

"CHINK CARGO" <<< Crime in Yellow and Scarlet >>>

TRUE ★ DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

DECEMBER



A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION
PRICE
UNITED STATES
25¢
CANADA
30¢

Back-Stage Secrets

By Edna Wallace Hopper

APPEARING several times daily on the theatrical stage taxes the skin to the utmost. The make-up meant for footlights is not the gently compounded range of tints used in the boudoir. Between acts make-up must be removed . . . in the most protective, delicate manner possible. And, in my case, quickly—because my numerous interests leave little spare time. In fact, my forty-odd years on the stage have taught me split-second efficiency in caring for my body.

You can follow my program at a cost of—
Ten minutes
 and **—a day!**
Less than 8c

With the cosmetics I use you need only devote ten minutes a day to your own hair, skin, teeth and hands. The methods I recommend to you have preserved the petal-like fineness of my skin. In my sixties I appear to be a girl of twenty. European scientists each year ask that I submit to physical tests during my summer vacation abroad. My reactions are those of a young girl.

But it never has been my ambition to figure as a beauty culturist. Prolonging beauty is a pleasure to me—and a necessity, because my fame and fortune were won by beauty and upon it my career depends.



My Personal Invitation

So that you may try my program I have prepared a Beauty Set of the most important cosmetics I use daily. In addition I have added samples of Wave and Sheen, my hair dressing, and White Youth Clay. The Art Panel box is a happy achievement. You will be glad to have it for your dressing table or traveling case. Full sizes of the 7 beauty aids you will receive in this box would cost over \$4. Send the coupon today with 50c to partially cover cost. I will include a free Certificate for a 50-cent tube of Quindent, the milk of magnesia tooth paste. So the cosmetics really cost you nothing.

CLIP HERE—AND MAIL TODAY

Gorgeously Colored Art Panel Box of Seven Beauty Aids

I urge you to mail this special offer coupon at once to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago—enclosing 50c (stamps accepted) for enough of my seven beauty aids to prove their value to you. Also Free Certificate good for 50c tube of Quindent toothpaste.

NAME..... 12-T. S.G.
 D-30
 STREET..... CITY..... STATE.....

This is the Beauty Set —³/₄ actual size



Does the young wife know more about feminine hygiene?



— or the woman who is a little older ?

YEARS ALONE do not bring knowledge when it comes to such intimate subjects as feminine hygiene. The younger woman may belong to a circle less given to whispering, less given to mystery. And members of this younger set often surprise the woman in her thirties by their open-eyed familiarity with these matters—a familiarity which completely overshadows the half-truths and misleading information that were current a few years ago.

So the days of furtive secrecy are gone and the real mother rejoices that her daughter can face such facts more frankly than the older generation.

The shadow cast by a constant dread

Every married woman knows the feeling of dread which has surrounded this whole question ever since she can remember. She has seen bottles in the homes of her friends. Bottles bearing the hideous skull-and-crossbones. Bottles containing bichloride of mercury and various com-

pounds of carbolic acid. Bottles at which doctors and nurses shake their heads disapprovingly.

And yet, if these poisons are not used, how is *any* woman to obtain real, surgical cleanliness?

Why Zonite is supplanting these poisons

Where so great a need existed, there was bound to be an answer. In this case the answer was *Zonite*, the great, new personal antiseptic. And not only an antiseptic, but a germicide. *Zonite* actually kills germs — stamps them out completely.

With *Zonite*, no woman need have any fears. It will not harden the delicate membranes. It will not cause areas of scar-tissue. It will not lead to accidental poisoning if swallowed by mistake. *Zonite* is a godsend to every woman in the country.

This remarkable antiseptic is ab-

solutely non-poisonous, absolutely non-caustic, absolutely harmless to body tissues, in every phase of its use. It can even be held in the mouth; in fact dentists are prescribing it for oral hygiene and using it in their own homes.

Yet *Zonite* is actually *far stronger* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body!

This free booklet answers all questions

You will find the whole subject of feminine hygiene covered in the special booklet mentioned in the coupon below. A booklet that has set at rest the fears of thousands of women. Frank and authoritative. And *free*. Send for it today. *Zonite* Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, insect bites, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube, 50c.



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

Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the *Zonite* booklet or booklets checked below

The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
 Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Please print name 303

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

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. X

DECEMBER, 1928

No. 3

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Next Month: —JAIL BREAK!—A Tale of Bands of Steel —and Pretty Eyes

THE VANISHING PARROT

The famous detective, Ellis H. Parker, gives the inside story of the mysterious murder of Brunen—owner of the "Mighty Doris Shows"—a sensational case that filled the newspapers from one end of the country to the other. Here you will get the *real* facts of this baffling crime!

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO "BIG TIM" SULLIVAN

Thousands of our readers have wanted another story from Stuart N. Lake, author of that unmatchable fact story of the Hans Schmidt-Anna Aumuller Case—one of the greatest stories ever written. Here it is—another one—which delves into the black depths of New York's underworld.

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Captain William A. Jones, famous gun expert and ex-executive of the New York Police Department, gives us an absorbing tale in telling "how detectives are made."

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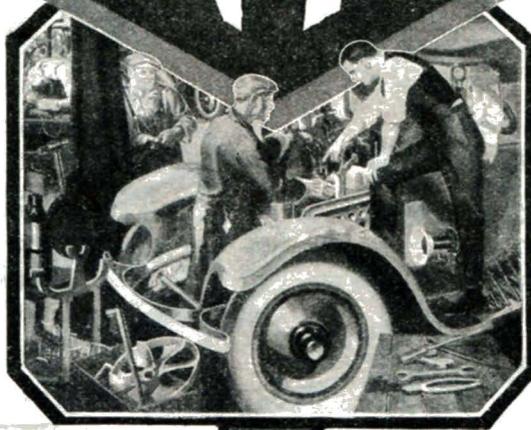
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Dept. 1019

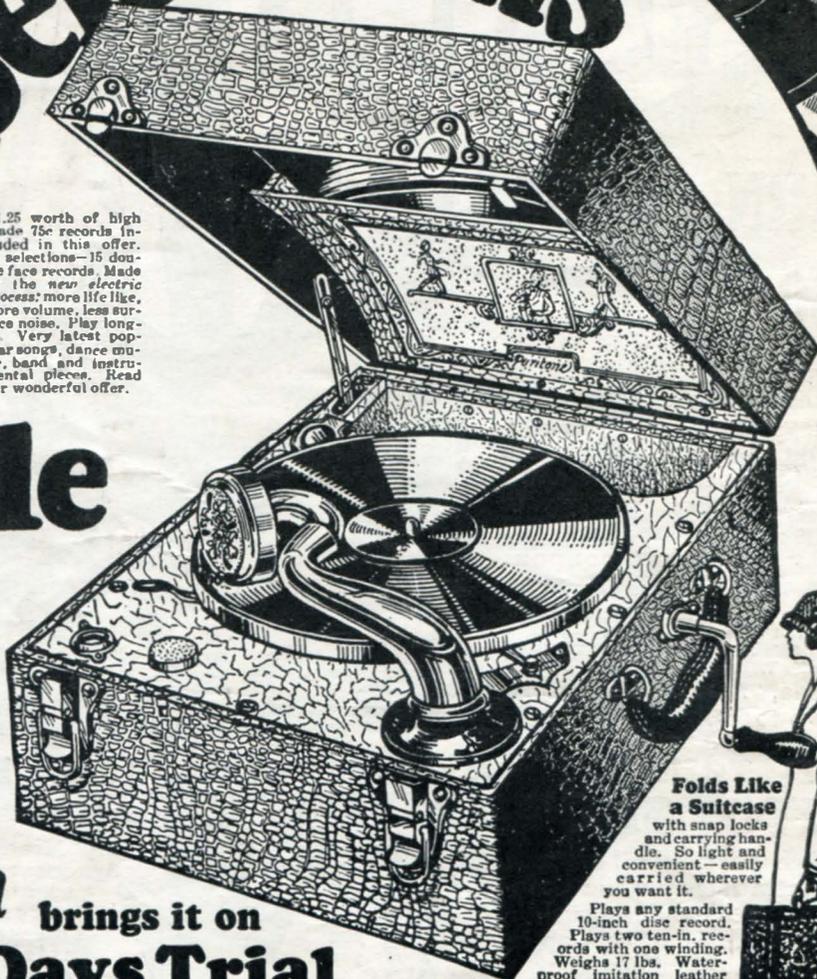
Chicago Motor Training Corp.,
1916 Sunnyside Ave., CHICAGO



\$11.25 worth of high grade 75c records included in this offer. 30 selections—15 double face records. Made by the new electric process; more life like, more volume, less surface noise. Play longer. Very latest popular songs, dance music, band and instrumental pieces. Read our wonderful offer.

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with snap locks and carrying handle. So light and convenient—easily carried wherever you want it.

Plays any standard 10-inch disc record. Plays two ten-in. records with one winding. Weighs 17 lbs. Waterproof imitation leather case, with hinged lid. Size



Yes, only \$1.00 with coupon below brings you this portable phonograph with a special assortment of 15 latest double-face 75c new electric process records—30 selections in all. Think of it—\$11.25 worth of brand new records included with the Puritone Portable phonograph on this sensational offer! Use this wonderful portable as your own. See what a wonderful convenience it is to have a phonograph that you can carry from room to room, place to place, wherever and whenever you want it.

We guarantee: that you get everything in this phonograph so far as concerns music reproduction that a \$250 phonograph can give you, also the exact reproducer, the exact style of tone arm and the same grade of records. That's why you get, on this wonderful offer, absolutely the best in music that any phonograph ever gave.

\$2.50 a Month If within 30 days you decide not to keep the outfit, send it back and we'll refund your \$1.00 plus all transportation charges. If you keep it, pay only \$2.50 a month until you have paid that sensational price on this special sale—only \$24.95. Think of it, a first class high grade phonograph and 15 latest double face Records (30 selections) a complete outfit, ready to play, only \$24.95! Seize this opportunity while it lasts. Send the coupon NOW!

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Enclosed find \$1. Ship special advertised Puritone Portable Phonograph with 15 Double Face 75c New Electric Process records—30 selections. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you \$2.50 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the phonograph and records within 30 days and you are to refund my dollar and express charges I paid.

Puritone Portable Phonograph and 15 Double Face Records, W3136WA, \$24.95

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I'll train you at home — in your spare time. You work just as you are working now — at your same job. My now famous "Work-Sheet and Job-Ticket" method guarantees you simplified, practical training along work-shop lines. In a few short months you can step out of your old job into a new job — into electrical work where you can be a Big-Pay man in this Big-Pay field

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To learn Electricity my way you don't have to be a College man, or even a High School graduate. You can read. You can write. That's enough. With me, you get experience as you go along and make good money while learning. I'll show you how — and I'll give you, without extra cost tools and apparatus to work with — 6 Big Outfits in all.

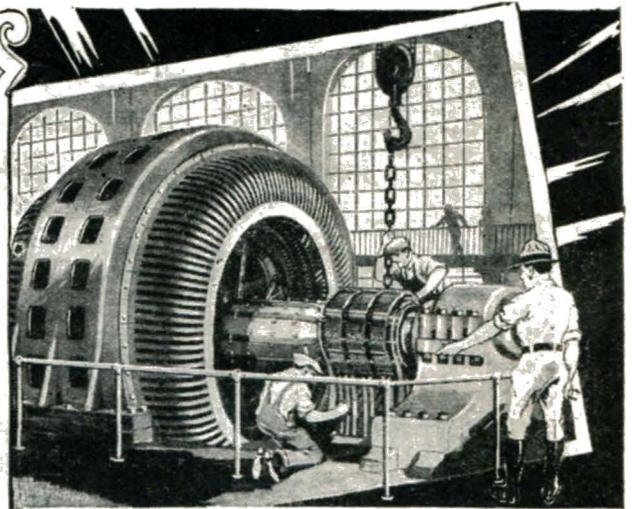
Money Back If Not Satisfied

That's what I agree to do. And back of me in this agreement stands the Chicago Engineering Works, a \$2,000,000 Illinois Corporation. There's nothing like "Cooke" Training, anywhere. It's the Training that big Electrical men are praising; it's the Training that employers recommend; it's the Training that one of our greatest Engineering societies, has endorsed 100 percent. **It's the Training for you.**

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**\$70 to \$200
A WEEK**

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earn less
than \$70
a week —
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NOW**



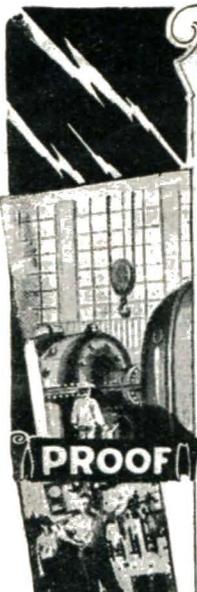
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at home in
a few short
months!

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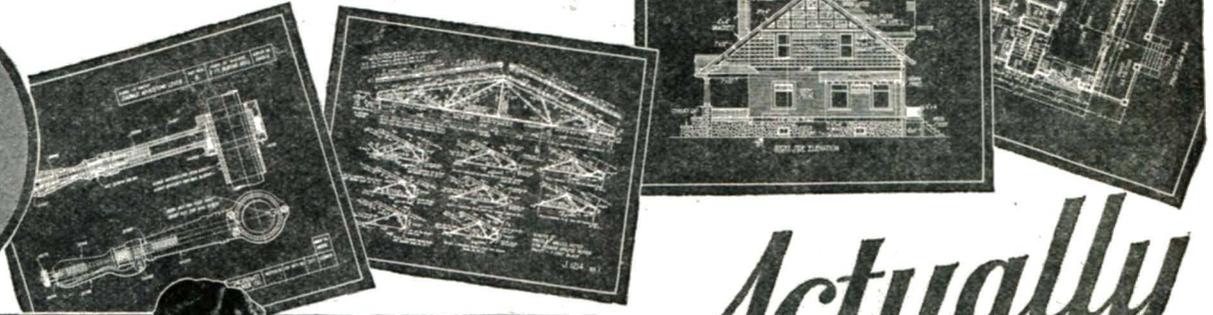
Order No. DA 5, Console Phonograph, American Walnut or Mahogany Finish, with 5 FREE Records, Price \$49.95.
Terms \$1 down, \$4 Monthly.

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If you want Mahogany finish put an X here
If you want Walnut finish put an X here
Name -----
R. F. D.,
Box No. or
Street and No. -----
Post Office ----- State -----
FREE CATALOG } If you want FREE catalog only, send no money, put an X in the square and write your name and address plainly on the above lines.

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Name _____

Address _____

Age _____ Occupation _____

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS



CHIEF WALSTON

THE career of Chief Walston (whose colorful story of Dale Jones, Kansas City's Boy Bandit, entitled *The Crimson Trail*, appears on page 27, this issue) is that of a man who made good, 100 per cent, in his chosen profession, and should be an inspiration to all young men seeking to enter the detective profession, who have faith in themselves.

It was more than 22 years ago that a none-too-confident youth, just graduated from the Salina Normal University at Salina, Kansas, walked into the "lion's den" at Kansas City Police Headquarters.

The young man had his hat clutched firmly in both hands, and it was apparent that he was very nervous. It was also apparent that he was desirous of saying something to the stern looking individual sitting at the ancient chest of pigeon-holes that was called, at that time, a "desk." The newcomer was advancing cautiously toward the far corner of the small room where sat the hard-visaged one, who did nothing but stare.

The man at the desk cleared his throat. The caller finally mustered enough courage to speak.

"Good morning, sir."

The man addressed extracted an early edition of the Big Ben alarm clock from a vest pocket, and glanced at the timepiece. It was 2 o'clock. He told the newcomer so, explaining briefly, *very* briefly, that 2 o'clock was a part of the afternoon.

Then Chief of Police John Hays (for it was he who spoke) removed his feet from the "other" chair in the office, and invited his visitor to be seated. A brief interview with the police official, and the young man from Salina Normal University took his leave.

The youth returned to the office of Chief Hays two days later, fairly glistening, so numerous were the large brass buttons that almost completely covered his breast.

Young Ike Walston had "made an ass of himself," as his former schoolmates expressed it. There he stood, before his chief, adorned from head to feet in the gear of a "harness bull."

Ike Walston had chosen his life's work in a field that few college men in that age would have even considered as being

"respectable." He had taken the longest "road around" possible, when he might have engaged in another, and more profitable line of endeavor which would have landed him at the top of the ladder in a few short years.

But Ike Walston was a stubborn young man. He knew what he wanted, and sacrificed a career in the business world to get it. He wanted to mingle with, and study the lives and traits of the men and women known as *criminals*.

Mr. Walston "grew up" with the Kansas City Police Department. He watched the force of policemen, (who had been chosen as policemen because of their ability to shoot well and hold their own with the toughest of them) expand into a body of law enforcement officers known throughout the country for their efficiency. He watched the single unit of the department branch out into many units, until every far corner of the city of Kansas City had been given adequate police protection from those nomadic Americans who caused the electric chair to be invented.

The "college cop" served in the "harness" for five years, during which time he rubbed elbows with the worst of the country's bad men. Many times during the twenty-odd years of Ike Walston's service as a guardian of Kansas City's peace did he find opportunity to put into effect a theory he had held while attending college in Salina, Kansas. Young Walston used to argue with his fellow students that kindness and sympathy were applicable in dealing with many criminal cases, particularly those in which youth was involved—providing, of course, the right methods could be employed at the right time. He proved the truth of this over and over again.

After five years of faithful service in uniform, Walston was promoted to the rank of detective. He worked in plain clothes for twelve years, and was appointed to the position of Chief of Detectives, in which capacity he served for four years, until he resigned to accept the post of Chief of Police of Wichita, Kansas.

But Chief Walston is no longer a young man, and besides, he had looked at life from a policeman's viewpoint for more than 22 years. Any officer of very long standing will admit that that is a long time. He needed a rest, and his heart being in Kansas City, he resigned from the Wichita Police Department early in 1928, and returned to make his home in the city where he had spent his youth.

Chief Walston has worked on some of the most baffling criminal cases ever to come to the attention of the American police. Prominent among these were the Morgan and Frazier cases, and the case of Dale Jones, the ruthless bandit chief he tells about in *The Crimson Trail*, who terrorized the Southwest for many years with his depredations.



W. W. ROGERS

He was instrumental in the capture of Mattie Howard, the "Girl With the Agate Eyes," who trained Dale Jones in the fine art of murder and robbery, and who reigned unchallenged as Queen of Kansas City's underworld, until the brutal murder of Joseph Morino, wealthy Kansas City jeweler.

Chief Walston knows the first and last and middle names of every criminal of any importance in the entire Southwest, and can tell you what their nick-names and aliases are. He knows that "Johnson" is the name of all yeggmen, and he can tell at a glance whether a blown safe was "cracked" with plain nitroglycerine, black powder, or "soup."

He knows that there is honor among some thieves, and none among others. He knows too, how to play on the finer qualities of the former—and is as good a pistol shot as the latter.

W. W. ROGERS belongs to that class of detectives whom it is difficult to induce to talk about their work. It can be done, but it takes effort and powers of persuasion. On account of the type of man he is, we are pretty sure that he will not be enthusiastic over the title we have given his story, *Against Fearful Odds*, appearing on page 54, this issue. He probably did not consider it as being heavy odds against him. But, however that may be, we will leave it to the reader to decide whether the title expresses the truth, much of which may be read between the lines, but which Mr. Rogers, being a modest man, did not state.

W. W. Rogers has been in detective work for the last 28 years, and is at present doing private detective work at Columbia, South Carolina. He was born in Nashville, Tennessee, November 8th, 1883. When he was five years of age he moved with his parents to Atlanta, Georgia. He is the son of Doctor L. L. Rogers, who was at one time Dean and Latin professor of DePau University (old Ashbury University) in Greencastle, Indiana.

At the age of 15 he was employed by the Seaboard Air Line Railroad as a watchman and detective. He remained in this work for 6 years. For the next 3 years he was a deputy marshal in the municipal court at Atlanta, Georgia, where he remained for over 11 years. During this term of service Mr. Rogers figured

(Continued on page 10)

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FREE 13 Piece Glass Water Set

Rose Tinted

The entire 13 pieces are decorated with a design like the 110-piece dinner set, producing a uniformity of beauty and coloring. Both the jug and glasses are in the very latest rose glow tint, and the decorations are put on practically as they are applied to the dishes, rich and colorful. Set includes a quaint shaped jug of 1 1/2-quart capacity, with 12 8-oz. tumblers for water, grape juice, ginger ale or any other beverages.

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Each piece is heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. The set is made up of 12 knives, 12 forks, 12 dessert spoons; 12 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell and 1 butter knife.

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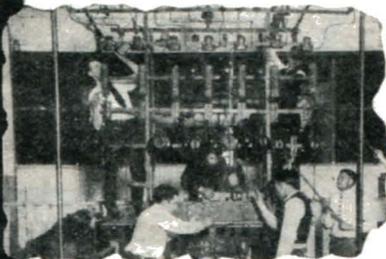
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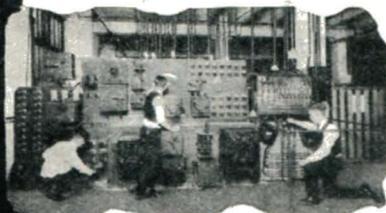
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(Continued from page 8)

in the famous Leo Frank case, having been one of the three officers arresting Frank. It was while he was connected with the Atlanta Police Department that he gained the nickname "Boots" Rogers, and this name has stuck to him throughout his detective career.

Upon leaving Atlanta, Mr. Rogers went to New York City, doing detective work there for more than 3 years. He then returned to Atlanta, where he became engaged in detective work with a large detective agency. During the last 8 years he has been working as a detective for the State of South Carolina, and doing private detective work.

Another fact story that will grip your interest from the opening line, taken from Mr. Rogers' experiences in a recent case he handled, will appear in an early issue of this magazine.

IF ALBERT J. CODY, who contributes *The Bunco Million!*, page 36, this issue, was not a famous international detective, he would still be famous as an American pioneer, for he figures prominently in early Alaskan history. However, it is as a detective that America knows him best.

Agile and alert, possessing great physical strength, keen of perception, and looking no more than 50 years of age, it is hard to believe him 64; but he was born on November 10th, 1864, at Auburn, Oregon, the son of an English-American who came West from Indiana over the Oregon Trail, in 1849. Mr. Cody, incidentally, is a cousin of the late Colonel Cody, "Buffalo Bill."

Mr. Cody's first acquaintance with crime was in 1890, when he became a deputy-sheriff of Multnomah County, Oregon. Fearless, indomitable, he soon made a reputation. In the closing years of the '90's, he was a valued detective on the Portland Police Force. In 1898 he left Portland for the then barren wastes of Alaska, to represent the Government as Deputy Collector of Customs, founding Custom-houses at Rampart, Fort Yukon, and Eagle. He resigned his position the following year and took up mining, but his reputation as an officer and nemesis of criminals was such that he was frequently called upon to act semi-officially, and finally, in 1900, he yielded to the solicitations of friends and accepted an appointment as a United States Deputy-Marshal, under Marshal Vawter of Nome.

Shortly afterward, Cody broke up, single-handed, the worst gang of malefactors that had ever infested the great North—60 criminals who had formed a compact to swear alibis, and thereby keep each other out of the penitentiary for their misdeeds. The story of this exploit alone would fill a volume.

Being a field-deputy, Cody had the privilege of conducting a detective agency if he wished, and, urged by mining and other interests, he organized the famous Coyne Detective Agency, with headquarters at Seattle.

In 1917 he went to California, opening a new agency in Los Angeles. By this time his work was so well known, and his services so much in demand, that his operations grew to international scope, taking him often to Europe. No case was too delicate or too complicated for him; no

(Continued on page 12)



Touring in California
Below is scene taken 'neath one of California's giant oaks. This group has been touring in a Lincoln sedan. The owner writes: "Your vaporizer has added 8 miles to my former gasoline mileage."

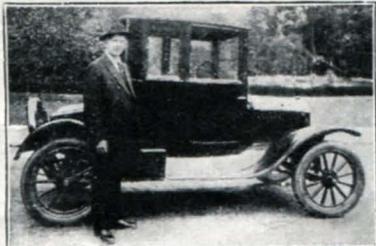
Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane

as he looked the day after he knocked out Joe Gans for the lightweight championship. Bat made 40 miles on a gallon with a roadster and 33 1/2 miles a gallon with a touring car. Bat writes: "Most of the public know me well enough to know that I never bunked them in my life. And when I say your vaporizer is all you say it is, I mean it."



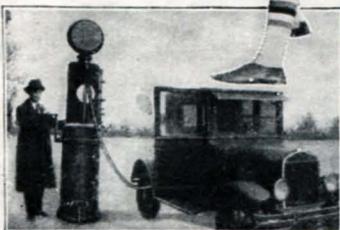
Drives 1300 Miles Without Buying Gasoline

A remarkable test was recently made on the Stransky Vaporizer by J. R. Wood of St. Louis. On his Oldsmobile he had been getting only 17 miles a gallon of gas. After installing the Stransky, he drove 3,000 miles and averaged 30 miles a gallon. Thus he got in effect 1,300 miles of free gasoline.



H. H. Cummings has saved 1,905 gallons of gasoline on 50,000 miles. "I have used one on my 1922 Ford which I have driven over 50,000 miles," he says. "I am getting 30 miles a gallon where before I got only 12 to 14 miles a gallon."

Virgil Barnes, N. Y. Giant Pitcher, says: "Words can not express my delight with the Stransky Vaporizer. I left New York City after the close of the baseball season with a vaporizer on my Chrysler 60. When I arrived in Holton, Kansas, I found I had averaged within a fraction of 47 miles per gallon of gas."



Finds a Gasoline Well in His Own Back Yard!
Geo. South of Kansas City, Mo., owns a Ford coupe. "I am simply amazed," he writes, "at the wonderful results with your vaporizer. It sure saves the gas. It's just like finding a gasoline well in my own back yard."



South Dakota, the site of presidential vacations, tall form and "black bar," now boasts of the world's largest gas vaporizer manufacturer. The picture above shows the present Stransky office organization of 73 people.

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57 Miles on a Gallon

BUICK
36 Miles on a Gallon

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in Gasoline

CHRYSLER
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ENDS CARBON
Without Touching the Engine



Who Else Wants to Save Gasoline?

A SOUTH DAKOTA man has discovered an amazing gas-saving invention now installed on over two million cars of every make. Already over ten thousand car owners say it increases gas mileage 25 per cent to 50 per cent... cleans out carbon without touching the engine... adds more speed and power... and saves an astounding amount of money in gasoline and repair expense. There is a model for every car, truck, tractor or gasoline engine. Anybody can install it in a few minutes. This invention is based on newly-discovered facts about potential gasoline power... startling facts, that few car owners know about. For example, it is now found that the average man wastes at least 20 per cent to 30 per cent of his gasoline through improper combustion. And many more interesting discoveries, too detailed to mention here.

Read on the right what other car owner say about it. Then accept the inventor's special introductory offer. He will send you samples to test without obligation to buy. If you find it doesn't do for you what it has done for other car owners, he will pay a cash forfeit for the few minutes you've spent in testing it. Do not send a penny now. Simply send your name in coupon below and get full description of this queer little device that is saving money for other car owners. No obligation, of course. But if you really want to cut down the high cost of running your car, this is your opportunity. Tear out the coupon below and mail it to J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., W-270 Stransky Block, Pukwana, S. D.

FORD
"I have used one on my Ford for over five years and have traveled over 35,000 miles. Never had any spark plug trouble. Have averaged 28 to 30 miles on one gallon of gas. I was getting close to 20 miles on one gallon before I installed the Stransky." J. H. Alruth, Iowa.

CHEVROLET
"You people claim a saving of 25 per cent to 50 per cent. I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon on a Chevrolet, whereas formerly I had been getting only 19.5. So you see, the actual test surpasses your claim." M. E. Miller, Kansas City.

BUICK
C. M. Rathburn, Charleston, W. Va., has a Buick Six. Having an old engine, it was getting only 8 or 9 miles a gallon. On a 237-mile trip he got 19 miles to the gallon. He says it has saved him \$40 on one trip.

NASH
"I had a large Nash Six, which I drove from Los Angeles to San Francisco on 20 gallons of gas, whereas I have usually taken from 50 to 55 gallons." H. T. McCallon, California.

MARMON
Beacon Holmes, garage owner, New York City, put a Stransky Vaporizer on a Marmon and says: "I increased Marmon's speed from 72 to 84 miles per hour—and a gain of 5 miles to the gallon of gas."

PIERCE-ARROW
"Mr. Joseph Berger, New York City, writes: 'I have one on my Pierce-Arrow and have practically doubled my mileage. I have never scraped carbon since I put on your vaporizer ten months ago.'"

OAKLAND
"I am getting 30 miles on my Oakland and that's pretty good. I also drove an Oldsmobile 27,000 miles and never had my carbon removed except with a Stransky Vaporizer." C. G. Betts.

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Name.....
Address.....
City and State..... Age.....

(Continued from page 10)
hazards too great. Though a private investigator, he was frequently called upon to serve the Federal, State, or Civic Governments—the "Big Hutch" story in this issue is an example—and he always "got his man" and accomplished what he set out to do.

A few years ago, he decided that he would retire to his walnut orchard, but old clients and friends, officials and others still seek him out, and, at the present writing, he is working on three separate cases, finding a few minutes of each week to devote to the autobiography he is writing, and that will, we are certain, make a sensation when published.

It is the privilege of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES to offer, in *The Bunco Million!*, the first of this noted detective's adventures to be released for publication.

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS for 18 YEARS of HELL!

—the amazing story of

OSCAR SLATER

lately liberated in Scotland after serving 18 years for a crime he did not commit!

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Slater did not flee to America. He went there shortly after the murder with which he was charged had occurred, because he had a good reason for going—and that reason had nothing to do with this crime. On arrival in New York, six detectives boarded his ship at Sandy Hook and took him in charge.

American attorneys advised him he could not be extradited to Scotland, but—knowing in his own soul he was innocent, he returned voluntarily!

What was the almost unbelievable result, following this act of his?

He was sentenced to death.

This sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment on the plea of twenty thousand petitioners. Now he is free—after serving 18 years . . .

Is his case a forerunner of what will happen to Joseph Wendling? (See editorial in this issue.)

Do not fail to read the story of this amazing case in Next Month's

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Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?

THIS mysterious prisoner on the ramparts of an island prison has always excited the most intense interest. What was the life which he exchanged for one silent as the grave? What had he done? Who was he? What was his past? The dissolute life of a courtier? Or the devious ways of an intriguing diplomat? Had some fair one in the hallowed circle of royalty loved not wisely but too well? Why during all these years has he remained the greatest of all mysteries?

NONE DARED TELL SECRET

Some believe that he was a twin or even elder brother of Louis XIV, a true heir to the crown hidden from the time of his birth. Others think that he was the elder illegitimate son of Charles II; or that he, and not Louis XIII, was the actual father of Louis XIV. Some have thought that he was the son of Buckingham and the Queen of France; others, that he was the son of Louis XIV and De la Vallière. To have revealed it would have cost anyone his life. The regent admitted when drunk that the prisoner was a son of Anne of Austria and Mazarin. Louis XV refused to tell Madame de Pompadour. Madame Campan stated that Louis XVI did not know the secret. De Chamillart on his deathbed declined to reveal the secret.

MASKED—HIS FACE HIS SECRET

In 1669 there was hurried across France a masked man whose identity was shrouded in mystery. Never has a prisoner been guarded with such vigilance and with such fear of his story becoming known. He was taken to an island prison where the governor carried his food to him; a confessor saw him once a year, but no other visitor ever laid eyes on him. *He was always masked—his face alone would tell his secret.*

He was well treated; supplied with fine clothing, books, and served from silver dishes.

The governor stood before him uncovered, and addressed him as *Mon prince*. When the prisoner wrote messages on his white linen he was supplied only with black.

He is not a myth, as is proven by letters between Louvois, the minister, and Saint-Mars, the governor of the prison. These are all written in veiled language; never once is he given a name. No letter mentions his crime or whether he had committed one.

SECRET EVEN AFTER DEATH

This horrible punishment ended when, in 1703, the most mysterious of all prisoners died and was buried in the dead of night, under a false name, and given a false age.

His cell was carefully painted so that any message he might have written would be covered up, and everything he used was destroyed lest any clew might be left. Thus vanished a man whose name and identity was unknown even to his gaoler—some think even to the prisoner himself.

WHY WAS HIS LIFE PRESERVED?

What was the reason for all this secrecy? What crime, if any, did this man, evidently of exalted rank, commit that he should be

buried alive for life? Why did the king preserve the life of this prisoner? Why did he not have him put to death? The subject becomes more mysterious as we investigate.

LONG BURIED RECORDS FOUND

The mystery has always terrified the imagination and excited speculation. With the nineteenth century came an opportunity to search long-buried records. Dumas did so and told the whole story in one of the volumes of the strangest and most curious set of books ever published, which he called



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See Opposite Page ~

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TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

December

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

1928

Can You Help?

By George William Wilder

PERHAPS, when this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES appears on the news stands, Joseph Wendling will have been granted a parole. As this is written he is serving his 19th year of a sentence of life imprisonment in the Kentucky State Penitentiary, at Eddyville, for the alleged murder of little 8-year-old Alma Keller at Louisville, on December 8th, 1909.

Last month we told about his case, on this page, but had no space for details. Meanwhile the case of Oscar Slater, just a few weeks ago liberated in Scotland after serving 18 years for a crime he did not commit, (an amazing parallel of the Wendling case in more than one important respect) calls for a comparison of these two outstanding examples of conviction on evidence, not only purely circumstantial, but *weak circumstantial evidence*, for a capital offense.

In each case, under the laws of the country where the crime was committed, the penalty for conviction on the charge made, is *death*. In the case of each, the sentence was made life imprisonment—food for thought in judging whether Joseph Wendling is not, perhaps, just as innocent as Slater in Scotland was found to be.

In each case the basis of conviction was *weak circumstantial evidence*.

In each case the man convicted had left the spot where the crime was committed, soon after it happened, to take up residence several thousand miles distant.

In each case this fact was one of the *principal causes* of the charge of murder—and of conviction afterward.

In each case the accused *had a good reason* for changing his place of residence, just at the time he did.

In each case the suspected man *had no criminal record*.

In each case the character of the man *does not fit the crime*.

After Slater was set free, the British Parliament awarded him compensation in amount of \$30,000—approximately \$1,650 for each of the 18 years he spent in prison. When newspaper reporters crowded about him as he came out, and asked him what his plans were, he replied:

"I want to walk across the open fields."

In the case of Wendling, he had not been in the United States long when he was arrested on this charge of murder. He was badly handicapped in defending himself, on account of that. He had no influential friends to help him—and no money for an adequate defense.

The man who brutally murdered little Alma Keller had a knowledge of anatomy. Wendling had, and has, no knowledge of anatomy.

The man who committed this awful deed was a cunning degenerate—the nature of the crime, as disclosed by an examination of the remains, showed that. Wendling is just the opposite type—a simple, clean-minded man.

We have appealed to the Governor of Kentucky for a reconsideration of Wendling's case. He replied that he is making an investigation. Let us hope that Wendling—if he is the innocent man he says he is—will be set free as was Oscar Slater.

For those who have not read the previous details of this sensational case, see page 92 of this issue.

Can you help?

The *CRY* from the *GRAVE*

MOORESTOWN, New Jersey, is a quiet, beautiful Quaker settlement, much the same as thousands of other small American communities. Along about dusk, the children drop their play, scurry home to their evening meal, and then go to bed. Nobody would pick Moorestown as the scene of a dastardly crime. Still, it was there that I encountered a case of killing perpetrated by a man, who was, beyond all doubt, the most fiendish and cunning arch-criminal I have ever come in contact with during 35 years of man-hunting!

First allow me to give you a little of the background of the case, which had me baffled for almost five months.

Alfred and Charles Russo, eleven-year-old twins, were returning to their home in Moorestown, after having attended a baseball game on Saturday afternoon, June 4th, 1921. It was about six o'clock in the evening. At the corner of Third Street and Chester Avenue, half a block from their home, they saw their sister, Matilda, who would soon have been eight years of age. Matilda was one of the most beautiful children that God ever made. She possessed an abundance of beautiful, dark hair, and had large, laughing, brown eyes. She would have been an ideal model for an artist.

The child was so attractive, in fact, that strangers often stopped her on the street, to ask her name, and sometimes called upon her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Russo, with a view of becoming better acquainted with the little girl. In this way, Matilda's parents, highly respected people, made many new friends. Mr. Russo, the father of a large family, owned the leading tailoring establishment in Moorestown.

On that Saturday afternoon, when Charles and Alfred saw their sister, she was playing a game on the sidewalk—"hop-sotch," I think it was. She was alone.

"Better come on home and git washed up for supper, sis," said Charles.

"No; don't want to," answered Matilda.

"Somethin' terrible'll happen if you don't," warned the brother, little realizing just how true his words were.

"Won't come home!" insisted the little girl.

"All right," said Charles, going on his way with Alfred, "you just see what happens!"

Matilda laughed, and went on with her play.

Not long afterward, Matilda's father, on his way home from business, saw his little girl, still playing as only a happy child can play.

"Come on home, Matilda, dinner will be ready."

"Please let me finish just this last game, Daddy."

Mr. Russo laughed, consented to Matilda's finishing "the last game," and left the child.

That was the last time any of the Russos ever saw little Matilda alive.

For, even as the child played, a fiend was



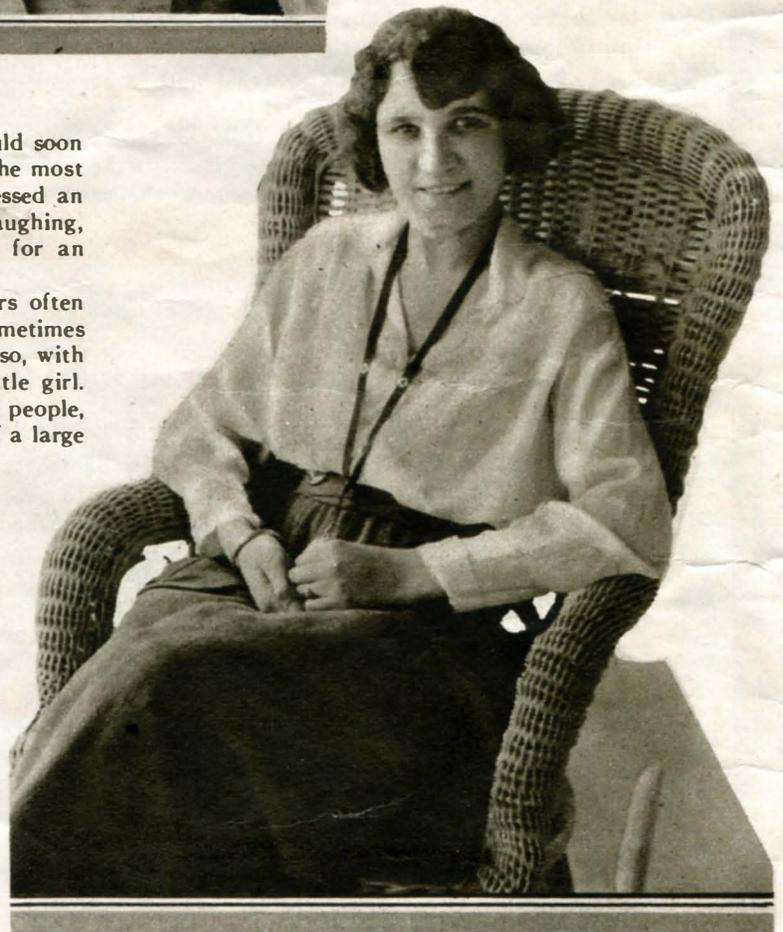
putting the finishing touches on a grave. . . .

WHEN Mr. Russo came downstairs to dinner, after changing his clothes, he asked if Matilda had returned yet. On being informed that she had not, he said that he would let his dinner wait, while he went out and brought her in. When he reached the spot where he had last seen Matilda, the child was not there.

"Matilda!" shouted the father, who afterward said to me that something within told him then, that some evil had befallen his daughter.

There was no answer.

Although fearful of some mishap, Mr. Russo pulled himself together, thinking that Matilda was playing one of her jokes on him, and searched the vicinity. He hoped against hope, as the minutes wore on, that he would find the girl hiding



(Above) Ellis H. Parker, sometimes called "The Country Detective with a World-Wide Reputation." He holds the almost unbelievable record of having solved 115 murder mysteries out of a possible 121, during his 35 years' work in criminal investigation!

(Below) Miss Anna Yoos (now Mrs. Herman Bading), Mr. Parker's secretary, who, in the case covered in this story, showed remarkable detective ability in a sudden emergency

"Mother! Mother!" came the terrified, insistent cry of beautiful 8-year-old Matilda Russo—although the horror-stricken mother knew that her missing child was dead! What possible clue could there be in those two words? Yet—they led the detectives straight into the heart of that black mystery! They solved the most horrible crime the State of New Jersey has ever known!

By ELLIS H. PARKER

Chief of Detectives, Burlington County, N. J.

**As told to ALAN HYND,
formerly of the Boston POST**

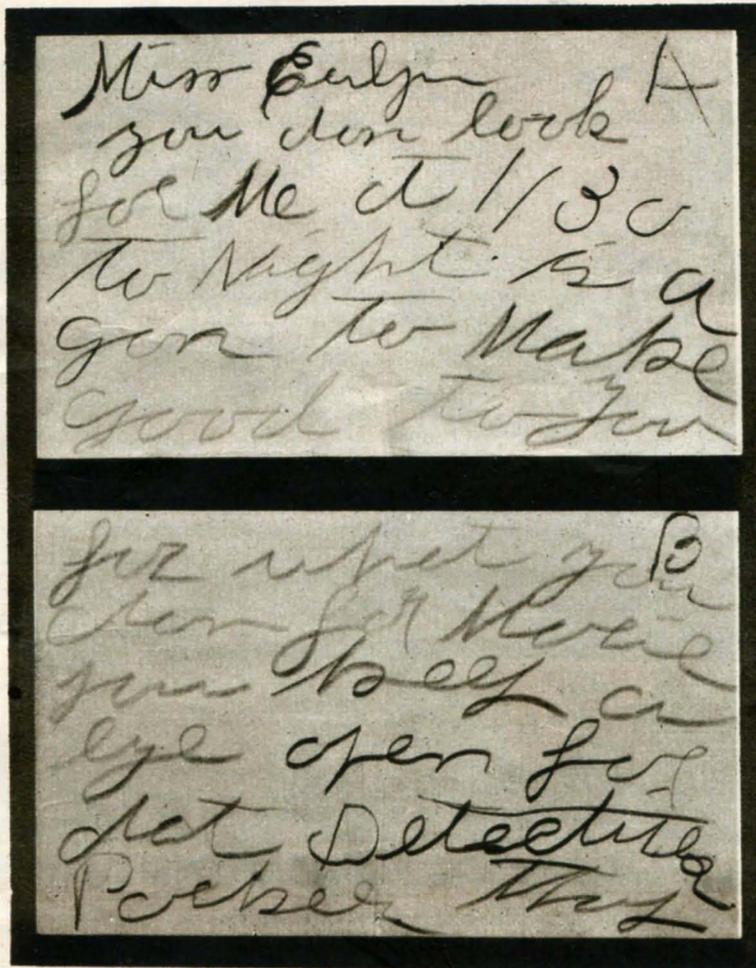
behind a tree, ready to spring out at him, laughing at his discomfort. He searched and searched, but the hunt was unrewarded.

The Russo home sat far back from the street, as did most of the homes in that section of the town. On one side of the Russo residence, was a small house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lively, and their eight-year-old son, Louis. The Livelys were colored people, but, apparently, of a high type. They didn't associate with other members of their own race. They were very light in color, and that was one of the reasons why they were permitted to live in the locality in question. Incidentally, they were well thought of in the neighborhood.

After searching for his daughter for more than half an hour, Mr. Russo stopped at the Lively home to ask if his child had been seen. Lively, sitting on his back porch, said that he had seen Matilda only an hour previously, while she was playing, but that he had not seen or heard the child since he had eaten dinner.

When Mr. Russo arrived back at his home and found that the child had not returned, he called the Moorestown police, notifying them of her disappearance. The Russos and the police spent the remainder of the evening calling up friends and relatives of the Russos to see if Matilda had gone away with them. People living near the Russos were also questioned.

Late that night, Mrs. Russo was doing some ironing, and her mind had momentarily wandered from thoughts of her



Photograph of first two sheets of the actual note, scribbled in lead-pencil on cheap tablet paper by the murderer in this amazing case while he was still at large, and which was seized unexpectedly by the detectives

missing daughter. Suddenly she heard the child call "Mother!"

Instantly, Mrs. Russo rushed into the yard and called:

"Where are you, Matilda?"

No answer!

The mother repeated her question, and neighbors heard her. There was still no answer.

"That's strange, Michael!" said Mrs. Russo to her husband when she returned to the house, "I was sure I heard Matilda calling me."

THE next day, Chief of Police John Bradshaw, of Moorestown, called me by phone while I was at my home in Mount Holly, several miles away. After the usual hellos and identifications, Chief Bradshaw said:

"There's a little girl been missing from her home since early last night, Ellis. Looks funny. We can't seem to find any trace of her.

What would you advise?"

"Get a picture of the girl," I said, "and have it put in the Camden and Philadelphia newspapers, along with a detailed description of the child. If

you run across anything that looks strange, call me at once."

On the following morning, Chief Bradshaw again called me by phone.

"Still no trace of the missing girl, Ellis. But the mother insists that she hears her child's voice in the neighborhood. Better come down, I think."

I at once got in touch with some of my staff—Detective Clifford Cain, and my secretary, Miss Anna Yoos, (now Mrs. Herman Bading) who is quite indispensable to me,

because she can always be depended upon to give me the woman's point of view. Anna (still my secretary) in her quiet way, often notices things that I overlook, and then suggests them to me. And it was Anna who played a rather important part in the solution of the Russo case, as you'll find out later.

Arriving in Moorestown, we all three went directly to Police Headquarters, where I learned the facts which I have already related. We then proceeded to the Russo home. The family, of course, was, naturally, much upset. When I talked with Mrs. Russo, a woman of high intelligence, she told me that she *knew* her child was dead.

I tried to comfort her. After all, my many years of detective work have not made me so hard-boiled that I have forgotten the essential things of life—paramount among which are courtesy and consideration for others. I appreciated Mrs. Russo's state of mind, for I have a large family of my own. And, as I say, I tried to comfort her, telling her that Matilda might have gone off with a relative, or friend, who had picked her up in a machine, and who had been unable to communicate with the child's parents for some reason. I had located many missing children, well and happy, days after they had disappeared, I assured her.

"DON'T try to comfort me, Mr. Parker," said Mrs. Russo. "My child is dead and I know it!"

"But why are you so sure of that?"

"Because I hear her screaming for me day and night!"

"Where are the screams coming from?"

"From the direction of Mr. Lively's house," she answered.

Chief Bradshaw and I then decided to make a search of the

Lively house. It was a two-and-a-half-story frame affair. There were only two rooms and a kitchenette on the first floor, and two rooms on the second floor. Above the second floor was a loft, which was reached by means of a trap-door, through the ceiling of the front second-floor room. We went through the house, starting with the loft and working downward. We also searched the cellar, but all it contained was a big pile of rubbish in the center of the floor, and a couple of aged-looking pillows. The rubbish had cobwebs all over it, indicating that it had been there for some time. We decided that nobody had been in the cellar for weeks. The rest of the house yielded no clue of any kind which would help us in clearing up the mystery of Matilda's disappearance.

I was firmly convinced that the child had strayed away, so I spent the remainder of the day combing the ground in the vicinity, but when I returned home that night I was at a complete loss to account for the child's whereabouts.

No sooner had I arrived home and finished my dinner, than the phone rang. It was Chief Bradshaw.

"Mrs. Russo just called me and insists that her little girl screamed for her from the Lively home a few minutes ago. She wants you to search the place once more."

"I'll be down in the morning, Chief," I replied.

SHORTLY after nine o'clock the next morning (Tuesday) Chief Bradshaw and I again entered the Lively home through a side window. Lively had gone to work, and his wife and son were away on a visit. We latched the window, after gaining access, to cover up our tracks. Well, that second search was a pippin, if I do say so myself! We were in the place for several hours and went over every inch of the house, it seemed. Once more we started from the top and worked down. I took a flashlight and went through the trap-door in the second-floor ceiling. But I saw, at once, that nobody had been in that loft because every bit of dust and dirt was intact, exactly as it had been before. There was

not the slightest sign of a foot or finger-print, except those which I had made during my first visit.

We then searched the two bedrooms on the second floor. We tapped the walls for the possibility of locating a secret panel, but to no avail. The same process was repeated on the first floor—with the same result.

We then descended the cellar steps. I stood on the bottom step and surveyed the place critically. The cellar was about fourteen feet square. The floor was earthen. There was positively nothing in the place but that pile of cans in the center, and the two pillows to which I have already referred. We tapped the ground

where it was not covered by rubbish, and it was all as solid as a concrete wall. I examined the pillows. Feathers oozed from one, and straw from the other. This gave both of them the earmarks of having been there for some time. I then kicked part of the rubbish pile lying in the center of the floor, and noticed that it was literally covered with cobwebs and small bugs. This was a clear indication, I decided, that the rubbish had not been touched for some time. We tapped the cellar walls, and gave ourselves headaches trying to think of a single spot in the house which we had not covered. We then concluded that the house was going to give us no clue to the child's whereabouts.

The rest of that day was devoted to convincing Mrs. Russo that we had made a thorough search of the Lively home; dragging the nearby streams to see if the child had accidentally fallen in the water and been drowned, and combing the woods in the surrounding country. We even went so far as to



Photo by Keller, Vineland, N. J.

(Left to right) Officers Asa Wilson and James Florentino, of Vineland, New Jersey. Wilson, about to arrest the murderer, was shot through the right lung, whereupon Florentino then took up the grim task and single-handed, without a bullet left in his gun, performed one of the most courageous acts ever attempted by a police officer. (Center-above) Detective Clifford Cain, one of Chief Parker's assistants, who did important work on the case

organize several troops of Boy Scouts who scoured a wide stretch of territory in the hope of finding some trace of the missing girl.

By this time, the case was getting under my skin, so to speak. On the previous Saturday—the day of Matilda's disappearance—Lively had left his home at night on his motorcycle. He usually spent the week-end with his sister in Bridgeton. His wife and son had gone to Bridgeton a week previous. Lively was expected home Tuesday night, so I left word with Chief Bradshaw to have him questioned upon his return, in the hope that he might shed some light on the case.

I RETURNED to Mount Holly. On the way back, my secretary said she thought it was queer that Mrs. Russo heard her daughter's voice with such frequency. I said I did, too. I felt then that something was going to materialize from that phase of the case.

Late that night, Chief Bradshaw called me by telephone and informed me that Officer Jacobs, lying in wait at the Lively home, had seen Lively return shortly after seven o'clock. When the officer asked him to accompany him to Police Headquarters to make a statement, Lively said that he was more than willing to do so.

I told Chief Bradshaw to have the man's statement transcribed and to bring it to me.

Chief Bradshaw arrived at my home early Wednesday morning with the statement. Lively had given a very plausible account of his movements prior to, at the time of, and following the girl's disappearance.

The man said that he had returned home from work Saturday afternoon, cooked his own dinner, and then left, on his motorcycle, to visit his sister in Bridgeton over the week-end. His wife and son, as I have already mentioned, had gone to Bridgeton some days previously.

Lively, who said that he was employed as a brushmaker by a concern in Philadelphia, went into great detail regarding his trip. He named the various towns he passed through, what time he was at certain points along the road, and whom he saw and spoke to enroute. He said that he arrived at his sister's home fairly early in the evening.

I looked over the Lively statement rather carefully. I noticed, among other things, that the man had, voluntarily, given minute details without being asked for them. This made me suspicious, as the advancing of an alibi, when not required, is usually a sign that something is in the wind. So I suggested to Chief Bradshaw that he take his motorcycle and go over the same route that Lively said he took, checking up the time and mileage between the various towns very carefully. I also told the Chief to get statements from the people that Lively said he had talked with, or had seen, and also to check the time of his arrival at the home



Louis Lively, at three different periods in his career. Chief Parker says of this man: "He was, beyond all doubt, the most fiendish and cunning arch-criminal I have ever come in contact with during 35 years of man-hunting!"



of his sister in Bridgeton.

Chief Bradshaw completed this task, and called on me late Thursday. We found several discrepancies in Lively's story of his trip. In the first place, we found that it would have been physically impossible for him to make the motorcycle run from Moorestown to Bridgeton in the time he said he did it in. Secondly, the man had not talked to the people he said he talked with. Others that he claimed to have seen were not even in that vicinity on the Saturday previous. Finally, the man's sister said that he arrived at her home late Saturday night, not early evening, as he stated.

THAT night I was pretty restless. I didn't go to bed because I knew I wouldn't sleep if I did. My wife asked me what was on my mind.

"I'm upset about this little girl's disappearance," I replied. There's something strange about it. The mother of the girl insists that she hears her child calling her."

