation of more of the crackmen's work. The valuable paintings had all disappeared. In one room there was a large, old-fashioned desk, which had been Mr. Wormser's according to Wilton. This had been forced open and its drawers and pigeon-holes thoroughly ransacked. An immense number of papers lay scattered about the floor. These consisted of old letters, receipted bills and the like.

"A very thorough search has been made here," said Old King Brady, "and the man who made it must have had some definite object. Mr. Behr, can you think of any one who may have suspected that old Wormser had money hidden in this house?"

"No one," was the reply. "I've been ransacking my brains since we made our discovery, but I can't think of a soul. Besides the boy, Wormser had not a single relative living."

"You are wrong, probably," said Mr. Wilton, quietly. "Do you forget Ike?"

"He is dead. You are surely mistaken, Wilton," replied Behr.

"No, I am not," persisted Wilton, shaking his head. "If I know anything, I know that I saw Ike Wormser on Wall Street, two months ago."

"And who may Ike Wormser be?" demanded Old King Brady.

"A dissolute nephew of the old man's," was the reply. "The will directed that I should make him an allowance and bury him when he died. Five years ago I was notified of his death out in Denver, and I sent a lawyer there, with \$150 to pay funeral expenses. I have heard nothing of the man since. If he still lives, why doesn't he claim his allowance? It is \$50 a month. A matter of some consequence to a fellow who never had a cent."

"And you think you saw this man, Mr. Wilton?" demanded Old King Brady.

"I don't think, I know it," persisted Wilton. "To be sure, he denied his identity when I spoke to him, but he was Ike Wormser, all the same."

And thus the conversation ran. Nothing further developed of any consequence. Mr. Behr finally asked Old King Brady if he would take up the case and see if anything could be done to catch the cracksmen and recover the missing millions.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then go right ahead. It is your job. See what you can do."

Shortly after this all hands left the house, the Bradys proceeding to their office on Union Square. No sooner had they departed from the

lawyer and Mr. Wilton than the old detective turned on Harry and asked:

"Well, what did you find?"

"An envelope for one thing," was the reply. "Wilton is right about this Ike Wormser. See for yourself."

He drew a crumpled envelope from his pockets as he spoke. It was plainly addressed to Mr. I. Wormser, care of Finzer & Co., No. — Wall Street.

Wilton would have liked to have seen that, observed Old King Brady.

"I should say so!" replied Harry. "I could scarcely refrain from telling him."

"It was best not. We want to work up our case before we do any talking. Anything else?"

"Only some scraps of torn paper. Don't know that they amount to anything."

"We will look into it when we get to the office," said Old King Brady, "and, by the same token, let us lose no time in getting on this job. Every instant is precious, if we expect to recover the money. But do you know, it comes to me that we are going to strike something which will give us a clue."

The conversation was taken up again when they reached the office.

"Let me see your scraps, Alice," said the old detective.

Alice produced them.

"Let me see, just where were these found?" Old King Brady asked.

"On the floor, under one of those old account books," replied Alice.

Old King Brady hurriedly pieced them together.

"It's part of a diagram of that cellar all right," he said.

"I'll paste them up," continued Old King Brady. "This paper is old. Perhaps we can find the missing parts. Still, I don't know that the thing can do us any particular good."

"Only that it goes to show that there was some indication of that vault outside of the paper in the sealed packet," replied Young King Brady. "My theory is that the paper came out of that desk."

"It may be so. But we may as well preserve these scraps."

"Why, look here, Harry!" he exclaimed, as they picked up one of the pieces of paper and started to put mucilage on it. "There is writing on the back of this."

"So? We better match the scraps bottomsides up before we go any further, then."

"There is writing on all of them, but it isn't English," said the old detective, continuing his examination of the scraps. "Look into it, Alice, and tell me what it is."

"German," said Alice, who is an accomplished linguist.

The scraps turned, Alice tackled the problem.

After considerable puzzling, she wrote it out in English. Although it was only a fragment, there was enough to it to show the Bradys that it was probably a rough draft of the paper in the sealed packet. Evidently, Mr. Wormser did his thinking in German and had first drawn up the paper in that language.

"This doesn't help us any," said Old King

Brady, "but it probably gave the clew to whoever bossed the cracksmen."

"But now to work," he added. "I will see Black and learn what the police know of the cracksmen of the town up to the minute. Do you, Harry, get down to that Wall street number and see what you can make out of the Ike Wormser business."

The old detective then went to police headquarters to interview his friend, Inspector Black, while Harry went downtown. But it was up to Alice to make the first move in the case, after all. For the Bradys had scarcely departed when a visitor was announced. The name given was "Colonel Pullman." He asked for Old King Brady. Being informed that only Miss Montgomery was in, he requested to see her. He proved to be a stylishly dressed man of about forty-five, but Alice did not altogether like his face.

"I am anxious to retain the services of this bureau in a confidential matter," he said. "I don't know exactly what your rules are, but I assume that if you are sufficiently paid you won't object to taking up a confidential case."

"Our work is all confidential, sir," replied Alice, wondering what the man was driving at.

"But this case is very peculiar."

"Perhaps you better call again when Old King Brady is in."

"I don't know. If I give you an idea as to what the case is don't you think you could give me an idea whether you can take up with it or not?"

"I think so."

"Well, then, it is like this: A vault has been blown open and certain valuables have been stolen. The work was done by professional cracksmen. It is of the highest importance that I should find these men. I don't particularly care about having them arrested. Nor am I disposed to interfere with them in the possession of their plunder, but I do want to recover a certain paper which the leader of the gang took from the vault. Could you—would you—go in for such a case as that? You can name your own price."

Alice resolved to encourage Colonel Pullman and see what came of it.

CHAPTER III.—Colonel Pullman.

When Old King Brady returned, which was within an hour, he found Colonel Pullman waiting for him. The old detective was held up in the outer office by one of his clerks, who told him that before entering his own office Alice wanted to see him in the costume-room. They met there a moment later and the old detective got the story of Colonel Pullman.

"I have been holding him," said Alice. "I have a very strong notion that this case of his has to do with ours."

"Looks like it," replied the old detective. "I'll go in and see him. Do you get busy at the listening panel in Harry's office and take in all that he says."

Old King Brady now entered his own office by the regular way and introduced himself to Colonel Pullman.

"I am most anxious to secure your services, Mr. Brady," said the colonel. "That is why I waited. Perhaps Miss Montgomery has explained—"

"Miss Montgomery has gone out and I have just come in," was the reply. "My clerk informed me that you wished to see me about a case."

Colonel Pullman launched out and went over the same ground he had done with Alice. Old King Brady listened in silence.

"And, as I understand it, you don't propose to explain this case in full detail?" he said.

"That is just it," was the reply. "I can't, for certain reasons."

"For instance, am I to be told where this vault is? I notice that you don't mention the location."

"That is the one thing I don't care to tell."

"And the names of these cracksmen? Have you any idea who they are?"

"How should I? If I knew that I——"

"Should hardly want any help."

"I was going to say it. The question is an odd one, it seems to me."

"Very well."

"I thought it possible that you might be able to identify the burglars from the style of their work."

"Difficult, but not impossible."

"Well, then, do you think you can help me out? You can name your own terms."

"I certainly cannot undertake it unless I can see the blown vault."

"I am prepared for that. We can get around that objective if you will consent to visit the vault blindfolded."

"Blindfolded!"

"Yes. I know the request seems singular to you, but I am prepared to pay accordingly."

"I certainly shall not undertake any such expedition alone, Colonel Pullman. If you will consent to have my partner, Young King Brady, accompany me, that is another thing."

"That can be arranged for, I think. His advice may be valuable."

"Very possible. He has had much experience but there is one thing you must remember, detectives make many enemies. How am I to know that this singular midnight mission may not be part of a plot to do us up?"

"I can think of no better way to cover that ground than to put the whole thing on a cash basis," replied the colonel. "I know the reputation of the Brady Detective Bureau. I am willing to deposit a thousand dollars with you right now as a guarantee of your safe return."

The man wore a superb diamond scarf pin of great value.

"I suppose, colonel, that you set great store by that scarf pin of yours?" asked Old King Brady.

"Why, surely," was the reply. "It was the gift of a dear friend, now dead."

"Deposit that as security for our safe return and I will take the matter up."

"I'll do it," replied the colonel, and he promptly pulled out the scarf pin and handed it over.

"Very well," said the old detective. "This shall go in the safe, to be claimed by you to-morrow. Now, what are we to do?"

"If you will give your home address a carriage shall call for you at midnight."

Old King Brady gave the number on Washington Square of the old brownstone house in which he and Harry have kept bachelors' hall now for several years, and the colonel departed.

"Well?" demanded Alice, coming in. "What do you think of the man?"

"Unquestionably a crook," said Old King Brady, promptly.

"Professional."

"I think so."

Meanwhile, Young King Brady was doing his best to work up a clew on Wall street. He went to the number on the Wormser envelope. It proved to be an old building, below Water street. Harry climbed to the top floor and found the name of Finzer & Co. on a door. He opened it and walked into a shabby room of considerable size and scarcely any furniture. A man with a head shaped like a watermelon sat by a stove, smoking a pipe.

"I am looking for a Mr. Wormser, whom I understand has a desk here," said Harry. "Is he in?"

"No."

"Expect him in soon?"

"What do you want to see him for?"

"My business is private."

"Can't help you. Wormser comes here occasionally, but he has no desk here."

Harry did not know what to do. He saw that he was making no headway, so he determined to pull out, and did. For some time he stood just outside the doorway, trying to think of some scheme to attain his end. He was thus engaged when two men met on the sidewalk in front of him. One was a tall, stylishly dressed person of about forty-five, the other, from his general appearance, Harry imagined might be a crook.

"Hello, Ike!" the latter exclaimed. "I was just going up to see you."

"Look here," was the reply, "I ask you again not to address me that way, and I don't want to have to repeat the request."

"I beg your pardon! I never can remember."

"Have you done anything?"

"No. I have tried my best, but I can't get next."

"It's a blame shame."

"It seems to me that the best way will be to consult Old King Brady, the detective. He knows every crook in New York."

"That's an odd suggestion."

"All the same, I consider it a good one. You say there is no time to lose. It will be the quickest way, I think."

Now, it is easy to believe that Harry was all attention after hearing this.

"Can that man be Ike Wormser?" he asked himself.

The idea grew on him.

"I think I'll take your suggestion," Ike said.

He gave the man money and they separated. Harry followed Ike upstairs, when he turned in at the doorway leading up to Finzer & Co.'s office. He was rewarded by seeing the man enter the office.

"I've nailed him, surest thing!" Young King Brady said to himself. "This is great."

He hurried back downstairs and waited, deter-

mined to shadow the man. When Ike came downstairs and started up Wall street, Young King Brady was in his wake. He entered two offices in different buildings, but remained only a short time in each. Then he boarded an uptown Broadway car.

Harry was on the car, of course. The man left it at Bond street. Young King Brady shadowed him into the Broadway Central Hotel where he went upstairs on the elevator. The house detective, whom Harry knew, was standing around, and Young King Brady tackled him, inquiring about the man.

"That man?" said the detective. "Why, he is Colonel Pullman, of Denver."

"Stopping here?"

"Yes."

"What's his business?"

"He is interested in gold mines."

"I have reason to believe that his real name is Wormser; that he formerly bore a shady reputation, and if he is Wormser he is supposed to be dead."

"Is he wanted if he is Wormser?"

"Not exactly. He may be mixed up in a case we are handling. We want to know all about him."

"I'll see what I can do for you. How's the old man?"

"He's well, thanks."

Then suddenly another point developed.

"Say," exclaimed the house detective, "has your case to do with oil paintings?"

"Why, yes, it might have."

"He's got a room full of them. He's trying to sell 'em, too. I might introduce you as a picture buyer."

"That's an idea. I'll think of it. I won't go in for it now, though, for here he comes, and I want to shadow him."

Colonel Pullman stepped off the elevator as Harry spoke. Harry once more fell in at Colonel Pullman's wake. And it was no surprise to him, of course, when he trailed the man to the offices of the Brady Bureau. Harry concluded to hang around on the outside. But at length, from his post on Union Square, he saw Old King Brady suddenly turn in at the door. There was no time to get to him, so more waiting followed.

At last the colonel came out. Harry thought his face wore a satisfied look. Hurrying to the office, he found Old King Brady looking satisfied, too.

"The oddest thing has happened," he said, and he went on to tell of the Colonel Pullman case, adding: "I have a strong idea that his blown vault and ours are identical."

"And I am sure of it."

"Why so sure?"

"I have been shadowing that man for the last two hours."

"Not Ike Wormser?"

"I believe it."

"You don't say! This is great! Tell me all about it."

Old King Brady got the whole story then.

"There can be little doubt that he is Ike Wormser," he said. "I must find out the subjects of these pictures. One of us must see them."

"How do you dope it all out, governor?"

"Why, it all seems plain. Pullman is Wormser. He hired cracksmen to effect an entrance to the closed house, and they have doubled on him, that's all."

"But that don't explain. He does not care to recover their swag, so he says. Would he talk that way if they had frisked the crib of millions in cash and good securities?"

"Hardly."

"Then this mysterious paper which he is so anxious to recover?"

"Well, that is a mystery. I'm afraid, Harry, that my doping process is a failure, but we shall see."

"Then you mean to go?"

"I do, most assuredly. Hold on!"

"Well?"

"Suppose Wormser merely started in by going for those oil paintings without any knowledge of the old man's millions?"

"Quite possible."

"There are several paintings left hanging on the wall. Let us suppose that he had the hole in the wall made and has been carrying the painting out one at a time for a week or two."

"That's the way he brought them into the hotel."

"The milloins may have been removed from the vault by old Wormser himself and a paper stating where he had hidden them left in their place."

"Ah!" said Harry. "That's good doping. Yes, it might be so, too."

CHAPTER IV.—The Desperate Struggle in the Dark.

It had threatened snow all day, and the storm hit New York with the going down of the sun. The Bradys sat in their library, waiting for the coming of the carriage which was to take them to the blown vault. At the appointed time the bell rang and Harry, going to the door, found the same party who had addressed Colonel Pullman as "Ike," on Wall street, standing outside.

"I come from Colonel Pullman," the man said. "Is Old King Brady in?"

"He is," replied Harry.

He closed the door and returned to the library.

"It is our call," he said. "Now is your chance to see if you know the man I told you about, for he is outside."

"I'll have a look at him."

Old King Brady went to the door, returning in a few minutes.

"I don't know the man," he said, "but I believe him to be a crook."

"And I am sure of it."

"One can't be sure. Get ready. We are going now."

They entered the old-fashioned four-wheel hack, which had come for them. The man seated opposite regarded Old King Brady curiously as they ran along Waverly place to Broadway.

"I suppose you understand the condition of this business, Mr. Brady?" he said at last.

"That we are to be blindfolded?"

"Yes."

"I understand."

"Sorry to put you to the inconvenience."

"Don't mention it. Go right ahead and do your work."

The blindfolding was very effectively done. Still the man might almost as well have spared himself the trouble. Not a move the hack made deceived him. They were driven down 12th street to Second avenue, he was sure. Then it was up Second avenue to 16th street, and then west, turning into 17th street at Union Square, then on to Ninth avenue, and then down Hudson street. At last the hack stopped and the man got out and stood by the door for a moment.

"Watching for a chance to slip you across the sidewalk, unobserved," he said. "It will come in a minute."

"Take your time," said the old detective. "We are in no hurry."

"Now!" breathed the man, after a few minutes, "and be quick."

A moment later they had passed inside a door, which was closed upon them and locked.

"You can take off your blinders now, gentlemen," said the voice of Colonel Pullman.

It was the vacant store into which they had passed. Colonel Pullman stood there, smoking a cigar. They were shown into the cellar.

"Was that hole in the wall made by the cracksmen you speak of?" Old King Brady asked.

"It was not," replied Colonel Pullman. "We have to pass through that hole before we can view their work."

They crawled through and stood before the blown vault.

"Evidently the work of professionals," Old King Brady observed at last.

"So it seemed to me," was the reply. "You are supposed to be pretty well acquainted with the professional cracksmen of New York."

"With the old-timers, yes; but there are always new ones coming up. Men who have learned their business in other cities."

"I suppose that is true. Do you see any earmarks here to give you a clue?"

"Do you know how these men came to do the job?"

Colonel Pullman hesitated.

"Why, yes, I know," he said, "but I hardly care to tell. That was not in the bargain."

