

EXCITING MYSTERIES

DETECTIVE

FICTION WEEKLY

FORMERLY



**The
Big-Shot's Daughter**

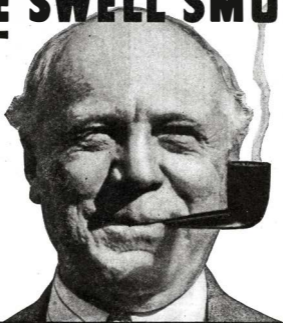
*Leaders of Organized Crime
Ponder the Real Meaning of
G-Heat—A Fast Novelette by*

Franklin H. Martin

Flashes from the **Police Front**

**Detecting Deception With
The Lie Detector**

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!



No Bite!



No Bite!



Still no Bite!

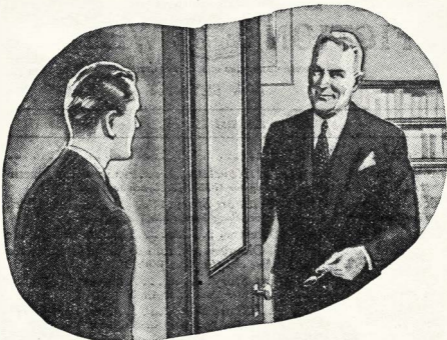
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FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

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DETECTIVE

FICTION WEEKLY



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August 15, 1936

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The Magazine With the Detective Shield on the Cover Is On Sale Every Wednesday

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COMPROMISE

WOULD you be happy with half a loaf if you couldn't get a whole one? Penelope thought there was nothing else to do. When she found that Philip Steele, the man on whom she had set her heart, was married, she determined that instead of cutting him out of her life, she wanted to keep on meeting him—"just sometimes—just for a little while." Instead of trying to find a man of her own to take his place, she deliberately chose to share him with his invalid wife.

And Philip? "I've never loved a woman until now," he said. "I've always hoped I never would. I didn't mean to let you know. I'd give my life to take back this last hour."

"The happiest hour of my life," she whispered.

She was in love for the first time in her life, so much in love that she thought nothing mattered except seeing him sometimes, being reassured sometimes about his love for her. While Philip wanted to break the whole thing off at once—never see each other again.

Was he right, or was she?

Can a girl in such circumstances pay too high a price for her uncertain happiness? "We'll call it our compromise," she said bravely. "Our happy compromise with Life and Love. We'll make a success of it, darling. No jealousy, no quarreling, no misunderstanding—"

Such was the ideal with which she set out, on the road that men and women have tried to travel through the ages—the road that leads to inevitable disaster.

This is the situation in a spell-binding new novel by that most popular of writers

RUBY M. AYRES

You will love it from the first word to the last.

And this is only one of the enchanting features of the August 15th issue of

ALL-STORY MAGAZINE

Many novelettes and short stories by well-known and well-liked love story writers; interesting departments. These last include "Your Lover," written by a star of radio and screen, and in connection with it we are running a continuous contest in which anybody may join at any time.

CASH PRIZES GIVEN *for* YOUR LOVE LETTERS

See any current issue of

ALL-STORY

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MAGAZINE

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Flashes ^{from} the Police Front

(NOTE: It is the purpose of this department to warn readers in all sections of the country of the latest schemes designed to defraud them, and in many instances, the names and descriptions of the operators. If you are approached by any of these schemers, get all the information possible and report the circumstances immediately to your local police authorities. They will know what to do. Rest assured that you will be doing someone a favor. Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.)

CONFIDENCE MAN

\$200 Reward Offered for Slick Trickster

GEORGE M. SAUNDERS, alias Al. M. Saunders, alias George Miller, alias G. W. Shaw, alias George Lee—and who knows what else?—is wanted by Chief of Police J. M. Lewis of Smyrna, Del., who will pay the above reward.

Saunders is described as 39 years old, five feet eight inches in height, weighs 153 lbs., dark brown hair, medium complexion, slender build, very large lips, sometimes known to wear a small waxed mustache. He is now believed to be working in Texas and will probably be found at boarding or rooming houses, hotels or apartment buildings selling stocks or bonds. He is wanted for bad checks and embezzlement of large sums of money.

"MAGIC GAS"

Added to Gasoline, It Doesn't Work

ACANADIAN company manufacturing "Magic Gas" advertised that if it were added to gasoline it would increase mileage from 25 to 50 per cent. Tests were made in which two gallons of ordinary gasoline were first placed in a 1933 sedan, and the car was driven until the engine stopped, the mileage obtained being

23.4 miles per gallon. (Note. The Canadian "Imperial" gallon contains approximately one-quarter more liquid than the American gallon, hence the greater mileage.) The tank was then supplied with two gallons of the same kind of gasoline, to which was added the "Magic Gas" in the proportion directed. The car was driven over the same road at the same rate of speed as in the previous test with the untreated gas. The mileage obtained in the latter test was 23.2 miles per gallon with no difference in engine performance.

Few, if any, concoctions of this nature will increase automobile mileage.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Church Worker and Widow Worker

UNDER the name of James Edwards (aliases: R. J. Collman, R. J. Hoose, Clayton Manley, H. D. Edwards, Guy Edwards, Minter, Callahan, Markham, Marksman) this psychologist opened an office in Houston, Texas, several weeks ago and began holding meetings at various churches, clubs and organizations, expounding his theories of character analysis and character building. He also claimed to delve into the occult sciences.



Flashes ^{from} _{the} Police Front



Just recently, Edwards married one of his students, a widow who had \$10,000 insurance money. She reported that she gave him \$10,000 to invest in a company which was to prevent war. He assured her that he would be able to double her investment within a year. Edwards is about six feet in height, weighs 180 and is a convincing speaker. He can quote scriptures by the hour and appears to be quite a power with the women.

If you have any information about his individual activities, or know where he is operating at the present time, notify the Houston authorities.

CLOTHING

Collects Deposit, No Delivery

SUMMER suits are being offered by an alleged salesman for E. M. Brusard Company of New Orleans who requires a cash down payment. This firm cannot be located in New Orleans. The salesman is described as about five feet ten inches tall, 190 pounds, sandy complexion, 27 or 28 years old, speaks with a Southern accent.

MAIL FRAUD

Orders Merchandise but Doesn't Pay

MICHAEL O. BROWN is wanted by the U. S. Marshal for the eastern district of Louisiana at New Orleans on charges of operating a scheme

whereby he ordered merchandise by mail and then peddled the goods to the public and merchants without paying for it.

Brown is 45 years of age, short and stocky build, gray hair, pale blue eyes, reddish complexion, probably Irish. Cause his arrest and notify S. L. Clampitt, Post Office Inspector in Charge, Ft. Worth, Texas.

A NEW SHOPLIFTER TRICK

Mulcts Merchants

A West Coast shoplifter has developed a new technique with which she has been quite successful. Specializing on stores which make cash refunds, she picks up merchandise from the counter, wraps it in a newspaper, and then approaches a clerk and asks for a refund, as though the purchase was not satisfactory.

She knows all the answers. Has lost her sales slip. Cannot remember the clerk who waited on her, but appears quite ready to raise a fuss if the refund isn't made promptly.

In one store, she returned a pair of trousers, claiming they were not the right size. She then pretended to look through the stock for the proper size in an acceptable pattern, but finding nothing to suit her taste she demanded a refund. Later, when the clerk checked his sizes he found that this particular pair of trousers had never left the store—but the refund had.



The Big-Shot's Daughter

By

Franklin H. Martin



G-Man Joe Lynch Was Out to Get the Leaders of Organized Crime — and He Chose the Toughest Way— Through the Big-Shot's Suave, High-Hat Daughter



Moosh, coming to, stared at Joe

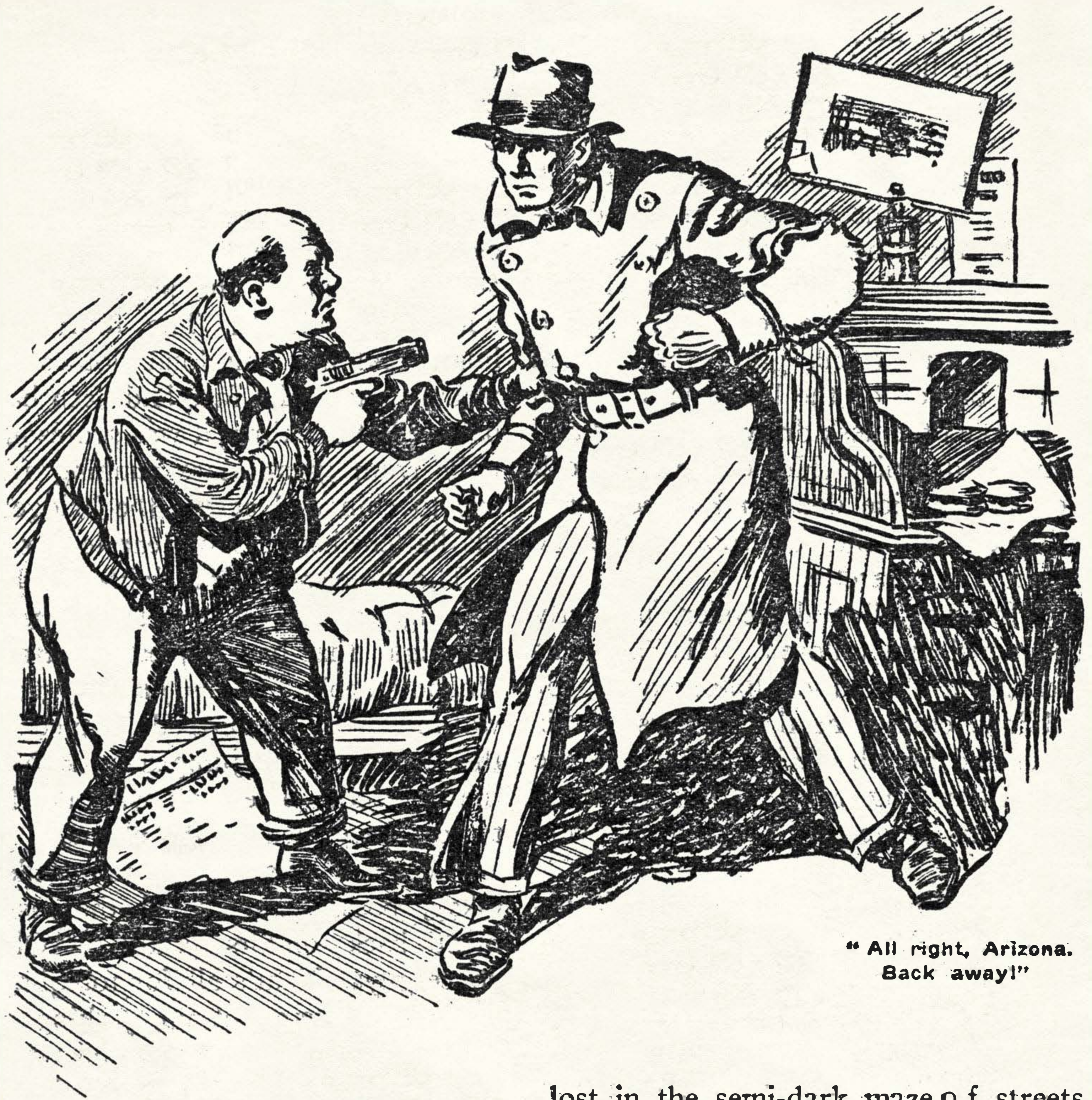
CHAPTER I

They Called Him "Arizona"

A MAN stood at the window of a darkened office on the fifteenth floor of an office building on Eighth Avenue, just off Thirty-third. He held a pair of powerful field glasses to his eyes, focused them on a spot

one block away, where taxis swung out of the Penn Station at the corner of Thirty-third and Seventh.

A line of cabs rolled up the ramp and turned off in various directions at the corner of Seventh and Thirty-third. Three or four of them turned



"All right, Arizona.
Back away!"

west on Thirty-third. They had gone half a block when an arm popped out of the window of the trailing cab, waved to a big black car standing at the curb with motor running, then pointed to the taxi directly in front. The parked sedan shot out from the curb, swept alongside of the marked cab. There was a rending crash as fenders crumpled, then the sharp tattoo of gunfire followed by the blast of a powerful motor suddenly opened wide. The sedan roared away and was

lost in the semi-dark maze of streets west of Eighth; it seemed to have melted into the night.

A uniformed policeman ran up to the taxi just as the driver was yanking open the back door. "Better call an ambulance, officer," he said. "A big black Buick full of hoods just riddled my fare with lead."

He switched on the inside light and the policeman stuck his head and shoulders inside the cab. In a minute he emerged. "Too late for an ambulance, fella. That fare of yours is dead as General Grant. Didn't get the Buick's number, did you?"

"Nope. Their tail-light was out."

The policeman blew a shrill blast on his whistle. "Don't touch anything until the homicide squad gets here. . . . Let's see your license."

Up on the fifteenth floor of the office building one block away the man standing in the window of the darkened office lowered the field glasses from his eyes and placed them in the bottom drawer of a desk. He stripped off a pair of silk gloves and tossed them on top of the binoculars. Then he locked the desk drawer, yawned and stretched lazily. He set the snap lock on the outside door and stood for a moment in the corridor while he lighted a cigarette.

He was tall and slender, perfectly groomed and tailored. His face was lean, but devoid of lines except for oblique creases at the corners of his eyes and mouth. His age might have been anything from thirty to forty-five; his large, coal-black eyes were ageless.

The elevator boy nodded. "Working late, sir?"

"That's right, sonny."

In the lobby the head watchman who served as night elevator starter touched his cap respectfully and wrote in his check-out book, "Mr. R. Dakers, Gotham Realty and Investment, Room 1507—10.15 P.M."

Not far away, off Tenth Avenue, sliding metal doors slammed shut behind a big black Buick sedan with a newly crumpled left front fender. There were four men in the car. It rolled down a steep ramp, through two storage compartments and on to an elevator. The elevator shot down and came to a stop in a basement that was brightly lighted and smelled strongly of paint. As the four men got out of the car three mechanics in overalls be-

gan to dismantle the Buick. They ripped off fenders, lights and radiator. Two other men began to burn the paint off with blow torches. The four occupants of the car walked into a small office and sat down in wooden chairs. Three of them were scrawny and furtive looking, dressed in dark, tight clothes. Their eyes had the needle sharp look about the pupils common with drug addicts. The fourth was husky and wore his loud clothes with a jaunty air. His face had been badly battered at one time; it was grotesquely ugly from great scars running from eye to chin and across the bridge of his flattened nose from ear to ear.

The three snow birds lighted reefers. The ugly one in the loud suit lighted a big cigar that had a pleasant aroma. Nobody spoke. They just sat there, waiting. The phone bell jangled and the three sniffers jumped as if given the hot foot. The man with the battered face picked up the phone.

"Yeah. This is Moosh talkin'. Okay, boss." He tossed the instrument back on its cradle. "Okay, youse guys. That's all for tonight."

Two of them got up, jerking and making nervous grimaces, and walked out without a word. Moosh walked to a tool rack at the back of the office and took down a wooden box about the size of a cigar box. It was marked, "Generator Parts." Moosh put the box on the desk, then took his Colt .45 automatic out of its shoulder holster and began to take it apart. The third hood sat there, twitching in his seat, watching Moosh with his little rat eyes, mouth gaping slightly.

MOOSH dismantled the automatic, took the barrel out and flipped back the cover of the box. It was filled with miscellaneous

parts that might have belonged to any mechanical contrivance. From among assorted sleeves and gears and ratchets Moosh took a blue steel cylinder, smeared with cosmoline. He wiped it carefully and fitted it into his gun. Then he made cryptic markings on the barrel he had removed and cleaned it thoroughly.

The skinny hood with the rat eyes spoke for the first time. "Why do you change the barrel on your rod, Moosh?"

Moosh tilted his cigar in one corner of his mouth and grinned around it proudly. "Brains, punk. I got to carry this gat in my business, see? If I get picked up the coppers fire test slugs outa it to match up with slugs that mighta stopped some citizens around town, see? That barrel I just took out left rifling marks on the slugs it fired. The barrel I put in ain't fired any slugs the cops got on record—yet, see?"

"Why don't you just toss the rod in the drink and use a new one?"

Moosh shook his head sadly. "That stuff you sniff keeps you in a cloud. I got a permit to carry this rod, see? The number is registered at Headquarters down on Centre Street. They can come and look at it any time and it's in order. I rate a permit because I'm collector for Mechanical Games, Inc., and I often carry around as much as twenty or thirty bucks, cash, at one time, see?" He guffawed heartily.

Suddenly Moosh's expression became serious. He got up and went over to a small mirror hanging on the grimy wall of the office. He stared at his battered countenance for several minutes, turning it first one way, then another. Then he lifted his left hand and, using the huge yellow diamond on his second finger, cut a groove in the cor-

ner of the mirror. There were two other scratches—this was the third.

"What you put the nick in the mirror for, Moosh?" the skinny man asked. "That bird we cooled off wasn't no cop. I thought it was only when you cool off a cop you put—"

Moosh whirled, snarling. "What do you say? He wasn't no cop? He was a cop, all right, the worst kind. He sneaks in where he ain't known and takes advantage of guys trying to turn a dollar here and there. The worst kind of a cop. Punk, that guy we cooled off tonight was a G-Man. . . ."

JUDGE LUCIEN DEREVEUX, silk hat, white tie and tails, was coming out of the Opera. On one side was his dignified, white-haired wife, jeweled and exquisite under an ermine cape. On the other arm was his daughter, Sandra, one of the season's loveliest debs. Her sable wrap was thrown back enough to reveal a gracefully feminine figure. As the dignified ex-judge steered his two women folk toward his long black limousine at the curb an old woman dashed out and thrust a bunch of rank and faded flowers under his nose.

"Buy some pretty flowers for the ladies!" Her voice was cracked. She was dirty and ragged. She kept pushing the faded posies under Judge Dereveux's immaculate chin. "Fifty cents. Buy them, Guv'nor!"

The white-haired man flushed, released his wife's arm long enough to dig into his trousers pocket. He brought out a five dollar bill. The flower peddling hag snatched it. "I got no change, Guv'nor," she croaked. "I got no bread in the house. I got no change." She leaned against the judge and lifted her gin-laden breath toward his sensitive nostrils.

"Keep it," Dereveux said quickly. "And here, keep the flowers, too." He pushed the flowers, as drooped and unsavory as the hag who sold them, back into her talon-like hands, helped his wife and daughter into the limousine and got in himself quickly.

"Home, Maurice," he told the chauffeur.

Sandra Dereveux laughed musically and snuggled close to her father. "I love to see your dignity upset like that, Dad. Why didn't you just ignore the old crone and her foul posies? Mother and I know it's just a racket—"

"What?" Judge Dereveux sat up quickly and turned a startled face toward his daughter.

"What she means, Lucien," Mrs. Dereveux put in softly, "is the old woman isn't really selling flowers. She just held you up, knowing you'd pay rather than be embarrassed. You see, dear, the word racket is a slang expression for—"

"Yes, yes, my dear," Dereveux cut in quickly. "I know what the word means." He patted her hand fondly but his expression was suddenly bleak. "I know the meaning of the word quite well."

AN hour after dark and a cold drizzle was falling. A small sedan of very popular make rolled north under the lattice work pattern of lights and shadows made by the Ninth Avenue L structure. The car turned west and eased to a stop in front of a pair of sliding metal doors set in between deserted stores and drab tenements. The driver sounded his siren several times, then got out and punched the bell beside the garage door. He was tall and heavy shouldered. The collar of his trench coat was high around his neck against the

rain and his cloth cap pulled low over his eyes.

There was a bronze stubble of beard on his lean cheeks and a cigarette dangling from his bottom lip gave his mouth a drooping, sinister look. He pushed the bell four or five times before the small door, cut into the large metal sliding doors, swung back. A dark burly man in mechanics' coveralls stood there.

"Open the doors," the tall man in the trench coat said. "I want to pull in."

The burly man in the coveralls stared intently, then began to close the door. "Try another garage, buddy. We got no room here."

The visitor shoved his foot in the door. "You got room for me. I just drove across the country. I want to see Ollie Winters. I got a message from a friend of his, Frenchy Renault."

"Yeah?" The burly man in coveralls still barred the way. "And what's your name, buddy?"

"Lynch—Joe Lynch." The tall man in the trench coat put one foot over the sill. "Let me talk to Ollie Winters and don't keep me standing out here in the rain."

"Okay. Come on."

The tall man followed the mechanic down the grade of the ramp to the first garage level. The office on the first floor had a gas radiator in it and an old leather couch besides several chairs and a battered desk. A fat man in a soiled leather windbreaker was stretched out on the old leather couch, checking the entries in a copy of the *Running Horse*. There was an open paper bag of hamburger sandwiches on top of the littered desk.

"Guy to see you, Ollie." The mechanic jerked his thumb toward the man in the trench coat.

"Yeah?" Ollie looked up from his racing form. "What can I do for you, fella?"

"You're a friend of Frenchy Renault, aren't you?"

"Yeah. I know Frenchy."

"I came east to collect some dough for Frenchy. He told me to stop here and see you. He gave me a note for you." Lynch unbuttoned his trench coat and pulled out some crumpled papers. One was an advertising folder for a tire and accessory store in Boulder, Colorado. The man in the trench coat split the top corner of the ad with his thumb nail and peeled off the printed matter. On the layer beneath it was a message, printed in pencil. Ollie reached for it without getting up off his back. He read the message.

"Where did you meet Frenchy Renault?"

"We were together in San Quentin."

"You drive all the way out here in a hot car?"

"Yeah, but it's all right. The plates came off a car that was sold so they aren't listed and the crate's a Thirty-five sedan. A million like it in every town." Lynch walked over to the desk and helped himself to a hamburger out of the greasy bag. "Tell one of your monkeys to pull it in off the street, will you?"

"That's my supper you're moving into," Ollie protested.

"Okay," Lynch agreed around a mouthful of food. "I didn't stop the last six hours. I wanted to get in. Where's a handy place a guy can get a steak and a good cup of java?"

"The coffee pot around on Tenth," Ollie told him. "I'll have them pull your heap in but I don't know how long I'll be able to keep it here. I'll have to talk to the boss."

"I thought you were the boss."

"I am—in a way. But you know how it is, Lynch."

"Going out to put on the feed bag," Lynch said. "See you when I get back. Got a cigarette? Thanks."

He took a cigarette from Ollie Winters, lighted it and tossed the match on the floor. "See you later." He walked out of the office and up the ramp.

Ollie Winters scratched his nearly bald plate. "I don't like these guys from the west coast," he told the burly mechanic. "They're too snotty, get into jams soon as they hit New York. Frisk that heap of his when you pull it in—and I mean really frisk it, understand?"

The tall man in the trench coat who called himself Joe Lynch went out and over half a block to Tenth Avenue. The lights of a coffee pot splashed a yellow pattern over the black, rain-wet pavement half a block distant. Lynch went in and ordered steak and onions. While it was on the fire he got some nickels in change and went into the phone booth. He dialed a number and gave a code word. Presently a voice came over the wire and Lynch moved his mouth close to the transmitter, spoke softly.

"This is Joe Lynch. I'm in town. Got anything for me?"

THE chief of the Department of Justice of the New York Division said, "Glad to hear you're on the job, Lynch. They told me to expect you. Not much to work on. Special Agent Riordan was killed just when he was beginning to get something. He left a name in his notes that doesn't make sense. It's the name of a well respected judge, ex-judge rather, Lucien Dereveux. So far we haven't

a thing that could possibly connect this man with any of our investigations. What angle are you working on?"

"Riordan jumped right into the middle of it," Lynch said. "I'm working from the bottom up. I won't contact you personally until I'm established but I'll call you up from time to time."

"Lots of luck, Lynch. You're walking into a tough one."

"Yep. I'm following a good man when I take up where Riordan left off. You say the name he left in his notes was that of ex-Judge Lucien Dereveux? Right, I'll remember that. Call you again, chief."

Joe Lynch quit the phone booth and went over to the marble counter where the short order cook slid him his platter of steak and onions. "Gettin' colder, ain't it, buddy?"

"Yeah." The F. B. I. man nodded. "But I think it will warm up. Yep, I think things will be getting warmer any minute now. Slide the salt and pepper down, will you?"

After finishing his meal Lynch bought a tabloid newspaper from a boy that came into the coffee pot, and killed another fifteen minutes pretending to read it. Then he paid his check and walked back through the rain to the garage. He let himself in and walked down the steep ramp to the first storage room. A score of cars of all makes and models were ranked along the floor. The room behind this also held a dozen or more cars. Some near the far corner had wheels or parts missing or their hoods off. There was a row of repair benches in the corner and a tool rack.

Joe Lynch strolled through carelessly. Over in the corner by the work benches stood his own car. All the doors were open, the hood was off and

the back wheels were jacked high. A mechanic with a drop light was examining the chassis. All the seat cushions were out, piled on the floor alongside.