To say that I was greatly impressed by Mrs. Russo's story that she heard her child's voice is putting it quite mildly. Especially, as I had been thinking of another case several years before, when a similar situation presented itself. On that occasion, also, I was searching for a missing girl. The mother of the child kept telling me that she heard her daughter's voice. We later found the body. The child had been drowned at a spot a mile away from her home. The mother insisted that she heard her child calling her at a time, which was definitely fixed later, as having been after the child had been drowned. The wind was blowing in a direction away from the mother, so that she couldn't possibly have heard the child's actual screams. *But still she heard her dead child. And she knew where the screams were coming from!* The more I thought of this, applying it to the Russo case, the more it loomed in importance.

Then it dawned on me suddenly that I might have been fooled during that search of Lively's home. So I called Chief Bradshaw on the phone, got him out of bed, and told him to go to Jim Taggart, the leading blacksmith of Moorestown, have a spear made, and then go over every inch of the Lively cellar after Lively went to work that morning. Call it a hunch, or whatever you prefer, but something told me, as I finally went to sleep toward morning, that we were going to locate Matilda's body in a very short while. *I determined,*

and correctly, that Mrs. Russo heard the voice of her dead child. And, today, seven years after, she will tell you the same thing.

On Friday morning, therefore, shortly before seven o'clock, after Lively had gone to work, Chief Bradshaw and Officer Jacobs gained access to the house in the same manner that the Chief and I had entered before—through a side window. As the place sat far back from the street there was no difficulty entering, unobserved, at any time.

Entering the dark, musty cellar, the two officers began to spear the ground not covered by rubbish. They did their work in a very systematic manner and there was not an inch of that earthen floor that was not gone over. However, the ground proved to be as solid as concrete. Then they removed the pile of rubbish from the center of the floor. The ground under this, at first glance, appeared to be as solid as the rest. It did not show any evidence of having been dug into. But, when Bradshaw poked the spear into it, *the instrument sunk!* Excitedly, the two men got a spade and Chief Bradshaw dug feverishly, while Officer Jacobs looked through the displaced earth for a bit of clothing or anything suspicious. Nothing was found. Was this effort to result in—nothing? Still they dug on. A depth of three feet had been reached. Suddenly the spade struck *something soft!* Dropping to their knees the officers removed the earth rapidly with their hands. There lay the mutilated body of Matilda Russo!

Every stitch of clothing had been removed. Most of it had been buried with the body. The girl had been ripped open in the stomach and throat, struck on the head twice (once on the forehead and once behind) and had been otherwise criminally assaulted. Large clots of blood were in the grave, clear indication that it had been prepared for her, beforehand, and that the body had been placed there while it was still warm!

NOW, to pause for a moment. You will notice that I made my actual presence scarce in Moorestown. I had a reason for this. My face was a very familiar one there at that time, because, just prior to Matilda's disappearance, I had worked on several murder mysteries

near Moorestown. I figured, from the beginning, that if I were seen around too much, the slayer of the girl (if she had been slain) would take the hint and "blow." I calculated, and correctly, that to direct operations from Mount Holly (even if more difficult) was the proper course for me to pursue.

I had told Chief Bradshaw to call me immediately if he found anything in that cellar. But, no matter how important the news was, he was not to "break" anything over the phone. A man I once wanted listened in on a telephone conversation of mine—and once is plenty. So, after making the gruesome discovery, Mr. Bradshaw merely called and said:

"Come right away, Ellis."

A hint, of course, at this stage of the game was equivalent to a ton of bricks. I knew what awaited me in Moorestown. So, Detective Cain, my secretary and I were soon headed toward the scene at, to say the least, breakneck speed. Arriving in Moorestown, we went directly to the Lively home, where the two officers awaited us. My secretary remained upstairs. Officer Jacobs guarded the house. Detective Cain, Chief Bradshaw and I descended the cellar steps. One look at the body convinced me that here was one of the most terrifying and fiendish crimes that I had ever encountered.

WE left the body in the cellar, and held a conference on the first floor. After the conference, when we were leaving the house by the front door, the latch broke! This made it impossible to keep the door from swinging open. It was quite essential that it be closed, because the body had created quite a stench in the small house and, if the place were not securely closed, we knew that passersby would detect the odor, investigate, and the crime would be disclosed. We were anxious to keep our discovery secret, knowing that the slayer was probably keeping a close watch on the newspapers and, that if he saw a report of the finding of the body, he would flee at once. So we (Continued on page 90)

Wanted For Murder

\$500.00 Reward for the Arrest and Conviction of



Louis Roberts, alias S. L. Roberts, alias Louis Lively, alias Louis Carson, alias Brown

DESCRIPTION

Age, 35 years. Height, 5 feet 3½ inches. Weight, 125 to 130 lbs. Has dark brown hair (straight), when long curls at ends. Eyes, brown or chestnut. Complexion, very light. Looks as though he might be an Indian. Has a cut scar on right cheek, between corner of mouth and bottom of ear. Also has a scar on left cheek from a carbuncle. This is on a line from the chin to the bottom of ear. Also has a scar on left forehead. Tooth out of upper jaw on one side. This fellow is very small as you will see by his description, and although he is a negro he does not look it.

On June 3, 1921, at Moorestown, N. J., Roberts murdered a seven-year-old girl named Matilda Russo, and buried her in the house where he lived. It was a most brutal murder. I hold a warrant for his arrest, charging him with this murder. Send all information to me.

Ellis H. Parker,
County Detective,
Mount Holly, N. J.

Day Telephone 144
Night " 145

Police circular broadcast by Chief Parker in the manhunt for this slippery and super-shrewd criminal

RUBBER FINGERS

The police arrested young Noonan. Was he guilty? Caldwell, the "scientific detective," said, "No, I don't think he is!" The police said, "All right—prove it!"

By GREGORY W.
CALDWELL, Ph. D.

As told to
EDWIN A. GOEWY



Tessie almost went into hysterics when questioned by the Chief

SINCE early in the evening I had been busy in my downtown laboratory conducting an intricate chemical experiment preparatory to a lecture I was to deliver to my classes next day at the university. There was still much to do.

The burr of the telephone huzzer in my office was an annoying interruption, and I glanced at the clock sensing it was an unusual hour for anyone to be trying to reach me. It was even later than I had supposed. The hands indicated two in the morning.

Putting aside the test tube I had been holding over a flame, I hastened to reply to the persistent, staccato summons. "Caldwell speaking."

"Oh, I'm so glad I've located you, Professor. This is Moira." I had recognized the voice of my assistant and secretary. Her tone indicated she was laboring under unusual excitement. "I tried your home first— Oh, Professor, my brother George has been arrested!"

"What for?"

"I don't know exactly. A friend of his telephoned me he'd been taken to Police Headquarters charged with being mixed up in a robbery. Will you please help me? I don't know what to do."

"Do nothing until you hear from me. I'll hurry around to Headquarters and learn all about it; help George in any way I can. Good-by."

Throwing aside my blouse, I switched off the lights, snatched up my coat and hat, slammed my office door and raced to the street; then headed for the Police Central Office at good speed.

The fact that my secretary's youthful brother—he was about eighteen—had been arrested didn't surprise me. He and his sister, left orphans at a tender age, had lived with

various relatives until old enough to work and earn their livings. Moira, four years his senior, and as bright and capable a girl as ever I had encountered, had tried to look after and mother him. But he was wilful and none too industrious, and, from hanging about with street corner gangs as a boy, he had drifted into worse company since beginning to work and seldom held a job long. Recently I had heard bad reports of him, that he was spending most of his nights in a low cabaret near the river-front, which was frequented by some of the city's worst criminals, men and women.

Reaching Headquarters, I made straight for Chief Crosley's suite of offices. In the outer room was Milliken, the right desk man, who knew me and that, on many occasions, I had helped the police solve difficult crimes. From the room beyond came a rumble of angry voices.

"Good evening, Professor," said Milliken. "If you're looking for the Chief, he'll be here soon. I telephoned for him. We've got a young crook in there—not much more'n a kid. But he helped get away with more than forty-five thousand dollars worth of unset diamonds from Louis Michaelson & Son's tonight."

"Is his name George Noonan?"

"Yes, but how did you—"

At that moment one of the voices behind the door—I recognized it as that of Detective Dan Flynn—rose to a bellow. "Get me now, Noonan, and for the last time. Either you come clean or I'll break your damned neck!"

"I tell you I don't know anything about it!" came back, in a shriek of boyish terror.

Knowing Flynn and his methods—he was a big, hulking brute who tried to accomplish with his fists what he never could with his meager brain supply—I pushed aside the hand put out to detain me, hurried across the office and threw wide the door.

I WAS too late to prevent the anticipated assault, but just in time to see Flynn—who weighed nearly twice as much as his helpless prisoner—draw back, then strike young Noonan full in the face, knocking him into a corner.

"Damn you, Flynn—stop that!" I ordered, stepping quickly forward and pushing the detective aside just as he raised his foot to kick the lad. He swung round angrily, but, recognizing me, stepped back with an oath.

Clancy, his side-kick and far less of a brute, pulled Noonan, whimpering, to his feet. My glance at the boy sent me hot all over with a flush of blistering anger. The great seal ring worn by Flynn had cut a gash of several inches in George's cheek, from which the blood was streaming.

"Flynn, you're a brute!" I rasped. "What do you mean by doing such a thing to a mere lad? I don't know what crime he may have committed, but he's never been arrested before; it's his first offense——"

"Yes, it's his first offense," grinned the detective sardonically, "but I've marked him so he'll be easier to recognize next time. And if you didn't have so much backing I'd——"

"No you wouldn't! And get this. Not only are you a disgrace to the Force but you're a contemptible brute. It's your kind who make criminals."

"What the hell is all this?"

We turned to find Chief Crosley in the doorway, his face purple, his hands twitching.

"It's just this, Crosley," I shouted, before the detective could speak. "You haven't kept your promise to me that there'd be no more third degree used here. I don't know what Noonan is accused of; but look at the way Flynn cut him up beating him."

The Chief crossed the room, bent and examined the prisoner's battered and bleeding cheek, next turned toward Flynn. "Did you do that?" His tone was like a file drawn over steel.

"Why—er—yes, Chief. You know why we arrested him. He knows who's got the diamonds and he wouldn't come clean."

"He wouldn't come clean, eh? Say you—— Didn't I tell you fellows, after Professor Caldwell here showed us up in the Mike Tully case, that there wasn't to be any more third degree stuff?"

"Yes, but we just had——"

"Flynn, you're suspended indefinitely. If I can break you I'm going to do it. Get out!"

AS the detective left the room, Crosley turned to me. "I've been trying to play square with you, Professor. We've got the goods on Noonan, I'm told, and he's going to talk; but not Flynn's way. Hey, you!" to Milliken, "give the prisoner some first aid, and send down for a cup of coffee for him. Then keep your eye on him until I want him. Professor, if you and Clancy will come into my private room we'll thrash this thing out. I don't know how you got the tip on the arrest; somebody interested in the prisoner I suppose?"

"His sister is my secretary."

"Well, I'm—— Honestly, I'm sorry, Professor, but things look rotten black for this kid. Shut the door, Clancy. Now tell the Professor the whole works. I'll be mighty glad to get his idea. Probably Milliken didn't give me more'n half

the dope over the phone. Give us the story, Clancy."

Clancy took a chair opposite mine. "A short time after midnight, one of the safes in the offices of Michaelson & Son, in the Straus Building, was drilled and the thief or thieves got away clear with more than forty-five thousand dollars' worth of unset stones. I'll tell you later how the time was fixed.

"The front of the building, as you know, faces on Main Street, which always is bright at night, as most of the stores leave their windows lighted. The side, on High Street, is pretty dark, the big warehouse across the street throwing a shadow over it, except where the corner electric light casts a bit of light on it. The only entrance to the place is on Main Street. The heavy plate glass in the two big doors extends to within less than three feet of the bottom. These are fastened with the latest type of locks and couldn't be opened from the outside without using a sledge, or dynamite. On the High Street side, in the shadow, there is a one-door exit from a fire-proof shaft with a stair-way, which runs up through the entire building, five stories above the street with an attic loft at the top, used as a general store-room.

"Anyone can open this door from the inside by turning a handle; but, from the outside, it would have to be forced, as there isn't even a knob. The entire structure is protected with a Jones burglar alarm system. The night watchman from that company who has the beat, stops once an hour, or oftener, and rings the night bell until Barney Downey, who looks after the place between nine P.M. when it always is closed, until it is opened again for business in the morning, shows up behind the doors and gives him the high sign everything's O. K."

"Any door opening on the roof?" I asked.

"None. There's also, near the rear of the building, a fire escape running up the High Street side of the structure to the top floor, but not to the roof.

"Are all the windows protected by the burglar alarm system?"

"I understand so."

"Was this Downey on the job tonight?"

"Yes, and no suspicion can be attached to him. The policeman on post was Kelly. He went on at eight and was to be relieved at two. This being Friday night, and with a cold wind

blowing in off the river, things were pretty quiet down there. In fact, after ten-thirty only an occasional straggler and a few taxicabs passed Kelly. He's admitted that he slipped a block off his post for a time after eleven, to get a bite and a cup of coffee, at the lunch wagon in Jane Street. Getting back on his beat he went along trying doors—though he'd done it before that evening—until he reached the Straus Building. The wind was bad at that corner, so he stepped into the doorway, which is pretty deep, for shelter. While he was there Downey came to the doors, exchanged signals with the officer through the glass, then disappeared down the



The detective watched her

hallway. That's the last time that Kelly saw him alive."

"Also a murder, eh?"

"Yes. That's why we were so anxious to get Noonan to talk. Now get this, Professor—it's important. Kelly don't know how long he stood there. But he figures it was more than half an hour after he saw Downey, that a young fellow came along and also stepped into the doorway. He was surprised when he bumped into Kelly, said he wanted to light a cigarette, gave him a couple of fags, kidded about the wind, then went along toward the river.

"A few minutes later the Jones watchman came running. He'd just called his office on a signal-box phone, and been told to hurry to the Straus Building, as the half-hourly test had indicated something had gone wrong with the alarm system. Neither was greatly concerned for a few minutes, as breaks, sometimes caused by high winds, are not infrequent. But when Downey did not respond to the night bell they got suspicious and ran around to the side door. To their surprise they found this open, and a hasty examination showed the alarm wires connecting with it had been cut clean, as though a telegrapher's shears had been used."

"IN PLAIN English, it was evident that some person who had no business in the building had departed by the side door, and in such a hurry that he hadn't fastened it securely, or had pushed it back as he ran, and the strong wind had prevented it closing?" I interposed.

"Exactly, Professor."

"The fact that he had clippers indicates a professional who had come equipped for the very emergency he encountered. He cut the wires so he could escape without giving any signal that the building had been entered. His lapse was that he was not familiar with the half-hourly check-up. Go on."

"The Jones man and Kelly hurried around to the main hallway," Clancy continued, "where they found the body of the watchman within a few feet of the front doors. It was the coldest-blooded kind of a murder. The burglar had hidden behind a pillar and, as old Downey passed, shot him through the head near the temple. Right here, let me say that the Coroner has examined him and says the shot was fired close, probably a .32 caliber bullet. Downey dropped stone dead."

"Did you recover the ejected shell?"

"We made a careful search and found none."

"That probably means the intruder used an old type weapon. With the glass doors so near him, he wouldn't dare search around with a light."

"I guess you're right on that point, Professor, but here's something we can't get—yet. The two officers found the watchman just about one o'clock. The time clock just inside the doors showed he punched it at twelve-ten. That means that Kelly was just outside, within fifteen feet of the man's body and yet he didn't hear a sound or see a flash. Wait—here's something else more surprising. There were no powder marks on Downey's face."

"I THINK I can guess the reasons for what puzzles you—if Kelly has told the truth. What else?"

"Kelly hustled out and telephoned here. Luckily, Coroner Gluck was still in the building making out his monthly report. Flynn and I went with him in his car. Here's what we learned, though, of course, the Jones man was ahead of us. A thief, or maybe more than one, without disturbing any of the other offices in the building—though several of them are occupied by diamond and jewelry merchants—centered on Michaelson's place. What he, or they, did indicates old timers and tough yeggs probably, considering Downey's murder. After putting him out of the way, so he couldn't raise an alarm or interfere, and knowing the place was wired, they cut a piece of wood out of the lower part of the Michaelson hall-door large enough for a man to wriggle through. Once inside, the shades were drawn, and the crook attached a drill to an electric light socket and cut

the combination out of the smaller safe in the place.

"Next, with a jimmy, he broke into an inner compartment and pocketed the diamonds. He made no attempt to disturb the other safe, which is set in the wall and is of the time-lock variety, with triple chilled-steel doors. Probably his experience told him he couldn't open it in the time at his disposal."

"Where does Noonan come in?"

"I called up Louis Michaelson's home and got him out of bed. He started to beef a lot when he learned of the robbery, but when I got him quieted down he gave me the dope which led to a quick arrest. He said he never opened his place of business on Saturday, and that everything in his offices of any value was placed in the big safe on Friday afternoon, shortly before the time-lock went on at five. He uses the smaller safe to keep any stock brought in, after that hour, by the salesmen who work in the outlying districts. Usually, there are one hundred thousand dollars worth of diamonds in the smaller safe over Saturday and Sunday. He was lucky last night. One of the two men, who was out after five, reported sick by phone and took his stock home with

Tessie seemed terrified when she read the message



him. The other left the gems which were stolen.

"Of course I asked Michaelson about his employes. He said all had worked for him for years, and were under heavy bond, except this fellow Noonan, who'd been there as a messenger and office

boy for about two months up to last week. Then he learned he was traveling around with fast company, and fired him. He said the prisoner had been spending most of his nights at Tony Tolloni's river-front dump. We hurried down there and got Noonan, and brought him back to the building to question him. There we got a real jolt. Kelly recognized him as the kid who'd slipped into the front entrance, and stalled by saying he was trying to get a light."

"And your deduction was that he had learned all about

the arrangements in Michaelson's offices and, after being discharged, had planned with professional crooks among his unsavory cronies, to rob the place and was acting as lookout when he bumped into Kelly?" I said.

"Exactly!"

"Just a second, Professor," interrupted Crosley, who had maintained an unusual quiet for him. "Doesn't it strike you as significant that the burglars only molested the Michaelson place—the only one Noonan could have tipped them about fully?"

"I'll admit it is a suspicious circumstance, but I must learn a great deal more before I pass judgment. Recall, I once told you that a United States Supreme Court Judge said he wouldn't convict a yellow dog on circumstantial evidence alone. Clancy, how do you figure the burglars got into the building, since neither door was forced? How about the windows?"

"We made only a hurried examination of the offices and the hallways—the Jones man took us through with Downey's

They couldn't have used an elevator or the watchman would have heard them."

"Did you examine the door leading to the cellar steps?"

"I—I'm sorry, I didn't. We overlooked that in the excitement.

"But," interrupted Crosley, "don't you want to question Noonan?"

"Not now. If he's guilty I want to have the goods on him so I can trip him lying. Have him made as comfortable as possible 'til we get back. I'm certain he's no murderer at heart. Leave him alone to think. It may loosen his tongue when he realizes he's partly responsible for a man's death—if he's mixed up in this at all. Kelly's down stairs? Good. Bring him along and several flashlights."

On the way out—after telephoning my secretary, and telling her there would be no news until she reported at my office at eight—we stopped at the Headquarters morgue, where the Coroner had just completed his autopsy. He gave me the bullet which had killed Downey, a bit of .32 caliber lead. It was only a trifle flattened, as the killer's gun had been held so close it had gone through the upper cheek bone as though it were paper. Along one side of the bullet was a marking which confirmed a suspicion I had entertained.

Obtaining the Chief's permission I took possession of the bullet. Examining the wound closely, I found there were no powder marks.

"I'm satisfied one of my guesses was correct," I said, "and it explains why Kelly heard nothing, saw no flash. Also, I'm convinced we must look for a hardened and clever crook who knows his game and covers his trail well, and who will put up a desperate fight against capture. Let me have a loaded automatic, Chief. I'll carry it from now on. I wouldn't like to be unarmed if I meet the kind of a man I hope to uncover."

"Tell us what you've learned," said Crosley, passing me a weapon.

"I think the killer used an old type long barrel gun, to which was fastened a silencer. Either he didn't get it on quite true, or his weapon has a peculiar bore, for there is a mark on the bullet which will enable me to identify it—if I succeed in locating the gun. With the heavy front doors closed it would have been impossible for Kelly to have heard the faint ping when fired. Smokeless powder prevented a flash or any marks on Downey's face."

"Well I'm——"

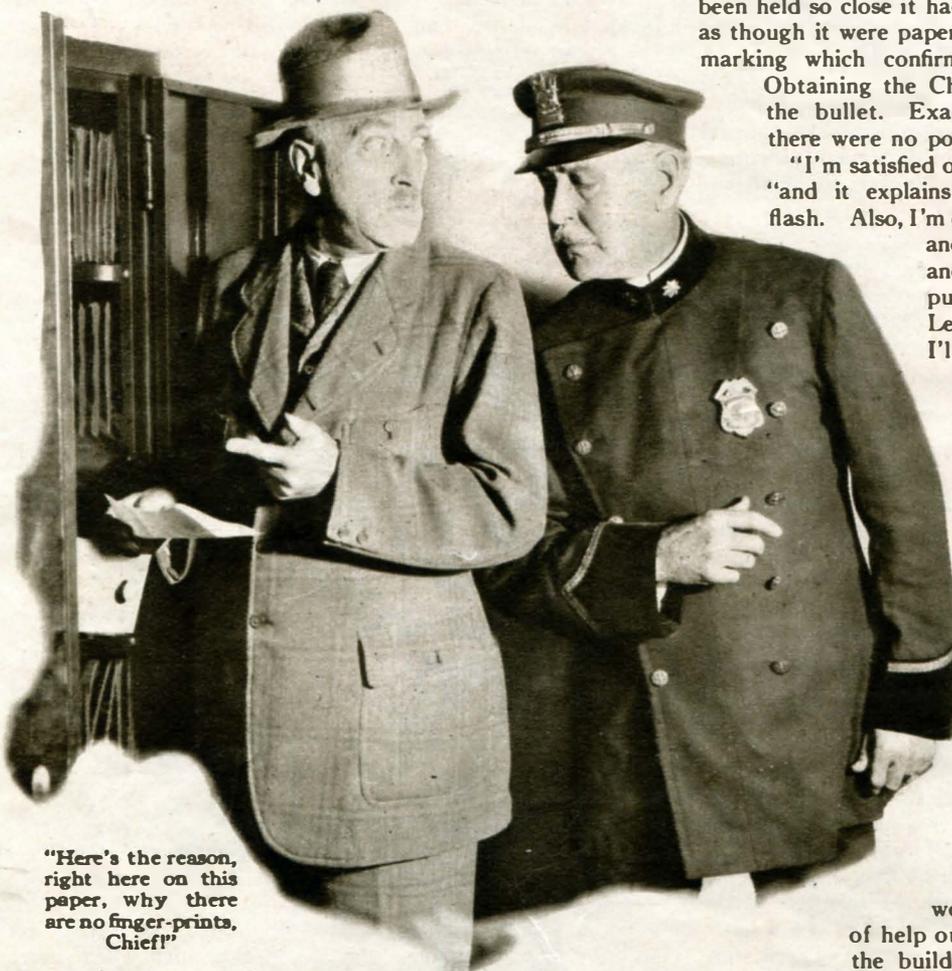
"One more guess, Chief. The killer worked alone inside. But he had plenty of help outside. He was too clever to walk to the building carrying his tools. A policeman

might have stopped him, or the bundle or satchel might have excited suspicion. Someone else brought them; someone who could take a bundle past a cop without the danger of being questioned. Think hard, Kelly! Do you recall anyone with a satchel or bundle—a messenger boy in uniform, for instance—about the time the thief is supposed to have entered the building—around midnight or thereabouts?"

"Now that you speak of it, sir, there *was* a telegraph boy came to the door of the lunch-wagon just as I was finishing, and looked at the clock. I believe he did have a satchel fastened to his bicycle and I know he went up Main Street, and must have passed the building. But I didn't suspect a boy——"

"Of course not. That's exactly what the burglar figured. Let's go."

We approached the Straus Building from the High Street side, a somewhat narrow thoroughfare paved with asphalt. The street was pretty clean, but, (Continued on page 111)



"Here's the reason, right here on this paper, why there are no finger-prints, Chief!"

keys—and it looked as though no windows had been forced. If they had been, an alarm would have rung at the Jones headquarters, for no wires except those at the fire-escape door had been cut."

"Any finger-prints or tools? Did the murderer get blood on himself when he killed Downey and leave traces anywhere?"

"Professor, I never saw a cleaner job. The only blood was right where Downey fell. No tools were left and we couldn't see a finger-print anywhere. As it was bone dry outside we could expect no fresh foot-prints. There were hundreds of old ones, faint of course, left from yesterday, because the charwomen are not allowed to clean up the place until it opens in the morning."

"You've given a clear outline, Clancy. Just one thing more. How did the thieves get into the place?" I asked him.

"I think they entered in the daytime, hid in the cellar and didn't come upstairs until they were ready to do the job.

The Crimson TRAIL



Dale Jones, Kansas City's desperate outlaw and (right) pretty Eva Lewis, one of his sweethearts, sister of the famous Lewis brothers. She frequently drove the car for the bandits during their hold-ups

THE "Jones-Lewis" gang plunges into an orgy of hold-up robbery. Bank piracy is raised to an unbeatable system. With Marjie Dean, the boy-bandit's latest love—quick as himself to draw and kill—Dale leads the band from city to city until the police drive them to cover in their mountain hide-out. There Dale springs a new scheme. Bank looting has become too tame! From now on they will hold up the fast mail and passenger trains! . . .

"**H**HEY, buddie—wait a minute!" Patrolman William F. Koger, of Kansas City, Missouri, called to a harmless-looking youngster, whom he discovered loitering about the railroad yards.

But the policeman passed on to eternity before those 60 seconds elapsed—shot through the heart by the 14-year-old slayer!

Dale Jones—Kansas City's Boy Bandit—had started on his career of blood.

Escaping from the police drag-net, the precocious young criminal robbed and fought his way across a continent, lone-handed, for four long years.

"Dale Jones is my man!" dramatically announced Mattie Howard, queen of Kansas City's underworld. Standing on the top of a table in a crowded cabaret, with a significant gesture to the gun in her belt, Mattie hurled warning to the youth's jealous rivals for her affections. Henceforth, he was to be her chosen partner—in crime and in love!

Shortly afterward, Dale began to make weekly trips to St. Louis, to visit the notorious Lewis brothers. Those desperate bandits attracted him—as did their sister, the beautiful Eva Lewis, singer in a cabaret, to whom he made clandestine love.

Fugitives from justice—a price upon their heads for the killing

By I. B. WALSTON

Former Chief of Detectives, Kansas City

[See sketch of Chief Walston in front pages of this issue]

As told to JERRY E. CRAVEY
of the Witchita *EVENING EAGLE*

of several police officers—the assassin-bandits slipped through every net spread for them by the police.

Despite repeated warnings of Dale Jones to the gang to keep under cover, Frank Lewis took a chance and drove to a news stand at Twelfth and Charlotte Streets to buy a newspaper. Detective Harry Arthur who was passing, instantly

recognized him. There was a tense moment, then,

"I think the Chief wants to see you," the detective announced quietly.

"The hell he does!" sneered Lewis. He already had spotted the officer, and was sitting in the car with his hat in his hand—and his gun under the hat!

LEWIS pointed the gun at the detective's head, and pulled the trigger. The gun snapped.

Arthur threw up his arm, just as Lewis pulled the trigger the second time, striking the gun hand of the man in the car upward, causing the bullet to go wild. Lewis struck Arthur in the mouth with his fist, and at the same time let the car in gear. The machine shot forward, hurling

the officer to the pavement. Leaping up, Arthur commandeered a passing automobile, and pursued the speeding car of the man who had tried to murder him, but Lewis was finally swallowed up in the traffic. The officer returned to the scene of the encounter to retrieve his hat, which was still lying in the street with a bullet hole through the crown.

A few days after the experience at Twelfth and Charlotte, Frank Lewis got word that his brothers, Ora and Roy, had again passed through Wichita, and had shot a grocery man during a robbery. The grocery store proprietor, Mat Tambling, was held up by Ora and Roy Lewis when the brothers returned to Wichita, while enroute to Kansas City. The St. Louis murderers had been dogged by the law from one end of the country to the other, and had even been followed to the Mexican border, and foiled in an attempt to cross.

Mr. Tambling, who refused to stand as ordered, and submit to being robbed by the Lewis brothers, was shot through the nose, but survived the wound. The Wichita police, however, at first believed him to have been killed and another murder was promptly chalked up against the St. Louis brothers.

Ora and Roy Lewis escaped from the Wichita police a second time, and arrived in Kansas City two days later. They are said to have walked the entire distance.

Believing Frank to be in Kansas City, Ora and Roy began making the rounds of the dives and speak-easys in search of their older brother. They searched for several days, but in vain, for Frank Lewis, ignorant of the fact that his brothers had returned to Kansas City, and were desperately in need of assistance, remained as far away from Kansas City as possible. He did not care for another encounter, such as the one he had had with Detective Arthur.

Roy Lewis, the youngest of the three brothers, grew lonesome to see his sister. So leaving Ora in Kansas City, he returned to his home in St. Louis. He was captured within an hour after arriving there.

He was charged with murder, and the date of his trial set for a week later. His attorneys, however, succeeded in getting the case continued, on the plea of new evidence intended to establish Roy's innocence of any actual participation in the two murders.

Full credit for the capture of Roy Lewis, and the final clearing up of the brutal slayings of police-officers McKenna and Dillon by Ora and Roy Lewis, was given to Patrolman Bernard J. Heggeman. It was Heggeman who watched the Lewis home constantly all during the weeks that Roy and Ora were being hunted. He stuck to the theory that a

criminal always returns, in time, to the scene of his crime.

At last, his spirit broken from the long, grueling chase he had led the police in half the larger cities of the United States, Ora Lewis gave up the search for Frank. He went to a cheap rooming house at 812 East Fourteenth Street, Kansas City, and rented a room.

Detective Arthur, patrolling that section of the city in a police car, saw Ora enter the house. So with Detective John P. Clifford, who was working with him, Arthur followed his man into the rooming house, and asked the landlady to show him to the room of the young man who had just come in. Ora had been given a room on the first floor, and hearing voices in the hall, peered out to get a glimpse of the newcomers. He recognized the two men, standing half way inside the door, as officers. Opening the door of his room cautiously, the murderer tiptoed toward the rear door.

But Arthur, expecting this, had not failed to note the slight movement in the room down the hall. Ora had taken but a few steps, when Detective Arthur

turned to his partner, and shouted to him: "Stop that man! He is a brother of the man who shot my hat off!"

Shoving the landlady aside, both officers sprang forward, and started running after the fleeing man. Ora was overtaken just as he reached the door, and in less than twenty-four hours, the Kansas City police were releasing the prisoner to the St. Louis authorities, to whom Ora made a full confession, not omitting the gruesome details of the slaughter of Officer Dillon.

The cases of Ora and Roy Lewis were tried together in Circuit Judge Grimm's court at St. Louis on November 25th, 1916. Roy was given life imprisonment, and Ora Lewis was sentenced to hang. Ora's

case was appealed to the Supreme Court, and on February 16th, 1918, the sentence of death was confirmed by that Tribunal. Date of execution was set for April 5th, 1918.

In the meantime, following the death penalty imposed on Ora Lewis, in a cabaret off Olive Street, amid the din of a jazz band, the shuffling of feet, and shadow-like waiters hurrying with trays of drinks, another scene, that, apparently, has no place in the drama of the Circuit Court verdict, is being enacted.

Everything is just as it always has been in the wild night life of the Olive Street cabaret, when, suddenly, the music stops; the dancers walk to their tables; the spotlight is turned on the tiny stage.

A girl rises—one of the singers that line the wall back of the piano player. The crowd at the tables prepares for a burst of ragtime.

"I wonder," the girl says in a low, rich voice. "I wonder if any of you know what it means to have a brother—hanged!"



(Right) Mattie Howard, called "Queen of the Underworld," and (above) Marjic Dean, both sweethearts of the daring bandit leader, Dale Jones. Both these women were adepts with six-shooters, the latter being finally killed in a gun battle with the police



The girl is Eva Lewis, who, during the months in which her brother, Ora, was being hunted—that he might be hanged—was temporarily forgotten, and left to her thoughts of what would happen when the law found Ora Lewis—Ora Lewis, the murderer!

"Can you picture what it would be to have your brother mount the gallows, with the executioner beside him; to have the black cap pulled over his eyes; to have the noose adjusted about his neck; to be asked if he had any last word to give to the world; to hear the intoning of a prayer for his soul—then to have the trap sprung, and your brother shot downward, earthward, till the cruel hemp draws tight with a snap, and breaks his neck?

"Can you picture your brother hanging there, limp and lifeless, his laughing eyes glazed and his gay voice forever stilled?"

"My brother will hang," the girl cries, screams, almost startling diners out of their chairs. A death-like hush falls over the vast hall that a moment before was filled with the noise of the merry-makers.

"Unless—unless—you will help me to save his life!" the pretty



Two views of the notorious Eva Lewis, the drawing above being made by "Scottie" of the *Wichita Evening Eagle*, when she was at the heyday of her career as a cabaret singer and accomplice of bandits



dancer shouts, in a final burst of tragic, frenzied agony.

Then Eva Lewis, in the sweet, gentle tones of a woman of culture, tells in a heart-to-heart talk, of her seemingly hopeless battle with the courts to save her brother's life. The talk takes three minutes of her stage time, after which she circulates a petition through the audience—a petition to Governor Gardner of Missouri, asking commutation of the death sentence.

If there are five hundred persons in the audience, Eva Lewis returns to the tiny stage with five hundred names added to the list of people who, by having signed the petition, are opposing Judge Grimm's sentence on Ora Lewis.

Such a scene might have been viewed by anyone attending the Olive Street Cabaret, at St. Louis, back in the latter part of 1916, and the early part of 1917.

Whether or not the petition submitted to Governor Gardner, early in 1917, had any influence on the Chief Executive of Missouri, was never known, but Ora Lewis's death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, even after the death penalty in Missouri was repealed in 1918, and after the Supreme Court of Missouri had ruled Ora Lewis should hang, in spite of the abolition of capital punishment.

So we leave Ora and Roy Lewis in the Missouri State Penitentiary, surrounded by high, gray prison walls, behind which they are to spend the rest of their lives. Neither of them may even hope for a parole, because, as Ora, the last of the pair to be captured, has often told J. H. Livingston, Superintendent of the Bureau of Criminal Identification at the Jefferson City prison, "No respectable governor would have the audacity to give the Lewis brothers a pardon."

We return to the Jones-Lewis bandit gang, and the nervous members of that crew, whose demeanors have now grown to wolf-like expressions of hatred, mingled with something that might, to a person unacquainted with the underworld type of man, be mistaken for fear. But it was not fear. No member of

Dale Jones' pack ever experienced the sensation of fear. Even Blackie Lancaster, who had been a coward all his life, was made unafraid by his association with young Dale Jones. Every man of them, Eudaley, Sherrill, Thomas Knight and Frank Lewis, was suffering from a bad case of the fidgets. Dale too, was getting impatient. The gang wanted work to do, dangerous work—preferably work that involved death itself.

Dale Jones furnished it!

The Industrial State Bank at Argentine was robbed; the Sugar Creek Bank was held up; the South Side State Bank was looted twice within a few weeks. The first robbery of the South Side Bank was staged by Mattie Howard and her gang, and James Sanger, Mattie's lover, was killed.

The Jones-Lewis bandit gang swung into action. Robbery after robbery was committed, and not a break was made in any of them. It was such a simple matter, this bank piracy! Just saunter into the bank that had been chosen as the next place to be honored by a visit from the gang—one man at a time. The first man would walk boldly up to the teller's window, tender a large bill, and ask the bank employe to break the note into small change. A second man would do likewise; then a third; a fourth and a fifth. It usually took twenty minutes for all the robbers to get into the bank, following one another at intervals of about four or five minutes. Each man would call for change at a different window, if the bank happened to be large enough to employ more than two or three tellers.

The entire gang was now inside the bank, having entered as any persons might enter, without attracting attention or suspicion in the least, each bandit standing in a different part of the building, counting the change from his bank notes.

Suddenly, Dale Jones, who also worked the same ruse of

getting a bill changed, would drop a coin on the floor. . . .

Five handfuls of silver would ring on the surface of the bank floor as one, the metallic sound echoing through the offices in which a score or more, maybe, of men and women toiled over voluminous books, noisy electric adding-machines and clicking typewriters. It never failed—this idea introduced by Dale Jones, and executed only by Dale Jones.

All the employes in the institution that was now receiving a visit from the Jones-Lewis bandit pack would drop the tasks they were engaged in, and their minds, ever ready to be diverted from the routine of counting money, or recording



(Above) Thomas Knight, (right) Roscoe "Kansas City Blackie" Lancaster, and (below) George Eudaley—three members of Dale Jones' bandit gang, all being killers and quick on the trigger



money transactions, would leap to the cause of the noise that had startled them. The disturbance, slight as it might seem in a banking room, would cause a kind of sluggishness in the minds of the people at work behind the cages, because of the suddenness of the change from one condition of the mind to another. Of course, it takes only the slightest fraction of a second for an active mind to pass from one situation to another, but the time required for the process was ample for the purpose of Dale Jones.

For the new impression—that caused by the coins ringing on the floor—was never fully registered on the mind of any employe of a bank about to be held up and robbed by Dale.

There was always a second situation—one which few people are capable of grasping! And that is, to look up suddenly from some task occupying one's thoughts into the bore of a large caliber six shooter!

This system, devised by Dale Jones, and employed in each of the robberies committed by his gang, also served as a preventive measure against any of the bank employes developing a case of nervousness, often causing the person being robbed to reach for a gun, which, in turn, results, either in the killing of one of the bandits, or the murder of the man being held up.

Dale Jones' victims were further kept from becoming nervous by the smooth, almost apologetic, voice of the bandit chieftain. The voice always uttered the same

words—words soothing in tone, but sinister in meaning:

"I guess you folks are the losers in this game."

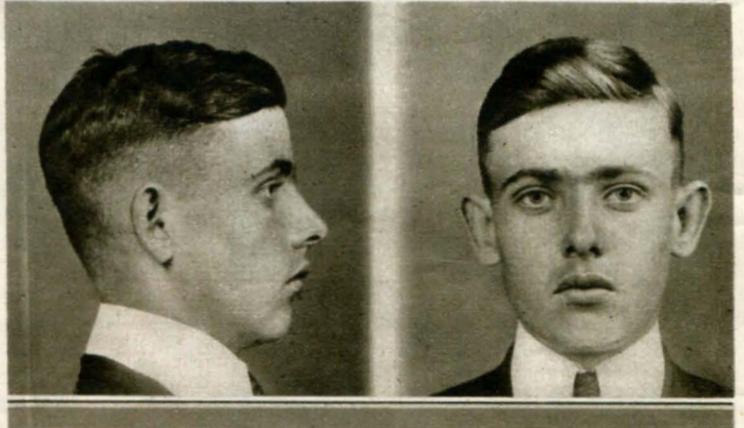
Having become masters of the situation in the bank, each member of the gang would do the thing he was supposed to do. Two men would stand in the doorway, one on either side of the entrance, their guns concealed, letting all newcomers in, but preventing their leaving. Each person entering the bank would be prodded gently in the small of the back by one of the doormen, and ordered in a quiet voice to step aside, and stand with face to the wall, but without raising their hands. It always worked.

"Just stand over there, please, and act as natural as possible," the bandits would order, in tones that sounded like a request, but were, nevertheless, orders. A man's voice was a valuable asset in the opinion of Jones and Lewis. Eudaley and Sherrill usually acted as doormen, but when Kansas City Blackie joined the gang, he was posted at the door with Sherrill, and Eudaley worked the tills. This arrangement was made because of Blackie's shooting ability. One man was stationed at each end of the bank room, sweeping the length and breadth of the building with his gun. The two remaining members of the band would loot the vault and money tills. Dale himself worked the vault.

The entire job was performed in less than one-tenth of the time required to tell it. Many a person caught in a bank that was being robbed by the Jones

gang, has marveled at the smoothness and rapidity with which the bandits worked. Few people were ever foolish enough to make a false move in the presence of the most notorious robber organization America has ever known.

The bandits had "cleaned up" Kansas City. The Sugar Creek Bank, the Industrial



State Bank and the South Side Bank had yielded a good profit. There was never a hitch in any of the "jobs," all of them having been pulled according to the foregoing plan. Best of all, there hadn't been a casualty. It was one of the unpardonable sins to shoot where shooting was not absolutely necessary. Dale Jones knew what it meant to be tried for murder, and Frank Lewis had learned a great deal from the court trials of his two brothers.

The Kansas City police were concentrating every ounce of that great law-enforcement organization's strength on the capture of the gang that was terrorizing the city and outlying districts. When a score of additional men were signed up

to patrol the city in one big campaign, Jones, still a very young man, and the most sought for criminal in the entire Southwest, called a conference of his gang. The council of war was held 50 miles from Kansas City, under the protection of the rolling Missouri hills, where the gang had set up its permanent hide-out.

The conference ended in hurried preparations to move on, according to the original plans laid by Jones and Lewis, to "see America first,"—along the sights of pistols and high-powered rifles!

Indianapolis, Indiana, was the first stopover. When the gang left that city its members were eighteen thousand dollars richer, for which they had a small national bank to thank.

A wide swing, and several days of traveling, took the notorious party of "tourists" to Los Angeles. Here the gang scattered, each taking his share of the spoils from a dozen robberies. The men were ordered to report to Jones within ten days, to lay plans for a job that he, Dale, would have spotted by that time.

While resting in Los Angeles, before the scheduled meeting of the gang was to take place, Jones renewed old acquaintances in the city. Among them was Marjie Dean, an Italian woman several years Dale's senior, whom he had met in Los Angeles, during his residence there in the home of the wealthy California real estate man, who had befriended him as a boy.

Marjie and Dale went to Tia Juana. In the Mexican sporting city, between horse races and poker games, Marjie Dean proved to Dale Jones why she should travel with him as an active member of the gang he headed. The girl could shoot. And she had nerve. She demonstrated the latter by holding up a party of American sportsmen in broad daylight, and robbing them of several hundred dollars and their watches. She clipped the heads from Mexican quail, to prove she was a crack pistol shot. And besides, Marjie Dean was very much in love with young Jones. So down in Tia Juana, over their whiskey glasses, Dale Jones and Marjie Dean were married—by common law.

The gang assembled again in Los Angeles, on December 7, 1917, and talked over plans for their next robbery. The following day, six men trooped into the bank at Culver City, a residential

suburb of Los Angeles. A tall, olive-complexioned woman sat in a car parked at the curb, directly in front of the little bank. Her left hand rested on the steering wheel; in her right, which lay on the front seat of the machine, covered with a silk scarf, was a .38 caliber revolver.

Fifteen minutes had elapsed since the first of the sextette walked briskly through the arched doorway of the bank. The girl in the car was becoming nervous. She looked up and down the quiet street, then back through the big windows of the bank, and saw Dale Jones, the bandit leader, drop the coin which gave the signal. The girl's right hand trembled under the scarf, shaking the silken material like a light gust of wind. Her right foot, poised over the gasoline accelerator, tensed, and her left foot, trembling, instinctively began to draw upward, slowly, gradually letting the car in gear. Her eyes again swept the paved residential street in each direction, and roved back to the wide, glass windows, through which four men could be seen moving about with a swiftness and precision that resembled the working of well-oiled machinery. One of the bandits who stood in the doorway was concealed behind a stone pillar that stood just inside the entrance, but the other, Blackie Lancaster, was in plain view from the street. He was lounging against another pillar, standing opposite that which hid Sherrill, apparently a disinterested spectator of the scene that was being

enacted behind the cages. But in his left hand was a gun, and the thumb toyed the hammer of the old single-action .45 nervously, letting the firing-pin down to within a thousandth of an inch of the cap of the cartridge, and raising the hammer again to the point where it was ready to click, and turn the cylinder on a new chamber.

With a cat-like movement, Dale Jones turned from the bank vault, where it had taken him only a few seconds to scoop up \$8000 in currency, leaped onto a counting-table, slid through the small window of the teller's cage, and jumped lightly to the floor. Frank Lewis, Eudaley and Knight quickly followed their chief, and all four bandits, who had been working behind the cages, walked rapidly through the door, and headed for the car in which the girl sat. They reached the curb, and Dale stooped to climb in the seat next the woman driver.

(Continued on page 78)



WANTED \$3,000 Reward!





FRANK LEWIS DALE JONES ROY D. SHERRILL

TRAIN ROBBERS.

These men are wanted in connection with the hold-up and robbery of the Kansas City & Denison R. P. O. M. K. & T. Railway train No. 27, at Koeb Siding, three miles south of Paola, Kansas, July 10th, 1918.

DESCRIPTION:

FRANK LEWIS, alias Henry J. Clayton, alias James Clayton, alias Frank DeMorris, alias Frank Rogers; age 28 (looks older); height 5 feet 9 inches; weight 250 pounds; coarse, dark hair; hazel or gray eyes; round, full face, usually clean shaven, but when last seen was growing a stubby mustache; blurred tattoo mark on left forearm; gunshot wounds in breast and right arm, (right arm stiff); wears size 17 shoes; has large abdomen and wears belt low; usually wears black button shoes with bull-dog toe; smokes cigars constantly and poses as oil or stock man.

DALE JONES, alias Lloyd Dean, alias Denver Dean, alias Charles Forbes, alias Ford Eudley; age 21; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 135 pounds; light chestnut hair (shows rather dark in picture); blue eyes; light complexion; middle finger on right hand amputated below second joint; dress well, good mixer and pleasant manners.

ROY D. SHERRILL, alias Charles D. Gillings, alias Charles A. Rollings, alias Gabe Price, alias George Ryan; age 21; height 5 feet 10 inches; weight 150 pounds; light hair; light complexion (blonde); blue eyes; slender build; long neck; flat nose; light complexion; flashy dresser.

All three of these men are experts at handling automobiles and usually drive cars of the Hudson, Cadillac or Marmon make.

Under the Postmaster General's Notice of Reward dated August 3, 1916, \$1,000.00 is payable for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person on the charge of robbing the mails while being conveyed in any car attached to a railway mail train in violation of Section 197 of the Penal Code. It is believed that there were seven men connected with the hold-up of the train, and the Railway and Express Companies have always paid liberal rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any train robbers, in addition to the reward offered by the Post Office Department.

Should any of these parties be located their arrest should be caused immediately and the undersigned notified at once by telegraph. "Government rate, collect."

JOE P. JOHNSTON,
Post Office Inspector in Charge,
Kansas City, Missouri.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., August 22, 1918.

One of the many posters issued by the Post Office Department, offering rewards for the capture of members of the Jones-Lewis gang. (Above) Ora Lewis

The MYSTERY of the



"This five-carat, blue-white gem has absolutely vanished!" hopelessly admitted a great detective agency. "Diamonds don't fade into thin air!" retorted Petersen, the ex-Scotland Yard sleuth.

But—was Petersen right?

*By Detective
T. VON S. PETERSEN
formerly of
Scotland Yard*

*As told to
ISABEL STEPHEN*

know how the thief worked this racket—we know who stole the gem, but haven't enough evidence to hold him on—"

"Start at the beginning and tell me what it's all about," I interrupted, as he seemed to be wabbling along indefinitely.

These precise directions seemed to relieve him of some odd embarrassment. "About six months ago," he began, hitching forward in his chair, and

speaking in the sing-song voice that marks an oft-told tale, "six months ago, we received a claim for ten thousand dollars from a large wholesale dealer in precious stones.

"A well-dressed man had called at their establishment, armed with the necessary letter of introduction. This identified him as a high salaried buyer of automobile accessories for a foreign house. Our clients were requested to extend to this man the courtesy of a wholesale rate on a five-carat diamond he wished to purchase."

Once started on his story, the Claim Manager swung along without difficulty. "The head of the firm directed the reception-room clerk, who had brought the letter of introduction to his private office, to escort Mr. Fritz Doshier—that is the name of the man referred to in the letter—to the inner salesroom. The door of this inside office locks automatically when it closes so that a visitor cannot leave the place until the door is opened by one of the staff.

"AFTER greeting the president of the firm, who had come to the salesroom, the would-be purchaser plucked a stick-pin from his scarf, and placed it on the large mahogany table which is used for displaying gems. The pin was set with a beautiful, flawless five-carat diamond. He explained that he wished a duplicate, to be set, together with his own gem, in a pair of earrings which he intended for a gift to his fiancée."

"How many were present in the salesroom at that time?" I asked.

"Who is that fellow—your house detective?" I asked Breckinridge

I HAVE my clients' permission to give out this story, but for reasons which will appear later, I have been obliged to use fictitious names.

The case, before being put into my hands, however, was investigated by the Baltimore Police and was tried in the Baltimore courts a short time ago.

It was one of those mysteries which seldom come into a real detective's life—one of those baffling affairs, which are so popular with fiction writers.

Several months ago, I was visited by the Claim Manager of a national insurance company—a tall, slim, stoop-shouldered man of middle age, whose blond-lashed, light gray eyes, peered anxiously from behind thick glasses, as my secretary, Miss Wiley, escorted him into my private office.

He sank lankily into a chair alongside my desk, carefully placed his hat on the floor at his side, and answered my greeting with a confused murmur.

"I understood you to say over the telephone that the robbery case you desire me to handle took place six months ago," I led off, since he did not appear to be ready to take the initiative. "I may as well explain to you, at the start, that I am very much averse to taking cases on which other investigators have been working."

"Yes, yes, I can understand that," my visitor drawled. "But just let me explain this matter before you refuse to be interested. Our company is ready to pay you any fee you name. It is not the value of the missing jewel—it is the principle of the thing that is all important to us. We don't

Invisible DIAMOND

"Only three—the president, a salesman, and Doshier. The salesman, named Prouty, picked up the stick-pin, admired it, and passed it over to the president, who congratulated their visitor on his possession of the gem. It was then returned to Doshier, who placed it on the table.

"Prouty went to the safe and, presently, set on the table a tray, lined and covered with black velvet—one of those customary trays which all jewelers use to display diamonds. On this tray he placed ten diamonds he had brought with him from the safe. All three compared the ten stones with the diamond in the scarf pin very carefully.

"Half an hour or so passed in the discussion of diamonds. Doshier found difficulty, apparently, in making a selection, though the gems before him almost perfectly matched his own. Finally, he asked how much they would allow him on his own stone, if he turned it in and bought two stones of a slightly different color.

"He appeared to be satisfied with the sum named, but before making up his mind to change his plan of having his own diamond matched, he asked to see some other similar gems..."

The abrupt pause at this point indicated that the Claim Manager was about to reach the climax of his tale.

"The salesman turned to the safe to obtain another selection. In less than a quarter of a minute he was back at the table on which the first tray was lying. One glance—casual, at first, as it was—showed him that one of the diamonds was *missing!*"

"And what was the president doing all this time? Wasn't he watching his visitor?" I asked.

"The president had been standing near the window. He had turned his back for a mere moment—yet in that instant a gem worth ten thousand dollars had disappeared! At first, they made a perfunctory search—though, of course, both men were at once suspicious of the visitor. They knew their gems as a mother knows her children—the disappearance of one of them flashed to them instantaneously.

"The tray had a deep, raised edge which would have prevented the missing diamond from rolling off. The door of the salesroom was still locked—it was impossible for any one else but the visitor to have taken it."

"So they accused the man of taking the missing diamond?"

"Certainly! They accused him point blank!"

For the first time since he had started his story the Claim Manager became emphatic. He struck the back of his right hand with a resounding slap on the palm of the left.

"Doshier laughed at them! He simply laughed at them! Laughed at the idea of his having stolen it, and suggested that they search him. Instead of doing that, the sales-



He gave me a very keen, piercing look

	1	2	3	4
6	7	8	9	10 11
13	14	15	16	17 18 19
20	21	22	23	24 25 26
27	28	29	30	31

man telephoned Police Headquarters and asked them to send over a detective at once.

"Two men arrived promptly. They thoroughly searched every spot of the premises. It took nearly a couple of hours. The deep-piled rug was gone over, as well as the upper and lower parts of the table—even the picture frames on the wall; and the catalogues which stood on a small desk were closely scrutinized. They didn't overlook a thing."

I asked the Claim Manager whether they searched Doshier before, or after, they searched the premises.

"Both before and after. He was quite good-natured about it, too. That made them even more suspicious. The detectives asked the president whether or not he wanted to give the man in charge. He told them he decidedly did—that he charged Doshier with grand larceny!"

The Claim Manager thereupon went into the most minute details—how, with one detective walking behind, another one in front, the president on one side, and the salesman on the other, the suspect was marched to Police Headquarters.

Doshier was stripped, and his body thoroughly searched. Every seam of his clothing, as well as the lining of his various garments, was slit open. The soles and heels and interlining of his shoes were ripped off.

DETECTIVES also examined his thick, short-cropped, curly hair—and his ears. He was forced to gargle water in such a fashion that it would have been impossible for him to have retained the diamond in his mouth. Other precautions—extraordinary—were taken in case he had swallowed the gem.