"Let us suppose a case, and we may be able to dope it out, colonel, without it becoming necessary for you to betray your secrets."

"Well?"

"Suppose the party in interest had a special reason for making the hole in the wall, and being a stranger in New York, had to apply to some one to provide him with a suitable man—a professional cracksmen, let us say—to do the job, is there any possibility of my finding out to whom the application was made?"

Again the colonel hesitated.

"There are certain lawyers in this town who keep crooks regularly in their employ, colonel. I happen to know some of them and also to know the particular crooks who do their work."

"I follow you. That hole in the wall was made by two professional cracksmen. They were hired through a lawyer, as you imagine. His name was Rumvill."

"J. B.? Office on Centre street?"

"That's the man."

"I more than suspected it. Well, then, such being the case, I should say that there is little doubt that the man who cut that hole is—but stay! I understand that his name is not known?"

"Certainly not or you wouldn't be here."

"I want to be sure. I should say that the hole is the work of Spike Dooley."

"Can you describe him?"

"I can."

"Do so, please."

"He is tall and very slim, hence his nickname 'Spike.' He has red hair, a crooked nose and—"

"You needn't go any further—he's the man!" cried Colonel Pullman. "Now, then, find him; get the paper I spoke of and if I win out in what I am working for, if you make your bill \$10,000 it shall be promptly paid. I forgot to give you my address. At present it is the Broadway Central Hotel."

"Very well. I am ready to undertake the commission," replied Old King Brady, "but what is the nature of the paper you want?"

"Come, I can't tell you that."

"Then what am I to do? You are blocking your own game, colonel."

"But it can't be helped. All I know is that there was a paper deposited in that vault, written in German. I want it. You must contrive some way to get it and you must be quick if your work is to be of any use to me. Already it may be too late."

"I can go right on the job to-night, for I know this man's hold-out. Would it not be well for you to go with me?"

"Very well. So be it, then."

Old King Brady had now worked things around about as he wanted them. But one more thing remained to be done, and that was to call Colonel Pullman's attention to the wrecked door at the head of the cellar stairs, in the hope that he had not already discovered that it had been wrecked and that the discovery would bring from him some admission of value. So he suddenly sprang this upon him, flashing the electric light he was using up the cellar stair.

"Why, somebody has been breaking in here from above," he exclaimed.

"By Jove, yes," cried the colonel. "What does this mean?"

"Fears for the remaining pictures," thought Old King Brady.

"I must lok into this," said the colonel, who also carried an electric flashlight. "You two stay here for a minute. I have busines supstairs."

The colonel ascended the stairs. He paused for a moment to examine into the condition of things at the door, and then passed on out of sight. Suddenly loud shouts were heard.

"Take that, you——"

"Bang! Bang! Then a heavy fall.

"Great Scott!" cried Harry. "The cracksmen must be in the house! Can they have shot him?"

"Follow me!" shouted Old King Brady, and drawing his revolver he dashed up the stairs.

A shot was fired before Harry could gain the door.

"I am an officer! Surrender!" he heard Old King Brady shout.

Harry's foot slipped. He fell upstairs, and in doing so his flashlight slipped from his hand and tumbled down cellar. Anxious to go to the relief of his chief, he did not stop to recover it, but sprang up and dashed through the door. Old King Brady was struggling desperately with a masked man, who had him by the throat, while another was running downstairs. Colonel Pullman lay stretched upon the floor, to all appearance dead.

We have stopped to describe this, but Harry did not stop. He clubbed his revolver and gave the cracksmen a stunning rap. With a fierce imprecation the man let go of Old King Brady and turned on Harry. In so doing he kicked over a stable lantern which stood on the floor and they were in darkness. It was a desperate game now.

Harry dodged the man, and in doing so tripped him up. He fell heavily. Down came his partner, shouting, in the darkness. Two shots were fired. Old King Brady ran right into the man. He caught him by the throat and threw him back against the wall. At the same instant the other was on his feet, shouting:

"Beat it! They are the Bradys!"

The next Harry knew, some one was thrown violently against him. It proved to be Old King Brady. Then they heard the men running down into the cellar.

"Let up on it till I can light the lantern, Harry!" panted Old King Brady. "Are you hurt, boy?"

"Not a bit! And you?"

"Not at all. Here's a match. Pullman's dead, I think. Where's the lantern? Oh, here!"

Harry seized it, while Old King Brady applied the match.

"Now, after them!" cried the old detective, and down the cellar stairs they went on the bound.

But they were too late. The cracksmen had vanished. They chased up into the vacant store to find that the pair had retreated by the back door. Their tracks could be distinctly seen in the snow. To follow was hopeless. Then, there was the colonel to attend to. The Bradys returned. Colonel Pullman lay groaning now.

"They have done for me, all right," he groaned. "Don't you see his red hair? That was your Spike Dooley. I am shot in the lung. I am bleeding to death, I think."

Old King Brady, who is, in his way, something of a surgeon, bent down to examine the man.

"Am I a goner, Mr. Brady?" he asked.

"I am afraid it is so," was the reply. "You have been shot in the left lung, as you say."

"Get a doctor, for heaven sake!"

"Go, Harry," ordered the old detective.

Harry obeyed, and as he departed, Old King Brady added:

"Look here, your case is almost certainly hopeless. You are Ike Wormser. I have been in this house before in the interest of Mr. Behr, and your cousin Charlie Wilton. Better tell what you know of old Wormser's hidden millions. They can never benefit you."

"By heaven, I believe you are right!" said the man, in a faint voice.

"You are Ike Wormser?"

"Yes. Give me a drink—brace me up and I'll tell you all."

CHAPTER V.—What Happened at Lawyer Rumvill's.

Old King Brady stood looking down upon a corpse when Harry arrived with the doctor and the man who blindfolded the Bradys in the cab which had been waiting at the corner for the return of the party.

"Nothing could have saved him," was the report of the doctor, after he had completed his examination of the dead man.

The man from the cab did not seem in the least affected.

"He was a bad one, anyhow," he said, taking Old King Brady aside, adding:

"I hope to goodness, Mr. Brady, you don't mix me up in this."

"Bad he may have been," replied the old detective, "but he had more consideration for you than you seem to have for him. He made me promise that I would not let you get mixed up in it before he died, and it will be so if you make no attempt to steal the pictures at the Broadway Central Hotel, which you have been trying to sell for him to a crook of an art dealer on Fifth avenue." "Say, has he told you everything?" demanded the man.

"Everything."

"I'll be good! Poor Ike! He was all right in his way. May I skin out now?"

"Don't you think it would be a little nicer to wait and take us back where you found us?"

"Sure, if you want it so."

"I do. That's all now. I must settle with the doctor."

And this Old King Brady could well afford to do, for the dying man had bestowed the diamond scarf pin upon him. The doctor, settled with and having satisfied his curiosity as to the affair, remarked that he had long wanted to see the interior of the closed house. Old King Brady, therefore, offered to show him around. They found the remaining pictures tied up on the second floor. Harry got the story in the library after the Bradys were left at their own door by the cab.

"It was just as we thought," said the old detective. "Wormser was after the pictures. He knew nothing of the money. It seems that at the time Mr. Behr sent the \$150 to Denver it was a put-up job of the man himself. He needed the money to stake out a mining claim, and such was his way of getting it."

"All very interesting," said Harry, "but how about the old man's millions? How came the cracksmen to blow the vault?"

"He didn't know," replied Old King Brady. "He came there night before last to get a large picture, and found things in the same condition we did."

"At once he suspected that the cracksmen had been at work. His idea was that they must have suspected the existence of a secret vault."

"He assumed that money had been taken and in order to find out what it amounted to he broke open the desk and overhauled the old man's

papers, finding the diagram and memorandum, which he afterwards tore up in the vault, but there is more to it than that."

"What more?" demanded Harry.

"Why, we didn't get all the paper, it seems. There was a memorandum at the end which stated that Wormser, feeling dissatisfied with the security of the vault, had decided to hide the treasure elsewhere; this on account of the danger of fire. The memorandum went on to state that in the vault a paper would be found stating where the treasure was hidden; this, he assumes, the cracksmen must have found."

"You say assume, governor. Don't you believe they actually did find it?"

"Not Spike Doley and his pal," replied Old King Brady. "I don't believe they ever blew the vault, but that they found it as we found it when they came to do the job."

"And who did blow it, then?"

"Ah!" replied Old King Brady, "that remains to be seen. But we will talk that end of the business over tomorrow, boy, for now I am going to bed."

Next morning, Alice came around to breakfast, anxious to know how the affair turned out. Naturally, she was surprised enough to learn that her Denver colonel was dead. The first thing after the Bradys reached their office, Mr. Behr was notified by telephone of the condition of affairs. Old King Brady said as little as possible.

"You asked me last night, Harry," he said, "what theory I had formed and I did not tell you. It is this: When Ike Wormser went to Rumvill, asking for cracksmen—he knew the man of old—I believe he excited the lawyer's suspicions. Rumvill is rich, but he is a terrible crook, and I know it. I believe he had Wormser watched, and that his men blew the vault and not Spike Dooley. Then who has got the millions, you ask? It is hard to tell; one thing, though, is certain. We will never get them unless we made some mighty quick moves."

"And what are they to be?" inquired Alice. "I have done nothing on the case as yet."

"Then here is your job," said Old King Brady, "and it is a most important one. Go to Rumvill. Pretend to be Wormser's sweetheart. Work him for all he is worth."

"But how? I fail to think of a way, Mr. Brady."

"Don't ask me to do your thinking," was the reply. "I've got my hands full. You, Harry, get down on the Bowery. Spike Dooley has a furnished room at No. —, top floor, according to Inspector Black."

"Right," replied Harry. "And you?"

"I haven't determined my own course yet," replied the old detective.

They separated soon afterward. Alice made up for her part and called at the law office of J. B. Rumvill. Here she found a clerk who immediately began to make "goo-goo" eyes at her.

"You can't see Mr. Rumvill," he said. "He isn't around."

"When will he be in?" asked Alice.

"What is your business?"

"Do you know Colonel Pullman, of Denver?"

"Sure! He is a client of Mr. Rumvill's."

"He was murdered last night. I am engaged to

him. I came to tell Mr. Rumvill. He promised to leave me all his mining stocks and his valuable pictures. I want to know if he has done it."

"Rumvill could probably tell you. Who murdered him?"

"Did you ever hear of the closed house on Hudson street?"

"No; I live in Brooklyn."

"He was found there, shot through the lung; that's all I know."

"I'd like to help you if I can, miss, and mebbe I can. I'll look over Rumvill's papers. I'll tell you a secret, but don't talk about it. The fact is, the boss has turned up missing."

"Is that so?"

"He hasn't been seen in three days."

"What does his wife think?"

"Oh, she's dead long ago. He lives in that big house of his all alone, with the servants. They know nothing about him—at least that is what they claim. If he don't turn up today I shall have to report the matter to the police. So you see how I'm fixed. Can't get the safe open. When I do I'll see if I can find Colonel Pullman's will. Drop in and out often. I shall always be glad to see you."

Alice left the lawyer's office rather puzzled to know what she ought to do in this new and unexpected turn of affairs.

"Perhaps he has got the money and has found it convenient to cut out New York forever," she said to herself.

But then, on the other hand, it seemed just as likely that the lawyer had fallen a victim to his own tactics, if Old King Brady was right, and had been done up by the cracksmen he employed. After some consideration, Alice determined to call at the lawyer's house and question the servants. She looked the address up in the directory and found that it was on West 48th street. Ringing the bell there, the door was opened by a fat woman with the sourest face Alice had ever seen.

"And is it the boss youse wanten see?" she cried. "Sure, he hasn't been home in three days, now, and I know nothing about him. Is it a friend of his you are?"

"Yes, a particular friend," replied Alice, thinking it would help her to pick up points.

The woman had her hat on and her best clothes, evidently. There was a big bundle tied up in newspaper on the table in the hall.

"Well, den, if dat's so youse can just mind the house," she cried, "for it's not meself who will stop here alone any longer."

And with that the cook picked up her bundle and started down the stoop. Alice let her go. She closed the door and began her investigations. The house was indeed finely furnished, but in wretched taste. Alice soon saw enough to convince her that the servants had helped themselves to all sorts of valuables.

She went from room to room to find that drawers had been ransacked and the contents of closets pulled about. It was while she was thus engaged that the bell rang. Alice was upstairs on the second floor then, and by looking out the window she was able to see a rough-looking fellow standing on the steps. Across the way was another of the same sort, who appeared to be watching. So she did not answer the ring, but

continued to watch from behind the shelter of the lace curtains.

"A couple of cracksmen, surest thing," thought Alice. "I wonder if they are thinking of frisking this crib right now?"

Presently one of them ascended the steps and tried the front door, which Alice had left secured simply by the night latch. Presently the fellow produced a ball of wax and quickly took an impression of the lock. Alice saw him put the wax in a tin box, hurry down the steps and go away with his pal.

"They will come to-night," thought Alice. "The Bradys must know of this."

She went down into the library and prepared to depart.

"Now I wonder what secrets that safe contains?" she asked herself, as she passed into the hall where it stood.

The safe was an old-fashioned affair, the kind which opens with a key, seldom seen in these days.

CHAPTER VI.—The Fight in the Dark.

Late that afternoon the two Bradys met on the Bowery, near the corner of Hester street. The meeting was accidental, but it was timely.

"We musn't be seen talking here," said Harry, hastily. "Swing around into Hester street if you want to talk to me."

They turned the corner and entered a doorway. "Now, then, what is it you want?" Harry asked.

"You, for to-night. I hope you haven't made any arrangements which will interfere?"

"Yes, and no. I failed to get a room in the house where Spike Doley lives, which I hoped to do, but I found a fellow who will introduce me to Misery Hall. He says Dooley holds out there pretty often, if he really knows."

"And where is it located?"

"Top floor of an old factory on this street, between Mott and Elizabeth."

"The old one used to be in a cellar on Elizabeth street."

"Yes, I know, but even the beggars and beats of the Bowery don't live in cellars in these days, to say nothing of successful cracksmen, like Spike Dooley."

"Is he so successful, then?"

"So I'm told. Although he continues to live as he always did, they say he has a big savings account and owns property which is in his mother's name."

"He always was a shrewd fellow. I knew him years ago, but I have seen nothing of him since he served his last term in Sing Sing, until I saw him in the closed house last night. I think you better put off your visit to Misery Hall till to-morrow. I have work for you to do to-night."

"What is it?"

"Alice reports that J. B. Rumvill has turned up missing. She went to his house. It has been abandoned by all the servants. While she was there a couple of tough-looking fellows came and took a wax impression of the keyhole of the front door. She is sure they are cracksmen and intend jimmying an old-fashioned safe which stands in the hall."

"Then I suppose I must give up my Misery Hall plan."

"It is just as well. I am more and more convinced that Spike Dooley was only after the paintings and had nothing to do with the cracking of the vault."

"Settled," said Harry. "And what have you accomplished?"

"Nothing. I went to see if I could find Jim Flanagan, a most expert cracksmen of the old sort, whom Inspector Black assured me was in town, but I failed. It has been a day wasted for me."

Such was the plan. And that night, at ten o'clock, the Bradys turned up at Lawyer Rumvill's house. Alice was to join them a little later, she having other business to attend to that evening. Fortunately for their purpose, Alice found a latchkey hanging in the hall which fitted the door. This Old King Brady had duplicated and giving Alice the original he used the duplicate key to let himself in with now. But the key at first would not work.

"There is something wrong with this infernal thing!" growled Old King Brady.

"Can it be that the lock has become hampered through using the false key the cracksmen made?" queried Harry.

"That would argue that the cracksmen are inside," said Old King Brady, "which I can't believe, since the house is dark. Ha! She turns now. Here we go."

Now, the old detective's efforts with the latchkey had been accompanied by more or less noise. It was a fatal blunder. For the house was not deserted, as they supposed.

"The first thing is to get some light on the subject," remarked Harry. "I wonder if Rumvill has gas here or sports electric lights?"

He drew out his own electric flashlight and pressed the button. Nothing doing.

"Bad luck! We shall have to fall back on matches."

Harry was about to strike one when Old King Brady gave a sharp cry and fell heavily to the floor. A heavy blow with a blackjack had been dealt him on the back of the head, out of the darkness. Harry struck his match at the same instant. Two masked men stood facing him. Both made a rush for Young King Brady. Throwing the match down, Harry dodged aside in the darkness. His object was to get behind the two cracksmen, for such they undoubtedly were. He failed. Instantly a flashlight was turned on him. Before he could raise his revolver they had him covered.