"Hey!" Lynch kicked the foot that stuck out from under the car. "What are you doing to this car?"

The burly mechanic stuck his head out. "Looking it over. Boss's orders."

"Is that right?" Joe Lynch's tone was sharp but there was a half-pleased twist to his lips as he went forward to the office. Ollie Winters was there, still stretched out comfortably on the couch. There was another man with him, a husky man with loud clothes and a battered face.

"Hey, you!" Lynch's tone was belligerent. "Who told that monkey out there to tear my car apart?"

Ollie sat up, scratching his sparse pate. "Why, I did, buddy. What about it?" He winked at Moosh who was straddling a chair, leaning crossed arms on its back.

"Why?" Lynch demanded.

"Because," Ollie explained with mock patience, "we don't know you so good, mister. You drag in here with a Ford with Arizona plates and want to stick it in our garage. The last time some strange dude got a crate in here we found out, after it was too late, he had a dictaphone set on a time clock. Some of the boys' conversation got on the record and the joint was overrun with cops for a week. We was all bothered, and we don't want it to happen again, understand?"

"You think I'm a cop?" Joe Lynch drawled.

"Cops!" Moosh spat viciously without removing his cigar.

"Maybe you're okay and maybe you ain't," Ollie said judicially. "You got a note from Frenchy Renault and you

claim you done time with him out in the San Quentin stir. But until we see more of you we can't be too sure, understand?"

"Tough babies in this town, heh?" Joe Lynch eyed Ollie through slitted lids.

Moosh shifted his position in his chair and jerked his chin toward Lynch. "Who is this dude, Ollie?"

"Name's Joe Lynch, Moosh," Ollie said. "On the lam from the west coast, so he says. Brought a note from Frenchy Renault."

Moosh growled. "Listen, Lynch, or whatever your name is, strangers don't start giving lip around here, see? Ollie is boss of this joint and I'm one of the boys. Ollie is too fat to handle the noisy ones. But I ain't, see? Anybody makes too much noise around here usually winds up by explainin' to me, see?"

"You wouldn't kid me, would you?" Joe Lynch's tone was deliberately insulting. "Well, I'm going to be around for a while, so we might as well get straight from the start—you ugly baboon!"

Moosh leaped to his feet with a belch of rage. He spun the chair back out of his way with one flip of his powerful hand. The other, knotted into a maul-like fist, he drew back, cocked for a punch. "Why, you punk—"

Joe Lynch's words might have been seemingly careless but his motions were deliberate. He stepped close to Moosh, both hands at his sides. As Moosh set himself Joe Lynch's left fist shot out, beating the husky man to the punch. You have to be alert and lightning fast to get away with a counter punch like that because you're walking right into the other fellow's fist when you counter. Moosh's spread mouth stopped the blow and it rocked his head back.

Joe Lynch didn't wait; he crossed his right. The blow didn't travel more than ten inches but it drove Moosh across the room, sent him sprawling on his back, a dazed look in his eyes.

FOR several seconds the gunman with the scrambled features lay there, blinking stupidly, then his right hand slid toward his left armpit. He halted it halfway and began to scramble to his feet. "I guess I can take you with me mitts, fella. I don't have to use no gun in a fair fight." He shuffled toward Lynch, crouching. Lynch feinted, drew a wide swinging lead from Moosh and drove his left hard into Moosh's middle. The gunman doubled and his knees began to buckle. Lynch hit him quickly and savagely as he slid down. The G-Man's last was a terrific right to the jaw. Moosh lay sprawled on the floor, face down. Joe Lynch kicked his ribs. "Get up, tough guy. Get up and take it!"

Ollie Winters was off the couch, on his feet at last, holding a gun. "All right, Arizona," he said. "Lay off. You got him half-killed now. Back away."

Joe Lynch stepped back. His tone was like the snap of a steel trap. "I hate to start anything I don't finish. I thought he was supposed to be tough."

"He is tough." There was a note of wonder in fat Ollie Winters' voice. "That's what gets me. Moosh is the toughest gent around here. Yet you folded him up like a 'cordeen. Boy, what a sock you pack, Arizona."

Moosh was coming to. He stared at Joe Lynch and at Ollie, gun in hand. "Put the rod away, Ollie. I coulda used me own if I'd wanted to. That's an awful punch you carry, stranger. Ollie, get out the bottle. I ain't had

a shellackin' like this since that cop hammers my kisser outa shape. What's your racket, Arizona?"

"No hard feeling, Moosh," Joe Lynch said. "Just wanted to get things straight."

"Yeah." Moosh was standing, a little uncertainly, on spread feet. "That's the way to do it. Listen, Arizona, we got a bunch of yella-belly snow birds around here trying to do a man's work. Me, I'm the only real tough guy in the crowd. You and me could get things done. . . . Shake on it?"

"Right." Joe Lynch clamped Moosh's hand in a steel grip.

"Let's have a drink," Moosh invited. "You got the guts and a punch and I can tell by looking at you you don't use the old needle. You and me, back to back, could stand this man's town on its tail and make it cry for mercy. I'll talk to the boss about you. What d'you think, Ollie?"

Ollie nodded and put down his gun. "I never see a guy do so much damage in such a short time."

The phone rang and Moosh reached for the instrument. "That's for me. I'm waitin' for the call." He answered the phone and said, "Okay, boss. Sure, I'm ready. Yeah, I got just the guy. Nope, not that hopped-up punk. I got a new partner. . . . No, this guy is okay. He's my pal." Moosh hung up and turned to Joe Lynch.

"Hey, Arizona, how would you like to shove off in an hour for Miami? Drive down in a legitimate car and stop at the best joints all the way."

"Sounds good," Lynch said. "Who we going with?"

Moosh winked. His scrambled face gave the gesture a grotesque twist. "A gambler in the big dough is going down and he wants a good bodyguard.

Change your shirt and get yourself a shave. . . . Miami, boy. Where the sun is-out and the gee-gees are runnin'. All set?"

Joe Lynch nodded. "All set."

CHAPTER II

Miami Race Track

UP in Westchester a long limousine purred up the winding drive to the porte-cochère of a handsome residence. Ex-Judge Dereveux got out and his wife met him in the hall. "You're home early, Lucien."

"Yes." The white-haired ex-judge patted his wife's shoulder. "I'm taking the first plane in the morning for Miami. Have to delve into an estate liquidation. Thought you and Sandra might want to come along for a few days' fun and change of weather. I'll only spend a short time at business. The rest of the time we can spend enjoying ourselves."

"Miami," his wife smiled. "That will be splendid. I'll tell Sandra soon as she comes in from shopping."

An hour later the phone rang. Judge Dereveux answered it. A soft, cultured man's voice said, "When you go down there, Dereveux, I want you to give them the McCoy. All the big boys will be there. You know what's expected."

"Yes indeed," Judge Dereveux said. "I know exactly."

The second day the Dereveuxs were in Miami a long distance call came for the ex-judge from New York. The same soft voice advised him quietly, "You will be waiting by the second column from the cigar stand in the lobby of your hotel at seven o'clock this evening. A man will approach you and ask you about your selections at the race track. You will reply that you

never play the races and he will give you a key. The key will have the name of the hotel and the room number on it. You will go there alone at ten o'clock this evening. Everything has been arranged. Are you all ready?"

"Yes, I am all ready."

"Very well." The click of a closed wire came over and Judge Dereveux hung up slowly. Then he took a handkerchief from his breast pocket and mopped his brow.

The Coral Palm Hotel is one of the big ornate places over on the beach. Its architecture is modified Moorish-Mediterranean, its lobby built like a patio and filled with bell hops and pages in black velvet pants and red sashes. All the very latest in service and convenience. Most of the page boys are kids, but here and there is an older man with shrewd, knowing eyes and tight-looking mouth, wearing the same outfit and trying to look like the rest of the boys.

Rex Dakers' big custom built limousine purred up the winding drive and eased to a stop under the portico. Moosh, at the wheel, and Joe Lynch at his side, admired the place audibly. The doorman swept open the back door and a flock of page boys lined up. Dakers got out and walked up the steps with a quick, impatient stride. No, he had no luggage. He wasn't staying there. Yes, he wanted his car to wait. He walked through the spacious lobby and straight over to the grilled iron-work around the elevators. Two elevators were waiting but he walked to the last one in line and stood there.

Moosh and Joe Lynch relaxed in the front seat of the big car, parked in the bend of the driveway. "Swell joint, eh, Arizona?"

"Yeah. Big mob around, too. Must be all in the chips."

"Yeah, I guess so. Look at all them dames with their rocks and the guys in ice cream suits, all burned pink. Soft life, eh, Arizona?"

"Some guys have all the luck. What's the boss doing in here if he's only going to stay a short time? Little game? Wire room?"

"No." Moosh shook his head. "When he gets in a game he sticks sometimes twenty-four hours or more. He's just going to meet some gees and rib a race or find out who's in town."

Neither Moosh nor Joe Lynch noticed the tall, dignified man who got out of the taxi and mingled with the crowd in the lobby. Judge Dereveux made his way to the elevators, stood there for a second while he consulted the tab fastened to the key in his hand. He stepped into the car and said, "Seventh floor, please."

Room 704 was a pleasant room with a view of the sea. Its appointments were expensive and in good taste. The only unusual thing in the room was a microphone speaker arrangement set up on the small writing desk by the inside wall.

Judge Dereveux took some typed notes from his pocket, adjusted glasses with heavy rims and a black ribbon, then took out his watch and placed it with his notes beside the microphone.

At exactly ten o'clock Dereveux cleared his throat, pulled the mike toward him and looked down at his notes. "Gentlemen," he began . . .

Rex Dakers was sitting in a large room with five or six other men. All were well dressed with the air of men of the world. Two were beyond middle age, the rest were under forty. The ash trays on the big table were piled high with the butts of expensive cigars. Two bottles of Scotch and several siphons were half consumed.

"Well," one of the older men was saying, "that's how we handled it in Boston. We steer clear of violence whenever possible."

"But in a case like this?" Dakers asked softly. No one answered and he looked from one face to another. "How about it?"

One of the men put his fist out with the thumb turned down. The others nodded, some repeated the gesture.

"That's what I thought," Dakers purred. He looked at his watch. "We should be hearing from the Big Shot any second now."

As if in answer to his statement Judge Dereveux's voice filled the room with its quiet, rather stilted scholarly accents. "Gentlemen—" One of the men laughed and Dakers silenced him with a curt gesture.

"You all realize," Dereveux's voice went on, "our biggest menace is Federal violation. We can handle local cases by control of city and state politicians. Bear in mind, gentlemen, the local politicians are no more anxious to have Federal men come in than we are. Our usual methods do not prevail against the Special Agents from Washington so we must endeavor at all times to avoid acts that are Federal offenses. With a little careful thought this can be made more simple than it at first appears . . ."

FOR fifteen minutes ex-Judge Dereveux went on to tell the leaders of a crime and racket syndicate whose activities spread all up and down the east coast of the United States just how they could carry on their nefarious and lucrative business without involving themselves with the dreaded F. B. I. crew.

When he was all through the assembled leaders of organized crime

looked at each other and exchanged nods of satisfaction. "Whoever that bird is," one of them said, "he certainly knows his stuff."

"I've got a hunch," another said, "he's some big number down in Washington."

"Personally," another put in, "I'd just as soon not know. But I've saved a pile of dough and grief since this guy has been setting us up on Federal violations."

"Well," Dakers drawled, "I guess the meeting's adjourned. I know of a game over in town. Think I'll go over and give it a whirl."

Several of the others laughed. Dakers shook his head seriously. "This isn't a house game. It's a private game with some big business men. Do you think I'd come all the way down here to toss my dough into one of the plants Herb here is running?"

They laughed again and the man called Herb pushed the bottle toward Dakers.

"Call me tomorrow before you go to the track. I may be talking to some of the horses later on."

On the way back to town from the beach, Joe Lynch drove Dakers' big limousine while Moosh sat beside him and sniped at policemen with his sling-shot. He had one made of very heavy rubber and he carried a little bag of bee-bee shot in his pocket. He could fire one of the little slugs with the speed and accuracy of an air rifle with the added advantage of silence. He leaned one elbow nonchalantly on the door of the car and drew back the other hand to let fly any time a target presented itself.

A motorcycle policeman passed the car on the causeway. Moosh nodded happily and snapped a bee-bee pellet at him. The policeman jumped in his

saddle. One hand flew to his neck and his machine swerved dangerously. It just missed a light pole and teetered on the edge of the shoulder of the road, inches from Biscayne Bay. He righted his machine and got off, rubbing the back of his neck and scowling. The big car swept on by. Moosh was convulsed with laughter.

On the mainland he got the traffic cop on the corner of Bayshore Drive and Flagler Street. Pedestrians and people in cars were surprised and amused to see the big officer suddenly jump in the air, let out a yell and grab one ear in his hand. Nobody knew what it was. Moosh was having the time of his life.

Dakers said from the back seat, "Quit sniping, Moosh. Where do you think you are, home?"

Moosh stopped laughing and sulked like a small boy. "Well, they're cops, ain't they?"

"Forget it."

Moosh spoke in a low aside to Joe Lynch. "You know, Arizona, I am once a very handsome guy. I am so good-looking an artist wants to paint my kisser in oils, see? This is no rib. I got guys can prove it. A big artist wants me to pose for him. Then one night I am upsetting fruit carts and stands with the boys during the apple racket squeeze. A big hooligan of a cop grabs me and hammers my pan until they think I'm goin' to croak. I pull through, but look what I'm usin' for a kisser."

"He certainly scrambled it up," Arizona agreed.

"Listen!" Moosh's voice was suddenly tense with passion. "I hate all cops, harness bulls and dicks, all of them. If my best pal was a dick I'd cut his heart out on the steps of the City Hall—that's how I am."

D 2—15

"Have you got any private grudges, Arizona?" Dakers asked from the back seat.

"No," Lynch answered easily. "I get along with most everyone—if they don't get too tough."

"That's good," Dakers said softly. "I don't like gees with too much business of their own to attend to."

"Aw, boss," Moosh protested. "I was only—"

"Shut up," Dakers drawled. "And put that sling-shot away."

The game that night was at the home of a nationally known newspaper publisher on Palm Island. Joe Lynch saw Dakers lose thirty thousand dollars in a quiet little crap game conducted on a pool table in the publisher's palatial game room. One of the players was a celebrated orchestra leader, another was a Broadway and Hollywood talent scout. There was a Congressman and a well known corporation lawyer. They played quietly and recklessly until dawn.

When Dakers was leaving the Congressman said, "What's the matter, Dakers, don't you ever win?"

The question had a strange effect upon Dakers. His dark eyes glinted fire and his nostrils flared, but he held himself in check. "You'd be surprised how often I win," he drawled.

Getting into the car, Joe Lynch told Dakers, "Representative Halliday switched the dice on you, twice."

"I know it," Dakers said softly. "And when I'm ready to tell him, he's going to know it, too."

THE next day at the race track Dakers told Moosh to wait in the grandstand and motioned for Joe Lynch to follow him into the paddock. The gambler carried his program and pencil in his hand and eyed the mounts

with a critical eye but it was quite evident to the G-Man that Dakers cared little or nothing for the horses. From time to time a gaily clad tout or gambler greeted Dakers and he nodded shortly in reply.

A beautiful blond young lady, dressed in expensive good taste, clung to the arm of a tall, white-haired man with a distinctly dignified bearing. She was admiring the horses, exclaiming over their sleekness and evident spirit. Joe Lynch saw Dakers stare at the girl. He saw the gambler move closer, yet keeping out of her line of vision, look her over carefully and boldly with his dark inscrutable eyes.

The white-haired man turned to answer some question the girl put to him. Dakers was standing close enough to hear his voice. Its effect upon him was startling. He dropped his program and took a long time to pick it up. When he straightened there was a half-puzzled, half-satisfied expression on his face and he was staring, not at the girl this time, but at the tall, white-haired man.

Then Dakers turned abruptly and walked through the crowd, searching the faces he passed with his eyes. He came to a young man with a heavy tan dressed in a white doe-skin suit. The young man was busy scribbling on the margin of his program.

"Hello, Tommy." Dakers took the young man's arm.

"Oh, hello, old man." The young man had a Harvard accent. "I say, you can help me, if you will. I'm casting about for the winner of the next race."

Dakers took Tommy's program and marked an entry with his pencil. "Oh, by the way, Tommy, who is that white-haired man standing over there by the ring, the one with the girl on his arm?"

Tommy turned to look. "That's Judge Dereveux. The girl with him is his daughter, Sandra."

Dakers nodded. "The girl is his daughter, heh? Listen, Tommy, I want you to bring me over and introduce me."

The young man coughed and looked embarrassed. "Come on," Dakers said shortly. "Let's go."

Dakers bowed politely to Sandra when Tommy presented him and shook Judge Dereveux's hand. Tommy mumbled uncomfortably and backed away. Dakers turned from her father to the girl. "I happen to know some of the owners of these horses. If you'd care to come up on the club house porch perhaps I could help you pick a few winners."

"Oh, splendid," Sandra smiled. "Come on, father."

"Maybe your father would rather stay here for a while," Dakers said quietly. "We can find him here again."

Judge Dereveux's heavy white eyebrows drew down. "Just a minute, young man—"

Dakers said, very softly, "Our problem is Federal law evasion . . . I made your voice, Judge."

Judge Dereveux's face froze in a stiff mask. "Run along with Mr. Dakers, Sandra. I'll join you in a little while."

The girl took Dakers' arm and smiled up at him. "What was it you said to my father?"

"Just a little password," Dakers smiled back. "A sort of fraternity password."

AFTER the last race Dakers and Sandra found Judge Dereveux, looking worried, scanning the faces of the crowd. Sandra ran up and put her hand on her father's arm,

"Dad, darling, I'm going to have dinner with Mr. Dakers and then he's going to take me to the dog races. He's been so nice and he knows everyone and we've been having the most exciting time—"

"I'd rather you didn't." Dereveux's tone was stiffer than usual. "Your mother—"

"You explain to mother," Sandra coaxed. "She'll understand. It's all so exciting. I've never had quite so much fun in my life."

Judge Dereveux seemed to be gasping for breath.

"Your father will tell your mother you'll be all right," Dakers said, staring at the white-haired ex-judge with his coal black eyes. "Shall we go, Miss Dereveux?"

Joe Lynch pulled his cap low over his eyes when he climbed into the front seat of Dakers' car beside Moosh. Dakers helped Sandra Dereveux into the back seat and gave Moosh the name of a swanky supper club at the north end of Miami Beach.

That evening Judge Dereveux paced the floor of his hotel suite. His wife sat with a book in her lap, pretending to read, but her eyes kept straying to the restless figure of her husband. Finally she said, "What is it, Lucien? What's bothering you?"

"Sandra!" Dereveux exploded. "It's almost eleven o'clock."

"But you assured me it was quite all right," his wife insisted. "You said you knew the young man and he was showing Sandra the sights."

"Yes, yes, of course." Judge Dereveux resumed his pacing. When the phone rang he almost knocked the instrument off the table picking it up. It was a long distance call from New York. The suave voice that Dereveux knew so well came over the wire.

"Dereveux, you are a good friend of Doctor Howard Kilburn, aren't you?"

"Yes, indeed. We are old friends. We dine at each other's home quite regularly."

"Yes. I know that. Dr. Kilburn has been perfecting a drug that is a sure pain killer. It will be a big thing. You will return to New York at once and see him. You will buy the formula from him. Pay up to two hundred thousand dollars and buy it in the name of the Chemical Products, Inc., of Wilmington, Delaware. The money will be deposited in the Amsterdam Trust Company. Do this at once."

"Yes, of course." Judge Dereveux's hand shook as he replaced the receiver. He told his wife, "We are leaving in the morning for New York. . . . Anyway, I'll be glad to get Sandra back home in the city."

His wife stared steadily at his drawn face. "Lucien, are you sure there isn't something wrong? You aren't keeping anything from me, are you?"

"No, no, my dear." Dereveux sank weakly into a chair. "Everything is quite all right."

SANDRA came in just before midnight, eyes bright and cheeks glowing. She had been having the most glorious time. Mr. Dakers knew everyone every place they went. She had met actors, prize fighters, radio and movie stars, senators and a woman who owned a stable of hundreds of racing horses. They were all so interesting and so nice. They weren't like the dull people she knew.

Mrs. Dereveux kissed her. "And now to bed. We are going back to New York in the morning."

Joe Lynch and Moosh delivered Dakers to his hotel, put the car in the

garage, and retired to their own room down the corridor from the gambler's. Moosh yawned and stretched out on one of the beds. "Get sort of tired rammin' around like this," he said. "Sometimes I think it would be a smart idea to settle down. Get married, maybe, have a couple kids . . ."

"Yeah," Lynch agreed. "Why does Dakers have to have a couple bodyguards trail around with him all the time?"

"You see the dough he carries in his kick," Moosh explained. "They is lugs on the make who would make a snatch or cool him off for a small part of his roll. You oughta know that, Arizona."

"I'm going down and get a racing form, Moosh," Lynch said. "Come on down and I'll buy you a beer."

"Naw," Moosh yawned. "I'm too tired."

"Be right back," Lynch said. He lighted a cigarette, went out slowly and went down in the elevator. For five minutes he waited in a far corner of the lobby, watching the stairs and elevator. Then he went out into the street and hailed a cab. He instructed the driver to take him over the causeway to Miami to a small hotel just off Bayshore Drive. He got out and walked one block to a garage. He went back to the office and nodded to a plump, middle aged man behind the desk.

The man looked up and grinned. "Didn't know you were down here."

"Yep," Lynch told him. "Put me through to New York, will you, Gus?"

The man behind the desk indicated one of the three phones. "There's your wire." He reached under the desk and threw a small switch.

Lynch lifted the receiver and in answer to a hello gave a code word. Then, he said, "This is Joe Lynch.

I'm in Miami as bodyguard to Rex Dakers, the gambler. Nothing on him yet, except he uses gunmen for bodyguards. Saw this Judge Dereveux at the track with his daughter. Dakers didn't know him but got himself introduced and made a play for the daughter. Dereveux didn't like it but something Dakers said made the ex-judge pull in his horns.

"Dakers may be a gambler but he's the strangest one I ever saw. Looks like his gambling activities are a blind for something else. I think he's in the mob some place. The Dereveux angle is a strange one. Anything we have so far doesn't even cast the shadow of a suspicion on him. But it's evident he doesn't like Dakers and is afraid of him."

"We've been checking Dereveux up here, too. So far all clear."

"I'll call you again." Joe Lynch hung up.

The plump man behind the desk grinned again. "So you're Joe Lynch, now, eh?"

"Yep." Lynch nodded seriously. "Joe Lynch, on the lam from some place in the foothills of the Rockies. Known to my New York pals as 'Arizona.'"

"Pretty soon," the plump man said, "you're going to be so well known you won't be much more good to the Department."

"If I don't get some place on this case soon," Lynch told him, "I won't be working for the Department long."

Moosh was asleep when Lynch got back to his room. The G-Man was sitting on the side of his bed unlacing his shoes when the room phone buzzed. It was Dakers. "You and Moosh go down and get the car and check out," he said. "We're on our way."

"Right now?"

"You heard me."

Moosh came out of it sleepily, mumbling. "Always on the prowl," he complained. "Gonna quit rammin' around some day and settle down."

It was after one-thirty when the big black limousine with Lynch at the wheel pulled away from the hotel. Soon after dawn they were in Jacksonville. Moosh dozed in the front seat. Lynch could not tell whether or not Dakers slept during the trip. Every time he focused the gambler's face in the rear vision mirror Dakers was staring straight ahead with his inscrutable coal black eyes. They stopped a short while for breakfast, then took to the road again with Moosh at the wheel. They had just crossed the state line when Dakers said from the back seat, "Let Arizona take it, Moosh. I want to get places."

Lynch took the wheel again. It was a smooth powerful machine with a custom built body. The windows had that slightly yellow tint that bullet proof glass has. The ventilators were protected by sliding flanges of steel, more like miniature gun turrets. The G-Man gave the big car all it would take and by evening they were in Richmond, Virginia.

Dakers got out and stretched. "We'll stay here for the night. Where did you learn to handle a car like that, Arizona?"

"Where I come from," Lynch told him. "There's always a lot of distance between places, and sometimes we were in a hurry."

Two o'clock the next afternoon they rolled out of the Holland Tunnel and Lynch turned the big car north to the uptown traffic viaduct. In a short while they were sliding down the ramp of the garage run by Ollie Winters, just off Tenth Avenue.

"I'll take a cab from here," Dakers told Moosh. "Have them wash and polish it." He turned to Joe Lynch, "How would you like a regular job driving for me?"

"Swell."

"Okay. Stick around and I'll talk to you about it later."

"I'm always glad to get back to New York," Moosh said.