"In spite of the fact that the detectives, as well as the president and the salesman, were absolutely convinced that, somehow or other, Doshier had stolen the gem," the Claim Manager continued, "how he had disposed of it was a baffling mystery. The diamond had become *invisible* in

some way! They were obliged to let him go, for lack of evidence, at the end of forty-eight hours.

"While he was still in the lock-up, however, the insurance people had been notified. When he left, a man was waiting outside to keep him under surveillance.

"For the past six months two operators have been trailing him constantly. They did not observe him meet any known members of the underworld, or suspicious characters, though he continued to run around with a sporting crowd. Each one of his acquaintances, of whom there was the slightest doubt, was also shadowed. Here are these operatives' reports."

HE offered me a huge sheaf of paper—which I promptly waved aside. How the case had been muddled!

He saw my look.

"I'll admit they had to give it up. They said the gem had absolutely vanished. They had no hope of ever finding it."

"Diamonds don't fade into thin air!" I retorted. "I hate to take up this half-baked job—but I'll do it just the same. This much is certain—the man who pulled that slick trick is no fool. He didn't expect to walk out of jail cleared of suspicion. In the last six months the operatives on this job have managed to put him thoroughly on his guard. I never

the inner showroom. It would be better still, if the showroom could be kept locked, and unused entirely, while I am working on the case. Would this be possible?"

For a few moments the Claim Manager remained silent. In spite of some fulsome compliments with which he had deluged me over the phone, he displayed considerable anxiety at this point.

"The diamond is not in the showroom," he said peevishly, picking up his hat from the floor and twiddling it nervously in his fingers. "Detectives searched the room thoroughly; our own men have been over every spot. They examined everything in the room with the utmost care. Nothing was overlooked from the ceiling to the floor. Personally, I don't think the man who took it moved from that table!"

"Well, diamonds don't evaporate!" I exclaimed, a bit testily. "If I'm to take this case on, you'll have to give me a free hand in the literal sense of the expression. I won't have anything to do with it otherwise. If your people are not satisfied to play the game my way, you had better go back to Baltimore and get somebody else. I don't ask impossibilities. If it's inconvenient for them to shut up the salesroom, then ask them to guard against strangers."

"Oh, I'm sure they could manage to do business in the smaller salesroom, which also has a patent locking door,"

"Doshier was stripped, and his body thoroughly searched. Every seam of his clothing, as well as the lining of his various garments, was slit open. The soles and heels and interlining of his shoes were ripped off. Detectives also examined his thick, short-cropped, curly hair—and his ears. He was forced to gargle water. . .

"The diamond had become *invisible* in some way!"

read the reports of detectives who have failed, as you say these men have, to get anything on a man who has been kept under espionage over a long period. I don't want to be hampered in this case with their opinions of the people whom Doshier met.

"This case interests me as a riddle might. But I don't want to be confused by glancing over unsuccessful tests and experiments. Certain actions, viewed by a half dozen different persons, will have as many different interpretations." I added this in explanation, as my visitor, evidently, had taken my words as criticism of his staff. As a matter of fact, I had been talking more to myself than to him.

"I'll take the case," I promised, "but I want to enter it entirely unprejudiced—without being biased by other men's judgments. Is Doshier still under surveillance?"

"Oh, yes, yes—we haven't missed a day or night," he answered promptly. "Unless you want to put your own men on, we'll keep those fellows trailing him, and have them keep you informed of his every move."

"Good Lord, man, that's just what I don't want you to do. Take 'em off immediately. Doshier mustn't be kept under surveillance another day. If you don't give him any rope at all, how do you expect him to hang himself? Instruct your policy holders not to permit anyone they don't personally know to enter the room where the diamond disappeared, no matter how well recommended he may be, nor by whom. If they are obliged to exhibit their stones to a stranger, in order not to offend some big customer, direct them to show them in the president's private office—not in

he said hastily. "Have it exactly your own way. Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Petersen. I was instructed to advise you that you were to have a free rein in handling the mystery. I'll have the men taken off immediately I return, and instruct the agency, that's been handling the case so far, to keep off."

After a few more minutes' conversation, we settled on terms. I received my retainer, and the Claim Manager left.

I rang for Miss Wiley, my secretary, who has been with me for a great many years, and dictated to her a full account of the case. We also arranged a simple code, which could be used in correspondence, in case of emergency.

IT was, I was convinced, no swivel-chair job. It looked to me like a long drawn-out affair, for our suspect would be cagey as the devil. I discussed it with my chief assistant for several hours and, that night, left for Baltimore.

Doshier, the Claim Manager had told me, was stopping at one of the larger hotels in Baltimore. By one of those coincidences which play such an important part—sometimes for good, and sometimes for bad breaks—in every detective's life, it so happened that I had spent a couple of months in the same hotel while engaged in a blackmail case two years before.

At that time, I had posed as a man who was looking for a fine thoroughbred hunter, and had, eventually, really purchased one for a client of mine, for I am considered a pretty good judge of horseflesh. In this manner, I had made many friends, who never suspected that I was other than a mining man who had made a lot of money, and retired

from business. I am always very careful to choose a role in which I am letter-perfect. I can talk stocks and bonds, copper mines, horses and dogs, just as well as I can talk crook and crook catcher.

On this occasion, I decided to pretend to be on the lookout for a saddle-horse. I knew the hotel proprietor was a great lover of horses, as so many Southerners are. On my former visit we had had many long interesting gabfests on the subject.

As I expected, my Baltimore boniface greeted me with open arms, when I arrived and sent up my name to his private suite, where he was entertaining some friends.

I had a long look—at a distance—at Doshier the next morning, in the dining room. He was a mighty handsome chap, just the type women admire. His physique was that of an athlete—over six feet in height, broad shoulders, and not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body. Strong, regular features, dark eyes and ruddy complexion, short-cropped dark-brown hair, and dazzlingly white teeth which showed expansively in his frequent smile.

A man, I judged from this superficial examination, who was fond of the good things of life, and not over scrupulous about the way he obtained them; the slightly bulging eyes, flaring nostrils and heavy-lobed ears told their own story. The suspicion of pouches under his eyes, and the network of lines which sprayed his temples, suggested alcoholic indulgence.

Though his manner with the waiter, as he ordered breakfast, was jovial, I noted deep grooves on his forehead. Underneath that geniality was anxiety and worry—the strain of being constantly watched is great; in many cases it has caused a criminal to give himself up.

I was quite sure Doshier had been conscious of the surveillance of the insurance company's men. There is an indescribable sense of being constantly under someone's supervision, no matter how adroit the trailer may be. It is similar to that felt by all of us when another's gaze is kept steadily in our direction, even if it comes from behind our backs.

I MADE no attempt to get near Doshier, nor to meet him. Later in the morning, while I was chatting with my friend the proprietor—whose name, by the bye, is Breckinridge—my subject walked up to the desk and lounged there for a few moments. He gave me a very keen, piercing look.

"Who is that fellow—your house detective?" I asked Breckinridge. "He has the gimlet eyes so often attributed to the super-sleuth—they're regular headlights of warning to evildoers."

The hotel man smiled. "No, he isn't a detective. We haven't got a house detective, as a matter of fact. We found they made more mistakes than captures. A lot of hotels have dispensed with house detectives. It's funny how often they land on innocent guests and raise merry hell, when sneak thieves are playing their tricks right under their big noses. Now, we simply warn guests to leave their jewels in the safe when they register, and the floor clerks keep tab on the rooms. If the guests don't follow our advice, they have only themselves to blame if they are robbed. We are not responsible."

I let him carry on without showing any further curiosity about Doshier. He discussed the methods of house detectives with their hectic pursuit of balmy "hot clues"—and the clean and decent

morals of the average hotel guest. I had recognized my subject from the description given me, and, by feigning to Breckinridge to mistake him for a detective, I hoped that the seed of suggestion would later sprout information if the hotel man was aware that Doshier had been under surveillance.

Before leaving Breckinridge I invited him to accompany me to a certain stable, not far off in the suburbs, where I was going to look at a saddle-horse.

"I sure would love to," he said. "So long's we get back here by seven-thirty tonight, I can get off all right."

I REASSURED him on that point. It was a glorious late autumn afternoon, and as my companion had a chauffeur driving his car, we were able to indulge in a conversation uninterrupted by the close shaves from other automobiles which were spinning along as thick as droves of crows.

We drifted from this topic to that—coming abruptly to a blank wall, as two people who have been separated for a couple of years are apt to do. I remarked on the smart appearance of two mounted members of the State Police who passed. Had my seed of suggestion fallen on soil shallow enough to spring up so soon? State Police—I used the words as a bait to bring up the subject of private detectives and Doshier. The ruse succeeded. My companion turned to me:

"You know it was kind of funny your taking Mr. Doshier for a detective this morning," Breckinridge said. My suggestion was working all right. I had
(Continued on page 87)



"I think something is troubling you," I suggested gently

The BUNCO MILLION!

*The sensational inside story
of the "Big Hutch" Bunco
Ring, and an exposé of the
notorious "pay-off racket"*

By

ALBERT J. CODY

International Detective

As told to

WILBERT WADLEIGH



Thompson Studio
Venice, Calif.

Al Cody, cousin of the world-renowned Colonel Bill Cody ("Buffalo Bill"). He tackled the powerful Bunco Ring single-handed, and gave them the fight of their lives. See sketch of his career in the front pages of this issue

EDITOR'S NOTE: *It should be borne in mind that Mr. Cody's colorful story of The Great Bunco Syndicate at Los Angeles, given below, has no bearing upon or connection with the present highly efficient Police Department of that city, which, from the Chief of Police down, is one of the finest Police Administrations to be found anywhere in the world.*

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

SOMETHING like eight years ago, America was astounded by the amazing "Big Hutch" bunco operations that were uncovered in Los Angeles. High police and civic officials were embroiled, many resigning under the pressure of outraged public feeling; sensation after sensation developed and were featured by metropolitan dailies throughout the country, before the canny leader of the largest and most powerful band of organized "con" men ever recorded in the annals of crime—E. A. Hutchings—was placed behind the steel bars and stone walls of San Quentin Penitentiary.

A quiet, modest, and fearless man well past middle-age, and wearing the badge of a private investigator, stirred up this hornets' nest—and the hornets have not all settled yet!

Mr. Cody's simple and straightforward account of this situation follows. With the exception of a few instances, where certain statements might prove needlessly embarrassing to certain persons now occupying positions of public trust, actual names of individuals concerned in the account are used. However, in justice to the faithful telling of the story, as Mr. Cody remarks prefatorially:

"While I hold no briefs for or against any of the individuals mentioned in this account and have no desire to re-open old wounds, my purpose is to give a true picture of the conditions described, and to expose to the public the insidious ramifications of the 'pay-off racket,' in the hope that, by so doing, I am performing a public service that may go part of the way toward educating potential victims as to the traps that are baited for them in every part of the country."

I RARELY forget a face. During my 40 years as a man-hunter, throughout adventures that have taken me from the frozen North to the tropics, from one hemisphere to another, this faculty has stood me in good stead.

So it was not surprising that, shortly after seating myself at breakfast on Sunday morning, December 21st, 1919, in Boos Brothers Cafeteria, on Fifth Street in Los Angeles, my attention was arrested by a face.

The face was that of a man whom I knew to be Hughie Trainor, alias Harry Trainor, alias Harry Brady, *ad infinitum*; a dignified-looking man of 50, smooth shaven, with silvery-gray hair, and faultlessly attired—a notorious bunco and confidence man. Seated at the table with him was an elderly gentleman who was a stranger to me, and they were engaged in an animated conversation.

I didn't think the stranger could be another bunco sharper; his appearance and manner indicated that he was more likely a victim. He was a gaunt, tanned, raw-boned old fellow of 55 or so, wearing "store clothes," and suggested to me the retired rancher.

Trainor didn't recognize me, and I watched the two closely. The conviction grew upon me that Hughie was up to his old tricks, and I decided to make it my business to look into the matter.

When they left the cafeteria I shadowed them to the Alexandria Hotel, whence, after talking for a while, they went to the Fremont Hotel, where, apparently, the gaunt old stranger was staying. I kept them under observation for a while, hoping that I might get a line on some other crooks who might be in with Trainor, but no one else joined them, up to the time when I was forced to leave them to attend to other matters. However, before I left the Fre-

mont, I learned that the old man was actually a retired rancher, by the name of J. B. Norris, who was stopping at the hotel with his wife, she being in failing health and under a physician's care.

On the following morning I sent one of my operatives, one C. V. Raaths, to the Hotel Fremont, with instructions to get in touch with Norris.

Raaths reported back, informing me that Norris and his wife had left the hotel early and gone out driving, and he was unable to get in touch with Norris all that day.

The next day, the twenty-third day of December, Raaths went to the Fremont again, on this occasion managing to interview Mrs. Norris, who told him that her husband had left early that morning for San Antonio, Texas, and would stop at the Gunter Hotel. Without disclosing to Mrs. Norris the nature of his business, Raaths reported back to me.

"The old cover up gag, Al," Raaths ventured grimly.

It looked that way. We were more or less familiar with that form of swindle known as the "pay-off racket," and were certain that Norris had fallen a victim to it, and that, following the usual procedure, the bunco men had sent him out of town on some pretext or other in order to do a fade-out.

I shall expose the "pay-off racket" in detail, later on in this account. Briefly, the "con" men, in order to be framed up so as to fleece their victims, rent rooms in some office building, and dress them up to look like a stock-broker's office, complete with furniture, "phony" telephones, blackboards, *et cetera*.

by the name of Gilbert, whom I knew to be one of the principal operators. The gang were wary, however, and we did not have any success in locating them up until the time Norris returned, on January 2nd, to Los Angeles.

I found that he had left San Antonio without getting my letter; possibly he left there on the same day it should have arrived; however, I had Mr. Noel Edwards, my attorney at that time, call Norris up the next day and ask him to come to his office, arranging to be there myself.

OLD Norris reported there, with a young man whom he introduced as his son. As soon as he found what we wanted him for, the old rancher was on his guard. His faith in human nature had suffered a terrible blow, and, like most bunco victims, he felt his humiliation keenly. Also, like most similar sufferers, through stubborn pride and a sense of shame at having been taken in, Norris would not admit to us that he had been victimized.

I had expected this, and so had Attorney Edwards, but we had hoped to be able to get the old man to realize that we were his friends, and were prepared to devote our time toward getting back some, or all, of his money and prosecuting the swindlers.

But nothing Edwards, or I, could say would induce Norris to admit that he had been swindled. I don't doubt but what, aside from his humiliation, he feared reprisal at the hands of the bunco men if he were to expose them. Also, I believed he looked upon Edwards and myself as two more crooks who were scheming to part him from some more of

his hard-earned money, though the truth was he had been just about completely stripped, as I found later.

Norris and his son were anxious to get back to the hotel on account of Mrs. Norris' illness, and as I had other things to do that day, I let him go.

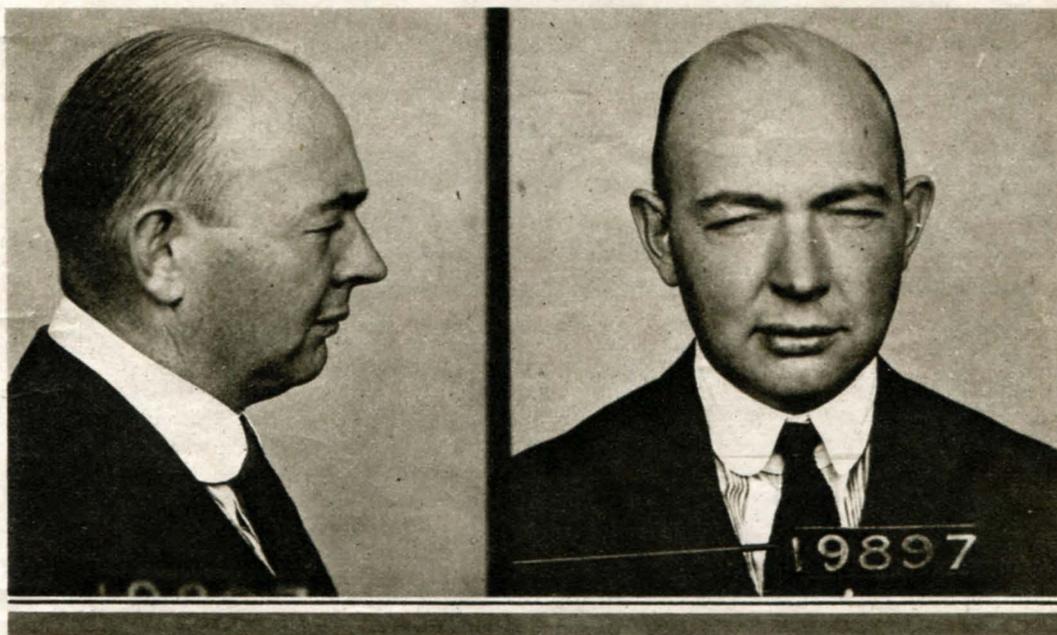
But, during my investigation, I had learned enough to know that Norris had only been one of several victims during the three months just ended, and that a huge bunco syndicate was operating in the city, with little or no fear of the authorities.

Los Angeles had been suffering from acute *criminalitis* for many months. The largest city in the

world in area, it comprised something like 360 square miles of territory, and at that time was very insufficiently policed. Crime, in the form of robberies, swindles, burglaries, murders, and other violations of the law, had reared its shaggy, grinning head above the city, and jeeringly defied the populace.

I am an American citizen first, and a detective second. While it was true that my office would possibly benefit in fees through the uncovering of this gigantic bunco ring—really a million dollar bunco syndicate—as a citizen, and a property-owner and tax-payer, I determined that the time had come for me to throw certain professional considerations into the scrap heap, and do my bit toward alleviating the deplorable state of affairs.

Here was a situation that made my gorge rise, and I determined to see what it was all about, and let the chips



E. A. Hutchings ("Big Hutch"), bunk, race-track and pool man, leader of the Bunco Syndicate. He is "wanted" in California

Through means unnecessary to relate here, I learned, during the next few days, that Hughie Trainor was really second fiddle to one E. A. Hutchings, alias "Big Hutch," alias Hoffer, alias A. E. Hopper, *et cetera*; a notorious and crafty bunco operator, race-track, and pool man with a record a yard long. By this time, Hutch and his gang were, of course, lying low, but I found out that they had swindled Norris out of \$50,000.

We tried, several times, to interview Mrs. Norris, but she had become very ill. Finally, I wrote a letter to her husband, addressed to the hotel at which he was stopping in San Antonio, explaining to him that he had probably been robbed, and advising him to come back, and keep under cover, if possible.

While waiting to hear from him, I renewed my efforts to get on the trail of Big Hutch, Hughie Trainor, and a man

fall where they would. I meant to see the thing through.

I little knew what I was letting myself in for!

Big Hutch had been living with some dark-haired woman at one of the hotels, but they had checked out on December 30th, shortly after Norris had left for Texas. Trainor, Gilbert, and a man called Patterson seemed to be Hutch's principal confederates, while J. R. Farrell, a horse-trainer, Harry White, a young gambler, and Walter F. Byland, a middle-aged salesman, also came within the range of my investigation. Besides these, there were many more connected with this gigantic syndicate, all of whom were under cover, waiting for me to be "fixed."

The gang, as I had hoped, didn't take my investigation seriously enough to bolt the State, feeling that they had plenty of protection. But I was seriously cramping their style, and, through the old, familiar underworld telegraph system, I received warnings to lay off.

I merely tightened the net, waiting until J. B. Norris could master his ungodly fear of the "ring," and tell me his story. His own life, and that of his wife had been threatened, and it wasn't until the 17th day of January, 1920, that we got together on his case.

IN THE meantime, the bunco ring came to the conclusion that, while I was probably a damn fool to concern myself in the matter, I meant business, and was waiting for them to slip me a silencer. On Sunday, January 11th, their go-between and fixer, Ray Gilbert, alias Russell, called me up and asked for an appointment.

"I guess you know what I want to see you about, Cody," he said.

"I've got a pretty good idea," I grinned

into the transmitter. "I'll meet you at two o'clock this afternoon in front of the California building."

I had known Gilbert on and off for years as a race-track and pool man, so, when we met, it was not as absolute strangers. He started off by asking me if I knew a lawyer by the name of Edwards. Edwards happened to be the name of my attorney at the time, but I saw that he was fishing around, and told him to come clean.

"Well," he faltered, "I will. I want to see if I can call you off. These men that got the fifty grand touch from old Norris are friends of mine, and I'm representing them."

"I know that," I said dryly, "Let's have it."

"Now," he said, "it ain't goin' to do you no good to put them in the 'pen,' and I can get you five thousand dollars if you will lay off. see? That's fair enough, ain't it?"

I pretended to be tempted.

"Very well," I said. "If you're going to talk business, we can't do anything on Sunday. I'll meet you here tomorrow at the same time. Come prepared to talk turkey."

He agreed to this. However, he called me up at about eleven o'clock the next morning, and said he didn't believe he could get all the boys together that day, but asked for an appointment on Tuesday. I made the appointment for eleven o'clock, in my private office.

He called at the appointed time, or, to be exact, at eleven-twenty. I had a shorthand operator planted where he could overhear, and take down what passed between us.

Gilbert again offered me \$5000, if I would lay off, stating

that, if I continued my investigation, he would be implicated as well as the other men, and that he had had enough of the "pen." I let him do most of the talking, still pretending to be interested in his proposition.

"Now, I will drop in here tomorrow morning at eleven," he wound up, convinced that he had won me over, "and I'll have that five grand to give you, if you will agree to take it and lay off."

"We'll see, Gilbert," I replied, and shooed him out.

When he called the next morning, I again had my man planted to overhear what was said. This time Gilbert had the money, and explained, as before, that the gang wanted to buy me off.

"Well," I said, "five grand isn't so much, when your friends have beat old Norris out of fifty!" I didn't let on that I knew of other victims.

"I admit that," he said, disappointed, "but remember, that money was cut up nearly a month ago, and it is pretty hard to get the boys all together on a larger amount."

We arrived at no understanding, I apparently holding out for more money, without actually saying so, and refusing to accept the \$5,000. He left me with the suggestion that I think the matter over, and that he would drop in again the next morning, January 15th.

Needless to say, on this occasion, and on the previous ones, I had Gilbert shadowed carefully in the hope that he would meet Hutch or some of the others, but, if he made any connections with them, it was probably by telephone. Hutch was too wise to come out of cover.

The next day Gilbert came to the office again,

and once we were alone, as he thought, he again offered me the \$5,000.

"Cody, so help me, it's all I can raise. The gang have protection anyway, you know, and they're willing to go that far with you, but no further. Now let me explain how that money was cut up, so you'll understand. Trainor got forty-five per cent; those who are protecting the gang got fifteen, and the rest was cut up between Hutch, Patterson, and myself. Five grand is all I can dig up for you."

I shrugged, leaning back in my chair.

"There is nothing doing, Gilbert," I said coolly. "You might just as well forget it, and you needn't come here any more. Good morning."

He was manifestly agitated.

"You ain't going ahead with this, and buck the cops too, are you?" he exclaimed, incredulous.

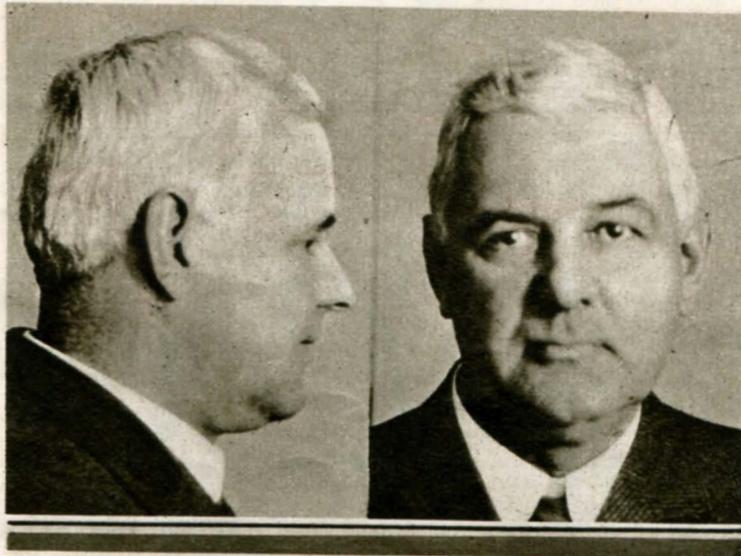
"I'm not saying what I'm going to do," I replied dryly.

"YOU'LL only make trouble for yourself, and you won't get a dime out of it!" he protested. Then his tone changed: "If you only knew what a couple of fine boys Hutch has, you wouldn't think of putting him in the pen."

I became exceedingly busy with some reports.

"Good morning, Mr. Gilbert!" I snapped, and, realizing that I was cold to his proposition, he left. Of course my office kept tabs on him, and, from then on, he was under as constant surveillance as possible.

I got in touch with old Norris again, and he promised



Hugh Trainor, alias Harry Trainor, Harry Brady, et cetera; principal in the Bunco Ring, whose kindly, benevolent appearance completely deceived his victims

to come to my office prepared to talk things over. When he failed to come, due to his wife's desperate condition, I saw him at the hotel, where, for the first time, I learned the full circumstances of the swindle. At that interview, Norris agreed to place the case in my hands. I shall give a detailed account of Norris' experiences at the hands of the bunco ring shortly, in the form of an affidavit which he made.

After talking things over with Norris, I called upon the late Thomas Lee Woolwine, then District Attorney. After going over the case with him to some extent, I came out flatly with the statement that some officials must be giving the gang protection.

"That's a mighty serious charge, Cody!" Woolwine said. "It is," I agreed, "but I stand behind it. This gang has been operating high, wide, and handsome in the past three months. Norris is only one of several victims, and I don't doubt but what Hutch and Trainor and the others have cleaned up, at least, a half million dollars, if not a million, and that several high, and lesser, officials have gotten some of it!"

Woolwine was inclined to doubt that the operations of the gang had been so extensive, and that there had been corruption among officials, but I told him enough of what I had

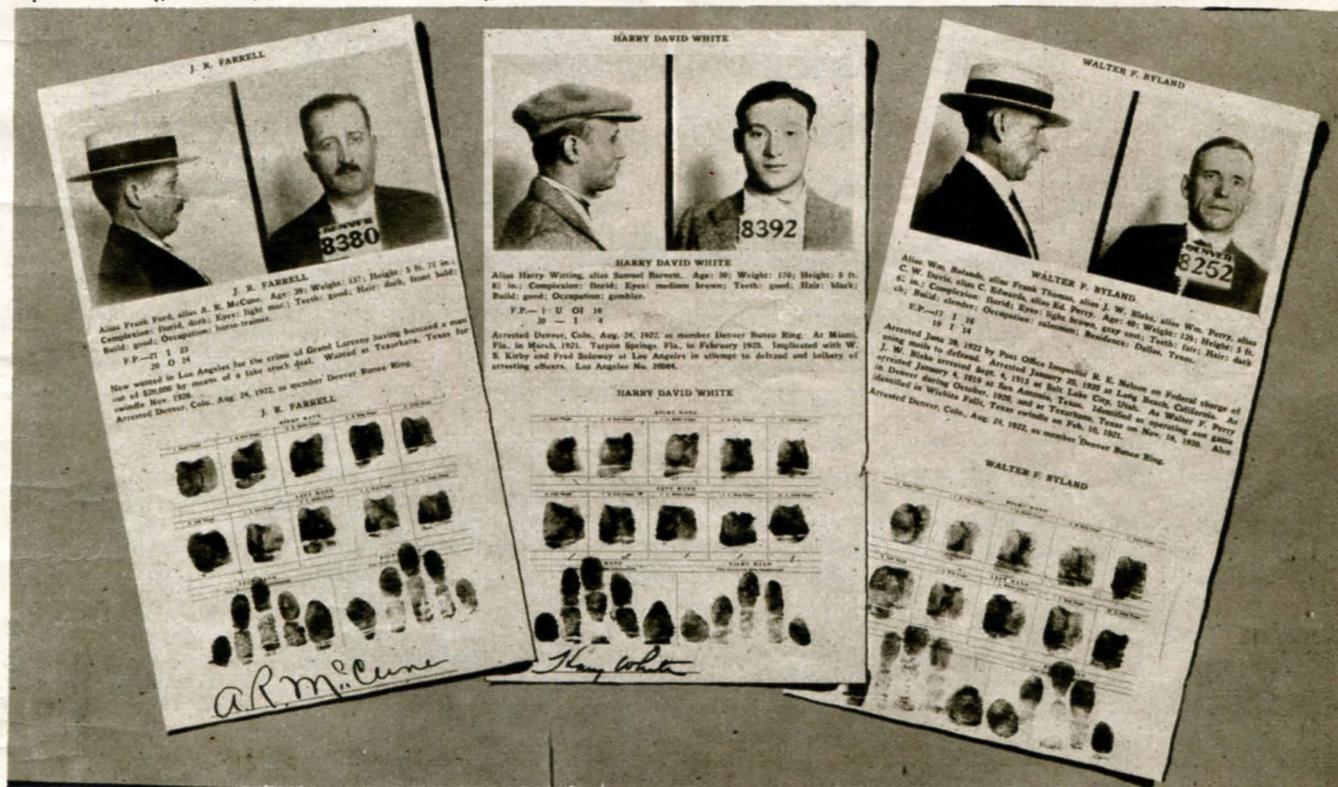
racket." I shall present it, with a few deletions here and there in the interests of clearness and brevity. The reader must bear in mind that Norris' account is somewhat crude, and that the operations of the bunco ring were a great deal smoother than this statement indicates. Here it is:

I ARRIVED in Los Angeles November 16th, 1919. My home is in Decatur, Illinois, and I own property in Twin Falls, Idaho. I came here with my wife and we took rooms at the Fremont Hotel.

After being here a few days, I went down to the Rosslyn Hotel to see a friend of mine. One evening, while waiting there alone, a very nice-looking man sat down alongside of me. He was smooth shaven, with silvery-gray hair; a dignified-looking gentleman about 50 years of age. He introduced himself by the name of Brady, although I now know his right name to be Trainor.

He opened the conversation, and we talked about the city and various things, and he asked me where I was from, and I told him that I was from Decatur, Illinois, but that I was born in Missouri. He said:

"I'm from Kansas. I am in the oil business there."



"Three members in good standing" of the Bunco Ring, who signed their records with finger-prints

already found out to give him plenty to think about.

"I tell you what, Mr. Cody," he said at last. "There is no reason why you can't help my office, and serve your clients at the same time, on the civil end. Will you accept a position as one of my Deputies, and try and run down Big Hutch and the rest of the gang?"

I POINTED out that all of the bunco men were well known to the police and the Sheriff's office, and that a little vigilance would result in their capture, but, after some further talk, I accepted the assignment as a Deputy. I was to work under the supervision of one of his chiefs whom I shall call Joe Brown. The next day I brought Norris to District Attorney Woolwine's office, performing introductions. And in the presence of Woolwine, a Deputy, and myself, Norris made a full statement which was later supplemented with descriptions and other details. As this statement gives a fairly comprehensive picture of the "pay-off

That was about all that was said at that time. A couple of nights after that, I went to the same hotel, and the same man walked up to me and shook hands. We sat down and talked about various things, and, later, went to a picture show. We talked a bit, and I told him I was thinking of buying a home and would probably pick on Hollywood. He said that he, too, was looking for a home in the same locality. The next morning we drove out and looked at some property, and, the morning following, I called him up and asked him if he wanted to go for another ride.

He said he would, and, just as I was backing my car out of the garage across the street from the Fremont Hotel, I saw him standing on the corner, and I got out of the car to shake hands with him.

About that time our attention was called to another man standing on the corner, with some money in his hand, apparently doing some figuring. Trainor, the man who had introduced himself to me as Mr. Brady, said: "I know that

man, and I am going to speak to him." So he walked over to the stranger and greeted him. The man said, "I don't know you."

Brady replied, "I know you don't remember me, but I met you in the Grand Hotel, at Kansas City, talking to Judge Johnson; in fact, Judge Johnson introduced us, if you will call it to mind."

"Why!" said the man. "Are you a friend of Judge Johnson's?"

"Yes."

"Well!" the stranger exclaimed. "If you are a friend of Judge Johnson's, you are certainly a friend of mine."

"YES," Brady told him. "I know about you making that big winning in Kansas City, betting the stocks."

"How did you know that?" the man demanded guardedly.

"Well, if you remember," Brady said, "Judge Johnson and you and I discussed it."

"Yes," the man continued. "I did win a lot of money for Judge Johnson. Won about a hundred thousand dollars, but I did not know the Judge had ever told anyone, because, you know, I'm doing this betting for my company; a very big syndicate with offices in a great many cities. If they knew I was making any outside bets, I would not only lose my job, but I would forfeit my bonds, which are for one hundred thousand dollars."

"Well," Mr. Brady replied, "we would like to have you give us a chance to win a little money."

"All right!" the man agreed, "I'll do that. It is about time I was making a bet for my company. If you have a twenty dollar bill that isn't working, just give it to me and I'll go and bet it for you."

Brady handed him twenty dollars, and the man went away, saying, "Don't go away, gentlemen; I'll not be gone over twenty minutes." Brady and I seated ourselves in my car and stayed there, and in a few minutes the man came back and handed Brady \$40. (The man Norris refers to was E. A. Hutchings; "Big Hutch".) Brady turned around and handed me ten of the twenty he had won. The other man went away, promising to meet us again.

Brady and I took a car ride during which he convinced me that the "betting syndicate" actually existed, and pledged me to secrecy.

That evening, we again met Brady's friend, who now gave his name as Hopper, and he said: "Gentlemen, I have been thinking—and I would like to have a private talk with you." We all sat down, and he said: "I have just received a telegram from my company telling me that, in four weeks, my services will be dispensed with. Now, if you people want to do a little playing for me, which I don't dare to do without tipping my hand, I can win you more money in the next four weeks than you can carry. All you have to do is bet the way I tell you, and you can't lose."

WE HESITATED, and said we did not know how much money we could afford to lose. Brady did all the talking, and, by and by, Hopper said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. Here's a couple of checks; just write your names on them. I don't care if the first name is right or not, but write your correct surnames."

So I wrote on one of the checks "R. Norris," and I really don't know what Brady wrote.

"Now," Hopper said, "we will fill these checks out for certain sums, and we will go up and bet on them. If we lose, they can't collect anything, and if we win it is fine, and you're sure to win."

We took these checks and went up to a room in a building where it looked like a stock-exchange office. One man was figuring on a wall, and there were typewriters and desks and everything looked prosperous. There was also a safe in the room, and money in it.

Hopper introduced Brady and myself to the man who was running the place, and said: "They may want to make a bet, and if they do, they are reputable gentlemen in good stand-

ing." We adjourned into the next room, and talked a little bit, and Brady said: "We will make a bet with these checks." So we went in and put the checks up, took a receipt, and went away, with instructions to call back in about two hours. We got in the car and took a ride. When we returned in about two hours, Hopper was waiting for us, apparently tickled to death, saying "We won! we won!"

So we all went up to the room and presented our receipts, and the man behind the counter began to count out money. He counted it right out before me, as far as I could make out, \$100,000. We were supposed to win \$150,000.

Just before the money was all counted out, Brady said: "Of course, gentlemen, we would like to have our checks back."

The man behind the counter said, as he picked up the money and put it out of my reach, "Oh! You are the gentlemen who bet those foreign checks. So you want to pay for the checks out of this money, do you?"

"Well, we won it," Brady said, "so we have a right to, haven't we?"

"I know you won the money, but I have a right to find out if the checks are any good, haven't I?" the man retorted. "They are checks on foreign banks. All you have to do, of course, is to establish credit in one of the local banks here that you have enough money to cover these three fifty-thousand-dollar checks (those of Norris, "Brady," and "Hopper") which is a hundred and fifty thousand, and then we will pay you this money; glad to do it."

"Have you a room where we can sit down and talk a bit?" Brady asked.

"Yes; go right in the next office," the man said.

So we all went into the next office and sat down, and Hopper said: "We've got to establish our credit here. I can telegraph to my sister, asking her to go and see Judge Johnson and have him send me my fifty thousand."

"I have some property I can mortgage," Brady said, "for thirty thousand. I have ten thousand more, and there is a bank I can get another ten from, so I can make good with my end. How about you, Mr. Norris; can you make your check good?"

"Yes," I said, "I can, but I'll have to look into it a bit."

"Well, let's not lose that money," Brady said. "All we have to do is to make good those checks, and the hundred and fifty thousand we have won is ours."

THEN we went away. Before we left, Hopper persuaded the cashier to give us 24 hours in which to get our money into a local bank.

We took a long drive and talked the matter over. I told them the only way I could get my \$50,000 was to put a mortgage on my property in Idaho, and I didn't want to do this without consulting my wife. So we agreed to go and see my wife, which we did, and discussed it with her. I obtained her permission to go ahead.

We then knew that we could not make the deal in 24 hours, because I would have to go to Idaho to mortgage my property, so we went back to the office and got the man to give us ten day's time. I then took the train and went to Idaho and mortgaged my property for \$42,000. I had \$9,000 in the bank here. When the money came back, I got a certified check for \$50,000, and we all went up to the same offices, and, after a lot of parleying, I put in my certified check and they put up their money, and we took back the other checks.

When they started to pay out the winnings to us, Brady said: "Pay us in thousand dollar bills; we don't want to carry so much small money." The clerk said, "Well, you will have to wait a little bit until I can send to the bank and get that many thousand dollar bills."

So we went in the next room and waited. By and by Hopper went in, and came back to us saying: "They are just now counting out the money." Brady said: "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's make one more bet of five thousand apiece; that will be fifteen thousand. (Continued on page 68)

"CHINK CARGO"

Youth meets age in a death battle over beauty—the rivals . . . two slippery Orientals; the prize . . . a beautiful Chinese girl. Can you guess the outcome? Read the answer in this thrilling story of a Chinaman's bloody vengeance!

By GUY FOWLER

Formerly of the New Orleans *ITEM*

SEVENTEEN half-starved coolies squatted on the floor with their naked yellow backs to the wall in the office of Chief Reynolds, the dynamic blue-eyed man who directed the police of New Orleans. Down below in the parish prison the captain and the crew of an Eastern ocean freighter sat disconsolately on narrow cell bunks. Up at the morgue on a slanting white slab of stone lay the saffron corpse of a richly dressed Chinese, with a bullet hole just below the heart. And, somewhere in the ancient city on the Mississippi, an immaculate young man from Canton, China, was whispering his Oriental love into the delicate ears of an exquisite little girl from his native land.

"This," said Chief Reynolds warmly, "will break up the smuggling. It was an excellent piece of work."

The man to whom he addressed himself smiled across the desk.

"It was luck, Chief. The luckiest break I ever had in my life. But it does go to prove one of my old contentions. Human nature is the same the world over."

"Yes, Montgomery, it does." Reynolds nodded quietly. "I'll admit you were lucky at the show-down. But just the same, it took detective work to trace this thing to its source. And you got your man. Well," he turned in his swivel-chair and faced the newspaper men, of whom I was one. "I suppose you fellows are anxious to get this story?"

Thus it came about that I gathered the facts which follow. Montgomery persisted in his casual manner that he had been lucky. His recital was in the tone of a man of breeding and education, yet he sat there in the rough garb of a seaman, from his blue peajacket to the round-toed bluntness of his brogans. Nor did he show any signs of the ordeal through which he had so recently passed. The story, in its proper sequence, follows:

SHORTLY before noon of a day in the previous week Harrison Montgomery registered at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. He set down in the book that he had come from Kansas City. In his room, however, he touched a match to his ticket stub which indicated that he had journeyed over from Galveston. Montgomery sent promptly for the newspapers, and turned to the marine news. Studying this, he drew from his pocket a notebook. For ten



He paused and peered around the corner of the wall

minutes he compared the picturesque names of ships noted in the marine column of arrivals, with a list in his little book. When he completed this, Montgomery put on his hat and coat and left the hotel.

He walked unhurriedly down Canal Street to the levee and there boarded a ferry for Algiers, across the Mississippi.

When he landed, Montgomery followed the curving dock line and came directly to the *Hector B*, a tramp steamer then unloading cargo. She had come in shortly after dawn. He crossed the gangplank leisurely and climbed the ladder to the bridge. The mate, who was directing the business of unloading, paused to inspect him.

"Is the cap'n aboard?" Montgomery asked.

"He's gone ashore with the papers," the officer replied. "Anything I can do?"

"Why, no . . ." Montgomery hesitated, "I reckon not. Mind if I look around a bit? I'm interested in ships."

The mate shot a swift glance at him and shook his head negatively.

"Better wait'll the ol' man comes. He don't like to have nobody on the ship 'less he's aboard."

Montgomery nodded pleasantly. "I see. All right. Thanks."

ON THE dock again, he looked up at the name painted on the bow and confirmed certain suspicions that he had entertained earlier. As he walked back to the Algiers ferryhouse, Montgomery passed a young Chinese moving toward the freighter. For the fraction of a moment their eyes met. Montgomery turned his gaze away in the manner of a sight-seer mildly interested in the panorama of life about him. The Oriental continued on his way. Back in the city, Montgomery returned to his room and renewed his study of the notebook.

"She must be the ship," he spoke softly to himself, in the

manner of a man who is much alone. "The *Hector B*. No trick at all! Change the name of the steamer *Victor* to *Hector* and add a *B*."

He thumbed the book again and, nowhere in his list of Lloyd registries, was there an Eastern ocean tramp called the *Hector B*. There was, however, a ship called *Victor*. And, by a strange coincidence, she had been due in Galveston. He had gone there to meet her. But she had not put in an appearance there, and so Montgomery had come to New Orleans, the nearest Gulf port.

And here, in the list of arrivals, was the *Hector B*! Montgomery nodded, and a question seemed to be settled in his mind. Rising, he went to his bag and from a lower layer of clothing removed a pair of heavy blue trousers, a flannel shirt, a peajacket and a seaman's cap. He changed quickly into the marine outfit. Studying his reflection in the mirror, he shook his head.

Returning to his bag he drew out a small bottle and sat before the mirror. With a folded cloth, dampened with the contents of the vial, Montgomery touched the gray above his temples and his eyebrows. As the liquid dried the silver hairs darkened astonishingly. Montgomery grinned at the changed face that smiled back at him from the glass.



Montgomery sank back . . . on feeling the pressure of hard steel

Then, going to the bathroom, he shaved away his clipped military mustache, and touched the white skin above his lips with the dampened cloth. Directly, as the liquid took effect, he became a smooth-and-bronze-faced seaman, with rather a hard look about his keen blue eyes.

Montgomery next lifted his bag to the bed, and pressed what appeared to be a brass rivet in the side. The leather binding parted, revealing a small compartment. From this he took a packet, the size of an ordinary envelope, and closed the drawer. With the package in his pocket, along

with his pipe, a pouch of tobacco and a small automatic, Montgomery removed from the trousers of his street clothes a sum of money and a bronze shield, insignia of the Federal Department of Justice. He then went down by way of the freight elevator and passed from the hotel, through the rear. From the alley he made his way to the Chinese quarter in the old section of the city, pausing at windows, gazing curiously at the people he passed.

He dined in a Chinese restaurant, situated, as usual, on the second floor of a shabby building. He was roughly familiar with the waiter, an ageless and wizened native of Shanghai. When he had finished his meal he called the shuffling little man to his side.

"YOU like some opium?" he asked abruptly.

The waiter grinned toothlessly and shrugged thin shoulders. "Nevair smoke pipe," he giggled nervously. "Know plently China boy do."

"Know somebody pay?"

"Go see."

The man padded away on shuffling feet. Directly he came back.

"How much-e got?"

Montgomery showed him the packet, holding it beneath the level of the table. The waiter took a single, quick glance.

"How much-e monley?"

"Fifty dollars."

Instantly the Chinese shook his head.

"No buy." He started away.

"Forty," offered Montgomery.

"Twenly."

"All right. You're a thief. But I need the cash."

In one swift motion the waiter swept the packet beneath his napkin, and Montgomery saw a yellow twenty-dollar bill in his lap.

The waiter was brushing off the table, setting dishes and utensils to rights.

"I've got plenty more," said Montgomery.

The man did not raise his head. "You come big ship?" he asked.

"From China," Montgomery answered. "Do you want to make big money? Savvy?"

"Go see." Again the shambling figure moved off toward the kitchen. He returned with a pot of tea which Montgomery had not ordered. But he understood. There were a few other diners in the place.

"How much-e big ship?" questioned the man softly.

"Oh, fifty, seventy thousand dollars. You couldn't swing the deal," said Montgomery roughly. "Who's the richest Chink in town?"

"China man velly poor." A sorrowful expression came into the shriveled features. "Work hard. Long time. All time bloke."

"Broke all the time, eh? That's not what I heard in Shanghai."

"You come Shanghai?"

"Sure. They told me there were plenty rich Chinks in New Orleans."

A fleeting gleam lighted the slanting eyes and died. Montgomery paused, then played his trump lead. It was this to which he had been directing the talk. In all of Oriental America no name would strike with greater meaning than that which he muttered now.

It had taken him many months to learn even the name.

"In Shanghai," he said, "they told me of a man named Sen Fu. Savvy? They told me he had plenty of money."

"You come to mallo same time," was the quick reply.

Montgomery rose and paid his check.

"Good dinner," he spoke in a louder tone. "I'll come again tomorrow night."

The shabby little man bowed and, with bright, unblinking eyes, watched him leave the restaurant.

ON the parchment face of Sen Fu, the night before Montgomery's arrival in New Orleans, there was settled the blankness of Oriental peace. Beside him, on a teak-wood table, were two transparent cups but recently filled with the imperial tea of his far-off home. His trusted aide was scarcely beyond the portals of the house on his way to obey Sen Fu's instructions. Less than five hours from port, the barnacled *Hector B.* was moving slowly toward New Orleans, bringing, in her evil-smelling hold, no less than twenty smuggled coolies.

Of course, Sen Fu reflected, as he idled in his silken robe, some of them would be dead, and a total loss. Others might be ill and would require some effort to be disposed of. But most of them would be strong and would bring each his certain profit. In the meanwhile, Sen Fu's Oriental curio shop in Royal Street would continue to intrigue Christian buyers and, at the same time, serve as a blind for his swiftly accumulating wealth.

There were not many who knew of Sen Fu's smuggling. Of those who did, a few were in his employ. The others had a wholesome regard for their yellow skins, and an abiding respect for the hatchetmen who were loyal to the aged Chinese. The shanghai'd coolies brought excellent prices from certain buyers who sought cheap labor, and there was always a market.

A door in front of Sen Fu opened on silent hinges—he always faced doors—and an elegant young Oriental entered the room on slippered feet. He bowed deeply.

"Peace, my son." The modulated voice of the old man, his emotionless face with its steady eyes like jet beads, all gave the impression of a great Angora cat on a silken cushion. The youth replied in the sibilant tongue of his native Canton.

"Most honored, there is good news, then, this night?"

"Each day," said Sen Fu, motionless, "I marvel, Len Wong, at your growing powers of perception. It is a tribute to my teachings, and a mark of your own intelligence."

Len Wong bowed his head in acknowledgment.

"You have marked the coming of the messenger," continued Sen Fu. "And it is true that in my old face you read the news he brought?"

"I read nothing, most noble. I but surmise. It is truth I saw the runner."

"Yes then. There is good news. The ship has come. It is in the river as we speak. There will be a score more of our beloved countrymen in this free land by dawn."

Len Wong smiled acidly, and flicked a tiny thread of silk from his faultless suit, which bore the unmistakable mark of a Bond Street tailor. "There will be work tonight, then, most honored."

"Be seated." Sen Fu waved a tawny hand, strongly-muscled, and capable of many things which his face in repose belied.

Len Wong sank down cross-legged after the manner of his kind, upon a brilliant cushion stuffed with eiderdown.

"Moderation is the root of the tree of wisdom," said Sen Fu, musingly. "You would fly into action. But I, undoubtedly, should not summon you until morning. The

ship will be at her mooring then, and I will have need of you. Our cargo will be ashore."

Len took the implied rebuke in silence. "There is as great an evil in over-ambition as in idleness," continued Sen Fu. "It is well to know these things. Since you came to me from China, you have learned much. You are yet full of ignorance. But also, you are young. I could not offer you more than I have given, had you been my own son. Yet, you have done well."

Sen Fu studied the young man for a moment. "You have learned the American customs. You know their shallowness and their depth. Take care to remember, O very young and eager one, the knowledge that has been bred into you through generations. Measure men only by their depth. And women are not to be measured by any standard that exists. It is better to keep away from them altogether at your age. What fools call love is a fallacy and a snare. It is but passion."

Len Wong was attentive.

"I have counseled you as to fear," Sen Fu went on. "Learn it well, my son, that, when the shadow of fear is cast upon your path, there is no shame in hiding in the shadow. And no better means of escape."

No hint of expression came to the face of either of them, not even when the silence of the room was broken by the musical tinkle of a hammered silver bell on a hand-carved table beside the wall. Sen Fu rose, and pulled a heavy, silken cord.

Almost immediately a servant entered and bowing low, addressed the master.

"Most high, a man at the door says that he must see you. He gave the password, so I commanded him to wait."

Sen Fu gently rubbed his palms. "Set two guards behind the draperies there, Yat Soy, and bid him enter."

The servant retreated and Sen Fu settled himself again in his cushions, nodding to Len Wong to remain. Directly, two lean coolies padded into the room and slipped behind the thick portieres, brilliant with their designs

of dragons and peacocks embroidered in red and gold and green by hands of marvelous cunning. Yat Soy stood framed in the doorway and, behind him, appeared the courier who had spoken the password.

"Oh, all powerful," the newcomer bent low, "I have come with news from the ship. Our small boats have reached it in the river. The cargo is unloaded. There are seventeen men. Two were fed to the fish at sea—"

"What of the twentieth?" Sen Fu's voice was thin as the edge of a blade.

"Oh, great and powerful, I was about to say—the twentieth is a woman."

Sen Fu was immobile as the jade Buddha that gazed upon them from a shelf. Len Wong was equally impassive as they waited for the messenger to resume.

"She is very young, O master, and very beautiful. When they took her from the ship she was (Continued on page 103)



WHY Did They “BIG TIM”



“Moss” Enright, Chicago gang leader and gunman, close friend and later, bitter enemy of “Big Tim”. This photograph was taken the day he left Joliet Penitentiary where he had served time for murder. He met his end by the shot-gun route. When charged with instigating the killing, “Big Tim” replied: “You guys must be cuckoo! Why, Moss was my friend!”

NOTE: We are not at liberty to disclose the real name of the man who wrote, expressly for this magazine, what follows—nor to say what his position is. There are a number of sufficient reasons for this, not the least of which is that the gangsters of Chicago, (as elsewhere) have “peculiar ways,” and the reader may draw his own conclusions. We can say, however, that this man knows the Chicago underworld probably as well as any man living—who is not himself a racketeer.

A RING at the door bell of a handsome bungalow on the Northwest side of Chicago.

Earl Glynn, 14 years old, put down the sports section of the newspaper he was reading, walked to the head of the basement stairs and called:

“Uncle Tim, there’s someone at the door!”

Tim was sitting with his wife’s two brothers, William and Harry Diggs, listening to the broadcast of the Democratic Convention at Houston; it was the twenty-sixth of June, 1928, and an hour before midnight.

“See who it is, kid,” Tim called, and filled up the wine glasses.

A moment passed. Then came the boy’s voice again. “There isn’t anyone at the door, Uncle Tim,” he said. Tim rose to his feet. Six feet, four inches, he stood erect, a lean, handsome Irishman with a wide and toothy grin. “Let’s see what the rumble is,” he said, and started for the door.

He and Harry Diggs walked around to the front of the bungalow and stood on the sidewalk.

“Gee! it’s a swell night,” Diggs remarked.

“Yeh,” said Tim absently. “I wonder who was playing mail carrier with the door bell.”

The men stood peering into the darkness.

A mysterious auto speeding in the darkness . . . the staccato crack of automatics, and “Big Tim” Murphy fell face down to the sidewalk. “They got me, Harry—damn them!” he gasped. Who? . . . Why? . . . What was the secret motive back of this spectacular killing?

An automobile sped toward them. As it drew near, there was a squeal of brakes jammed hard, and the car swooped to the curb.

In the uncertain light, Diggs made out the forms of four men. Then the quiet of the night was broken by the crack of automatic pistols.

With the bark of the first gun from the automobile, Diggs threw himself on the sidewalk. Bullets whizzed over him as he hugged the cement. Then came the grind of shifting gears and the crescendo of the engine going into high. The automobile roared up the street and away!

Diggs, shaken, pulled himself to his feet.

Tim Murphy lay on the sidewalk.

“They got me, Harry—damn them!” he gasped, and died! Neighbors, aroused by the fusillade, carried Tim’s body into the house. A physician arrived on the run.

He made a hasty examination of Tim’s two wounds. One bullet had struck him in the arm; the other had struck a bone below the shoulder, traversed the deep chest and found its target in the heart.

The physician shook his head.

“I’m sorry,” said he, “the man is dead!”

AS THE group, still dazed, stood about the body, Tim’s wife, Florence, appeared. She had been at a church carnival a few blocks away. She threw herself on the body, bursting into tears. For a few moments she lay there; then, steeling herself into fortitude, she arose and awaited the coming of the police.