"Drop that gun, young feller! T'row up yer hands!" cried a man with a revolver.

There was nothing for it but to obey, for in addition to the revolver the man with a blackjack jumped upon him.

"Don't strike!" cried Harry. "I surrender!"

Harry was then ordered to sit down on a divan, which stood in the hall, and his hands were tied behind him. This done, the man with the revolver lit the hall gas, turning it down low.

"By thunder, we got 'em slick, Dwig!" he remarked. "Chee! when I heard 'em at de door I tort we were up against it, surest t'ing!"

"Here may be more behind 'em."

"Ask de young feller."

"Aw, rats! He'll say de hull perlice force is coming on de double-quick, of course."

"You'll find out who is coming if you carry things too far," Harry quietly remarked.

Dwig took a quid of tobacco out of his mouth and throwing it at Harry the thing pasted itself on his cheek.

"Aw, bite it off!" growled the other. "We don't want to make it any worse for de guy dan we have ter."

He removed the tobacco and wiped Harry's face with a exceedingly dirty handkerchief.

"Now we'll get ter woik," he said.

"Dat's right, Nosey," replied the other. "Woik's de hull cheese wit us to-night."

"Nosey Brown," thought Harry, recognizing the name.

Dwig then went into the parlor and returned with an old bag, from which he drew out a jimmy and a hammer. Old King Brady showed no sign of life. As for the cracksmen, they paid no attention to him and seemed to assume that he was dead. The old safe proved an easy one to crack, but even so it took time. Nosey did the jimmying. He seemed to be pretty well exhausted by his efforts when at last the door yielded and swung back.

"Come on, Dwig," he said, "les' go down into dinin'-room and have a pull at dat dere whisky. It's de best ever. De real mountain dew. I'm as dry as a second-hand wooden Indian, I am."

Dwig seemed to think it would be a good scheme, and they descended the stairs. The moments passed. Evidently they were indulging in more than one drink. It was just then when they had become long overdue that Harry heard a latchkey fitted to the door.

The door swung back and Alice entered. Words can hardly paint the disgust which appeared on her face. But Harry gave her no chance to speak.

"Don't stop to see me free!" he breathed. "Upstairs with you. It will be easier for you to attack the scoundrels from above."

"How many?" whispered Alice.

"Only two. Probably the pair you saw."

"And Mr. Brady?"

"Dead, I'm afraid. He got the blackjack. Don't speak another word."

All this was said while Alice was ascending the stairs. It was well that Harry ordered all haste. For Alice had scarcely got out of sight when footsteps were heard on the basement stairs. It proved to be Nosey returning. For some reason Dwig remained behind.

"Well, young feller, I s'pose you'd have liked a smell of dat medicine," said the cracksmen, thickly. "Blame fine stuff. Old Rumvill knows what's good when it comes to whisky, you bet! How 'bout bonds? All right, hey? Didn't know what you would try to give 'em a twist while I was away."

He bent down over the old detective. Harry thought Alice would act then, but she did not.

"Yes, he's breathing a little," announced Nosey. "Don't t'ink he'll come to, dough. If I did, I'd tie him up. But I must get to woik."

Kneeling beside the safe, he began taking out things. A large box, containing securities, came

out first, which was opened. Then it was a smaller one, from which Nosey took several gold pieces, dropping them on the floor.

"Here's richness?" he chuckled. "Wonder what dem papers is? Bonds, stocks, mebbe. Dem hain't of much use to my kind."

He took up two and proceeded to examine them.

"What are they?" Harry asked.

"Say, you talk too much!" growled Nosey. "Guess I'll gag yer in case you put up a holler."

He did so by tying that same dirty handkerchief around Harry's mouth. Then he returned to his work, picking up the two papers again. At the same instant Alice appeared on the landing, where, resting on a pillar, was an enormous Chinese vase. Such was the situation at that critical moment. The cracksmen was busy plundering the safe. She gave the big heavy vase a shove and it fell down on the burglar's head, knocking him sprawling.

"Quick! quick!" breathed Harry. "Set me free and give me your revolver. The other will surely come now."

And then come tearing up the stairs Dwig, but not until Alice had time to accomplish her purpose. Alice drawing her spare revolver, they waited, and in a moment the cracksmen came. They took him from above on the landing. He did not see them until he was in the hall.

"Hully chee! Wot's all dis?" he cried, as he gazed upon his senseless partner.

Then it was hands up, and they went up.

While Alice held the cracksmen covered, Harry turned the tables on him and tied him hand and foot.

CHAPTER VII.—Turning the Tables on the Cracksmen.

Harry's first attention was devoted to his senseless chief. Old King Brady was breathing naturally enough.

"He'll come around all right," said Harry. "Look to him, Alice. Get out his whisky flask. Bathe his head with it. Now to see what you have done to this man."

"I've killed him, I'm afraid," said Alice.

"Nix on de kill t'ing. Luk at him!" snarled Dwig.

Nosey's face was covered with blood, but his eyes were open. He tried to rise, but Harry pounced on him and tied his hands. His next move was to take the masks from both men.

"Are they the pair you saw, Alice?" he asked.

"They certainly are," replied Alice.

"You are Nosey Brown," said Harry, turning to his last prisoner. "I know you. Are you much hurt?"

"Me nut is cracked, I t'ink," growled Nosey.

Old King Brady moved.

"Harry, he is coming around!" cried Alice.

She was right, and once Old King Brady started to come around he did it quickly. In a few minutes they had him sitting in a chair, in less than ten he had so far recovered himself that outside of the big lump on his head he seemed much as usual.

He looked at Nosey, who was a sight from the blood that had flowed from his various cuts.

"Brown," he said, "you know me well. Your partner and I are strangers."

"Orter know yer," growled Nosey. "You've pinched me twict and sent me up onct."

Old King Brady was silent for a minute.

"I may have a proposition to put to you presently," he then said, "but in the meantime we will go on with the examination of the safe. Harry, get to work. I'll sit here and try to get my wits together. I feel sort of muddle-headed yet."

"I suppose you do," replied Harry. "Just take it easy. I'll do the work."

He and Alice did it together. The contents of the safe proved valuable, ineed. There were government bonds and railroad bonds. But nowhere could Harry find anything of the paper he sought. He so reported to Old King Brady, and the old detective arose.

"Let us carry this fellow into the back parlor," he said. "I want to talk to Brown alone."

They deposited the cracksmen on the back parlor floor, and having closed the door, returned to the hall.

"Brown," said Old King Brady, resuming his seat, "if you know when you are well off you will come over on our side, my man."

"Mebbe I will," replied Nosey. "What do I get?"

"Freedom."

"Tain't enough."

"So you say, but perhaps I know more than you think I do. Perhaps there isn't so much to tell, after all."

"Well, what do yer know, den?"

"That you cracked the secret vault in the cellar of the closed house on Hudson street, for one thing."

"So you say."

"That J. B. Rumvill hired you to do the job."

"Who was tellin' yer?"

"That instead of a million in cash and securities, which you expected to find, you actually found only a lot of old account books and a paper written in German."

"Well, by thunder!"

"You see, I know a lot. You came here to get that paper to-night. That's why you cracked the safe. You let Rumvill walk off with the paper. Afterwards, you were sorry, and you kidnaped Rumvill and put him away. I'm putting it straight, am I not?"

"Say, Boss Brady, I'm beginning to t'ink dat I hain't got so awful much to tell, after all."

"That's about the size of it."

"But if youse get all dem millions, don't you t'ink I ought to come in for some of de dough?"

"I think nothing of the sort. You have practically admitted that I am right. All you can tell me is where Rumvill is hidden. If I can find the paper that won't do me much good."

"Dat's right, boss, but youse haven't found it."

"Did Rumvill tell you it was in the safe?"

"He won't say not'in' one way or de oder, only keeps threatenin' us wit what he'll do when he gets free, and darin' us to put him out of business."

"Yes, that's Rumvill. He'll probably be able to make good his threats, too. He has an immense pull. I'll tell you, for your information, that it is known, that you are the one principally

responsible for his disappearance. Frankly, Brown, I should not want to be in your shoes."

Old King Brady gave the cracksmen a few minutes to chew on what he had been saying, and then returned to the charge again.

"Now, then, to close this session, Brown, I represent the real owner of old Wormser's millions. I will promise you a thousand dollars if you will call at my office any time after we succeed in recovering them, and will set you free, right away, if you will tell me where J. B. Rumvill is."

"Looker here, boss," said Nosey, "I'll split on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That Dwig don't come in on de deal. He's done me ort an' I've had it in for him dis long time. Is it a go?"

"It is," replied the old detective. "I will consent to your condition. You shall be allowed to go and Dwiggins shall be turned over to the police."

"Den dat settles it. Rumvill is tied up in a secret room in de cellar under Misery Hall, where our cracksmen keeps our swag till we can get a chanct to turn it over wit a fence."

It sounded straight. Old King Brady was inclined to believe the man.

"Don't I go free, den?" demanded Nosey, when the old detective made no move.

"Not yet."

"Well, what now?"

"I want your promise that you will keep away from Misery Hall."

"I most soitenly shall. I mean to live up to me bargain, boss."

"What's your right address?"

Nosey gave a Williamsburg address.

"But if you kin help it, don't come dere," he went on to say. "I'm married agin since you knowed me, and me woman hai't got no idea I'm a cracksmen. It would break her heart to tumble, so it would."

And this made it seem all the more certain to the old detective that the man was giving it to him straight.

"I think we can ring off now, Harry," he observed, adding:

"Of course, you mean the Misery Hall on Hester street, Brown?"

"Yair. Know where it is?"

"I do. No. —."

"Yair. That's it."

Old King Brady then set the cracksmen free, and he immediately left the house. The cash and securities were packed up, and Mr. Rumvill's name written upon the wrapper. Meanwhile, Harry went around to the station, and brought two policemen. Dwiggins was turned over to one, and to the other Old King Bradys gave the package, which was sealed, and made the officer give a receipt for it.

It was not yet midnight when all this was accomplished. The Bradys and Alice walked down Broadway, discussing the situation.

"I'm for taking in Misery Hall to-night, Harry, late as it is," the old detective declared.

"I was thinking the very same thing," replied Harry.

"That means I am to be counted out, I suppose," remarked Alice and the old detective said "yes."

Alice said nothing, and they put her on a downtown car at 42d street, and started across town. Not that they intended to go into his new scheme undisguised. As it happened there was no disguise in their own costume room suitable for Old King Brady. They, therefore, went down on the Bowery and called at old Schmitz, the costumer's place. Schmitz soon fixed them off according to their own ideas. Although the joint was known as Misery Hall, to which they were going, it was not a tramp's lodging house by any means. The Bradys were made up in good style, and there was nothing poverty-stricken in their appearance, by any means. This would never have done. They readily located the place, which proved to be an old abandoned furniture factory. The only sign upon the building was a small one alongside this door, which read:

"Ring the bell."

"Well, here's our shop, governor," said Harry. "I have no idea that we will get in without an introduction, and less that we shall be able to accomplish anything after we do get in. It does seem to me that our best hold is to get a wardman and raid the place."

"Don't agree with you," replied Od King Brady. "I introduce no wardman into this case unless I have to. Obey orders, young man, and ring the bell."

The bell was an electric button, which Harry now pressed, and the Bradys stood waiting for what was to come.

CHAPTER VIII.—Captured by Crooks.

There was no answer to Harry's ring.

"Pull right out," said Old King Brady. "We shall have to shadow this place until some one goes in. It is the only way."

There seemed to be no chance to hide, so it was decided that Harry should keep on the move along the block. Old King Brady, feeling that one would attract less attention than two pulled out, saying that he intended to ascertain what lay behind the building if he could. Harry urged against this, saying it would be better to stick together. Old King Brady, however, was stubborn, and he went away. It was not long before Harry saw a well-known confidence man of the cheaper sort coming along Hester street. He fell in behind him, and sure enough the fellow stopped at the door of the old furniture factory. Harry was on hand when he rang the bell. The confidence man pushed the button twice in quick succession, and then, after a brief interval, once again. The door was quickly opened, and the man passed in.

"Now, if the governor would only come," thought Harry.

But the governor did not come. An hour and more passed, and still Old King Brady failed to put in an appearance. Meanwhile, the night was passing. It was slowly after two o'clock. At a quarter to three Harry found himself at the door again.

"I've a great good mind to try it alone," he said to himself.

The thought had scarcely crossed his mind when he saw coming towards him along Hester street, a young man whom he recognized as the very person with whom he had made the broken appointment. This was a young pickpocket of the name of Tom Sanders. Harry stepped out lively and met him before he reached the door.

"Hello, Tom. I went back on you to-night," he said, putting himself in the pickpocket's path.

"Say, Harry, is it you?" replied Sanders, stopping. "I wouldn't never have knowed you. Sure you went back on me. I waited an hour in the cold."

"Couldn't help it, Tom. Everything went different from what I expected. Anyway, I'm not gunning for Spike Dooley now."

"Then what are you doing here? Still want an introduction to Misery Hall? Dere hain't nothing to see dis time of night, except a lot of little rooms and an empty meeting room. The fun's all over long ago."

"Tom," said Harry, taking the fellow's arm familiarly, "do you walk along with me a block or so. I want to talk to you."

"I'm almighty tired, but to oblige——"

"Oh, you know I pay for all I get, Tom Sanders."

"Yes, I know, but just de same I do need some sleep."

"You can sleep to-morrow," replied Harry, as they walked on up Hester street. "Do you know Nosey Brown?"

"The cracksmen? I know there is such a man, yes. I'm not acquainted with him, though."

"Do you know J. B. Rumvill?"

"Sure. Everybody knows him."

"Then you probably know the pull he's got, and what a big thing it would be for you to do him a great favor."

"It sure would, Harry; but what are you driving at, old man?"

"Just this. Nosey Brown has kidnapped Rumvill."

"You don't say! Why?"

"I can't explain that very well. It is enough to know that he has done it. Nosey has pulled out of the job. I have it straight from him that Rumvill is being held a prisoner in a secret room in the cellar of Misery Hall."

"Is dat so? And you want him?"

"I want Rumvill. Can you—will you—help me to smoke him out if he is still there?"

"If I am ketched at it my life won't be woi't t'irty cents."

"I have another reason for asking. Old King Brady came here with me. Over an hour ago he left me and started to see about getting around to the rear of the building. I haven't seen him since. I am greatly worried about him particularly, as he isn't at all well. Have you ever been in the cellar?"

"Never. That's de crackmen's hold out. It hain't in my line."

"Could we get in, do you suppose?"

"It could only be done by the back way. You have to ring the bell to get in at the door, you know, and you are expected to go directly upstairs."

"Do you know anything about the back way?"

"Not a blame thing. All the same, I am willing

to take my chances and go with you if you want to try it."

"I do want to, and I'll pay for all the help you give me. Let's try it from Elizabeth street. There are tenements there which must stand open all night. There is one I went into and through into the back yard. I think the yard butts up against the old furniture factory, but I couldn't be sure, for I don't know how deep the building is."

They went around on Elizabeth street and pushed through into the yard in question. A dead brick wall cut off the rear. There was another wall adjoining on their left, that of a factory of some sort, facing Elizabeth street.

"That's your wall," said Tom. "You can't get in behind de factory from here; yet, to be honest wit you, Harry, I know dere is a way dey come and go secretly, but I'll be blamed if I know where it is."

"Let's go back to the street," replied Young King Brady, "and I'll see if I can't dope it out."

To get into the factory next to the tenement was impossible. This building had fifty feet frontage. Beyond it was another tenement which was half in ruins, and appeared to have been abandoned. The door was a wreck and had been patched with unpainted boards. The windows were all boarded up.

Harry examined the door. It appeared to be secured merely by an ordinary lock. Getting out his skeleton keys, he readily opened it.

"Slide in," he said to Tom. "Quick, before some one pipes us."

With his flashlight, Harry made his way to the back door, which he also opened with the same key. Behind was a yard filled with rubbish. Covering this, they came to a fence from which a board had been removed. Passing through this hole they found themselves in a sort of blind alley, between a fence and a high brick building, which Harry felt sure was the old furniture factory. There was a door here at the foot of a flight of steps, which proved to be locked, and once more Young King Brady got out his skeleton keys.