FARTHER uptown ex-Judge Lucien Dereveux was being admitted to the apartment of Dr. Howard Kilburn. The doctor was a man about Dereveux's own age, bald and a little stooped, with kindly eyes behind thick-lensed glasses. He greeted his old friend warmly. "Glad to see you, old fellow." He motioned Dereveux to a seat, then range the bell.

The man servant who answered stopped in the door when he saw the doctor's visitor.

"Sherry, sir?"

"Yes, please."

The doctor sipped his wine. Dereveux barely touched his to his lips. "Kilburn," he said. "I've a business offer to make you. I rather imagine you'll be glad to hear it."

"Business?" Dr. Kilburn looked over the tops of his glasses.

"Yes." Dereveux nodded, looking into his wineglass. "I believe you have perfected a formula that is a sure pain killer."

"That's right. Dr. Kilburn smiled. "I don't know how you found out, but I've been working on it for some time. Now I believe I have it perfected."

"I am authorized by a reputable firm," Dereveux said, "to offer you a large amount of money for exclusive rights to manufacture your formula."

"No." Dr. Kilburn shook his head. "This is something I have dreamed

about since I entered medical school. I have worked on it years and years. Now that I have it perfected I want to give it to humanity."

"The company I represent would put it on the market," Dereveux said. "It would be available at once."

"You don't understand," Kilburn explained. "This formula is unlike any local anesthetic known to science. It can be applied or injected. It will not only stop pain instantly but arrest bleeding. It is simple to apply, anyone can use it and it will save untold suffering and many lives. In accident cases many deaths are due to shock. I visualize it for sale in every drug store at a reasonable price. Every policeman and ambulance surgeon will have some in their first aid kits. In case of emergency any man can run into the nearest drug store and purchase it. I am going to make a present of it to the American Medical Association."

"But you aren't a rich man, Kilburn," Dereveux insisted. "I have been authorized to offer you two hundred thousand dollars for exclusive rights to your formula."

"No, Dereveux, old man." Dr. Kilburn smiled and shook his head again. "If I present it to the Medical Association it will be available for about seventy-five cents an ounce. If I sell it to a commercial firm they will produce it for about seventy-five dollars an ounce, maybe more. Then it would be available only to the rich. That would defeat my dream and ideal. You see?"

"But two hundred thousand dollars," Dereveux pressed. "You could use that money for further research."

Kilburn smiled, half-shyly. "What's money, Dereveux, when an ideal is at stake?"

Dereveux coughed nervously and

reached for his wine glass. "Guess you know your own mind, Kilburn. But I wish you'd think it over."

"If I'd sell it to any man I'd let you have it," Kilburn told him. "But I can't do it. How is your charming wife and your beautiful young Sandra? I haven't seen them in weeks."

"Quite well, thank you. Have dinner with us one day next week, won't you?" Dereveux got up slowly.

"Sure you feel quite all right?" Dr. Kilburn asked. "You look a bit tired. Perhaps you're working too hard."

"No. I feel quite fit, thank you. If you change your mind—"

Dr. Kilburn smiled happily. "Not for anything. That's my gift to poor suffering humanity."

"Very well, then. Call me about dinner some night next week."

"Indeed I shall."

Dereveux went down to his car and told the heavy set Frenchman who was his chauffeur, "Home, Maurice."

CHAPTER III

For Humanity or—for Crooks

JOE LYNCH and Moosh sat at the counter of the Coffee Pot around the corner from the garage, on Tenth. Lynch put down his thick coffee mug and reached for a toothpick. He spun around on his stool. "Think I'll call a couple numbers, Moosh. What do you say if I can make it for two?"

Moosh's eyes brightened in his battered face but the light died suddenly. "Aw, no thanks, Arizona. Broads take one look at my kisser and faint."

"Well, I'll try my own luck." Lynch stood up and went to the phone booth. He dialed a number, gave the code word, and started to talk. "Get anything on those pistol barrels?"

"Plenty. One fired the shots that killed Special Agent Riordan. Another matches the slugs that killed Inspector Davies of New York's Racket Squad. The third was in the gun that drilled Lieutenant Holland of the New York Homicide Bureau. Why didn't you get the three guns?"

"They're all out of the same gun," Lynch said. "Do you want the man who did the killing?" He looked out the glass door of the booth at Moosh, waiting for him at the counter. Moosh saw him and made a coy gesture, screwing up his scrambled face in what was meant to be a very tender expression.

"Can you take him now?"

"Sure," Joe Lynch said. "I know where I can put my hand on him."

"Well, keep an eye on him, but don't tip your hand. We're glad to get the man who got Riordan but we want to get beyond that. This man is under orders from somebody. He's a small link in a chain that controls every racket up and down the coast. Slot machines, produce, drugs, illicit booze, numbers, vice, wire rooms—the whole line-up. Don't expose your hand until you get the man who gives him his orders. Anything new on Judge Dereveux?"

"No, sir."

"Well, work on that. Right now you're just about where Riordan was when they killed him. We want the important links in this racket syndicate."

"Right," Lynch answered. "I'll call you."

He came out of the phone booth and rejoined Moosh. The disfigured gunman grinned. "Well, did you fix me up?"

"I fixed you up all right," Lynch told him. "But not for tonight. I got

a lone date tonight, fella. Your turn is coming."

"Okay, pal."

Lynch got his Ford out of the garage and drove up to Westchester. He parked across the street from Judge Dereveux's handsome residence and waited. The big family car was standing in the driveway by the house. The G-Man passed two hours watching the front of the house. Then he saw a figure come out and drive the car around to the garage in back. Soon a light cheap car came out of the driveway and Lynch recognized Maurice, the Dereveux's chauffeur, behind the wheel.

The G-Man fell in behind the chauffeur's car and tailed him several miles down the Post Road to a small French restaurant set in off the road. Lynch parked his car beside Maurice's and waited. He had to do something he did not like, but time was pressing, and he couldn't be squeamish. If Maurice were incapacitated Judge Dereveux would need a new chauffeur. Lynch knew that Dakers, secretly, would supply the man. And he, the one they called "Arizona," was the most presentable one of the mob. He'd get the call to take Maurice's place, but first there was Maurice to take care of.

In about an hour Maurice came out, twisting his mustache up to points, whistling a gay tune. Lynch eased himself from behind the wheel, then stopped and watched. A heavy-shouldered figure slid from behind a parked car and as Maurice opened the door to get into his car the burly man stepped up behind him. Lynch heard him mutter, "I hate to do this, Frenchy, but it's got to be done."

Lynch recognized Moosh's build and hoarse voice but he sat back in the shadows and watched. Moosh seized

the chauffeur's right wrist, clamped it in a cruel grip and spun the surprised man around. He forced it up with a savage thrust. There was a snap. Maurice's knees buckled. He murmured, "*Sacré nom de Dieu,*" and slid face down across the running board of his car. Moosh was gone again in the shadows.

The G-Man whistled softly to himself. "So they had the same idea. Anyway, Moosh saved me a disagreeable job—I didn't have to do it."

He slid back behind the wheel and drove back to the city. He dialed his New York superior's phone. "Judge Dereveux, or one of his family, will be calling some employment agency the first thing in the morning for a new chauffeur. Something happened to theirs on the way home from work. Don't let any agency send up a man until I get in touch with you."

JOE LYNCH was at Ollie Winters' garage* early the next morning when Dakers called on the phone and asked to talk to him. When the G-Man took the phone Dakers ordered him to report to his hotel at once. Dakers was having breakfast from a tray in his room when Lynch arrived. The gambler was dressed in an elaborate Chinese silk dressing gown and a barber was just gathering up his tools to leave.

The gambler waited until the barber had left, then he pointed his fork at Joe Lynch.

"Listen, Arizona. I've got a job for you I wouldn't trust to Moosh or any of those other lugs. Nobody knows you around here, and when you're shaved up and dressed you make a pretty good appearance."

"Whatever you say, boss," the G-Man agreed.

Dakers got up and went over to the dresser in his bedroom. He took several twenty dollar bills from a roll that was lying loose on the bureau. "Go out and get yourself a chauffeur's uniform, a neat, quiet one. Then take your heap and go to Judge Dereveux's place in Westchester. It's in the phone book. Tell him you're from the Domestic Service Agency. They sent you up to drive his car. Be on your toes, understand? I want you to keep the job for a while. You'll still be on my payroll while you're working for this Dereveux dude, get it? I want you to report every day. Come back to Ollie's garage every night and tell me every move that white-haired so-and-so makes."

"Okay." Joe Lynch took the money and started out.

"Wait a minute," Dakers said. "I want you to keep an eye on his daughter, too. Remember the doll I met down at Hialeah? Okay. I want to know who she goes out with and where she goes. You think that's too much for you to handle?"

The F.B.I. expert twisted his hat in his hands. "I'll try to keep it all straight, boss. I guess I can get what you want."

"Yeah," Dakers agreed. "Somehow I think you can. Don't forget to report."

Lynch went out and bought himself a chauffeur's uniform and a smart visored cap. He drove up to Westchester and reported to the Dereveux residence. The ex-judge had gone into the city to his office, but his wife asked Lynch a few questions, eyed his erect, muscular figure in its neatly fitting uniform and noticed his lean features, close-cropped bronze hair and level greenish-gray eyes.

"Very well, Lynch. No, I think I

shall call you Joseph. You may start at once. Our first call will be at the Concourse Emergency Hospital, where my regular chauffeur is confined. Some hoodlums attacked him on the way home from here last night and broke his arm. I must stop and see if there is something I can do for him."

Lynch sat beside the wheel of the big Dereveux limousine, driving Mrs. Dereveux on various errands. In the afternoon he drove Sandra on a visit to another girl on the other side of town. She got into the front seat beside him, and he could feel her eyes upon him.

"You look familiar," she said at length. "Perhaps you drove for some people we know?"

"Maybe," Lynch said stiffly, "but I don't think so, Miss."

"But I'm sure I've seen you some place before."

"I guess all chauffeurs look something alike," Lynch offered.

"Oh, no, they don't," Sandra smiled. "I hope dad keeps you. I like your looks."

"Thank you, Miss."

At five o'clock the G-Man drove into the city and stopped at Dereveux's office to pick him up. Dereveux looked at him vaguely. "Oh, you're the new man, taking Maurice's place, eh? Well, drive me home."

"Yes, sir."

Ex-Judge Dereveux sat in a huddle in one corner of the back seat.

The family attended a musicale that night at a swanky community club and it was after twelve when Lynch put the big car away and climbed into his own to go home. There were no chauffeur's quarters over the garage. It was almost one when the G-Man got into the city to Ollie Winters' west side midtown garage.

Ollie was in his customary spot, stretched out on the ragged leather couch in the unkempt office.

"Where's Moosh?" Lynch asked.

"Boss called him about forty-five minutes ago," Ollie yawned.

"Where'd he go?" Lynch demanded. "I want to see him."

"He didn't say."

"Hmm," Lynch murmured. "I wonder . . ."

DAKERS and Moosh were riding slowly along the upper east side in the section recently reclaimed from slums and made over into swanky and comfortable quarters for folks who wanted to live close in. Dakers leaned over from the back seat.

"Give me your rod, Moosh."

Moosh dug under his left armpit and brought out a Colt .45 automatic, handed it back to the gambler. "What's up, boss?"

"Let me out at the next corner," Dakers said. "Then cruise slowly up and down for six or seven blocks. Keep that up until I come back."

Moosh stopped for a moment at the next corner and Dakers slipped out. He walked toward the waterfront, where a block of new fronts proclaimed the rebuilt section. He passed the block briskly, then cut down an alley meant for tradesmen between two of the new buildings. He went into the basement entrance and stepped into the automatic elevator. He pushed the button and went up to the third floor.

Dr. Kilburn answered the door himself in answer to Dakers' insistent pressure on the bell. He opened the door a few inches and asked, "Well?"

Dakers pushed his way in. "I've got to see you, doctor. It's a matter of life and death."

Dr. Kilburn had an old dressing-gown on over his pajamas. His side hair was disheveled and his pink pate glowed. His eyes blinked a little sleepily behind their thick glasses. "Well, then, come in." He led the way down the hall and switched on the lights in a neatly furnished office. "What is it?"

Dakers looked around cautiously. "Are we alone? Can anyone hear me?"

"No," Dr. Kilburn assured him. "My nurse leaves at nine and my houseman has gone for the night. We are quite alone."

"Then let's get down to business," Dakers said bluntly. "You have a formula for a pain-killer. It's all ready to be presented to the Medical Association. Get it out. Let's have it."

"Would you tell me, please," the doctor asked, "how did you know about this? Even my own associates at the hospital do not know. I have worked on it alone. One man, an old friend, heard about it, too. Yet I could have sworn it was a secret."

"We got guys who make it their business to find things out," Dakers grated. "Give me the stuff on it—quick!"

Dr. Kilburn spread his hands. "What good would that do you? In a few days it will be common property. Anyone can get it then."

"That's just the trouble," Dakers snapped. "I want it before you give it away, or anybody else learns you've got it. That stuff should be worth one hundred dollars an ounce. Let's have the formula, and don't waste any time."

"Who are you?" Dr. Kilburn blinked incredulously.

Dakers slipped the gun from his pocket and balanced it in his hand.

The doctor looked at it and nodded. "I see . . . but I don't think you know what you are doing. This will be a blessing to humanity. There isn't enough money in the world to buy it."

Dakers took a black silencer cylinder from his pocket and slipped it over the automatic's blunt snout. "Give me the formula and all your notes on it. I guess you keep them all together, huh?"

Dr. Kilburn drew a deep, weary breath. "I fail to see the sense of your action, when it will be public property in a few days. I can always do it over. I am not apt to forget this formula."

"Let's have it." Dakers pushed the gun closer. "Quick!"

Dr. Kilburn turned around and opened the top drawer of his desk. Dakers stood right behind him, the gun pressed against the doctor's ribs. The benefactor of mankind pulled out a large folio tied with tape. "This is it. And nobody in the world even dreamed I was working on it. All in form for the presentation at the Medical Association meeting next Thursday."

Dakers snatched the folio from Kilburn's hands. He backed off several paces and, keeping his eyes on the doctor, opened the folio. He pulled out a script, bound together by clips. He threw hurried glances at the pages. "Yeah. I guess this is it. Is it all here? All your notes?"

Dr. Kilburn waved one hand. "It's all there. Twenty-five years of work. Thirty years of dreaming. My gift to the suffering world, the victims of accidents, the badly injured. The fruition of my fondest ideal—"

Dakers raised his gun, pointed it at Dr. Kilburn's head, right between the eyes. "You pulled a boner, doc, when

you said you remembered the formula. Can't have guys remember things and give them away when we sell them for a hundred bucks an ounce."

Dr. Kilburn's kind, near-sighted eyes blinked. "You don't mean—"

Dakers squeezed the grip. A single spiteful cough. A round red hole appeared between Dr. Kilburn's eyes. His glasses slid off and his mouth sagged as he toppled forward. He gagged, "For humanity . . ." Then he was sprawled out on the floor.

"Had to give it to you like that, sawbones," Dakers explained. "With one of these silencer tubes on the barrel an automatic will only fire once. I had to make it a good one." He picked up the folio, used his handkerchief in switching off the light and letting himself out.

The automatic elevator came up at his summons and he went directly down to the basement.

Moosh was tooling slowly along the avenue when Dakers came striding along. The gunman swung open the back door and Dakers hopped in. He handed the gun to Moosh. "Better clean it when you get the chance, Moosh."

"Sure," Moosh agreed. "I always do."

EX-JUDGE DEREVEUX came home in the middle of the afternoon. He was clutching a newspaper that was wet from the perspiration of his hands. His wife was just going out as he stumbled through the door. "Wait!" he gasped. "Don't go out. I must talk to you. I've kept it for more than two years. But—but it's too much. Too much, I tell you!" His voice was shrill. He waved the newspaper. "They shot down Kilburn in cold blood. You see? They mur-

dered him because he wouldn't sell his formula. I know that's why they did it."

"Come up to your room." Mrs. Dereveux put her arms around his waist. "Dr. Kilburn's death was ghastly, but don't let it unnerve you so."

"But if you only knew," Dereveux wailed. He started up the wide front stairs, feeling in front of him with his hands like a blind man.

Once in his room, Mrs. Dereveux closed the door. "Now pour yourself a drink and tell me what it's all about."

Dereveux sat down weakly. "It all began more than two years ago. You remember, things weren't very brisk. My income had been greatly curtailed, to the point where you and Sandra were in danger of losing face completely. I was obliged to use some of the Haledon trust fund to make some money in the stock market. I was doing well enough and the Haledon estate was never in danger of losing by it."

His wife listened silently, her wide eyes upon his face. "Yes?"

"I don't know how he found out," Dereveux went on, "but some man came to me and threatened to have an immediate accounting demanded unless I advised him in the case of a notorious public enemy who was playing fast and loose with the law. It was a matter of a Federal violation. Much as I disliked to do it, I was obliged to advise him, and he dropped the demand for an accounting. . . . That was the start."

"The start?" His wife's face was troubled.

"Yes. They came to me for counsel on all manner of illegal devices. I never went into court, but I steered them from behind. Then it got so I

was obliged to advise them before the crimes were committed. They paid me well and agreed my name should never be known, even to members of the crime syndicate. Soon I began to detest it less. I became used to it. I didn't think it touched people like us, or like Dr. Kilburn. And the revenue was much more than I had been making in private practice."

"Do you mean," his wife's voice was shocked, "for the past two years you have been legal advisor to a crime syndicate?"

"I couldn't help it," Dereveux wailed. "They made me do it!" His hands covered his face and his shoulders shook with uncontrolled sobs.

His wife went over and placed a hand gently on his bowed head. "Don't let it get you so, Lucien. We'll go away and forget it. We can live in England or in some of the Scandinavian countries, or in Greece. Even South America would be pleasant enough."

Dereveux looked up. "I bought reservations on the *City of Paris* on my way home. We'll leave everything—sail for Europe. Where's Sandra?"

"She's out with Mr. Dakers."

"Dakers!" Dereveux looked up wildly. "Dakers, the inhuman swine. He's connected with the crime syndicate somewhere. He found out that I was their advisor and he has been using it to hold over me like a whip. He tied my hands so I can't forbid Sandra to see him. The boat sails Friday. Don't let her leave the house alone until then. . . . I couldn't help it. They forced me. They killed poor, gentle Kilburn. He never harmed a soul in his life, was going to give his life work to humanity, and they killed him in cold blood. They maim and kill. They pick out innocent shopkeep-

ers and make them put in nickel machines and sell numbers. If they refuse, they cripple them and wreck their stores!"

"Please," his wife begged, "calm yourself."

"They keep the money in one horrible cycle," Dereveux went on. "They pay the hoodlums, then get the money back through their bawdy houses and crooked gambling spots. Even the drabs in the vice ring spend their money back to the syndicate for drugs and numbers tickets and 'protection.' It's unbelievable. I tell you, it's monstrous!"

"And you have been supporting our daughter and me on the proceeds of that practice?" Mrs. Dereveux's voice sounded incredulous rather than censorious.

"I was forced into it," Dereveux mumbled. "But we'll leave all that behind. We'll go to Europe and pick some spot in which to settle. Sandra must never know."

Mrs. Dereveux shook her head. "We must contrive to keep it from her. I will be packed and ready to go by Friday."

The phone rang on Dereveux's private wire. Fearfully he stared at the instrument. When he reached out his hand for it he had the air of a man about to pick up a poisonous reptile. A call on that phone meant only one thing; orders from the voice that had directed his life for the past two and one-half years. His hand shook as he picked up the phone from its cradle.

"Yes."

"Dereveux." It was the soft cultured tone he knew so well that always sent a chill up his spine. "It has been reported to me that you have made reservations on the *City of Paris*. You will cancel them, Dereveux. And

never attempt to leave the city for any reason without permission."

"But, great heavens, man—" Dereveux's voice stuck in his throat.

"Have you got it straight?" the voice said softly.

"The reservations are for my wife and daughter," Dereveux stalled. "They are going on a little trip."

"No, they aren't. And neither are you, Dereveux. You failed on an important assignment that was given you. Other methods had to be used. We have not yet decided what our attitude will be towards you, but you will be advised. . . . In the meantime, stay right where you are."

Dereveux replaced the phone on its rack and dropped his head on his arms. "This can't be true," he mumbled brokenly. "These things can't really be happening. Sandra. Where's Sandra?"

"She is still out with Mr. Dakers," his wife said. "Don't you think you should lie down and try to rest?"

"Rest!" Dereveux wailed. "How can I rest?" He walked to the window and stood there. The fingers of his hands, clenched behind his back, trembled like gelatin as he tried to lace them together. His lips were moving soundlessly as he stared out at the spacious yard and winding drive, the wide road beyond.

Dakers' long black car swept into the driveway and stopped under the porte cochère. Dereveux stared at it for a moment, then whirled and ran downstairs. Sandra was standing on the carriage step, talking to Dakers, when Dereveux pulled the door open.

"Please go into the house, Sandra." Dereveux's voice trembled. "I want to talk to Mr. Dakers."

"The stern parent," Sandra smiled. "See you about eight, Rex."

"At eight," Dakers agreed. When the door closed behind Sandra, Dakers turned his unfathomable black eyes on the white haired ex-judge. "What's eating you?"

"You are not to see Sandra any more." Dereveux tried to keep his voice steady. "She is a fine decent girl and will be spending her time with escorts from her own social sphere from now on."

"You don't tell me." Dakers' drawl was heavy with irony. "Who says so? For a little while I thought you were the Big Shot. But you're just one of the hired hands, like me. And right now you're out of favor and you know it. I'll see your daughter as often as I want, and that's plenty often. And if you don't like that, just think about what happened to your old friend, Dr. Kilburn."

CHAPTER IV

Dereveux's Secret

MOOSH was at the garage that night when Lynch came in after finishing up in Westchester. The gunman with the battered face grinned widely when he saw Lynch walk in with his natty new uniform. He put one hand on his hip and minced across the office. "Why, hello, dearie. Where'd yuh get the new frock? Whoops!"

The G-Man grinned and unbuttoned the tight tunic. "What you been doing with yourself, Moosh."

"Me and the boss have been busy," Moosh said. "He wants you to go right over to his hotel. He said no matter how late it was, you should go over when you came in."

"I'm on my way," Lynch told him. "Boy, have I got the long hours."

Dakers was waiting for him, pacing

the floor of his hotel room, when the G-Man arrived. "Well," he asked irritably, "what you got to report?"

Lynch pulled a pad out of his pocket and read off the movements of the Dereveux family. Dakers listened, nodding his head absently. "Who was this jane's house Sandra went to?"

Lynch gave him the girl's name. "Talking about Sandra—" He hesitated.

"Well, what about her?" Dakers demanded.

"I don't want to be personal, boss," Lynch said slowly, "but she is certainly nuts about you."

"Yeah?" Dakers purred. "What makes you think so?"

"She talks about you all the time," Lynch told the gambler. "Even to her old lady she gasses about you all the time they're riding in the car. When she's with some other jane she really tells what's on her mind. Boss, you're in with that frail."

"What she act so childish for then?" Dakers snapped. "Always wants to play. Never acts grown-up."

"She's shy, I guess," Lynch offered. "She's been brought up careful and has been taught not to wrassle with guys unless she's engaged to them. But once you took hold of her I'll bet you'd find she is grown-up, all right."

"You think so?" Dakers' large black eyes narrowed speculatively. "You think she's really nuts about me?"

"I'm just telling you what I heard her say, boss."

"How about the judge? How has he been acting?"

"I think something's going sour," the G-Man said innocently. "He's been acting strange ever since I went up there to work. His wife keeps telling him to get a grip on himself, but he seems sunk all the time. I got no idea

what the trouble is. All I know is he looks like he'll soon be cutting out paper dolls."

Dakers spoke, more to himself than to Joe Lynch. "I guess they're putting the pressure on him, all right. I've got nothing to fear from that baby now."

"Yes, sir," Lynch mused aloud. "If it was me I'd take that skirt and just put her in the car. She's certainly a beautiful doll—and what a build!"

"Never mind that!" Dakers growled, then his voice became speculative. "You think once I got her away from the folks, off by myself, she'd warm up, heh?"

"No doubt about it," the G-Man said with assurance. "I know how she feels."

"All right, Arizona," Dakers said. "You're doing a good job. Stay with it."

"That's what I'm doing," the G-Man told him. "Good-night, boss."

The next afternoon Dereveux came home from the office very early again. He seemed so wobbly and unsure of himself, Joe Lynch had to help him out of the car and into the house. He went into his first floor study and refused to come out for dinner, despite his wife's urgings.

About eight o'clock Sandra went out with Dakers and after that the white-haired ex-judge just sat there, his hands limp on the desk before him, his eyes staring blankly at the far wall.

At nine-thirty the phone rang. Judge Dereveux let it ring, just sat there like a wax figure. His wife answered in the hall extension. "It's for you. It's Mr. Dakers."

"Dakers?" Dereveux stared stupidly for a moment, then reached for the phone. "Yes?"