The next morning, bold headlines broadcast the news that Timothy D. (“Big Tim”) Murphy had been assassinated by gunmen in front of his home at 2525 Morse Avenue.

“Big Tim” Murphy, his death and his life, filled column after column.

Newsboy, politician, State Legislator, murder suspect, labor leader, convicted bank robber, notorious racketeer.

In his life lay the secret of his death!

Murphy was born “back o’ the yards,” 44 years ago. When still a grammar school pupil, he won, with his fists, a

Bump Off MURPHY?

By
"FRANK QUIRK"

newspaper route in the packing houses, and with his fists, he kept it.

Next he was heard of as a minor politician, as a member of Tom Carey's "Indians," a rough-and-ready crew who controlled the political destinies of the "Fighting 29th," a stockyards ward.

Tim progressed. He went to Washington as secretary to Congressman James T. McDermott. Then he became a sergeant-at-arms in the United States Senate. Irony there, "Big Tim," a stockyards hoodlum, upholding the dignity of the Senate!

But Murphy pined for the stockyards, and home he came, bringing with him his bride, Florence Diggs, a girl from a small town in West Virginia, who had been serving as a Federal clerk.

Tim ran for the State Legislature. Irish, he had a ready wit, and the race's proverbial gift of the gab. More to the stockyards' liking, Tim was big, and as quick to argue with his fists as with his tongue. He was elected to the State Legislature to represent Packingtown.

He served one term and then came a re-alignment of factions and Tim was defeated.

"Gotta get a racket," he said, and looked around.

Born in the same neighborhood with Tim was Maurice Enright, known to his friends—and they were many—as "Moss." To "Moss" now went Tim and sought his aid.

That was in 1918.

"Moss" Enright had started out as a steamfitter. Working with tools was a tough job, however, and "Moss" had no love for work—he'd rather fight! Enright's fighting ability was recognized in labor circles and soon he became head of the union's "educational committee," a band of sluggers that chased non-union workmen off a job, and "visited" recalcitrant contractors to bring them to reason.

Enright rose steadily, not without attention from the police and the State's Attorney. Enright was accused of labor terrorism. While awaiting trial, he and his hoodlums were drinking one night in the bar of a loop hotel, the Briggs House.

The arguments became heated. Suddenly, a pistol cracked and Vincent Altman, a member of Enright's mob of sluggers, sagged to the floor. The slayer fled but left his overcoat



"Big Tim" Murphy with his wife and the crowd that welcomed him home from Leavenworth Penitentiary where he had served time for the \$398,000.00 U. S. Mail robbery at Dearborn Station, Chicago

behind him. It was identified as belonging to Enright. "Moss" was thrown into a police cell.

Enright denied the killing, and asserted William ("Dutch") Gentleman, another slugger, had done it. So powerful was Enright that he was released on bail. Before he went to trial he shot and killed Gentleman. He claimed it was in self-defense and a coroner's jury agreed with him!

He went to trial for the Altman killing and a hard-hearted jury sent him to the Illinois State Penitentiary under a life sentence. Two years later, Gov. Edward F. Dunne pardoned him, urged to clemency by a petition bearing 40,000 names, and supported by the impassioned pleas of a dozen labor leaders.

ENRIGHT came back to Chicago in 1913, his reputation enhanced. Five years later, he was one of the most powerful of the city's labor leaders.

He took Tim Murphy under his wing. Murphy's first "labor" work was that of commander of a slugging mob. He performed well. Other and more responsible jobs were given him.

Tim's ability to use his fists, his willingness to use a revolver, his rough and ready oratory, and his genial personality made him a valuable adjunct to the Enright following.

Enright gave Murphy the job of organizing the city's street sweepers into a union. Tim did it.

Enright next gave Murphy the task of organizing the Gas Company's workers. Tim did that, too.

Murphy began to think well of himself. Swollen with pride, he began to regard himself as Enright's equal. Murphy and Enright clashed but there was no open break for a time.

Then came reports that Murphy had "put the shake" on the Gas Company after a threat to call a strike of the gas workers, and that he had refused to give Enright "a cut."

Enright stormed at Murphy. Murphy listened, with an insolent grin.

"Go peddle your papers, Moss," he told him and, still grinning, turned on his heel and walked out of Enright's office.

WORD went around in labor circles that Murphy was due to be taken for a "ride."

That was in January, 1920.

On the night of February 2nd, about dusk, Enright was driving to his new home, a handsome residence, on West Garfield Boulevard, one of the main traffic arteries of Chicago's South Side.

An automobile snaked in and out of the heavy traffic—it shot alongside Enright's car, and the snout of a shotgun was poked through the drawn curtains. The gun barked, and Enright slumped over the wheel, as his car veered crazily for a moment, and then crashed to the curb.

The assassins' car sped west on the Boulevard, dodged in and out of traffic at a wild speed, and was soon swallowed in the winter dusk!

When horrified motorists reached Enright's side, they found the labor leader dead, a score of shotgun slugs in his stocky body.

Murphy's name cropped up in the very first hours of the investigation. Hardly had the State's Attorney decided that Tim should be questioned than he heard Murphy's voice on the telephone.

"If you want me," said Tim, "I'll come in."

Tim appeared at the Criminal Court building.

"Me kill 'Moss?' You guys must be cuckoo! Why, Moss was my friend!"

Murphy presented an elaborate alibi, and after a few days was released.

But a quiet investigation continued, spurred on by Enright's numerous and powerful friends.

One night a witness crept into a South Side police station with news of the assassins' car, and where it could be found. The police made note of the information, and the witness disappeared.

Officers seized the car and, with it also seized Tony Cifaldo and Tony Fusco, South Side saloon men.

The Prosecutor and the police grilled the two men, accusing them of the killing, threatening them with the rope, and playing one man against the other. Under the fierce questioning the men cracked, denied the killing, but named Jimmy Vinci, a South Side gangster, as the man who had driven the car. Vinci was nabbed.

Vinci was known to the police as a daredevil chauffeur, much in demand in the underworld when a driver was needed to pilot a car in city traffic about as swiftly as Barney Oldfield or DePalma drive on the race track!

For three days Vinci sat sullen and silent under a barrage of questions and accusations. Then he wilted.

"I drove the car," he said, "but I didn't do the big job. Vincent Cosmano was with me. He's the guy that killed Moss."

"Murphy and 'Dago Mike' Carrozzo wanted the job done, and we done it!"

Cosmano was a Murphy protégé. Carrozzo was a lieutenant of Murphy's in the street sweeper's union.

Tim was again thrown into a cell. His former nonchalance had disappeared, but he refused to talk.

"A bum rap!" he declared. "Get a canary to sing and he'll sing everything in the book, everything the coppers want. Why pick on me?"

Weeks passed. Murphy's friends were busy. Vinci repudiated his confession. Cifaldo and Fusco, held in a downtown hotel, were freed on writs of *habeas corpus*.

Hardly had they left police custody than they fled from Chicago.

Vinci elected to "take the rap." He stood trial and was sent to the penitentiary for 14 years.

When Murphy, Cosmano and Carrozzo went to trial, the State was unable to produce any witnesses. Vinci refused to testify. Cifaldo and Fusco had disappeared; nor have they been back in Chicago since. The State's case collapsed and Murphy, Cosmano and Carrozzo were freed.

THE banishment of the witnesses, and the employment of a corps of high-priced attorneys had depleted the Murphy bank roll. He got busy.

Six weeks later, on the afternoon of August 4th, 1920, a drayman and two youths were carrying registered mail sacks from an Illinois Central train to a truck, at a South Side station. The sacks contained \$100,000, consigned to the Pullman Trust and Savings Bank.

An automobile drove into the station as the youths were wrestling with the sacks. (This was eight years ago when Uncle Sam's mails were sacred, even to Chicago gunmen,



Judge Landis, now baseball czar, who acted as arbitrator in the Chicago Building Trades Council threatened strike, of which "Big Tim" Murphy was the leader. "Big Tim" refused to abide by the agreement and resorted to sluggings and bombings

and no armed guard was then detailed for this duty.)

A tall stranger, followed by a shorter, fatter companion, stepped from the automobile.

"Looks kinda heavy," said one of the men. "Can we give you a hand, kid?"

At the genial greeting the youth glanced up, but his own smile quickly faded as he found himself looking into the barrel of an automatic pistol!

The two strangers seized the sacks, tossed them into their automobile and the car sped away.

Postal Inspectors were hunting down meager clues, when a telephone call came to the Federal Building.

"Get hold of Murphy and his friend!" hissed a voice. "They can tell you about that Pullman job."

The connection snapped!

Postal Inspector W. J. Fahey, in charge of the case, hesitated.

"This isn't in Murphy's line," he said. "Still, we can't take any chances."

Murphy and Cosmano were arrested.

From Murphy came his usual "Who—me?"

The witnesses to the robbery were produced. They hesitated, but—yes, they *thought* Murphy and Cosmano were the thieves.

In a few days, both were at liberty on bonds. The case dragged on as a case will when there's high-pressure legal talent directing the defense.

EIGHT months later, as the case neared trial, the city was startled by the \$398,000 mail robbery at the Dearborn Railroad Station.

A criminal gem, that robbery!

The Dearborn Station lies a few blocks south of Chicago's Loop district. Taxicabs, busses,

automobiles and trucks jam the streets about it, making it one of the busiest sections in that very crowded district.

Shortly after noon on April 6th, 1921, five men drove to a vacant space alongside the Station, a few yards from the loading platform. Four of the men got out. Soon the empty lot was merry with their shouts as they pitched a baseball back and forth.

Mail clerks and railroad men looked on enviously as the strangers cavorted about in the April air—four carefree young men.



(Left) Jimmy Vinci, driver of the murder car in the "Moss" Enright killing. Vinci "took the rap" of 14 years, but charged that Vincent Cosmano, (shown below) who was a protégé of "Big Tim" Murphy, did the actual killing. Cosmano went free



Hours passed, and still the game went on. Then a mail truck appeared. As it reached the loading platform, the man in the ball-players' car sounded his horn. The ball-players made for their car on a dead run, stooped to grab at the tonneau, and came up brandishing revolvers!

They dashed to the platform, waving their guns, and, as the terrified clerks and railroad men fell back in flight, they seized the sacks and rushed them to their automobile.

Incidentally, in the excitement, the man in the automobile fired by mistake on one of his companions, and almost winged him.

By the time the robbers reached their car, the engine was running sweetly and smoothly. Before the dazed clerks and rail employes could get into action, the car swung south and shot away.

A policeman, a few blocks from the scene, seeing the car speeding toward him, sought to wave it to a stop. It flashed past him, the men crouching in their seats as he sent a futile volley after them.

ONE clue—the license number and the type of car. An hour's investigation revealed it as a car stolen from a wealthy citizen a few weeks before.

Days passed and Postal Inspectors and police chased down one fruitless tip after another.

Then from Indianapolis came a hint.

"There may be nothing to this," said a post-

office clerk, "but one night I heard a mail clerk, a guy named Ralph Teter, talking about money shipments with a couple of guys in an Indianapolis saloon."

Federal men brought Teter, a slight, middle-aged man, to Chicago. Obviously frightened, Teter refused to talk, other than to cite his many years of service and unblemished record.

The Postal inspectors threatened, cajoled, hurled question after question. Teter, apparently torn between two fears, held his tongue.

Then Inspector W. J. Fahey walked into the room and, making a bluff, shot this at Teter:

"You may as well come clean, Teter, and save your own hide. We've got a guy who says you were the tip-off man."

Teter sagged in his seat. Tears ran down his cheeks.

"All right!" he said weakly, "I'll tell you all I know."

"I've been sick and in need of money. About five or six weeks ago I met a stock salesman, named George Bradford. He was working for a cooperative company in Indianapolis that I had a couple of shares in. We got talking about mail shipments and I was saying that the Government certainly took a chance, moving all the dough they do without any guards.

"A week or so later, Bradford introduced me to a Chicago fellow, a big guy, named Tim Murphy, who was also interested in the company."

At the mention of Murphy's name, the Inspectors sat up, but Teter went on, his head hanging, his voice monotonous.

"There were a couple of other guys with him. They had some whiskey and we sat around drinking, and chewing the rag. Then Murphy said 'Let's get down to business!'

"He asked me if I'd give him information which would enable him to spot a heavy shipment of money. I refused.

"Murphy kept arguing. He's a good talker. He said to me:

"'You've been in the Government service a hell of a long time. You've given the Government the best years of your life. Your health is all shot now, you're up against it for dough. Where are you gonna get off?

"**I NEED** the bucks. You do, too. Come along with me. Give me a tip—just a tip! That's all I want and I'll lay ten grand in your lap just like I was Santa Claus.

"'Look at what they're tryin' to do to me. They're tryin' to get me on that Pullman job. It's a bum rap, but if they're gonna try to hand it to me, I'm gonna fight them with their own dough.'

"He kept telling me that all he wanted was a tip, that he had guys that would do the actual job, that he had so much stuff on them that they wouldn't dare double-cross him, and that neither he nor I had to be mixed up in the robbery.

"I finally gave in, and promised to tip him off when there was some big dough moving."

Bradford and Teter, the latter continued, came to Chicago a week later. They met Murphy and Cosmano, looked the Dearborn Station over, and made arrangements for the tip-off signal. A robbery was planned for a week before the \$398,000 haul was made, but the signals miscarried.

As a result of Teter's confession, Bradford was nabbed in New York. Murphy and Cosmano were found in Chicago. Bradford, a forger, had met Murphy in the Cook County jail while Tim was being held in the Enright case. Bradford readily corroborated Teter's story. He named Jimmy Guerin, a Chicago West Side gangster, as the bandit chauffeur.

A few hours later Guerin was arrested. To the surprise of the Federal men, he readily admitted his part in the hold-up. His willingness to talk, it soon appeared, was because Murphy had double-crossed him in the division of the loot.

MURPHY, alarmed by the "singing," admitted possession of \$125,000 of the securities seized in the hold-up raid. They were found in his father-in-law's house.

"I was holding them for a couple of friends," was Murphy's naive explanation.

Two other men, Paul Volanti and Jack Barry, were arrested.

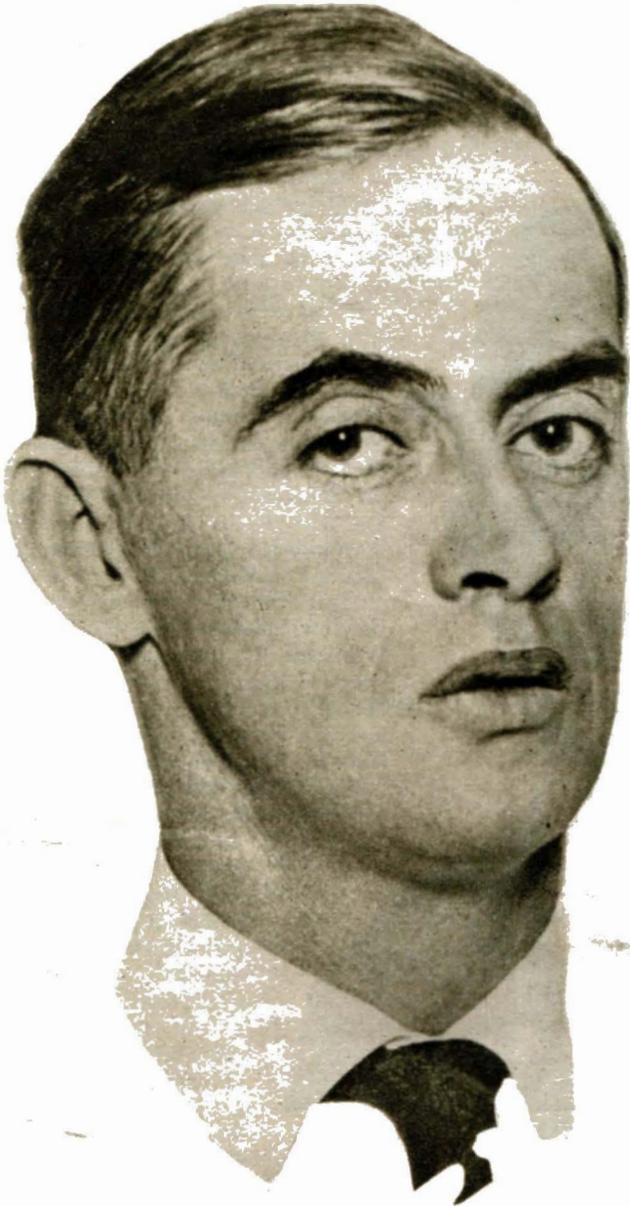
After many months, the case went to trial before Federal Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, now baseball commissioner. Murphy, Cosmano and Guerin, who meanwhile had repudiated his confession, were each sentenced to four years in Leavenworth Penitentiary and fined \$20,000.

Paul Volanti and Jack Barry were each sentenced to two years and fined \$10,000. The others, because of their testimony for the Government, went free.

That Murphy had double-crossed his confederates in the original distribution of the loot was made evident during the trial; that he never shared what he had managed to withhold from the Government, estimated at nearly \$200,000,



William ("Dutch") Gentleman, Chicago racketeer, who was charged by "Moss" Enright with the killing of Vincent Altman. He, (Enright) later killed "Dutch"—claiming he did it in self-defense



Former U. S. Postoffice Inspector, William J. Fahey, nemesis of "Big Tim" in the Dearborn Station mail robbery. Fahey, himself, was later implicated in a mail robbery plot and is now serving time in Atlanta Penitentiary

was common report in the underworld circles of Chicago.

Cosmano had received \$60,000 as his share. The others were given \$5,000 to \$10,000 each. Murphy kept the rest.

The Pullman robbery case had been dropped, the witnesses' identification of Murphy and Cosmano not proving sufficiently positive.

Meanwhile, between the time of his first seizure and his departure for Leavenworth, Murphy had been very busy.

He and Fred ("Frenchie") Mader, another labor leader, had seized control of the Chicago Building Trades Council. A strike was threatened. Contractors and employers sought to arbitrate, that the building industry, then at the height of the post-war boom, might not be crippled.

Judge Landis was named as arbitrator. When he made his report, giving the men less of an increase than they had demanded, Murphy and Mader refused to abide by the agreement.

Sluggings and bombings followed. One night a West Side glazing plant was dynamited. As the bombers fled, they met a police car. A desperate gun battle at short range followed.

The bombers escaped, leaving Lieutenant Terrence Lyons

and Patrolman William Clarke, lying dead in the street. Murphy, Mader and several others, one of them Charles Duchowski, were indicted.

The case against Murphy was *nolle prosequi*, but no sooner had he freed himself of that charge than a special grand jury returned a score of indictments against him, charging him with labor terrorism.

Duchowski was sent to the State Penitentiary for the policemen's murder under a life sentence. A few years later, he led a daring break from the prison with six others, killing Assistant Warden Peter Klein. Recaptured and sentenced to hang, he again escaped with four of his confederates, and a policeman was killed as they were recaptured. A third time they broke jail. Two of the convicts were killed. Duchowski and two others were recaptured and hanged.

Murphy knew the type of men needed for his ends.

After escaping the Lyons murder charge, he was arrested in connection with a \$250,000 liquor warehouse robbery, but the police evidence was insufficient and he was released without being indicted.

The United States Supreme Court turned down Murphy's appeal in the Dearborn Station mail robbery, after months of delay, and, on February 25th, 1923, Murphy started for Leavenworth Penitentiary.

So important—or notorious—had he become as a public character that a large delegation of newspaper reporters and photographers accompanied him to Kansas in order that his induction as "Prisoner 18,990" might be fittingly recorded!

Murphy's next appearance in the newspapers came a few months later, when his friends raised a \$50,000 fund to fight for a pardon. Whatever became of the fund, however, Murphy remained behind the bars. Meanwhile, he was re-elected head of the gas workers' union which he had founded—although he was a convicted bank robber!

IN October, 1923, convicts returning to Chicago from Leavenworth brought word that Murphy had become "a wrong guy."

"He's playing stool pigeon," they said, "and Cosmano and the rest of the mob are off him."

The report became so widespread that the newspapers published stories about it. Murphy's friends communicated with the convict labor chieftain, and Murphy, quite as if he were a figure of state, despatched telegraphic denials to the press!

Whether or not the story was true, Murphy became a "trusty," and when not serving as the warden's chauffeur, busied himself, according to Mrs. Murphy, with high-brow magazines and correspondence courses in culture.

Murphy was lost sight of for a year. Then Postal Inspector Fahey, the man responsible for unraveling the Dearborn Station mail robbery, was himself implicated in a \$500,000 mail train robbery at Rondout, a village 30 miles from Chicago.

Murphy's followers let out a whoop! Fahey, they said, a mail robber himself, undoubtedly had "framed" Murphy. Fahey was sent to the Atlanta Penitentiary but Murphy remained in Leavenworth. The Government failed to heed the plea that Murphy had been "framed."

In March, 1926, Murphy, given time off for good behavior, was released from prison. Newspaper reporters awaited him at the gate. When he arrived in Chicago, a brass band blared a welcome to him and, for three days, Murphy held open house, greeting his friends.

MMURPHY strengthened his grip on the gas workers' union, but when he sought to regain a foothold in larger labor circles, he found himself barred. Mader had been sent to the State Penitentiary for labor terrorism. The hold on labor of both men had been broken.

New men had risen to command and were gaining, by honest arbitration, what Murphy and Mader had sought to effect by bombings and beatings.

During Murphy's enforced absence from Chicago a new "racket" had sprung up. The hoodlum element, driven from the ranks of organized labor, had busied itself banding small merchants into associations, levying dues from them and giving them in return a scale of higher prices. Merchants who refused to join, or who refused to abide by association price scales, were visited by thugs or bombers. The tire dealers, at this time, had formed an association. Their organization, founded by legitimate tire dealers, was in no sense a racket.

When Murphy gazed about the scene, he saw the tire dealers' group and decided to take control. His gunmen invaded a meeting and Murphy, by a *viva voce* vote, was "elected" president!

The tire dealers, however, went to law and Murphy was ousted. When informed that an injunction had been issued against him, Murphy sneered.

"Me?" said Murphy. "Why, I quit the outfit last night."

Murphy's next venture was in the electric-sign field. He and Jules ("Nicky") Arnstein, Fanny Brice's erstwhile husband, whom he had met in Leavenworth, formed a partnership, but after a few flashes, the business winked out.

Then Murphy tried to form a druggists' union. To do this he needed a union charter. With threats, he sought to force Patrick F. Coffey, head of the drug clerks' union, to relinquish control of his organization.

Coffey, a cocky little Irishman, responded to Murphy's threats with a few of his own, and Murphy decided to leave the druggists to sell their corn beef and cabbage, and other drug sundries, without his aid.

That was in June of 1927. Several months later, Murphy and Arnstein were found operating a *de luxe* gambling club on Chicago's "Gold Coast." A newspaper exposé of the Murphy-Arnstein *Monte Carlo* sent the police there with axes, and Murphy was put out of business.

Murphy stormed into one of Chicago's newspaper offices, denied that he owned the club, and asserted that Jack Zuta, a West Side divekeeper, was responsible for the "rip-off."

Zuta, long a power in the disorderly house racket, had, after the election of Mayor William Hale Thompson, blossomed forth in North Side circles as a member of a gambling syndicate, made up of "Big George" Moran, a noted gunman; "Billy" Skidmore, a professional bondsman, and Barney Bertsche, an erstwhile confidence man. Murphy had been operating in their territory; hence his accusation.

Months passed. In January, 1928, newspaper articles asserted that Murphy had been named head of the Capone-Guzick syndicate by "Scarface Al" Capone, underworld czar, who had been driven out of Chicago.

This Murphy strenuously denied, although he admitted that he and Capone were "pretty good friends." Later developments indicated Murphy was telling the truth.

Within succeeding months, Murphy, among other little chores, aided in the election of John ("Dingbat") Oberta, a member of the Saltis-McErlane South Side beer ring, as

Republican committeeman of Tim's old ward in the stockyards' district.

Two weeks later, on May 7th, 1928, Murphy announced his resignation as president of the gas workers' union, the group that had stood loyally by him during all his jail terms. That Murphy had found a new field of endeavor was evident from his resignation, which was regarded as a purely voluntary one. What his new field was did not become known until after he had fallen before the guns of his enemies, and then not with certainty.

Two theories were advanced immediately after Murphy's death. One was that he had been killed by the Zuta-Moran mob for aiding "Mike de Pike" Heitler in forcing Zuta out of the West Side vice district; the other was that he had sought to "muscle in" on racketeers in control of the cleaning and dyeing industry, and had been killed by gunmen in the employ of those racketeers.

"Mike de Pike," long a vice chief-tain, had opened several houses in the West Side district, regarded for many years as Zuta's territory. He hired Murphy, so the story went, to protect his own houses of ill-fame against raids by Zuta followers.

Apparently "Mike de Pike" Heitler believed in the axiom that a brisk attack is the best defense. "Pineapple tossers" began hurling bombs at Zuta's houses with such frequency that the police closed up the district and Zuta, in fear of his life, fled from Chicago.

Moran, however, remained in his North Side stronghold, surrounded by the remnants of the powerful band once headed by Dion O'Banion, "Little Hymie" Weiss and Vincent ("Schemer") Drucci, all three slain in the gun battles that marked the struggle for control of the Chicago underworld.

When the Zuta-Moran theory cropped up in the investigation, "Mike de Pike" Heitler walked into the Detective Bureau.

"I don't believe Murphy was killed because of any connection with me," said he. "Murphy and I were friends and if I knew who killed him, I'd tell you. If I even had a suspicion as to who killed him, I'd come clean. I don't know, and that's on the up-and-up."

The police, familiar with the underworld procedure, gave credence to Heitler's story.

The usual procedure after a Chicago killing is for friend and foe of the slain man to go into hiding. Any one seized refuses to talk. Heitler's prompt appearance convinced the police that Murphy had not been killed in the vice war.

Because of the growth of "racketeering" in the small tradesman field, a group of leading business men formed an organization, the Employers' Association, to aid the police and Prosecutor in fighting "racketeers."

Walter H. Walker, a former Assistant State's Attorney, is counsel for the Association. The morning after Murphy's slaying, he made public the reports of his investigators.

Murphy, he stated, had been (Continued on page 109)



"Nicky" Arnstein, who was the alleged head of the \$5,000,000.00 Wall Street bond robbery that electrified the entire country, following which he visited Leavenworth Penitentiary. While there he met "Big Tim" Murphy—and the two formed an "electric sign" partnership!

Why the Crook CAN'T Win

Has the crook any chance when modern police methods can identify a criminal by his toe-nails? In words of truth, stranger than fiction, Lieutenant Harlacher declares "You can't beat the Law!"—and tells you why!

By Lieutenant J. ROY HARLACHER,

Identification Expert, Los Angeles Police Department

As told to ALBERTA LIVINGSTON

OVER in the Identification Bureau at Police Headquarters is a copper who makes you think that working on the Police Department isn't such a bad job after all. He just naturally seems to be having a good time, even when he is scolding. His face fairly beams with joviality and refuses to cloud up, even under the most trying conditions.

It heartens you to look at him. It amuses you to hear him talk. Not that what he says is so terribly clever—but it's the way he says it!

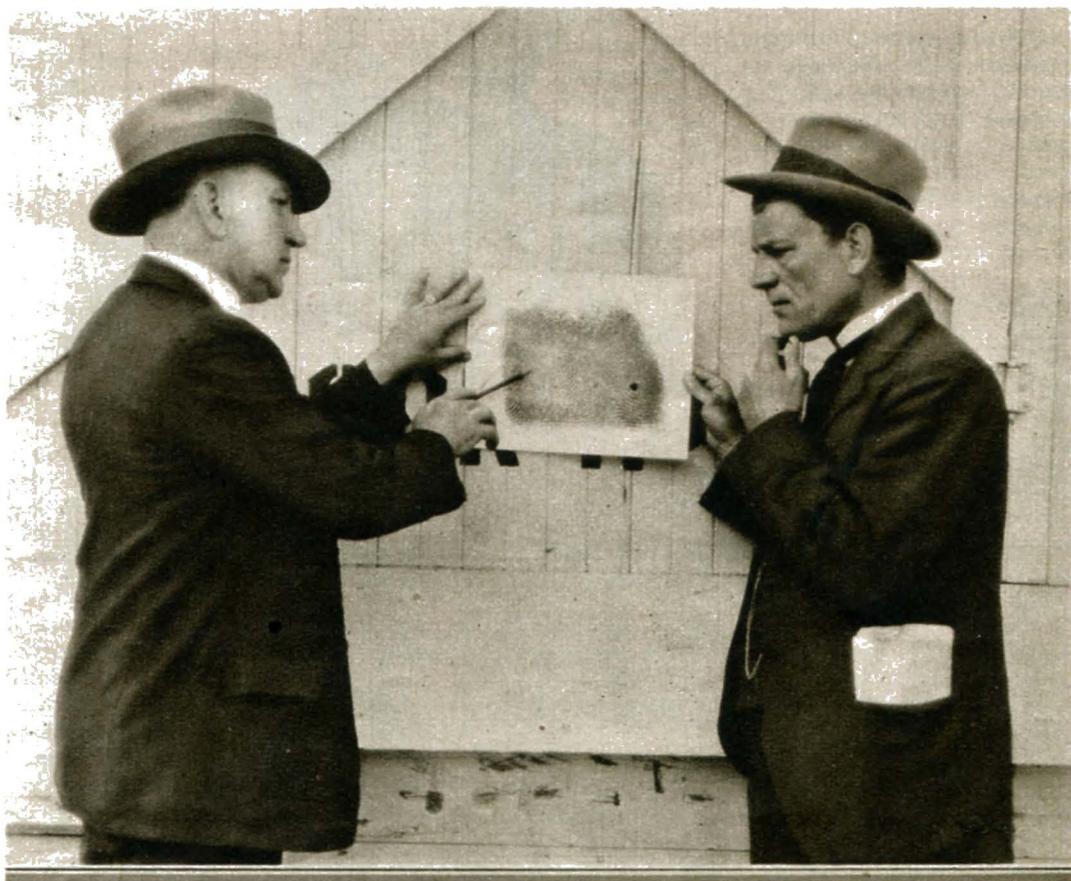
Lieutenant J. Roy Harlacher is around forty years old. He is five feet eleven and weighs about two hundred and fifteen pounds. This describes about ninety

per cent of the officers who joined the Force ten years ago, before August Vollmer, Scientific Chief of Police, had the word "brain" substituted for the word "brawn" in the Civil Service requirements. But "J. Roy" is distinguished from the rest by his habitual good humor, and—well, I guess you'd call it his subtlety.

He handles the 35 clerks, typists and stenographers under his jurisdiction as he used to work traffic in the old days.

For example, where one of the other lieutenants is content with the stock phrase, "Better snap into that work, Faherty! If you can't handle it, we'll have to get somebody who can," J. Roy is inclined to use stratagem.

"Hello there, Barney!" he will say to the victim whom he catches loafing. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" he will add quickly. "I see you are Mr. Faherty, but the way you



Lieutenant Harlacher is here shown explaining to his friend, Lon Chaney, the "how and why" of finger-prints. Note Mr. Chaney's troubled look

were stepping along on that typewriter, I figured you must be Barney Oldfield!"

Or, "What part of the work are you doing this month, Miss Schnierow?"

"Typing and filing auto cards," she answers, all unsuspecting.

"Well, that's a good job, and, if I were you, I wouldn't be ashamed of it. I'd quit trying to make people believe I was a PBX operator, and give those phones a rest."

Or, "That's a pretty good-looking typewriter chair you have back there, Mrs. Nelson. Like it?"

"Sure!"

"Then you had better get back there and keep it warm.

Somebody else might get to liking it almost as well as you do."

Transgressions in the Bureau are seldom punished beyond these sly rebukes, delivered in such a nice way that you are kind of glad that you have done wrong.

Two nights each week Lieutenant Harlacher attends Polytechnic Evening High School, where he is studying Criminal Law. His hobby, however, is coaching for Civil Service promotional examinations. Each Friday night he conducts a class in identification work at Central Station. Here, anyone, within the rank and file of the Department, who is interested, may secure a thorough and complete training under a real expert. Finger-prints, Handwriting, Micrography, the Bertillon System, *Modus Operandi*, Bullet Identification—he teaches them all—and how!

Introducing Lieutenant J. Roy Harlacher, Identification Expert, Los Angeles Police Department.

AFTER the above introduction by Miss Livingston, no doubt many of you are under the impression that I have a story of wondrous import to tell you, and it has placed me in rather an embarrassing position trying to live up to your expectations. I am probably somewhat like a member of the jury in a case I was on recently.

It was a will contest, in which there was a great fight between two heirs over the introduction into evidence of a paper, a letter, which we were going to use as an exemplar of handwriting. Now, this particular exemplar was not necessary in the case, because we had many others, but it became a bone of contention as to whether or not it should be allowed in evidence, and, finally, the judge ruled that particular exhibit out.

The jury went out and were back in ten minutes, with a verdict breaking the will, which was in accordance with the way I had testified. Immediately on returning to the Station—in fact, I had hardly arrived there—the foreman of the jury rushed into the Bureau, and said, "Harlacher, for God's sake, show me that letter they tried so hard to keep out, because we just knew that it would have explained the whole thing!" And the letter which was kept out was a typewritten one, having absolutely nothing to do with the evidence, and of no importance whatever.

Nevertheless, I have tried to present some of the ideas I have gathered during the past five years that I have been Lieutenant in charge of the Identification Bureau at Los Angeles. I have picked out cases I am acquainted with, not for the purpose of regaling the reader with my individual experiences, (because I find that individual experiences are interesting, usually, only to the teller of them), but rather I have chosen these particular cases as illustrative of a principle that I wish to present.

Some identification experts are opposed to any publicity which tends to warn, or instruct the criminal regarding methods used in police identification. They lose sight of the fact that the greatest service a modern Police Depart-

ment can render is the prevention of crime. In my opinion, the best way to prevent crime is to teach youth that it cannot beat the Law. How can we expect to succeed in doing this if we try to keep our *modus operandi* secret?

Why should we wait until a man has committed a crime before teaching him that it is better to work for a living? Why wait until he has made an outcast of himself to show him the infallibility of finger-prints? It is a big lesson for the younger members of society when they are made to realize that crime does not pay and that they cannot beat the Law. Then, and then only, will they go straight.

A great many persons limit the word "identification" as meaning the identification of a person by appearance, or by his photograph or finger-prints. But identification is much broader and more comprehensive than that, because there are so many other things that enter into the work. I have come to regard identification work as the identifying of a certain person as having committed a certain act by means of a certain agency.

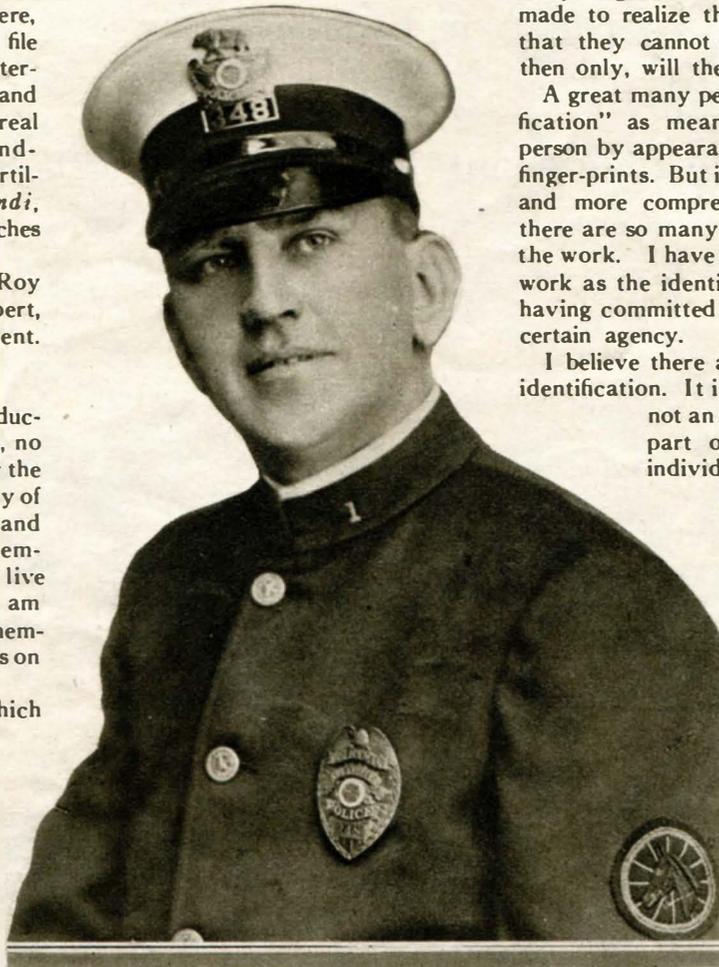
I believe there are thousands of methods of identification. It is my contention that there is not an eighth of a square inch of any part of our bodies but what is individual to ourselves, and which has never been duplicated on any one else's body, and never will be. You can identify persons, for all time, by their toe-nails, if you want to adopt that system.

But of all the systems of identification that I have ever known, or studied, or come in contact with, I am absolutely convinced that the finger-print system is the best—because it is the most accessible. We touch things all the time without thinking about it. If we were living in the olden days when people went bare-footed, it might be better,

possibly, to use heel or toe identification, using the imprint from the heel or toe. Inasmuch, however, as persons are now all shod and come in contact with everything by the touch of their fingers, it is entirely natural that the finger-print system has been adopted. It is a wonder to me that the system was not inaugurated from a systematic and scientific standpoint long before it was.

It might be well, at this point, to mention the psychological effect of finger-prints on a suspect. In addition to the impression made on the subject by the concrete act of taking his finger-prints, there is also a subconscious feeling in the depth of his mind, in connection with the operation, that he cannot shake off, no matter how indifferent he may pretend to be. Let me tell you of an actual case.

ABOUT five years ago the Pullman Company had a conductor in the South who was stealing tickets. He was sending in tickets for refund—he himself wasn't doing it direct—they were coming in from claimants. The Refund Department didn't know what to do about it. J. J. Leary, Special Agent, investigated and made, what he terms, a double test on the conductor. The two tickets that were used in the test came in from a big city in the Middle West. Mr. Leary went out to interview the man who had sent in the tickets for refund. He was a great, big fellow, more



Lieutenant Harlacher when he was a member of the Traffic Division, Los Angeles Police Department

than six feet high, weighing over two hundred pounds. He was a successful contractor, retired from active business, well-connected in his home city through his banks, but known to be ruthless and unscrupulous in his business dealings. After stalling around a while, Mr. Leary started at him about the refunds. The man looked him up and down, and ignored him as long as possible. Finally he jumped up and, with an oath, exclaimed:

"Get out! Get out! I won't tell you anything! I won't tell anybody anything! I wouldn't tell God, himself anything! Get out before I throw you out!"

In his excitement, while waving his arms around his desk, he overturned, accidentally, an ink-bottle, and the ink spilled all over his fingers. In looking around for something with which to wipe the ink off, he inadvertently placed his hand on a blank writing-pad lying on the desk. Quick as lightning, Mr. Leary took advantage of the situation, and immediately seized the pad, stripped off the top sheet with the ink impressions of the fingers still wet on it, and holding it up, said:

"Now, I've got you! I've got your finger-prints!"

THE fellow went down like a big cow, crying like a baby, and told the whole story. Later, they used him as a Federal witness against the conductor. What made the fellow change his mind so suddenly? The psychology of finger-prints—nothing else but!

The story of finger-prints in connection with the William Edward Hickman case, known throughout the world, was covered in the last October issue of this magazine, so I will only touch upon that. Not minimizing, in any way, the wonderful work of the two Pendleton, Oregon, officers in the actual capture of Hickman, the greatest piece of work in connection with the man-hunt was the identification of

the finger-prints on the letters, rear-view mirror and steering-wheel, that put the police of the entire Pacific Coast on his trail. The co-operation of all the cities of the Pacific Coast, also, cannot be minimized, but it was through his finger-prints that all were able to work together to find the fiend.

NOW, as to the infallibility of finger-prints. Frequently, an article will appear in a newspaper or magazine relating to duplication of finger-prints. I want to say, here and now, that, never since the science of finger-prints has been known, have there been found two finger-prints that were alike. In January, 1927, the following article appeared in a Boston newspaper:

One of the strongest props of police work appears to have collapsed. An internationally recognized rule is believed to have been shattered. Two identical finger-prints of different persons have been discovered. Science believed it impossible. For years, the police of all countries have been firm in the belief that, nowhere among the millions of persons in the world, were there two finger-prints identical.

The writer of this article covered the Hall-Mills murder trial in Somerville, New Jersey, some months ago. There were several finger-print experts there, including the man said to be the most skilled in that science in the country, Joseph A. Faurot, formerly of the New York Police Department. Faurot, under oath, was asked this question by counsel:

"Then, if anywhere in the world, two finger-prints exactly alike were found, the entire science of finger-printing would be dis- (Continued on page 81)



This photograph shows an exact duplicate of the modern police "line-up" called the Shadow-Box, in use in the Los Angeles Police Department. It was built on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio lot in Los Angeles under the direct supervision of Lieutenant J. Roy Harlacher

AGAINST FEARFUL ODDS

By Detective W. W. ROGERS
As told to JACK WOOTEN

[See sketch of Detective Rogers' career in the front pages of this issue]

NOTE: For the protection of the relatives of those directly connected with this gruesome crime, all names in the following fact story have been changed.

LET us go back to a Spring morning, over five years ago. The Governor of South Carolina had received a letter regarding the strange disappearance of a man from — County. No one had seen him for over a month, and a request was made for assistance from the State Police Force in locating the man. There was fear of foul play.

With this small bit of information in my possession, I climbed into my car, after the Chief Executive had assigned me to the case, and set out for the little County Seat which was my destination. In a few hours time I was talking to officials of the town.

They told me, that several years before, Paul Goshe, an electrical worker, engaged in the construction of a transmission line that was to serve that section of the State, had come to this town. He fell in love with a local girl, married her, and settled down in the home county of his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Goshe had two children, one of which was a baby at the time I was sent by the Governor to the little town. Several weeks previously the former electrician had suddenly disappeared.

Naturally, with this meager background, I had nothing on which to work. So I began to make inquiries as to Goshe's friends and neighbors. I was told that he lived a few miles out of town; that a negro, named Sam Brown, worked a farm which adjoined his land on one side, and that Tom Locke, the husband of Goshe's wife's sister, lived nearby. My informers further told me that Locke's wife was much older than her sister, Mrs. Goshe, and that she had never had any children.

I asked as to the character of the negro Brown, and Tom Locke, and was told that the colored man bore the reputation of being "a pretty good nigger," but that Locke was a moonshiner, and a mighty bad actor. I then asked for a description of Sam Brown, and the officials gave it to me, together with the information that he plowed with a black horse and, at that time, was working in his fields near his house.

With this dope in the back of my head I went out to my car, placed my baggage on the back, so as to appear as a traveling man, and set out for the vicinity of the negro's farm. About six miles out of town I saw several men plowing in a field. One of them was a colored fellow answering the description of Brown. He was plowing with a black horse.

There was a sand-bed in the country road, right at the end of the rows in the field where the men were working. I drove my car into this supposed trap, and waited until the



In his manner, suddenly I saw the solution of his crime. I was on the right track!

man with the black horse got near the end of his row. Then I started fooling with the starter and the clutch, so as to make it appear that my machine was stuck in the sand. When Brown came within hearing distance, I called to him to come and push my car, so that I might get out of the sand. He stopped his horse, unfastened the traces so that the animal would not hurt himself with the plow, and then came toward the road. He gave the machine a push, and shoved it out of the sand.

I thanked the man, pitched him a quarter, and then opened up conversation.

"What are you planting, old man?" I asked, friendly-like.

"Cotton, suh," he returned, respectfully.

"Oh, yes," I laughed. "Something for the boll weevil to feed on, eh?"

"Maybe so, boss," he grinned, "but ah'se hopin' to reap a little benefit frum mah labors."

"I hope so," I said, as I looked up toward the sky, with a very definite purpose in mind. Over my head was an electric wire. It gave me a wonderful opening. "By the way," I continued, "I used to know a fellow who worked on putting up this electrical line. His name was Paul Goshe. Ever hear of him?"

"Yas, suh," the negro returned slowly, "Ah knows him."

"He married a girl down here, didn't he?" I pressed on.

"Yas, suh."

"And he's living in this section now, isn't he?"

"Yas, suh—dat's rite—yas, suh, boss."

Black murder and love for babies—strange contrast!—stir the twisted soul of this sullen mountaineer moonshiner—tracked into the wilds of the South Carolina swamps by Detective Rogers on one of the most dangerous missions ever undertaken by an officer of the law!

"I've a good mind to go round and see old Paul, being as I'm this near," I said. "Where does he live, old man?"

The negro pointed to a house about three hundred yards away, plainly visible from where my car was parked. "Dat's where he lives, boss," he said, adding quickly, "but he ain't home."

"He ain't?"

"Naw, suh."

"Well, maybe his wife's there. I might go over to see her," I added. "Is she home?"

"Yas, suh, she's home, suh. But Mr. Goshe, he ain't."

"Where is Mr. Goshe?" I asked pointedly.

"Well, suh," the man stammered, "he—he—jest ain't home, suh. Naw, suh, he ain't home."

"Where is he?" I repeated.

"Well, suh, he jest ain't home."

"Ain't, eh?" I exclaimed. "Well, suppose you get in this car with me. I want to talk to you."

"Suh?" The negro looked as if he was expecting something terrible to happen.

"Get in this car, and don't ask any questions!" I replied, as I reached in the pocket of my machine and drew out a revolver.

Sam Brown stumbled into my automobile. When he saw me put away my weapon he gave a sigh, as if of relief.

I drove the automobile down the road some few hundred yards, and then stopped suddenly. I turned to the negro. "Sam," I began, "you're down here among a set of pretty bad people, and you've got to protect yourself. You know self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and I want to warn you not to say or do anything that will incriminate yourself. My name's Rogers. I'm a State Detective, and I want you to be frank with me. Tell me the truth, Sam. Where is Paul Goshe?"

"He ain't around here, boss." The negro was scared, I saw that.

"Don't be afraid," I told him. "All I want is the truth. Where is Mr. Goshe, Sam? If he ain't around here, where is he?"

"He's dead, suh."

I came near falling out of my flivver when he told me this.

"Who killed him?" I asked the negro.

"His brudder-in-law, suh, Mr. Tom Locke, suh."

"And how is it you know so much about Mr. Goshe and Mr. Locke?" I asked Sam Brown. "How do you know that Mr. Goshe is dead?"

"I seed him, suh—seed him all kivered up wid leaves."

"Tell me all you know, Sam," I said, a few moments later. "And don't be scared of me!"

The negro farmer mopped his perspiring brow, and slumped back in his seat slightly. Then he told me the story, speaking rather excitedly, at first, but finally settling down to his slow, Ethiopian speech.

"On Friday befo' Christmas, Ah lef mah house 'bout eleven o'clock in de mawnin' an' went to de home of Mr. Tom Locke. When Ah got dere Ah goes into de house and



On that hard, unshaven face of his there was a smile

sees Mr. Tom Locke, his wife, an' his sister-in-law. Mr. Locke was not dere when Ah gets dere, but come a little later. When he come he askt me where Ah has started to go, an' Ah says, Ah has started to Mr. Lotus' house. He den askt me to go to Reesville (a little town about three miles from the home of Tom Locke) wid him, which Ah does, us goin' dere in a buggy. After we gits back from Reesville we goes in Mr. Locke's house agin. Atter a bit, Mr. Locke say to me dat he has killed a hog in de woods, an' want me to go wid him to help him bring it to de house. He say dat it wuz a spotted hog, an' dat he thought it wuz his own. Ah ain't know 'bout nuthin' has happened, so Ah tells him Ah'll go wid him. He tuk me off in de woods. 'Bout four hundred yards from de house he took out a bottle of whiskey from his pocket an' Ah tuk a drink. He tuk one too. Den he say to me dat he's jest jokin' wid me 'bout de hog, an' dat he's killed Paul Goshe dat mawnin', an' want me to help him bury him. Ah tole him Ah couldn't do dat, an' at fust Ah does not believe dat he's killed Goshe, so Ah askt him where he wuz, an' he says to me 'Kain't you see nothin?' an' Ah looks aroun' an' dere Ah saw Mr. Goshe dead, an' partly kivered up wid leaves. Ah look at his face, an' den Ah faints. When Ah comes to, Ah wuz on mah knees, an' Mr. Locke's pourin' liquor on mah haid, an' Ah begs him to let me go to de house, dat Ah jest naturally kain't bury dis man, an' when he sees Ah's a sick man, he takes me to his house, where Ah was lef' wid his wife an' sister-in-law.

"Mr. Locke goes off agin, an' befo' goin', tell me to stay dere at his house. He wuz gone 'bout a hour or so. Den

he an' Tod Baxter, a neighbor of his'n, come back to de house. He let me go den. Ah meets him several mo' times since then. Ebery time, he tell me if Ah tell on him—damn me, he would kill me! Den he'd laf 'cause Ah'se scared to help him bury Mr. Goshe."

Sam Brown stopped in his revelation and looked at me. "Don't worry," I assured him, as I stepped on the self-starter of my car, "he won't have a chance to bump you off for telling me about this killing scrape, for I'm going to carry you to town and lock you up."

The negro's face turned ashen in color, and he drooped in the seat, as the machine started back toward the County Seat.

"I'm not accusing you of the crime, Sam," I told him quietly, "but I think you'll be better off in jail for a few days. Now tell me, did Tom Locke ever say anything about where they had placed the body?"

Sam hesitated for a moment. Then he sat upright in the seat, and looked me in the face.

"AT de time he was laughin' an' makin' fun ob me foh not helpin' him bury dis body he tole me dat, even if Ah wouldn't help him, he got some one to help him. Ah askt him who it wuz an' he tole me, Mr. Tod Baxter. He tole me dat they'd took de body to de swamp an' nobody would ever find him. Later on, dere was talk 'bout searchin' de swamp for dis man Goshe, an' Mr. Tom Locke tole me den, dat if they found Mr. Goshe, dey would have to dust de ashes."

Sam didn't know any more about the killing. Throughout the man's conversation with me he had seemed sincere, and his entire statement, from beginning to end, had been given voluntarily. I realized that, if what the negro said was true, I had something now on which to work. Still, I also appreciated the fact that I would never be able to convict Tom Locke on the testimony of Sam Brown alone. I had quite a task before me yet.

When I reached the County Seat I turned the negro over to officials of the town, with instructions to place him in the little two-by-four jail there, and not to allow a soul to see him, or even know he had been arrested.

I happened to have an old suit of clothes with me, so I got it out, and put it on. Then I stored my car away, got some grease and made up my face a little. Before going through this process, however, I told the officials not to be alarmed if I did not return for three or four days, and not to release Sam Brown until I got back to town.

With my pistol in my pocket, and a pair of handcuffs tucked away under the old blue shirt I was wearing, I set off on foot in the direction of Tom Locke's

house. I had to walk six miles, and it was late afternoon before I arrived at the abode of the moonshiner.

When I got to Locke's home I found him and his wife there. Mrs. Locke, a hard-faced, little woman who bore the traces of one who had gone through a bitter life, met me at the door. Presently, Tom's slovenly figure appeared. He was short and stumpy, with several weeks' growth of beard upon his face.

It was very easy for me to start a conversation with the bootlegger and his wife. I told them that I was tramping to the East and that I was hungry. Would they kindly give me something to eat? I would gladly cut some wood, or do any other chores for a meal. They readily consented to feed me. While I was eating, I concocted a story, and told it to Locke. I told him that I had recently killed a man, and that I was running away from the Law. I realized that he probably did not fancy the idea of protecting a criminal, but, at the same time, he looked like a fellow with a heart in him, and I would appreciate it if he would keep me for a few days, so that I could rest up from my journey. I would be willing to do anything to pay for my keep—chop his wood, plow, or attend to any other work around the farm.

The man swallowed my story—hook, line and sinker! He said he didn't have any farm work to do at that time, but asked me if I knew anything about moonshining. I told him that I had worked around a still many a time in the mountains of West Virginia, and that I would be glad to

help him run his liquor. In the presence of his wife he cursed very profanely, and I did likewise. He seemed to be pleased with his new bootlegging hand, and, that night, we went down into the woods to the whiskey mill, which was several miles away.

As we made our way to the still, we stopped to pile brush in the path leading up to the whiskey plant. I had seen this trick worked before by bootleggers, and I knew what it was all about. The idea of the dry twigs is to prepare for an alarm, in case anybody comes toward the still. The feet of Revenue Officers, for instance, are just the same as anyone else's feet. And, when the raiders step on these parched twigs, the little branches crack and make a sound. This is a warning sound for the distillers to leave their fires, or their mash, and get away before the intruders arrive.

When we reached the still, there was another fellow at the whiskey mill, busily engaged stirring mash. Tom Locke informed him that I was to help around the place for a time, and then told me that his mate was Tod Baxter. So this was the guy that Sam Brown stated had helped dispose of Paul Goshe's body! He looked at me out of a pair of blue eyes, nodded his head in approval toward Locke, and then resumed his task at the still. I could not help but feel, as I started working in the mash, that Fate was playing right into my hands. If I could only get these fellows to talk!