This lock also proved to be of the same pattern as the others, and Harry quickly had the door open. They paused to listen, and hearing no sound, he flashed his light and saw that they were looking into a cellar of considerable size.

"This is surely the place," said Harry.

They now advanced, but it was only to tumble into trouble first thing, for they had no sooner come alongside the first of the doors on the right than it flew open and three men bounced out, howling foul words at the intruders. Tom Sanders took to his heels. Harry, who was in advance, got no such chance, for he was instantly seized and held, his flashlight falling to the floor. There was light enough from the room, however. Harry could see through the door that it was full of all sorts of plunder.

"Who the mischief are you?" demanded one of the men, a desperate looking fellow, as he shook Harry roughly, at the same time kicking him.

"Let up on that if you want me to answer!" panted Young King Brady.

"Back him against de wall, Mike," said the

other. "I'll hold him covered with de gun. He's a detective, of course."

It was done. With a revolver thrust under his nose, Harry stood helpless. What to do he did not know.

"What brung you here now? Speak up!" cried Mike.

"I found the door open, so I just looked in," replied Harry for want of a better excuse.

"Yer lie! De door was locked. Are you a detective?"

"So you say. Any old thing goes in a case like this."

"Search him, Mike. Dat will tell the story," said the other man.

It was done. Harry's shield was found.

"By thunder he's one of de Bradys!" cried Mike.

"Dis will be Nosey's business, den."

"Surest thing. Shall we keep him till Nosey comes?"

"Keep notin! Say, I'll tell you what; let's lock him in wit' old Rummy and listen to deir talk. Mebbe we'll find out what Nosey's gunning for."

"You sure will, now dat you've given yourself away," was the sneering reply.

"Let's lock him in dere anyway, jest fer luck. What do you say?"

"Well, all right; but looker here, Young Brady, who was your pal?"

"Don't ask me," replied Harry. "I'll never tell you."

They led him further through the cellar, and then raising a concealed trap door, which was secured by a secret spring, Mike called down:

Mr. Rumvill! Oh, Mr. Rumvill!"

There was no answer.

Mike called again, but still there was no response.

"I'll have to go down and wake him," he said.

"Go on, I'll hold Brady covered," was the reply.

Mike accordingly started down a ladder, using Harry's flashlight. He was not half way down when he shouted:

"Why, say, Rummy hain't here!"

"Nosey muster came and sneaked him out."

"Looks like it. I'd give tirty cents to know wit it all means. He's goin' to get us all into trouble wit dis. Tain't no light matter to hold up a guy wit de pull J. B. Rumvill's got."

"Dat's right, but Nosey gets wot he asks fer in Misery Hall."

"What are you after, anyhow, Brady?" demanded Mike after a moment's hesitation. "Tell it out if you know when you are well off."

"It is as you think—Rumvill," replied Harry.

"Who told you he was here?"

"Now you are at it again. I'm not giving my friend away."

"Dat's right, too. I respect a man fer dat. Blamed if I know wot to do wit you."

"His friend will have the cops down on us in no time," suggested the other.

"Go on down dere," said Mike. "Stop dere till we can tink it over. I don't want to butt up agin the Brady bureau."

There was no help for it. Harry had to descend the ladder into the secret room. Mike lighted him down with his own flashlight.

"Let me have that, will you?" called Harry. "I

want a chance to turn myself without breaking my neck."

"Oh, say," cried the other, "he's sure got a gun. We want it. Why didn't we tink of it before?"

"Chuck it on de floor, Brady," said Mike, while his pal held Harry covered.

Young King Brady obeyed. Mike descended the ladder and got the revolver.

"Here, you can keep de light," he said. "I don't want to be hard on yer. However, I hain't noting to do wit dis business, anyway. Dere's others wot'll decide yer fate. You had a right not to come buttin' in here."

"Thanks," replied Harry. "If your joint is pulled, I'll remember your kindness, friend."

"Is it to be pulled?" demanded Mike. "Come, tell a feller."

"It certainly won't be if you will let me go. If Rumvill is gone then there is nothing to pull it for, but it surely will be pulled if you hold me a prisoner here any length of time."

"I'll report de case to de boss," said Mike, and he ascended the ladder, closing the trap door after him.

CHAPTER IX.—Old King Brady in Trouble Again.

Harry had got himself into a most unpleasant fix. Leaving him to make the best of it, we must now look into Old King Brady's case. When the old detective went around the corner into Elizabeth street he was quicker to discern the lay of the land than Harry had been. He at once sized up the situation and was just starting in to try his skeleton keys on the lock of the door of the abandoned house when he heard some one behind it. The old detective dodged to one side and waited. It was fortunate that he was quick about it, for the door was opened almost on the instant, and out came Lawyer Rumvill and a low-sized, thick-set man, whom Old King Brady instantly recognized as an old time cracksmen, who went by the name of "Philadelphia Pete."

They turned down Elizabeth street and walked on at a rapid pace. Of course, if Old King Brady wanted to shadow them there was no chance to communicate with Harry. He decided at once that shadowing was absolutely necessary. For he could read the riddle in but one way, that Rumvill had taken the cracksmen into his confidence and had been set free. Rumvill walked like a man who was much fatigued. At Broadway they waited for a car and rode uptown as far as Fourteenth street. Here they changed to a west-bound car, which came, after a long wait, and rode to Ninth avenue, where they alighted and turned down Hudson street.

"It's the closed house," thought Old King Brady. "It is treasure-hunting and nothing else. How I do wish Harry was here!"

It was not to be, however, and Old King Brady could only trail on, keeping his distance. So certain was he as to their destination that he did not deem it necessary to close in. And he was right. When they reached the old house next door to Wormser's they turned in at the door alongside the store and disappeared.

"Looks as if Rumvill believes the treasure to be in the closed house, after all," thought Old King Brady. "It is up to me to get into close quarters, now."

So he, also, turned in at the door, passed through the hall to the door which led down into the cellar, which he found locked. The front door, we may mention, had been open each time Old King Brady visited the place, for there were people living on the upper floors. Old King Brady tried the door which led into the room behind the store, but that was also locked.

"They must have gone one way or the other," he said to himself. "I'll tackle the cellar first."

He got out his skeleton keys and readily opened the cellar door. There was no light below, nor could he hear voices. He cautiously descended and looked through the hole in the wall into the cellar of the closed house. It was deserted. There was nothing to indicate that any one had been there since the detective's last visit.

Old King Brady hurriedly returned to the hall and tackled the other door. This is easily opened, and hearing nothing, he flashed his light and passed out into the back yard. Here there were fresh tracks in the snow. Old King Brady could see that a board had been removed from the fence, which separated this yard from that of the closed house. He peered through the opening and caught side of his men. There was no fence on the south side of the yard of the closed house. It will be remembered that beyond this was a storage warehouse. This building extended the full depth of the lot. There were several small windows on the ground level, which opened into the cellar of this building. All these windows were guarded by iron bars, and before one of these crouched Philadelphia Pete in the act of sawing away the bars.

"Can that building belong to the Wormser estate?" Old King Brady asked himself.

"Well, boss, here goes another bar," and Pete tossed it on the snow.

"You want to work quick," replied the lawyer. "It is getting very late. We won't have time to finish our operations before they open up the place."

"We've got time to burn. I work quick when I get down to it, Mr. Rumvill."

Pete kept on with his sawing, while talking, and it was not long before he had disposed of another bar.

"How many more are you going to take off?" demanded Rumvill.

Pete thought one more would be sufficient, and again he applied himself to his saw. It was slow work, in spite of what the cracksmen said, but at last the bar joined the others in the snow. Pete then tackled the window, cutting out a pane of glass. Reaching his hand in through the opening, he got at the fastening, and the next moment the window swung inward, on hinges like a door.

"Now, then," said the cracksmen, "the road is clear, Mr. Rumvill. I'll drop down and show a light, so that it will be easier for you to follow."

A moment later and the cracksmen and the lawyer had vanished through the window, leaving Old King Brady free to enter the other yard. Peering in he could see Pete's light down at the front end of a long cellar, which was well filled

with great cases, but to his disgust these prevented him from seeing what the two men were about. This, of course, spoiled the old detective's plan of watching at the window, and he saw nothing for it but to follow his game into the cellar, where he would be at a less advantage, it seemed to him, in case of a struggle. Worse still, once in, it was not going to be possible to get out without moving the cases about; but this could not be helped, so Old King Brady lowered himself through the window and dropped. His landing was not without some noise, but it did not appear to have attracted attention. He could now hear a loud pounding up at the other end of the cellar. It seemed to him that Philadelphia Pete was probably attacking a brick wall with a hammer and cold-chisel. He crept on among the cases and presently came to where he could obtain a view of what was going on.

It was about what he thought. Rumvill was sitting on a box smoking a cigar. Pete, with hammer and cold-chisel, was trying to dislodge a brick in the wall.

"It is Portland cement, and as hard as nails," he growled. "Never saw the beat. If there was only some way of opening the infernal thing."

"The paper distinctly says that the vault was bricked up. There is no mention of any secret spring, according to the translation I got," was the reply.

"Perhaps the man who translated the paper didn't know German any too well."

"The man was a woman. She knew her German, all right."

"Who is she?"

"What difference does it make?"

"I'd just like to know, that's all."

"Well, if you must know," she was Ida Jimstein, a client of mine."

"Ida Jimstein! Man, you were crazy to trust her. She's Spike Dooley's girl."

"Nonsense! Spike would have told me."

"Tell you she is. He's took up wit her recently. She'll sure give the snap away if she sees him."

"Oh, I don't think it will make much difference. The paper is very blind. I don't believe she more than half understood it."

"Likely. She can talk Yiddish, all right, but I don't know how well she knows German. Anyhow, we've got to cut troo this wall, and I doubt if it can be done before daylight."

Thus far Old King Brady heard uninterruptedly, for he was listening intently. Too intently, in fact. He would have done better if he had looked behind him once or twice. If he had looked just then he would have seen three masked men, wearing rubbers, tip-toeing towards him over the cement floor. One held an empty coffee sack, another carried a grip. Their eyes gleaming through the holes in the masks were fixed upon the old detective. Did they recognize him in his disguise. It is doubtful. But they saw in him a man whom they had to bag if they desired to accomplish their purpose. And bagged Old King Brady was, a moment later. They got him without much noise, for to have called out would have done no good. He struggled, but it was unavailing. What little noise there was must have been

drowned by Pete's hammer, for the pounding was kept right up.

"Dis man must be a dummy," whispered one. "He didn't ever squeak."

"Knock him, then," breathed another.

"Nix on der crack ting. Never do it unless I have ter, it brings bad luck. Chee! I didn't look for dis."

"Who are dey? I can't see. You know how shortsighted I am."

"Why, it's old man Rumvill himself and Philly Pete."

"We must jump on 'im hard, den. Pete's a dead shot, so I've heard, Spike."

"Spike!" thought the old detective. "Ida Jimstein has betrayed Rumvill, then. Seems to me it took her a long time to get around to it. Well, well! This desperate game for millions seems to go merrily on, and here I am locked out again. It is a shame."

Old King Brady lay there in despair, as they moved away from him. A moment later he heard a loud voice cry:

"Up hands, youse! Surrender, or you get de gun!"

There was a snarling cry, and then a shot rang out. Two others instantly followed.

"I'm done for," a startled voice exclaimed, and then the sound of a fall.

"Don't kill me, Spike," Rumvill's voice was heard pleading. "I know you, man, in spite of your mask. I surrender. Remember, I have always stood your friend."

"All right, old man, I won't crack yer," was answered. "Shall have to tie yer, dough. Den you can sit and watch while we swipe dem millions. Why didn't yer take me into yer confidence and trust me to do de job? It would have been better all around."

"I wish I had, now," groaned Rumvill. "Instead of that I took up with that scoundrel, Nosey Brown, and trouble enough he's made me."

"I suppose. Here, put yer hands behind yer back till I tie yer. Dat's de talk. Sorry for your disappointment, Rummy. You and me was always friends."

"Hey, Spike, bite off dat talk ting, and get down to biz," spoke another voice. "It will be daylight before we know it. Den where do we get off de cars?"

"Ready now," replied Spike. "But how is it wit Philly Pete?"

"Croaked."

Next moment the pounding began again. It was not only one, however, that was doing the work now, but three.

"This gang are going to win out," thought Old King Brady. "Well, well, it is a spoiled case for me, I greatly fear."

CHAPTER X.—Still After Those Elusive Millions.

If Old King Brady was in despair, when he found himself bagged, so, also, was Harry, when he heard the trap door close upon him. His first act, of course, was to examine the trap door at the top of the ladder. But it was as

he supposed, so arranged that it could not be opened from the under side. Seeing that escape was impossible, Harry returned down the ladder to examine his prison. An old mattress with bedding lay in one corner. There was a rickety table and a chair. The walls were brick, and there was a small fireplace on one side. Against the wall, on the other side, was a rack of many rests reaching from floor to ceiling. Harry saw that the chamber had been constructed as a drying-room for wood used in connection with the furniture making which had been carried on in the building.

The only possible chance to escape, outside the trap door, being the chimney, Harry naturally turned his attention to that. The fireplace was so low that he did not attempt to get a look up the flue, but he ran his head up instead, finding it all too small to give him any chance. As he pulled out his hand soot fell, and with it a folded paper, which was yellow with age. As soon as he saw that it was covered with German writing his attention was riveted upon it.

"Can this be the mysterious Wormser paper?" he muttered.

Sure enough! There was "W. Wormser" signed at the bottom.

He was still working over it and making out a word here and there when suddenly he heard footsteps overhead. Somebody was fumbling with the trap door. Presently he ventured to call:

"Who are you?"

"Harry! Oh, Harry!"

"Alice!" exclaimed Young King Brady, recognizing the voice.

"Be quick!" he called. "If you are caught it spells all kinds of trouble."

The trap door came up then, and there stood Alice in male disguise.

"Now aren't you glad I didn't allow myself to be sidetracked?" said Alice, triumphantly.

"Don't stop to talk," whispered Harry. "The quicker we beat it the better. That pair of crooks have only gone upstairs to see the boss about disposing of me."

They hurried through the cellar, to find the door locked. Harry made short work of it with his skeleton keys, and they pushed on through to Elizabeth street without losing a moment or stopping to say a word.

"Well, of all things, Alice! How did you catch on so slick?" Young King Brady asked now, as he took Alice's arm.

"Well, sir, you ought to be given the satisfaction of being told," replied Alice, "but if you must know I got down to old Schmitz's ahead of you, and was in the other room while you made up. I wasn't going to let you and Mr. Brady go it alone in the condition he was in. You both need a guardian. Where is he, then?"

"You ask me too much," sighed Harry. "It was through trying to find him that I got into that fix. Were you watching us all the time, then?"

"All the time. Bright pair of detectives you two, that you never tumbled."

Alice now went on to explain that she had followed Harry and Tom Sanders closely and had been hiding in the shadows of the blind alley when Tom came flying out. As the pickpocket

left the door open behind him, Alice slipped in and was hiding behind a big piece of machinery when Harry was put away in the secret room, after which she had to wait some little time for the two men to go off upstairs before she could act.

"But all's well that ends well," she added, "and now what shall we do about Old King Brady?"

And now Harry sprung his little surprise upon Alice, showing her the paper.

"You can read it, I hope," he said. "It is more than I can do."

They were over on the Bowery now, and they stopped in front of a jewelry store which was lighted up.

"It is plain enough," said Alice, "but I am like you, I find it very difficult to read German writing."

She puzzled over the paper for some minutes without speaking.

"There is a word here which I can't make out. I think it is Geheimnis, which means secret, but I cannot be sure, still, it comes before the word vault."

"Suppose we go over there and have a look? I am satisfied that Rumvill must have gone there, probably with some cracksmen, and if my theory is correct we shall find the governor on the job."

They went. It was half past four when they hit Hudson street. Harry looked over the big building and saw that it was a warehouse for the storage of furniture.

"Fireproof, according to the ideas of twenty years ago, perhaps," he observed, "but it would hardly be considered so now. I wonder if it still belongs to the estate?"

"Impossible to tell. Let us get into the back yard, behind the vacant store. They would try it at the rear, I suppose."

They found locked doors, as Old King Brady had done, and when they got into the yard there was the board off the fence and the open window to tell the tale.

Harry looked in at the window and saw that boxes had been piled up against the wall beneath it. The descent into the cellar was, therefore, easily made.

"Which side is your vault supposed to be, Alice," Harry asked.

"That is the part I can't make out," replied Alice.