"Hello, Judge," Dakers' voice came,

over the wire. "Don't look for your daughter tonight, pop. She won't be home for a while, maybe not at all. I just wanted to hear your voice when I told you. And I thought you used to be the Big Shot! How do you like it, you old white-haired phony?"

Judge Dereveux murmured weakly, "That cold-blooded murderer with my little Sandra . . ." Then he toppled sidewise off the chair and lay on the floor like a half-filled bag of rags.

JOE LYNCH was seated in the car by the side entrance of the house.

If the family didn't want to use it in another fifteen minutes he was going to put it away and go home. The door opened and Mrs. Dereveux appeared. "Come in, Joseph. Hurry, please." He followed her into the house and in to Dereveux's private first floor study. Mrs. Dereveux pointed to the limp figure of her white-haired husband on the floor.

"Judge Dereveux has fainted, Joseph. I wish you would help me carry him up to his room."

"I'll take him." The G-Man lifted the white-haired man in his arms, carried him like a child. Mrs. Dereveux ran up the stairs before him and held open the door of her husband's room. Lynch carried the unconscious man and laid him on the bed. "Guess I'd better get his clothes off, ma'am," he told Mrs. Dereveux.

"Please do," she said. "I'll call a doctor. The judge has been under a tremendous strain for some time now. Thank you, Joseph. Now if you'll undress him, I'll call a doctor."

Soon as Mrs. Dereveux had left the room the G-Man went into the bathroom and soaked a towel with cold water. He brought it back and pulled Dereveux half erect on the bed. He

swung the cold wet towel and slapped Dereveux smartly across the face with it several times. Dereveux shuddered and his eyes flicked open. Lynch smacked him again with the wet towel. Reason seemed to come into Dereveux's tired eyes.

"Dakers, the swine," he mumbled. "He's run away with my little girl, my Sandra."

"Sure he has." The G-Man's voice was not that of the chauffeur or of the tough guy the boys at the garage knew as Arizona. It was brisk and commanding. "He has run away with her and there's only one man who can stop him. You know who that man is!"

"The police," Dereveux muttered. "No. It would bring disgrace on her and on her mother and me. I must get her back without that."

"You might not *want* her back after a while," Lynch snapped brutally. "If you get her back at all you've got to get her now, tonight. The police can't do it. Only one man can stop Dakers now. That's the Big Shot himself. Call him." The G-Man shook Dereveux roughly.

The ex-judge seemed to have lost possession of all his faculties. "Who is he?" Lynch pressed. "What's the Big Shot's name? What's his phone number?"

"It's too late," Dereveux mumbled. "The black-hearted killer has taken her away."

"It *will* be too late if you don't tell me soon," Lynch pounded. "Give me his name and I can save Sandra in time."

White-haired ex-Judge Dereveux was licked. His eyes rolled, and as he slid back into a faint he muttered, "George Grayson, Squires' Club."

The Squires' Club was one of the oldest and most conservative men's clubs in the city. Lynch had heard of

Colonel George Grayson, knew the man's reputation as a secret manipulator of political strings. He knew that Grayson had spent years in Washington as a lobbyist for large interests. Now he was officially retired from active life. South in the winter. North in the summer. The Squires' Club between seasons.

The G-Man told the doorman he had a personal message for Colonel George Grayson. The doorman looked at Lynch's livery and admitted him. The F. B. I. agent walked across the reading room to where a plump, pleasant looking man of about sixty was seated by the fireplace. He stepped close to George Grayson and opened his palm, disclosing a little gold Department of Justice badge.

"They want to talk to you at the Department, Grayson."

Grayson looked up calmly. He nodded and started to get up. He was plump and the chair was softly upholstered so he had to grunt a little before he made it.

Walking across the room he said, "How about a drink before we start, Mr. Special Agent?"

The G-Man shook his head. "Sorry. We can't stop just now. Dakers has kidnapped Dereveux's daughter. You'll have to send out the word to have him stopped and turned back."

GRAYSON stopped walking and turned to face Lynch. His voice was soft and cultured. "My dear young man. What makes you think I know any of these persons or have any control over their actions?"

"Dereveux broke down, Grayson. We know all we want to know."

"Really?" Grayson yawned, then covered the yawn with his hand. "That being the case we have no rea-

sonable excuse for delay. Shall we use my car?"

"No. I have mine."

They were almost to the door when Grayson's knees buckled and he fell forward on his face. The G-Man knelt beside him and began to lift his head from the floor.

"Sorry you wouldn't let me get a drink," Grayson said in his soft cultured voice. "I dislike very much having to take poison without being able to have a whiskey chaser."

Lynch explained to the club's chief steward that Colonel George Grayson had just committed suicide, showed the servant his little gold badge and gave him instructions. Outside the club he instructed the policeman on traffic duty to call his precinct and report the death in the Squires' Club.

He went over to the west side traffic viaduct and down to the midtown ramp, turned off and in a few minutes was in Ollie Winters' garage.

"Where's Moosh?" he demanded.

"Gone with the boss," Ollie told him.

"Where'd they go?" the G-Man demanded. "He told me he wants to see me right away. I was late, getting down from Westchester."

"Moosh said he'd be gone a couple days," Ollie remembered. "Maybe they went to the boss's place in Pennsy . . . Although they don't usually go there unless they got women along."

"What place in Pennsy?" Lynch barked. "Where is it? What's the name of it?"

"Some lodge in the hills near Doylestown called the Fly and Feather or some screwy name like that."

"Okay." Lynch started out. "I'll be seeing you."

He drove through the tunnel and over to the Newark Airport. It took

him twenty minutes to arrange for the chartering of a plane and get off into the grayling sky. The pilot knew Doylestown from the air and the G-Man had him fly low over the outskirts to see if he could pick out a place that might be Dakers' fishing lodge. Then he directed the pilot to set the ship down on the golf course behind a clump of trees on a dog-leg hole.

Ten minutes later he had the sheriff and a car load of deputies armed with shotguns. The sheriff knew where the city fella's fishing lodge was, up the crick a bit. They drove up to within a hundred and fifty yards of it, then Lynch ordered the posse out of the car. Dakers' big black limousine was in the path in front of the cabin.

It was getting dusk. Joe Lynch explained to the sheriff's men: "There are at least two men in there and one woman. The men are both cold-blooded killers and the girl is there against her will. We'd better rush them before it starts to get dark or they might make a break for it."

"If you say so," the sheriff agreed. "It's your party."

"Maybe that wouldn't be a good idea either," the G-Man hesitated. "There's a girl with those two desperate characters. She's not a criminal, doesn't know what it's all about. She might get hurt if we started shooting. I'll go in alone and order them to surrender. Then you and your men can help me take care of them."

"If they're tough as you say," the sheriff grunted, "you can have the job of calling them. The boys and I will surround the shack. Right?"

"Right." The G-Man started up the path toward the little rustic fishing lodge. The sheriff deployed his men, sent them out into the woods to con-

verge upon the cabin from different sides.

There was no sign of life or movement as Joe Lynch walked slowly up the path. A thin trickle of smoke was coming from the chimney and Dakers' big limousine was standing out in front nearby. Aside from those signs the place might have been deserted.

THE G-Man tried to appear very casual in case they were watching him from a window. Only when he was on the porch and his hand on the door knob did he reach inside his tight chauffeur's tunic and ease the gun in his shoulder holster. The top three buttons of the jacket he left open purposely.

The door yielded to his push. The three of them, Dakers, Sandra Dereveux and Moosh, were sitting around in front of an open fire. They all looked up as Lynch came into the room.

"Hello, Arizona," Moosh greeted him.

"What are you doing here?" Dakers' quiet voice had an edge to it.

"Oh, Joseph," Sandra said. "Did they send you for me?"

"Lift your hands, all of you!" Lynch snapped suddenly. In one hand he held a gun, in the other he displayed the little gold badge of the F. B. I. "I arrest you, Dakers and you, Moosh, in the name of the Department of Justice of the United States."

Dakers and Moosh elevated their hands slowly. "I might have known there was something funny about you," Dakers said quietly. "You were too good to be a tramp hoodlum."

"Hey," Moosh said incredulously. "Don't tell me you're a cop, Arizona! Not you, you ain't a dick. I can't believe it."

"Go outside, Miss Dereveux," Lynch directed the girl. "Walk down the path. Stay there."

Sandra nodded and started for the door. As she passed Dakers he reached out suddenly and pulled her toward him. Holding her in front of him as a shield, Dakers snapped out his own gun. The girl struggled vainly for a moment but stopped, eyes wide and staring, when Dakers grated in her ear, "Be still, or I'll drill you." He had the gun muzzle jammed against the soft flesh at her side.

Holding the girl before him Dakers began to back out. Moosh watched, hands still high, a bewildered expression on his battered face. Twice he muttered, "Geez, Arizona. You can't be a cop!"

Lynch waited until Dakers and the girl were in the doorway. Then he fired one shot at Dakers' right shoulder, exposed for a moment above the girl's form. Dakers' return shot grazed the G-Man's left wrist. Out on the porch, Dakers pushed the girl aside and dived for the door of his bullet proof car.

He had his hand on the door handle when a shotgun exploded and Dakers sank forward against the body of the car. The G-Man's head turned at the sound and Moosh dropped his hands and lunged for the door, yanking out his gun as he ran. The sheriff's man was right behind the corner of the house and had the door ranged perfectly.

He gave Moosh the other barrel as the gunman came out.

The G-Man called from inside the door. "That's all. Cease firing!"

When he walked out Moosh was huddled in a heap on the floor of the porch. Dakers was slumped down over the running board of his big bullet

proof car. The sheriff's men were coming in through the woods and a state trooper was jouncing up the road on his motorcycle, gun in hand.

The G-Man stooped down to look at Moosh. The gunman's battered face was twitching spasmodically. "Guess I never will get to settle down, Arizona . . . How did you happen to be a cop?" His eyes closed, then opened again to stare glassily.

DAKERS was writhing and moaning in agony. The buckshot charge from the shotgun had struck him in the side. He was bleeding badly. His face was gray and bathed with the sweat of excruciating pain. "For God's sake do something," he begged the G-Man. "Give me a shot of something. I can't stand it. My belly is blown apart—I'm bleeding to death. Do something."

"Poetic justice," Lynch told him grimly. "If you hadn't drilled Dr. Kilburn between the eyes this state trooper would have some of his formula in his first aid kit. In two minutes your agony would be over and the bleeding stopped. You'd have had a good chance to live. The way it is now you probably won't survive long enough to reach the hospital."

Dakers shrieked. "I can't stand it. I can't!"

The G-Man satisfied the state trooper as to the authenticity of the raid, then climbed on behind the back seat of the trooper's motorcycle and rode out. They found Sandra Dereveux; white and trembling, in the sheriff's car.

The G-Man instructed her to wait for the sheriff and rode on to the trooper's station.

He put in a call for his superior in New York and identified himself.

"Looks as if the ball of yarn is all wound up," he said. "I had to work on Dakers until he snatched Sandra Dereveux and took her to his fishing lodge in Pennsy. Then I had to needle Judge Dereveux until he broke down and named George Grayson. When Grayson beat me to it and took poison I hopped a plane and came down and got Dakers and his bodyguard, the man who killed Riordan and others. The sheriff is taking care of the Dereveux girl. Perhaps we'd better keep her out of the way until her father goes down to Washington to tell his story."

"Fine," the G-Man's chief applauded. "Only one mistake. Grayson didn't take poison. He fooled you by taking regurgitant that had the symptoms of a powerful poison. Five minutes after you left him in his club he was up and out the back door. But he's in the open now and we shouldn't have any trouble picking him up. You say

Dakers and his bodyguard are both dead?"

"One dead," Lynch said. "The other dying. I'll bring the girl back with me. Dereveux should be ready to talk now. He's a cinch to break down after what he's been through."

"Yep. I'd have had a tough time breaking these babies down if it hadn't been for the girl. She didn't know it but she was the wedge. I played both Dakers and her old man, using her as bait. The idea came to me down in Hialeah at the track when I heard Dakers mutter to himself when he first saw the girl. He mumbled, 'So that's the Big Shot's daughter!' At the time he thought Dereveux must be the director of the crime syndicate."

"All right. See you soon as you get to New York. From here out we shouldn't have any trouble cracking the rest of this combine. Looks as if you finished the job Riordan set out to do."

Within and Without the Law

THE first disturbance among prisoners of Alcatraz Island, the government's escape-proof prison in San Francisco Bay, was a queer one. The men went on strike for working hours. They refused to eat until given more time for relaxation. The warden announced that they would "starve or work"—and they were finally forced to give up the strike.

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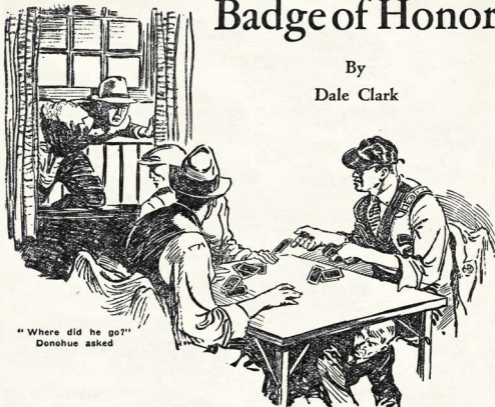
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Badge of Honor

By

Dale Clark



"Where did he go?"
Donohue asked

"THE heat is on! I'm going to clean up this town, starting with the Police Department. Graft is out! The cop with his hand out is reaching for the door-knob, whether he knows it or not. I'm going to make an example of any fellow who thinks he's bigger than the shield he's walking around behind—"

So said General Rhyder, newly appointed Commissioner of Police — a soldier talking to four hundred detectives lined up at attention in the downtown show-up room.

In the front rank Timothy Donohue, Sergeant of Detec-



tives, long assigned to the Rackets Detail, stood squarely and respectfully on his two No. 10 feet. He had a wide, knobby face with a mouth that might have been cast in iron, with yellowish eyes that might have been rubbed copper. He was forty-seven, and twenty-two years on the Force. He had seen a lot of Commissioners come and go. The "reform" kind came loudest and went the fastest, he had noticed.

"I'm going to make some examples here and now!" the General shouted.

It was all the old mohokus, Tim Donohue figured. He

Detective Sergeant Tim Donohue Could Accept Disgrace Far Easier than the Loss of His Most Prized Possession

had seen too many shake-ups in the Department. They turned a few goats out to pasture in the suburbs, they dusted off the well-known Special Orders, they bought a few more prowlers. The prowler-cars stayed, but pretty soon the goats came back. 'Cause why? Because you couldn't run a police department like a business office, or like an army.

" . . . Show you I mean business!" the General stormed.

Tim Donohue didn't doubt that. Sure, Rhyder was sincere! But policing a city of four hundred thousand wasn't a question of being sincere. You had to have the right lines out, you had to have stools and canary birds, and a starved bird doesn't sing. And that kind of stool only squeaks when you apply plenty of grease. Suppose, now, hoods put the gim on a big department store? Tim Donohue knew fifty phonographs — talkers with records — who would open up for a price. But where did he get the price? Could he draw half a C at Headquarters? Don't laugh. No, he went to a certain box at the First National.

Did he need a box at the First National for what he could save out of thirty-five hundred a year? Don't laugh again.

And suppose he didn't have the box? In that case, the canaries didn't sing; the hoods clewed the gim on tighter; the department store squawked. Business men decided the reform administration wasn't so hot. They kicked out the Commissioner, the goats came back, the stools squeaked, the hoods faded. *That* was how you policed—

"Timothy Donohue!" the General said.

What could this be? Was the General going to put Tim Donohue out in the sticks, then; was the General going to

assign Tim Donohue to recovering stolen bicycles out in Manor Park—as had happened away back in 1923?

Tim Donohue moved his No. 10 feet, three steps front.

"Hand me your gun, Donohue!" His gun?

"And your badge."

It wasn't the sticks for Tim Donohue, it was the skids. He reached for his gun, he pulled his shiny nickel badge from his pants pocket.

"You mean I'm suspended, Commissioner?"

That would be laying it on with a trowel! Donohue's cheeks burned, a deep slow color. Suspend him? How in hell could they do that? A trip out to Manor Park could be explained as politics. But to suspend him! The Devil himself was in that!

General Rhyder's face burned, too. With anger.

"No, I'm not suspending you. I'm busting you, Donohue!" His voice whip-cracked, it boomed out like the voice of the fellow who plays Mussolini on the "March of Time" radio program.

"I'm wise to you, grafter!" the General barked. "You're out! You're through! You're tin-canned! I won't have a cheap grab artist disgracing the Force—"

DONOHUE'S face went white. It went sick-white, licked-white, fish-belly-white. He was mad enough to bite ten-penny nails, but he couldn't have swallowed gravy for the knot in his throat.

His arm jerked up. He saluted. The salute jerked open the front of his coat.

"Wait a minute!" the General said. "What's that on your shirt?"

What Tim Donohue had on his shirt was a silver badge, a special shield

given to him by the *Blade*—Tom Bledsoe's paper. They had changed all that now, and they gave hundred dollar checks for the heroic policeman stunt. But Tim Donohue got this shield away back in the old days—in 1919, just after the War. He got it on account of a running gunfight; he got it for blasting the Beretti gang.

"That's my own," Tim Donohue said.

"It reads *City Police* to me," the General snapped. "Hand it over, Donohue."

"Commissioner, I can't do that—"

"Can't you!" the General barked. "Well, I can!"

He grabbed the silver badge. He didn't bother to unpin it, either. He yanked. He took the badge, and a triangular strip out of Tim Donohue's shirt.

"Silk!" the General sneered. "I can't wear eight-dollar shirts, Donohue." He handed the triangle of cloth to Tim. "Take this, and march! Get out of my sight!"

Tim Donohue marched. The eyes of the ranks of waiting men followed him.

"Karl Muldren!" the General gruffed.

Tim Donohue walked out of the room, out of Headquarters Building, up the street.

Grafter! Cheap grab artist!

He said to himself:

"It's a rotten deal, it burns me up!"

Busted. Well, he should worry! He had close onto forty grand salted away in that First National box. Clean money, too, in spite of what the General said; in spite of the fact that it hadn't come out of his salary.

Well, anyway, it was fairly clean. He had never touched girl-money, dope-money, hot-bonds, nothing like that! Yes, maybe he *had* put his hand

out—just a little. He had taken a little from the bookies—

"Why not?" he asked himself.

The citizens wanted to play the machines. The citizens wanted to play the races. It was only fair and just, then, that those industries should pay for their protection. He collected from crime to fight crime—

Yes, he did! He had never kept any records—only a sap would keep papers on that sort of thing—but in the last ten years he'd paid out twelve, maybe fifteen, grand to keep the stools greased, to feed the canaries.

How else could he stay at the head of the Rackets Detail? He was a good cop, an efficient cop, because he had the lines out. And you don't catch fish without bait. Why, Lord bless this world, if he hadn't done things like that he never would have been anything better than a flatfoot pounding the pavements.

Twenty-two years ago, he'd been just that. How did it all start? Tim Donohue tried to think back. He guessed it all started with the signs. If a merchant owned a sign that hung out over the sidewalk, he was supposed to have a special license. The cop on the beat checked up on that. And it just happened to be cheaper and easier and more convenient all around, for everybody, if the storekeeper slipped the officer a finnik instead of going down to the city hall. Yes, that made the start of it.

A finnik here and a finnik there, had given young Tim Donohue a back-log to burn. Understand, nothing dirty! The storekeeper could have his sign worries taken care of, but he couldn't fix anything serious—like a short scale to cheat the poor, in those days before the city set up a Weights and Measures Division.

MAN with a back-log, Tim Donohue had been able to take care of a thing or two. Like giving Joe Morris a twenty when the bailiffs moved the Morrises onto the street. Poor Joe'd been in the pen, he was trying to go straight. Maybe that twenty saved Joe from dropping back into his old tricks. And when Tony Ajax came out of the jug, when Tony propositioned Joe on a particular heist job, didn't Joe slip the word to young Tim Donohue? Sure, he did! So Tim Donohue busted the heist, so he won a transfer into plainclothes.

Busted, now, himself!

"Praise God, Mary never lived to see this day!" ejaculated Tim.

Yes, it would have been the devil and all to have had to tell Mary a thing like this—to tell Mary that the Packard and the Frigidaire and what-not else, had not exactly been paid for out of reward money on crooks—which the Chief had kept out of the papers so's not to make the rest of the force jealous.

All the same, he had pinched the crooks! They couldn't take that away from Tim Donohue! When it came to murder, to theft, to arson, then Tim had his hand out a different way—with a gun in it.

He thought about his silver shield, and the corners of his mouth quirked downward. How could the General wipe it out—that Donohue single-handed blasted the Berettis? The General couldn't!

Tim Donohue's eye roved into Grogan's saloon; it was twenty-two years' habit to look into a place like that.

And who should be at Grogan's bar but slick Gero Gowan, the mouthpiece?

Donohue walked in.

"Ho-ho! One hero less this morning!" laughed Gero Gowan.

Tim Donohue pinned a hard squint on the mouthpiece. He didn't like Gowan's kind of law, and he didn't like Gowan. The shyster was too fat, too flashy, and smelled too much like a combination barbershop and barroom.

"Good news travels fast," Donohue said.

"Bad news. You kept trade booming, Tim boy."

"Straight up," Donohue told the barkeep.

Gero Gowan inspected his sidecar. "I guess they're screwing the lid on tight? Well, it's an ill wind don't blow me a lot of clients. I should kick!"

"You got one right now," said Tim Donohue. "I ain't taking this laying down."

"Mohokus."

"No, I ain't. I'm going up in front of the Trial Board," Tim Donohue growled. "I'm a civil service employee. Rhyder can't bounce me like this."

Gero Gowan smiled cynically.

"They couldn't put Capone away, either," he said. "So what? You're bounced. You don't need the Trial Board to put a rubber stamp on the tin-can."

Tim Donohue scowled. "All I care about, Rhyder has to give me back my silver badge. If I can't get it from the Board, I'll sue him clear up to the Supreme Court!"

"On account of a dollar's worth of dressed up tin?"

"No. On account that shield belongs to me!"

Gero Gowan pushed his glass across the bar. "A quick one." He fixed a blue-green stare on Tim Donohue. "This will cost me money, Tim boy. But I don't want your case. Maybe you remember when the Bar Association put the rap on me for jury fixing? I fought back. You know what hap-

pened? They dug up enough evidence to take me into criminal court!"

Tim Donohue's eyes narrowed. "There's plenty of other lawyers."

Gero lifted the sidecar. "Here's to your funeral, Donohue."

"Okay. But they bury me with my silver badge on, see?"

Gero said, "You're a fool, but I'll take the case." He held out a flabby hand.

Tim Donohue didn't see the hand. "I don't care what it costs, I'm going to get that shield back."

FIVE members sat on the Trial Board. "Your Honors," argued

Gero Gowan, "we don't ask for reinstatement of my client. Our claim is short and sweet. The badge in question was given to Officer Donohue in esteem of heroic services. We contend that General Rhyder acted away out of his constitutional rights in seizing this piece of personal property."

General Rhyder whispered to the D.A.

The D.A. stood up. "Honorable members of the Board, it doesn't make any difference where the plaintiff got this badge. Maybe he bought it in a dime store. Maybe it was given to him. But, Your Honors, a private citizen has no right to a police shield, bought, given, or stolen."

It was the Board's turn to whisper.

The President of the Board spoke:

"What all this comes to is a suit in equity. The Board does not hold that Donohue's badge is an ordinary shield, comparable to one purchased in a ten cent store. The Board agrees with the plaintiff's contention—namely, that this shield has a special value extrinsic to its worth in weight."

The D.A. frowned, and Tim Donohue grinned.

"The question before the Board," the President went on, "is—does this plaintiff come into court with clean hands? Officer Donohue contends that his badge is an honor; we agree. He further contends that it is an honor that ought to be restored to him. We disagree. No police officer can come before this body, disgracefully dismissed as he is, and expect us to restore any honors to him. The matter is dismissed, pending further action on the plaintiff's part."

The D.A. grinned and Tim Donohue frowned.

Gero Gowan hustled his client out of the room. "I told you what to expect, Tim boy. They want you to lead with your chin. You should sue for reinstatement! You should prove your hands are clean! Don't do it, Donohue. Let them take you in front of a Grand Jury and prove your hands are dirty."

Tim Donohue stared bleakly at his mouthpiece. "I got to win that shield back, Gero."

Gero threw up his fat hands. "Can't you get it through your head, man? A Trial Board ain't a court, but its findings are open to the Grand Jury. Under the ordinance, Rhyder don't have to prove you're a crook; all he has to prove is that your dismissal was in the best interest of the Department. He can hide behind a technical charge, such as suspicious action. You got to prove your action ain't suspicious; that forty grand in a safe deposit vault ain't suspicious. Then the Board asks, where did you get that dough? You tell them you inherited it from your Uncle Charley, maybe? Then the D.A. investigates and finds you haven't got an Uncle Charley. So he goes up in front of a Grand Jury—"

"He could do that anyway."