I didn't want to start any fireworks that night, because I was not yet quite sure of my ground. I watched both Locke and Baxter, and, as I worked, my mind revolved plan (Continued on page 72)



I buckled both his arms around the tree, and snapped the handcuffs on him

Spotting the "JUNKIES"

How does the trained Narcotic Detective "spot" the dope addicts? Could you recognize a drug addict if you saw one? Here are revealed, for the first time, some startling facts about the "World of the Lost"

NOTE: The writer of what follows desires, for private reasons, that his name be withheld. He is an expert on this subject whose many years' experience with addicts, including every phase of their apprehension and treatment, places him in a class by himself. Readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES will be interested in what he has to say.

By AN EXPERT

recognize a drug addict as such when he sees one.

MR. AVERAGE CITIZEN, reading in his morning paper about the prevalence of narcotic drug addiction in this country, may wonder where these thousands of drug fiends are, that, it is claimed, infest our large cities. Very few of our law-abiding citizens ever consciously come in contact with the drug addict. In fact, not every policeman would

recognize a drug addict as such when he sees one. Drug addiction is a secret vice, and the uppermost thought in the mind of the addict is *how to evade detection!* While the detectives of the Narcotic Bureau of the New York City Police Department—a body of less than fifty men—average around 3,000 narcotic arrests annually, the rest of the 17,000 members of the Police Department combined make less than 200 narcotic arrests a year. Of course, the uniformed force apprehends a very large number of narcotic drug users, but they are charged with the commission of other crimes—not in connection with narcotics.



No—these men are not dope addicts. But few persons, indeed, would ever know that, meeting them face to face. They are star members of the justly famous Narcotic Squad of the New York Police Department. Here they are, ready for the devious paths that lead into that great city's underworld, in their ceaseless hunt for the elusive "junkies"

This demonstrates the value of specialization, so that detectives can be definitely trained to match their wits against those who devote theirs to evade and defeat the law.

While Mr. Average Citizen might travel over the streets of his city day after day and never notice an addict, the Narcotic Detective daily runs across a score of them, at least. Of course, the detective cannot arrest every addict he meets—he must “get them right,” that is, find them in illegal, physical possession of narcotics. Not only can the detective “spot” the “junkie” or

both seller and buyer. While he can tell the addict by his appearance, he deducts his intentions from his actions. So unerring is the trained and experienced detective’s judgment that he appears to act by instinct.

If the addict has just obtained his drug he will be walking rapidly, glancing furtively around and, at times, stopping, and looking back to see if he is followed. He usually holds the drug tightly in one hand in his coat pocket—ready to throw it away quickly (“ditch it,” in his parlance) if he finds he is trapped. If possible, he will throw it down a sewer, or into a puddle of water in the gutter, where it will quickly dissolve and be worthless as evidence against him. If he is looking for his “connection” from whom to make a purchase, he will be observed walking more leisurely, or else nervously awaiting the distributor. Often he will be displaying symptoms of a “yen.” This is the physical condition in which the need of his drug leaves him—fidgeting, yawning, sweating. His upper lip, particularly, will be covered with fine beads of perspiration. If he has to wait too long he will double up with cramps, which increase in violence until he collapses into unconsciousness. This is why a drug addict cannot cure himself; he has not the strength of will to endure the pain of the withdrawal symptoms.

THIS, also, is why the addict dreads the “cold turkey” treatment or “cure,” which is nothing more than the complete deprivation of drugs. When he starts to rave he is put in a straight-jacket and left to “kick it out,” which takes about three days of torture. He prefers the reduction method, which takes him off his drugs gradually. All this applies only to the users of opiates, that is, opium or any of its derivatives—morphine, heroin, laudanum, paregoric *et cetera*. The users of cocaine, hasheesh, or the coal-tar products—verinol, luminol, barbitol, *et cetera*, can quit cold at any time without suffering.

After he has had one “shot” the addict is a new man; his appearance is completely changed. But the detective knows him in every metamorphosis. If he uses morphine the pupils of his eyes will be contracted to pin-points. If it is heroin or cocaine the pupils will be widely dilated. There are many other minor marks of identification.

Confirmed drug addicts, like professional criminals, know the law. They learn it from

actual contact, and from the experiences of fellow law-breakers, and thus they also become familiar with its weak spots, or “knot-holes.”

With certain exemptions, it is illegal to possess a hypo-



The “plant” of a drug peddler. Photograph shows a seizure made by the police of Buenos Aires, Argentine Republic. The thin glass phials contain morphine sulphate tablets. In the United States the addicts use morphine only in powder, or cube form. (Above) A dope addict, showing the deadly effects of the drug. Note the expression of his face. This man’s body is one mass of “hypo” marks

“dodo,” as he calls him, but he can generally tell at once if he is in possession of the drug, or under its influence and what particular narcotic he uses, or if he is looking for a peddler. In the latter case, he will “tail” him, and endeavor to land

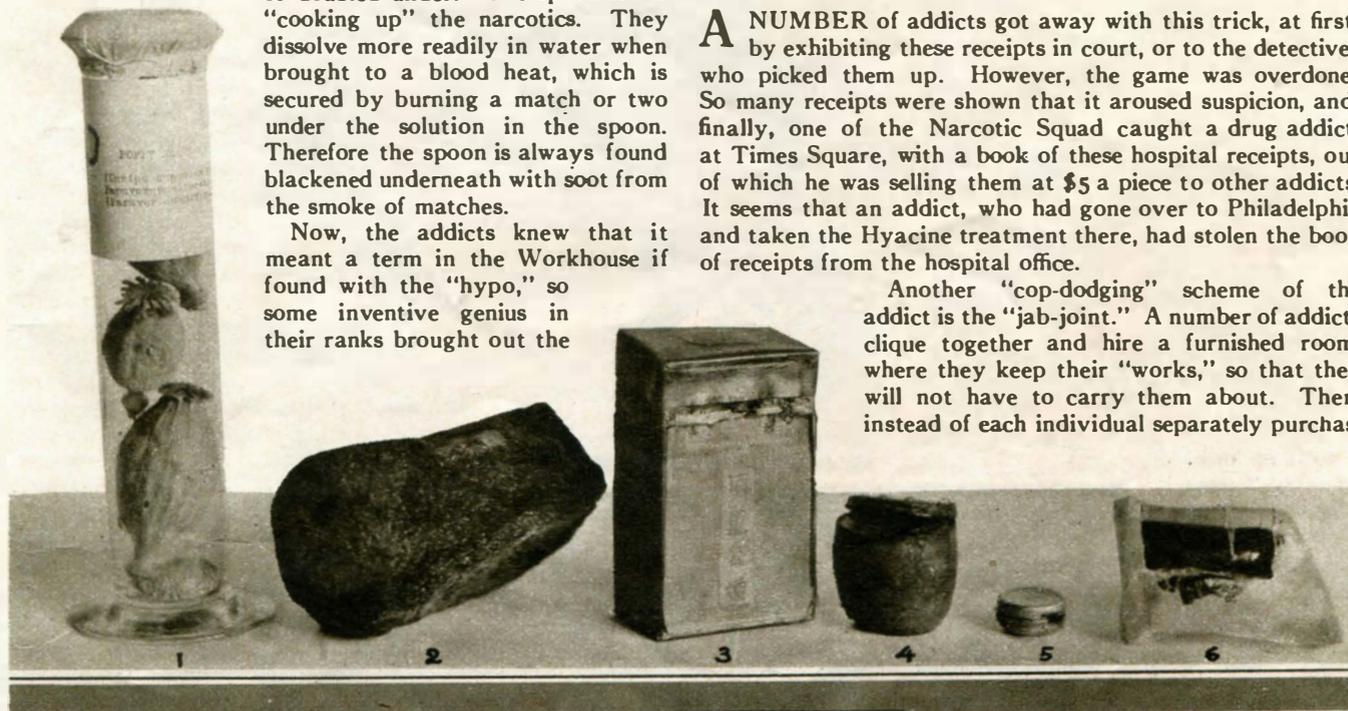
dermic needle. The first users of heroin and cocaine were "sniffers," placing the powdered drug on the back of one hand, and holding it under their nostrils and drawing it up like snuff. They later learned that they obtained a quicker "kick" and better results by liquefying the narcotic, and injecting it directly into the blood intervenously, as do the morphine users. To-day, nearly all addicts are "needlers." But this method necessitates the carrying of the "works" on their person. The "works" formerly consisted of a "hypo" and a spoon—usually with the handle broken off, or doubled under. The spoon is for "cooking up" the narcotics. They dissolve more readily in water when brought to a blood heat, which is secured by burning a match or two under the solution in the spoon. Therefore the spoon is always found blackened underneath with soot from the smoke of matches.

Now, the addicts knew that it meant a term in the Workhouse if found with the "hypo," so some inventive genius in their ranks brought out the

or, as it is termed, "hook him up on conversation," by testifying to his statements when he was apprehended. Then it is shown that his body bears fresh injection marks. Lastly, his record tells its own story—previous arrests for narcotic law violations. Right here we can point out another opportunity to dodge. The addict will admit that he *had been* using narcotics, but swears that he has just completed a cure, and produces a hospital receipt of recent date showing his discharge after treatment for narcotic addiction.

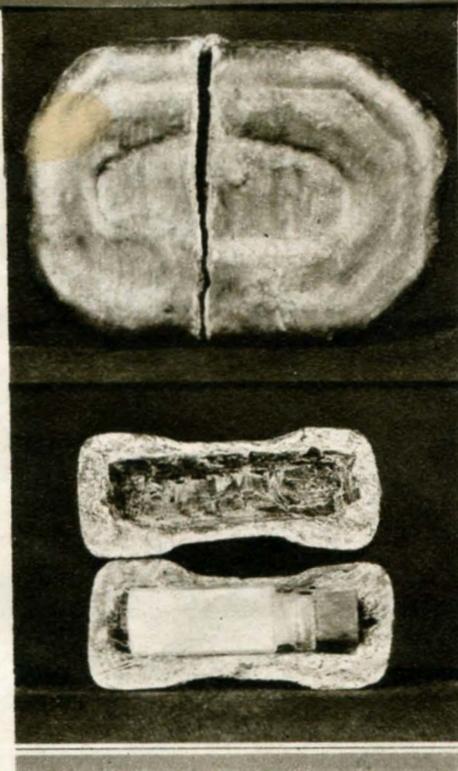
A NUMBER of addicts got away with this trick, at first, by exhibiting these receipts in court, or to the detectives who picked them up. However, the game was overdone! So many receipts were shown that it aroused suspicion, and, finally, one of the Narcotic Squad caught a drug addict, at Times Square, with a book of these hospital receipts, out of which he was selling them at \$5 a piece to other addicts! It seems that an addict, who had gone over to Philadelphia and taken the Hyacine treatment there, had stolen the book of receipts from the hospital office.

Another "cop-dodging" scheme of the addict is the "jab-joint." A number of addicts clique together and hire a furnished room, where they keep their "works," so that they will not have to carry them about. Then, instead of each individual separately purchas-



"pin-jab" method of injection, which eliminated the "hypo" and replaced it by a safety-pin and so-called "eye-dropper." An incision is made in the arm, or other part of the body, and the eye-dropper, filled with the solution, is placed over the puncture, and the liquid forced in. This technique is now widely used in the underworld and has almost completely superseded the "hypo" method, it being claimed to be much surer and more effective, for there was always a lot of trouble caused by needles clogging.

NOWADAYS, the "works" consist of three pieces: safety-pin, "eye-dropper" and blackened spoon. To meet this evasion the law had to be amended to include "any instrument used for the purpose of administering narcotics." Of course, to obtain a conviction for possession of the "works" it is necessary to show that they are possessed for the "purpose of administering narcotics," since safety-pins and "eye-droppers" are in every-day use, and may be innocently carried by anyone. The blackened spoon—being a damning proof of its purpose—is not always carried, the addict relying upon finding some substitute, a beer-bottle top, or tin can cover, when the time arrives to prepare a "shot." The detective, therefore, has to show, in some way, that his prisoner is using narcotics and is carrying the "works" for that purpose. First, if possible, they get his admission,



(Above) 1. Poppy heads (seed capsules of the white poppy plant). The juice which exudes from slits cut in these, constitutes opium

2. Crude opium. The juice is boiled down and dried out to a consistency to permit its packing in this form

3. Smoking opium, in Chinese copper container

4. Imported Chinese toy, or toy, made of horn or china, in which smoking opium is imported

5. Tin toy (American made), for retail of smoking opium

6. Paper "deck" of opium. The "makings" of about a dozen "pills" for smoking purposes

(Left) Phial of heroin concealed in a cake of soap

ing a "deck" on the street, they all chip in and send one of their number out to make a "buy" of an ounce. This reduces their chances of arrest. There are also "jab-joints" where the proprietor sells and administers "shots" to his addict customers. Because of the activity of the New York Narcotic Bureau, forcing the addicts to such defensive methods, the peddling of "decks" on the streets of that city is

practically a thing of the past. The traffickers now only deal in ounces. The "deck" contained only a few grains, or at most, about a day's supply for a moderate user.

The narcotic drug addict is always a great schemer. To successfully cope with him, the narcotic detective must be a veritable Sherlock Holmes in making deductions. In checking up the narcotic prescription files of pharmacists, which is regularly done in co-operation with agents of the Federal Narcotic Unit, many forged prescriptions are found. Even the most wary druggist, despite every precaution, will be tricked sometimes by the wily addict. The greatest offenders in "laying down" forged narcotic prescriptions are women—especially trained nurses who have become addicted.

A woman will call at a doctor's office and "fake" some ailment. At an opportune moment, she will slip his prescription-blank pad, or some sheets from it, between the leaves of a magazine which she carries. Sometimes it requires quite some strategy to get the doctor away from his desk to afford the opportunity to pick up the pad. She may claim to have a sprained ankle which needs to be bandaged, so that the doctor will have to go to his medical supply closet. If unsuccessful on the first visit, she will call again when the doctor is out and obtain permission to wait in his office. Druggists are supposed to verify all narcotic prescriptions before filling them, and, if they are suspicious, they will call up the physician on the telephone. But the addict times her visit to the drug store so as not to correspond with the doctor's office hours.

One such addict will place hundreds of these forged "scripts" at druggists, widely scattered about

the city, using fictitious names and addresses. It is only after quite a number have been detected and compared, and descriptions of the customer obtained from every source, that the offender is finally identified, tracked down and placed under arrest.

When an addict is finally forced to take a "cure" at some public institution, or is convicted of some crime and sent to prison, he still schemes to get his narcotics. One of numerous ways is by "sats," that is "saturated letters." Some of his friends on the outside write him letters, usually by prearrangement and, to throw off suspicion, the letters are addressed to some other inmate, one who is not a drug user. The letter sheets are first soaked in a strong solution of morphine, heroin or cocaine, then ironed out to their original appearance, and the letter written thereon, usually in pencil. If the letters get through the prison censorship they are passed on to the addict. By re-soaking these letters, piece by piece, the addict in custody secures his required daily dosage.



THE first essential in the cure of narcotic drug addiction is the desire to be cured. The average addict has no wish to be cured. If he uses morphine, heroin, or any derivative of opium, he must progressively increase his dosage to get the desired effect, or even to feel normal, if his condition can ever be described by that word. The result is, that after a time, his daily requirements exceed the limit of his financial means, or earnings, and also of his physical capacity to absorb the drugs. He breaks out in abscesses and is unfit for work. Then he decides to go away for treatment — not

(Continued on page 86)



THE lower photograph shows a typical opium pipe. This particular pipe was seized during a raid on an opium den, in a Middle Western city.

The center photograph is of a seizure of crude or gum opium, showing two varieties, i.e., "leaf" on the left, "mud" on the right. The former is derived direct from the ripened poppy seed capsule, as it collects after incision with a sharp knife. The "mud" variety is scraped up from what falls to the ground—hence, the term "mud" opium.

At the top is a photograph of a *marihuana* smoker. Note how thin and drawn his face is. Lack of space prevents our printing the front view photograph of this unfortunate addict whose eyes show the strained, "glassy" expression of a man verging on insanity. *Marihuana* is the Mexican name for the Indian hemp plant—*Cannabis Indica*. The leaves are dried and used as a cigarette filler and smoked by its habitués—mostly along the Rio Grande, on both sides, and throughout southern California, Arizona, Nevada and Texas. A few puffs, inhaled, of one of these cigarettes will make the novice groggy. If the cigarette is half finished he will have difficulty in walking and commence to "talk his head off"—showing every indication of intoxication. A confirmed smoker usually lasts about five years—then he goes violently insane, and often runs amuck. This is a new form and application of the ancient drug *haashesh*—used for centuries in the Near East and the Far East, by the Turks, Arabs, Egyptians and Hindoos. If you have any doubts about the danger of using this drug, look up the etymology of the word "assassin," in your dictionary and you will find that it is derived from *hashhashin*, a user of *haashesh*.

Under the BLACK CURSE of the MAFIA

By PIETRO DONELLI
Special Investigator

As told to
WILBERT WADLEIGH

"FOR five years, Biasta, you and your wife and your three sons shall lead a living death!"

No idle threat, this!

The "Curse of the Mafia" throws its shad of death over the ill-fated family—its claw-like hands grope for them from far-off Italy to San Francisco.

Two sons are drowned like dogs. Biasta himself, is kidnaped—chained in a cellar, after he refuses more blood money to the murder agents of the dread Society.

Then, driven to desperation, the fear-stricken wife unfolds to the police, the almost unbelievable tale of savage persecution.

But Pattullio, cruel master-mind of the murderous blackmailers, defies capture. Tracked by the police to his very lair, they find . . . an empty house.

Baffled in their search for some secret passage, the detectives are about to quit. And then, a low moaning is heard, issuing from behind the cellar wall. Chance reveals the passage. In it lies Biasta—stabbed!

Suddenly out shoots a car from another secret walled passage. It is Pattullio! The detectives give chase at break-neck speed. Unable to keep the road, the Mafia car is wrecked. The blackmailers are thrown into a mangled heap, killed, maimed—all but the arch-fiend Pattullio. Wounded, leaving a false beard in the shattered car, he takes to the woods . . .

THERE was a little doubt in our minds that Pattullio, after his miraculous escape

from the wreck, had managed to make his way through the wooded park to the place on the shore-line where his launch had been hidden.

Ganni, in his confession, had given a good description of the craft, and, as we sped toward the Golden Gate, the bow of the fast patrol boat cleaving the surging white-caps into dashing spray, the radio operator clicked out a message for all ships to be on the lookout for such a launch, and if it was sighted, to report its position.

"It's hard to tell just how big a start he has on us," Captain Mayle remarked to Hugh Gibson, Bureau Chief of the Secret Service. "We saw bloody marks in the woods, leading from the wrecked Mafia machine, so he must have been wounded. How long it took him to reach his launch we can't say for sure."



"Come on, Donelli
—a hot tip from
Chinatown!"

PATROL boats—guided by radio flashes from a hundred Pacific Ocean ships—chase Pattullio's speed launch. Again the ruthless, blackmailing gang-leader slips through the detectives' net. Then, lone-handed, he engages in a desperate man-to-man battle to the death through the dark and devious ways of 'Frisco's Chinatown

Gibson observed that it might be several hours before we overtook the fugitive launch and the human devil fleeing in it, though the patrol boat was far faster than any craft outside of a sea-sled or hydroplane.

"Of course, we're gambling that his destination is still Mexico, as that Ganni chap stated," he added.

Besides the crew of the boat, there were three of us from San Francisco's Police Headquarters—Captain Mayle, Sergeant Kane, and I; the State and County were represented by Marshal Gary and Deputy-Sheriff King, and Chief Gibson and his lieutenant, Mills, represented the United States Secret Service.

Seven of us, not counting the crew of the patrol boat, after one man! It was a chase unique in the annals of crime, and it was to have an ending

such as we never dreamed of, or could ever imagine.

A feature that impressed me a great deal was the fact that we were in constant communication with developments on shore, as well as on the sea, through the boat's radio, and many amateur radio enthusiasts must have gotten quite a thrill out of the messages exchanged, all being in straight International code.

Scores of confirmations came from ships at sea, replying to our broadcast description of the fugitive launch and its occupant; one from as far down as San Diego. And, by the time we were opposite the Cliff-House, in San Francisco, we received a radio from Headquarters, stating that the spot where the launch had put out from during the early morning hours had been located. It had been one of numerous sea-caverns, and, from the tide marks, it was estimated

"Emilio!" he gasped weakly;
"Dio mio — it is Emilio
Genaro!"



that Pattullio had left the beach at approximately 4 A. M., at high tide, or about two hours and a half after the wreck of the fleeing Mafia car.

"Unless he was pretty badly wounded," Mayle remarked, after receipt of this message, "Pattullio could have reached the beach from that point in the park in twenty minutes or so. And all the time we were combing the confounded park, he must have been hiding in that cave with his launch, waiting for the tide to get high enough so he could push off."

AT ANY rate, if he had left the beach at four o'clock that morning, it meant that the fugitive had about ten hours start on us, for we had put out in the patrol boat at two o'clock that afternoon.

Heavy-eyed, weary from lack of sleep, and still shaken by my experience in the Mafia house when it had been torn asunder by that infernal machine, I made my way forward and stretched out on the deck.

But, tired as I was, I could not take my mind off the complicated case, and, when Kane joined me and manifested a like preoccupation, we lit cigars, and discussed various angles of the horrible business.

"If we get Pattullio," Kane observed, "we'll have the head gazabo of the local gang. But what of the rest of the Society, probably scattered in every city of any size throughout the country? Where will the thing end?"

"Well," I muttered, "poor Biasta has been rescued in the nick of time; that's the main thing. As to how the whole affair will end, Kane, *that's* another story. If this band has been one of several groups of the real Mafia, the burden falls chiefly on the Government to round up the others."

"If it has?" Kane echoed, eyeing me curiously. "You don't think that this bunch is only another gang of criminals

using the Mafia name to terrorize its victims?"

It was exactly what I thought; had been thinking for several days, and I told him so.

"The case has many peculiar angles," I added. "Principal among them is the fact that none of the gang we have arrested and quizzed seem to know certain laws of the real Mafia; all except Ganni, who confessed today, were hired in this country, and even Ganni, whom Pattullio picked up in Italy, doesn't seem to know just who Pattullio really is. He is utterly ignorant of various social laws of the real Mafia, and of the divisional and sectional groups of the organization, and so on."

"Then Pattullio is some inhuman monster who had a grudge against the Biastas for political, or other reasons, dating back to the period in Italy? It is he who hatched this gigantic plot and hired seven or eight men to assist in the persecution and abduction—the extortions?"

I nodded.

"Biasta can probably tell us more than his wife was able to," I observed, "and, in another day or so, he'll have recovered enough from his injuries to talk. Ganni hasn't been squeezed dry yet, and the other wreck survivor, Diero, may know a lot. Romero and Pattullio remain to be taken, and I have an idea that they are the only ones of the gang at large."

Kane regarded me doubtfully.

"I hope it's as simple as you say. Romero was last seen near Salt Lake City, wasn't he, about three weeks ago? How do you place him on the roster of the gang, as regards power?"

I ventured that Romero had been Pattullio's right-hand bower, and that Reachi, now killed in the wreck of the fugitive car, had been a lieutenant.

"The rest have been simply pawns, doing Pattullio's bidding under fear of their lives—you know how Ganni referred to Pattullio as a devil incarnate. He was supreme; he kept them in ignorance of his true motives in hounding and bleeding the Biastas, and in extorting tribute from their cousins, the Genaros, and causing the latter to leave America for Italy. In short, I believe that Pattullio was not acting for the Mafia at all, but had his own axes to grind."

Kane confessed that it was all a profound mystery to him.

"The Genaros... didn't Biasta's only remaining son marry one of the Genaro girls, a cousin, and go to Italy with the Genaros?"

This was so, and I said as much. But Kane was in an inquisitive frame of mind, and wanted to know other details. For several minutes we discussed various angles; among these, the drowning of two of the three Biasta sons.

"I know that Mrs. Biasta blames Pattullio and his gang for their deaths," Kane said, "but, in both instances, the police declared that no violence had been done—that there was no poison. Simply accidental drowning. Of course, two of the sons going that way is too much of a coincidence, though."

"MARIA BIASTA," I said grimly, "is right. Autopsy physicians are not infallible, either, though the boys may not have been drugged. Can you not conceive Pattullio and his henchmen, Romero and Reachi, drowning them like—puppies?"

Kane made a grimace of horror.

"Good God! Yes—of course—"

At that juncture, the commander of the patrol boat appeared from the radio room with a message, handing it to the Secret Service Chief, Gibson. Gibson read it; muttered to Mayle, and handed the message to him. The others crowded around, and Kane and I joined the group.

The message was from a freighter, bound for Honolulu.

now about 200 miles out of San Francisco, and was in reply to our broadcast description of Pattullio and his launch, reading somewhat as follows:

Passed within hailing distance of such a launch at about one-thirty this afternoon. Craft contained one person, a swarthy man answering your description. Launch was headed north.

The position given occasioned us no little amazement and concern, for if the launch had really been Pattullio's, it had been about 160 miles off shore, almost due west of the Golden Gate! And instead of on a southward course, it had been headed north!

"That's mighty funny," Mayle growled. "And so far out to sea, besides——"

"But he could have gotten about that far," Gibson interposed. "Captain," he said to the commander of the patrol boat, "I guess we'd better turn around and head that way."

It seemed all we could do, but, even as the boat circled seaward, another radio message came in, this time from a lumber schooner bound from Seattle to San Diego, giving its position some 200 miles northwest of San Francisco:

Sighted launch described an hour ago off to port about two miles, headed north, speed about twenty knots. One occupant. Man.

"BY GEORGE, it must be Pattullio!" Mayle said then. "How long would it take us to overtake him, Captain?"

"Well," the commander said, "if he keeps on the same course, about four hours. Of course there are other patrol boats north that might nab him before then."

Evidently, Pattullio had realized that daylight would break two hours or so after he put out, so he had headed straight out to sea, only turning up the coast when he was 160 miles out. As the captain of the patrol boat explained, this course would take him out of the principal steamer lanes, and, if other patrol boats that were steaming toward the probable position of the launch, didn't overtake it before nightfall, the fugitive had a good chance to reach Canada, or wherever he was bound, without being overtaken.

But, during the next few minutes, messages came from three patrol boats, stating that they were combing the area north of where Pattullio's launch had last been sighted.

Two hours of silence followed; a tense interlude during which the sun neared the horizon—two long hours of traveling under full steam over a sea that was like rolling, molten glass.

The fiery solar disk was just dipping into the western horizon, and we were gloomily contemplating the comparative safety darkness would offer the fugitive, when a message was received from the SC787, a patrol boat that had put out of Eureka a few hours before:

Launch sighted, drifting, engine stopped. Sixty miles west of Cape Mendocino. Will overhaul her in five minutes. Stand by.

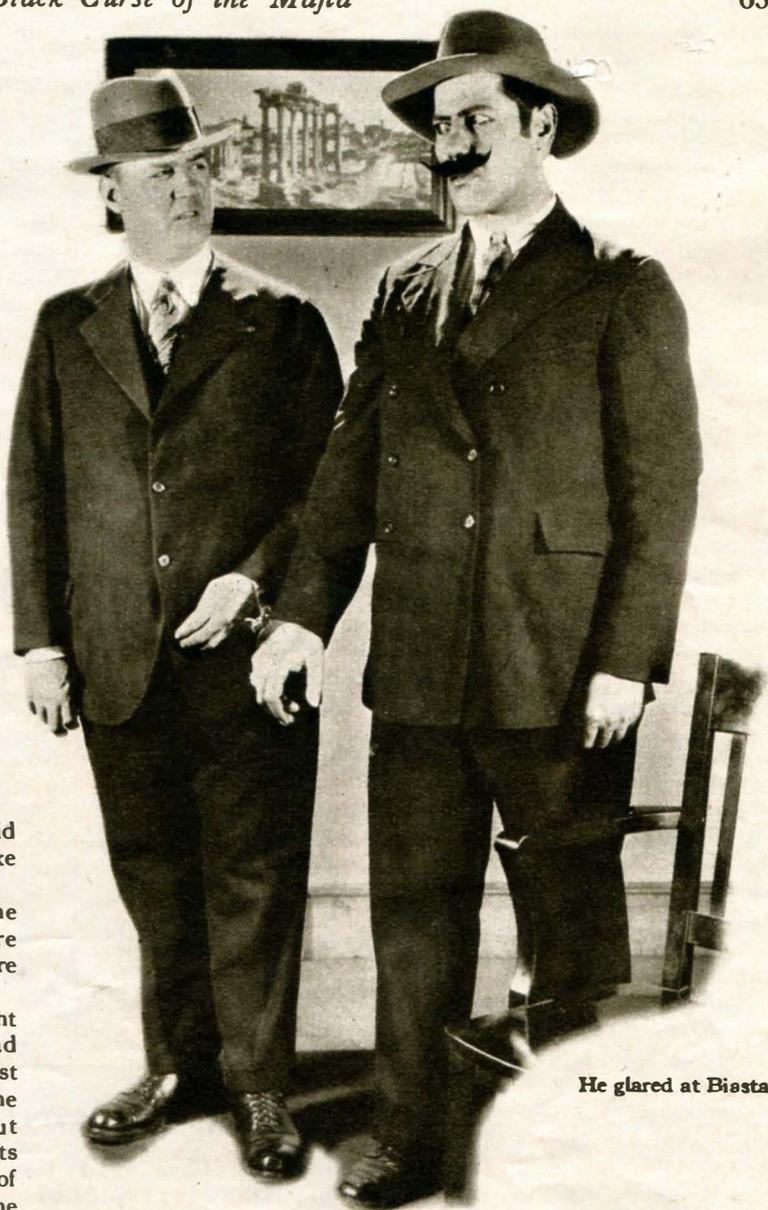
"All over but the shouting!" cried Captain Mayle. "How soon can we get there, Commander?"

"In about an hour," the officer replied, bringing the boat round to head northward. "Your man must have turned shoreward shortly after that lumber schooner sighted him. No fool, evidently; seemed to know his danger."

The sun dropped out of sight, and dusk was creeping upon us when another radio came from the SC787:

Launch overhauled, occupant offering no resistance. Ensign Davis boarding her now. Stand by for further report.

We waited impatiently, and after a lapse of five minutes or



He glared at Biesta

so, another message came that filled us with consternation:

Launch answers description, and bears name of Garibaldi as given. But suspect differs from your description, being five feet ten in height instead of six feet two. Is smooth shaven and swarthy of complexion, but has gray eyes instead of brown, and hair is streaked with gray. Gives name of Antonio Marchetti. Launch loaded with large cargo of whiskey and gin.

"I'll be drawn and quartered!" gasped Mayle, staring at me. "Don, that man can't be Pattullio, yet it's Pattullio's launch!"

I nodded, thunderstruck. We had been tricked into a wild-goose chase! It was some let-down, after being keyed up over the capture of the launch.

"Wire confirmation," snapped Bureau Chief Gibson to the commander. "It'll be dark soon, so tell them to lay to, with their search-light to the sky."

Utterly disgusted, I went forward and sat down. Here, when it had looked like the end of the trail, a new and inscrutable angle had arisen. Where in the devil was Pattullio? How had this other man gotten the launch, and what of the cargo of liquor?

SOME fifty minutes later we drew alongside the SC787, and boarded her. The launch was moored astern, with two sailors on guard over several cases of liquor that had been uncovered, and were piled amidships.

We found the Italian, Marchetti, as he called himself, to be quite an old man, and inclined to evade or ignore our questions. But we were all pretty short-tempered, and gave him the quizzing of his life.

Bit by bit we dragged the information we wanted out of him. According to his story, up to four years previous, he and his brother Giuseppe had made their living by fishing, but a powerful bootlegging organization had persuaded them to join the illicit liquor trade.

It seemed that the Marchetti property fronted on the ocean, just west of the town of San Rafael, and that, under the guise of pursuing their fishing activities, the Marchettis had been actively engaged in rum-running; receiving, harboring, and delivering spirituous liquors.

Regarding Pattullio, Marchetti said that the man had appeared some three years ago in his own launch, making arrangements with the Marchetti brothers to keep the boat at their landing, and take care of it for a monthly fee.

Marchetti said that he knew little about Pattullio, though the latter had gradually learned of the bootlegging activities of Marchetti and his brother, and had bought cases of liquor from them, from time to time.

In recent months, Marchetti claimed, Pattullio had been keeping the launch elsewhere, and had only re-appeared with it before sunrise that very morning.

"He acted queer," he told us; "and his face was cut in several places, and his left hand was bandaged. He told Giuseppe and me that the Mafia had tried to kill him, and asked us to accept his launch as a gift, in return for a change of clothing, and the loan of Giuseppe's auto."

Yes; they had been inquisitive, but were hardly in a position to ask questions that Pattullio didn't encourage anyway. Giuseppe had given Pattullio a suit of his own, to replace the tattered garments Pattullio wore. Then Pattullio had driven away in the car, it being agreed that the machine was to be left at Benicia with a cousin of the Marchettis.

"He had given us his launch, and it happened that we had a consignment of liquor to deliver at sea that was too much of a load for our own launch; Pattullio's was the larger, so we used it."

Such was Marchetti's story. The boat that was to have met him at sea had failed to put in an appearance—for the good reason that an Oregon patrol boat had picked it up that morning. The boat failing to show up and remove his cargo, Marchetti had headed back to shore, when the engine had stalled 60 miles out, and the SC787 had arrived and placed him under arrest.

THE man's account was straightforward enough, and true or not, we lost no time in sending a radiogram to Headquarters, directing that a net be spread that would take in Benicia, Oakland, and neighboring cities on the San Francisco Bay.

Gibson had the prisoner transferred to our boat and the launch, with its illicit cargo, tied astern, and then, under full steam, we sped back to San Francisco. Kane, Mayle and I spent another forty-five minutes quizzing Marchetti and communicating with

shore, and then had supper, followed by a long-needed sleep.

It seemed as if I had only been dozing for a few minutes when Gibson awakened us, and told us that we were at the Navy Yard. A police machine was awaiting us, and took us to Headquarters, where we learned that so far, Pattullio had eluded capture.

"We'll get him, though," Chief Barker said; "he was traced right back here to San Francisco—Tony Ferrera's widow saw him on Market Street near Kearney at two o'clock—just about the time you guys were boarding the patrol boat. Isn't that nice?"

Mayle muttered under his breath.

"ANYWAY," Barker added, "he had just come out of a bank. I suppose he had to return here to get money and papers he had in a safe-deposit box under the name of Gatani; got all the dope on that, a few minutes ago. Pattullio can't get out of 'Frisco now; that's certain. The whole Force is on the lookout for him."

"How about Biasta?" I asked anxiously. "Is he able to talk yet?"

Barker replied that Biasta had passed the crisis.

"I guess he owes his life to you, Don," he told me. "The doctors say that if you hadn't found him in the passage when you did, he would have bled to death. But he's recovering now, and you might chase over to the hospital in the morning and see if he is able to talk. There's that other wreck victim, Diero, there, too—had an operation on his skull. Ganni didn't tell us much, but Diero might kick through with something interesting."

Mayle, Kane and I were anxious to join the search for Pattullio, but the Chief ordered us off to bed.

"It's only a matter of time when he'll get tangled in our net, and then, when we get his side-kick, Romero, the circus will be over."

"How do you mean, over?" snapped Captain Mayle. "There's going to be another circus figuring the whole business out; rounding up other members of the gang—"

"There aren't any other members," Barker said, "if Ganni tells the truth. We pumped him dry today, and he says that the gang only numbered eight persons, and that this Mafia racket was only a lot of applesauce. Pattullio, it seems, engineered the whole thing for motives of his own—the five years of persecution, extortions, and all!"

I glanced at Kane significantly. It had been my own conclusion.

"What about those two sons of the Biastas who were found drowned?" I demanded.

Barker shrugged.

"That part is still a mystery. Both were declared to have met death accidentally; no poison, or marks of violence. But Ganni admits that Pattullio and Romero, and, maybe the deceased Reachi, had something to do with their deaths. (Continued on page 96)

CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which do you like the least? Why? Have you any helpful suggestions in mind?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of these awards, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; \$5 to the letter considered second best; \$3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, c/o TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes October 1st, 1928.

Three awards will be made promptly.

PRIZES

for opinions on the
August TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
were awarded as follows:

First Prize \$10

John Roy,

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Second Prize \$5

Mrs. Lina C. Hale,

Rising Fawn, Georgia

Third Prize \$3

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So people tell me, because I will gladly send to any person who sends me his name and address, a selection of ten records absolutely ON TRIAL, entirely at my risk. Choose any records you want.

Furthermore, I positively insist that you return the records to me at once, if they are in any way inferior to records that sell for three or four times as much. Don't be "sorry" for me, but shoot the records back, and let me stand the postage expense both ways, unless the records are better, clearer and richer in tone than any records you have ever before had, at any price.

I have built a million-dollar business in records on just these "queer" methods, trusting absolutely in the honesty of my customers, and making them the sole judge of whether or not the records will cost them even one cent.

I've built these records to give you pleasure, enjoyment and some real honest good times for months and years to come. I've tried to study the wishes and tastes of the great music-loving public and I've collected in this list below, the very CREAM of my entire catalog. All the records are electrically recorded—and

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| Wreck of the Old 97 | |
| Rovin' Gambler | |
| Among My Souvenirs | Red Wing |

nearly all of them have been done within the last few months, and are in the very latest and best style of the present day. They are all in the standard ten-inch size with music on both sides and play on any phonograph, just like 75-cent records. They include the most recent hits, as well as famous old favorites; and I'm willing to stake my last dollar that they are GOOD.

Choose any ten records you want and simply write their catalog number on coupon below. Send no money. See terms on coupon and see how fully I protect you in every way.

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- 4180 Blue Ridge Mountain Home of Dreams
- 4174 Casey Jones Waltz Me Around Again Willie
- 2417 The Bum Song Get Away Old Man
- 2418 Hallelujah I'm A Bum Preacher and the Bear
- 4178 Break the News to Mother Bird In A Gilded Cage
- 4185 Picture That's Turned To Wall White Wings
- 4209 Oh Dem Golden Slippers Kingdom Coming
- 4183 Just Tell Them that You Saw Me Curse Of An Aching Heart
- 2392 Laugh Clown Laugh I Wanna Sail Away
- 4131 Wreck of the Old 97 Wreck of the Titanic
- 4224 Six Feet of Earth Like My Daddy's Gal
- 4170 Gypsy's Warning Don't You Remember
- 4135 Rovin' Gambler Little Log Cabin in Lane
- 4133 Jesse James Butcher Boy
- 2386 My Ohio Home Alice of the Pines
- 2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie Clancy's Wooden Wedding
- 2366 My Blue Heaven Back of Every Cloud
- 4142 Silver Threads Among Gold In a Garden Rare
- 4141 Wish I Was Single Again If You Want to Find Love
- 4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses Blue Hawaiian Moon
- 4118 May I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight? When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
- 2369 Among My Souvenirs When We Were Sweethearts
- 4116 Letter Edged In Black She Ought To Be Home
- 4117 Where River Shannon Flows Rose From Ireland
- 4171 Red Wing Waters of Minnetonka
- 4143 Girl I Loved In Sunny Tennessee I Wanna Fall In Love Again
- 4148 Dream of A Miner's Child Bred In Old Kentucky
- 4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane Captain Jinks
- 2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood End of Shenandoah
- 8101 Roll 'Em Girls Save It For a Rainy Day
- 2387 My Melancholy Baby Let Us Waltz Thru The Night
- 4038 Sleep Baby Sleep (Yodel) Roll On Silvery Moon (Yodel)
- 4090 In Baggage Coach Ahead Under Some Old Apple Tree
- 4086 Floyd Collin's Fate Pickwick Club Tragedy
- 2338 Lindy, Lindy, How I'd Like To Be You Positively No
- 2337 Plucky Lindbergh What Good Are Tears
- 2344 Me and My Shadow Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
- 4127 Tell Mother I'll Be There Ben Bolt
- 4128 Where Is My Wandering Boy Juanita
- 2331 Ain't She Sweet Bootlegger's Daughter
- 2272 Rudolph Valentino Little Rosewood Casket
- 4150 New River Train Show Me My Mammy
- 4151 After the Ball Was Over Do They Ever Think of Me
- 4172 Wreck of Number Nine Freight Wreck at Altoona
- 4173 Boston Burglar Cowboy's Lament
- 4198 My Old New Hampshire Home Ida Sweet As Apple Cider
- 2328 Side by Side In a Garden Rare

SACRED SONGS

- 4075 Church In Wildwood Voice of Chimes
- 4046 Nearer My God To Thee Lord Is My Shepherd
- 4069 When Roll is Called Up Yonder Throw Out The Life Line
- 4091 Old Rugged Cross Beyond the Clouds
- 4057 Jesus Lover of My Soul Safe in Arms of Jesus

INSTRUMENTAL

- 4193 Whistler and His Dog Powder Puff
- 4190 Sidewalks of New York O'Leahy's Lullaby
- 4189 Drowsy Waters Herd Girl's Dream
- 4163 Barcarolle Waltz Black Hawk Waltz
- 4162 Blue Danube Waltz Skaters' Waltz
- 4138 By Waters of Minnetonka Over the Waves
- 4068 Arkansas Traveler Turkey In The Straw
- 4136 Humoresque Spring Song
- 4164 Glow Worm Let Us Love Over Again
- 4061 Listen To Mocking Bird Song Bird (Both Whistling)
- 4161 Dixie Favorites (Banjo Solo)
- Melody of Southern Airs (Banjo Solo)
- 4217 Irish Washerwoman Mrs. McLeod's Reel
- 4016 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 1 Irish Jigs and Reels, No. 2
- 4218 Merry Widow Waltz Lullaby From Ermine

RACE RECORDS

- 7021 I Need A Good Man Bad Can't Be Worried Long

BLUES

- 7023 John Henry Blues St. Louis Blues
- 7025 Yellow Dog Blues Hard Time Blues
- 7026 Deep River Blues Loveless Love Blues

POPULAR DANCES

- All with vocal chorus
- 1510 Ramona If I Didn't Love You
 - 1521 Rag Doll Draggin' the Dragon Blues
 - 1536 Just A Night for Meditation Merry Widow Waltz
 - 1502 Mary Ann Blue Hawaiian Moon
 - 1488 Among My Souvenirs Some Day You'll Remember
 - 1463 My Blue Heaven Found Beat Girl of All
 - 1497 After My Laughter Came Tears Carry Me Back to Connemara
 - 1505 My Ohio Home Pal Like My Daddy's Gal
 - 1508 My Melancholy Baby Down By the Sea
 - 1448 Are You Lonesome Tonight At End of Rainbow
 - 1441 Doll Dance Wishing and Waiting

COMEDY

- 4002 Flanagan's Second Hand Car Hy and Si and the Line Fence
- 4004 Flanagan In Restaurant Flanagan's Married Life
- 4112 Flanagan At Vocal Teacher's Arkansas Traveler
- 4168 Jail Birds Wedding Bells
- 4211 Andy Goes A Hunting Andy Gets Learnin'

HAWAIIAN

- 4156 La Golondrina Dreamy Moon
- 4023 My Old Kentucky Home O Sole Mio
- 4007 Aloha Oe Kamehameha March
- 4009 Palakiho Blues One, Two, Three, Four
- 4113 Kilima Waltz Honolulu March

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1.....	6.....	Write three substitutes below to be shipped only if other records are out of stock.
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3.....	8.....	
4.....	9.....	
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IMPORTANT Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order recommended for these records.

Name

Address.....
(Write Clearly)

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



Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*



What a cigarette meant *there*

It took a lot of courage, for he was no "ladies' man," and she was the belle of the town.

That awkward, stammering proposal... interrupted... And now... would she never come back? The zero hour, for a fact... the longest minutes of a lifetime.

Like most men, he lived through it, sustained by that little friend in need... his cigarette... the most important cigarette he ever smoked.

What a cigarette means *here*

It took a lot of courage, likewise, to propose and go through with the idea behind Chesterfield.

It took courage, for it meant less profit per package than is made on any other cigarette. Into Chesterfield we blended the finest qualities of tobacco ever offered at popular prices—tobacco selected regardless of cost, from all the leaf markets of the world.

And when Chesterfield jumped to big volume and continued steadily to grow... we knew that this cigarette which so surely bespeaks tobacco quality to us had come equally to mean it to you.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.



Xanthi and Cavalla, Smyrna and Samsoun— from here come the fragile tender Turkish tobaccos for Chesterfield's famous blend.



... and from Virginia and Carolina come the famous "bright" or "yellow" tobaccos; from Kentucky the rich mellow Flurley which completes this mild yet satisfying blend.

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A LOOSE POWDER VANITY that gives all the powder you want all the time—yet cannot spill! The most beautiful vanity you have ever seen: jade green and gold or warm glowing red and gold—your choice. Free for a very limited time only with each \$1.00 box of Kissproof—the powder that stays on all day. Don't delay! This beautiful vanity sells for \$1.00 but it is Free while this Special Offer lasts. Only one to a person.

Kissproof

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A new type face powder that leaves no powdery trace. Just melts into your skin, giving it a transparent effect—rich, soft and deep. And it stays on—clings hours longer than any face powder you have ever before used!



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Never before a value like this! We are offering—for a limited time only—the marvelous new vanity free with each purchase of Kissproof Face Powder at the regular price of \$1.00. Don't delay. Clip the coupon and present it at your favorite toilet counter. If they cannot supply you, write direct:

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A \$2.00 Value For \$1.00

This coupon and \$1.00 entitles bearer to one full size box of Kissproof Face Powder (any shade) and the Kissproof Loose Powder Vanity.

The Bunco Million!

(Continued from page 40)

What do you say? We may be lucky again."

We all agreed that, as we had won so much money, we would do so, so Brady went in with a written note telling them to bet \$15,000 out of our winnings. He was gone five or six—maybe twenty minutes; came back into the room and said: "My God, men—I bet that whole business and lost it!"

And he fell over a chair, and frothed at the mouth.

"Get some water, quick!" Hopper cried; "some water—this man is dying," and men from the office came in and there was a lot of excitement. "What did you do with that order?" Hopper asked the cashier. "My God, this man only bet fifteen thousand! Didn't he give you the note to that effect?"

"Why, no!" the cashier said; "I haven't seen any note."

We then went to Brady, and Hopper felt in his pockets and found the note there. Just about then Brady came to.

"Mr. Norris," he said, "I am sorry; I'll go and mortgage some more property and get thirty thousand and give it to you."

"Gentlemen," Hopper said, "if you will keep this quiet for a week I will win back that money and a million dollars with it."

Brady said:

"Mr. Norris, do not tell your wife. She is sick, and it might kill her. We will take the train and go to San Antonio, Texas, and will wait there until Hopper gets things in shape and we will win back all the money we need. I made a mistake and am sorry, but it is done, and it can't be helped."

SO I went to the hotel and Brady followed me almost into the room as I was bidding my wife good-by, and as I kissed her I said: "Brady made a mistake, and we lost, but have courage. You will hear from me in a day or so. I am going to San Antonio, Texas. We will stay at the Gunter Hotel."

Brady didn't go with me, saying he'd follow later. After I was there a few days I got a telegram from him claiming he was in Seattle, Washington, and would join me in a little while. The next day I got a telegram from Chicago, apparently, from Hopper. He told me that things looked pretty bad, and that he would probably lose his job, before he could place other "bets." About that time I learned that I had been fleeced, and I came back to Los Angeles.

Such was old J. B. Norris' statement; one of many that were to be laid before District Attorney Woolwine by victims of the ring in the days to follow.

After seeing Norris safely to his hotel—as he was in constant fear of his life—I made the rounds of hotel lobbies to see if I could pick up any of the gang, had a look into some matters at my office, which were certainly clamoring for my attention, and reported back to the District Attorney to keep a three o'clock appointment.

Woolwine and I talked over the case for a while, and then he turned me over to the Deputy, whom I have called Brown, and

to whom I was to make my reports.

Deputy Brown informed me that he valued my services very highly, and knew from my reputation that I would be able to locate Hutch and the others.

"But don't make any arrests, Cody," he said. "If you locate any of the gang, communicate with me immediately, or George, (another deputy), if I'm out, and we'll attend to the arrest."

"Very well," I said, concealing my feelings, and after some further talk, I left Headquarters.

So I was not to make any arrests, eh? Go to all the work of digging up Hutch and his buddies; stick a tag on them, and let Brown and his Deputies haul them in!

On the surface, of course, it seemed as though Brown had an eye to the publicity angle, and wanted the District Attorney's office, and himself in particular, to receive credit for capturing Hutch and the others. Of course, I didn't care so much for this arrangement; there is such a thing as professional pride, but, as far as the publicity angle went, I have never sought publicity for my own ends, and from a business standpoint, the issue was to round up the gang, not the question of who made the actual arrests! Indeed, with the records and descriptions of most of the ring well known to the police and the Sheriff's office, they collectively had a better chance to round up the crooks than I, a lone operator.

"All right," I muttered, with a shrug as I started on my rounds; "papa will try and round up the bold, bad bunco men, and tell them to wait while Deputy Brown and his playmates set the stage for the thrilling arrest act, with an overture by the *Examiner*, *Times*, *Herald*, and the other papers!"

But just the same, I smelled a rat—several rats. It had been tipped off to me that the protection that had been afforded Hutch and his gang had extended to one or two officials. But as to that I need say nothing further here.

"Extra—extra!" The cries of newsboys reached me as I made my way uptown. "All about the Norris swindle—poiper!"

And I had stirred this thing up. . . !

"Police hot on the trail of Big Hutch! Read about it!"

The police? God, I had to laugh!

AND then the feeling of anger and disgust that I had felt days before at learning the true state of affairs gripped me again. I'd serve the public—my fellow citizens—at any rate, by carrying out Deputy Brown's orders; whether I got credit or not didn't matter. And I'd be able to do something for Norris and my other clients—my office had several other victims lined up—once Hutch and his gang were under surveillance. And then, so help me!—I'd see that the papers got some inside facts about the protection that was being extended to the gang of crooks—unless some of the newspapermen were in on the thing too!

Certainly, the bunco ring had squeezed enough money out of gullible suckers in the past three months to be able to feather the nests of scores of political vultures: close to half a million dollars that we were positive of, and I venture to say that there

(Continued on page 70)

THE REALITY OF LIFE



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TS-12

(Continued from page 68)

was a cool million cleaned up in Los Angeles alone. Here is a partial list of victims taken from my files, most of whom placed their cases in my hands:

J. B. Norris	\$50,000
Thos. Donmahue	43,000
James Mace	45,000
John Larson	25,000
Joseph Bassler	24,000
John Gunther	15,000
Mrs. E. L. Hupp	30,000
O. A. Lear	16,500
Wm. Falligan	20,000
Wm. Schneider	20,000
J. W. Tabor	70,000
John Richards	18,000
John T. Hurr	27,000
John Nysternd	15,000

and there were many more.

So, with the bunco ring under cover, and issuing threats upon my life, on one hand; the usual hostility of the police toward a private detective on the other hand, and corruption, into the bargain—to say nothing of the myriad problems I had to contend with, regarding many of the panic-stricken victims—I placed all the resources of my office to work on the gigantic case.

THE rest of that day passed uneventfully, with no sign of any of the gang. But I picked up Ray Gilbert, their fixer, who had tried to buy me off, as he was coming out of his hotel the following morning, January 18th.

Hoping that he would connect with Hutch, or others of the ring, I shadowed him to Venice, a beach resort, where he was met by a large woman whom I learned was his wife. He spent the day with her, seeming to have no intention of connecting with any of the gang, and I dropped him. The day had not been wasted, however, for I knew that I could get a line on him whenever I desired.

Gilbert looked me up at my office later, wearing a rather haggard look.

"Cody," he said, "for God's sake, why are you going on with this thing? You ain't going to gain a damned thing by following me around! I know all about your arrangement with Norris, and I tell you, you haven't a ghost of a chance to get a thin dime, unless you accept my proposition."

"Well," I shrugged, "let's go out to my house, where we'll not be interrupted, and talk things over," I said.

"Fair enough," Gilbert agreed. "Your house, or anywhere else, suits me; I ain't worrying about being nabbed."

I smiled inwardly, and made an appointment for him to meet me at my home on Grand Avenue.

Here I read to him the conversations that had taken place between us on other occasions, which had been taken down, word for word, by the shorthand writer I had planted.

Gilbert was thunderstruck, and his face turned the color of ashes.

"By God, Cody! I didn't think you'd pull a trick like that!" he whined.

"In other words, you took it for granted that I was dishonest," I snapped, "and could be fixed just as easily as some of the others! You made a big mistake, and walked into my trap with your eyes open."

"Hell—this means a rap for me!" he groaned. "Think of my wife, Cody; think—"

"Think of Norris' wife, and the wives of the other victims you helped to swindle," I said dryly. "Don't pull any of that sob stuff with me! I have authority to put the nippers on you right now, Gilbert; have had for some time—"

"And you've been waiting for me to connect with Hutch and the others," he said fiercely. "Well, by God! You've got a long wait coming!"

"I'll get Hutch and the rest when I want them," I told him. "There's a net woven around them that they can't get through, to save their lives, and they know it and you know it!"

"Now listen here, Gilbert," I continued. "The only thing that will save you from the pen is for you to settle with J. B. Norris, I'm telling you. And don't try any get-away, because I've got the bee on you proper. I'm through fooling with you and the gang, and you can call up Hutch and tell him so. Now be on your way."