"We will try it in front," said Harry, and they pushed on in that direction.

"Too late!" he exclaimed, as he came around the big case.

For the wall had been torn away, and sure enough a secret vault lay exposed. It was entirely empty.

"Help! Help!" a voice feebly called.

"Hello! Who have we here?" cried Harry, looking around, but seeing nobody.

A moment's search revealed an elderly man lying bound upon the floor.

"And who are you?" demanded Harry, who did not know the lawyer.

"No matter who I am. Set me free," was the reply.

"Can't do it unless you tell your name. We are detectives. Burglary has been committed here. We must know all."

"Harry!" called a voice from the distance.

"The governor!" exclaimed Harry. "Here he is on the job, just as I suppose!"

Then there was a hunt, for Old King Brady had been put in behind a mass of cases. They found him with his head still bagged, and when they released him he began to sputter, his talk being directed against himself.

"And who bagged you?" demanded Harry, as soon as he could get in a word.

"Who? Well, who do you suppose? Spike Dooley, if you please. Oh, these cracksmen! They have given me a fine old twist in this desperate game for millions."

"But did they get their millions?" demanded Alice. That's what we want to know."

"Sure, they did. Carried the swag off in a trunk. But we must act. Rumvill is here, somewhere, and also Philadelphia Pete dead."

"Dead! I saw no dead man!" cried Harry. "Who shot him, then?"

"Spike Dooley, to be sure. At least I suppose so. It may have been one of his pals, however."

"Gentlemen, for Heaven's sake, set me free," croaked a dismal voice. "I shall be dead, too, if you don't come to my relief."

"That's Rumvill," chuckled Old King Brady. They went around to the vault.

"Well, Mr. Rumvill, you don't know me, I suppose?" the old detective remarked.

"No, I don't," snapped Rumvill. "Another detective?"

"I am Old King Brady, my friend. Although I was fool enough to let myself be captured by the cracksmen, I was on the job before they came, and know all about your doings along with Philadelphia Pete."

"You do, eh?" cried the lawyer, in a wheedling tone. "Now, look here, Brady, don't let you and me quarrel. It won't pay."

"Where's Pete's body?"

"They took it away. I don't know what they did with it."

"Set him free, Harry," said the old detective. "Let's give him a chance to show his gratitude, if there is any in him."

Harry then cut the lawyer's bonds.

"Now, then, Rumvill," said Old King Brady, "I am going to let up on you and keep the matter quiet if you are disposed to do the right thing, for I represent the rightful owners of this treasure. And to make you better disposed to do the right thing," he added, "I am going to tell you a story, just to convince you that you really are under obligations to the Brady Detective Bureau, as matters stand to-night."

The story was that of the robbery in the lawyer's house, of course. Rumvill was much disturbed.

"Those scoundrels captured me and locked me in a secret room under Misery Hall," he said. "I had to make the deal I did with Philadelphia Pete in order to escape."

"Yes, but you hired Nosey Brown to blow the vault next door, thinking the treasure was there," replied the old detective, adding:

"No use, Rumvill; you can't clear your skirts if you try. But enough of this. Can you help us—will you help us? Speak."

"Brady," replied the lawyer, "I think I can. All I know shall be at your service, and if it

leads to the recovery of old Wormser's millions, I shall be glad."

CHAPTER XI.—Trying to Trail the Millions.

The story told by J. B. Rumvill was so close to Old King Brady's theory of the case that it scarce needs reviewing. Ike Wormser had known the lawyer in former years, and upon his return to New York with fake mining stocks for sale he naturally looked him up to help him do the selling. Thus he came to make a confidant of the man, and when he conceived the idea of stealing the valuable paintings in the closed house and wanted a couple of cracksmen to help him do the job, he again turned to the lawyer for help, and Spike Dooley was recommended.

Then it was that word of the probable existence of a secret vault in the cellar came to him, and the lawyer, cutting in ahead of Spike, who had offended him, broke into the vault by the aid of Nosey Brown, finding only the paper and the old account books. The rest followed as a natural sequence. The lawyer was locked in by Nosey, rescued by Philadelphia Pete, and now came the end, when the Bradys rescued him again.

"What we want now is Spike Dooley," said Old King Brady, "and it is up to you to help us get him, Rumvill."

It was nine o'clock next day when Old King Brady and Harry turned up at the office. Alice was already on hand and just as the old detective supposed, nothing had been heard from Rumvill. Harry was despatched to his office, but he returned with word that Mr. Rumvill had been there, but had been called to Chicago on important business, which was likely to detain him several days.

"I think I'll look up Nosey Brown," said Old King Brady, at last. "That would seem to be my best hold. At all events I can think of no better plan."

"I'm going for Tom Sanders," added Harry. "He don't amount to much, but he does know the Bowery crooks."

Thus they talked and planned. Old King Brady now went to the Williamsburg address given him by Nosey Brown, scarcely expecting to find the cracksmen there at that hour of the day. It was on South Second street, near Roebing. The old detective expected to find a tenement, but instead, he located the number of a neat cottage, freshly painted, with lace curtains, and Christmas wreaths in the windows—all very fine. A bright little woman came to the door.

"I am looking for Mr. Brown," said the old detective. "Does he live here?"

"He does, sir," replied the woman.

"Is he in?"

"He is. What is the name, please?"

"Say to him that Mr. Brady wants to see him on particular business."

She showed Old King Brady into a tastefully furnished parlor, where everything was as neat as wax.

"I will tell my husband you are here," she said, and away she went.

Old King Brady sat waiting, wondering if the cracksmen would come or take to his heels. He

felt that it was a toss up, but the case was soon decided by the appearance of Nosey himself. The cracksmen wore a velvet smoking-jacket, and looked as near the gentleman as a man of his character and general appearance was capable of doing. He closed the door carefully, and asked Old King Brady what brought him there.

"Not to pinch you, Brown," was the reply. "Another hand in this desperate game for millions has been played, and I have lost. I come to you for help and advice."

"You shall have both," replied Nosey, speaking now like an educated man, for such he actually was, as Old King Brady subsequently learned. "I am after that thousand dollars if it is to blow my way."

"Listen, then, to what has happened," replied the old detective, "and you will be better able to judge what you can do."

And he went on to tell the story of the adventures of the night.

"You had a narrow escape," said Nosey, then. "Spike Dooley is a bad one; in fact, he's the limit, but there isn't much to choose between him and Philadelphia Pete. I don't want to discourage you, Mr. Brady, but I am greatly afraid that you will never see old Wormser's millions."

"But, still, all we can do is to play the game to a finish. What do you suggest?"

"There are two suggestions which I can make. One is to shadow this Ida Jimstein, if you can find her, but she is a very elusive character, and it may take considerable time."

"And this other suggestion?"

"Spike has lived on the Bowery for the last few months, because it suited him to do so, but he formerly lived in the Bronx, where he owns several houses, which stand in his mother's name. He was formerly a carpenter and had a shop on Tremon' avenue—I forget the number—but it was near Wood street. It may be that he has taken the trunk there, or to his mother's house, which is close by. It seems to me that it is the most likely thing for him to do. That is as far as I can help you by suggestion. I can go on a hunt for the man, however, but it is doubtful if it amounts to anything. He will be sure to lay low for a while, anyhow."

The old detective concluded that he had no further immediate use for Nosey Brown.

"I will get busy in the Bronx," he said. "Meanwhile do you keep your eyes and ears open. Communicate with me at once if you hear of the man."

Receiving Nosey's promise to this effect, Old King Brady left the house. The old detective at once started for the Bronx. He found it a difficult matter to locate Mrs. Dooley. At last, however, Old King Brady found a mason-builder who set him right.

"I was told that it was near Wood street they lived," said Old King Brady.

"It used to be called Wood street, but the name was changed some five years ago," was the reply.

And with this information Nosey Brown's suggestion seemed to fall flat.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

While Old King Brady was working Williamsburg, Harry got busy on the Bowery, endeavoring to locate Tom Sanders. The detectives visited all his old haunts, but in vain.

"What about trying Chinatown?" suggested Alice. "Does Tom Sanders ever hit the pipe?" "It is more than I can tell you," replied Harry. "but I have often suspected it. Suppose we visit Quong Lee and see what he knows."

Now, Quong Lee is the keeper of an opium joint on Chatham Square and is a great friend of Old King Brady's. But Quong Lee, with every disposition to help them, knew nothing of Tom Sanders.

"He might hittee pipe in my place. I no can say," he declared, adding:

"But tellee me more about de case, Hally! meb-be me see some way to help you out."

Feeling that it could do no possible harm, Harry according told Quong Lee the whole story. When he came to mention Philadelphia Pete, the old dive-keeper cheered up.

"Me hab it!" he cried. "Me know Moll him gal."

"There, Harry," said Alice. "I told you Quong Lee would help us out."

"Quong Lee always hellup out de Bradys, so he can," chuckled the old dive-keeper.

"But nnext ting is to findee Moll," he added. "Me go wid you."

So, in company with Quong Lee, Harry and Alice visited one opium joint after another. At last, in a cellar on Mott street, sure enough they located the woman Moll. She was in a pretty shaky condition.

"There she is," said Quong Lee, pointing her out in the bunk in which she was lying. "Missy Alice better talkee to her. Come away, Hally. We no can do good."

The suggestion seemed all right, so Harry returned with Quong Lee to Chatham Square. Alice went to the bunk, and drawing up a stool, sat down.

"I am a woman in disguise," she said, in a low voice. "I want to talk to you about your lover, Philadelphia Pete."

This pointed speech commanded the attention of the woman immediately.

"What about him?" she whispered. "Has he got another girl? Has he given me the shake?"

"Worse than that."

"Worse! How worse?" breathed the woman, her pale face becoming paler still. "Don't tell me that Pete is dead!"

"I must tell you so, for such is indeed the case."

Moll burst into tears. It was some time before Alice was able to quiet her, but she succeeded at last. Then Moll wanted details, and got them. Alice told her that she was a detective, and related just what had occurred. Moll braced up at once.

"Let Spike Dooley look out for himself!" she cried. "If I can put him on the electric chair I'll do it."

"Can you help me to find him, then?" demanded Alice. "By doing that you will help carry out your own plan."

"I think I can and if I can I will," was the reply.

And Moll asked if Alice was a police detective.

"No; Brady Bureau," replied Alice.

"Give me a few days to straighten up. Leave me your card, and I will surely bring you word where you can find Spike Dooley."

"But it is of the highest importance that we find him at once. There are strong reasons, which I cannot tell you, why he will be likely to jump the town. The sooner you act the quicker we shall be able to land Spike Dooley in the electric chair."

"I know where Spike hangs out, Miss Montgomery, but I am not going to tell you, for I swore I would never breathe it, and I never go back on my word."

"Then, how can we get at it?"

"I can guide you there, I suppose, but I am in pretty poor shape to do it to-day."

Moll accordingly got up and prepared herself for the street. Once they got outside, Alice explained that she had to meet Harry. Moll, now that she started, raised no objection, for she was desperate enough to do anything. Harry spoke to her soothingly, but she seemed afraid of him and clung to Alice, whose arm she had taken. They pushed across town to the Worth street station of the subway, and there started for the Bronx.

Old King Brady reached the Bronx ahead of his partners. Indeed, the old detective had just about reached the conclusion that he would have to give up locating Spike Dooley, when all at once he saw coming towards him the outfit from Chinatown. It was Harry and Alice with the woman Moll in tow. Harry and Alice failed to see him, and when they finally did join him it came all as a surprise.

Moll directed their movements. They descended to the lower ground to the left of Tremont avenue, and passing out of the inhabited section, came upon a long stretch of vacant lots. Here Moll halted.

"I shall go no further," she declared. "Do you see that old mansion away over there?"

"I do," replied Alice.

"Well then, that is the place. In that house a whole nest of cracksmen are living at the present time, and Spike Dooley is one of them."

"I am sure I am a thousand times obliged to you," said Alice, giving the girl her card. "If you will call at the office any time we will settle with you."

Moll then turned back, passing Old King Brady. The old detective hurried on and joined his partners.

"What, you here, governor!" Harry exclaimed. "How did you make out?"

"Not at all. My work was an utter failure. Looks as if yours might be more successful."

They walked on. Old King Brady at once braced up to the situation and began to lay plans for besieging the house.

"We must jump on them," he said. "No time to bother with the police. Have your revolvers ready, and we will go at these cracksmen boldly. It is the only way."

"But don't you think," said Harry, "that one

of us ought to go ahead and spy out the land? It seems so to me."

"I certainly do. Suppose you take that for your job?"

Harry accordingly pushed rapidly ahead. As he drew near the old house he saw that it was very nearly a wreck. Through a window Harry could see a woman cooking at a stove.

"This house will have to be attacked fore and aft if we hope to make a success of it," Harry said to himself, and he turned back, hurrying on till he joined Old King Brady and Alice.

"Well?" demanded the old detective, "how does the land lie?"

"Favorably enough for our purpose, I fancy. The doors are open front and rear. I saw nobody but a woman in the kitchen," Harry replied.

As they came up to the house it was settled that Alice go in at the rear and hold up the woman, while Old King Brady and Harry made their entrance at the front. Waiting only to give Alice sufficient time to get around the house, the Bradys boldly entered, opening the first door they came to. They had scarcely closed it when they heard the woman scream. At the same instant a door on the right opened, and out bounced two fellows whom Old King Brady recognized as desperate cracksmen.

"Oh, bags! It's Old King Brady!" one cried, and he instantly drew a revolver and fired.

The shot was a miss. Not so the return which came from Harry's revolver. It took the man in the right arm, and he dropped his weapon, with a howl of pain. Old King Brady closed in on the other, and it was a case of hands up.

Alice came in from the rear at that moment. "The woman has split," she said. "Spike Dooley is in bed on the next floor in front."

It was so, and there they found him. The cracksmen was awakened out of a sound sleep, to find himself a prisoner.

"And is it the trunk youse want?" he snarled. "Sure you'll find what's left of it in the front room downstairs. It's full of stones."

"Stones!" cried Old King Brady.

"Yes, stones," growled Spike, "which me and me partners were after lugging all de way up here to de Bronx. Let me get at me pocket and I'll show you where old Wormser's millions is."

He got up, felt in a pocket, and produced a paper, on which was written in English:

"After all, I have decided that the best place for my wealth is the Eagle Safe Deposit Co. Mr. Behr can claim it any time, as they have my instructions to turn it over to him.

"W. Wormser."

And such was the singular ending of this desperate game for millions. Spike Dooley went to the electric chair for the murder of Philadelphia Pete. Nosey Brown got his thousand dollars for information given, while young Charles Wilton came into millions through the successful termination of the case of The Bradys and the Cracksmen.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BRADYS IN THE COAL MINES; or, THE MYSTERY OF SHAFT NO. 10."

CURRENT NEWS

GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE

Farmers in West Texas are fencing in their fields with fences six inches high. Grasshoppers have pestered them for so long that they have had to take measures against their inroads. The ordinary flying grasshoppers cannot be kept out, but the "beasties with the big green eyes" that grow in Texas, called "jumpbos," because of their weight, are unable to jump more than five inches from the ground and so cannot surmount the emergency fences. Over thirty-seven miles of this novel fencing has been set up.

BEAVERS REBUILD DAM

An old beaver dam near Bellefonte, Pa., was faulty from neglect and farmers nearby had planned to make repairs, when a colony of beavers selected the place for habitation, pounced on the repair work and completed it, the dam being reconstructed throughout, about 200 feet in length, and from 4 to 10 feet high.

The beavers now have their own new and happy home, the surplus waters in the stream are held back, the farmers have a fine lot of water for their use and the boys will find the pond a fine place for winter skating.

PREACHER MAKES PLEA FOR SUNDAY ELECTIONS

A suggestion that all elections be held on Sunday has been made by the Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, dean of the Protestant sects, Mooseheart, Ill.

"It would be eminently fitting," he said, "for America to appoint her election days on Sunday. It would be a fitting observance of the Sabbath. It would lift the election duty into the atmosphere of highest service and worship. Many thousands who are so tied up during the week that they cannot get to the polls would be free to express their will for the country."

BOYS, READ THIS!

THE GREATEST DETECTIVE STORIES EVER WRITTEN ARE PUBLISHED IN
"MYSTERY MAGAZINE"

Read the number out today on all newsstands. It contains GEORGE BRONSON-
 HOWARD'S detective novelette

"THE HOODWINKERS"

It is full of exciting incidents and contains a dandy plot.