"Yes, and why don't he?" Gero Gowan asked. "Because he don't know for sure what your defense will be. It might be your Uncle Charley, it might be the stock market, it might be your wife took in washing. The only thing he does know is me, Gero Gowan. I will beat the rap once, but not even Gero Gowan can save you if you once explain that forty G's to the Board. Not even Gero Gowan can beat a rap if he has to hand his defense to the D.A. six months or a year before the criminal trial."

"You beat the jury fixing rap."

Gero winked. "By fixing the jury that tried me!"

Tim Donohue pulled in a long breath. He said, "Sue for reinstatement. I'm going to have that badge back."

THAT evening a detective named Jim Alden happened to step into a cigar store at Eighth and Lincoln, and who should he see at the wall phone but a party known as Trigger Tex Thompson.

"Put them up, Tex!" ordered Detective Alden.

Trigger Tex started to lift his hands. He kept his right arm close to his chest as it went up.

Trigger Tex carried his belly-buster in an armpit holster, the lower half of which had been trimmed off so the snout of the gat stuck through. Trigger's forearm boosted the rod on a level with Alden's chest. A piece of string, looped around the trigger of the cannon, was moored on the holster top band. The string tightened.

The belly-gun blasted. Detective Alden crumpled. The cigar store clerk ducked behind the counter. By the time the prowl-cars arrived, Trigger Tex was a long way from Eighth and

Lincoln. The cigar clerk could give only a partial description. Jim Alden could give no description at all. He was dead.

Gero Gowan leaned back deeply into a luxurious chair in his luxurious office. He rubbed the gleaming, freshly manicured nails of his left hand on his right sleeve.

He said, "Tim boy, I know how you can get your badge, after all."

Tim Donohue stared at the mouthpiece. Tim's face seemed to have grown narrowed during recent weeks. The knobby cheek bones stood out farther.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. And you won't have to face the Trial Board, either."

"Go on."

Gero rubbed the nails of his right hand on his left sleeve. "All you have to do is make a deal with Rhyder."

Donohue laughed harshly. "A deal—with Rhyder? You're crazy."

"Crazy like a fox. Rhyder gives you back your badge, and in return you turn in the lug who killed Alden."

"I don't know who killed Alden."

"One of my clients does." Gero said that very quietly. "Good news gets around fast, you told me once. Rhyder has been able to lay a lid on the town, yeah, but Jim Bledsoe's paper is hot on his tail because murders like that Alden thing go unsolved. I'm like you, Tim. I have my lines out."

Donohue said, "Get out of the bushes! Spill it!"

"I want to sell you a bill of goods, Donohue. A three G bill."

"Okay, but what?"

"The guy that bumped Alden was making a phone call. He never had a chance to hang up, see? The party

at the other end of the line heard the shot." Gero Gowan paused, let that sink in. "This party is a client of mine. The party wants to get out of town, and needs three G's. So—"

Donohue got a cigar out of a box on the table, bit off its end.

"That's very interesting, Gero. But why does your client have to lam? I'm not handing out three G's to help anybody beat a rap."

"The party had a little tip racket," Gero said. "Nothing you should worry about, Tim."

"I wouldn't take your word for that, Gero."

"You don't have to. My client will meet Rhyder personally, and put the finger on who killed Alden. Rhyder can pick up the killer and the cigar clerk can identify. My client would never consent to meet Rhyder if there was anything on the record, you know that."

Donohue thought a minute. "It boils down to this. I pay your client three G's for going into Rhyder's office with his story. And I pay, if and provided the clerk can identify."

Gero Gowan began polishing his nails again.

"My client can't go to Headquarters, Tim. My client is maybe being watched on account of this phone call I'm telling you about."

"Okay," Donohue said. "He can give me the lug's name, and I'll go to Headquarters."

"That wouldn't be a little bit smart," Gero Gowan protested. His fat lips puckered. The lids curtailed his eyes. "You want to do the General a favor, Tim, you don't want to hold him up. If you know this name, you ought to tell him; you shouldn't try to bargain for a badge—especially with a dictaphone maybe in his office.

No. Tell him you can arrange a meeting, ask him politely if he won't bring your badge along. There's another angle. My client probably wouldn't talk except to the General. It figures this way, my client don't want to put a finger on the lug in court."

"That could be taken care of."

"Not by you or me," Gero Gowan said. "Will the State take this tip, and not bring my client in as a witness? You can't promise that. No, the party has to talk to the General."

"Where?"

"Where the party lives. It's a nice quiet hotel over on Vine Street, a place called the Beverly Arms—"

IT was room 512 in the Beverly Arms. The General sat very erectly in his chair, a military ramrod of a man. He said, "Damn it! Where is this mysterious informer?"

Tim Donohue chewed on a cigar. The muscles bulged in his cheeks.

"General, I asked you to come a little early. I thought we could talk this thing over."

"Talk what over, Donohue?"

"I thought maybe we could get to understand one another," Tim Donohue said. "I'm willing to come half-way."

"You could come all the way, on your hands and knees, too," the General barked. "I don't want any part of you, Donohue."

"I'm still coming half-way, General."

The Commissioner pulled down a pair of white brows. "All right, you're coming. What for? Your hand is still out, too. What do you want this time?"

"It's hot in here," Tim Donohue said. He crossed the room, lifted the window three inches, and came back,

"You hit the nail on the head, Commissioner. My hand is out. Give me back my silver badge!"

"So that's it."

Donohue knocked the ash from his cigar. His big fingers shook slightly. "Listen, General. Suppose a soldier got the Congressional Medal. Suppose afterward he—deserted. You wouldn't take the medal away from him, would you?"

The Commissioner laughed. It was very far from a pleasant laugh. "Why try to justify yourself, Donohue? You've got something to sell. I'm willing to buy. I'll pay the price."

He took the badge from his pocket. He threw it, scornfully, at Donohue's number 10 feet. The silver gleamed dully against the worn turkey red carpet.

Donohue stooped, picked up the shield. He blew on it, and wiped the moisture on his coat sleeve. Slow color flamed in his cheeks.

"Put it back in your pocket, Commissioner." He dropped the badge into the General's hand.

Rhyder's eyes widened. "Sore, are you? Calling the deal off?"

"Don't worry about the deal—and my hand is still out," Tim Donohue growled. "But let's get this straight. You've called me a crook and a grafter. Well—maybe I was. Yes, I went along with a lot of things. But I didn't go along with everything. That badge stands for the things I didn't go along with, see?"

A rap sounded at the door. Again.

"You'd better open it," the General glanced at the second tap.

"In a minute, Commissioner. You don't like my methods. I'm here to show you how they work." His face paled, now. "I'm going to show you that a crook and a grafter can maybe

fight the killing kind of crime, fight fire with fire. That's how I won that badge to begin with, and that's how I'm winning it back."

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Tim Donohue opened the door. A young woman stepped into the room, first casting a fearful glance up and down the corridor.

Donohue gaped at her. Gero Gowan hadn't mentioned that his client was a girl. Still, it seemed logical that whoever killed Jim Alden might have been phoning a skirt like this.

She had sleek blonde hair. She had arched, pale eyebrows with some greenish-blue paint daubed on the upper lids. Her mouth wore a lipstick Cupid's bow.

The girl wore an expensively bulky fur coat. She looked like a gunman's moll, Donohue decided. She swayed across the room.

It happened fast. It happened far too fast for Tim Donohue to do anything.

First, the girl peeled off her coat.

"Darling!" she said, and threw her arms around the Commissioner.

"Hell!" said Tim Donohue, slamming the door shut. He started toward the pair.

A cold chill tweaked the side of his face.

The blonde was a big girl. She had a pair of shapely arms clasped around the Commissioner. Her painted nails dug deeply into his coat.

"Shake her!" Tim Donohue roared.

But the General might not have been able to free himself at once, had he tried. He didn't try. The General was stunned into momentary rigor.

A photoflash exploded. Tim Donohue whirled around, saw the photographer crouched on the fire escape outside the now open window.

"Damn you, Donohue!" the Commissioner shouted. He struggled with the girl. "You framed this!"

Donohue urged his two hundred pounds toward the window. The photographer jumped up, slammed the sash in Donohue's face.

DONOHUE covered his face with his left arm, and banged his right elbow twice through the glass. He pushed his head through the opening and watched the photographer run down the escape.

"Stop!" yelled Donohue. "Stop, or I'll shoot—"

He hadn't carried a gun since they tin-canned him. He didn't have a permit to carry one.

Donohue pushed through the broken glass, snapping off jagged slivers against his burly shoulders.

He pounded his big feet down the frosty iron steps. A frame-up, he thought angrily. Gero Gowan had played him for a sucker! And half the reform organizations in town would be demanding the General's resignation in the morning. Reformers were like that.

The photographer dived through an

open window into a room on the fourth floor.

Tim Donohue dived right in after him.

Three men sat playing poker in the room. The dealer wore a green celluloid eyeshade. Tim Donohue knew the dealer slightly. His name was Trigger Tex Thompson. He had a record. He was wanted.

"Keep your hands on the table, boys," Tim Donohue said, with his own right fist making a bulge in his coat pocket.

They kept their hands on the table. "Where did he go?" Donohue asked then.

"Where did who go?" Trigger Tex said.

"The guy with the camera."

"Get a butterfly net," Trigger Tex sneered.

The other two guys at the table looked scared. Their names, Tim Donohue remembered, were Al Stope and Keno Halsey. They were dime a dozen punks; they didn't worry him a bit.

"Keep right on shuffling, Tex," he said. "Make them cards talk out loud



When trouble brings you back to earth,
Give Beech-Nut a chance to prove its worth—
The flavor softens Fortune's Frown,
And soothes you when life has let you down!

When you're down... Pick up



BEECH-NUT
PEPPERMINT GUM
... is so good it's the most popular
flavor of any gum sold in the United States.

while I look in the bathroom."

Donohue turned toward the bathroom. The man who had been hiding under the card table reached out his hand, snagged Donohue's ankle. Donohue staggered. His hands flew out wide, and he fell—hard.

"Didn't even have a rod!" the photographer said.

Donohue lay with his face in the carpet and swore softly.

"Hands up, all of you!" the General shouted.

A service .45 came through the window, with the Commissioner behind it. Rhyder's face bled from a trailing scratch that ran from mouth to ear: the blonde's painted nails had been sharpened nails, too.

"No!" yelled Tim Donohue, pulling up on his knees.

He smashed the photographer in the face. He grabbed the card table with both hands, threw it against Trigger Tex. But Tex was half out of his chair already, his hands almost to the level of his lapel notches.

"Hands up!" the Commissioner ordered again.

Tim Donohue got to his feet very

fast for a big man, a man of forty-seven. He threw his arms around Trigger Tex, tried to knock Tex off balance.

Crash!

The Commissioner shouted, "Out of the way, Donohue!"

TIM DONOHUE did not obey at once. A twitch jerked his big frame. He swayed stiffly. His head, thrown back on his shoulders, seemed to listen to the echo of the shot against the walls of the room.

It took him a long time to fall. He went down slowly, majestically, like a big tree in a forest of smaller trees.

Trigger Tex had his belly-buster out, now. He was considered a fairly good shot by the hoods around Twenty-first and Lincoln.

The General had a lot of medals in his office. He had won them on ranges in the Philippines.

Crash, the General's .45 said, *crash!*

The hoods around Twenty-first and Lincoln would have been very surprised.

The General did not shoot Trigger Tex dead. Nothing so crude as that!

BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT

...especially for those who like a "stronger" taste. A Beech-Nut Quality product.



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BEECH-NUT

PEPSIN GUM... candy coating protects a pleasing flavor... and, as you probably know, pepsin aids digestion after a hearty meal.



ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed exercise and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

BEECHIES

... another really fine Peppermint Gum sealed in candy coating. Like Gum and Candy in one.

He merely and expertly shot most of Trigger's right wrist off its forearm.

The room was suddenly full of plainclothes men. They came crashing from a passenger elevator which had been "out of service" that evening. They came by way of the fire escape up from the street.

No, the General hadn't been so dumb!

Somebody wrapped a tourniquet around Trigger's arm. Someone else snatched up Tex's belly-gun. Later they fired shots out of it, and the slugs matched with the tracings on the lead they had previously taken out of Detective Alden. Someone else was asking questions, and to every question the photographer sadly answered, "Gero Gowan."

Yes, Gero Gowan had tried to bust the Commissioner, and save the rackets.

Most of the detectives, however, stared wide-eyed at a little ceremony.

The General got down on his hands and knees beside Tim Donohue. He turned Tim over, who was breathing

heavily. He stared at Donohue's shirtfront. It was an expensive shirt, an eight-dollar silk shirt, that had been torn and then mended skillfully by laundry service.

There was a big badge of blood covering the neat laundry stitches.

Tim said, "I'll be all right in a couple of days, Commissioner."

The Commissioner groped in his pocket and got out a silver shield. He blew on the badge, wiped the moisture on his handkerchief; he shined the badge up nicely. Finally he placed the silver shield in the middle of the big red stain on the left side of Tim Donohue's shirtfront.

The badge said, in tall graven letters, CITY POLICE. And in much smaller letters, in the space where the officer's number would have been engraved on an ordinary nickel shield, it said:

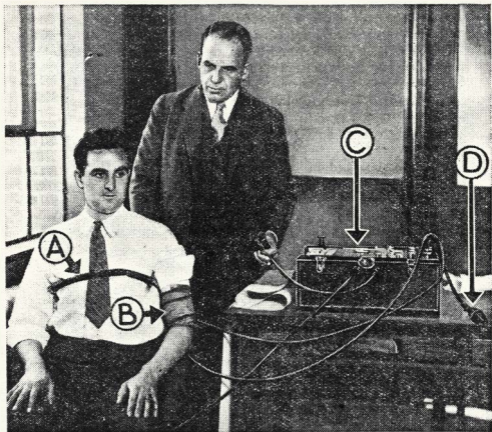
HERO
FOR HE DID BRAVELY WHAT
HE SAW TO BE
HIS DUTY



As a Man Is Painted—

THE path of the transgressor is daily becoming harder as science wages war on crime and from time to time adds new devices which aid the police in bringing the criminal to justice. One of the latest of these is used by the police of England and consists of a glass container resembling an electric light bulb which is filled with paint. This "paint bomb" bursts when striking a fleeing automobile, for instance, and smears a bright-colored paint over the object which the police wish to capture. In this way, identification is readily established and the chances of the fugitive escaping the law are seen to be steadily approaching the zero point.

—John Berry.



Sergeant Harold Mulbar, of the Michigan State Police, watches Eldon Sears, of the Bureau of Criminal Identification, taking the Lie Detector test

A—For Recording respiration
B—Blood pressure cuff

C—Control box
D—Bulb for blood pressure cuff

Detecting Deception with Lie Detector

By Oscar G. Olander, *Commissioner, Michigan State Police*

As told to

Virgil E. LaMarre

The "Lie Detector" Is No Respector of Persons. Rich or Poor, Cunning or Stupid, Honest or Crooked—It Will Find You Out!

"WHAT do you think of the lie detector?"

When asked this question, at the time of the Wickersham investigation, a high police official exhibited his clenched fist: "Here," he said, "is the best lieve they were—a generation ago



lie detector of them all!"

Brute force! Gruelling cross-examinations! The rubber hose! What sins they have committed in the name of justice!

Effective? To a limited degree I believe they were—a generation ago

when police work was largely centered about what is now the prosaic task of rounding up petty crooks, burglars, pickpocket and the like.

But to-day they are worthless. Big money has attracted men with brains to the field of crime. Mass education has intensified the shrewdness of all criminals in general. Bully tactics become increasingly ineffectual and high-priced legal talent makes the once simple task of getting the truth a thousand times more difficult. Yes, the mailed fist must give way to the more effective kid glove.

Two years ago, upon the recommendation of Lieutenant Van A. Loomis, Deputy Chief of the Michigan State Police Detective Bureau, I approved the purchase and experimentation with the Keeler Polygraph or, as it is better known, the Keeler Lie Detector.

Here I want to make it clear that this device should in no way be confused with countless other so-called "lie detectors" in use throughout the country. The Polygraph is unique. Its inventor, Doctor Leonarde Keeler, Assistant Professor of Law in Legal Psychology at Northwestern University's Crime Laboratory in Chicago, has permitted the manufacture and sale of only a limited number of these machines—approximately fifteen. As one who is totally disinterested in the commercial possibilities of the Polygraph,

Doctor Keeler, in his middle thirties, has dedicated his life and scintillating talents to the cause of combatting crime.

"An instrument of this nature in the hands of an unscupulous individual is extremely dangerous," remarks Doctor Keeler. "The successful use of my device depends largely upon the skill of the operator."

For this reason he has restricted distribution of Polygraphs to individuals who have demonstrated their ability as operators and who are either reputable members of the medical profession, officials connected with educational institutions or recognized law-enforcing agencies. To all others Doctor Keeler turns a deaf ear, although besieged daily with many requests from would-be purchasers of his device.



OSCAR G. OLANDER

Of the many noteworthy demonstrations of the uncanny accuracy of this machine, several, made by Doctor Keeler himself, are worthy of mention.

In Valparaiso, Indiana, in 1931, Virgil Kirkland was accused of rape and murder. Eventually he was tried, convicted and sentenced to death. His attorneys won him a new trial. At the invitation of defense attorneys Doctor Keeler subjected the condemned boy to the Polygraph. Repeated tests showed him to be innocent of the crime of murder.

Doctor Keeler testified at Kirkland's

second trial and, before the prosecutor's objections caused the withdrawal of the jury, succeeded in partially explaining his tests. The trial judge listened to Doctor Keeler's testimony in detail.

The jury eventually returned a verdict of "guilty of assault and battery with intent to commit rape," and Kirkland was given a sentence of one to ten years in the state penitentiary.

ALTHOUGH no claim is made as to the infallibility of the Polygraph deception test, in experimental cases, where the outcome is of no material import to the subject, the machine has demonstrated eighty-five per cent accuracy. And where money wagers have been made the percentage has always been higher, due principally to the subject's additional efforts at deception.

During the past three years Doctor Keeler and his associates have examined approximately two thousand bank employees in fifty-two Chicago banks in an effort to detect embezzlers of various sums of money. And here's what they learned:

From ten to twenty-five per cent of the entire personnel of many banks so examined were found to be lying regarding thefts of money belonging to their institutions. In one instance where five thousand dollars was embezzled from a large Chicago bank, fifty-six employees, all of whom were under suspicion, were given the Polygraph test by Doctor Keeler.

One employee, a cashier noted for his rigid adherence to high standards of discipline and honesty, was particularly annoyed over the blight thus cast upon his name. Anxious to clear himself, he appeared at the Northwestern Crime Laboratory.

He was given the test. Then, rising and donning his overcoat, he said:

"Well, I hope you're satisfied I told the truth."

"But I'm not," Doctor Keeler responded quietly.

The cashier paused in the act of adjusting his wrap. "What do you mean?" he stammered. "I told you the truth. I didn't have anything to do with that missing five thousand dollars."

"I know," Doctor Keeler responded, "but when I asked you if you had ever, at any time in your life, taken a penny from the bank, you replied in the negative. According to the machine you failed to respond truthfully."

Seating himself again the thoroughly subdued cashier told the following story:

"Some months ago," he began, "I was preparing to leave for lunch when I found I had forgotten my wallet. I was without a cent. And not being in the habit of borrowing, I finally decided to take one dollar from my petty cash drawer—money allotted me for dispensing to the various charities, and for which I am not held accountable.

"Days passed and I neglected to return the dollar. Finally I forgot it altogether—that is, until you asked me that question."

Incidentally, in this particular instance not only was the embezzler of the five thousand dollars found and later sentenced to the state penitentiary, but twelve other liars exposed. Of this number nine confessed to embezzlements hitherto unknown to bank officials.

SEVERAL Chicago banking institutions will not employ an applicant for a position unless he is tested on the lie detector. Persons who an-

swer all questions frankly are usually considered "good risks," past experience indicating that individuals confessing previous irregularities are not likely to repeat their dishonest practices.

Our own experience with the Polygraph during the past two years, here told for the first time, has been equally encouraging.

From January 1st to December 22nd, 1935, one hundred fifty-six persons suspected of having committed crimes were subjected to the Polygraph examination by our department. Of this number forty-two made voluntary confessions after learning their tests indicated guilt. A total of ninety-six persons were cleared. And while thirteen subjects displayed evidences of guilt, they failed to make conclusive statements of an incriminating nature. Most of these, I might add, were eventually tried and convicted. There were three incomplete cases and only two where it was found impossible to test the subject, because of their emotions at the time of the examination or because they were hyper-thyroid cases.

Michigan prosecution officials estimate a saving of twenty-five thousand dollars to the state and various counties as a result of our lie detector examinations during the past year.

The case of John Jeske, a Saginaw County youth accused of the murder of Devere Wygant, was only one instance where the expense of a trial was saved the state by the lie detector.

Jeske was entangled in the web of strong circumstantial evidence when, at his own request, he was taken to East Lansing and submitted to the Polygraph. It showed him to be innocent. The case was solved three weeks later when three men, arrested in Lansing, Kansas, confessed to the slaying.

Another interesting case occurred in Lansing last year. Lloyd Andrews, a sturdy youth, was accused of attempting to poison his stepmother, Mrs. Ida Andrews. He stubbornly maintained his innocence—until subjected to the Polygraph. The machine indicated he was lying and Andrews confessed. He is serving a twenty-year sentence.

Having read the above facts, would you like to submit to a Polygraph test? Submission is never made compulsory.

You would! All right, let us delay no longer in visiting the lie detector room within the State Police Administration building at East Lansing.

FOR our purposes let us suppose you are suspected of arson—to be specific, that you burned your home to collect the insurance.

A few seconds walk from my office and you find yourself in a small, high-ceilinged room, about eight by twelve feet in size. At once you perceive that every effort has been made to destroy any appearance of police atmosphere. Attractive pictures decorate the walls, the floor is heavily carpeted and several heavily upholstered chairs, two bridge lamps, and a desk remind you of that cosy little den you've always wanted.

You are introduced to a tall, broad-shouldered, young man attired in a somber business suit. He is, you learn, Sergeant Harold Mulbar, the only recognized Polygraph operator in the State of Michigan. Trained by Doctor Keeler, Sergeant Mulbar is a man well suited for this highly important work, being calm in demeanor and a keen student of human nature.

If you are normal, chances are you will be exceedingly nervous, although the atmosphere of the lie detector room and the quiet, friendly manner of the

operator do much to keep your tension within bounds.

You are told you may leave the room at any time, that the door is locked only from the outside.

Then, for approximately an hour, Sergeant Mulbar will encourage you to talk about yourself—your parents, early background, education, ambitions, accomplishments, etc. If you smoke, he cheerfully supplies you with cigarettes. There is no hurry. The officer's manner is leisurely, but he is studying you closely, striving meanwhile to select the type of questions he must ultimately employ.

"You have nothing to fear," he tells you. "If you are innocent this machine will clear you."

This preliminary procedure has been likened to the period of questioning every good doctor employs upon his patients before proceeding with a direct physical examination. To the lie detector operator, it affords an opportunity to gather a fairly accurate opinion as to the moral and mental caliber of his subject. The operator must possess a good knowledge of psychology and psychiatry.

"What individuals make the best subjects for the Polygraph?" I once asked Sergeant Mulbar.

"Liars and educated persons," he responded promptly. "Both have better developed imaginations and make greater efforts to conceal the truth. Hence they are more easily detected in deception."

A person of low intelligence is usually a difficult subject; physically apathetic and stolid mentally, he has the best chance of beating the machine. Of course, the Polygraph is designed to detect only cases of conscious deception. This eliminates the mentally incompetent.

But let's proceed with your test. For, by now, you are intensely interested in proving your innocence, if innocent you are, or in the possibilities of beating the Polygraph if you are guilty.

SERGEANT MULBAR uncovers the machine. And in all probability you won't be much impressed. In appearance the apparatus resembles a small radio cabinet, with the dials on the upper surface instead of in front. It is very compact and is easily carried about in a case designed for the purpose.

The Polygraph, the officer explains, is designed to record two physical reactions, respiratory changes and the pulse wave and blood pressure, both of which are closely allied with emotional changes.

For obtaining these bodily reactions, you learn, a rubber tube is placed around your chest and a blood pressure cuff, of the type ordinarily used by physicians, is fastened about your upper arm and then inflated. Rubber tubes of approximately one quarter of an inch in diameter lead from both the tube about the chest and the cuff about the upper arm into metal tambours. Two stiluses, arm-like projections, are attached to the metal tambours. And, at the tips of the stiluses are small cups filled with ink, which feed the pens as they fluctuate with each pulse beat or respiratory movement.

These recordings are made upon graph paper, moving at the rate of six inches per minute, power for which is supplied by a small electric motor.