He left me, considerably crushed and agitated.

ON the morning of January 20th, 1920, E. A. Kohlhasse, an attorney from Seattle, whom I had known while in that city, called upon me at my office. After the usual greetings were over, he said:

"Cody, I have been sent to interview you with reference to the case of the old man at the Fremont who lost that fifty thousand."

"You're representing Big Hutch?" I asked.

He evaded the point, feeling me out on the subject, and I tried to see just where he stood. The honors were about even when he left, promising to call again, and talk business. He knew that I couldn't be bought off, and that I intended to get back what I could of Norris' money, and I knew that he was representing the ring.

I shadowed Kohlhasse to his hotel—the same one, by the way, where I had picked up Ray Gilbert two days previously. He went upstairs, connecting, no doubt, with some member or members of the gang, and when he came down, he was joined by two men who were strangers to me. They had lunch together at the Goodfellows' Grotto, after which he went back to his hotel.

I dropped him, and went to see Norris and his son, telling them that a settlement of some sort could be expected before long. Back at the office I had a look at reports, none of which were promising, and set to work figuring out what procedure I should take in regard to victims, other than Norris, who had become my clients. None of these had yet signified their willingness to cooperate with me to the fullest extent, being in fear of their lives, just as Norris was. In addition, most of them doubted that I, a lone detective, could successfully cope with a combination of organized crime and corruption, and preferred to await the outcome of the Norris case. This was agreeable to me, as I had plenty to do.

I had Ray Gilbert under constant surveillance, but, unfortunately, he knew it, and walked a chalk line, though he wasn't in a very pleasant position. If the ring failed to settle with Norris, he knew that I would nab him, and see that he went to San Quentin. On the other hand, if a

settlement with Norris was made, I meant to keep my word with Gilbert, and lay off him.

Meanwhile, the entire attention of my employes was directed toward getting a line on Hutch, Trainor, "Pat" Patterson, and other known members of the ring. Tips reached us from reliable sources that all were "hiding out" in the city, somewhere, and that a "settlement" with Norris, as I had suggested to Gilbert, was being contemplated.

Attorney Kohlhasse called upon me the next day, January 21st, shortly before noon. Once again, it was a case of trying to feel each other out, I giving the impression that it would take a good deal more than a fifty per cent settlement with Norris to persuade me to drop the case. I did not divulge, that with the Norris affair thus ended, I would then select another of my clients from my string, and dictate similar terms!

Did I intend to see that Hutch and the gang were prosecuted? Of course—*eventually!* But remember, I am a private operative; my chief purpose was to get back all I could of the money that had been taken from the victims of the ring. As sure as white is white, I knew that, sooner or later, Hutch would defy me. Besides, he and his gang were under cover, and, of course, being a special agent for District Attorney Woolwine, had I turned any of them up, I was in duty bound to tip off Deputy District Attorney Brown so that he could arrest them.

I believe I succeeded in giving Attorney Kohlhasse the false impression that I was concerned only with the Norris swindle. But he did not commit himself one way or another as to the settlement with Norris, and, after spending most of the afternoon together, with nothing decided and no bridges burned, Kohlhasse took his leave, promising to get in touch with me the next day.

Again he was shadowed, and while he might have communicated with his clients by telephone, and probably did, he made no other connections with any of the ring up until ten o'clock that night, when I relieved my man. And then Ray Gilbert appeared, and he and Kohlhasse went up to the lawyer's room!

THERE was no doubt in my mind that Kohlhasse was going to engineer a settlement with Norris in behalf of the gang, but there was something about the lay of things that didn't please me. I had the man who had been shadowing Gilbert take my place, and hurried to a hotel where, at eleven o'clock every night, it was my habit to meet an underworld acquaintance and receive his report for the day.

The usual crumpled ball of paper was slipped into my hand as we passed, and I took it to a telephone booth, reading the pencil-scrawled message:

Dope out that bunks figure on freezing you out, making independent settlement with Norris. H. T. and P still under cover in town, though tip that some bunks have gone to San Diego. Say Al, for God's sake be careful—report going around that bunks are going to take you for a ride if you don't lay off.

I smiled grimly. It wasn't the first time my life had been threatened. I was more



If you really knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS, READ CAREFULLY



Lillian Gilmore, Universal Film Star, is another of the many screen and stage beauties who uses Princess Pat Powder—and loves it too! Just opening a fresh box here, with "I adore it!"

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So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of the ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

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Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder.

For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in *no other* face powder.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

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This scientific way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, defies detection. 3,000,000 women have used it.



3 Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect and complete.

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MARY T. GOLDMAN'S Hair Color Restorer



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Get directly at the cause. Reduce the inflammation of mucous membranes and catarrh quickly disappears. Hall's Catarrh Medicine relieves the inflamed condition of delicate linings of nose, throat and ear passages and gives Nature a chance. If you have nasal catarrh, catarrhal deafness, catarrhal bad breath or frequent colds, start taking Hall's now.

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Write for New Radio Log Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers

concerned over the tip that some of the gang might have gone to the southern city. As to the freeze out—well, it seemed probable, and wasn't so much a surprise.

I PROCEEDED to my office and, after glancing over some reports, telephoned my wife that I would be home shortly. Closing my desk, I started for the hall door, when my eye detected a brownish, irregular piece of paper lying in the shadows across the threshold, nearest the pivotal edge of the door. Apparently, it had been thrust in under the door, probably before I had entered the office, as I would have heard the slightest noise in the now deserted building.

I picked it up carefully. It seemed to be a section of a manila paper bag. Upon it, crudely drawn in soft pencil, was the cryptic warning:

5000—OR

and, beneath, was a skull and cross-bones! Underneath the sinister death symbol was

Against Fearful Odds

(Continued from page 56)

after plan. Suppose Sam Brown had lied to me? Suppose he had sent me on a wild goose chase? So far, I couldn't conceive of any reason why Locke had wanted to brutally murder Paul Goshe.

The next day I learned several things. The wife of the missing Goshe came over to Tom Locke's. She was a very pretty, little woman, with dark hair and sky-blue eyes. She had her baby with her, and when Tom saw the child, he immediately went over and took it in his arms. I sat, apparently idly whittling a piece of wood, but I watched the man closely, as he fondled the youngster, and on that hard, unshaven face of his there was a smile. It was an affectionate smile. Suddenly, I saw, in his manner, the solution of his crime. Locke's own wife was hard and unaffectionate. She had never had any children. And Tom loved children! Anyone watching him that morning could see that. Paul Goshe had a very cunning little wife. In a different environment she, more than likely, would have been beautiful. Was it possible, therefore, that Locke was jealous of Goshe's wife and baby, and had killed the father, in order that he might later get rid of his own wife, and marry her sister? There might be children then, and Tom loved children. Yes, I was on the right track!

I KEPT this thought in my head, and I went into Tom Locke's dingy farmhouse room to sleep—day sleep it was to be, because bootleggers work at night. And, for the time being, I was a bootlegger.

Something else happened that day. As I lay with my face to the wall in the bootlegger's home, I heard a familiar voice somewhere on the premises. I thought, at first, that I was dreaming, but, in another moment, there came the sound of talking again. There was no mistake this time. The voice I heard was that of a Revenue Officer, with whom I had worked on a number of liquor cases. He came into the room, and I trembled.

a question mark, made with a red crayon.

Nothing could be plainer. I was to decide between accepting Gilbert's offer of \$5,000 and laying off the bunco ring—or death!

The "invisible government" of the underworld is out to "get" the veteran sleuth, Albert Cody. "Quit—or die!" are the terms they offer him when he refuses to lay off "Big Hutch's" gang. Literally walking in the grim shadow of death, the plucky international crook-chaser daily "takes his life in his hands." All the cunning of the notorious bunco leader—aided by protection from those "higher up"—is pitted against the wits and courage of the lone detective. The story of "The Bunco Million" waxes more and more exciting as it depicts this fight-to-the-finish struggle between Albert Cody and the most rapacious crowd of "con" men ever grouped together in a well-organized gang. Look for it in January TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on all news stands December 15th.

If he caught a glimpse of my face he might give my little scheme away—unintentionally, of course—but there was a chance he might recognize me and call my name. Luckily, however, he soon left the room, without coming over to the cot on which I was pretending to sleep.

The Revenue boys didn't locate the still. That night we went back to work. By this time, I was just like one of the family. Tom Locke talked freely with me about one thing, and then another. He laughed at the Revenue Officers, cursed them up and down, and asked me if I had ever had any trouble with them. I told him that I had never been caught, and he boasted of the same. "A feller kin do a heap o' things an' git by with 'em," he laughed aloud. I joined in the vocal revelry.

Later on that evening, when Tod Baxter was not around, and Tom and I were at leisure, I decided to make a break at my bootlegging friend, and see if my little scheme would lead to anything.

"I uster know a guy that came down this way," I spoke casually. "Met him in North Carolina. He was a common, low-down cur, and didn't have no principle. But I was just wondering if you happened to know him. I worked with him on an electrical job. His name was Paul Goshe. Ever heard of him?"

Tom Locke didn't hesitate even an instant. He was perfectly cool as he answered.

"Shore I knows him. He married my wife's sister."

"That so," I said, in a rather surprised tone of voice.

"What ever become of him? Does he still live around here?" I then asked.

"Uster," replied Tom calmly, "but he don't now. I killed the — four or five months ago!"

I was glad that the fire around the still-pot had died down, so that Tom Locke could not see my face at that moment. I sat for a few minutes in silence,

and then it dawned upon me that I had concocted a story that had fixed itself in the bootlegger's mind, and branded me as a murderer also.

"I've got one to my credit, too," I laughed lightly, hoping that Locke would go on and tell me more about his crime. But the moonshiner was silent, and I did not press him any further at that moment. Fate had been so kind to me that I was willing to wait and give it another chance.

That night I watched my law-breaking companions even more closely than I had before. As usual, Tod Baxter went on with his work about the still, with scarcely a word for either of us. Tom Locke talked about things in general, but never a word about the murder of Paul Goshe. I kept at my work tending the fires under the still, stirring mash or doing any other thing that came to hand. And, as I labored, I planned devious ways to get a confession out of Locke. I needed more evidence than his own word to convict him of the murder. But how was I to get it?

The next day I slept again in the little farmhouse, which was some four miles from the still, and that night, just before dusk, we set out for the swamp again.

As we walked along—just Tom Locke and myself—I decided to make one more stab. I felt that I had secured his confidence, and I had found that he was willing to talk. So I said:

"Speaking of that low-down cur, Paul Goshe, where did you do away with him—in this State, or some other section of the country?"

"I got him right around these parts," he returned, without a moment's hesitancy. "I'll show you in a little bit."

WE had gone about five hundred yards from the Locke home when Tom stopped suddenly, and pointed to a spot, which was marked by a mass of brownish leaves.

"There's where I got him," he told me, in a matter-of-fact way.

"I shot him three times; one bullet smacked him in the face, and the other two went into his body."

"And what did you do with the body?" I asked, quietly.

"Well, first I wrapped it with rope, an' tied a pole to him, so that he would be stiff, and could handle easily. Then, I covered up everything 'cept his face. I tried to get a damn nigger to help me bury him, but the — got cold feet, and fainted away after he saw Goshe's face. I had to take the nigger to my house, an' then I went after Tod Baxter, who's helpin' at the still. Tod and me toted him to the woods and put him in a marsh hole, stamping his body in the mush. But about five weeks after I got him, I heard they wuz goin' to look for him, an' I was afraid they'd find the body. So I got Tod, and we went to the hole, and took him up, and carried him a little over in the woods, and laid him down. After building a fire around him we left and went to my house, an' after the fire'd burned out, we went back there to see if it had all burned up, an' all was burned but a few bones. I then set up a still where we'd burned the body, and that's the damn still we're workin' at now, you and me, and Baxter."

It was getting dark now and I could hardly see Tom Locke's features. His tone of voice was matter-of-fact, however,



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and I thought I caught a note of satisfaction in the sound of his words. There, in the growing darkness, he turned his head toward me, as if he was expecting a compliment for his shrewdness and carefulness in disposing of the body of Paul Goshe. But I still needed more evidence—something concrete—that I could use on a witness stand. This man's straightforward confession to me would unquestionably be reversed if he ever learned who I was. Yes, *unless* I had the goods on him!

And so I asked another lead question. "You got rid of all of him, eh—didn't leave a single thing behind."

"Oh," he replied, carelessly. "there might be a few bones left under the still, an' I didn't burn the boots he had on when I laid him low."

"Why didn't you burn the boots?" I queried.

"Well, they wuz mighty nigh new an' too good to burn. I give 'em to Tod Baxter, an' he turned 'em over to Strip Rutell, his son-in-law, to hide away."

"That gun you got in your pocket," I said, as we stumbled along through the swamps, "is that the fellow you bumped him off with?"

"Naw," he answered, "I give that to the ole woman an' she put it away."

THAT was all. I did not want to arouse suspicion by querying Tom Locke any further. I had the information that I wanted now, and I thought it best to let well enough alone. So I changed the subject, and, as we talked, my mind began to turn around in an endeavor to plan some way of arresting this man, and his companion, down at the still.

Now, both Tom Locke and Tod Baxter were well-built men. Either one of them could have handled me easily in a man-to-man combat. So I had to devise some scheme of outwitting them, and getting the drop first. That night, as I went about my work at the whiskey mill, I reasoned with myself. Would it be better to leave the slayer of Paul Goshe and his accommodating neighbor, and go to the County Seat for help, or should I handle the situation myself? I finally decided that it was up to me to play a lone hand.

I knew that Tom and Tod separated just before dawn. Tod took the whiskey that had been stilled during the night further down in the swamps, where he stored it in a hiding-place. This left Tom at the whiskey mill, to clean up things before setting out for his house. That would be my chance, I reflected. I'd wait until morning before I made a definite move.

I remember it quite well. We ran off five and one-half gallons of liquor that night. Just before the sun came up in the fields beyond the swamp, Tod Baxter took the liquor away from the still. That left Tom Locke and myself to brush up around the plant, and straighten things out in general, so that we would be ready to start again distilling that night.

We started sweeping, each of us using an old brush broom. By maneuvering around, I finally managed to get Tom Locke's back toward me. Then, with the broom in one hand, I reached back with the other hand and seized my gun, jamming it right up against his spine.

"Don't move!" I said, speaking now in my natural voice, "you've hopped into hell, Bud! I'm W. W. Rogers, State Detec-

tive, and I came here to get what you've already told me. I arrest you for the murder of Paul Goshe!"

In the meantime, I had dropped the broom, using that hand to get out the handcuffs I had tucked away under the old blue shirt. I snapped the piece of steel around one of his wrists, took the man's own weapon, and then whirled him around to face me.

He looked like a cowed dog. There wasn't a sign of fight in him; his lower lip had dropped. His face bore a look of pure astonishment.

I led him about three hundred yards from the still, and placed him against a tree. Then I buckled both his arms around the tree, and snapped the handcuffs on him.

"Don't you make a sound," I warned him, as I turned to go back toward the whiskey mill. "I'll be back in a little bit."

I had to work fast, for I knew, from my observations of the last two mornings, that it didn't take Tod Baxter very long to dispose of the liquor, and get back to

Dressing the House for Christmas

is the title of an article in the December issue of *Your Home* which will appeal to all. It contains many excellent suggestions for giving the home a festive appearance for the holiday.

There will also be an article on giving a Christmas present to the house, on the use of candles and many other subjects that are of interest to everyone.

On the news stands November 23rd
—twenty-five cents per copy.

the still. And I had to be there when he arrived.

I ran back to the whiskey mill, and was sweeping around the pot when the moonshiner came back. He asked where Tom had gone, and I told him he had stepped out into the woods for a few minutes. He took me at my word, and walked over to one of the barrels of mash to cover it up. I got behind his back, and, before he knew what it was all about, I had the pistol jammed up against his spinal-cord. I told him practically the same thing I had told Tom Locke, took his gun and informed him that he was under arrest, on a charge of being an accessory after the fact to the murder of Paul Goshe. I then conducted him to the tree where his partner was chained, unloosed the handcuff from one of Tom's hands, and snapped it on Tod Baxter's wrist.

THE next three hours found me walking some ten miles through swamps, woods and sand-beds, with my two prisoners in front of me. I marched them up to the County Jail, and had them confined in two separate cells.

But my work was not completed yet. I had still more evidence to gather—some supporting evidence.

Accompanied by the Chief of Police of the County Seat, I drove to the home of Tod Baxter. His wife came to the door at our call. I told her that her husband had sent me for the boots he had brought

home. She went back into the house, and returned with a gun. She fired it once in the air. Presently, an uncouth-looking chap came to the farmhouse. It was Strip Rutell, Tod's son-in-law.

"Git them boots Tod give you to put away," the woman commanded, and, without a word, the young man turned and walked to the rear of the house. He stopped at the back-door steps for an instant, and then started walking away from the rear side of the farmhouse. After taking five paces he stopped again, and began to dig in the earth. A few minutes later, he returned to our car, with the boots in his hand.

We took the dead man's boots back to the County Seat, and then I drove out to Tom Locke's house. His wife was waiting for us—her husband, Baxter and myself—to come back from our night's work at the still in the swamps. She recognized me instantly, although I had changed in appearance somewhat since she had last seen me. Without mincing words, I went right to the point, and told her who I was. Then I informed her that her husband and Tod Baxter were in jail, and that I had come to arrest her, and to get the pistol that Tom had slain Paul Goshe with. She didn't even deny her knowledge of the crime—said that Tom had told her that he had killed her sister's husband, and had kept her posted as to what he had done with the body. With such people, the word of the man of the house is law, and the woman is not allowed to speak, or even supposed to think. Before we started back to town with her, she produced the pistol. It had been crammed down between the ceiling and weather boarding of the house.

WITH the woman safely confined in jail, I then went back to the swamps, where I had worked with the two men at their whiskey mill. The fire had all burned down, and the ashes were cold. Getting down on my knees, I began to finger underneath the still. Presently, my hand touched something far different from a piece of charred wood.

It was the remaining part of a human bone!

For some minutes, I continued to dig around, until I had scraped up, at least, sufficient pieces of human bones to fill a cigar-box. And, as I looked down upon my find, I realized what Tom Locke had meant when he had told Sam Brown, his colored neighbor, that "they'd have to dust the ashes to find the body of Paul Goshe."

And now, with my supporting evidence, I needed only the confession of Mrs. Tom Locke and Tod Baxter. The woman had owned up to her knowledge of the brutal murder of her sister's husband, but Baxter, so far, had said nothing about the crime. He was a silent kind of man, and one could see that he had intelligence.

I had little trouble in getting Tom's wife's signature to a signed confession, but I struck a stone wall when I started talking to Tod. He denied all knowledge of the crime, and it was not until I had shoved the long-laced shoes of Paul Goshe's in his face, that he owned up to his part in disposing of the body.

There was still one phase of the murder of Paul Goshe not cleared up, and that was the motive for the crime. I had partly

(Continued on page 76)

I Was Afraid of This New Way to Learn Music

— Until I Found It Was Easy As A-B-C

Then I Gave My Husband the Surprise of His Life

“DON'T be silly, Mary. You're perfectly foolish to believe you can learn to play music by that method. You can never learn to play the piano that way . . . it's crazy! You are silly to even think about it.”

“But Jack, it's . . .”
“Mary, how can you believe in that crazy music course? Why, it claims to teach music in half the usual time and without a teacher. It's impossible!”

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another—a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had always been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. I had longed to sit down at the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For they could entertain their friends and family . . . they were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed at Jack. I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from “peeking” at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano by herself, in her spare time, and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful methods she used required no tedious scales—no heartless exercises—no tiresome practicing. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic, I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frightened. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all!

Imagine my joy when the lessons started and I found that they were as easy as A. B. C. Why, a



mere child could master them.

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which many pupils who study with private teachers can't play. For thru this shortcut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity which anyone can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a “crazy course” had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. “Why . . . why . . .” he floundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack insisted that I tell him all about it. Where I had learned . . . when I learned . . . how? So I told of my secret . . . and how the course he had laughed at had made me an accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said “Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music.”

So only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evenings are a marvelous success. Everyone compliments us, and

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* * * * *

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(Continued from page 74)

guessed it that first morning in Tom Locke's home, when I had seen him take the dead man's baby in his arms, and fondle it gently against his unshaven cheeks. I had learned a smattering of the motive from Mrs. Locke in her confession. Tod Baxter had touched on it. But it was from Tom Locke that I got the details.

Now, it was never my custom to talk to a prisoner after I had gotten the goods on him, and locked him up. It's the lawyer's time for an interview then. So I had decided to leave the little County Seat, and return to the Governor's office, without seeing Tom Locke again. I was just preparing to leave the jail, when the Sheriff informed me that Locke wanted to see me before I departed.

"You wuz damned fine help around the still, Rogers. an' you fooled me proper," he greeted me, when I went to his cell, "I kinda like you, though, an' I want to tell you all about killing Paul Goshe." He rubbed his big hands against his bearded face. Then he licked his lips, rose up from his stool behind the bars, and rammed his fists down into the pockets of his blue overalls.

"I never did like that —," he began. "He was a no 'count devil, an' he didn't appreciate all that he had. A damned fine woman Lucy is, and two of the cutest kids in the world she's got. 'Specially the baby, Mr. Rogers. You saw it, didn't you?" I nodded my head. "It's a damn cute kid," he went on, "an' I wisht it wuz mine. But it ain't, an' no other baby. I ain't never goin' to have one now, 'cause I reckon I'll hang for whut I've done."

"Goshe an' baby wuz over at my home the mornin' I laid him out. We wuz settin' in the house, an' kinda sudden-like, Goshe picked up the baby an' went out. Somethin' got in me, an' I askt my wife to hand me my pistol, an' I got it an' went after him. When he'd got about a hundred yards from the house I shot him, with the baby in his arms. He'd turned 'round when he heard me and this shot struck him in the face, an' he went to the ground with the baby still in his arms. I kinda had to dodge aroun' before I shot, for fear of hittin' the child. After that first shot, I went over an' gave him two more loads. Then I picked up the kid, an' brought it in the house, jest like it wuz my own. Goshe wuz gonna kill his baby, Mr. Rogers. He told me so an' wuz lookin' aroun' as if lookin' for a stick to hit the kid with, when I shot an' killed him."

Without stopping, Tom Locke took up the account of the killing as he had recited it to me that night as we were going to the still, rehearsing it from beginning to end. He varied very little in the descriptions and statements he had given me, unwittingly, while I was posing as a criminal and tramp. When he had finished, I went back to the beginning of his confession, and asked a few questions.

"TOM," I said, "tell me honestly, why did you kill Paul Goshe?"

"'Cause he was fixin' to kill his baby, an' I love babies. My old woman ain't never had none, an' I miss 'em too."

"I want the truth, Tom," I answered. "You say Mrs. Paul Goshe was at your house the day you followed her husband

and bumped him off. Now, was she there when you returned with the baby?"

"Shore," he replied readily.

"Did you tell her you had killed her husband?"

"No, it wuzn't none o' her business."

"Didn't she ask where Paul was, when you came in the house with the baby?"

"Nope, she knew betterin' to. Our women folks don't ask us no fool questions. Whatever we do is right, whether we kill a man or milk a cow. After I'd put Goshe out of the way, I brought the baby an' give it to his mother. She tuk it home that night, an' I went to bed."

"You've been very truthful, Tom," I said to the prisoner, "and you've already told me enough to hang you. Why do you lie, now, because there is a woman in this case?"

"I ain't lyin'," he grinned.

"No, but you're beating around the bush. Why don't you come out and tell me you love and want this woman?"

"'Whut woman?" he asked quietly.

"Paul Goshe's wife," I returned. "Didn't you kill that man with the intention of havin' his wife some day?"

He reflected a moment, and then rubbed his hand over that unshaven beard again.

"You're right, Mr. Rogers. I do love Lucy an' I shot her husband thinkin' some day I might git her. And," he added, as simply as a little child, "hopin' that maybe some time I might have a baby of my own."

THE trial of Tom Locke for the murder of Paul Goshe, and of Tod Baxter for being an accessory after the fact, came off in due time. Locke was sentenced to die in the electric chair, and Baxter was given five years in the State Penitentiary.

Just a short time before the bootlegger was to pay the penalty, the Governor, as was his custom, called in an alienist expert to examine the prisoner. The barber had already cut Tom's hair, so that the head electrode might properly fit.

The day before that set for the electrocution, the Governor called me into his office: "Rogers," he said, "we don't wish to kill a moron, do we?"

"No, sir," I returned. "Who are you referring to, Governor?"

"Tom Locke," the Chief Executive answered, "the specialists say he has the mind of only a twelve-year-old child. I've decided to commute his sentence to life-imprisonment."

I was glad to hear this, for, somehow, I had grown to like this uncouth, ignorant moonshiner. I had lived with him, broken bread at his table, and worked for him at his whiskey mill. He had been friendly, and he had given me what he believed to be a helping hand, at a time when I was supposed to be in absolute need of it.

If I should visit the State Penitentiary tomorrow, and Tom Locke should spy me, he would holler at me. Apparently, there is no animosity in his heart against the man whose efforts changed his occupation from that of a moonshiner to a rock crusher. I often wonder if, after all, the man is not better off serving time, than he was when he lived down in the swamps. No doubt he would be perfectly happy if there was only a baby there to pat his cheeks, when he is not laboring for the State, and paying for the ashes of Paul Goshe.

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The Crimson Trail

(Continued from page 31)

This was the signal for Blackie and Sherrill. The doormen, brandishing their guns, started running backwards out of the bank, keeping the bank employes covered. Their retreat, in turn, was being covered by the four men in the car. Blackie and Sherrill reached the automobile, both diving head first into the rear seat, and into the arms of their confederates. The car shot forward in low gear, then the girl driver shifted gears to second, and roared around a corner, into a street that stretched out straight ahead for miles; again she shifted gears, let out the clutch and pressed the accelerator level with the floor boards.

MARJIE Dean had been initiated into the Jones-Lewis bandit gang. She had been given her cue how to act down there in Tia Juana, and she had learned it well.

The big car roared out of Culver City at 70 miles an hour, with Marjie Dean at the wheel. Beside her sat young Dale Jones, his blond hair flying in the wind. Jones never wore a hat, while robbing a bank. On the two jump-seats of the seven-passenger Marmon automobile sat Blackie Lancaster and Sherrill, and behind these two, all three kneeling in the rear seat, watching the miles recede through the rear curtain glass, were Frank Lewis, Eudaley and Thomas Knight.

The robbery of the Culver City bank occurred early in the afternoon. That night found the seven bandits in Arcadia, one of the most beautiful of the many small California towns, which dot that picturesque state. Dale Jones promised himself that, some day, he would return here to make his home.

After several days of driving, mostly by night, to avoid contact with tourists and residents of the many towns and cities through which they passed, the bandits reached Kansas City. They planned to go into hiding, in or near Kansas City, until they felt safe in sallying forth again on their unfinished mission. On their arrival in the Missouri city, Frank Lewis got word to his sister, Eva, who was still singing and dancing in a St. Louis cabaret, and had her meet him.

There was much for the brother and sister to talk about. First, Frank was eager to hear of his young wife and the baby. Frank wondered if Eva couldn't arrange to have his wife come to him. His sister said she thought she could manage it, and arrangements were made for Eva to return to St. Louis, get Frank's wife and baby, and take them to the gang's rendezvous in the hills.

When Eva Lewis drove out into the hills in which her brother and his associates were hiding, she went prepared to stay. Unlike Marjie Dean, who was willing to rough it with the men, Eva could not sacrifice all that was feminine, and live the rough life led by the gang. In the half-carload of personal effects, with which she had been accustomed to living, and which she took with her into the bandit camp, was a small camera. It was with this camera that Eva snapped the picture of Frank Lewis, holding his six-months-old baby. The snapshot was taken shortly after her arrival in camp with Frank's girl wife and child.

Frank's wife remained in the robber

camp for several days until Jones ordered the young mother and her baby to be returned to the city. It can be said of Frank Lewis that he was really in love with his young wife, and cared deeply for the child she had borne him, but Dale, neither a husband nor a father, cared not at all for Frank's feelings at seeing his wife and child literally kicked out of camp. So one morning, Frank Lewis drove out of camp in one of the two automobiles—the second car had been brought by Eva—and, in the machine with him, rode his wife and her infant child. Frank drove to within a few miles of Kansas City, and coming to an intersection of two roads, one of which was a regular bus route, he let the young mother out of the car, and bade her farewell. Heading the car again toward camp, Frank looked back over his shoulders for a last glimpse of the girl whose life was to be forever darkened because of her love for a crook. A few months later, the girl was automatically divorced from Frank Lewis, and she returned to her people in the suburbs of St. Louis.

DALE kept his gang in camp for several weeks, sending first one, and then another of the men, to the city for provisions, and to obtain information of what the police were doing. During these weeks, in which the six men and the two women were constantly thrown together with one another, seeing no one but themselves, a situation that had not been foreseen by Jones, when he permitted the women to travel with the gang, had developed, and was growing more acute each day. Three of the men were madly in love with Eva Lewis, who now had asserted herself, and insisted on being called "Queen of the gang." Worse still, the two women were fighting between themselves over Jones. Marjie Dean and Eva are known to have staged a genuine hairpulling, when each of them contested the other's claim to "first place" in the bandit leader's heart.

Frank Lewis never figured in the arguments that took place over which one of his sister's three suitors should claim the girl as his "woman." Dale had only to look at Lewis, and the one-time terror of St. Louis would cover before the stronger will of the cold-blooded robber chief. Dale's control over Frank Lewis had been none the less over Eudaley and Sherrill. Jones' rivals for Eva's affections, until the cabaret singer joined the gang. But now Eva Lewis, with her fresh young beauty, her great mass of rich, auburn hair and coquettish eyes—which lost none of their charm because of her forethought in bringing to the camp a plentiful supply of cosmetics—threatened to be the cause of the entire breaking up of the most perfectly organized band of robbers the country has ever known.

For three days, neither Jones, nor Sherrill nor Eudaley, dared close an eye in sleep, or turn their backs to one another, for fear of being shot, so fierce were the fires of hatred that flamed in their souls.

Each day, Jones expected his subjects in crime to turn on him, with all the hatred and ferocity with which a wolf pack attacks its leader.

This condition could not last, and Dale, knowing this, and realizing that action

would have to be provided for his men, gave the order to break camp. Placing George Eudaley, Blackie and Roy Sherrill in the car which had been driven to the camp by Eva Lewis, and climbing into the larger machine with Lewis and the two women, Dale Jones drove out of the hills with his bandits. He went to Kansas City, establishing headquarters in a house on Wyandotte Street.

DISGUISED as a woman, Dale would walk up town each day, loitering in hotel lobbies, and even in the vicinity of Police Headquarters, picking up threads of conversation here and there relative to the Jones-Lewis bandits. He visited his old hangout where Mattie Howard still reigned as queen, and here Jones was reminded of the agreement he had once made with the "Girl with the Agate Eyes." Rendered reckless by his long run of luck in eluding the police, Dale informed Mattie he was ready to carry out his part of the bargain.

The agreement was that Jones should aid Mattie in robbing a wealthy Kansas City jeweler, who, the girl said, should be good for \$50,000!

"I've got him worked up to just the right pitch," Mattie told Jones, when he met her to plan the job.

She referred to Joseph Morino, importer of fine jewelry—the man she had been planning to rob for more than a year. Apparently, Mattie was right, for when she called at the office of Morino the next day, to arrange a little "party" at the jeweler's home that night, Morino was joyous.

"Sure, we'll stage a party, and I'll bring along the jewels you have been wanting to see," Morino assured the "Girl with the Agate Eyes."

The "party" took place at the home of Morino on the night of May 25th, 1918. Two "women" attended.

Two days later, the body of Joseph Morino was found in his home, hanging at the end of a strand of baling wire. His head had been crushed in by a blow with a champagne bottle.

A negro porter, who worked for Morino, had been at the jeweler's home when the party first started. He recognized Mattie Howard, and identified the other "woman" as the original of a Rogue's Gallery picture of Dale Jones.

A long chase, that extended over half the United States, followed, with a pair of "Agate Eyes" as its object. Mattie Howard, finally, was captured in Memphis, Tennessee, and returned to Kansas City, where she stood trial for murder. She was convicted, and sentenced to serve twelve years in the Jefferson City Penitentiary. She made a model prisoner, and was paroled in May, 1928.

After the murder of Morino, Jones ordered his men to scatter, he himself going to Colorado, leaving Marjie Dean and Eva Lewis behind. The newspapers stated he was suspected of having aided Mattie Howard in murdering the jeweler.

Eva returned to St. Louis, and it was while she waited in that city for the re-organization of the gang that she received the letters from Jones which were published in the Kansas City papers, following her arrest later for highway robbery. One of these, particularly, has aided a great deal to shed some light on the "other side" of Dale Jones, the bandit. Here it is:

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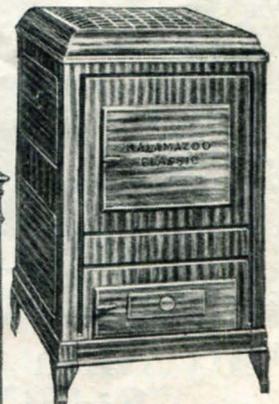
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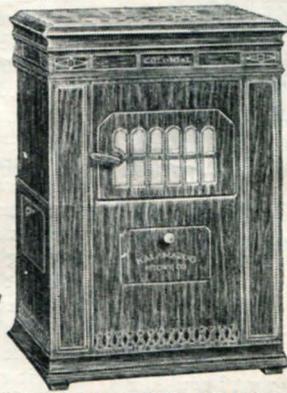
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Dearest One: A word or two to let you know how things are.

Had a big rain back here and roads are somewhat bad. How are you little girl? Will never forget the night I left you. You were crying, sweet-heart, and I wanted to do something, but could not. Everything is O. K. back here. Don't think it will be long until I will be with you again. Don't worry, darling, for things have a way of righting themselves. My regards to Ma, and tell her of my yearnings for some of those bacon and egg combinations, yes ma'am!

Well, dear heart, time presses so, I must close. Hope my love is well, goodbye.

Just how the other members of the gang spent the weeks that elapsed between May 25th and the early part of July, when the men were banded together again, is not known. But Jones, after fleeing to Colorado, certainly fared well, living the easy life of a retired financier. He had sent for Marjie Dean shortly after reaching the mountain lodge in Colorado, where he settled down to wait for the police to forget the Morino deal. Marjie Dean and Dale Jones were enjoying themselves thoroughly on the proceeds of a dozen bank robberies.

All six of the men, as well as the two women, met in the same house on Wyandotte Street, on July 4th. This day was chosen by Jones, because he knew that the city would be turned topsy-turvy by celebrants of the holiday, thus reducing the chances of being detected. On that day, Dale Jones told the members of his gang of the new plans he had been laying. He was going to direct them into an altogether new field, he told his subjects, one that would net greater hauls, with less danger of being killed by some fool bank employe.

The new line was passenger trains!

He already had one job lined up, Jones informed the bandits.

THE five men, who looked to Dale Jones as their leader in crime, and the man who made it possible for them to reap rich harvests in loot, accepted the explanation Jones gave for wanting to rob trains, instead of banks. Only one of the seven persons present, who had gathered around the 22-year-old bandit to receive orders, knew that Dale Jones lied when he told his followers that train robbing involved less danger of death than bank robbing. That person was Marjie Dean. She knew that Dale Jones' reason for changing from one kind of robbery to another was the youth's innate craving for more and more excitement; the excitement of crouching in the darkness near some lonely railroad switch, watching for the glare of a locomotive headlight to appear around a long bend, and listening for the first low rumbling that would announce the approach of his prey; the excitement of boarding the train when it stopped on a siding, or at a water tank, when he herded the passengers into frightened groups, and watched them scuttle for cover when his gun belched flame as he shot a hanging light from the ceiling of the car.

Dale Jones wanted to rob a passenger train according to the rules of the old West, the West which gave to the country such notorious characters as Jesse James, Henry Starr, Cole Younger, Doc Stewart and Al Jennings. So at midnight, July

10th, 1918, on a siding near Koch, Kansas, the *Texas Special*, of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, was robbed in a manner that would have done credit to any old-time outlaw.

The *Texas Special*, or M. K. & T. passenger train No. 27, pulled out of Kansas City at nine o'clock. It thundered through Koch at midnight, and a few seconds later pulled into a siding near that small Kansas town, to let a northbound train pass.

The northbound Limited thundered over the rails, past No. 27, and disappeared into the night, and the *Texas Special* hissed, as the engineer slowly let in his throttle. The safety valve on the huge locomotive "popped" as the first complaining groan of the driving wheels announced that the *Texas Special* was about to get under way again, its headlight beams shooting in the general direction of Galveston, Texas, the scheduled destination of the train.

Then, out of the shadows leaped somber figures. One climbed rapidly into the engine-cab. It was Dale Jones. R. E. Carter, the fireman, took in the situation at a glance. He reached behind him for his gun. A loud report came from the direction of the bandit, and the fireman dropped to his knees, clutching his left ankle, broken by a bullet from Dale's gun.

"All right, give her the gun!" came a sharp order directed at the engineer, who was still sitting on his seat, his hands elevated to a point where his fingertips brushed against the top of the cab. Jones had not spoken a word when he climbed into the engine-cab, his anticipated command for the engine crew to "stick 'em up," having been checked when he was obliged to shoot the fireman. His order to the engineer to set the locomotive in motion was barked out after a quick glance toward the rear of the train, and receipt of the signal from Knight that the baggage and mail-car had been uncoupled.

Meanwhile, Eudaley had already gained entrance to the mail-car, and was standing in the center, his gun covering the clerk, who was leaning against the letter boxes, both hands extended ceilingward.

The breathless escapes of the bandit-assassins flare through the pages of the concluding chapters of this story like belching flame, as the gang, again and again, shoots its way to freedom. And, always, standing by, are the two women of the bandit crew—"more deadly than the male"—ruthless, callous-hearted. Finally, forced to separate—harried and driven by the police—the members of America's most notorious hold-up gang make their last desperate stand. Read the final thrilling chapter of the history of the Jones-Lewis gang in the January issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, appearing December 15th, on sale at all news stands. Don't miss this!

The horrible murder of

BLANCHE LAMONT and MINNIE WILLIAMS, beautiful young girls under 18 years of age, by Theodore Durrant in San Francisco, is one of the most sensational fact stories of crime ever published.

It will appear Next Month in
TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

Why the Crook Can't Win

(Continued from page 53)

credited? That is so, is it not?"

"Yes," was the answer.

Today comes word from London of the discovery of identical finger-prints of the hands of twin brothers. The authority for the statement is Dr. G. P. Crowden of the Institute of Physiology, University College, London. The names of the twins are given as G. Ellis and L. Ellis. They live in Mandalay Road, Ealing, and are 26 years old. They are alike in both mind and body. Both are students of patent law in their father's office. They are the same size, shape and appearance. Their blood pressure is identical but what is most startling, their finger-prints are the same.

At school their mental and physical development was identical. They received the same marks from conscientious masters. When subject to the same environment they have the same line of thought. Once they made the same mistake in a mathematical problem, and their teacher thought they were cheating. They were not. Once, they were told to draw maps of England. Each started at the same point and drew a map exactly like his brother's.

They thought they would be engineers, but changed their minds and studied law. The color and texture of their hair are the same. Their eyes are the identical shade of blue. Their skins are the same shade. British scientists call them true, identical twins. Their case has aroused great interest in scientific circles. . . .

UPON reading the article in the Boston paper, Identification Expert H. H. Caldwell, of the Oakland, California, Police Department, immediately wrote a letter to Dr. G. P. Crowden, who was credited with the statement that the twins' finger-prints were identical. He also wrote a letter to the Scotland Yard Police Commission, asking that the prints of the twins be taken by an accredited official, and that a statement be made by the brothers. Dr. Crowden did not answer the letter at all, but, in a short time, Mr. Caldwell received the following letter from one of the twins:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 1st instant, and note that our fame has spread to California. I have sent a copy of your letter to Scotland Yard and enclose a copy of my letter to them. You will probably quite appreciate that the interest in this matter has been created by Dr. Crowden, and I send you his address in case you care to communicate direct with him.

Please accept my apologies for causing you so much trouble, and I hope that Scotland Yard will be able to satisfy you without my having to have fresh finger-prints taken. My brother is at present in Manchester, two hundred miles from London, and it would be a little inconvenient if you wish him to visit Scotland Yard for that purpose.

You will, of course, appreciate that neither my brother nor myself wish to advertise this matter, apart from



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*Two grains of gland food daily.
That's what science now employs.*

Modern science is using a food substance in the fight on excess fat. The results have been remarkable. Fat has been disappearing fast since this factor was discovered. You see that in every circle. Slender figures are the rule.

The story is this: Some years ago medical research discovered a great cause of excess fat. It lies in an under-active gland, which largely controls nutrition. When that gland weakens, too much food goes to fat.

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appeared. Then tests were made on people and with similar results. They were fed this gland substance taken from cattle and sheep.

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Normal Figures Everywhere

Marmola prescription tablets are based on this new method. They were perfected by a large medical laboratory to offer this help to all. People have used them for 21 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. Thus the use has reached enormous proportions. It has doubled in the past year alone.

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The way is not secret. Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the reasons for results. When fat departs and new vigor comes you know the reason why.

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The use of Marmola does not require abnormal exercise or diet. That has brought harm to many. Moderation helps, and we advise it, but don't starve. Take four tablets of Marmola daily until weight comes down to normal. Watch the new vitality that comes. Then use it only as you need it—if at all—to keep the weight desired.

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health and vigor, require normal figures now. Anything else is abnormal. Try the modern method which is doing so much for so many.

Do this now. Get a box of Marmola, read the book, watch the results, then decide.

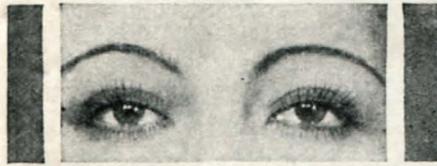
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It is safe and so easy to apply. And once applied it is steadfast. Neither a tear nor a cinder can cause it to streak. Its suave lustre remains undimmed.

Lovely eyes, immediately... if you do this: Hurry to the nearest toilet goods counter and buy waterproof Liquid Winx, complete for only 75c. Then, before your mirror, apply to the lashes, closely following the directions that you'll find in the package.

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the fact that it is unprofessional conduct for lawyers to advertise. If your committee should think this matter sufficiently important, we should be pleased to pay you a visit in our summer holidays.

Almost at the same time the following letter was received from Norman Kendel, Assistant Commissioner, Scotland Yard:

In reply to your letter of the 1st February, I am directed by the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis to acquaint you that Dr. Crowden has been seen and states that he has never suggested that the finger-prints of the twins referred to were identical, but merely that they were "very much alike."

The press, in reporting the matter, has published misleading statements. Reproductions of these finger impressions have been obtained and examined, with the result that the ridge characteristic data of the prints are found to be absolutely dissimilar.

The commissioner is satisfied that no person with the slightest training in the examination of finger-prints would have any difficulty in coming to the above conclusion.

The police of the world, therefore, need never fear that there will ever be a discovery that will endanger the infallibility of criminal finger-prints, because there have never been, and never will be, two prints that are identical.

THE Bertillon system of identification, which, for years, was considered impregnable, has proved itself fallible. I recall a Bertillon operator who turned in an identification slip in a penal institution which positively stated that "Willie" Johnson, who had just been committed to the institution, was the same person as William Johnson, who had previously been confined there. The operator made this deduction after comparing the eleven Bertillon filing measurements, and finding that the greatest amount of variation in any one of the eleven measurements, was but two millimeters. The joy was all taken out of the identification, however, when the identification man rechecked and compared the photographs, and it was found that "Willie" Johnson was a colored woman and that William Johnson was a white man!

THE Shadow Box now in use in the Police Departments of various large cities has proved invaluable in personal identification. This box might be compared to the stage of a theater; the prisoners are the actors, and the detectives and victims constitute the audience.

The dimensions of the stage are five feet deep, fourteen feet long and twelve feet high. A very fine screen divides the stage from the audience, and this tends to throw the light back into the eyes of the prisoner-actors, making it impossible for them to see into the outer chamber.

Each morning, promptly at 8:30, the show begins. The audience ceases talking and silence hovers over the small room. The lights go out and all eyes are directed to the stage.

Eight-hundred candlepower lights throw their brilliance from their concealed positions upon the stage. This is the cue for

the "players." A prisoner enters from a concealed passageway which leads from the "holdover" to the "Shadow Box." He looks out from the stage, but that is useless, for in front of him he sees only blackness, yet he knows that this blackness hold the eyes of his audience—an audience which he fears—he fears it because he does not know whether he is being identified by a witness or a victim of some crime, or whether he is merely being watched by the detectives.

On the right, the "player" sees only a black wall. He likewise sees a black wall in his rear. However, the rear wall of blackness is broken by little white lines—lines that tell the height of the suspect. To the left he sees only a dark wall, with a still darker blotch, that he knows is the door through which he has just entered.

"Charles Kelly!" the detective who accompanies the prisoner into the Shadow Box calls out. The prisoner steps forward and the detective continues:

"What are you charged with?" The answer is usually, "I don't know."

"Ever been in the penitentiary?" is the next question. Sometimes the answer is "Yes" and then again, "No." If the answer is "Yes," the loud voice of the detective thunders:

"What were you in for? How long did you serve?" *et cetera.*

During all this time the prisoner-player is forced to look squarely out to the sea of blackness, while the eyes peering out of this blackness are watching—watching him for the slightest trace of a lie.

After the questioning by the detective is completed, the officer in charge of the prisoner reads aloud the record of the man, telling what he is held for, and every detail about his career. While this record is being read, the prisoner is compelled to pace the length of the Shadow Box, stepping in the centers of diamond-shaped markings on the floor. This is done for the purpose of concentrating his mind on his walking, giving the audience an opportunity to take particular note of any defect, habit or characteristic in his walk or actions. He is then required to face the audience and raise his hands, palms outward, then reverse side, for the purpose of showing any amputations, marks, or scars, that might be concealed were he allowed to keep his hands in his pockets.

Previous to the introduction of the Shadow Box, the system of viewing prisoners was to line them up, while the detectives, wearing masks, passed between the rows. Crooks and gangsters could recognize the build and form, and even the lower part of the detective's face, when that system was in vogue.

The prisoner with the guilty conscience is fearful of this "magic" box. The "smart crooks" stay away from it—that is if they can. The mystery of being watched, and being unable to see those who watch, tears at the nerves. The knowledge that each and every move he makes may lead to betrayal, which would inevitably lead to the penitentiary, also pounds on his nerves. The questioning, too—that alone is hard enough without the Shadow Box.

This contrivance was built, torn down, rebuilt, then remodeled, and again remodeled, until it now meets all requirements. The most difficult part of the work was to place the lights so that they would cast

no shadows. A theater manager and his assistants were called in, and after much experimenting, the desired results were accomplished.

HANDWRITING today is becoming more and more essential as an aid to the further identification of the man of whom we have not any finger-prints. Suppose a crime has been committed, and we do not know who committed it. A particular man is suspected. He may possess an automobile, or he may have registered at a particular hotel. He may have an account in a bank, or he may have left a grip in a hotel. Perhaps he leaves a grip, or a purse, in his car when making his get-away.

Somewhere among these different possessions we find the handwriting of that man. If the case is a stick-up—a bank stick-up, for instance—we take that handwriting and send it to our State Bureau of Identification, wherein are listed all the active stick-up men who have operated, or are operating in the State of California, as well as the surrounding states in the West.

By the way the man operates—if it is with a partner or a mob; if it is with or without an automobile, or the number of members of the gang that entered the bank, *et cetera*, they can weed out the number of suspects down to, say, 100 or 50. By making a comparison of the handwriting left at the scene of the crime with the signature on the finger-print on file at the Bureau, an identification is easily made. This is not theory but a regular practice, and happens at least once a week and, sometimes, it has happened ten or fifteen times a week. This shows the value of handwriting, not alone on checks in forgery cases, but its value in other fields of identification. Take, for an example, a case which happened recently.

The District Attorney's office was anxious to know whether or not a certain document was sent by a certain man. It so happened, that in this particular case, an attorney was accused of receiving a stolen car as part of his fee. There were two attorneys concerned. One of them escaped and went East, leaving his partner to stand trial. From Chicago, a letter was received by the judge handling the case, stating that the writer, J. C. Barnes, the man who had run away, was alone responsible for receiving the stolen automobile, and that his partner had nothing to do with it.

The partner who was left behind died a short time after, and Barnes was apprehended and returned to Los Angeles to stand trial. When shown the letter of confession in which he had admitted he was the one who took the automobile, he denied all knowledge of the letter. He stated that it was not his composition; that he knew nothing about it having been typed; that it was not his signature; or if it were his signature, it had been obtained on a blank piece of paper and the letter written above it, then mailed to the judge for the purpose of fastening the crime upon him in a frame-up.

The questions which confronted the District Attorney were:

"Were the two pages of the letter and the address on the envelope written on the same typewriter?"

"Was the signature the genuine signature

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of J. C. Barnes?"

"If the signature was genuine, was it placed upon the paper before or after the typewriting was placed there?"

There were so many peculiarities of the type that it was just as clear as the difference between white and black that all the typing had been done by the same typewriter.

Then, as to the signature. It was written with a free hand. The pen position was the same throughout. The nibs of the pen had been held at the same angle upon the paper, and the writing had the same degree of uniformity as the true writing of J. C. Barnes. The jury, without hesitation, came to the conclusion that the signature was genuine.

Then the question arose as to whether the signature was placed on the paper before, or after, the typing. Of course, if a blank piece of paper had been signed by Mr. Barnes and, under some pretext, this paper had been obtained and a letter written on it, Mr. Barnes was not responsible for what appeared upon the document. It so happened that the last line of the typewriting came in contact with the "C" in "J. C. Barnes." *That was our clue!*

We submitted the proposition, not to the opinion of our handwriting expert, but to the microscope. A photograph of the signature was made through the microscope, and an enlargement some twelve inches long was made. This enlargement showed very clearly that the signature ran right over the typewriting, showing conclusively that the signature was placed upon the paper after the typewriting.

"TALKING BULLETS" in a recent issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES very thoroughly covered the field of bullet identifications, so I will touch lightly upon that subject.

The science of firearms and bullet identification is very recent. The scientific part of it is probably not over five years old. Up to that time, firearms and bullet identification had been largely left to gunsmiths, sporting-goods salesmen and people in general who could go on the witness stand and say, "Yes, this bullet came from this make of gun," but they could not say it came from a particular gun. It was simply negative evidence. When it came to talking on the scientific side of bullet identification, the late Judge Waite, of New York City, and his three collaborators, were the only ones, so far as I know, that could do so intelligently.

I feel safe in saying that there are no two gun-barrels in the world alike. It would seem reasonable that factories with

latest scientific methods, and with their fine precision machine-work, could make two barrels alike; that two barrels, immediately following one another from a machine, would be the same. Long investigation has shown, however, that there are no two barrels alike, any more than there are two finger-prints that are identical. But it has only been in the last few years that a system has been discovered by which to prove this to a jury. What an expert can see cannot always be demonstrated to a jury. A good defense attorney can put reasonable doubt into the minds of the jury, even though the evidence seems conclusive.

If you have ever examined the interior of a barrel of a gun, or of a rifle or pistol, you will have noticed that it contains spiral grooves. You may not know the technical term, but you will notice there is a spiral pattern on the inside of the bore. The purpose of these grooves is to spin the bullet, and the purpose of spinning the bullet is to keep it from tumbling end over end. We shoot what we call a conical bullet because we can get more weight and have less air resistance.

Up to about 150 years ago, small-arms missiles were all round. The reason they were round was because one could not shoot any other form. If a conical missile were shot, it would turn end over end, and be less accurate than the round one. Someone evolved the principle of firearm rifling—it was said to have been an accident, like many other great discoveries—but someone made that rifling spiral and found that a gun could be fired with far greater accuracy, even though the missiles were still round. For about 50 years they still continued to shoot bullets that were round, but the rifling had equalized the inequalities of the bullet.

LOOKING down into a gun-barrel you will see what is known as a "land." That "land" is part of the original bore of a barrel. In making a barrel, a drop forging is taken and it is drilled from end to end. Then an instrument that is called a reamer is used. The reamer is an instrument that cuts in the direction of rotation. It enlarges the hole and makes it smooth. Now, that reamed hole is the bore, and only part of that remains, because grooves are cut down in there. The next operation is to take the rifle cutter and pull it through this bore. The hook with the sharp edge cuts out a groove the width of the hook. At the same time it is being pulled through, either the barrel or the cutter is given a rotating action. That makes the grooving, instead of running straight around, spiral in form.

The proper depth of the grooving

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The Magazine of Show Business

In the December issue of THE DANCE Magazine, Ruth St. Denis has written a special article on Oriental dancing. There is no greater authority on this subject. In the same issue there begins *My Memories of Maurice*, the intimate recollections of Maurice, the greatest ballroom dancer the world has ever seen.

If you are in the show business, you cannot get along without THE DANCE Magazine. If you are an ardent follower of stage stars, you will find delight in every page.