All You Radio Bugs, Read "DRAWN TEETH"

A story of roughnecks in the underworld, written by JOE BURKE.
 WJZ recently Broadcast It on the Air

It must have been a good one for that great station to use it.

And Don't Miss the Two-Part Serial

"THE FORBIDDEN ROOM," by Edward L. Bennett

It zips along crowded with mystery and adventure from the first
 to the last chapter.

Do You Want Your Character Read Free of Charge?

Send LOUISE RICE a sample of your writing and she will tell you your best points
 in life, advise what is best for you and help you a whole lot.

BE SURE TO READ THE SHORT STORIES

"Button! Button!" by Paul E. Triem; "Reunion," by Laurence D'Orsay; "The Hypnotic
 Mystery," by Earl W. Scott; "The Clue in the Watch," by Carl G. Hodges,
 and "Mixed Trails," by Freeman Harrison.

In Addition There Are Numerous INTERESTING ARTICLES

They cover all sorts of police and detective cases in real life, and
 cannot fail to please you.

Get a Copy—Show It to Your Friends—You Will Like It!

THE EDITOR.

BILL AND THE BOSS

— Or, —

The Boy Who Saved the Firm

By TOM FOX

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER I.—(Continued).

"Morning nothing!" roared the mate, kicking Bill on his naked body. "You don't stay here till morning, you son of a thief! Git out of this right now!"

It was cruel. The night was cold and raw, and it threatened snow.

Poor Bill was shaking with cold later on as he climbed over the *Polly's* side, dodging a blow from the mate's clenched fist, which if he had got it would surely have sent him into the canal.

Bill had struck hard luck, but, as it sometimes happens in this world, out of hard luck comes good luck.

It was to be so with Bill, and indirectly through the mate's mean trick he was destined to tumble directly into a job without even leaving the banks of the dirty canal.

Bill crawled along the stringpiece of the canal, as it was impossible to pass through or over the piles of brick under the big shed, and at last, after following the canal around a turn, struck the Third street bridge.

There was no watching bridge tender at night in those days, for after seven o'clock the bridge was never opened.

It was now half-past twelve, and there was not a soul in sight.

Bill stood at the end of the big iron structure and looked down into the dark waters of the canal.

In the lot on his right was an oil yard with two huge tanks and one brick refining house.

Looking down Third street, he could see a big planing mill, a marble yard, and shabby frame buildings, various and sundry.

On the other side of the bridge—that is, up Third street toward Third avenue—there was nothing but vacant lots.

Bill shivered with cold and shuddered with despair and the loneliness of his situation.

He knew nothing of Brooklyn. He had not the faintest idea what to do or where to go.

"Upon my word, I've got a great mind to jump into the canal and end it all," he said to himself.

The water looked not only cold, but dirty.

The thought was merely a passing one. Bill Blaine was not at all the sort of fellow to commit suicide.

"Anyhow, I won't drown myself in a sewer like this," he thought. "If I've got to walk the streets all night I may as well be at it. There must be something better to Brooklyn than this hole, and if I look long enough I may find some lodging-house where they will trust me for a bed."

He was just about to start down Third street

when his attention was suddenly arrested by hearing a footfall on the bridge on the other side.

Any company was better than none. He had his share of the natural curiosity of a boy, and he peered through the iron framework of the bridge to see who the newcomer might be.

The footsteps had ceased to be heard.

There stood a man dressed in shabby garments at the other end of the bridge, and on the other side from Bill, peering down into the dirty, oily water, just as our hero had been doing himself a minute before.

The gas lamps at the ends of the bridge flickered in the wind, but there was light enough for Bill to catch a glimpse of the face of the stranger.

He was a man about twenty-five years of age, and apparently a foreigner.

The face was a remarkable one in many respects, and particularly on account of the unusual size of the nose.

Bill changed his mind. He did not like the man's looks and concluded not to ask his advice about looking up a place to sleep, as he had thought of doing, so once more he started down Third street.

He had scarcely gone ten feet when he heard a loud splash, and following instantly upon it came a smothered cry for help.

Bill turned and ran back on the bridge.

The man had vanished, but a second glance revealed him struggling in the foul waters of the Gowanus Canal.

Bill paused.

Bill Blaine was a "natural born" swimmer—one of those who feel just as much at home in the water as they do on land.

Luckily for the repentant suicide—for such the stranger was—Bill's swimming practice had been had in the cold water on the coast of Maine.

Thus the Gowanus Canal in November was not much worse than Penobscot Bay in July.

But on this Bill did not stop to reason at all.

"Help! Save me!" shouted the man, and there was none but Bill to hear, for this part of the canal was singularly empty that night, and the nearest craft was the *Polly* around the bend.

As for watchmen, there were very few employed around the bend.

"What are you about? Trying to commit suicide?" cried Bill, looking over the bridge rail.

"Yes; but I've changed my mind!" shouted the man. "I want to live! Save me, boy, if you can!"

We have given this reply in good English, but actually it was so broken that Bill could not more than half understand what the man said.

He understood, however, that he wanted to be saved, and that was enough.

One kick sent Bill's shoes off; it took only a second to loosen the strap which held his trousers, and as they dropped his coat went flying, and there remained only the undershirt, which came over his head like lightning.

Bill did not mind the cold plunge, but he did object to wet clothes at the end.

Springing on the rail like a monkey, he dove into the canal just as the man threw up his hands and sank.

To be continued.)

BRIEF BUT POINTED

BOBS HER HAIR AT 102

Celebrating her birthday in a manner befitting the times, Mrs. Jane Williams, 102 years old, of Harrisonville, O., has had her hair bobbed.

Mrs. Williams's parents came from England. Her father fought in the Revolutionary War and was killed while assisting in the construction of the Erie Canal in New York ninety-seven years ago. Mrs. Williams has a fine growth of hair, and in order to comb it more easily decided to have it bobbed.

Bobbed hair, in the opinion of the aged woman, is a step forward in the life of women. Mrs. Williams expects to live to a "ripe old age."

PARROTS LIVE THIRTY YEARS

Of the twenty commonly known varieties of parrots, the most talkative ones, according to George Bruce Chapman, head of a London house that has imported and sold the birds for more than 100 years, are the Brazilian Amazon and the African Gray. The former has bright blue and yellow feathers and red ties to the shoulders and flight wings. The African Gray has a red tail. Brazil natives watch the nesting places and when the fledglings are a few days old, the feathers of one of the wings are trimmed. Later these birds are easily captured, placed on perches and taken to the nearest village. Fanciers say that the birds should be fed twice a day, and if given proper care will live thirty years.

330 POUNDS OF DIAMONDS BEING SOLD BY SOVIET

The Russian newspaper *Rul*, printed in Berlin, published the statement that Soviet Ambassador Krestinsky is handling the sale of 330 pounds of diamonds which were confiscated by the Soviet Government and which are being sold through agents in Paris, New York and London.

It is stated that a large number of diamonds are being smuggled into the United States through Canada by women employees. According to the newspaper, the diamonds on sale are held in the Kremlin at Moscow and are released only upon the signatures of five members of the Political Bureau of the Communist Party.

The *Rul* declares that international jewelers and diamond merchants are uneasy concerning the jewels in Soviet hands and that the Belgian and Dutch Chambers of Commerce have already boycotted gems bought from Soviet agents.

The quantity of diamonds in the possession of the Soviets is so great, the *Rul* estimates, that it will require a decade to sell them unless they are sacrificed.

HAWAII'S LAKE OF FIRE

Recent visitors to the rim of Halemauaha's Lake of Fire, the spectacular exhibit of the Hawaii National Park, and probably the greatest single scenic attraction in the world, have been treated to a new thrill. Little whirlwinds start down in the pit on the surface of the liquid lava and climb up the walls, maintaining a diameter of only six inches, but reaching a height of 20

feet. These whirls circle around the rim and will pull a hat from a visitor, sail it out over the Lake of Fire a few moments and then carry it high in the air and drop it carefully on the floor of the outer crater, sometimes with 200 feet of its owner. As yet not a single hat has dropped into the Lake of Fire. The vicious snapping of the whirls cause the visitors to keep well back from the rim, but now and then a hat gets loose and furnishes a thrill for every one. At night the steam cloud hanging over the pit is brilliantly illuminated during periods of lava flows, and at other times is lighted momentarily from the flashes of the fountains through which the fresh lava is poured out over the surface of the lake.

PLANTS THAT ENTERTAIN ANTS

Among the most curious and interesting of natural phenomena are those pertaining to the mutual relationships of common organisms. Two plants, two animals or a plant and an animal may live together for their mutual benefit. Very often one of the parties gets food for the combination, while the other receives protection. This is the arrangement that subsists between some tropical plants and certain species of ants which live and feed in their hollow stems, and in return drive away other insects that would do damage.

These insects, even in the temperate zone, play an important part in the economy of nature, but this becomes quite notable in the tropics. In tropical America the so-called "leaf cutters," or "parasol" ants, are to be regarded as the most redoubtable enemies of vegetation. Besides such means of protection against these enemies as fibrous structure, disagreeable secretions, etc., it has been proved that some plants have relations with certain warlike species of ants which almost completely protect them from the "leaf cutters." This is held to be the most interesting instance of myrmecophily.

Two species of acacia are the best known examples of this order of things. They have highly developed hollow thorns that serve as a refuge for a definite species of ferocious ants that pierce an entrance to them near the end.

But plants of this kind are not content with offering a mere asylum to their defenders. They also provide nutriment. At the ends of the leaves of these acacias we find small bodies, egg-shaped or pear-shaped, that are carefully garnered and eaten by the ants.

The *Vecropias* are remarkable trees, very widely distributed throughout the tropics. Their slender trunks are crowned with four leaves at the ends of the branches. A few active ants run continually along the branches and leaves, but if the tree is shaken slightly an army of ants rush out by small apertures, ready for a savage assault on the intruder. This is the most terrible guardian that the tree has retained to protect it from its most formidable enemy, the "leaf cutter" ant. The defenders rarely leave their retreat, where they live on small whitish egg-shaped bodies about one-twelfth of an inch long, known as Mueller's corpuscles.

FROM EVERYWHERE

THOUSANDS OF FISH SAVED AS POOLS DRY UP

The Louisiana Conservation Commission, with the assistance of the Federal Bureau of Fisheries, saved 775,300 fish from death in St. Martin Parish, New Orleans, La., alone from August 6 to September 6, according to a report of the commission on its work to overflow pools which were drying up because of the drought.

Game fish to the number of 157,025 were transferred to streams in East Carroll Parish, in the northeastern part of the state, and in Calcasieu Parish, in the southwest. Commercial fish numbering 618,275 were planted in running streams in the vicinity where they were rescued.

SEA SNAKES SEIZE SHIP

Although sea serpents are now generally conceded to belong only to the world of fables, there are approximately fifty species of snakes that make their home in salt water, some of them attaining a length of several feet. They are poisonous, according to *Popular Mechanics*, and although timid under ordinary conditions have been known to attack savagely when disturbed. When the steamship *Ikala* dropped anchor in the Straits of Madagascar not long ago, it aroused a school of salt-water reptiles that swarmed on board, crawling up the chains and hawsers. The ship was reported to have been held up several days before the snakes could be driven away. In many respects these reptiles resemble the land varieties, but have broad paddle-shaped tails, which enable them to swim rapidly after small fish.

THIS WORM THRIVES IN ICE

A species of worm that lives only in ice and cannot withstand even the heat of a human hand has been found and photographed by a scientific expedition that recently went into the Olympic Mountains, Wash.

The ice on Dodwell-Rixon Pass in the Olympic was found literally alive with these worms. They are black, thin and about half an inch long. When the sun is out they crawl into the interior of the ice, where the temperature is lower. Scientists with the party said that so far as they knew these worms never had been found before in the United States.

While the worms were photographed, it was impossible to get any of them out of the mountains alive. When the ice surrounding them begins to melt they die immediately. What they live on is still a mystery.

BOY TRAPPED IN TREE BY ELECTRIC CURRENT

Trapped in a tree charged with hundreds of volts of electricity on Greendale avenue in the Green Court development to-day, Valentine Becker, a 12-year-old boy, of 18 Beekman avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y., was in imminent danger of death for several minutes until the power in two lines was shut off. Then Valentine was able to

climb down to the street. He was not hurt, despite his nerve-racking experience.

Valentine had gone seeking horse chestnuts with several companions. He selected a tree and climbed up among the branches. Suddenly he found himself "fastened" to the tree. He could move but slightly. His cries attracted people in the vicinity, who saw that the tree was charged, and a hurry call was sent to Police Headquarters. Chief Atwell and Patrolman Gleason hastened to the scene, while Lieutenant Curtis called the Westchester Lighting Company.

In the meantime, however, Roy G. Hyer, superintendent of construction of the company, was appraised of the boy's predicament. He shouted to Valentine to remain quiet and not attempt to pull himself away. Then Mr. Hyer telephoned to the company offices and gave instructions that the power be shut off.

WONDERS OF THE OCEAN

It is now proposed to make a comprehensive survey of the ocean by the United States Navy and exhibit the wonders of the "buried continents," as interesting if not more so than those exposed to sunlight, by photographs and maps and descriptions of life and activities of the depths.

One of the greatest oceanographers has said that the oceans, which cover five-sevenths of the surface of the globe, provide more food for man than does the land.

At a conference of scientists and officials interested in the proposed inventory of the ocean, Dr. Burrows said:

"We are interested in the sea because of the rich fertility of the sea. There are what may be called, perhaps, muds of the sea, huge swarms of microscopic organisms, plants and animals dwelling in the upper levels of the sea that feed the fish you all like to eat."

The comparatively recent inventions of the radio have changed the means of studying the ocean depths. Formerly, a lead was sunk to get depths; this was not accurate because the sway of the line, sometimes miles in length, depended upon unknown currents in the deep. Such measurements are now made with a sonic instrument, based upon the length of time it takes for an echo to return from the bottom after the explosion of a bomb on the water's surface. Not only is the accuracy greater, but the speed of taking sounding is immensely increased.

Motion pictures may be made of the inhabitants and landscapes. Powerful lights will aid the photographers to get the marvelous "landscapes"—great valleys, plains and peaks, rivers, caves, and precipices. There is far more variety of "scenery" in the ocean than there is upon land, for the loftiest mountain, Mt. Everest, is only 29,141 feet, while the greatest depth of the ocean is 31,614 feet—in the Pacific, near the Island of Guam.

Movie films of the depths of the ocean may disclose greater mysteries than if Mars had opened a line of communications equal to the mind of the most imaginative astronomer.

GOOD READING

EARNING LIVING AT 97

Earning her own living by knitting lace at ninety-seven, although so badly crippled by paralysis that she is bedridden, is the record of Mrs. Martha Clemens, who resides at Eldersville, in the northern section of Washington County, Pa.

This aged woman is so skillful with her needle and her lace is of such a fine quality that she is unable to supply her many patrons. She finds great satisfaction in her work and declares that life is still pleasant, in spite of her handicaps, although she has been an invalid, confined to her bed, for the past eight years.

FOUR-FOOT WATER SNAKE INVADES CAPE MAY YACHT

A four-foot water snake was found in the schooner yacht *Elizabeth*, belonging to J. M. Lister, of Haverford, Pa., as she lay in the harbor. Fred Walker, the cook, who made the discovery, lost no time in going over the side and rowing to the fish dock near by. There he appealed to Captain Hurley Boyd of the fishing trawler *Maud J.*, who sent Herman Olsen, a seaman, to aid Walker. Armed with a belaying pin, Olsen found the snake coiled in a dishpan and quickly killed the reptile.

Captain Boyd, speaking in the light of his experience on cruises which have taken him all over the world, said the snake probably crawled aboard the *Elizabeth* as she lay off Lewisetta, Del., in the Susquehanna River on a recent cruise. Water snakes are plentiful at that point, explained Captain Boyd.

INTERESTING ITEMS

An acre of 12-inch ice usually will provide a harvest of 1,000 tons.

Nearly 200,000,000 residents of India are dependent upon agriculture for their living, says the *Chicago Tribune*.

Phonographs mounted on push carts are replacing the long familiar hand organs in the streets of European cities.

The weight of the soot deposited by the chimneys of London in the city annually is computed by the *London Lancet* at 76,050 tons.

New Zealand's postal revenue is larger in proportion to population than that of any other country. It exceeded \$5,000,000 last year, or \$5 for every inhabitant.