You are instructed to sit in a straight-backed chair, facing away from the machine. And once you are seated the chest and arm fittings are secured.

A final admonition to remain per-

fectly quiet and to answer all questions "yes" or "no" and the test begins.

A faint whir fills the room as the motor is turned on. You cannot see the operator. He is at your back, watching the tell-tale recordings of the two pens as the graph paper unrolls.

For a half-minute you sit in silence, awaiting the first question. This phase of the test is very important, supplying as it does an average or "norm" of your respiratory and blood-pressure variations. Then comes the first question: (Remember, you are suspected of arson.)

1. "Are you employed?" The operator's voice is soft. He must deliver every question in the same quiet manner.

"Yes," you reply.

2. "Did you ever set fire to any building?"

"No," you respond.

3. "Do you smoke?"

Again you reply in the negative, likewise with the following three, spaced at forty-five second intervals.

4. "Did you set fire to your house?"

5. "Did you ever tell a lie?"

6. "Have you lied to the Polygraph?"

The test is over, the respiratory and blood-pressure recording apparatus is removed and Sergeant Mulbar jerks the graph from the machine. To you, forced to remain motionless, the test lasted an eternity; actually it took four and one-half minutes.

NOW comes the most important part of the operator's work.

Are you guilty or innocent? An intelligent and accurate interpretation of the findings of the Polygraph has been likened by Doctor Keeler to the diagnosis of a heart specialist employing his stethoscope.

"Almost anyone can operate a Polygraph as well as he can hear sounds through a stethoscope," says Doctor Keeler. "But only individuals with training and long experience can interpret the resultant recorded curves. The inexperienced operator cannot diagnose deception with a Polygraph any more than he can diagnose a cardiac murmur with a stethoscope."

But let us watch Sergeant Mulbar as he carefully studies the results of your examination on the lie detector.

First we see the beginning of the graph recordings, the average or "norm" period of the interrogation during which you were asked no question.

Two wavy lines, somewhat similar in appearance to a child's early attempts at vertical penmanship practice, represents this "norm"—your average respiratory and blood-pressure variations.

Sergeant Mulbar checks question one. It was purposely irrelevant to note your reaction.

Your response was normal. There was no deviation in your respiratory or blood-pressure reactions.

Question two. Here Sergeant Mulbar detects a faint variation in your reactions, indicating emotion. The graph may have ascended or descended momentarily before returning to normal.

Question three—another irrelevant query.

"No," you reply. The graph lines behave.

Question four—again no perceptible change as you respond in the negative.

Question five—"No," you respond. Both graph lines jump momentarily, then resume their normal variations.

The last question—again your respiratory and blood-pressure reactions

show a slight rise or drop, then resume their normal course.

"What does the machine show?" you inquire breathlessly.

"That you're innocent of the crime of arson," Sergeant Mulbar responds smilingly. "However, you failed to answer question five truthfully."

The question flashes across your mind. "Did you ever tell a lie?"

Too late you realize that you took the bait—that at some time or other all of us have told lies.

But this in no way affects your test and, in all probability, you will be permitted to go your way. And perhaps, to cover his own embarrassment as you attempt to thank him, Sergeant Mulbar will tell you of the old, Northern Michigan farmer who, accused of burglary, was found innocent when submitted to the Polygraph.

"I had a bad five minutes," Sergeant Mulbar recalls reminiscently. "He wanted to kiss my hands. And I couldn't make him believe it was the machine, not me, he ought to thank."

However, all Polygraph examinations are not so easy. I have purposely refrained from confusing the one just described, that the reader may grasp the fundamental principles upon which conclusions are drawn.

It must be remembered that even the highly respected medical arts are not infallible. Nature plays tricks on even the best of medical experts, but is sufficiently uniform to warrant certain conclusions in the great majority of cases.

LIE detectors are by no means new. In China, hundreds of years ago, there existed a practice of requesting an accused to chew rice and then spit it out for examination—and if the rice was dry the subject was considered guilty. Fear of detection it was be-

lieved, would inhibit the secretion of saliva.

And still prevalent in certain parts of India is the belief that movement of a suspect's big toe is an indication of guilt.

Various instruments designed to detect deception are in use in the psychology departments of many colleges and universities. Usually such experimental devices consist of a galvanometer and Wheatstone bridge, an instrument designed to record changes in skin resistance when an imperceptible current of electricity is flowing through the subject's body during the period of questioning. In itself this machine has met with indifferent success, chiefly because it measures but one bodily reaction. This cannot be depended upon to give true and significant evidence of deception.

However, at the present time Doctor Keeler is experimenting with an improved Polygraph, to which is attached the galvanometer principle of detecting deception, thus enabling the apparatus to record three physical reactions at once.

Perhaps the most successful formula for detecting deception before the advent of the Polygraph, was the discovery of "truth serum" by the late Doctor R. E. House, of Ferris, Texas.

By sub-cutaneous injection of a drug known as Scopolamine, commonly used in obstetrical cases to induce "twilight sleep," Doctor House succeeded in dulling the suspect's consciousness without impairing his hearing or his ability to speak. This caused the person suspected of a crime to answer all questions more or less automatically, thereby lessening his chances for deception.

In over two hundred experiments Doctor House met with approximately

fifty per cent success with Scopolamine and another drug, Sodium Amytal.

Much in the way of de-bunking popular concept of the Polygraph or lie detector must still be accomplished.

All of us at some time or other have noticed the various physical disturbances accompanying lying—blushing, squirming, perspiration and many others. The Polygraph probes more deeply and records respiratory and blood pressure changes.

Whenever a discussion arises concerning the Polygraph, four questions are invariably asked:

1. Why wasn't Hauptmann submitted to the lie detector?
2. What if the suspect refuses to answer questions?
3. How does the machine work on nervous, emotional people?
4. If the Polygraph is so effective why isn't its testimony admissible in court?

And here are the answers:

Hauptmann was never submitted to the Polygraph because his legal counsel objected.

As for the second question . . . if the suspect refuses to answer the results are the same. The graphs record his reactions just the same.

Physiological irregularities, such as high blood pressure, or emotional in-

stability caused by worry or psychological strain, do not interfere with the deception test because these factors are determined at the initial stages of the test, when the average or "norm" of the subject's respiration and blood pressure reactions are measured. Conclusions are drawn from deviations from this "norm."

As for the judicial recognition of the Polygraph, I believe it is but a step distant. The science of fingerprinting went through twenty years of development before an appellate court approved of its use in a criminal case. The lie detector, too, must go through the stages of all things new.

The reason for the present inadmissibility of lie detector evidence is well expressed in the opinion of the Federal court in the case of *Frye v. United States*:

"Just when a scientific principle or discovery crosses the line between the experimental and demonstrable stages is difficult to define. It must be sufficiently established to have gained general acceptance in the particular field to which it belongs."

One thing more: The lie detector is no respecter of persons or of sex. Rich man, poor man, beautiful or ugly, they are all alike to this modern machine which seeks to establish *truth*.

Secret Loveliness

Tiny glints of gold
make dull hair
romantic

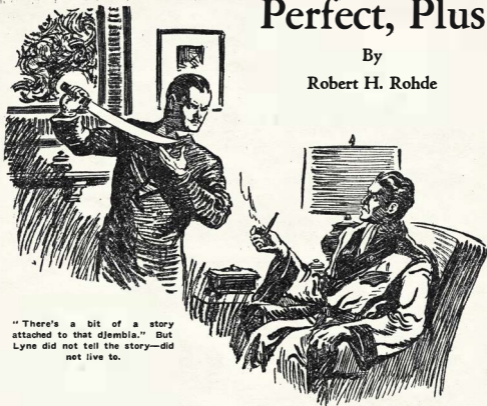
USE
MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

The advertisement features a black and white photograph of a man and a woman in formal attire. The woman is in the foreground, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The man is behind her, looking at her. To the right of the couple is a box of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, which has a portrait of a man on it. The text is arranged around the image, with the brand name in large, bold letters at the bottom.

Perfect, Plus

By

Robert H. Rohde



"There's a bit of a story attached to that djembla." But Lyne did not tell the story—did not live to.

FOR a quarter of a mile, Barrat Grove's furtive way led due north. Then, half a dozen blocks from the point where he had struck into that quiet avenue paralleling the East River, he turned a corner—and knew he was turning a corner in his life as well.

But his step did not falter. His mind was closed, his heart steeled, his heavy jaw set. There was no turning back for him at this late moment, could not be. Again he grimly told himself that he was going not against nature but with it. Absolutely! Wasn't self-preser-

**CRIME
F
D A W
SHORT**

Barrat Grove Had No Choice. One Murder Would Save Him from Ruin and Prison; a Second Would Save Him from Exposure and Death in the Electric Chair!

vation the very first and greatest of nature's laws?

The turn made, Grove walked swiftly along a short, clean-swept, sleeping little street at whose lower end the river gleamed frostily under the cold white light of an arc. It was here that Lawson Lyne lived; and as Grove had expected, Lyne was still awake. The light of a reading lamp yellowed the drawn shades of his bachelor apartment overlooking the water.

Grove lingered briefly in a dark doorway and stared at those lighted windows. Then he crossed over and

tiptoed up shadowy stairs and stood listening at Lyne's door.

No voices! The coast was clear, Lyne alone. Grove's straining ears caught a faint crackle beyond the door as Lyne turned a leaf in his book, the tapping of his pipe on the African gourd he used as an ashtray.

A gloved finger at a buzzer button brought Lyne to the door, unsuspecting, not even visibly surprised. It was well after one o'clock in the morning; but nothing in his strongly marked face suggested that he felt the hour a strange one for a call. His greeting was as casual as if this were early evening.

"Oh, it's you, Grove? Come in."

Grove, dropping into a chair, kept his gloves on—cheap gloves of white cotton that he had traveled far from New York the other day to buy.

"Had a little accident," he told Lyne. "An awkward waiter at the club fumbled a pot of boiling water and I got most of it on my hands."

Barrat Grove had rehearsed that explanation of the gloves, had weighed carefully in advance every further word that he would say.

"It's late to be dropping in," he smoothly proceeded, "but I saw you were up and the fact is that I'm leaving New York on a morning train and may not be back for some time. In the circumstances, I thought it might be better if we had a talk now."

"As you of course know, I am Lana Drake's broker and since her father's death her finances have been entirely in my hands. You, she tells me, have proposed marriage to her. And as I also understand, you will be returning to London in the very near future."

"You're quite right on both points," Lawson Lyne said quietly. "I am sail-

ing home in a fortnight and hope that Miss Drake will sail with me as my bride. But man only proposes, Grove. The disturbing truth is that I haven't had her answer. Frankly, I believe that despite their quarrel she still has a warm spot in her heart for Paul Waring. I can understand that she should have. He's a splendid fellow."

Grove nodded. He knew more, certainly, about the breach between Lana Drake and young Waring than any other living person. It had begun with squibs in newspaper gossip columns designed to stab deep at the girl's pride—barbed paragraphs, secretly inspired by Grove himself, coupling Waring's name with that of a current night-club queen many times married and divorced. It had started that way, and gone to a definite split.

FOR more reasons than one, Barrat Grove had been desperately anxious to break up his pretty and wealthy client's friendship with Paul Waring; for exactly the same reasons he dared not risk having her give her hand to Lawson Lyne on the rebound. So long as she remained heart-whole, fancy-free, unwed, Lana Drake represented three million dollars that Grove could juggle as he chose in Wall Street. For his own profit, he had taken criminally long chances with that money. His manipulations would mean ruin for him if he were called upon for an accounting, and such a call would inevitably come with her marriage.

With the market as it was, and by all signs would be for many months, he could never pull his irons from the fire. Expulsion from the Exchange, disgrace, prison, would stare him in the face.

Grove's eye, as he gave that quick

comprehending nod at his host's mention of Waring, was already on a wicked-looking curved knife he had noticed over the mantel on his one earlier visit to Lawson Lyne's apartment.

He got up and strolled across the room, closed his gloved right hand on the hilt of the knife and lifted it down from its bracket.

"Sinister object," he lightly remarked—and still Lyne had no premonition of danger. His tone was as casual as Grove's.

"A Somali sword—a *djembia*. It came into my possession one night years ago in Djibouti. Oh, indeed, there's a bit of a story attached to it."

But Lyne did not tell the story—did not live to. A moment later, surprise was in his eyes for the first time, but those eyes were already glazing then. Lyne lay slumped back in his deep chair, the curved keen blade of the African sword buried in his chest.

In a few seconds Grove knew that Lawson Lyne was dead. There had been no sound from him. The murder, with all those other precautions taken, was the perfect crime that Grove had planned.

He thought of John Temple, sleeping in his own apartment upstairs, and a hard smile twisted his lips. Temple was Lyne's good friend—Lyne's and Waring's both. It was through him that the visiting Englishman had come into the Thistle Club, in which they all held membership. Through him, too, that Lyne had met Lana Drake.

Temple had means and a hobby. He dabbled in criminology, several times had been successful in solving mysteries after the police had thrown up their hands.

"Let him," murmured Grove, "solve this one!"

The white gloves were still on his

hands, unstained, as he picked up the receiver of Lawson Lyne's telephone. He wasn't through yet. It was perfect, but perfect wasn't enough.

Grove called a number and in another moment Paul Waring, uptown, was sleepily answering. Grove made his own voice husky.

"This is Lyne," he said in a clipped manner of speech that might very well have been the Briton's. "I've got a bit of a cold—but that's nothing. There's something else tremendously wrong. Something in regard to Miss Drake. You can be of great service to her if you will come to my rooms at once."

Paul Waring spoke one crisp word. "Coming!" he said.

And then as both receivers went up, the murderer drew a long breath.

There *was* such a thing as improving on perfection. And he, Barrat Grove, had done it!

II

TUBBED, shaved, fresh, immaculate, sure of himself, Barrat Grove emerged from his dormitory room on the fourth floor of the Thistle Club a little after eight o'clock and stepped into the elevator. He carried a morning paper which, by club custom, had been left at his door. When the grizzled old elevator man blurted: "Frightful news, sir!" Grove returned a somber nod.

"Ghastly," he replied. "It was the first thing that caught my eye."

John Temple, rarely to be seen in the club before evening, was downstairs at the reception desk. His eyes were tired and his lean face was gray with fatigue and concern. He glanced at the newspaper in Grove's hand.

"You've read about Lawson Lyne?"
"Just a moment ago. It's a shock."

Grove opened the paper and stared at the half dozen jerky stop-press paragraphs reporting Lyne's violent death. "Must have been a terrible jolt to Paul Waring, if it's true that it was he who found the body."

"It's true," Temple said. "And also most unfortunate for Paul."

"Unfortunate? I don't understand. Surely there's no question that it was a case of suicide?"

"It was not suicide, but murder. With that much certain, Waring is in a bad spot. The police insist on believing he knows more than he has told."

"Absurd!"

"Yes, absurd to you and me. Absurd to all Paul's friends. But not to the Homicide Bureau detectives. They've got Waring down at Police Headquarters."

Grove's eyes widened. "You—you don't mean, Temple, that they accuse him of killing Lyne?"

"It hasn't come to that. Just now they're holding Paul as a material witness. Even so, he must be having a highly unpleasant time of it. They're certainly pounding him. Pounding hard."

Grove's breakfast, ordered the night before, was already laid out for him in the grill room. A waiter approached and Grove hooked his arm through Temple's, his own dark face sober.

"Sit down with me," he urged, "and tell me what you know. There's very little in the paper. How did it happen that Waring was visiting Lyne at such an hour?"

Temple had dropped wearily into a chair opposite Grove and ordered: "Black coffee—big pot of it!" before he answered.

"Lyne rang Paul up early this morning; routed him out of bed with the call and begged him to come down-

town at once. That was between half past one and two o'clock, and it must have been nearly a quarter after two when Paul reached Lyne's door. He found it slightly ajar, walked in when there was no response to his ring. Lyne lay dead in a chair—knifed.

"Waring was in the room only a few seconds, just long enough to gather his wits. He came up immediately to my apartment and woke me, and I rushed downstairs in dressing gown and slippers. Of course, when I saw what Paul had seen I lost no time in summoning the police."

Grove had his coffee cup at his lips. He put it down.

"Why do you say it was murder and not suicide? Did you think it was murder when you first saw Lyne?"

"I did. The knife was a long one—as long as a bayonet—and its curved blade was buried to the hilt in Lyne's body. It didn't seem possible he could have driven it so deep himself."

"What about this phone call? It's hard to imagine Lawson Lyne, being the sort he was, ringing up anybody at two A.M. Why was he so anxious to see Waring?"

"He didn't explain in detail. Just said it was something which vitally concerned a mutual friend."

"Did he name the friend?"

John Temple toyed with a spoon.

"Yes, Lyne named the friend," he said slowly. "It's someone whom you know and I know. But Paul is determined to keep her name out of this."

Barrat Grove stared at him.

"Good God!" he gasped. "Was it Lana—?"

Temple shook his head and lifted a hand.

"Please! Let's drop that end of it. Regardless, I am certain that Paul Waring has absolutely no guilty knowl-

edge. Even if I hadn't known him for so many years, were not so thoroughly acquainted with his character, his whole demeanor when he summoned me would be sufficient guarantee of his innocence."

Temple's coffee had been placed beside him. He poured a cupful, steaming hot, black as ebony.

"That's one thing, Grove," he said softly. "Just *one* thing! If Waring should be formally accused of the murder, I'm surely going to prove that he had nothing to do with it. Here and now, I give you my solemn promise—I'll prove it!"

Grove said, "I hope so," and said it with convincing earnestness. But deep-down, he was amused by Temple's cock-sure confidence. To himself he jeered, "You think so? All right, then. Try!"

CONSCIENCE, in Barrat Grove's flinty personal definition, was simply the fear of being found out. He had no such fear, for his every step on the road to murder had been coldly and carefully planned, checked and rechecked.

Those gloves had safeguarded against the leaving of telltale fingerprints, and having served that purpose would never arise to embarrass him. Two minutes after he had slipped unseen out of Lawson Lyne's apartment, the gloves had vanished into a sewer—gone forever. And he could court investigation of his whereabouts at the moment of Lyne's death. His alibi, if suspicion should ever slant toward him, would withstand any fire.

Proceeding coolly with business as usual in his brokerage office in lower Broadway, he was therefore not in the slightest degree flustered when his secretary announced a police caller.

"I'll see him," Grove nodded; and then leaning back at perfect ease he waved the red-faced man who had presented the card outside—"Detective Sergeant James Burke, Homicide Division"—into a chair drawn up to his desk. At a glance, Sergeant Burke had no thought of trying third degree methods. He was apologetic.

"I know you're a busy man, Mr. Grove," he said, "and I'll take only a very few minutes of your time. It's a fact, I think, that you knew Mr. Lawson Lyne?"

"That's correct. I didn't know him intimately, though. He was a club acquaintance."

Burke took a cigar from Grove's extended case and gnawed off the end.

"I know that. He belonged to the Thistle Club—and you're living there."

"Temporarily. My own apartment is being redecorated. I'm just stopping at the club until it's ready."

The Headquarters man smiled.

"You had dinner at the Thistle Club last night, Mr. Grove. Then you were in the card room for a couple of hours. A little after ten you went up to bed. This morning, shortly after eight, you came down to breakfast and—"

Secretly elated by that early check-up but outwardly amazed, Grove cut in. "What's all this? Do you mean to tell me that *I've* been an object of police attention?"

Burke shrugged.

"Routine. We're getting a line as fast as we can on everyone who knew Lawson Lyne. In your case, there was nothing to it. That system they have at the Thistle Club of keeping track of members coming and going told us all we wanted to know in a couple of minutes. What I'm here to ask is whether you happen to know of any enemies made by Mr. Lyne."

"I don't. So far as my knowledge goes, he had none." Grove blew out a ribbon of cigar smoke. "I haven't seen an evening paper, Sergeant, so perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what's been going on. At last report, you police were questioning Paul Waring. He's been released, I hope?"

"Not yet. The fact is, things look pretty black for him."

Barrat Grove's quick frown was another top-hole piece of acting.

"That's nonsense! While it's true that Waring may not have liked Lawson Lyne any too well, I can't believe that he would commit murder. Lyne, I have been informed, telephoned to Waring and wanted to see him at once. So that accounts perfectly well for Waring's having been the one to discover the body."

Again Burke shrugged.

"That's what Waring says. It's his story and he's sticking to it. But there's no way of tracing a local phone call. Maybe Lyne rang Waring up, maybe he didn't. All we've got is Waring's word. He was alone and on the way downtown saw nobody he knew."

The detective talked on. Headquarters, he revealed, knew about Lana Drake; knew, too, that Lyne and Waring had been rivals. Lana herself had visited the Police Commissioner, hoping to help Waring, but from what Burke let drop she had done his cause more harm than good. She had told the Commissioner that she had decided against accepting Lyne's proposal—had realized, she said, that despite their differences she loved Paul Waring and could not bring herself to marry another. However, she had not told Waring so, and under pressure she had admitted that she had not.

"What I mean," the Homicide Squad man concluded, "Mr. Waring

is in a mess. Whether he got a phone call or whether he just dropped in on Lawson Lyne, it looks likely that they quarreled. We hear that Waring has a pretty high temper and our best dope is that it suddenly got out of hand. It is nobody's idea—not just now, anyhow—that Waring went to that apartment to kill Lyne. We figure it was just one of those things. He was blazing mad and saw that big knife—and used it."

Grove shook his head.

"A handy theory, but you can't sell me on it. How about finger prints? Little as I know about detective work, it does seem to me that prints must have been left on the knife."

"There weren't any."

"You mean that they were wiped away?"

"Maybe. Sometimes we get prints and sometimes we don't. It depends on the person, on a matter of skin condition. There's got to be a certain amount of oil in the skin—or no prints. The oil works the same as ink."

Burke was on his feet then. He tucked another of Grove's cigars in his pocket and said: "Thanks again. Thanks a lot. Sorry I had to bother you."

At the door he turned for a last word.

"Myself, I call the case open and shut. So does everybody else at Headquarters. But another friend of yours—Mr. John Temple—insists that Waring didn't do it. And because Temple has guessed right on a couple of other cases—well, we're doing what the newspapers call 'leaving no stone unturned.' Get me?"

Then the door of the private office closed behind Sergeant Burke, and Barrat Grove permitted himself one brief thin smile. Soundlessly he

snapped his fingers. And that, like the smile, was for Temple.

III

AS Grove entered the Thistle Club at six o'clock that evening, John Temple was leaving. They met in the entry—met and passed with no more than an exchange of nods. And Temple's was an abstracted nod. Deep in thought, austere, he stalked silently out.

But he had left the club full of whisperings that came to Grove's ears from several directions within the next few minutes.

Old Dan Brady, doorman at the Thistle for more than a quarter of a century, was staring after Temple as he took Grove's topcoat and hat and transferred the card bearing the broker's name to the "IN" column on his board in the entrance hall.

"He looks ten years older this evening, Mr. Temple does," Brady said. "It's no wonder, with what he's got on his mind. They're saying, Mr. Grove, that he knows a deal more about Mr. Lawson Lyne's death than even the police do. A big lot more."

Grove said mechanically, "I hope he does—hope so for Waring's sake."

He let it go at that and walked on. In the half light of the library, half a dozen members were talking in low voices. Grove, hovering for a second at the door, changed his mind about joining them. He'd better, he thought, have a drink first. Just one drink.

He continued along the hall to the buffet, and found no one there but bald-pated little Rounds, the bartender, almost as long in the club service as Brady.

Rounds, usually smiling, wore no smile now. Mixing Grove's Martini, he diffidently asked: "Did you see Mr.

Temple, sir? I—I was wondering if he told you anything."

Grove gave him a quick, hard look. "Told me anything?" he repeated.

"Begging your pardon, sir, yes. The word is that he knows something about Mr. Lyne's death. I heard him say, myself, that the police would be making a terrible mistake if they put a charge against Mr. Waring."

"To be sure," Grove said stiffly. "Naturally, a great many of us feel the same way."

The barman leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"It's not just a case of feeling that way with Mr. Temple, sir. He claims to *know!*"

Rounds had poured the cocktail and Grove downed it in one swallow. He still was as certain as he had been twelve hours ago that his trail was perfectly covered, but suddenly he was wishing either that he had come earlier to the club or that John Temple had stayed later. It would have been somehow better, it seemed to him, if he could have talked again with Temple. Of course, Temple knew nothing. With his show of confidence at the club he had been merely whistling in the dark. But at second hand even empty words could take on disquieting significance.

The Martini gave Grove a lift. He went back to the library and joined the group there.

White-haired Doctor Vark, who night after night played chess with Temple in the game room, and of all the Thistle Club's hundred members unquestionably knew him best, was talking. He glanced at Grove and went evenly on:

"Temple knows something. I tell you, gentlemen, he positively does. For reason of his own, he hasn't yet dis-

closed it to the police. He means to keep his lips sealed for the present. And I know and appreciate his reason for that resolve. However, if definite action is taken against Paul Waring, be assured that Temple will break his silence."