THE DANCE Magazine—a Macfadden publication—on all news stands November 23rd. Thirty-five cents per copy.

is about three-and-a-half thousandths, or up to five thousandths. When the groove is finished, it is turned, and another groove is started. The result is, that when it is finished, the barrel has anywhere from four to ten grooves in it. Usually there are five or six. In between the grooves are raised portions, which are part of the original bore, and those are called the "lands."

Obviously you cannot pull a hook like that through without dulling the cutter. It has to be frequently honed down. The width of it is constantly decreasing. That is one of the reasons why no two barrels exactly alike have ever been produced. Even though they may appear to be the same, a bullet shot from one barrel will show up differently, under the microscope, from a bullet shot from the very next barrel.

Someone conceived the idea of cutting grooves to take care of the excessive defiling of black powder. Later, someone else put a twist in it. The twist is one of the ways of distinguishing the make of gun, or the type of gun firing a certain bullet. In ballistics there is only one degree of twist—that is, the number of inches in which the rifling would make one complete turn. One of the first steps in bullet identification is to measure the degree of pitch or twist on the bullet. It is a very simple matter to tell what make of gun a bullet comes from. You cannot, however, convict a man by saying, "The bullet came from a Colt .38." That is simply corroborative evidence. It might be used where you have other convincing evidence.

In some revolvers you have six chambers in the cylinder, which is, of course, revolved mechanically. They are supposed to come in exact alignment with the barrel, but even in the most perfect gun there is a lack of alignment between the chambers and the barrel. In the inferior gun it is still more marked. A bullet coming out of a poorly made gun will be defaced. Other bullets in other chambers may not be that way, but if you can find that particular gun and test all six chambers, you will find very likely more corroborative evidence in the way of defaced bullets. I have in my possession at this time a gun of well-known standard make. This gun was fired by a Chinaman at one time. He fired six shots from one end without any coming out the other end. He finally decided there must be something wrong with it!

Incidentally, the same sort of an accident was responsible for the death of a Los Angeles police officer. He was carrying defective army ammunition in his revolver. He was sent out to arrest a maniac. The maniac assaulted him and, in defense of his life, the officer drew his revolver and attempted to kill the madman. His bullet stuck in the bore, and the next three, so far as we know, stuck behind the first one. He could not repel the maniac's attack, and the insane man drew a gun and killed the officer. This illustrates the danger of carrying old ammunition in a revolver, or ammunition which has been soaked with oil, because a similar mischance may happen to anyone who attempts to shoot a revolver or automatic pistol.

I want to emphasize the fact that there are no two barrels alike in the world. Microscopy has shown that conclusively.



These photographs show the glorious transformation of lovely waves put in Miss Sidway's hair. When the molds came out of Miss Sidway's hair, she exclaimed with delight, "That's the loveliest waves I ever had! From now on, I'm going to use these molds myself."



Here is a manufacturer with such pride in his product—such confidence in its excellence—that in photographing a demonstration of this product for publication, he invited these representatives of great papers to be present, that readers may be assured of complete truthfulness and entire sincerity in every phase of this advertisement. Such is the straightforward clean-cut policy of ARCADY HOUSE.

Marvelous New Marcel Molds Make Hair Gloriously Wavy

**In 20 Minutes—At Home—Your Hair Will Look Just Wonderful!
Beauty Specialist Discovers Secret of Successful Home Marcelling**

And now the Beauty Parlor brought to your own room. No more expensive treatments. No more "appointments," delays, disappointments. No more tedious "processes"—do more danger from hot irons. For here Science combines with the Art of the Professional Beauty Specialist to give you what every feminine heart and head has longed for—the perfect waver. So simple a girl of ten can use it with perfect results. So speedy that 20 minutes span the gap between straggly, unkempt hair and the glorious waves of your favorite style.

So sure that you can hold any wave you have, or reproduce it perfectly, or create something wholly new. In your own room—without work of preparation—without electricity or hot irons—free from danger of drying out or scaring your hair. There has never been a waver like this before. Never anything so simple and effective. It is the scientific result of long, intelligent and ingenious invention on the part of an American Beauty Specialist of high repute and established success.

The great difference between this and all other wavers

This waver slips into the hair as easily as you pass your fingers through. But it does something no other waver ever does: **It locks in!** By a simple clip, it holds in place—stays where you put it—and locks the wave in. **MOLDING** every contour gracefully, lastingly.

It makes a soft, undulating wave that lasts from one shampoo to another.

If you see your wave becoming faint and loose, all you have to do is slip these marvelous molds into your hair, lock them in place over the wave, remove them in 20 minutes, and, lo! there's your fresh new wave again! Can such good news for womankind be true? We refer you to every woman who has so far had the opportunity to try out, test and use this marvelous new device. Read what just one of them says:

"I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My girl friends could hardly believe I had done it all myself, yet it is true that I got a delightful, soft marcel wave in so short a time it surprised me. Will you please send another set for my chum!"
(Signed) B. M. T.

The Art of Beauty, the Sureness of Science, Create this Marvelous New Molder

One of America's finest Beauty Specialists brought this waver to us. It is the result of her work and hopes and dreams over many years of professional hair dressing, plus the skill and science we placed at her command with our expert manufacturing facilities. Margaret Beynon Sylva, of Illinois, in her 17 years of Beauty Parlor proprietorship, with women's hair as her personal specialty, learned all the longings that women have for a successful home marceller. She knew as keenly as you do the expense, the trials, the disappointments—the dangers, even—of the beauty parlor method, with its rush, its new help, its hot irons. Mme. Sylva helped to make many other wavers before this final success arrived. They slipped out of hair. They were hard to set in—"tricky." She found at last the touchstone of triumph:

"Make it SIMPLE!"

And with that great idea she came to us. We worked it out. But not so swiftly or easily as these words imply.

Specially packed for Xmas present if requested, without extra cost.

It took months of the costly time of precision experts to fashion into these few strands of metal that priceless ingredient of simplicity. When you first hold these molders in your hand, you, seeing nothing but some simple frames, may wonder what there was so difficult to make. But when you remove them from your hair and see the glorious results so easily achieved for you, you will know and say, with us, they are worth a hundred times the money!

Priced Far Below Real Value—at only \$2.97 per set—complete

You have the opportunity to obtain and possess a set of these marvelous new molders at ANNOUNCEMENT cost.

We want to celebrate with the women of America this genuine advance in the time dressing of "woman's crowning glory." We want you to have a set of these perfect marcellers. So we set the price at a nominal figure—less than the average cost of a single visit to the Beauty Parlor.

And for it, you get a Beauty Parlor of your own, so far as hair waving is concerned, to be yours forever. Because these marvelous molders will last for hundreds—yes, we know by tests, for thousands of waves. Send no Money—Just mail the Coupon Trial Certificate—Liberal Offer—Money Back Guarantee.

Give these marvelous molders a thorough and complete trial when you get your set. Then, if for any reason you can bring yourself to part with them, and admit that you cannot get a perfect result, you will have your money returned promptly. So far, we haven't found anyone who doesn't enthuse after 20 minutes' use. Remember, a girl of ten saw immediately how to use her set, put them in her hair, and got a beautiful marcel in 20 minutes. Surely you can do the same.

You need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the Coupon Trial Certificate. Note that our announcement cost is only \$2.97. We cannot afford to carry a bookkeeping charge on this figure, so we ask you to deposit with the postman the sum of \$2.97, plus a few cents postage, when he brings your set. Order now, so we can serve you immediately out of our yet limited production. Get yours now and be the first to astonish your friends with the glorious, enviable waves these molders fashion. Fill in and mail the Coupon Trial Certificate this minute.

ARCADY HOUSE

7 W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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TRIAL CERTIFICATE T.S.G.50

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Gentlemen:—I want a set of your marvelous molders. I agree to deposit \$2.97 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If results are not to my entire satisfaction, I will return the marvelous molders within five days and you are to refund the purchase price.

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Address.....

NOTE:—If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose \$3.15 with your order and the marvelous molders outfit will be sent postpaid.



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Good pay, steady work, male and female wanted everywhere. Complete course of Thirty Lessons and actual reports on shadowing, roving, investigation, etc. Also identification card. All for \$10.00 money back guarantee. Experience unnecessary. Particulars FREE.
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No long waiting. In a few days clear your skin. End pimples, freckles, blackheads, whiteheads, muddy skin, oily skin, dry skin, liver spots, roughness, redness, sallow appearance. Banish wrinkles. Reduce fat legs, arms, ankles, your whole body. Or build scrawny figure to beauty. Grow eye lashes, eyebrows, hair. Beautify completely.

FREE TRIAL

You can try all of my beauty aids—on just the ones you need most—absolutely without risking a penny. I want you to make me prove that I can take any degree of homeliness and impart beauty instead, or take some prettiness and impart stunning good looks. I will send you everything to try my beauty aids full two weeks. There are no conditions, strings, excuses. You are the sole judge. If not delighted, you just say so—and your word is final.

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Your physical beauty is not all. I give you, too, the innermost secrets of fascination. I disclose this priceless art in my sensational book "How to Fascinate Men." In an hour you will learn marvelous things you could not discover yourself in a lifetime. You will learn how the world's sirens make men their helpless slaves, learn to win love, to control men, to pick and choose at will. These secrets are free to every woman with her free trial of my beauty aids. Remember, you have everything to gain—absolutely nothing to lose. So TODAY—

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Absolutely without obligation on my part, send your wonderful FREE OFFER and Booklet. This coupon only tells you I am interested. It does not commit me in any way.

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\$2.50 Silk Hose for \$1.95! Treat yourself and friends to a really pleasing gift this Christmas! Here's your chance to get regular \$2.50 full-fashioned silk stockings specially priced at \$1.95 pair! Even better for gift purposes are the boxes of 3 one color and size, very specially priced at only \$3.00! Sizes 8½ to 10. Chiffon or service weight. Extremely durable. Dainty, finely-worked seams. Evenslow, Bechnut, Sandalwood the chosen Fall-Winter colors. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just your name and address, size, color, and if chiffon or service weight. Goods sent C.O.D. Money back guarantee. Thousands of delighted wearers.

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How to have Lovely, Lustrous Hair—always!

Does your hair ever seem dull, lifeless, drab? Ever wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really beautifies—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking. If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely cleanse the hair.

There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. Millions use regularly At your dealers', 25c or send for free sample.

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Please mail a free sample of Golden Glint Shampoo.

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The system figured out by the late Judge Waite has been able to prove it photographically. Under his system the bullet of a suspected gun can be taken into court, and the expert witness disappears from the scene as far as giving opinions is concerned. He states facts instead. He says to the jury, "Here is a photograph of the bullet that killed, or wounded, the man or woman; here, beside it, is a photograph of a bullet from the suspected gun. Use your own judgment." The necessity of having a witness get on the stand and qualify in twenty or thirty sciences, and then give his opinion as to whether or not a bullet came from that gun is gone; it has been supplanted by a more scientific system.

I RECALL an illustrative story which Judge Waite told me at one time. We were discussing finger-prints. The Judge told me about the first finger-print identification he had ever seen made.

"It was the first demonstration I had of the science of finger-print identification," he said, "and it made a tremendous impression on me.

"A little later, there was a murder committed in the Western part of New York State. A man had been arrested for the murder of two people. There was absolutely no evidence against this man, either as to motive or anything else, except that he possessed a .22 caliber revolver and the people had been shot with a .22. As results ultimately showed, the only evidence that convicted the accused was the evidence of a so-called "professional expert," who swore that, on examining the gun taken from the man, he found on the muzzle end of it nine little projections, and when he examined each of the four bullets taken from the bodies, he found nine identical scratches that corresponded to within a thousandth of an inch with the projections on the muzzle of the gun. He further swore that these bullets came from that gun, and that no other gun could have fired them; also, that any other bullets fired from this gun would have the same nine scratches.

"The bullets were presented to the jury. The jury could not see the scratches. The so-called expert said, 'I can tell because I am a highly trained technical man. I can see what the jury cannot see.' And he got away with it!

"The accused was convicted and sentenced to death. He was sentenced, in all, five times to the chair. Ultimately, the Governor was so impressed with the fact that something was wrong that he commuted the sentence from death to life imprisonment. The newspapers of New York took up the story, and a good deal of commo-

tion was raised. Ultimately, to settle the question, the Governor ordered an investigation, and for some reason—why, I do not know—it was wished onto me to find out whether the man was guilty or innocent, and, if innocent, who *was* guilty.

"Reading the testimony of this expert witness, it seemed as if there was nothing to investigate, but when I fired a test shot out of the gun, a surprising situation appeared. The bullets that had been fired into the bodies of the two persons killed contained but four "lands" and four grooves. There should have been five, but, by mistake, the fifth groove had never been cut into the barrel of that gun. When I fired a bullet from the gun of the accused, there were five "lands" and grooves as distinct as could be. It was manifestly impossible for the fatal bullets to have come from the gun of the accused. On the strength of my testimony, the man was pardoned and restored to citizenship. A month and a half later, the people who actually committed the murder confessed, and, one year later, I obtained possession of the gun that fired the fatal bullets.

"When this happened, I said, 'If a man could go into court and give testimony of that kind, the giving of such false testimony makes him just as guilty of murder as the man whose finger was on the trigger.' I wondered then if there was any way of finger-printing a bullet. By 'finger printing a bullet' I meant, was there any way in which we could determine, from an examination of a bullet, or of a gun from which it was fired, actual scientific proof of the fact that the bullet had come from a given gun? And so I started out. The result you know."

I have tried to explain to you a little bit of the groundwork that brought the science of ballistics into existence, and the system as evolved by Judge Waite, and will conclude by again emphasizing that under this system, the expert does not testify. Through photography he produces a silent infallible witness, and that silent witness does the testifying.

In the continuation of "Why the Crook Can't Win," Lieutenant J. Roy Harlacher reveals the "inside" scientific methods of modern Police Departments. Did you know that criminals invariably have "trademarks?" That the trained detective of today recognizes a "job" as easily as if the crook had affixed his signature to it? You will get a thrill as you read the Lieutenant's graphic description of the conviction of a negro fiend through the tiniest speck of a white girl's skin—the true story of which will appear in an early issue of this magazine.

Spotting the "Junkies"

(Continued from page 60)

to be cured, but to be reduced—so that he can continue on a lesser dosage.

Narcotism is not the serious problem it was a few years ago—that is, so far as New York City is concerned. Year by year, police statistics, figured from many angles, show there has been a steady decline in the use of narcotics. This is due to the untiring activity of the City Narcotic Bureau and the Federal Narcotic Unit.

However, should there be any relaxation

in vigilance there is no doubt there would be a return of old conditions.

We expect to get the inside story of the biggest opium seizure on board ship that has ever been made by the U. S. Customs east of San Francisco, for presentation in an early issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES—a tale of fact that is more baffling, in its mystery than Sherlock Holmes' best ever was in fiction.

The Mystery of the Invisible Diamond

(Continued from page 35)

clicked, and felt as happy as a dog with two tails.

"I don't usually discuss one guest with another, of course," he continued. "but I look on you as a personal friend of mine—and this is a mighty interesting mix-up. Doshier—a darned nice fellow that I've known for years—went into a wholesale jeweler's place to buy a diamond. One of the diamonds disappeared, and they accused him of stealing it. They made it mighty mean for him, too, at Police Headquarters, searched him and cut up his clothes, and all that sort of thing. Of course, they didn't find anything. It was an outrage, sir! On top of that, they have had detectives shadowing him ever since. That's likely why he stared at you so hard today. It's gotten on his nerves, I reckon."

"Didn't he sue them for false arrest?" I asked, packing as much indignation into my voice as I could muster.

"No-o-o! I suggested that to him," Breckinridge returned slowly, in his Southern drawl, "but, you see, he's engaged to a mighty fine girl. She belongs to one of the best families about here—and, naturally, he didn't want to give the affair any more publicity than it already had."

"And did the girl believe his version of the story?" I asked with only a polite show of interest.

"Yah, sir! She's mad about him. He sure has a way with women, but I have my doubts whether they will be happy together very long. She's of age, though, and won't listen to what her Dad nor her Ma says."

"One of those young college graduates, I suppose?" I scattered a bit more bait, hoping this time to get the names of the girl's friends, through whom I hoped to meet Doshier. "Smart flappers who come back home and think they know more than their parents ever knew—at least they think they do until it's too late—I know that type."

No, this young lady hadn't gone to college, he told me. Then, as I had hoped, without further solicitation or direct questions from me, he handed me all the information I required.

BEFORE we had reached the stables I knew the names of the girl's relations—where she had gone to school—and who her classmates and intimate friends were. All this I carefully pigeonholed for future use.

I learned also that Doshier was a heavy drinker, who still played around with sporting girls notwithstanding his engagement, and that he was a lavish entertainer and good spender.

During the next few weeks I apparently did nothing toward getting acquainted with Doshier. In fact, I almost appeared to go out of my way *not* to meet him. He was fond of playing stud poker, and a mutual acquaintance invited me to join their game. I gave some excuse for refusing, as I didn't want to rope him in, in that haphazard fashion. He was not only a mighty shrewd bird, but he had become trap-wise and would be on his guard.

\$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than \$5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of an 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan, a Chevrolet Sedan, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. It is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.

Find 5 Objects

Starting with the Letter

"C"



There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.

\$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give \$550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. First prize winner will receive \$2,800.00 in cash or the Studebaker Sedan and \$550.00 in cash. Get busy! right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED.



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1. 8 Cylinder Studebaker Sedan.
2. Four-door Chevrolet Sedan.
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4. Shetland Pony.
5. Seven Tube Console Radio.
6. Fibre Lining Room Set.
7. Electric Vacuum Cleaner.
8. Apollo Motorbike Bicycle.
9. 100-Piece Dinner Set.
10. Ladies' or Men's Elgin Watch.
11. 29-Piece Silverware Set.
12. Portable Phonograph.
13. New Haven Banjo Clock.
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This Reg. Trade Mark guarantees you genuine diamonds

A Ring You Will Be Proud to Wear

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6919

\$30

No. 6132. Solid Gold Men's Initial or Emblem Ring, 2 Genuine Diamonds, 14-Kt. White Gold Top, Emblem (any lodge) or any initial (Old English) Yellow or White Gold inlaid in Genuine Hope Ruby or Black Onyx. Mention if desired in solid white gold or green gold, same price. Also give Initial or Emblem desired and finger size.

No. 6919. Ladies 14-Kt. white gold ring with genuine amethyst encircled by real seed pearls strung on gold wire. The mounting is beautifully pierced, contains flowers of green and yellow gold. Also be had with genuine topaz, sapphires, genuine Hope ruby, Zircon and golden sapphire. Terms (6 Mos. to Pay)

Give Finger Size. "The Mail Order House" BUFFALO, N. Y. Ask for Free Jewelry Catalog





"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well.

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. I knew your employers couldn't help but notice the difference in your work.

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without cost or obligation, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

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Consequently, I angled very warily among my Baltimore acquaintances for introductions to relatives of the girl, and her women friends. These I succeeded in meeting at more or less public functions. Baltimore Society is about the most exclusive in the country. All the time, I was studying these people very, very carefully, trying to decide just who would be the best one to approach, frankly divulge the whole story, and obtain his or her co-operation in arranging for a formal introduction, which would squelch any suspicion Doshier might have as to my character and business connections.

It was a matter that simply could not be rushed. Infinite patience and finesse were necessary. Six months' surveillance had had the same effect on this man as constant baiting has on a bull being made ready for the arena—every stranger who approached him was an object of suspicion.

Had I been one of those heroic fiction detectives I would have moved heaven and earth to save the girl before the eve of her marriage. Having, however, no omniscient author to pull the strings for me, I was obliged to let the wedding ceremony proceed, and the honeymooners leave for their trip, without any intervention on my part.

They returned in time to spend Christmas at home. Doshier, evidently, had been on his good behavior. This was visible in his clear eyes and a certain subdued manner. The time was getting ripe for me to meet him.

I finally fixed on an uncle of the bride's to be the master of ceremonies in this matter of introduction. He was a typical Southerner. Tall, eyes keen and twinkling, long white beard, and possessed of marvelous poise. I had met him at several functions, and we had become very friendly over our mutual love of horses.

The day after Christmas, I requested him to accompany me to the stables, where I believed I had found the saddle-horse I was looking for. In leisurely Southern fashion, he found the time and we drove off in a car I had hired by the month. As soon as we were clear of the congested traffic, I parked the car at the roadside, and made a clean breast of the whole affair.

There is no need to go into the details of that scene. It was a painful one. However, he agreed to help me out. Until we knew for certain whether Doshier had stolen the diamond, the cloud was apt to burst over his niece's new household at any moment.

"I'll arrange a dance for New Year's Eve," he promised. "That will be the best thing, I reckon. We'll hold it in my home. Then he won't have the ghost of a suspicion. We don't invite any but real friends to our home, sir. Now, let's go on

and see the filly."

I had been looking forward to winding up the purchase of that horse, for I knew it was a wonderful buy. But the suppressed agony in the proud old man's eyes took all the pleasure out of the day.

THE party came off. It was a gala affair, with crowds of pretty girls, gallant young men, and a flowing bowl. I had managed to meet many of those present during my sojourn in Baltimore and was, that evening, absolutely accepted. Fine old port and sherry and champagne were served—genuine prewar stuff, but I had a large flask of whiskey which was continuously replenished from a supply in my car, and this made a great hit with Doshier and a couple of his boon companions.

That was exactly the sort of contact I had wished to make. It came off without a single hitch.

While looking around for a house, which Mrs. Doshier's parents intended to give her for a wedding present, the bride lived with her people in the suburbs, while Doshier retained his rooms at the hotel. It was one of those companionate marriages, for the time being.

Doshier and I began to see a lot of each other. During drinking and card parties, I very carefully studied my man. He was a boaster—not of his conquests of women, that he took as a matter of course—it was of his keenness of wit and crafty intelligence that he was proud! Now, the way to "make" a man, is to find out his weakest spot and play up to that—while you, yourself, proffer for his consideration another weakness which he finds amusing, but beneath his notice.

We became very close friends. I flashed considerable jewelry; a ring set with a beautiful diamond, which is my own, and a series of exquisite stick-pins, cuff-links and stud sets—which I borrowed, in order to impress the gentleman who was so fond of diamonds.

Once or twice he threw out hints in regard to my gems. He was a connoisseur and knew their value all right. I backed off each time, making a faint gesture of embarrassment, boasting that none of my little lady friends had ever managed to get one away from me.

ONE morning, just as I was getting up, my telephone bell rang. To my amazement, I learned that Mrs. Doshier, the bride, was downstairs, and wished to see me.

Dashing into some clothes, I went down and met her in the lobby. I was shocked at her appearance. When I had been introduced to her on New Year's Eve, I had been struck with her rather haughty beauty. Now, the large, violet-blue eyes of the woman who rose to greet me were veiled with misery, and the slightly heavy pout-

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ing lips drooped at the corners.

We took chairs and I looked at her a moment in silence.

"Won't you breakfast with me? We can talk more quietly in the dining room, for I think something is troubling you," I suggested gently, endeavoring to speak lightly. "We can leave word at the desk, and Fritz can join us there."

She said nothing until we were seated. Then, after tightly compressing her lips and clenching her hands, she went straight to the heart of her problem:

"No, Fritz won't meet us this morning!" she commenced, in a low, tense voice. "Right now he is lying upstairs, still half-drunk from last night. He's always been a little bit wild—I knew that when I accepted his proposal. But he promised to give up drinking, and playing cards. He never went around so steadily with any other man friend as he does with you. You have a great influence over him. Won't you try to persuade him not to drink so heavily?"

There was nothing for me to do but promise, though I knew it would be impossible for me to keep that promise. I was saved the embarrassment of further discussion by the arrival of Doshier himself.

"Hello Lucinda!—keeping tabs on me already?" he said, with a sneer, giving his wife an ugly look.

The meeting had all the earmarks of one of those early marriage spats, so I called for the check, signed it, and, before rising with an excuse, said to Mrs. Doshier:

"I'm leaving for New York within the next day or so, but I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you there some time when you and Fritz come up."

Without glancing in his direction, I could sense the start of surprise with which Doshier received this information.

"What are you doing this evening, Tom?" he asked me. (The name I had been using was Tom Baird.)

"Oh, I was thinking of running out to Bill Yearsley's place," I told him. "May not get another chance to see him."

"I wish you'd put that off till tomorrow. I want to see you about something awfully particular." He spoke nervously, and a trifle defiantly.

"All right, Fritz, ring up my room about seven-thirty."

I left the couple, with a sense of satisfaction. We were approaching the long delayed climax. The mystery of the invisible diamond was about to be explained. I needed no clairvoyant to tell me that.

As I had surmised, when Doshier called me up at 7:30 that evening, he had already managed to get considerably under the influence of liquor. There was a reckless glint in his eye. When I suggested getting Bill Yearsley to join us at dinner, he irritably negated the idea, saying he had to have a long confidential talk with me.

WE went to a sea food place—a well known roadhouse where liquor was served—for dinner. I pretended to get quite ossified myself, watching with amusement the cunning sparkle in his glassy, dark eyes.

"You have hinted, but never told me, where you buy your swagger jewelry," he edged in cautiously. "I've often asked you because a chap can't be too careful, and I want to buy a ring for my wife."

"Well, to tell the truth," I blurted out,

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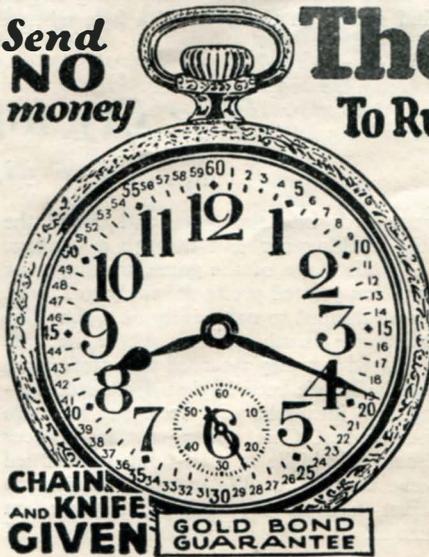
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"since you're my very good friend, and I know I can trust you to the death, I'll tell you. . . . Let's have another!"

When the next round was served, I pretended to have forgotten his request, and started talking of my best girl, telling him what a pippin she was, and so forth.

"H—!" he exploded angrily. "What the devil do I care about your girl? Why are you so darned gey? Don't you trust me? You're a fine guy. . . . If you didn't steal the rings and stick-pins, why are you so scared to tell me where you got 'em."

"Oh, that! I forgot. Sure I'll tell you," I soothed. "I know a man who sells them cheap—if you don't ask any questions. An' I know another one who smuggles 'em in. The jewelers—lots of 'em—buy smuggled gems and then soak us the full price. Now this chap I know—the one who smuggles 'em. . . ."

And I went on to tell him a number of daring exploits of this fictitious gentleman. Doshier's lips curled in scorn, as he looked at me woozily, from behind heavy bushy eyebrows, which met in a scowl over his nose.

"Say, listen, he—your chap—is a hunk of cheese. He's all wet!" he snorted scornfully. "Now here's a little stunt that I put over. You're my friend—an' anyway you've told me enough to hang you. So even if you double-cross me we'll be in the same hole."

Thereupon he poured forth the creamiest little tale that, without any effort on my part, made my eyes bulge. Over an un-tasted dish of oyster stew, he explained the simple little trick which had baffled the police, and frazzled the nerves of one of the largest detective agencies in the country.

It was so darned simple it was incredible! I was inclined, at first, to believe that the man was joshing me. He told me that he knew detectives had been shadowing him all the time, and that he had never had a chance to dispose of the diamond. I was the first man he had been able to approach on the subject.

I spluttered all the praise his conceited soul could have desired. I didn't dare leave him then to check up on his story. The slightest misstep might make him suspicious. I was obliged to resort to the use of a subterfuge. This was where my pre-arranged code with my secretary, Miss Wiley, came in mighty handy!

Glancing at my watch, I exclaimed: "I've got to get a letter off to my girl. If I don't write her every day, I'm going to find myself in the devil of a hole when I

get home—probably find another sheik's replaced me! You know how it is. My brain's beginning to feel like a slimy, soapy sponge. Let me get it off now while I can still write. Then, you read it and tell me if it sounds sober."

ON a sheet of paper supplied by the waiter, I wrote an apparently mushy letter to Miss Wiley. This I submitted to Doshier for his okay, before placing it in its envelope. It sounded like the sloppiest sort of drooling from a kid of sixteen. As a matter of fact, when translated, this code-letter gave my secretary explicit instructions as to how she was to proceed in proving the truth of Doshier's explanation to me of the manner in which he had fooled the diamond merchant, the police and private detectives.

After giving the waiter the letter to mail, Doshier and I went on a regular blotto bat. This lasted all that night, and well into the next day, giving Miss Wiley sufficient time to reach Baltimore, visit the jeweler's show-room and—*find the diamond!*

When, late in the afternoon, I received a telephone call from her, saying the diamond had been found in the place described in my letter, I started packing my grips. The insurance company had been duly notified of the recovery of the gem—and two detectives were en route to the hotel to arrest Doshier!

"When we turned the table upside down we saw the little brown bulge at once," Miss Wiley told me the following morning, when I met her in my office. "Doshier had supplied himself with a piece of gum, which almost exactly matched the color of the wood, embedded the gem in it, and pressed the gem into a corner on the underside of the desk. It looked like a nail-head. It was as inconspicuous as a cham-eleon, and unless you knew what it was, and were looking for it, I believe even you would have passed it over."

It's just those terribly simple, little things that are often the most difficult to untangle.

When confronted with the gem, and learning that the man he had been chumming around with, and to whom he had told his tale, was a detective, Doshier shut up like a clam. At the trial his defense—an ingenious one—was that the diamond had never left the jeweler's establishment. Therefore, *technically*, it had not been "stolen." Nothing in the evidence could break down this defense—and Doshier went free!

The Cry from the Grave

(Continued from page 22)

went back into the place and nailed the door, making our exit through a window.

At this stage of the game, the finger of suspicion pointed pretty definitely to Lively. So we decided to nab Lively on sight. We called the brush factory where he was employed but they returned the information that he hadn't been in that day. Not having any idea where to look for him, we decided that Chief Bradshaw and Officer Jacobs should lie in wait until he returned home that night. We were not anxious to arrest him in Philadelphia, anyway, on account of the extradition problem. I

went to Police Headquarters with Mr. Cain and my secretary.

While awaiting word of Lively's return home, I looked up the man's record through the Philadelphia Police Department. And what a record it was! He was born in South Jersey, and, as a boy, was sent to the Reformatory at Rahway, New Jersey, for arson. After his release from Rahway, he was employed by a farmer at Dayton, New Jersey, but was shortly sent to the State Prison for 14 years for a serious crime. His next encounter with the police was, when he murdered a man

named Madden, in a brawl in Philadelphia. He drew a two-year term in the Eastern Penitentiary for this. After his release, he changed his name from Roberts to Lively, and married.

It was while in prison that Lively learned brushmaking. At the time of the murder, he had lived in Moorestown only a few months and was well thought of by the white people who lived nearby.

Lively's house was only half a block from the East Moorestown Railroad Station. The trolley line ran right by his place. We had both the trolley and the railroad station covered. But when he came home that night, he got off the trolley two blocks from his house, sneaked around the back way and, under cover of darkness, tried the front door. Then he vanished the instant he found that it had been tampered with. Aided by the darkness of night, he slipped right through the hands of the officers lying in wait for him! This we found out to our sorrow later.

A peculiar circumstance in this case was, that so far, we had not even suspected Lively of any connection with the Russo case until after it was too late. There was no doubt in my mind now, however, but that the man had committed the murder. But how could we have arrested him before the finding of the body? What would we have charged him with? Until the body was found, we did not have any proof, or even any indications, that the little girl had been slain. For all we knew, she might have been drowned, or kidnaped. Or, better still, just lost. The fact that Lively remained at his home for so long after the crime threw us off the scent.

And right here, I want to take time to point out that the slayer did one of the neatest track-covering jobs I have ever heard of. He had *lifted cobwebs* from another pile of rubbish and carefully placed them on the pile of cans over the grave, giving the refuse all the appearance of having been there, untouched, for a long time. And if you don't think that this is a hard feat to accomplish, just try it yourself some time. There isn't a criminal in a thousand who would even think of such a thing, let alone plan and execute it successfully.

In addition, the fiend had also fooled us in another way. The "aged-looking" pillows, which oozed out their stuffings, were really comparatively new pillows, we found, upon close scrutiny. He had dragged them around the cellar floor and had torn them, to make them look old. And what a slick job he made of it! As for foot-prints, or any other evidences of his having been in the cellar—well, everything had been completely obliterated.

THAT night, about eight o'clock, a negro walked into a room adjoining Police Headquarters at the Moorestown City Hall. My secretary was the only one in the room at the time. The woman asked Miss Yoos if Louis Lively had been arrested and my secretary at once became suspicious. She excused herself for a moment, rushed to another room, and told someone to call me in a hurry. She then went back, and engaged the woman in what must have been a charming conversation, for she held her, against her will, until I arrived. The woman was Mrs. Lively and I at once detained her. That smart move on the part of Miss Yoos helped materially

A Challenge Made Me Popular!

"A box of cigars says you don't DARE dance with her—Wallflower!" That was the challenge they flung at me! My sporting blood boiled! "All right, I accept!" I responded. And I started across the floor.

I NEVER was much of a dancer. But when our club gave this affair I couldn't stay away. Even now I should have been sitting safely on the "sidelines" if only the fellows hadn't made that sarcastic remark.

"Show them you can dance as well as they!" my pride whispered. And I would! But halfway across the hall my courage died. I was nearly paralyzed with fright. There she was, waiting expectantly—Marion Blake, an exquisite dancer. Suppose she should refuse? Oh, wouldn't the fellows chuckle then!

The Unexpected Happens

"I'm—I'm sorry"—I stammered. "I guess—"

"Why, of course I'll be glad to dance!" she interrupted. And before I realized it we were swallowed up in the dancing throng.

What a terrible ordeal it was. I stumbled through the steps. I trod on her toes. Yes, my dancing was hopelessly out-of-date.

Suddenly she suggested that we sit out the rest of the number. I blushed furiously. "Now it's coming!" I thought.

"Jim," she began softly, "I'll be frank. You're not the best dancer in the world. What you need is 'brushing up' on the latest steps. Why not get in touch with Arthur Murray?"

"Arthur Murray!" I exclaimed. "He teaches dancing by mail. You can't learn that way!"

"No?" and Marion arched her eyebrows. "The truth is, that's *exactly* the way I learned."

If Marion could become a wonderful dancer that way it was certainly worth investigation—especially since I didn't risk a penny.

What a surprise the lessons were! In a few evenings I had learned the Waltz—the Fox Trot, and many variations of the *latest* steps—without music, partner or teacher.

I Turn the Tables

A week later I attended a dance. The old crowd was there. "Here he is again!" they chorused. "Give him the cigars! He earned them!" Imagine how surprised they were when I asked Marion to dance! They gaped as I glided around the floor with ease! And today, everywhere I go I am welcome as an accomplished dancer!

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There is one link missing in the chain forming the border of this announcement. In the circle to the left there are seven links, but one and only one is identical with the links in the chain. Can you find it? Each link is numbered—just write the number of the missing link on a piece of paper with your name and address and mail it at once. You may win the Nash sedan with operating costs paid for one year. Surely you have never heard of a more liberal offer.

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in clearing up the mystery. Although Mrs. Lively denied any knowledge of the crime, we knew that our best play was to detain her.

Now, to return to Lively. We checked up at all railroad, trolley and ferry stations for miles around, to see if he had bought a ticket for anywhere. We found out—*exactly nothing!* I then had a flier printed, saying I wanted the man for murder. This was sent in the usual fashion to every Police Department in this country; and Canada. Lively was only five feet, two inches in height. We thought that his small stature would aid in his capture, never realizing that he would convert it to his own advantage by a clever trick!

I had a hunch that Lively, wherever he might be, would seek employment as a brushmaker. So I had a talk with President Fernley, of the Brush Manufacturers' Association of the United States and Canada. Mr. Fernley had in his possession the names and addresses of all the leading concerns in the brush line,

and suggested that a photograph and description of Lively be sent to all of them, coupled with instructions that, if the man applied for work, he was to be detained and the police notified. I at once agreed to this and the plan was carried out. Police Headquarters of various cities were also notified as to this angle of the search.

As luck would have it, a brush concern in Boston, after receiving the notice, at once communicated with the Hub City Police Headquarters, who, in turn, relayed the information to me, to the effect that Lively, using one of his many aliases, had applied for a job, two days before arrival of the notice. He was told that there was nothing open, but to leave an address where he was to be notified if anything turned up. The address was watched, but the police did not make an immediate inquiry. They merely covered the house. They knew that, if they asked at the house for Lively and he happened to be out, he would probably be tipped off by telephone, and never return. Meanwhile, the brush

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

November

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

1928

Who Killed Alma Keller?

By George William Wilder

ON August 6th, 1928, we received the following letter from an inmate of the Kentucky State Penitentiary, at Eddyville, Kentucky:

Editor, True Detective Mysteries,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Eddyville, Kentucky, August 2nd, 1928.

Dear Sir:

I am writing you this letter to find out if you will do me a favor. I am an inmate of the Kentucky State Penitentiary located at this town, am serving a life sentence for conviction that was handed down by the jury of Jefferson County, Kentucky, for the murder of this little girl that is the center of topic in your story titled: "The Crime that Rocked a Continent," and I wish to add to this that I am an innocent man, have no connection whatever with this mystery as it is absolutely the work of someone else and not me.

I am eligible for parole and have the consideration of the Parole Committee which sits at this institution every three months, and I am asking you that if this story published in your magazine is true as to the characters and the incidents related in the story mentioned above, will you be so kind as to make affidavit to this effect, stating in it that the confession mentioned in the story is true? (We have the author's affidavit.—Editor.)

Kind sir, you have no idea what or how much this will mean to me if same can be gotten. I have served 18 years for this crime, and I am as innocent of it as you are, and I verily believe that if you could do this, if it is a true confession, it will be the gate to my parole and release.

Yours respectfully,

(SIGNED) Joseph Wendling

Thousands of our readers know that story Wendling refers to. It was the famous Hans Schmidt case, written expressly for TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES by Stuart Lake.

In it, Mr. Lake relates on pages 72 and 73 of our last May issue, how little Alma Keller, a beautiful child of about eight years of age, was found missing from her home in Louisville, Kentucky, on December 8th, 1909, and five months later her body—arms, legs, and head severed, skillfully from the trunk—was discovered in the basement of St. John's Church in Louisville.

Hans Schmidt had been living at St. John's, acting as assistant to the rector. Two weeks after the child disappeared, he left and went to Trenton, New Jersey, to live.

Joseph Wendling, janitor of the church, also left that same month and went to California to live. Wendling was brought back from California and was charged with the murder of little Alma Keller. Mr. Lake says of this: "Wendling stoutly maintained his innocence, and the chief reason for accusing him seemed to lie in the fact that he had chosen an unfortunate time for his change of residence."

Wendling was sent to the Kentucky State Penitentiary under sentence of imprisonment for life.

On January 14th, 1914, Hans Schmidt was electrocuted at Sing Sing for the confessed murder of pretty Anna Aumuller, house-maid at the rectory in New York City where Schmidt had been living, and acting as assistant to the rector. The girl's body was cut in pieces in a manner showing a knowledge of anatomy—*precisely as in the case of Alma Keller!*

Schmidt had studied surgery early in his career, having mastered anatomy and acquired considerable skill with surgical instruments in the dissecting room.

Who killed little Alma Keller?

Has an innocent man suffered 18 years imprisonment for another's crime?

Anyone possessing information which would throw more light on this strange case is invited in the interest of truth and justice to communicate with the editor of this magazine, or with the Governor of Kentucky, who has the power to release Wendling, if he is the innocent man he claims to be.

This is a copy of a statement of Joseph Wendling's case, which is here re-published for reference purposes and for the information of those not already familiar with it among our readers. (See editorial by George William Wilder in this issue.)

factory, at my suggestion, sent a letter to Lively, telling him there was a job for him. Two Boston detectives stationed themselves in the factory, disguised as workmen, waiting for the fugitive to walk into the trap. But he never showed up. The place where he was supposed to be living was then tackled, but it was found that the man had vanished two days before the police vigil began!

THE next trace of him came from a police officer in a small town up in Maine. He stated that he was riding along the road in his machine, pleasure bent, when a young fellow stopped him and asked for a lift. The policeman picked up the stranger and the two rode for miles, carrying on a conversation about this, that and the other thing. The officer took a good look at Lively, and remarked to him that his face seemed familiar. (No wonder, for it was plastered up in a thousand and one police stations!) Lively laughed this off, telling the officer that he must have mistaken him for someone else. Lively finally told the policeman he was broke, and the officer arranged a free meal and a bed for the stranger, at a tourist camp. He then left the man. The next morning he was dumbfounded when he saw Lively's face on a flier at the Station-house. The police went to the place where Lively had spent the night but the man, as usual, was still two jumps ahead of the whole bunch of us. I've never seen a smarter fellow! And on top of this, Fate seemed to smile on him.

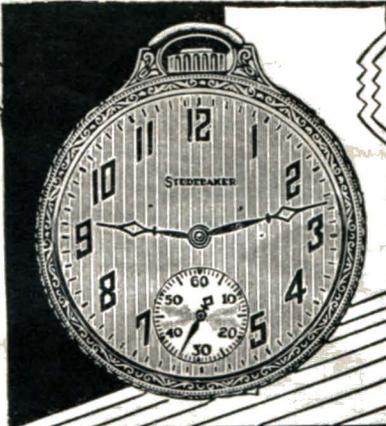
Meanwhile, we were keeping Mrs. Lively in jail for reasons of our own. She had several visitors and, just as soon as these people called, we would question them and get their names, addresses and any other information possible.

One day, a negro dropped into my office and asked if he could see Mrs. Lively. Something about the man's demeanor told me that he was cognizant of Lively's whereabouts. I consented to his seeing Mrs. Lively, but, desiring to observe at first hand just what went on between the man and the woman, I accompanied the visitor to Mrs. Lively's cell. I told him it would be all right for him to talk for as long a time as he desired with Lively's wife. I remained to hear the conversation. The man, who had told me his home was in Philadelphia, merely walked up to the cell and said, "Hello, Marie! How are you feeling? Don't worry! Here's three dollars in case you need it. See you later. Good bye."

The man saw the woman for less than a minute. This struck me as mighty suspicious, that a man should come all the way from Philadelphia with so small an amount to give her as three dollars, and, then, only talk with the woman a few seconds. The words "Don't worry!" stuck in my mind. I suspected (and later found out I was correct) that the stranger's mere presence at the jail was assurance to Mrs. Lively that her husband was communicating with the man in some manner.

We trailed this man, whose name I won't mention for obvious reasons, and had his mail watched. In Philadelphia, all that came through the Post-office for him was a newspaper from Chase City, Virginia. I got in touch with the postal authorities of the Virginia town, and found out that the man had formerly lived with his parents there, and had left for Philadelphia

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Here's news for puzzle fans! C. W. Francis, A. F. Holt, Miss Leola Markus won from \$1,800.00 to \$3,500.00 each in our last puzzles. Here's the new one. Here are twelve pictures of Charlie Chaplin, the world famous United Artists' star. No, they're not all alike, even though they look alike. Eleven of them are exactly alike, but one and only one is different from all the others. That's the real Charlie Chaplin. The difference may be in the tie, shirt or hat, or somewhere else.

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only a few months previously. So any mail coming to the home of his parents in Chase City was also watched. All that came for him there were two newspapers from Boston. They had no marks of any kind on them but we figured, and rightly, that they came from Lively, and that they were Lively's way of letting his friends know where he was. I had the man's mother questioned as to whether or not she knew anyone in Boston and she said she did not. She was unable to say who sent the papers to her son. This clue did not prove a very material way of apprehending Lively, but it gave me my first positive assurance that our suspect was communicating with his wife, and other kin, in South Jersey. A double-strict watch was then focused on all of Lively's friends and relatives.

I'll confess that Lively had me guessing, all right! I've had a lot of trouble tracking down men and women, but I've yet to run across anyone so cunning and shrewd as he proved to be.

DURING the time that Mrs. Lively was in jail, she struck up quite a friendship with another inmate, a white woman. Not long after the white woman was released from jail she walked into my office, and asked if she could speak to Mrs. Lively. Her request, of course, was granted at once. They carried on a conversation in a tone of voice so subdued that Detective Cain, secreted in an adjoining cell, could not make head or tail of what was said. All he could hear was murmuring. We trailed the woman and followed her every action. One night she visited a relative of Lively's in Bridgeton. The following day she again visited Mrs. Lively at the jail. She was observed slipping a note to the prisoner. I decided to let both women have enough rope to hang themselves, because I knew that, sooner or later, Mrs. Lively's cell would yield information which would lead to the capture of her husband.

Finally, after keen observation of the movements of all those interested in Lively, we decided that the time was ripe for a grandstand play.

One morning, without warning, we made a sudden search of the jail and found, hidden in a corner of one of the cells, various scraps of paper which, when pieced together, proved to be what we expected to find. There they were—the notes which Lively had written, and which the former woman jail inmate had smuggled through to the hunted man's wife. And (of all things!) one of the notes from Lively conveyed the information that "this thing has about blown over, so I'm goin' to slip home soon and see you all." We found later that the notes had been sent to a relative in Bridgeton—concealed in baskets

of grapes! What was going to come next? In addition to the notes which had been torn up, we also discovered another note which was intact. It was written by Lively to a relative in South Jersey, and read in part:

Miss Evelyn—You can look for Me at 11.30 to night. Is a gon to make good to you for what you don for Marie (Lively's Wife) you keep a eye open for that Detective Parker they—

(A photograph of the first two sheets of this note, written by Lively, with a lead pencil on cheap tablet paper, appears on page 19.)

I at once covered all towns in the vicinity of Moorestown, Bridgeton and Vineland, and laid an elaborate trap for the fugitive. I interviewed employes of the trolley and railroad lines in that section, notifying them that Lively was in the immediate neighborhood, and to keep a close watch for him. I told them that the man was near at hand because I knew that would spur the watch. Had I said he was "expected," the men I talked with would probably have dismissed the matter from their minds, thinking that it would be more or less of a wild goose proposition. The police, of course, were told the exact facts of the case, for they understood that, when I said I was led to believe that the man would put in an appearance, I meant it.

THE weeks went by, however, and Lively was still to be apprehended. However, something told me (I can't exactly explain my mental process) that the man had returned to South Jersey, slipping through the net we had so carefully laid for him. My hunch later proved to be correct, for Lively, at that time, had already been in hiding in Bridgeton for several days.

He had managed to elude capture by a clever trick—*dressing as a woman*.

Just about daybreak on the morning of October 19th, Asa Wilson and James Florentino, two police officers of Vineland, were about to exchange duties at a rather remote spot on the outskirts of the city.

"Good morning, Asa," said Florentino, as he met his brother officer, whom he was to relieve. Then, jokingly: "Didn't catch Lively yet, did you?"

"If I had, you'd have heard all about it," returned Wilson, laughing.

Just at that moment, the two officers heard footsteps nearby. The mantle of night had not yet released the city from its folds. A man approached. He was short of stature. As he passed along the sidewalk, within three feet of the officers, he noticed them and quickened his pace.

Florentino looked at Wilson in quick

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surprise—each thinking the same thing. "Did you see him?" he asked, in amazement.

"I certainly did!"
 "I think that's Lively!"
 "So do I. Let's go!" said Wilson.

By this time the man was quite a bit down the street. He was too smart to break into a run, but he was walking mighty fast.

The two officers hailed a passing automobile. They would use the machine, they decided, because, if it was Lively, he would be taken off guard, as he had just seen them on foot. Florentino and Wilson raced down the street in the automobile and directed the driver to draw up abreast of the suspected child-slayer. Wilson jumped to the sidewalk for the purpose of identifying the suspicious pedestrian. No sooner had he done so than the man, who, most evidently, was Lively, drew a gun and shot the officer through the right lung. Florentino then leaped out of the car, picked up his brother officer and placed him in the machine. Before being rushed by the driver to the hospital, Wilson, seriously wounded, gripped Florentino's hand and gasped:

"That's our man, Jim, go and get him!"

Lively, meanwhile, had dashed into a park which skirted the street. The place was dotted with trees. Florentino, who had left his gun in the machine in his excitement, ran into a nearby house, horrified a shotgun, and then plunged into the darkness, hunting his man.

It so happened that the gun the officer had borrowed contained but one shot. He knew he would have to spend that one shot well. He prowled about the murky park and, finally, about six feet in front of him, he saw a figure moving behind a tree. An instant later, a bullet whistled past his ear. Lively, who had more nerve than a dozen ordinary men, had stepped out into the open to fire the shot. Quick as a flash, Florentino aimed and fired at Lively before the man had a chance to get behind the tree again. But the shot went wild.

The policeman was in a devil of a predicament. Here he was, only six feet from a murderer, who was loaded down with ammunition, while he himself didn't have a shot left. But he never thought of running away. He knew, that if he did, Lively would guess his lack of ammunition. If Florentino had attempted to run, he would probably have paid for it with his life.

So he decided to stand his ground and outwit the man. He shouted to Lively:

"Listen, Lively! I'll stand right here and shoot at you all day if you don't surrender. The shots will attract attention and a crowd. And when that crowd finds out who you are they'll tear you to pieces! If you throw away your gun and surrender, I'll save you from the mob."

A fast bit of work on Florentino's part! Lively didn't answer for a moment. A few seconds later, something thumped on the ground. Then, from Lively:

"There! I've thrown away my gun. I'll come with you."

And so Lively surrendered, and the man-hunt, which had us all baffled for five months, was over.

Florentino commandeered a second machine, and took Lively to Vineland Jail, where he was docketed and locked up. He was taken from there to Bridgeton and placed in the "cooler." I walked in, after

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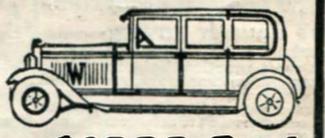
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he had been there a few minutes, and asked him if he knew who I was.

"Yes, you're Mr. Parker," he said.

"That's who I am, Louis," I replied. "Now, only yesterday the Grand Jury found a true bill against you, charging you with the murder of Matilda Russo. Do you want to tell me all about it?"

"Yes sir!"

So Lively told how he had lured Matilda into his house with the promise of giving her some pudding. He admitted that he sent his wife and son away the week previously, so that he would be alone for the murder. When Matilda came into his house that Saturday evening, he struck her over the head with a club. She yelled, feebly. He then struck her again. Then he removed her clothing and mutilated her. He had hidden in his house all that day, in preparation for the crime, and had put the finishing touches on Matilda's grave. After the completion of the ghastly crime, he buried the child and her clothes, burned her shoes, and then otherwise proceeded to cover up his tracks in the way which I have already outlined.

He stayed around his house after the crime, he said, because he was satisfied he had foiled us. But he decided to "blow" the Friday following the murder, after he had sneaked home the back way and found the door nailed. He knew then, he told me, that we were on his trail.

His motive for the murder, he revealed, was that he hated Matilda because she had fought with his son, Louis!

THE prisoner further admitted, that when he decided to come back to New Jersey, thinking the affair had blown over and desiring to see his relatives, he dressed as a woman and took a Jersey Central train from Jersey City to Bridgeton. He had the colossal nerve to arrive in Bridgeton in the middle of the day! He said the conductor on the train looked rather sharply at him, then passed him up.

"I was a little nervous when that conductor looked at me, Mr. Parker. I thought my woman's 'make-up' was not perfect," he said.

Arriving in Bridgeton, he went to his sister's house but she slammed the door in his face. He then went in hiding for a few days. He never did tell us where he was going on the morning he was caught in Vineland. He had discarded his feminine attire after having "vamped" a truck driver into giving him a lift. He said the truck driver suddenly suspected that he was a man and ordered him to get off.

Lively showed absolutely no remorse over shooting Officer Wilson, who, although close to death for several days, fortunately recovered.

I released Mrs. Lively, as she was inno-

cent of any direct connection with the murder. That I knew from the first, but she was arrested because I was convinced Lively would communicate with her.

Lively was tried for the crime, convicted and sentenced to death in the electric chair. Supreme Court Justice Samuel Kalisch, one of the most learned and high-principled men I have ever known, was the presiding judge. I have heard Justice Kalisch sentence numerous men to die in the chair. Sometimes, it has seemed to me that he was doing so against his own scruples and merely fulfilling his duty. But, when he sentenced Louis Lively to death, there was a note in his voice which I interpreted as meaning, that on this particular occasion, he was more than glad to fulfil his duty, as outlined by the verdict of the jury.

The story of Matilda Russo's murder might end here, except for one more interesting incident. After Lively's conviction, and the night before he was to be transferred to the death house of the New Jersey State Prison at Trenton, where he was to settle his debt to society, the Warden of the Mount Holly jail rushed into my office.

"Louis Lively insists upon seeing you," he said.

"What does he want?" I asked.

"He won't say. Just wants to see you. Says it's important."

Knowing so well that Lively was a killer of the first order, I became suspicious. Instead of going to see him, I ordered a search made of his cell. There, my associates found a sharp instrument, which the man had made, after being incarcerated. It was shown to me, and the next morning I went to the doomed man's cell and spoke to him through the bars.

"We found an instrument in your cell last night, Louis," I said. "Did you plan to kill me with it?"