In its anti-rat warfare, San Francisco authorities caused the arrest of four hundred persons for failing to observe the regulations in this respect.

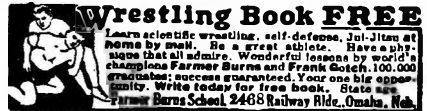
The city of Hamilton, O., proposes to cover part of its main street with a glass canopy, and illuminate the interior with powerful electric lights.

Irish inventors have perfected embroidering machines which successfully rival the finest hand

work of the women of that country at much less cost.

The jaguar is a flesh-eating animal of the cat family, which includes also the lion, tiger, leopard, panther, cougar and lynx. The word jaguar comes from pagodra, the Brazilian name of the animal. It is a good climber and swimmer. It is but little smaller than the tiger, and can drag off an ox or a horse with ease. Its fur is usually brownish yellow, very prettily marked with circles of black, with dark spots in them. By some it is called the South American tiger. Their skins are very handsome, and are admired as robes.

In 1859 the Russian emperor saw a soldier in the middle of a grass plot in the palace grounds. Why was there a daily guard, relieved at stated intervals? No one knew. Curiosity was aroused, and at last a veteran was discovered who remembered hearing his father say that the Empress Catherine—she died in 1727—once saw a snowdrop in bloom at that point unusually early, and asked that a guard be stationed there to protect it. And there a sentinel remained for at least 132 years; no one knew how much longer.



"Mystery Magazine"

Semi-Monthly 15 Cents a Copy

- 159 THE RIVER PIRATES, by Hamilton Craigie.
 160 THE SHADOW OF A NOOSE, by Jack Becholdt.
 161 AT 2 A. M., by Beulah Poynter.
 162 THE INTRIGUERS, by Grover Kidwell.
 163 THE LOCK AND KEY, by Hamilton Craigie.
 164 THE TALKING DOG, by Frank Blighton.
 165 THE HEART ON THE MIRROR, by Alexander Morrison.
 166 MIXED MOTIVES, by Eric Howard.
 167 SOUTHWEST OF THE LAW, by Hamilton Craigie.

THE HOODWINKERS

By GEORGE BRONSON HOWARD

Out Today in No. 188

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street New York City

"Moving Picture Stories"

A Weekly Magazine Devoted to Photoplays and Players

PRICE TEN CENTS PER COPY

Each number contains Three Stories of the Best Films on the Screen—Elegant Half-tone Scenes from the Plays—Interesting Articles About Prominent People in the Films—Doings of Actors and Actresses in the Studio and Lessons in Scenario Writing.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Publisher, Inc.

166 West 23d Street New York City

"SECRET SERVICE"

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1924

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS

Single Copies	Postage Free	10 Cents
One Copy Three Months.....	" "	\$1.25
One Copy Six Months.....	" "	2.50
One Copy One Year.....	" "	5.00
Canada, \$5.50; Foreign, \$6.00.		

HOW TO SEND MONEY—At our risk send P. O. Money Order, Check or Registered Letter; remittances in any other way are at your risk. We accept Postage Stamps the same as cash. When sending silver wrap the coin in a separate piece of paper to avoid cutting the envelope. Write your name and address plainly.

HARRY E. WOLFF, Harry E. Wolff, Pres.
 Publisher, Inc., Charles F. Nylander, Sec.
 166 W. 23d St., N. Y. L. F. Wilzlu, Treas.

FROM ALL POINTS**SIXTY-TON WHALE ASHORE**

Whales are plentiful along the Oregon coast. One of the largest ever seen there came ashore at Spencer Creek recently. It is not known how the whale met its death. It measures 60 feet and 9 inches in length. This is the second whale that has come ashore near Newport in the past thirty days.

A commercial fish company at Spencer Creek is planning to store several tons of whale meat to feed young fry. The whale's estimated weight is 60 tons.

HORRIBLE LIVES OF THE EASTER ISLANDERS

Easter Islands in the South Pacific is about the most undesirable place on earth for human habitation. No trees grow on the island because it lacks water and no birds will live there on account of there being no worms. The island is irregular in shape, being 12 miles by 9, by 7, and is very seldom visited by ships. Two hundred Polynesians inhabit it and they suffer continually from hunger. It was first sighted in 1686. It was explored in 1722 and the island then had 2,000 inhabitants.

LIQUOR HIDDEN IN CLOCKS

Two shamefaced clocks with hands awry were found to be "full as ticks" when police visited the home of Mrs. Mary Frandi in search of liquor. Two bottles each of bad liquor were extracted from the interior of the guilty clocks.

Mrs. Frandi, of Hartford Conn., said her husband had failed to support her and in dispensing rum she thought she was using her time to the best advantage.

Judge Day sentenced Mrs. Frandi to "do time" to the extent of sixty days, but suspended sentence, with a warning not to further corrupt her once reliable clocks.

NEW X-RAY DEVICE MAKES WALL TRANSPARENT

New X-ray machines by means of which one may look through walls and floors as easily as a physician or dentist now examines subcutaneous

parts of his patient's body have been perfected. The inventors are Dr. W. D. Coolidge and his associates in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company.

The new apparatus, an oil-immersed portable outfit in a box 7x8x10 inches and weighing but 30 pounds, is expected to prove of great value, especially to plumbers, building contractors, electricians and jewelers.

To use the new device it will only be necessary to connect an ordinary extension cord to the nearest lamp socket or base plug of the household lighting system, and then X-rays may be produced by simply pressing a button.

Hereafter, the inventor says, the man who wishes to hang a picture on the wall and doesn't know where to find a solid place to drive a nail will not have to ruin the wall before finding the right spot. The new machine may also prove a blow to smugglers, should customs officials use the device in searching for secret chambers in trunks and bags.

Jewelers, it is said, will be able to detect spurious gems at a glance by using the rays.

LAUGHS

"I shall jump into the river, father, if Ella rejects me!" "Don't do it, Karl—you know so little about water."

Candidate for Employment (to foreman)—You want a character from my last employer? Why, he has been dead these twenty years.

In a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription: "Rest in peace—until we meet again."

Enthusiastic Auditor (at the opera)—Didn't she do the aria divinely! Boarding-House Miss—Huh! You ought to hear that on our graphophone!

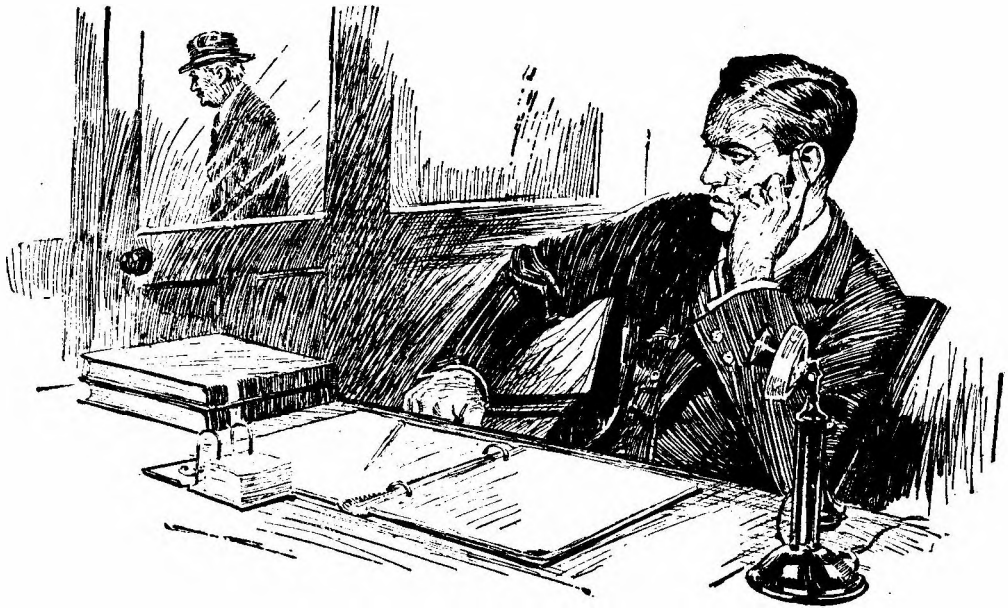
Mrs. Kicker—That little Jones boy has such beautiful table manners. Mrs. Bocker—Yes, his mother always feeds him at home before he is invited out.

Mamma—Come now, Harry, it's past your time to get up! Harry—Never mind, mamma. I'll just stay in bed till my time comes round again.

She—I see an average of 800 persons are killed in the United States by lightning. He—then, dear, that should be a warning to you not to make yourself too attractive.

It is claimed that printers are peculiarly liable to consumption, and those who doubt this should take a day off and watch the squad around Newspaper Row at lunch time any weekday.

Little Bella—Mr. Squire, do drink your tea. I am awfully anxious to see you drink. Mr. Squire—What makes you so anxious, dear? Little Bella—"Oh, ma said you drink like a fish."



“What would I do if I lost my job?”

WHAT *would* you do? What would your wife and children do?

Suppose your employer notified you tomorrow that he didn't need you any longer? Have you any idea where you could get another position?

You wouldn't have to worry if you were a trained man. You wouldn't have to spend your mornings reading the "Want Ads" and then trudging from place to place, meeting rebuffs and discouragements, piling up bills, finally willing "to do anything" if only you could get on somebody's payroll.

Don't have this spectre of unemployment hanging over your head forever. Train yourself to do some one thing so well that your services will be in demand. Employers don't discharge such men. They *promote* them!

Decide to-day that you are going to get the specialized training you must have if you are ever going to get a real job and a real salary. It is easy if you really try.

Right at home, in the odds and ends of spare time that now go to waste, you can prepare for the position you want in the work you like best. For the International Correspondence Schools will train

you just as they are training thousands of other men—no matter where you live—no matter what your circumstances.

At least find out how, by marking and mailing the coupon printed below. There's no cost or obligation, and it takes only a moment of your time but it may be the means of changing your whole life

Mail the Coupon To-day!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 4497-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Advertising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization | <input type="checkbox"/> Better Letters |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Banking Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (Including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish <input type="checkbox"/> French | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning |

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Architect |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Architects' Blue Prints |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

Name.....

Street..... 3-6-24

Address.....

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

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

FREE RADIO

1-Tube Set



Rush your name and address and learn how you can get a Guaranteed one tube vacuum set **Complete**

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Write today for Free Radio Plan

RELIABLE SALES CO., DEPT 312 434 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

THROW YOUR VOICE



Under the table, into a Trunk, down Cellar or anywhere. Our lessons in **VENTRILLOQUISM** teaches you. With our

VENTRILO

(Stays in the mouth and cannot be seen) you imitate Birds, Animals, etc. without moving your lips. This outfit and book of **JOKES** by mail for 10¢ Universal Dist. Box 180, Stamford, Ct.



free

Rush your name and address: we'll tell you how you can get either of these high priced watches absolutely free. Watches are guaranteed excellent time keepers. Choice of 25 yr. White Gold filled or 20 yr. Yellow Gold filled case. Send name and address today. **RELIABLE SALES CO. DEPT. 173, 434 B'way, New York**

FREE!

Big, Handsome, Dressed, Sleeping Doll sent prepaid for selling **ONLY 18 PACKETS** new Highly Perfumed Sachet Powder **AT 10c.** This is a **Special Offer** to introduce our sachet. We also give Mama Dolls, Walking Dolls, and premiums for boys. **UNION NOVELTY CO., Dept. 49 Pawtucket, R. I.**

IMPORTED BEAD NECKLACE

ABSOLUTELY

FREE **YOU SEND NO MONEY**

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE AND SEND 8 NAMES Simply make five first names of boys or girls—any names—out of the letters in "Great Lakes Merchandise Company." It's easy, for example take GRA and E of "Great" and C of "Company"—GRACE. Here are all the letters to be used

GREAT LAKES MERCHANDISE COMPANY

More than 50 names can be made. You need only 5. Then send names and addresses of eight girls you know, four in your neighborhood and four in other towns. On receipt of same we will mail you an Imported Bead Necklace.

We will also explain an easy way to secure a beautiful 6 Jewel Wrist Watch, white gold filled case, guaranteed 25 years, genuine Manchuria Lynx Scarf, Folding Camera, 37 piece gold decorated Dinner Set, beautiful electric table lamp, 32 piece Rogers Nickel Silver Set, and other valuable articles—**WITHOUT COST TO YOU.**

Everyone sending in 8 names and addresses of their friends will receive necklace Offer closes 10th of next month. Solve puzzle and write at once. Hurry! **GREAT LAKES MUSE CO. 340 West Huron St., Chicago, Illinois Desk 1144**



BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.

8 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; March Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage. **Royal Sales Co., Box 940, Norwalk, Conn.**

800 READY TO ADOPT BUFFALOES

Requests for buffaloes are pouring into the Interior Department so fast that if all applications should be granted there would be nothing left of the herd of nearly 800 in Yellowstone National Park.

The applications follow announcement that some of the animals will be given away because the herd had outgrown its pasture. Some children asked for "little ones for pets." A Sterling, Col., man ordered two carloads. Another applicant sought a couple "gentle enough to hitch to the front yard." A Georgian wanted one for a birthday present for his daughter.

The Associated Press, which sent the announcement over the country, received a letter from a man in Iowa saying:

"I would like one of these buffaloes you are giving away. What and how old ones do you send?"

Distribution will begin next month. Preference will be given to municipal zoos, many of which have applied for a few animals to start herds.

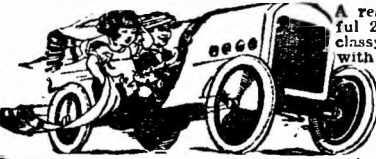
WANT ONE OF THESE PRESENTS FREE?

No Strings Tied to This Offer

I want the names of live boys and girls in every state. In order to get them I am going to give, absolutely **FREE**, the fine presents shown here. No tricks—no strings tied to the offer—just a plain, straight-forward proposition. All you have to do in order to complete for one of these presents is to send in your name right away. Nothing else is requested of you to win one of these presents. The offer is open to everybody, **FREE.**

ACT AT ONCE! To the first two persons in every state, writing me as explained below, I will give a choice of these presents,—the camera, wrist-watch, watch or diamond ring. Do not delay—act at once—if you want one of these fine presents.

This Bearcat Speedster Given



A real auto with powerful 2½ H. P. motor. A classy, powerful car, with lots of speed and comfort. Economical to operate. 60 to 90 miles on a gallon of gas. Speed to 25 miles an hour. New model, just like picture. Write me now! Find out all about this car or tell me your choice of the premiums shown above. If you are one of the first two to write me from your state about the car, I will at once mail your present, postpaid. If you are

FOLDING CAMERA
Latest model. Field camera. Takes a picture 2 1/4 x 4 inches. Rapid re-entrant lens, good shutter. A handsome present. If you want it, write at once.

RIBBON WRIST WATCH
Wea gold finish case, jeweled Swiss movement. Stylish octagon shape. Silk ribbon and gold chain. Stem wind, stem set. Act now, if you want it.

Stylish Men's Watch
Attractive silver-toned case, good cylinder movement, stem wind, stem set. An excellent, reliable timekeeper. Act now if you want one of these watches.

Genuine Diamond Ring
A real, sparkling blue-white stone in a solid gold semi-basket setting. This is a genuine diamond, full cut, well set and guaranteed. A fine present. Write for it at once.

● "cash in" on this offer, you must act quickly. **GEORGE WILSON, Mgr., Dept. 514, Batavia, Ill.**

FORMER KAISER SUPPORTS WHOLE FAMILY

Former Emperor William has been enjoying a monthly drawing account of 50,000 gold marks since Jan. 1, 1924, with which he was expected to support himself, his wife and his five sons and their families and also his brother, Prince Henry, and his cousin, Prince Friedrich Leopold.

As now constituted the Hohenzollern family comprises about forty heads, all of whom will share in the final settlement between the former ruling house and Prussia.

The process of inventoring the various holdings of the Hohenzollerns has progressed sufficiently to enable the Prussian Minister of Finance to issue a statement of the temporary settlements.

Up to May, 1920, Prussia had turned over to the former Emperor 32,000,000 marks to enable him to set up his domicile in Holland. Prussia purchased from him a plot in the heart of Berlin on which the present "White House" is. During 1922 William got a further installment of about \$10,000 from the proceeds of the royal exchequer.