A younger member, a fellow broker of Grove's in the Street, looked dubious.

"If Temple can really lift Waring out of this jam, his reason for delaying must be a mighty strong one."

Doctor Vark nodded.

"It's a reason that deeply concerns all of us. Yes, sir, every member of the Thistle Club owes a debt of gratitude to John Temple at this moment."

"In what way?"

"I'd rather not say."

A MOMENT after that the group had broken up in a general movement toward the grill and Grove found himself alone with Vark.

The thickening atmosphere of mystery, sure as he was that nothing substantial lay beneath it, had definitely begun to oppress him. He had believed himself utterly without nerves, but that was not quite the fact. He was fighting off jitters now. Again and more ardently he wished that there had been an opportunity for him to talk personally with Temple. Doubt, for the first time, rose to assail him. Was it possible that he had slipped somewhere in his long and methodical planning?

Vark had settled himself in his favorite chair by the hearth. He said softly: "Yes, a damned lucky thing for Waring it is that he called Temple down to Lawson Lyne's rooms before the police got there. If they had found what Temple found, the truth might have been forever hidden."

"Found?" echoed Grove.

"That's it. The real murderer left a clue. He had taken a hundred and one precautions to protect his secret, but still he left himself wide open." Vark leaned forward in the big wing chair and dropped his voice to a whisper. "Strictly between ourselves, Grove, John Temple's life-saving clue proves that Lyne was killed by a member of this club. But it wasn't Paul Waring. Absolutely not Paul. Another member."

Barrat Grove's thumping heart skipped a beat.

"If that's so," he demanded, "why doesn't Temple name him?"

"At the moment, he can't. While he is positive that the clue will inevitably bind the murderer to his crime, it's nothing so simple and direct as a calling card. In the hands of the police, it would bring an investigation which would plunge the Thistle Club into the ugliest possible scandal—and that is just what Temple wishes to avoid. Lawson Lyne is dead; nothing can put the breath of life back in him. And Temple would rather see the murderer go unpunished than bring ruinous notoriety on the club."

Grove stared at the glowing log. There was a space of silence, and Vark spoke again.

"Unpunished," he said, "isn't quite the word. Even if the police release Waring, John Temple means to get to the bottom of the murder. But at his own good time and in his own way. When he has done that he means to confront the murderer with the damning evidence of his guilt—and then let him walk through the rest of his days haunted by the knowledge that his secret is shared, that at any moment a whisper may bring the Law's hand to his shoulder."

Barrat Grove repressed a shudder.

With a tremendous effort of will he kept his voice cool and steady.

"I see, Doctor. Assuming that Waring is innocent and somebody else we know may be guilty, it's John Temple's charitable idea to drive that man to suicide instead of handing over his evidence to the proper authorities."

Vark spread his thin hands.

"Temple has not said so. But—!" He broke off and got up, shook his shoulders. "For God's sake, let's get off the gruesome! Have you dined, Barrat? Will you join me?"

Grove stayed in his chair. He had brought an appetite to the club, and the one Martini had sharpened it. But it had fled now.

"Thank you," he managed. "I'm waiting for a telephone call. Dining out."

IV

GROVE left the club a little after seven and returned at eleven. He looked about for John Temple, but Temple was not in the building. Vark was back in the library, again the center of a cluster of club members. Now, though, the group was a different one than had listened to him earlier.

At the desk, as always when he stayed overnight at the Thistle, Grove left his breakfast order and his regular morning call for seven-thirty. Then he went directly to his room.

Night-before-date editions of the morning newspapers were already on the streets. A tabloid bought at eight had informed him that Waring was still held at Headquarters and had hinted at "serious charges" in imminent prospect. And on a newsstand only a moment ago he had seen a later headline in one of the standard-size papers confirming the prediction of its more agile competitor.

Temple regardless, the police had finally entered a formal homicide complaint against Paul Waring. The new headline clarified:

WARING CHARGED WITH MURDER!

Upstairs, Barrat Grove closed and locked his door and a few minutes later switched off the lights. He had not undressed; fully clad, he sat in darkness and steeled himself for one more deadly sortie.

He had killed Lawson Lyne last night to continue his control of loosely-held millions, to avert what menaced both that and his liberty. Tonight a still greater stake spurred him to murder again. Life itself hung in the balance now. Unless John Temple died before morning, a few short hours would see Grove on his way to the electric chair.

Before he thought of that convenient sword on his first victim's wall, Grove had meant to finish Lyne with a bullet. In the same distant city from which the white gloves had come he had bought an automatic equipped with a silencer, and now the gun was in a locked bag in his closet, loaded.

At half past one he slipped it into his pocket and softly opened his door. The hall was dark, quiet. Only two or three members besides himself were staying at the club this week, and they were on a lower floor.

On tiptoe, repeating his performance of the night previous, Grove moved soundlessly to the end of the hall. A dim red light burned there over a door with FIRE ESCAPE lettered on its glass panel. That door was kept locked. In the event of need a light blow would break out the glass, but Grove didn't have to smash the panel.

Always haunted by fear of fire at night, he had discovered, months ago,

that one of his apartment keys would turn the lock; and that discovery had flashed back upon him to inspire his whole elaborate alibi scheme when he decided he must put Lyne out of the way. By calling the decorators in to "do over" his bachelor quarters uptown near Waring's, he had provided himself with the best and most obvious of reasons for moving into the club. And the club, with its rigid system of recording every arrival and departure of members, offered the best alibi.

Just as the system had served him last night, it would surely serve again. Grove didn't question that. Silently he opened the closet door and locked it behind him, and within a minute he stepped out of the alley at the rear of the club and walked rapidly east. Then another five minutes and he stood once more looking up at lighted windows in that deserted little street by the river.

They were windows higher by two stories than Lawson Lyne's. That third floor apartment was John Temple's, and Grove, coming up the avenue, had expected that Temple would have turned in long ago. The lights puzzled him, threw him for a moment into panic. What if the police were up there with Temple now? Too late then! Already that clue of his, whatever it might be, must have been turned over to the Homicide Squad.

Since talking with Vark, futile conjecturing had kept Grove's brain in a whirl. It was hard for him to think straight now. An impulse to take immediate flight all but overpowered him. He wanted desperately to get out of that street, out of New York; to snap aboard the first train for anywhere with just what clothing he wore and the few hundred dollars his wallet held.

To fight down that wild urge took every atom of his strength and when

finally he forced himself to the opposite walk and into the house, his knees were threatening to buckle under him.

At the head of the first flight of stairs he was breathing hard. He stopped there in the hall outside Lyne's rooms and got a fresh grip on himself. He must go on. Must. There was everything to gain by going, nothing to lose. If the police weren't there . . .

They were not. He knew that when, two flights farther up, he listened at Temple's door as he had listened last night at Lyne's.

Belatedly, Temple was about to turn in at that moment. Grove heard a click beyond the door and knew that the lights in the front room had been switched off. He drew a deep breath, touched the buzzer button. Immediately slipped feet padded on the rug and Temple was at the door with a dressing gown over his pajamas.

He was another like Lawson Lyne—not easily surprised.

"In one more minute, old bean," he said, "you'd have found me fast asleep. Then you'd have had a devil of a time rousing me. I'm fagged. But come in, Grove, come in. What brings you?"

HE nodded toward a chair by his graying grate fire, but Grove remained standing. Again he had well rehearsed the scene; during those hours while he waited in darkness he had lived over it a hundred times. He spoke without hesitation.

"I just got out of bed, myself," he said. "Woke up not more than fifteen minutes ago, realizing that I had some information which may help to clear poor Waring."

John Temple's weary gray eyes brightened. "Splendid! Spill it."

Grove moistened his lips. "Now

that it comes to the point," he sparred, "I hesitate to speak. What I know—what suddenly came into my mind just now—may put another friend of ours where Paul Waring, unfortunately, now is."

Temple had slumped down into a chair by the dwindling fire. He looked at Grove under leaden, sagging eyelids.

"A member of the Thistle Club, by any chance?"

Grove nodded. "Yes."

"Who?"

For a moment Barrat Grove paced the rug; then he swung to Temple.

"Before I mention a name, suppose we compare notes? I was talking with Doctor Vark this evening and he told me that you had unearthed some so-called clue which you thought it best to withhold from the police—something which would connect a club member other than Waring with the killing of Lawson Lyne."

"Yes, I did let Vark in on that."

"The doctor was rather hazy as to the nature of the clue."

A fleeting smile twitched Temple's lips.

"He would have to be," he said. "I didn't tell him what it was. I've told nobody. . . . Go ahead, Barrat; I'm listening. Tell me what you came to tell me. Name your man."

Grove shook his head. "I'd rather hear from you first. Tell me about your clue."

"My dear chap—" Temple patted a yawn—"it's quite evident I've said too much about it already. In good time it will send a murderer to his death. Isn't that enough?"

Barrat Grove's right hand, deep in his coat pocket, tightened on the cold grip of the automatic. His voice tightened too.

"No, Temple, it's not enough. I'm calling for a show-down. I insist on knowing what you found—on seeing it with my own eyes."

"Impossible!" Temple protested. "I can't do it. Absolutely ca—"

He stopped sharp, staring into the muzzle of his caller's suddenly drawn gun. "You must!" rasped Grove. "You understand? I'll blow your brains out if you don't give it up. Sit tight, now! Don't raise your voice or reach for the phone. It's instant death for you if you do."

Temple's eyes opened wide and then again were half closed.

"So it was *you!*" he whispered. "You killed Lawson Lyne, did you? I begin to see, Grove. The Drake money—that was at the bottom of it all. You've been playing fast and loose with those millions while Lana rode her horses and sailed her boats and rampaged around the country in her fast cars with never a thought of what might be happening behind her back in Wall Street."

"Stop!" snarled Grove. "That's all my own business. If you want to live you'll—"

But Temple was talking on.

"Ah, yes! I can understand the telephone call to Waring now. It wasn't Lawson Lyne on the wire. Never. It was Barrat Grove, tricking an innocent man into taking a murder rap for him. And putting another marital possibility out of Lana Drake's life. That's all painfully clear at this moment. But how the devil, Grove, did you get in and out of the club without being seen? I'd really like to know. Sometime I might want to use the same route myself."

"You're wrong there," grated Grove. "You'll never use it, Temple. In a very few seconds you'll be as

dead as Lawson Lyne. To hell with your clue! With *you* gone, what good will it be?"

His finger was trembling on the trigger then, but Temple had not flinched.

"I don't expect to live forever," he said. "If there's any accident with that gun—well, Kismet! *But there had better not be, Grove!* If you shoot, you're a dead man yourself. Look behind you!"

Then another voice spoke. A crisp voice close at Grove's back and one he knew he had heard before.

"Drop that rod!" it commanded, and Grove wheeled to see in a half-opened inner door a raised pistol and a red, set face behind it. "You ought to remember me," the man with that steady gun said, as the weapon with the silencer thudded from suddenly relaxed fingers. "Ought to have my card somewhere. The name's Burke—Sergeant James Burke of the Homicide Bureau. Mr. Temple was thinking he might need help from some of us plain cops tonight. Looks like he did, huh?"

Temple was yawning again—yawning and smiling all at once.

"Yes, I rather had you in mind as a possibility in the Lyne case, Grove," he said. "But you were just one of several. For an Englishman, Lyne played a damned keen game of poker, and I know a couple of fellows who had lost more to him at the club than they could ever hope to pay. Know others who had found him dangerous in business, too.

"As for the clue you were so anxious to know about, I told you precise truth when I said I couldn't show it. I couldn't, because it didn't exist. My best hope of saving Paul Waring was to find a way of baiting the real murderer to my door. And with the kind coöperation of Doctor Vark—well, here you are!"

He nodded at Burke. Handcuffs flashed and swung at Barrat Grove's wrists. Grove was staring at John Temple again as the steel circlets clicked. But it was no haggard gray face that his straining eyes saw. It was a little brown one-way door.

Photography for Policemen

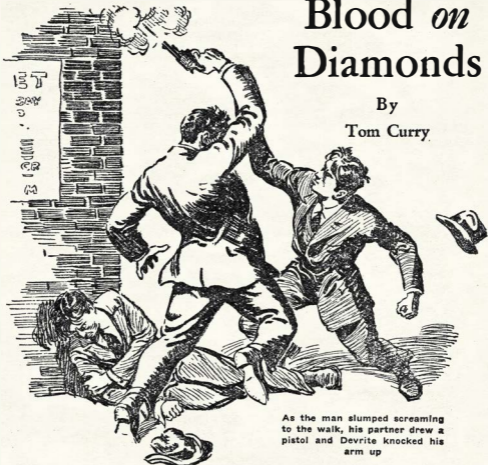
THE field of photography offers many opportunities to the crime investigator and camera squads are already to be found in the police departments of some of the larger cities. The time will come, undoubtedly, when every policeman will carry one of the small cameras which easily fits into the pocket. These "candid cameras," using a film like that used in making motion pictures, take pictures which can be used as evidence, under all kinds of adverse conditions such as at night with artificial illumination. Photographs can oftentimes be taken without the criminal being aware that he has been caught in the act. As a means of later identification a photograph is invaluable.

Chicago already has twelve radio cruising cars on its camera squad. Photographs are taken at the scene of traffic accidents and it is planned to use some of these photographs as convincing persuasion in safety campaigns. Berlin also has a similar department in its police force. New York City has its camera detectives and many other municipalities are seeing the advantages of having policemen trained in photography.

—John Berry.

Blood on Diamonds

By
Tom Curry



As the man slumped screaming to the walk, his partner drew a pistol and Devrite knocked his arm up

GEORGE DEVRITE, the secret agent, pitied the young woman who sat with him in the Greek's restaurant. He knew that such emotion was unprofessional; she might be a dangerous thief's woman who would lead him to sudden death. Still he was sorry for her.

Dark hair curled on her head; her eyes were unhappy, since the man she



Devrite, Undercover Agent, Spotted a Series of Queer Coincidences — and Gambled His Career That He Could Outsmart the Crooks Who Outsmarted All the Police

loved was in the Tombs charged with being an accessory to a murderous crime. Around her white neck had hung a diamond necklace figuratively stained with blood, two men having died when it was stolen with other jewels. Actually, the analytical chemists reported, the necklace was stained by traces of olive oil, sugar and flour tainted by yeast.

"Frank had noth-

ing to do with the holdup," stated Miriam.

The refrain rang in the secret agent's brain, for she repeated it over and over. "What makes you so sure?" he inquired, staring at the red tip of his cigarette. "He gave you the necklace for a present. It wasn't decent of him to put you in such a position."

She waxed indignant: "But Frank didn't *know* it was diamonds, I tell you. He only paid half a dollar for it, thinking the thing was a string of glass beads. He—" Her breath caught and two tears rolled down her cheeks. She put up her hand to hide them.

"—bought it from a street vendor at night," finished Devrite, a trifle wearily. All she thought of was her fiancé, behind those steel bars. She worked, selling perfumery in a Fifth Avenue department store; she dressed well and her blood was genteel. "Yet he can't describe this person except to say he was thin and seemed timid—it sounds fishy."

Just a block east of the Greek bakery-restaurant, where they lingered over coffee, stood the high buildings housing the greatest gem collections in the world. There had been several holdups lately in Jewelers' Row—there were always holdups. Miriam had been caught wearing, openly, a diamond necklace that had been among the loot in an \$80,000 robbery during which two men had been murdered. A tip, anonymous, coming over the phone to the police, had put detectives on Miriam; clever questioning implicated her sweetheart, Frank Rogers—no one believed his story of having bought the necklace for fifty cents from a haphazard street vendor.

Devrite had been ordered by his superior, Inspector Hallihan, to contact her, in the hope she would uncover

the trail to the jewel thieves the police were after. The secret agent had access to the reports of all detectives on the case; he had easily made the acquaintance of a friend of Miriam's, who had introduced him to the young woman. She had no suspicion of what he really was, but merely thought him a sympathetic young man willing to hear her troubles. He had told her he was a salesman out of work; she was glad of someone who would listen to her.

Devrite, the secret policeman, never made arrests, never testified in court. He was an observer, reporting his findings to Inspector Hallihan directly. He was unknown to the detectives who acted on tips he gleaned in the demi-monde. Unassuming, almost diffident, yet able to call forth a rash courage when it was needed, training and experience had made him a good agent.

A patient man, he missed little of what went on about him. His long gray eyes, narrowed in the tobacco haze of the Greek's, saw attention was focused on himself—he shrank from that. It was Tomolis, proprietor of the place, who watched him. Tomolis stood behind the counter devoted to baked goods and the cash register where food checks were paid. The Greek was large with a thick, close-clipped mustache he was in the habit of fondling. His complexion was marred by black specks. On duty he affected a counterman's high apron across his bulky stomach. His eyes were black as shoebuttons and similiar in other respects: they were small and they bulged.

"Waiter—more coffee and a piece of that crescent Danish pastry," called Devrite, to get Tomolis's gaze off him. He wanted to know if Tomolis meant that baleful glance. The waiter, a thin, hurried man of Tomolis's nationality,

brought the food—Miriam wanted no more.

"Why do you like to come here?" inquired Devrite.

"Frank and I came here a lot. The pastry's nice and it's cheap. Frank was out of work."

Devrite had taken her to a movie; she was willing to be friendly, though her thought was for her young man. From the corner of his eye as he bit into the crisp pastry Devrite saw Tomolis again caressing the mustache and glaring at him—no doubt at all about it now.

He at once began to wonder. Olive oil—a cruet stood on every table and the cooked food reeked with it.

He liked Miriam; she was soft and sweet. He was willing to take his oath she had nothing to do with the bandits, even if her fiancé had. In disguise, he had taken a look at Frank Rogers in police lineup. Rogers was a nice-looking lad with light hair and broad shoulders. But most modern bandits were. Police shadows watched Miriam; their DD-4's would include Devrite himself: a mysterious young man with no visible means of support.

"I've got to work tomorrow," she said, rising.

They walked slowly toward the Sixth Avenue door, pausing while Devrite pretended to have trouble locating change.

"Gude evenin', Meese Kenny," beamed Tomolis. He accepted Devrite's dollar acidly. "You come soon again, yess?"

"You're not," inquired Devrite mildly, "looking for another waiter are you, Mister Tomolis? I'm out of work, and—" He wished to check the Greek's reaction toward himself.

"My fran'," broke in the Greek severely, "when I loog for vaiter I do

not poot sign in winder, or hire ef-fery riffraff who esk."

Devrite shrugged, followed Miriam out. She remarked, as they started up the El stairs, "He offered me a cashier's job once."

HE left her at her Twenty-third Street boarding-house. His brain hummed with conjecture. He depended a good deal on the innate impressions made upon him by those he dogged. He knew he wished to help Miriam and her Frank.

The black shadows leaped at him from the areaway in a terrific rush. It was like a sudden bump from an unseen, unheard car. Both of the men were large. One hit him a stiff blow in the ribs that drove the air from his lungs and sent him gasping to his knee, a hand breaking his fall on the pavement. The second reached for his coat collar and ripped his coat half off him.

The tearing of the blue cloth gave Devrite a chance. He straightened his knees, driving back at them, ramming his head into the first man's stomach. He had been carefully trained for his occupation in jujutsu, the use of fire-arms—all branches of police work. But he was not then carrying a gun; there was always the likelihood detectives might pick him up. The possession of a pistol would mean explanations he could not make without identifying himself. One man told another, and if the thousands of police in the city knew him, his value would soon be lost.

The man he butted crashed back against the pillar of the steps; the second struck at him, and Devrite caught his outstretched wrist, turned and brought the whole arm and shoulder down across his own shoulder, bending at the waist. There was a sharp snap

as the forearm bone snapped; the man screamed and slid along Devrite's side, rolling over and over along the sidewalk.

His partner cursed, drew a gun. Close in, whirling, Devrite was able to knock up his arm. The pistol discharged, echoes cracking in the warm night air. A woman, coming toward them, screeched shrilly; Devrite was grappling with the gunman, both panting in the struggle. Two large, well-dressed men who were strolling toward the corner on the other side of the street heard the shot and the woman's yell. Detectives Murphy and Hyde had just "put" Miriam in her room, and were on their way to telephone in. There was a traffic officer on duty at the Avenue intersection and the three policemen ran along the block toward the fight.

In desperation, Devrite put both hands against the gunman's chest and pushed. His opponent flew back and Devrite knew the man wished to get away as much as the secret agent, fearing identification and nullification of his usefulness. They separated like fighting cats at the approach of dogs and ran. The man with the limp arm was already out of sight up a dark alley.

Devrite, breath fast, a pain in his ribs from that first unexpected punch, galloped toward Ninth Avenue, glancing back over his shoulder at the pursuers, who called upon him to halt. When he kept going, the uniformed officer knelt and fired a shot over him. He heard the .38's whine, and he zig-zagged, turned the corner. Arrest would mean trouble. He would be dragged to Thirtieth Street Station, booked and grilled, held for morning court.

He could do a hundred in ten sec-

onds and he did it then. He crossed Ninth and ran down the hill to Tenth. He left the police far behind.

A taxi idling on a corner was a haven for him and he sank back on the leather seat. With his wind coming back he also regained his wits. What did the sudden attack mean? Did it show he was uncovered, that someone had put the finger on him as a police spy? But they would have shot him instead of trying to beat him up had it been that—no gun was drawn until he had fought them off. It must, he decided, have been Tomolis who set them on him.

On a sudden hunch he returned to the vicinity of Tomolis's; in the cab he managed to repair his coat somewhat. He recalled the Greek's nasty looks and surly tongue. And olive oil—but where did the sugar and flour come in?

The newsstand under the El station made a convenient place to stand. It was not long before a well-dressed young man with broad shoulders and a tout's clothing strolled up and went in the Greek's. There were fresh scratches on his face. Devrite was sure he was one of those who had jumped him on Twenty-third Street, outside Miriam's.

The agent walked along and looked in the window. Tomolis was not at the counter; the thin waiter stood in his place. When the stalwart young man spoke to the waiter the latter nodded and touched a buzzer button under the counter. Tomolis emerged from the rear kitchens and came up front. His face had an eager expression. The young man nodded to him, grinned and ran a forefinger along his throat.

They spoke together shortly. Devrite thought he read the Greek's lips:

"Tomorrow—" Then the man left, passing near the inconspicuous Devrite. He had no doubt now it was Tomolis who had instigated the attack on him. He did not like the Greek. If Demetrios Tomolis were responsible for the terrible trouble those two kids were in—!

II

ALIMOUSINE drew up a short distance along the side street. A liveried chauffeur opened the door and a thin man carrying a cane and wearing gray spats emerged and went to a door leading to a flight of steps next to the Greek's. The chauffeur touched his horn twice. Tomolis hurried out and also went up the stairs.

Devrite waited, nostrils widening. A glance told him the chauffeur was looking the other way and he slipped in, started up the steps. A door closed on the second floor to the rear; the upper hallway was deserted. Opposite the head of the stairs was the open door leading into a bedroom. Devrite thought Tomolis lived here, above his bakery-lunchroom. He tiptoed to the rear door and listened.

It was an old building, its odor musty with age; the panels were thin and Devrite could hear much.

"—tomorrow," announced Tomolis's heavy voice, "about nine."

"I don't want to hear that part of it," cold tones replied. "That was a stupid thing you did and you must not let it occur again."

"Aw, I'm sorry," growled Tomolis apologetically. "It von't heppen no more."

"As soon as I get my price on the other, you'll be taken care of."

"Okay."

"I'll send my chauffeur tomorrow night. About this time?"

"Thad'll be bes'," agreed the Greek.

Devrite, intent on what they were saying behind the door, was nearly caught by the man coming up the stairs. It was the thin waiter from the restaurant. The secret agent looked hurriedly for a spot to hide. The open bedroom was the nearest place and he flitted in and stood in the door shadows.

Tomolis opened his door and looked out. "Ho, it's you, Constantine?"

The waiter whined, "Jus' goin' to bed, boss."

"Okay."

Constantine passed the bedroom and went on to the third floor—Devrite heard him overhead.

"I go firs', mak' sure she clear," said Tomolis and went to the street.

Devrite glimpsed the burly Greek through the rails. The other man followed slowly. The secret agent slipped out and hurried after them when he heard the street door bang. The big limousine was just pulling out from the curb; Tomolis was in his place, getting ready to close up for the night. A taxi halfway up the block and Devrite was trailing the big car.

An hour later he called at Inspector Hallihan's obscure, dingy office. The big police officer, with close-clipped head and a lined, humorous Irish mouth, watched his agent as Devrite took the chair across the flat-topped oak desk. Hallihan wore plainclothes; the sign on his frosted glass door said he imported beaded goods—though the amount of business he transacted in that capacity would not have clothed a Burlesque dancer. He was the main conduit through which flowed the reports of such men as Devrite, the secret agents of the New York police, high-grade men of integrity who worked without glory and for small pay.