"Sure as Hell I did!" was his brutal reply. "You're no better than the rest of 'em, Parker."

This incident will give you a better description of Lively than I could ever picture for you with mere adjectives.

ON the night of his execution, I was one of the witnesses in the death house. I have seen many executions. And I have been responsible for sending many men to their death. Sometimes, I have felt a lump in my throat when seeing a man I have tracked pay his penalty. But, when Lively was led into the dimly lighted death chamber, I felt no qualms of conscience. As I said before, he was the most desperate fiend I have ever encountered and, when the prison doctor pronounced him dead, I breathed a sigh of relief.

I hope I never see his like again.

Under the Black Curse of the Mafia

(Continued from page 64)

I feel pretty sure Ganni is right."

An officer entered at that moment, handing the Chief a message. He glanced at it, and his features relaxed in a broad grin.

"From Salt Lake City, boys," he said; "they've picked up Pattullio's lieutenant, Romero!"

This was cheering news to retire on for the night, and I was asleep the moment my head touched the pillow. I awakened at eight the next morning, considerably refreshed, and, after a leisurely breakfast, reported to Headquarters.

Mayle told me that Deputy-Sheriff King, and two other officers of the County, had

boarded the train for Salt Lake City, to bring Romero back.

"Outside of that, nothing has happened overnight," he said. "I've an idea that we'll hear from Pattullio before the day is over; he'll try to leave town some way, and if he gets through our net this time, he's a smart baby.

"Now I've made arrangements with the hospital to have you and a stenographer get statements from Biasta and this Diero chap. Both are able to talk, now, so shoot on over with Fay and see what you can find out."

I interviewed Diero first—one of the two men who had survived the wreck of the Mafia machine in the park. I learned that he was a morphine addict, and, to my surprise, that he had, at one time, been a valued operative for a famous New York detective agency.

HIS story was mighty interesting, chiefly for its account of how he had been held in virtual slavery by Pattullio for nearly five years, Pattullio, or "the Doc," as he called the diabolical criminal, keeping him supplied with morphine. Diero also claimed Pattullio had exerted hypnotic power over him. Like Ganni, his fellow survivor of the automobile wreck, Diero characterized Pattullio as a human devil.

He admitted that Pattullio had paid generous wages to the gang, but declared that he hadn't realized the extent to which the persecution of the Biasta family would go, when he first became associated with Pattullio.

"He hated the Biastas for some reason of his own, and wanted to bleed them for every penny they had. I guess he did, though they say that Biasta has some valuable property left in Italy.

"Of course, they thought the Mafia was at the bottom of it all. I did, too, for that matter, for a long time; I believed I was in with the gang, and so did the others. You see, Pattullio claimed to be the American chief of the Mafia, and he had us all in the palm of his hand once we were associated with him.

"That ain't all; there was this dope craving of mine, and Pattullio is a sort of doctor, and seemed to have no trouble getting the stuff. Oh! he had a hold on all of us. He had something on Reachi, Romero, and the others—some jobs they had pulled or something."

He gave a detailed account of how the gang had hounded the Biastas through various cities for five years. He told how Pattullio had had Biasta's cousin, Genaro, meet him with \$50,000 tribute money, and how Pattullio had ordered Genaro to sell his Chicago factory and take his family to Italy.

LIKE Ganni, Diero believed that Pattullio and Romero had had something to do with the deaths of the two Biasta sons.

"But the rest of us weren't in on those jobs; I know Pattullio and Romero got a wire from Frisco just before the first boy was found drowned, and they went to join Reachi. Shortly afterward, the boy's body was found—the papers said that it was either an accidental drowning or a suicide. Anyway, Pattullio and Romero came back to Chi, and Biasta kicked in with \$75,000. Doc wanted more, and when he didn't get it—well, a second son of the Biastas was found in Lake Michigan. I didn't like the business much after that, I

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can tell you, but I stuck—just a damned slave, like the others were.”

He denied emphatically that he had participated in the drowning of the boys, and maintained that it had been the opinion of the rest of the gang that Pattullio, Romero, and Reachi had committed the murders—how he could not guess, unless the boys had first been poisoned.

When I told him that no trace of poison had been found, he only shrugged.

“Doc was too clever for that,” he said. “I hope to God you catch him, but I wouldn't be surprised if you never do.”

When quizzed about the killing of Tony Ferrera, our Italian stool, he asserted that Pattullio, Reachi, and one of the wreck victims, Orlando—now dead—had stabbed Tony.

I KNEW his statement to be, at least partially, false, for Reachi had been under constant surveillance, and could not possibly have participated in the killing. I finally wrung the admission from him that he, Diero, had been one of the three, though he claimed that “Doc” and Orlando had killed Ferrera.

His account of the captivity of poor Biasta was such as to make my blood boil. Biasta had been chained in the basement of the house near the park like a dog, thrown scraps of food, kicked and beaten frequently by Pattullio or Reachi. Replying to my question as to whether it was true that Biasta's life had been spared, pending a “supreme order,” Diero sneered: “Pattullio was just kidding us. I think; still pretending that he was a Mafia agent, and that he was taking orders from someone abroad—in Italy. My own opinion is that you police had made things pretty hot for the gang, and he wanted to be sure you weren't wise to the location of that house before finishing Biasta.”

He stated that, finally, a meeting had been called, and that they all had drawn lots to determine which of them would kill Biasta. Reachi had drawn the fatal card—the ace of spades, just as we had made our raid.

Then the gang had taken to the passage; Reachi had stabbed Biasta, and the bomb had been set to cover the escape of the gang from the outhouse on the adjoining property.

Such were the essential features of Diero's revelations.

Biasta was resting easy when I entered his ward, and his wife was reading to him. He added little to what I had already learned, save to give a detailed and revolting account of how he had been abused while a captive of the gang.

When I revealed that the police now thought that the Mafia had not been responsible for the persecution, both he and his wife were emphatic in their assurances that the Sicilian Society had been at the bottom of it all, citing the political differences that had taken place in Italy, out of which the whole thing had arisen.

It was past the noon hour when I reported back to Headquarters. Nothing had developed, and I went out with Captain Mayle to have lunch, over which we discussed the various and varied angles of the strange case.

“Pattullio is the key to the whole business,” Mayle muttered. “Romero may know a whole lot, if he'll talk when he's brought in, but it sure looks like Pattullio had some sort of personal grudge against

the Biastas and Genaros, that's certain.”

“The Biastas,” I said significantly.

He nearly jumped out of his seat!

“By George, Don—you don't think—”

“Charlie,” I said, “revenge might have been the principal motive for this whole persecution. But the whole thing has been too cold-blooded; too calculating, and in certain respects, too . . . incomplete! Two of the three Biasta sons were killed. What happened to the other?”

“Why, you know, don't you—that he married one of the Genaro girls, and left with the Genaros for Italy?”

“Sure. His life was spared, wasn't it?” Mayle nodded.

“So were the lives of the Genaros.”

“I see what you're driving at,” Mayle grinned. “You have an idea that the Genaros were in cahoots with Pattullio some way. Maybe, but I doubt it. So was the life of Maria Biasta spared, for that matter.”

He studied me curiously.

“I suppose you think that this has been another feud case?”

“I don't know,” I admitted. “Both Biasta and his wife seem to think a lot of Tommassini Genaro, and his wife and daughters; they claim that it was Genaro's efforts in helping them move about the country to escape the gang, that caused the band to demand tribute money from the Genaros, and to order them to leave America. Hugo Biasta married Carmela Genaro about that time, and went with them—to live on the Biasta estate at Rome.”

“What of it?” Mayle wanted to know.

I admitted that these details further complicated the mystery.

BUT they may be significant. At any rate, an attempt was made to bleed the Biastas of every cent possible. I have it from Biasta's own lips that he would have sold his Italian estates to meet the full demand of the band for two hundred thousand dollars—had his cousin, Tommassini Genaro, not dissuaded him.”

And I further pointed out that the Genaros were now living on one of the two estates; that, save for the \$50,000 tribute they had paid, their fortune was intact.

“Charlie,” I said, “I may be wrong, but I think that Tommassini Genaro—I except his wife and daughters—was in with Pattullio on a wholesale plot to kill off the Biastas, bleeding them of all their ready cash first. I think Mrs. Biasta would have been the next victim—then, maybe their remaining son, Hugo, though I doubt this, because he had married into the Genaro family.”

“Ridiculous!” Mayle objected. “Why, Genaro was Biasta's cousin—his best friend through the whole thing—”

“And here we come to the point,” I interrupted. “Mayle, do you remember when Maria Biasta told us the story of the persecution—that night, after her husband's disappearance, and mentioned various details concerning the early history of the Biasta and Genaro families? The brother of Genaro, Emilio Genaro, who had a duel with Biasta when they were boys?”

Mayle started.

“Yes! But that was just a kid affair—”

“Italians are an emotional people, Charlie,” I said. “They remember such

things; they are capable of harboring hate for a long time. But to go on: Emilio was studying medicine, and later he went to Berlin and completed his course, hanging out his shingle.

"Now get this: a year later, he was suspected of having been responsible for the poisoning of a Society woman, but the police had to let him go. Couldn't prove anything. He disappeared—that was fifteen years ago—and Biasta says he has never been heard of since."

Mayle shook his head.

"If you're thinking that Pattullio might be this Emilio Genaro, why wouldn't Biasta have recognized him?"

As I was thinking about this, Mayle took out his watch and glanced at it, then rose suddenly and we left the restaurant. When we reached Headquarters, I had just seated myself at a desk to go over some papers when an officer who was talking on the phone at my elbow motioned to Mayle, and after a short wait, handed him the phone. A moment later Mayle set the phone down quickly and stepping around back of me toward the door, cried: "Come on, Donelli—a hot tip from Chinatown!"

WE hailed a taxi, and were soon bowling along up Kearney. A man answering Pattullio's description had applied for a steamship ticket to South America at the Chinatown branch of a steamship line, only a few minutes before.

Lieutenant Crisp met us at the ticket office, and said that a detail was combing the district.

"In the meantime," he said, indicating our finger-print expert, Faulkner, who was dusting powder on the glass top of the counter, "we'll see if there are any of these latents left on the glass."

He palled out photographs we had made of Pattullio's finger-prints several weeks earlier, obtained in a room he had occupied in Chinatown, and also in the house that had been the rendezvous of the gang.

Sure enough, Faulkner developed some clear prints on the glass where the man had rested his hand while waiting for his steamship ticket, and it was established beyond a doubt that the man had been Pattullio.

The net was drawn tight, then, and the routine of painstakingly searching every rooming-house, and other buildings in the district, begun. Two suspects were picked up before the day was over and released again, and that was all.

Six feet, two inches in height; broad of shoulders, with brown, deep-set eyes and bushy, black eyebrows; his swarthy, square-cut face bearing scratches from the wreck, Pattullio was certainly a distinctive type, and it seemed impossible that he could elude us for long.

But, despite our vigilance, a whole week dragged by without the slightest sign of him. It was unthinkable that he could have gotten out of the district, though the possibility wasn't overlooked. We even made sure that he hadn't attempted to use the steamship passage he had purchased, but, of course, he was not so foolish, and the steamer sailed without him.

Meanwhile, the Governor of Utah had signed extradition papers for Romero's return, and he was brought back to San Francisco without much trouble, and lodged in the County Jail. He refused to talk, however, even when Ganni and

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Diero, glad of the opportunity to turn state's evidence, identified him. He demanded legal counsel, and his freedom on bail. Counsel was granted, but, though he had over \$11,000 in cash on his person, bail was refused.

I don't think that Romero would have talked to us if we had hung him up by the thumbs, though many of us might have cheerfully resorted to this, or some other method of exquisite torture. Public feeling was at a fever pitch over the Biasta outrages, and the Department caught plenty of grief.

The key to the whole situation was in the person of Pattullo, and when it began to seem as if he had wiggled out of our net, we sent wires and circulars broadcast, some as far as Mexico, Canada, and the Hawaiian Islands. Rewards offered for his capture, dead or alive, including one of \$5,000 offered by Biasta, grew during the week until they totalled \$18,000. Most of this was subscribed by the Italian element, who sympathized with the suffering the Biastas had undergone.

The eighth day dragged by, and dusk was creeping over the city, when an incident took place that plunged the Department into fevered activity. Sergeant of Detectives Kane and I were patrolling a street that bordered Chinatown when we heard two staccato revolver shots about two blocks away, followed by the shrill blast of a police whistle.

WE had about decided that Pattullo had slipped away to some other city, and even as we ran toward the scene of activity, we thought that another tong war had broken out, or some other trouble had popped up.

Mills, of the Secret Service, lay on the sidewalk in a pool of blood, in front of a dilapidated rooming-house, and a policeman and detectives were gathered about him, keeping back the crowd.

We saw Captain Mayle disappearing into an alleyway, and plunged in after him. "Pattullo—dashed in here—disguised as a negro!" he shot at us over his shoulder. "Tried to leave the district, but Mills saw through his burnt cork—"

Crack!
Another revolver shot rang out somewhere at the back of the premises, followed by hoarse shouts. We reached the alley into which the passage led, in time to see the shadowy figures of two men reach the edge of the roof of an adjoining factory building, and disappear down the fire-escape.

"Cooper and Evans," Mayle ventured, darting for the fence. "Come on, boys!" We scrambled over, followed by three other detectives, but, as I balanced, momentarily, on the top of the fence, I caught a fleeting glimpse of a running figure dodging through a dark labyrinth of piled lumber in the yard of the factory, two men with flash-lights trailing him.

"In the lumber yard!" I cried, springing off in the direction of the spot where I had seen the fugitive.

Kane and the others dashed after me, and, as we ran, the crash of splitting boards reached us from somewhere beyond.

"The fence!" someone yelled; "he's smashed a hole in the fence and gone through into the alley—"

Two shots rang out; lights flashed about the aisles between the lumber piles; utter

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confusion followed for a few moments until we reached the place in the back fence that had been split out.

A cry sounded in the alley on the other side, followed by three blasts of a police whistle and the sound of running feet.

"Got him!" we heard Lieutenant Crisp's voice raised in a shout.

We scrambled through, finding a group of detectives gathered about a big "negro" who lay on the cobble-stones. It was Pattullio, his face and hands smeared with burnt cork. One or two of the shots fired at him had taken effect, and caused his collapse just after getting through the fence, though he was alive and conscious.

He was rushed to the emergency hospital, where it was found that he wasn't mortally wounded.

An hour later, bathed and bandaged, and in a suit of denim, he was taken to Headquarters and subjected to a grilling. He maintained a stubborn and brooding silence for nearly two hours, reminding me of nothing so much as a caged and ferocious bear that had been worried by a pack of hounds to the point of exhaustion.

IT was remarkable, the effect he had upon Ganni and Diero, who were brought in, one at a time, to identify their former chief. Both shook with fear, and paled, when they saw him, manacled to a heavy chair, his hard, brown eyes boring into theirs, from under bushy eyebrows. But they identified him.

Even after this, he snarled his defiance at us, until Mayle happened to remark that his woman confederate, the notorious Marietta Lucas, had been among the three killed in the wreck of the Mafia car.

He broke into a fit of moaning, then, and sobbed out that the Lucas woman had meant a great deal to him. But shaken though he was, he wouldn't come clean, though he admitted having directed the hounding of the Biastas, and confessed that the fortune in currency that had been found in his pockets—some \$104,000—was a portion of the blood money that had been extorted from the unfortunate family.

All that night we kept at him, but, as the hours went by, some of his old self-possession returned. Just as Romero had done, he defied us to convict him on any charge more serious than abduction and blackmail, and said that he would engage counsel to do his talking for him.

I prevailed upon the District Attorney to have Biasta brought to Headquarters the next morning, for the purpose of identifying Pattullio. Still weak, Biasta was brought into the room in a wheel-chair, and then Pattullio was brought from his cell, securely manacled to a husky detective.

It was a tensely dramatic meeting. Biasta, when he saw Pattullio, gave a gasp and tried to rise.

"Emilio!" he gasped weakly; "Dio mio—it is Emilio Genaro!"

Pattullio had thought that Biasta was dead. He was dumbfounded, though he tried hard to suppress his feelings, and did nothing but glare at Biasta.

"Now I know!" Biasta cried; "it was the beard and glasses he wore, as Pattullio, that fooled me, but I wondered where I had seen those eyes—heard that voice before. Tommassini's brother, Emilio—God!"

Each had thought the other dead. Had they encountered the specters of each other,

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the effect couldn't have been more unnerving.

Pattullio—or Emilio Genaro—made a clean breast then of the whole horrible business.

Emilio had always nursed a hatred for Giovanni Biasta, ever since the duel Mrs. Biasta had mentioned, fought when they were youths, in which Giovanni had been the victor.

This hatred extended to a kindred feeling against his own brother, Tommassini Genaro, when a few months later, Tommassini had won the hand of a Sicilian girl whom they had both courted.

Emilio had then gone to Germany to finish his course in medicine, and graduating, had begun to practice in Berlin. Shortly afterwards, as I had already told Mayle, he had been suspected, and later freed of the charge, of having poisoned a prominent Society woman. But public feeling had been bitter against him. He had fled Germany after his acquittal and, under an assumed name, entered politics in Rome.

HIS brother, Tommassini, had, by that time, gone to America with his family. The Biastas still resided in Rome, however, and Fate decreed that Biasta, also active in politics, should bring about the downfall of one Enrico Corre, who, unknown to him, was in reality his cousin, Emilio.

Emilio Genaro's old hatred of Biasta had flared up anew, and he had first tried to extort 500,000 lire from him, under the pretext that it was a Mafia demand. Biasta had ignored it. A second demand had been made, and Biasta had notified the authorities. Then Emilio, enraged, had sent Biasta a note, pronouncing the five year "Curse of a living death" upon the Biastas. Giovanni Biasta and his family then fled to America.

Emilio Genaro had followed, and organized his band.

"My first thought was to simply drive them about the country for five years," he said, "extorting suns of money from them. But as time went on, I decided upon another plan, or rather an elaboration.

"I went to my brother, Tommassini, in Chicago—he thought, at first, I was a ghost." A cruel smile twisted Pattullio's lips at the recollection. "I told him that I was a powerful figure in the Mafia, and scared him into agreeing to my plan."

Emilio, under the alias Pattullio, had decided to wipe the Biastas from the face of the earth, after hounding them, and extorting every cent possible from them. The Biastas dead, the Genaros would inherit the Rome and Milan estates, and then he, Emilio, as Tommassini's long-lost brother, would return to share in the properties.

Emilio Genaro, and Enrico Romero, mounted the thirteen steps to the scaffold on a morning four months later, and one of the foulest criminal persecutions on record passed into history. DiCro got off with life, and the others received long sentences. And in far-off Italy, Tommassini Genaro committed suicide.

All this horror might have killed people less courageous than Giovanni Biasta and his devoted wife, but the years have passed, blessing them with another son. Today, they are living in peaceful retirement on their Milan estate, honored and respected citizens.

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Chink cargoes were coming in all the time. As he had traced down one clue after another, Montgomery found his greatest hope in the recurring points of evidence which linked themselves with the man, Sen Fu. Now, he believed, with the clumsy attempt to disguise the tramp ship, *Victor*, he had come upon yet another track which would lead to the finish. The *Victor*, when she left China, had carried coolies in the hold. Montgomery had that on the authority of a foreign agent. Accordingly, once he maneuvered to negotiate with Sen Fu for opium, then it would follow that he could close down on the coolie trade. At least, so he hoped.

MONTGOMERY spent the day in a study of Government records which concerned income-taxes and shipping cargoes. He visited Police Headquarters and learned, from that source, whatever scanty information was available concerning the wily Sen Fu.

"He runs a curio shop," a detective explained. "Tourists patronize it heavily during Mardi Gras. We've never tripped the old man up in anything. He seems to keep pretty well to himself. If he's got a hand in the tongs we haven't been able to find it out."

That evening, Montgomery was again at the Chinese restaurant, pretending to be a little drunk this time, overflowing with good spirits and ego.

"You stan' corner twelve 'clock," directed the little waiter. "I come 'long. Go see. Savvy."

"I'll be there." At midnight a cab swung up to the curb and, in the light of the street arc, Montgomery recognized the face of its passenger, the little Chinese waiter.

"Where are we going?" he demanded, when he was seated.

"You come 'long. Plitty soon see."

Montgomery sat at ease, but watchfully. He made no effort to follow the course of the cab. He depended on his ability to know the district to which they were going—to see the house and recognize it afterward. He doubted that they would go to the home of Sen Fu. Presently, he was aware that they had left the old quarter of the city and were out of the downtown district. The cab swerved into a drab, narrow street, and drew up before an ancient frame structure, with unlighted windows. Montgomery followed the little Chinese to the curb and waited while he paid the cabman.

"Thiss-a-way," said his guide, shuffling to the door. It opened at his gentle knock, as though they had been expected. Montgomery walked in with his hands in the pockets of his peajacket, his right gripping the automatic. The hall was in semi-darkness. A gas jet was turned low. Down a flight of stairs he followed the waiter and across the damp floor of a cellar. They passed into a narrow, twisting corridor and Montgomery smiled in the gloom. They would, he knew, come, shortly, to a house a block or two away.

He overcame his surprise with difficulty, however, when they emerged into a second cellar and, at the top of the stairs, walked out into a luxurious hallway. A servant met them and led the way to a handsome drawing-room, with carved furniture and rich draperies. The lackey bowed them to chairs.



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"He come—one minute—mebbe two." He moved silently from the room. "Swell place!" Montgomery remarked. His companion nodded. Montgomery hoped to worm his way into the confidence of Sen Fu this night. Once he could locate the newly arrived coolies, he felt that he would have overwhelming evidence with which to break down the shrewd old smuggler's guard.

The curtains at the wide, old-fashioned door parted, and Sen Fu stood before them in his colorful robe of embroidered silk. His hands were thrust into the draped sleeves. He was smiling.

"It is a pleasure to have you in my house, Mr. Montgomery," he said coolly, in excellent English.

Montgomery started to rise, but sank back . . . on feeling the pressure of hard metal in his ribs!

"You stay sit—no shoot." The little waiter's sing-song voice was in his ears.

"We've been expecting you here since we heard you left Galveston. It is a pleasure," said Sen Fu, with a wily smile.

In the curtained doorway behind him appeared the suave young Chinese Montgomery had seen on the docks at Algiers.

"Take his revolver, Len Wong," the old man commanded.

Len went swiftly to Montgomery's side and removed the automatic from his pocket.

"Keep it as a souvenir," Sen Fu suggested. "These Government men carry good weapons, I am told."

Len Wong nodded cheerfully, and dropped the gun into his coat pocket.

"You are not an easy man to follow, Mr. Montgomery," he said politely. "Until you went to the hotel from Algiers it was simple enough. I nearly lost you though, when you came down the freight elevator in your—ah—present costume. But for a friend who works in the hotel I should have lost you."

"It was unfortunate that you spoke to Mot Soy, too," interrupted Sen Fu, gently, as Montgomery started to reply. "He would have bought your opium. But when you mentioned my name—" The heavy shoulders moved expressively.

MONTGOMERY smiled. "Sen Fu, you are a man of intelligence. You know, from the fact that I've been watching you, that we're wise. We've traced this coolie smuggling right to you. For the moment you've got me. But you must realize my office knows where I am. Now I ask you, man to man, what are you going to do?"

"Your remarks," said Sen Fu, "lead me to believe that you are not a man of intellect. Your disappearance can never be traced to me. I will see to that, of course. You are the only man who has any real evidence against me. If you are out of the way—" He shrugged again in that gesture of bland security.

"Come, I will make you comfortable for the night," Sen Fu bowed and signaled to Len and the waiter. Montgomery rose and, with the waiter's gun pressed against his back, followed the smuggler up the stairs. Len Wong brought up a rear guard. Sen Fu led the way to the third floor and opened a heavy door.

"For the present," he said graciously, "this will be your quarters."

Montgomery walked past him into the

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room. The three Orientals stood at the door watching him.

"The electric switch is here in the hall," said Sen Fu. "When you are in darkness it will be time to sleep. You will notice there are no windows. The walls are thick. Good night, Mr. Montgomery."

The door closed, and Montgomery found himself in a medium-sized room with solid walls. A barred opening in the high ceiling afforded the only means of ventilation. It was hopelessly above his reach, even with the aid of furniture. There were a low bed, an easy chair and a small reading-table. In a corner was a wash-stand. When he had been in the room perhaps fifteen minutes, Montgomery suddenly found himself in darkness. He groped for the chair, undressed, and went to bed. He felt reasonably certain that Sen Fu would not molest him immediately.

He lay awake for a long time, then fell asleep, to be awakened by the rattle of dishes. A servant was arranging his breakfast on the table. Len Wong stood at the door studying him impassively.

"You slept well, Mr. Montgomery?"
"Very well, thank you."

THE servant had brought towels, soap and toilet accessories which were set out on the tray above the wash-stand.

"We would like to give you privacy," said Len Wong, "but, on the other hand, we feel that you need to be watched. I'll not disturb you." His ironic smile widened and dissolved.

"Thanks." Montgomery refreshed himself and sat down at the little table in trousers and underwear.

"Now what?" he asked, grinning. "Arsenic, or something in the grub?"

Len Wong smiled fleetingly. "Then you do have fear of death?"

"I don't like the way you damned Chinks do it."

"The food is good. Your time is not yet. Sen Fu would dispose of his—cargo—before your body is discovered."

Montgomery tasted the grapefruit and proceeded through an excellent breakfast. He had been permitted to retain his pipe and tobacco. As he lighted the pipe and drew deeply, Len Wong clapped his hands. The servant appeared from his place of waiting and took away the dishes.

"Enjoy yourself, Mr. Montgomery," said Len Wong, drawing the door to, slowly. "While you can!"

"What time is it?" asked Montgomery. "I left my watch at the hotel."

"Time?" Len's brows arched. "Why worry? You have forever before you." The door closed softly.

This routine continued for a period which Montgomery estimated as five days. He could only guess by the intervals of light and darkness, and the three meals that were brought during those times when the room was illuminated. Somewhere in the neighborhood, a tower clock struck the hours, but he had lost track of time that first night. Len Wong came with the servant on each visit. He was always courteous, affable and inscrutable. Sen Fu came not at all.

"What are you going to do with me?" Montgomery demanded during a meal. "Why in hell don't you do it and get it over with?"

Len raised expressive slanting brows.



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AGE 18 to 55

"I have no way of answering you," he replied concisely. "It lies in the hands of Sen Fu. He is master here."

Montgomery studied him but learned nothing.

IT was, the prisoner computed, night of the fifth day. Perhaps the sixth. He was seated in the low chair facing the door, waiting for the room to go into sudden and silent darkness.

Oddly, he became aware now of a movement. At first, it was a subconscious awareness. Then his eyes sought the floor beside the door. Instantly the high ceiling light was extinguished. Montgomery sprang up in the darkness and went to the door with a sureness born of familiarity with the room. He tried the knob and it held firm. His foot trampled some object and he dropped on his knees, feeling for it.

His hand found a slim, flat, steel blade lacking a handle. The blade was cruelly keen to his probing thumb. Montgomery made his way back across the room and felt for matches on the table. He lighted his pipe and, in the glow, examined the weapon. He returned to the door and again dropped to his knees. Drawing steadily on the pipe he was able to cast an uncertain radiance on the floor. It was sufficient. A white slip of rice paper, once folded, lay with one edge still beneath the door. Holding the paper over the bowl of his pipe he read the message in carefully drawn letters.

When the clock strikes two the door will be unlocked. To go is dangerous. There can be no help and it is death if you are caught. If you succeed, return with men and search the house. Destroy this.

There was no signature. Montgomery folded the slip and thrust it into his shoe. The knife he dropped into the pocket of his peajacket, then sat on the bed to wait. The clock struck once. He cursed himself that he had not counted it earlier. He gained control over himself instantly. In any event it would not be long. That single stroke was the half-hour after midnight, or one o'clock or one thirty. He would be ready when it struck again. The Chinese, he knew, turned night into day invariably.

There was an interminable wait. Those thirty minutes seemed to him to be endless. Montgomery brought into play all of his will power in order to force himself to sit quietly on the bed. At length the dull gong struck again. He started. A second stroke! Silence!

He moved swiftly across the room. He was fully dressed. The knife blade was gripped in his right hand in his pocket. With his left he spun the brass knob of the door. It turned!

Slowly he drew the door toward him and stepped cautiously into the darkened corridor. He stayed close to the wall, moving slowly. It was an old house. Loose floorboards. Ahead of him, near the stairs, was a dim light. He kept on.

At the turn he paused and peered around the corner of the wall. The way was clear. He went ahead. Then six feet in front of him a door opened and Sen Fu stepped out, facing him. The yellow face was twisted in a sinister grin. Montgomery's eyes fell



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to the wide sleeves. The thick hand protruding, held in its steady grip a heavy automatic.

"You would violate my hospitality, Mr. Montgomery." The high falsetto voice of Sen Fu struck his ears sharply. "You appear to be a burglar—"

Montgomery was hunched low, hesitating to spring. There was an anticipatory ache in his stomach at which the gun was aimed, as though the bullet already had bored into his vitals. Then a shot roared dully behind him! Montgomery crouched still lower. His eyes were drawn to Sen Fu. The old Oriental was looking at him wildly, and sagging limply. The gun fell from his clutching fingers and spun in the air before it clattered to the floor. Sen Fu went down in a crumpled heap, his gay robes fluttering. Montgomery started to spin around, prepared to face a new enemy.

LEN WONG sprang at him from the shadows, thrusting a gun into Montgomery's hand.

"Take it!" cried the young Chinese. "It's your gun! It was your shot!"

The shrill words rushed like a torrent. Montgomery seized the automatic, his own gun, and Len Wong ran on and kneeled beside Sen Fu. He spoke excitedly, partly in English, partly in his native tongue. Montgomery listened, fascinated. He grasped enough to understand.

"Youth calls to youth, Sen Fu." Len's voice ran upward on the scale. "Death calls to age. You would have kept her for yourself. She is mine—mine—I tell you! Now and forever! I did not want this. I tried another way. You brought this on yourself."

Looking back over his shoulder, Len Wong called to Montgomery in English: "Telephone the police. If a servant interferes kill him. You have gotten your man. The smuggler is dead. You shot in self-defense. The smuggling will be no more."

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Why Did They Bump Off "Big Tim" Murphy?

(Continued from page 50)

killed because he sought to gain control of the cleaning and dyeing "racket."

"There are four powerful organizations, two of them unions, the other two associations, in control of the cleaning and dyeing industry.

"The character of the men in control is evidenced by the recent activities of their sluggers, the burning of independent cleaners' trucks, numerous bombings, and the further fact that a South Side cleaner recently took in Al Capone as a partner that he might fight fire with fire.

"Murphy was looking around for a new racket—he'd used up most of the others—when he met Abe Schaffner, a South Side hoodlum who had done time for a bank robbery.

"Schaffner had an interest in a cleaning and dyeing firm, and had seen the money netted by the racketeers in control of the industry. Schaffner talked to Murphy about the money that could be made if they could gain control.

"The next thing our investigators learned was that Schaffner, Murphy, and several gunmen, corraled Ben Abrams, Al Borris and a number of the other racketeers in a West Side hall. They shoved revolvers into the scared faces of the cleaning and dyeing men.

"Tim did the talking.
"We're in, see," said Murphy. "From now on you take your orders from us! If there's anything left after we get our cut, maybe we'll give you a couple of bucks."

"The rival racketeers could do nothing in the face of Murphy's guns. When they were released from the meeting, they sent word to Murphy and Schaffner that they wanted to talk things over. The two groups met in a downtown hotel and tried to iron matters out.

"Murphy and Schaffner, however, believing that they had the others on the run, refused to listen to reason. The meeting broke up.

"That was three weeks ago.
"Murphy was killed last night."

CHIEF of Detectives Michael Grady, in charge of the investigation, accepted Walker's theory. He seized a union man named John Hand. In Hand's home he found a .38 caliber automatic which had recently been fired and cleaned.

Upon examination of the bullets found in front of the Murphy home and in Tim's body, the police said that two .38 caliber guns had been used, also a .32 and a .45.

Hand was arraigned a day later. When the police admitted that the only evidence they had against him was the automatic found in his home, the court released him in bonds of \$10,000. A few weeks later, the murder charge against him was dismissed.

Other racketeers who were nabbed, furnished alibis. One of them, in fact, Sam Rubin, a leader in the cleaning and dyeing group, had been in a hospital for ten days before the killing.

At the coroner's inquest, Mrs. Murphy,

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the widow, said she could offer no clue to Tim's slayers. Mrs. Mary Murphy, Tim's mother, said she believed that Tim's murder was an outcome of the Dearborn Station robbery.

"Timmy turned over a lot of property to friends," she said, "to keep the Government from taking it. The men that had it killed Timmy because he wanted it back."

But when police asked for more definite information, she admitted that she had none. In some quarters, her statement was regarded as an attempt to end reports that Murphy had been allied with "Mike de Pike" Heitler in the West Side vice district.

Who killed Murphy?

Was it because of the Enright killing?

The police believed not. Enright's relatives and friends would never have waited eight years, had they wanted to kill him.

Was it because of the "double-cross" in the Dearborn Station mail robbery? The police combed the underworld. Cosmano, on serving his sentence, had been deported to Italy. No trace of the others implicated in that hold-up could be found in Chicago.

WAS it because Tim had played stool pigeon in Leavenworth?

A bit far fetched, this latter theory, the police thought.

It might have been the cleaning and dyeing racket struggle, or the West Side vice war but . . .

Detective Chief Grady, with picked men from the Homicide Bureau, went over every inch of the ground in front of Murphy's home at dawn after the midnight killing.

"This was done by amateurs," he declared, when he had finished.

"Four men fired pointblank at Murphy from a dozen feet away. There were about thirty shots fired. Murphy was only hit twice! Diggs wasn't hit at all!

"That Murphy was killed was really an accident. The bullet that killed him happened to strike a bone, glanced off and plowed into his heart.

"If the men that killed Murphy were regular run-of-the-mill Chicago gunmen, they would have used either a machine gun, or lacking that, a sawed-off shotgun.

"Professional killers in Chicago don't ordinarily use revolvers or pistols. A machine gun, or a shotgun, does away with chance. But if they had used revolvers, their aim would have been truer and they would have hit Murphy more than twice, and more than one bullet would have found a vital spot."

The men suspected in the slaying would have been familiar with firearms, and better marksmen than were Murphy's assassins. Enright's friends; Murphy's mail bandits; the cleaning and dyeing racketeers, or Moran's gunmen would have done a more workmanlike job, was the firm conviction of the police.

Who killed Murphy?

His life held the secret.

See
Special Announcement
on page 12
Also statements relative to the
WENDLING and SLATER cases
on pages 17 and 92, this issue



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Rubber Fingers

(Continued from page 26)

when opposite the fire-escape door, I noted a strip of wood, part of a crate cover, lying in the gutter. Picking it up and examining it, I discovered marks had been made by a ridged automobile tire which had been vulcanized, so that there was a four inch strip where the ridges did not show. Questioning Kelly, I learned that shortly before the Jones watchman had come running, a taxi had passed through Main Street and turned into High close to the curb. He had seen no other cab within an hour. On the long chance that the taxi he had noted would figure in the case, and that it had left the mark upon the plank, I directed Kelly to take charge of the bit of wood. The side door showed no marks of being forced.

IN the hallway we found several policemen and detectives, the elder Michaelson, the building superintendent, and a fingerprint man from Headquarters. Telling Crosley to keep the others with him, I called the expert aside. His report was that he had examined the front, side and cellar doors, the windows of all the offices, the safe and other furnishings of the plundered suite and had found no fingerprints. "From this I'm satisfied the man wore gloves," he said, "and also because there were some useless smudges in the dust in Michaelson's."

After scraping up some of the dried blood from the tiles where Downey had lain, and placing it in a small sterilized container for future examination, I took Crosley, Clancy and the superintendent with me, and hurried to the door leading to the cellar. It was latched with a simple snap lock. The superintendent unlocked it. The lock did not extend through. It could not have been opened from the cellar side, even with a lock-pick, because of the manner in which the door was fitted into the moulding. Three flashlights were held close. My magnifier disclosed some small, fresh scratches on the bolt, which indicated that one familiar with locks had worked the catch back with some pointed instrument from the hallway side.

"This kills your idea that the murderer came from the cellar, Clancy. But why he went into the cellar is a problem to be solved later. Permit no one to go down there, Kelly."

My surmise was that the intruder, after committing the two crimes, had secreted something there, which he dared not take away with him, in case he should encounter a policeman—possibly his tools. But why hide the tools since he had protected himself so as to leave no prints? That the cellar would yield some important clue I was confident.

Next we examined the doors and windows in every office except Michaelson's. There were no prints. I was making for the stairway leading to the upper floor when the superintendent said, "No use going up there. Except for the hallway, the entire floor is divided into two lofts in which some of the tenants store boxes, paper and the like. I suppose there are weeks when nobody goes there."

"And the windows are not protected by the alarm system?"

"No. Each tenant pays for his own and

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I never thought it necessary to protect the windows in these lofts."
 "A good reason why we should go up."
 The move proved a ten-strike. Within minutes, and by using my magnifier, I discovered sufficient to satisfy me the catch to the window, opening from the hallway upon the upper platform of the fire-escape, had been pried open, then refastened, after the burglar had entered. My glass uncovered the small, tell-tale scratches.

THE others would scarcely believe me when I told them, insisting the chances of discovery would be too great. But I showed them the spot was in a heavy shadow. Then the superintendent voiced another objection. The bottom of the fire-escape was so far from the ground that a person couldn't reach it, even if he stood upon another's shoulders; that the emergency ladder could be lowered to the sidewalk only from above.
 "Just a few moments, and I may be able to prove my contention," I said, then took a flash and hurried down the escape to the lower platform. I soon was back with the others and showed them some small particles of silk. "These are what I expected to find. The burglar came here with a silk-ladder wrapped around his waist, beneath his overcoat. I'm certain he wore an overcoat because it is so cold that, if a policeman had seen him without one, he would have suspected him of being a tramp or a yegg and trailed him. Also, it would be difficult to conceal so much silk rope beneath a short coat. At the end of most such ladders are metal hooks. The thief, finding the coast clear, tossed the hooked end toward the escape until it caught and held. I discovered where the hooks cut into the paint on the iron rails, and picked off these bits of silk where the rope moved, and frayed a little, as the man climbed."

"You've clinched your guess that he was an expert," admitted Crosley.
 "The whole scheme was carefully planned, and worked on a time schedule. If the thief had seen anyone approaching, he would have walked away. Not one in a thousand would have noted the silk rope hanging close to the building in the shadow. But I'm convinced he was not disturbed. Probably, almost as soon as the ladder was in place, the fake messenger came along with the bag of tools."
 "You're too fast for me, Professor," growled Crosley.
 "Tell me," and I turned to the superintendent, "do professional cleaners from outside wash your windows?"
 "Yes. They come every week."
 "Do they clean these upper windows?"
 "Not more than twice a year. These haven't been cleaned—" he stopped, and looked closely at the glass, then turned blankly to me.
 "You see you were mistaken. This window was cleaned recently. I may be wrong, but I'll wager our man posed as a window cleaner and so learned this easy way of entry. Hold all the lights close. Ah! here's a find."
 "The cleaner—whether or not he was the killer—must have removed his gloves, if he wore any, probably to light a cigarette. Here are some dirty prints along the outside of the frame where he rested his hand for a moment. He failed to note them because they were not in front of him.

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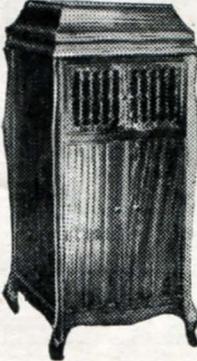
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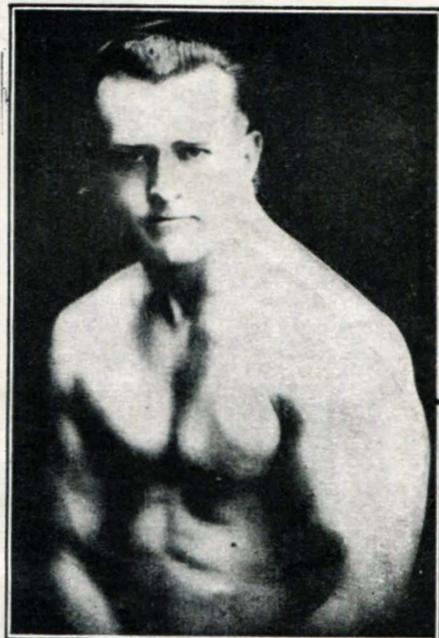
him—the lookout. He probably was dressed to look like a passenger. When we locate the cab we will search for a false floor. It would have been convenient to secrete a uniform for the second man, and to effectively conceal the diamonds, in the event some suspicious policeman stopped the machine and insisted upon searching the men."

With Crosley I returned to Police Headquarters. I was granted permission to be alone with Noonan in the Chief's private office. Milliken had summoned a doctor who had dressed the lad's wound, so he presented a less pitiable appearance. However, he was in a highly nervous state, and, while I questioned him, tears were constantly in his eyes and once he broke down completely. I outlined the robbery and murder, and told him he had been arrested because the police believed he was a lookout for the burglars.

"YOU are in a serious predicament, George," I warned him. "A murder has motely connected with the crime must face trouble. It is known that you frequented Tolloni's, were intimate with the crooks who go there and that some of them were responsible for tonight's outrage. You've simply got to come clean, tell everything you know."

Noonan admitted he knew many of the men and women who made the dive their headquarters, but stated, again and again, that he knew absolutely nothing of the crimes; had no suspicions concerning the perpetrators. He begged me to help him, insisting he'd learned his lesson, and would go straight, and avoid all shady characters, if I got him out of the scrape. To my questions he admitted that he frequently became intoxicated in Tolloni's, and had boasted of his job with the diamond dealers. On only one point was he evasive. He would not admit he was friendly with any particular girl, and gave me only the nick-names of the women he met there. The night before, he had not gone to the dive until late, because he was broke, and had been searching for someone who would lend him money.

After he had been taken back to a cell, I said to Crosley: "I'm convinced this lad had no connection with the crime. He has indicated, however, he was pumped by the



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crooks until they learned what they wanted to know about Michaelson's. But he won't tell about the women who frequent Tony's. I believe he was interested in some girl, and that she did the pumping for the crooks. An idiotic sense of chivalry is causing him to protect her. Get some of your stool pigeons busy and learn the name of this girl."

When Crosley had given the necessary orders he went with me to my laboratory, where I went to work on the blood specimens, the overcoat and the gun. He watched patiently through the hours which my work required. It was nearly seven when I finished.

"Listen carefully, Chief. I have established that the stains upon the tiled floor and on the front of the overcoat were made by Downey's blood. No other was mixed with it. The blood on the hook and on the overcoat collar was different. No need going into details now, but scientific experiments have enabled us to determine by analysis the kind of person from whom we have a blood specimen. If I'd had more of this stranger's, I could have come pretty close to telling his age and many other things. Get this. The blood in certain animals is identical with that in certain persons. This blood resembles that of a gorilla, or a negro. We know no gorilla committed the crime, so it must have been some one with negro blood in his veins. I should say he is about half negro.

"Wait, I know more. A few hairs from the coat collar are inclined to kinkiness. This man uses cocaine. I found grains of that drug in the inside pocket. I hadn't time to do any more along that line. The silencer he used is not the type which can be obtained from the Hartford inventor of the original. It is an imitation which comes from a crooked Chicago dealer. Our man may have come from that city."

While we were discussing my discoveries, Clancy arrived with the finger-prints. They were sufficiently distinct for identification purposes. Soon after, the others, whom I had directed to procure information, began to report. What I learned from them, in brief, was:

A woman living in an apartment opposite the plundered offices, who had been up with a sick baby, had sat near a window, for a time, after midnight. She recalled seeing three lights appear in quick succession at an upper window, and she had seen a yellow taxicab drive through Main Street soon afterward and turn into High. However, she was too concerned about her child to pay much heed, and retired to a rear bedroom, so that she did not see any of the people who had entered the building, following the discovery of the murder.

THREE days previously, the company holding the contract to clean the windows of the Straus Building had employed a stranger, who had asked for a job, to do work in that block, but not in that particular building. He had quit the same night, stating the work was too dangerous. He gave his name as Jim Carroll, and an address which the investigating detective learned was a vacant lot. The man was described as about five feet, seven inches in height, around thirty years of age, muscular, with swarthy complexion, and rather curly black hair. Crosley and I ex-

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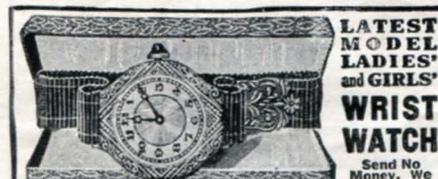
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changed smiles at the description. My half negro was coming into the picture for fair. The natural conclusion was that, after procuring the window-cleaning job, he had worked on the Straus Building until he obtained the knowledge he desired, knowing he would not be suspected while using his pail, chamois, *et cetera*.

The final tip I considered most important. Noonan had spent most of his time, when at Tolloni's during the recent weeks, with a rather good looking blond, known as Julie Hoyle. The stools could give little more information concerning her. She usually appeared at the dive around midnight, and remained until two or three. When Noonan's money gave out, she purchased drinks until he was intoxicated. She always went to her home, address unknown, alone, parting with the befuddled lad at the corner.

"This girl is the one we want, Chief. No question she and the killer are professional crooks working together. She won't disappear right away, knowing such a course might create suspicion which would cause a country-wide police search to be made for her. She'll be at Tolloni's tonight. Have some of your men pick up her trail and not lose it. Probably she and the killer won't meet for some time. But, sooner or later—you understand. . . Now, let's get some breakfast. I'm about all in."

Refreshed by the meal and some black coffee, we returned to my offices, where my secretary was waiting. I reassured her by stating I believed her brother was innocent of any serious crime, and that I would be able to clear him within a few days. Then I sent her home. My next step was to make a long distance call to Lieutenant Carey, in charge of the record branch of the Homicide Bureau of the Chicago Police Department, whom I often had assisted. To him I described the crimes, the man and woman under suspicion, and said the silencer used was the type made in his city.

I HELD the wire while he referred to his files, but the tedious delay brought a splendid reward. He stated that, from his records, he thought it likely the killer might be "Smoke" Benny Monet, twenty-nine years old, five feet, six and one-half inches tall, half negro and half French, having been born in the East Indies, but a resident of the States since boyhood. Monet had lived in Milwaukee, Cleveland and Chicago and had served short sentences in each. Though a known killer, and arrested more than once, charged with burglary and murder, the authorities never had been able to convict him of a major crime because of his cleverness in covering his tracks, and the crafty criminal lawyers he employed to defend him. He was a gunman, a cocaine addict, possessed a particularly vicious temper and was feared even in the underworld. It was alleged that he frequently used a silencer. Before going crooked, he was a vaudeville acrobat and an automobile racer. From stools it had been learned that Chicago crookdom considered him one of its cleverest burglars: an expert on locks and safes. Once, when arrested on suspicion, his fingers were found coated with liquid rubber. However, nothing had been proved against him at the time. Occasionally when pretending to be "going straight," he



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drove a taxicab. He was wanted in Chicago on a charge of robbing the safe of a diamond dealer some months previous. When he disappeared he was accompanied by a blond, Tessie Cody, some years younger than himself, the widow of "Snake" Cody, yegg, and country post-office thief. Carey concluded by stating he would send immediately, by air mail, Rogues' Gallery pictures of Monet, and his finger-prints.

"UNQUESTIONABLY we're on the trail," I said to Crosley, after repeating the Chicago information, which I was glad to find tallied so closely with my deductions. "If we never lose sight of this girl she's sure to lead us to the killer. Drill this into the men who are to pick up her trail tonight."

Then came some hours of marking time, until the middle of the afternoon, when the photos from Chicago arrived. The finger-prints corresponded with those of the mysterious window-cleaner who had left his on the framework on the upper floor of the Straus Building, convincing me beyond the shadow of a doubt that "Smoke" Monet was Downey's murderer and the diamond thief. I promptly made copies of the Chicago prints, and photos of the auto tire print left on the plank. Crosley then summoned the cleverest men of his automobile squad and, giving each a set of prints, directed that they search every public garage in the city for the yellow machine we desired. They would pretend to be looking for a stolen taxi, but their real search would be for one with a patched tire corresponding to the print and, possibly, bearing a chauffeur's identification card with a picture similar to the Rogues' Gallery photo.

We received a report on the taxi about dusk. It had been located in an outlying garage, whose owner was on the square, and was on his way to my office for questioning. Additional information was that the car did have a false floor, and that the identification card, made out to "Jacob McAllister," bore a picture closely resembling the Rogues' Gallery portrait. Later, a detective reported that the "McAllister" fingerprints on file at the License Bureau were similar to those of Monet sent from Chicago, but that none knew the man at the address he had given.

When the garage owner arrived, he made an almost positive identification of the overcoat I had found, as formerly belonging to "McAllister." He also stated the man had rented space in his garage two months previously and had since driven his car quite regularly, usually at night, his stand being near the railway station. Some days back (the date given

was just previous to the murder) "McAllister" had left his cab in the garage for a few days. Someone who knew him had said he saw him in a downtown street with a window-cleaner's outfit, but the owner doubted the story, as "McAllister" almost immediately resumed running his taxi. He was positive it was out until three in the morning the night before, but could not remember whether "McAllister" wore an overcoat. He was sent home under orders to keep his mouth shut.

Later, from depot chauffeurs, detectives learned that "McAllister" was on intimate terms with "Porky" Karl Cline, another taxi driver at that stand, who, years before, had served a stretch for larceny but who, since then, was believed to have gone straight. Neither he nor "McAllister" had been at the stand the night previous, after midnight. With this lead it was ascertained, later in the evening, not only where Porky kept his car but where he lived. Careful questioning had revealed that the elusive Monet was not in the same house. But this significant fact was picked up. Early each morning, when he was ready to go home, he telephoned his "sister," who frequented some place near the river. The girl, a blond, met his cab somewhere in the business district, and he drove her away, presumably to her home.

My guess was that Porky had become the tool of Monet, and that, by taking the crook's woman home nightly, he acted as go-between so the two principals need not meet. I also figured Cline had driven with Monet in the yellow cab the night before, had acted as lookout and had brought the taxi into High Street after the three-flash signal, and driven off with the killer-thief. Crosley agreed, and ordered his men to trail Porky, but not to molest him.

THAT night Monet's girl was at Toloni's for some hours, but said very little concerning Noonan's arrest. She left at three in the morning, walked a half mile, then got into Cline's cab and was driven home. Detectives followed both, but neither made an effort to communicate with anyone else. And they did nothing suspicious the two days following, though going through their usual nightly programs. The homes of both, shabby boarding houses, were watched constantly, and the telephone wires tapped, but neither suspect talked with anyone outside.

The day following the discovery of the girl's home, a disguised detective went there to live, noted all the residents and made certain Monet was not there. But he did discover that a sixteen-year-old son of the landlady was a messenger boy; and we believed he was the one who had figured

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in the robbery. Realizing we were nearing a climax, everyone was on edge. Porky, Tessie and the boy were trailed constantly and every place they went was watched.

The break came on the fifth night. Crosley and I were with the detectives, watching Tollini's place from behind the fence of a truck-yard across the street. We noted Monet's woman when she went in. Suddenly, about an hour later, a detective, who had been frequenting the place disguised as a longshoreman, and had watched the girl, hurried to our hiding-place with the startling information that a messenger boy had just brought a note to the girl, and that both departed immediately by a rear entrance. He added that Tessie seemed terrified when she read the message.

Keeping in the shadows, we soon noted the pair and trailed them, a taxi which we had in readiness keeping along behind us. Suddenly the two disappeared beneath a freight-shed, then a cab appeared and started away. We guessed the driver was Porky Cline. In minutes we were in our machine and the chase was on. My surmise was that some detective had made himself too conspicuous, probably one who was watching Cline, and that Cline had warned Monet, and a quick getaway was being attempted.

MY hunch proved to be correct. The taxi ahead made straight for a suburban railway station. We speeded up, and were close when our quarry stopped before the building. Clancy, Crosley and I piled out, but as Clancy leaped to the car ahead, and placed the three in it under arrest, a man stepped from behind a tree, fired, and the detective sprawled. It was Monet, of course, but it was his one and only shot. Crosley blazed away from the hip and the crook spun, and toppled, with a bullet in his forehead. I covered the prisoners until the Chief examined his man, then took charge.

At Headquarters, to which Monet's body, and the prisoners were taken promptly, the case was given a quick wind-up. The stolen diamonds were found in a belt about the waist of the dead man. Tessie almost went into hysterics, when questioned by the Chief, in my presence, but she refused to talk. However, Porky and the boy, finding themselves caught dead-to-rights, confessed their parts in the crimes. The messenger had carried the satchel of tools; Porky had ridden with Monet and acted as lookout, and the thief had gained the fire-escape by means of a silk ladder which he had carried beneath his overcoat.

Clancy recovered.

George Noonan, though scarred for life by Flynn's blow, really turned over a new leaf and is going straight. Flynn didn't wait to be broken but disappeared. Porky and Tessie were given stiff sentences, and the messenger boy was sent to a reformatory.



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