Genuine Diamond Ring
For HER Christmas Gift
Marvelous Value
\$37.50
Cash or Credit
Wrist Watch




"Norma" Diamond Ring
Blue White Diamond, Solid 18k White Gold.
\$37.50. Only \$1.00 down, then
\$1.00 A WEEK

No. 72 - White Gold filled Wrist Watches, cushion 17 cut-glass lenses, 16 jewels, guaranteed 25 years. Only \$10.63. Delivered on payment of \$1.00, then \$1.00 Month

Send for Catalog
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

LOFTIS THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
DEPT. F-187
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities
BROS. & CO. 1825

FORDS-34 Miles
on Gallon of Gasoline
Starts Easy at Zero
with Air Friction Carburetor



We guarantee all other cars nearly double present mileage, power and flexibility. Models for any car, truck, tractor, marine or stationary engine. Makes old cars better than new. See our mileage guarantee.

Ford... 34 mi | Chevrolet... 32 mi | Dodge... 28 mi
Maxwell... 30 mi | Overland... 32 mi | Oakland... 24 mi
Mileage guarantee on any other car sent on request.

SENT ON 30 DAY'S TRIAL You can drive any car in heaviest traffic without shifting gears. Starts off on high in any weather without priming or heating—No jerking or choking. Agents Wanted

AIR-FRICTION CARBURETOR COMPANY
1394 Raymond Building Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

FREE

to your name and address and learn how to get this handsome 14 Kt. gold 18 jewel man's watch and chain ABSOLUTELY FREE. Write today—don't delay for FREE watch plan. RELIABLE SALES CO. 434 Broadway, Dept. 263 New York City.



Solve This Puzzle

12	21	3	11	25
20	15	23	9	14

Win 5000 Votes
What words do these numbers make? The numbers in the squares represent letters of the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The two figures represent three words. What are the words?
Many Prizes and Cash Rewards: Get your share of these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Besides the Ford Touring Car (over 1000 in stock), the 5000 votes and full particulars sent as soon as your solution is received. Answer quick.
Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 41 Chicago

Ford Given



MOVING PICTURE MACHINE
FREE



Oil or Electric Moving Picture Machine. New Model. Oil and non-inflammable film, given free for selling 25 packages Sachet Perfume at 10c a package. Extra premium of Admission Tickets. You can earn money by giving shows at your own home. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
Dept. 551, East Boston, Mass.

Handsome FREE Wrist Watch
Guaranteed Time Keeper.
Given for selling 20 assortments Colored Xmas Seals at 10c each; or sell 80 cards Arrow Dress Snap Fasteners at 10c each. Easily sold. EARN BIG MONEY OR PREMIUMS. Order SEALS or Snaps today, send no money. We trust you will goods are sold. Box 127-S American Specialty Co., Lancaster, Pa.



Boys and Girls EARN XMAS MONEY
Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun.
ST. NICHOLAS
2814 Glenwood Afd. Dept. 148 Brooklyn, N. Y.

PIMPLES
Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.
FREE Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.
E. S. GIVENS, 186 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

If Ruptured Try This Free
Apply it to Any Rupture, Old or Recent, Large or Small, and You are on the Road That Has Convinced Thousands.

Sent Free to Prove This

Anyone ruptured, man, woman or child, should write at once to W. S. Rice, 10-D Main St., Adams, N. Y., for a free trial of his wonderful stimulating application. Just put it on the rupture and the muscles begin to tighten; they begin to bind together, so that the opening closes naturally and the need of a support or truss or appliance is then done away with. Don't neglect to send for this free trial. Even if your rupture doesn't bother you what is the use of wearing supports all your life? Why suffer this nuisance? Why run the risk of gangrene and such dangers from a small and innocent little rupture, the kind that has thrown thousands on the operating table? A host of men and women are daily running such risk just because their ruptures do not hurt nor prevent them from getting around. Write at once for this free trial, as it is certainly a wonderful thing and has aided in the cure of ruptures that were as big as a man's wrists. Try and write at once, using the coupon below

Free for Rupture

W. S. Rice, Inc.,
10-D Main St., Adams, N. Y.

You may send me entirely free a Sample Treatment of your stimulating application for Rupture.

Name

Address

State

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 1133 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS, Big Profits! Braided Rugs all the rage. Sell direct, one-half store prices! Quota returns. Tremendous demand. Albert Hros. 432 Summer, Chelsea, Mass.

MAKE MONEY in your Spare Time. Easy to make \$1 to \$2 an hour by following our instructions. No Money or Experience Necessary. Write TODAY for particulars. Costs nothing to investigate. American Products Co., 2077 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

RADIO—Your Opportunity \$5 to \$10 an hour for spare time—work at home. Technical knowledge unnecessary. Build best low-price Tube Sets. Quick sellers. ALBIRN RADIO CO., Dept. C, Cincinnati, O.

\$20 PROFIT DAILY selling needlebooks; costs 3c-5c each; sell 25c, value 50c; 3 samples 25c. Write for free catalogue. Needlebook Specialty Co., 661 Broadway, New York.

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EARN \$10 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet, CM-101 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel, experience unnecessary. Write George B. Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1063 Broadway, N. Y.

SILVERING Mirrors. French plate. Easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works. Excelsior Springs, Mo.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

EARN MONEY WEEKLY, spare time, home addressing, mailing. Music circulars. Send 10c for music. Information. New England Music Co., 118 Asylum St., N. Y. Hartford, Conn.

A COMFORTABLE living. Home sewing for us; any sewing machine; city, country; no canvassing. Send stamped addressed envelope. Home Industries Co., Haddonfield, New Jersey.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 515 Franklin, Mo.

WANT A GIRL, romance! Correspond with your ideal. For particulars address: NATIONAL LETTER CLUB, Box 355, Los Angeles, Calif.

Pyorrhea

Can Be Stopped In 24 Hours

If you suffer from Pyorrhea, sore and spongy gums, loose teeth or other mouth irritations, I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It stops Pyorrhea in its worst form, and is curing thousands after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment. Address King Laboratories, 221 Gateway Sta., Kansas City, Mo.

GOITRE

Removed Without Operation

ANY reader of this paper suffering from Goitre (big neck), can get free information telling how to get rid of it at home without operation, danger or discomfort by writing Dr. Rock, the eminent Goitre Specialist, Box 737, Dept. 553 Milwaukee, Wis. Dr. Rock has treated over 100,000 cases and in nearly every civilized country on earth. Goitre sufferers should write for his free book and positive proofs from all parts of the world.



ASTHMA

TREATMENT mailed on FREE TRIAL. If it cures, send \$1; if not, it's FREE. Write for your treatment today. W. H. B. BULLING, 844 Ohio Ave., Albany, N. Y.

PERSONAL

GET A SWEETHEART. Exchange letters. Write me enclosing stamp. Violet Ray, Dennison, Ohio.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere, enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2923 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

HUNDREDS! WEALTHY MEMBERS want to marry. List free. Club B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

LONELY HEARTS—I have a sweetheart for you. Exchange letters, make new friends. Efficient, confidential and dignified service. Members everywhere. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida.

MARRY IF LONELY "Home Makers"; hundreds rich; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 356, Oakland, California.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses. 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265 R, Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Particulars for stamp. P. Morrison, S-3053 W. Holden Street, Seattle, Wash.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 30, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 515, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions. Free. National Agency, Dept. A, 4606, Sta. E, Kansas City, Mo.

SWEETHEARTS' Correspondence Club. Stamped envelope for sealed proposal. Lillian Sprout, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRY—WEALTHY young lady, pretty, wants honorable husband. Eva B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

LONELY HEARTS. Join our club; we have a compensation for you, many worth from \$5,000 to \$50,000 most successful home maker, description and photos free. Standard Corr. Club, Graylake, Ill.

LONGSOME? Find your sweetheart. Vest membership, confidential, no embarrassment. Bertha Franz, 949 Montana St., Chicago.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superia Co., P. O., Baltimore, Md.

SONGWRITERS

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We compose music. Submit your poems to us at once. New York Melody Corporation, 405 J. Romanz Bldg., New York.

PIMPLES

CAN BE CURED. If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions, I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and cured thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10-day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.

W. H. WARREN,

522 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

\$ — OLD MONEY WANTED — \$
\$2 to \$500 EACH paid for hundreds of old coins. Keep ALL Old or odd money, it may be VERY valuable. Send 10 cts. for ILLUSTRATED COIN VALUE BOOK, 4x6. Get Posted. We pay CASH.
CLARKE COIN CO., Ave 13, LeRoy, N. Y.



Gold Filled Monogram Ring **FREE** Guaranteed for 3 years. To introduce our Sweet Smelling Sachet Powder, we will send this ring, only one, hand Engraved with your three initials for selling only six packets for 1c. Dept. 35 PAYBUCKET, R. I.



FREE Genuine Leather

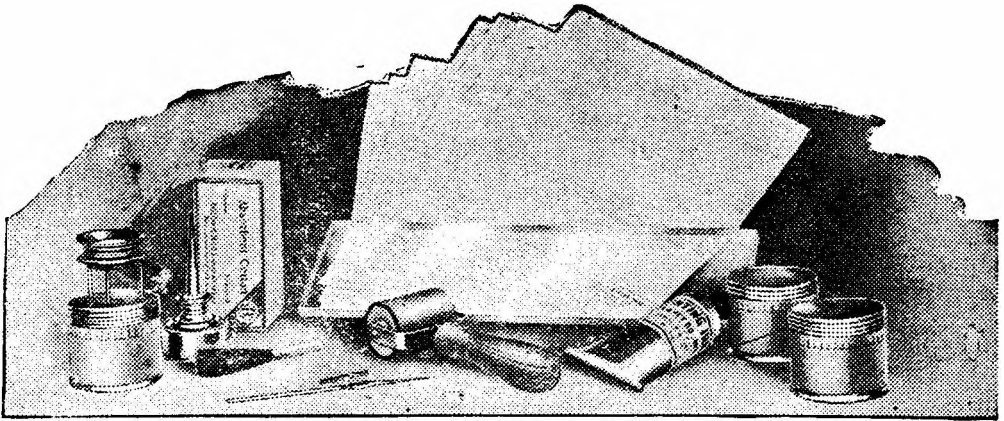
Reputation alone, Genuine Seal Leather cover Football with steam cured rubber liner. Free for selling 24 1/2 by 10 1/2 Perimeter Sachet at 10c each. Only to sell. Write today. Send no money. Get your Football without cost.

SPORTS MFG. CO. Dept. 671. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

LOST ROYAL TREASURE DISCOVERED

Early last year the archives of King Nicholas of Montenegro and some valuable, mostly foreign orders, were accidentally discovered at Cetinje, but it was thought that the majority of the beautiful gold and silver plate with which the little palace had been—for a kingdom tiny and far from rich—abundantly supplied, must have been taken by the enemy.

An official of the Ministry of Finance, however, who has recently been in Zagreb on temporary duty, happened while there to ask for a room in a Government building which he could use as an office. He was told that the only room available was being used as a storeroom and, hearing that the packing cases with which it was filled were the property of the late King Nicholas, he was interested and began to examine them. It was soon discovered that they were full of the missing treasure, consisting of large quantities of gold and silver vessels of every description. The plate is valued at many millions of dollars and becomes, of course, Government property.



FREE

Finger Print Outfit

I am making this wonderful offer to those who enroll right now to learn this fascinating, big-paying profession. Just think, I will give you a fine professional Finger Print Outfit absolutely FREE of charge. The outfit is exactly like the one I use myself. It is just what you will use when you are a Finger Print Expert. Hurry! Take advantage of this special offer before it is withdrawn.

Work on Real Cases

Every month I'll send you "the dope" on a lot of wanted men for whom rewards are posted. I'll give you their photographs, finger prints, Bertillon descriptions and Reward Offers. You build up your own Bureau of wanted criminals. It's practical work. It's great.

Learn At Home!
30 Minutes a Day

Study this interesting work at home in your spare moments. Half an hour a day will be enough. In a few months, you will be an expert, capable of handling a high salaried position. My course will give you just the training you need. Share in the many big rewards this profession offers you. Start Now to take advantage of this opportunity.

Big Salaries—
Rich Rewards

The nation wide demand for finger print experts is increasing every day. The successful, highly paid Secret Service men and Detectives are the ones who are trained in the Finger Print Profession. If you can read or write English, you can acquire this training in a few months. You need no previous experience and some of our most successful graduates have had only a common school education.

Write

and Find Out About This Offer

Send for complete information about this unusual opportunity. Besides the free outfit, I will give you absolutely FREE a Course in Secret Service Intelligence, so you will be thoroughly equipped to handle any branch of the work. There are big-paying, interesting jobs waiting for the trained Finger Print Expert. The sooner you start, the bigger your chance for reward. Fill out the coupon right away. Send it TODAY.

U. S. School of Finger Prints
7003 N. Clark St., Room 10-98 Chicago, Ill.

U. S. SCHOOL OF FINGER PRINTS, Room 10-98
7003 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligation whatsoever, please send me full information about your Free Finger Print Outfit. Also tell me how I can become a Finger Print Expert.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

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

HERE AND THERE

PYTHONS SOLD BY THE YARD

When shows and museums find it necessary to replenish their stocks of pythons and boas, they usually have to buy them by the yard, according to *Popular Mechanics*. New York forms the center of the snake-importing industry in America and each year men go from there to Africa, India, Sumatra and South America, returning in the spring with hundreds of the big reptiles. A seven-foot python can be had for about \$20, according to snake dealers, while a length of 25 feet—found in the regal specimens from Sumatra—runs the price up to \$600 or \$700. Boas come smaller. Sixteen feet is said to be the maximum at an age of eight or ten years. In price these also start at about \$20 and run as high as \$200.

THOUSANDS OF FROGS STOP MOTOR TRAFFIC

Returning from Salisbury after a hard rain, Mr. and Mrs. J. Frank Brown of Delmar, Del., had rather an unusual experience and one that has caused much comment and many different theories.

Near Leonard's Mill, probably a mile from the town, Mr. and Mrs. Brown noticed that the highway seemed a moving mass of tiny dark objects through which they were unable to pass without crushing them, so they left their machine to investigate and found the road a mass of frogs, great and small. Brown says there were thousands in the distance of a mile.

No one knows where they came from, unless, according to tradition, it "rained" frogs. Many other travelers stopped to look at the curious sight.

PLANS 50,000-MILE TRIP IN 35-FOOT BOAT

Capt. Thomas Drake of Victoria, B. C., is about to start a cruise which should break all previous records for small boat voyages. He expects to travel well over 50,000 miles in his little thirty-five-foot cruiser, the *Pilgrim*. On a previous round-the-world cruise he covered 37,000 miles and he figures that 50,000 will not be too much for his next voyage.

The *Pilgrim* will cross into the Atlantic by way of the Horn and up the east coast of South America. From there she will cross the Atlantic so the skipper may stay for a while at his old home in Kent. From there she will go to the Mediterranean, which the captain is anxious to look over at leisure. The *Pilgrim* will return by way of the Suez Canal.

But adventure will be nothing new for Captain Drake. On his previous 37,000-mile cruise, lasting from 1915 to 1919, his experiences varied from shipwreck to arrest as a Mexican rebel and a German spy.

HIS PLAYMATE IS SAVED BY DOG

Mr. and Mrs. James W. Johnson of Los Angeles, who spent the day recently in the Newton

tourist camp, are rejoicing that they still have their baby girl, Maxine, thanks to the almost human intelligence of Big Jack, a huge bulldog, belonging to Arthur Darling, a Santa Fe employee.

While the father was downtown the child wandered near a lake, where she made friends with the dog. In some manner the child fell into the water, which is several feet deep. Cries were heard by the mother, but she was unable to reach the baby. She then ran about the park for help, finally attracting the attention of other tourists.

When the tourists arrived they found Big Jack had plunged into the water and dragged the child out onto the shore and was standing by, refusing to allow any one except the mother to touch her. The rescue party would have been too late to save the child from drowning.

LOOK, BOYS! TRAPEZEE The Acrobatic Wonder Toy

ALMOST HUMAN IN ITS
ACTIONS!

It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

Five Different Stunts —

THE FLYING TRAPEZE — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

THROUGH THE LOOP — A swift swing and he goes through a wire loop, makes a turn and, catching by his heels, swings head downward from a bar.

THE GIANT SWING — He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

He performs two more horizontal-bar acts with the grace and agility of a circus star, and many new ones can be invented.

The Most Wonderful Toy in
the World!

PRICE \$1.00

The collapsible stand and the little manikin are neatly packed in a handsome box. Delivered anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. Address

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,
166 W. 23d St., New York City, N. Y.