"Did she take down her hair and cry it out on yer shoulder?" asked the inspector, cigar clinched in a corner of his broad mouth to facilitate speech.

"That girl's innocent. She's no crook's moll."

Hallihan shrugged, looked at his big fingers. "You want me to take you off her?"

Devrite shook his head. "I believe," he said, "she'll lead us to what we want though she has no connection actually with the bandits. Can you tell me anything about Demetrios Tomolis, the Greek restaurant man?"

A furrow appeared in the rhinoceros hide of Hallihan's brow. "Tomolis—Tomolis," he repeated. "I'll see if he has a record." He lifted a phone at his elbow which put him in direct communication with the secret files of the Department.

Devrite waited. If Tomolis had a police record it might prove a valuable pointer. There was some delay. Hallihan held the receiver to his ear by hunching his shoulder, looking at Devrite and bouncing a yellow pencil by its rubber up and down on the blotter. After a few minutes his attention riveted on the reporting voice that came from the phone. He hung up and turned to his agent.

"Better lay off Tomolis."

"Hasn't he a record?"

"No record. He's got a political friend, named Gregory, very powerful."

"But—what about Frank Rogers and the girl?"

HALLIHAN shrugged. "It's pretty sure Rogers had a hookup with that robbery. He'll crack sooner or later. The yarn he told is crazy."

"Suppose he did buy that trinket

from a man he believed a street vendor selling beads—that it was planted to make trouble for Rogers?"

Hallihan's brows rose. "Pretty far fetched. Go easy on Tomolis, I tell you. Be dead certain or it'll mean trouble."

"Suppose I hook his connection too?"

"Then," grinned Hallihan, "you can order the whole menu. Only don't blame me if you find yourself in the tureen."

Devrite rose. "By the way. I broke a man's arm on Twenty-third Street tonight. He'll have to have it attended to by a doctor."

"You want him picked up?"

"Shadowed."

"Okay."

"I believe," the agent added, "that this man with the broken arm will lead you to a nest of gunmen. I have also the address of a man named *Gregory* whom I followed home this evening; men ought to be stationed at his place uptown and be ready to break in when the cleanup comes."

"And when," Hallihan asked, eyes slitted, "will that be, Devrite?"

"Tomorrow night at 11 P.M. Tomolis has given himself away, through a personal matter. I'm sure the Greek has played an important part in these jewel holdups, Inspector. His restaurant's very handy to the district there. At eleven tomorrow evening, Gregory's chauffeur will enter Tomolis's and in some way pick up loot from a robbery that's to take place tomorrow."

Hallihan frowned. "You don't know where, though?"

Devrite shook his head. "No way to say exactly. I'm going to watch tomorrow. I'll be at Tomolis's at eleven at night; have one of the regular squad arrest the chauffeur. You

remember, Inspector, that diamond necklace had traces of flour and sugar on it?"

Hallihan's face was a study. Suddenly it cleared. "Not bad," he growled. "You think—they're pushing the stuff into pastry, is that it?"

"That's it."

"It's a good idea. But I hope you're right, Devrite. I'm going to take all the precautions you suggest. If you win—fine; everybody'll get a medal but you. If you lose—" Hallihan ran his forefinger across his throat.

"You'll have men watching for the broken arm bandit; men at Gregory's—and men at Tomolis's at eleven."

Devrite returned to his furnished room in the West Forties from which he was operating on this case. He climbed a carpeted flight to his small chamber and unlocked the door. Before he switched on the light he smelled a faint odor of cigar smoke. He never smoked cigars.

Light on, his trained eye roved the room. The bed was as usual; his few clothes he kept in a dressing-bureau, and he saw the bottom drawer, which he knew he had left open an inch, was now closed. The slavey who made up the rooms never bothered about such details of neatness. He inspected the arrangement of his shirts and underwear; it was slightly changed. He shrugged and slid the door bolt, deciding detectives had been in to search his room in the hope of uncovering evidence to link him to the jewel robberies—he had been seen with Miriam and that was enough.

He was up early next morning. He climbed the El steps, went through the turnstile, posted himself down the platform, from which point he could command the Greek's door below, the cross street and one side of Sixth. He could

smoke there, and a phone booth was near where he could call without losing sight of the restaurant.

Tomolis came out of the door that led to his living quarters in which he had entertained the man Gregory. It was about nine A.M. and few customers were out so early. Up above, out of the Greek's sight, Devrite watched him. "You gave yourself away, Tomolis," he muttered. "You should never let personal matters interfere with business." The Greek's obvious jealousy of himself, simply because he was with Miriam, the attack which he knew had been instigated by the Greek; the olive oil and the deduction he had made concerning the disposal of the stolen gems, pointed one way: to the burly figure of Tomolis himself.

The secret agent was laying everything on a throw of the dice: what he had overheard between Tomolis and Gregory convinced him there would be evidence that night which would be overwhelming against the thieves.

At nine eleven a butcher's wagon delivered meat; a baker's wagon, a well-known city firm, brought pastries, pies and rolls; vegetables came from a produce house. In the distance Devrite heard the sound of sirens; it was nine thirty-four by his wrist watch when a second baker's wagon, a black truck with closed rear that simply said: BAKERS' SUPPLIES, swung along Sixth, and Devrite saw six trays of brown buns with sugar icing taken into the Greek's.

"Funny," he muttered. "Two bakers. What—?"

III

HE waited patiently. He was disappointed not seeing the man who had led the attack on him. He had thought the bandits would con-

tact Tomolis. He grew vaguely worried.

Around noon he phoned Hallihan.

"There was a stickup in Jewelers' Row this mornin'," the inspector told him. "Forty thousand in diamonds, and a corridor guard shot dead. The same bunch. A man with a broken forearm had it set at the People's Clinic this morn, and I've had a tail on him all day."

The secret agent hung up as a train roared to a stop at the station. In his breast was the same excited feeling a man has who bets his roll on a horse race and watches the run. The afternoon was a weary watch for him.

At ten that night, Miriam met him at his request.

"Why, what's wrong with your arm?" she cried, pointing to the splint-bandage Devrite had on it. "And your head—"

"I was sideswiped by a taxi," explained Devrite.

He led her to the Greek's and they took the table she liked halfway down the long room. Devrite was aware of the Greek's beady eyes upon him, gloating over his evident injuries. A taped pad on his temple, stained with iodine, and his left arm in a sling, gave Tomolis the pleasure of believing the attack had been successful.

"How long have you known Tomolis?" Devrite inquired.

"Oh, about six months," she replied. "I often come in here for lunch. Tomolis got to know me, asked me to go out with him, but I told him I was engaged to Frank. Tomolis is all right but not my kind."

Devrite was aware the Greek was approaching. He winked at Miriam as Tomolis paused and put a large hairy hand on the tablecloth. "You got hurt, huh?" he grinned.

"Yes, he was hit by a taxi," explained Miriam.

Tomolis laughed. "Taxi! Funny, loogs lige to me somevon heet heem in face. Mebbe he lose fight, huh?"

Devrite made a wry face—the Greek was a heavy breather and a devotee of garlic. Under Tomolis's armpit Devrite could see a bulge—evidently a gun in a shoulder holster. It encouraged the secret agent to think Tomolis believed it necessary to carry a pistol. He was sure he had it figured out correctly, Tomolis as the middleman between the strong-arm bandits and the mastermind Gregory. He wished eleven o'clock would come.

"Why not you come vork for me here?" asked Tomolis of the girl. "I giff you gude cashier job."

She smiled and shook her head. "I like it where I am."

"The perfumery's sweeter there," remarked Devrite.

Tomolis scowled at him. "I pay you twict as mooch—" he began, but a customer rose and went to the counter to pay his check and the Greek had to hurry up front.

"Those brown buns with the sugar icing look nice," the customer said, pointing to the six trays in the lower case—they were the ones Devrite had seen the second baker's truck bring.

Devrite watched, as Tomolis shook his head. Light suddenly dawned upon him; those brown buns were, evidently, all-important. An El train roared past. The customer went out, with a bag of other buns. Devrite glanced at his wrist watch. It was ten fifty-five. The bell over the door tinkled and a tall man wearing a blue suit and a pearl-gray hat sauntered in, took a table near the front and ordered coffee and Danish pastry. Devrite recognized him as Detective Murphy of Headquarters.

This was the man Hallihan had sent to make the actual arrest, on Devrite's information.

Devrite was excited. He concealed his emotion from Miriam, who was talking along about her Frank. She was absolutely unaware of what was going on. He watched Tomolis. He thought the Greek's face flickered in the pale light from the white window globe as Tomolis looked at Murphy. Tomolis stood behind his counter, elbow on the wall shelf.

It was eleven one P.M. when Gregory's chauffeur entered. "Have you got Mr. Gregory's order ready?" he demanded.

Tomolis nodded. He began slowly and methodically to fill two brown paper bags with pastries from a tray in the upper part of the counter. Devrite's nails dug into his palms. The chauffeur held out his arms and took the bags and Murphy leaped up and put a hand on his shoulder. This was according to Devrite's tip to Hallihan, that there would be loot from a jewel holdup handed over to the spotted chauffeur at eleven P.M.

"One minute, friend," said the big detective smoothly. "Let's have a look at those buns."

"What's the idea?" snarled the chauffeur.

Tomolis said nothing. He watched the detective breaking in half the pieces of baked goods. Murphy, after destroying a dozen, began scowling.

"Are you craz-see?" growled Tomolis. "You haff ruin dem, messter, so you pay fer dem."

"Aw right, I'll pay," Murphy snapped, throwing down a five dollar bill. He was confused, his bull neck was flushed red.

The secret agent cursed inwardly. It was a delicate moment. He saw him-

self now, clearly, the meaning of that second baker's truck: it had delivered the loaded buns, with the jewels hidden in them, and Tomolis had them still on the bottom shelf. It was plain the Greek had spotted Murphy as a detective and handed the chauffeur plain pastries. If the raids on Gregory and the bandits took place and they did not have Tomolis's right, everything might fail.

FROM the corner of his eye he saw Constantine, the thin waiter—there were only two waiters, one was short and fat, while Constantine was thin—and nervous. Constantine stared toward the front, face pale as chalk, licking his lips. He must know who Murphy was, too. A flash of light came to Devrite: Constantine, thin and timid; his fingers stained with olive oil. The peddler who had sold those diamonds to Frank Rogers—why, it was perfect! He must get the waiter.

But first he must get Tomolis. The whole business was going to pot, because Murphy was confused by the trick Tomolis had played upon him. Devrite saw all his work going up in smoke; trouble for Hallihan and himself, agony for Miriam. He dared not make a move that would identify him as a police agent. This one case was not important enough itself to justify uncovering a trained, valuable spy. His strict orders were never to show himself as that. On the other hand he was determined not to let the case fold up; Hallihan had gone too far, on his advice alone, to back out.

He rose on unsteady legs and staggered toward the counter, simulating intoxication. "What's wrong with the service here?" he cried at Tomolis. "I've been tryin' to get more buns for five minutes. Give me some of those."

He pointed to the brown ones, with the white sugar tops, in the bottom case, buns brought in by that second truck.

He knew at once, from Tomolis's actions, that his deduction was correct. Tomolis stared at him; the Greek thought Devrite had had some liquor in him when he came in and the warmth had brought it out. "Go siddown," growled Tomolis. "You're drunk. You can't have dem!"

"Drunk 'r not," snarled Devrite, "I'll have service." He shoved the Greek violently away, and snatched out several of the shiny brown buns. He bit into one, swore and spat out the dough.

"Phooey," he cried. "What're those hard things in there—why, it's glass—!"

That was enough for Detective Murphy. The detective uttered a cry and snatched the buns up. He broke a couple open and the light reflected back from the facets of diamonds that had been pushed deep into the soft dough.

Tomolis swore furiously. He had recognized Murphy and tried to trick him by handing Gregory's chauffeur unloaded pastries. Murphy's play had been made by Hallihan's orders, the inspector acting upon the secret policeman's suggestions.

Tomolis reached under his apron and out came a .45 automatic pistol from the shoulder holster.

"Hey—he's got a gun," shrieked Devrite, putting terror into his cry to warn Murphy.

But that was unnecessary. Murphy was already in. He seized the Greek's thick wrist as Tomolis tried to pull back the pistol slide to cock it, and jerked him across the counter. Murphy's heavy left fist smacked up against Tomolis's mustache, driving his lip against

his yellow buck teeth. It was the sort of thing Murphy did best and he performed it with relish. "Try to draw a gun on me, huh?" he cried.

The chauffeur made a jump for the exit. He ran into the arms of Murphy's pals, coming in to polish it off.

Devrite, seeing everything going well, and Tomolis caught cold with the stolen gems, backed away. He wanted Constantine to complete his case and free Frank Rogers. He was sure that the Greek Tomolis had forced the thin, nervous waiter to sell that necklace to Rogers; it was the likely explanation.

But, turning, Constantine had disappeared. The secret agent ducked to the rear and around a green screen into the kitchen. But only the fat Greek cook was there.

"Where did Constantine go?" Devrite asked.

The cook pointed to a rear door. "Mebbe empty garbage, I dunno."

The court and back alley were deserted. Devrite had to have Constantine. A faint creak above sent his eyes that way. There was a fire escape ladder three feet overhead—it creaked, yet there was no wind. Devrite leaped up, caught it, brought it down and ran up it swiftly, through an open second-floor window. He climbed into the hall where he had overheard the talk between Tomolis and Gregory.

Someone was running down the stairs from the third. Devrite jumped into the bedroom doorway and waited. Constantine, apron off, a soft hat on his greasy head, carrying a brown bag, hurried along the hall. His face was twisted with fear, his breathing labored.

The agent had taken off the bandage from his arm; in the bandage had been hidden a blue-steel, slender .32 revolver. He waited till Constantine

was just past the doorway and then he jumped on him from behind, the butt of the pistol knocking the waiter flat.

Devrite used what bandage and tape he had to tie Constantine. He was not quite through when he heard the street door open below—detectives were coming to investigate the Greek's quarters. He leaped over the prostrate Constantine and ran.

"Hey you—stop—police—!"

When he refused to obey a bullet whirled an inch from his moving head, and then he was out. A second slug whined over him as he ran down the clanging ladder and hit the courtyard. A police detective appeared at the restaurant's kitchen door. They were swarming through it now. "That you, Charlie?" called the detective.

Devrite did not wish to be arrested; that would mean suspicion, explanation. He growled, "Sure it's me," and lowering his head, butted the officer in the stomach, driving him back inside.

The way east, across a fence, was clear, and Devrite took it, leaving the shooting and shouting behind.

IV

LATER he called on Hallihan. The inspector looked like the cat who has swallowed the canary. "All clear," he reported. "Nice work, Devrite. Murphy gets credit for solution of that jewel mystery. We grabbed the gang—the guy with the broken arm led us to them late in the afternoon."

"Was I right about them putting the gems in pastries?"

"Sure. When they got loot from a stickup they tossed it into that phony baker's wagon waiting around the corner. Tomolis's men were in it and would shove the gems into fresh-baked dough and deliver them to the restau-

rant. When all was clear, Gregory, the Greek's boss—we got him right, found some stuff from that double murder still in his home, as you said it might be from what you overheard—had his driver call for the gems in the pastries. Tomolis simply put the baked goods containing the loot into paper bags and handed them over. Tomolis was middleman between the stickup men and Gregory, the master mind who was planning the jobs and selling the stuff. Gregory was also Tomolis's backer, but he's sunk now."

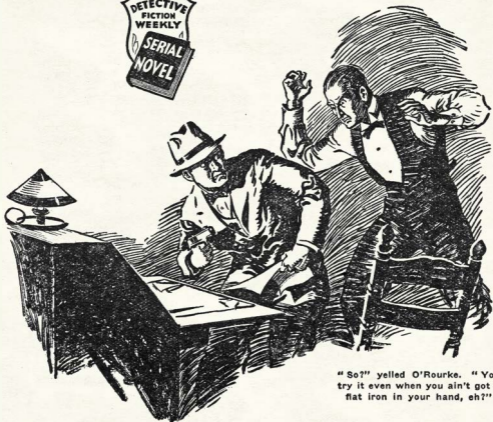
"They found Constantine?"

Hallihan grinned. "Sure, tied up neat as you left him. The boys say they fired at a mysterious man?"

"That was I." Devrite stared at Hallihan. "That second baker's wagon and Tomolis's refusal to sell the buns I saw delivered from it, told me the diamonds from the holdup must be hidden in them. The sugar and flour on the diamond necklace Miriam was caught wearing were there because it, too, had been shoved into pastry. Tomolis took it and forced Constantine to peddle it to Frank Rogers, who gave it to his girl, believing it a pretty trinket. It was night when Constantine sold it to Rogers, and the waiter kept his coat collar up. Then Tomolis phoned an anonymous tip to the police. You—released Rogers?"

"Sure, he's free and with his girl. As you suggested, I had the boys work on Constantine, and he came clean, said he's the man who sold that necklace to Rogers. Tomolis made him do it because he thought if he got Rogers out of the way he could win Miriam."

"That was Tomolis's error. The olive oil on the diamonds pointed to the Greeks; the blood on them points Tomolis and his friends to prison."



"So?" yelled O'Rourke. "You try it even when you ain't got a flat iron in your hand, eh?"

The Granduca

By

Max Brand

What has happened—

HENRY TYDINGS, a wealthy art collector, invited his bitterest enemies to spend a week-end with him prior to his marriage. Gene Chatham, Tydings' arch-foe, is there, only so that he may be

A Doctor's Confession and a Butler's Blackmail Scheme Serve Only to Tangle Detectives O'Rourke and Campbell More Tightly in the Mystery on Tydings' Island

near Charlotte Reid, the bride-to-be, whom he loves. Winifred Staunton, Tydings' former mistress, is also present, and at dinner, when Tydings is baiting his guests, including Rupert Walden, another collector rival, and Willard Hamblin,

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resident physician, Winifred wounds Tydings with a gun belonging to Lionel Reid, Charlotte's brother. Sergeant Detective Angus Campbell and his bickering team-mate, Sergeant Detective Patrick O'Rourke, arrives at Tydings' Island to learn that Tydings' body has vanished. They soon discover that each of the guests had a motive for the murder, and that each is well alibied. They make an extensive search of the house, and in Dr. Hamblin's chambers find a real clue. One of Hamblin's amateurish copies of Raphael's Granduca is smeared in the corner with Tydings' bloody fingerprint. It is also learned that Clifford, the butler, is somehow involved. Campbell surprises a sneak thief in his room, examining the copied Granduca canvas. He says he's William Kearton, refuses to say more. Cross-examining Chatham avails the detectives nothing. He knows all the answers, and as they give up in disgust, Vivian Tydings, Henry's daughter, rushes in saying there's a fight in Charlotte Reid's room. There they find Lionel struggling with his sister for a canceled check. Campbell recovers it, forces Lionel to confess that it's a forgery which Tydings honored only so that he would have a hold over Charlotte. Kearton makes a break, tries to escape with the Granduca copy, and Walden, the butterfly collector, stops him, betrays his own keen interest in the picture. In the meanwhile a police launch has recovered Tydings' body floating in the bay. An autopsy is ordered and it is learned that Winifred Staunton's shot didn't kill the collector. He died of accumulative arsenic poisoning. Doctor Hamblin collapses when he hears the news. He had been prescribing an arsenic tonic for Tydings. An analysis proves that it is a much stronger solution than the pharmacist had prepared. In the midst of the questioning, Kearton, with the aid of someone in the house—probably Chatham—escapes. Shortly thereafter Campbell accuses the doctor of Tydings' murder. The physician is a broken man, able neither to affirm nor to deny the charges against him. But O'Rourke is not at all satisfied with this development; insists that Chatham must be the guilty man. Campbell has seen Chatham in the hallway with Vivian, has seen Charlotte crying because Chatham

has been neglecting her. "Chatham's no murderer, Pat," Campbell says. "He's a Great Lover."

"Is he?" O'Rourke growls. "Then he'll burn for that, too!"

CHAPTER XVI

Blood

THEY got Winifred Staunton ready for her trip to jail. She asked to see Chatham before she left, and O'Rourke, after some hesitation, sent for the big man.

She looked amazingly fresh and well, except for a slight blue stain around the eyes.

She said: "None of the rest of them are worth trusting. You tell me something, Gene, will you? Did I give that drink to a dead man, or was he alive?"

"Dead," said Chatham.

She half-closed her eyes.

"That's hard to take," she said.

"You're going to pull out of this," said Chatham. "It's a nightmare that will fade out, after a time."

"What happened to me when I came to this house?" she asked. "I must have gone crazy!"

"It's a bit like walking into the Arabian Nights, this house of Tydings'," said Chatham, "and it's no wonder that you began to act with a high hand."

"I was a fool!" she said. "Let me give you one piece of advice . . . don't be a fool yourself, Gene. You know what I mean. It's no use. . . ."

"You come along!" said O'Rourke, roughly, and took her quickly away from Chatham.

Chatham called after her: "I'll think it over, Winifred. Don't be worrying. They won't hold you for slapping the face of a dead man. Good-by, old fellow."

Afterwards, O'Rourke went back to Campbell and found him in the later heat of the afternoon with his coat off, half a dozen books on paintings scattered across the face of the table, and the copy of the Granduca before him.

Campbell said: "It can't be worth a damn, but it is. It's worth a couple of damns, and then some. Here's a slab of cheap paint that seems to be worth murder. Maybe it's a code, Pat. Maybe there's a message written out in the paint strokes, or something."

"Yeah, maybe," said O'Rourke. "I just saw the Staunton gal off." He repeated the brief conversation between her and Chatham. He added: "When she told him not to be a fool, she meant it. When she said that it wasn't worth while, she was talking business. Now, what the devil did she mean?"

"She meant something about this picture," said Campbell.

"Damn the picture!" answered O'Rourke.

"She meant the picture," said Campbell, firmly. "Any trace of the Kearton fellow on the island?"

"No trace at all. The police are still searching. But there are fifty cracks and hollows in the rocks along the waterline that would be big enough to cover a man. Or maybe he managed to slide out into the water and drift off with the tide. Listen to it run!"

"I wish there'd be a real wind instead of just the sound of it," muttered Campbell. "The picture—I'm gonna go crazy until I figure it out. Look, here it is in our hands, meaning a thousand things to Walden, Kearton, Chatham, and the doctor, and maybe to all the rest of these crooks. We know that Kearton and Chatham are playing in together. Otherwise, Chatham wouldn't have worked the rope trick."

"Chatham's the head of everything," said O'Rourke, "and the rest are working with him."

"What's the doctor got to do with Chatham? He never speaks to anyone except Walden."

"You'll find out in the finish," answered O'Rourke. "You keep wasting your time on a damned picture, but it's the living things that count with me."

"Irishmen were never good for anything but politics," said Campbell. "If you want to be helpful, just find out who handled the body of Tydings, before or after he was dead."

"The doctor did," said O'Rourke.

"The doctor ain't strong enough to do that sort of work. Besides, he hasn't got enough nerve for it."

"He had nerve enough, maybe, before that work with a dead man took the heart out of him."

"How would Chatham know so sure that Tydings was dead when he was in the armor?"

"I don't know that."

"We oughta have Chatham under lock, and a cop guarding him day and night," said O'Rourke.

"There's not enough cops to watch all the people in the house. And if we give these fellows rope enough, some of 'em may hang themselves. Go find out who handled the body of Tydings."

"While you cool yourself off studying pictures, eh?" asked O'Rourke.

But he went out of the room, slamming the door heavily behind him.

He crossed to the bedroom of the doctor and heard inside it the smooth flow of the voice of Walden, saying: "Depression is an active agent. That's what we forget, Hamblin. It's a constant rubbing of the nerves and the friction wears us out. Keep that in

mind and you'll understand better how it happens that you're so nervous. The thing to do is not to fight back. Relax, my dear fellow. Relax, and don't worry. They've built up a case against you, but the case will collapse."

Here the voice of Hamblin muttered: "What makes you think so, Walden?"

"Nothing but the most circumstantial evidence."

"That's the only kind of evidence they need, when they've made up their minds to railroad a man."

"Grant that," said Walden's deep, easy voice. "But they haven't proved anything of great importance. However, if you're afraid, don't fight away the fear. Imagine everything. See yourself walking to the electric chair. Make the images as terrible as you please. You'll find them turning into a sort of dim story, afterwards. Your imagination will turn out a novel, so to speak, and you'll come out of the trance with your nerves no longer on edge."

THE door pushed open and Walden stood on the threshold. He did not start at the sight of O'Rourke.

"Come into my room and see what happened to me?" he asked. "The butterflies have come to know me, Sergeant. A beauty flew through my window a few minutes ago. I had to laugh at my good luck. Come in and see it. Still quivering its wings on its card—still a living member of an index system, as you might say!"

"I've got business in here," said O'Rourke, and strode rudely past Walden and into the doctor's room.

He found Hamblin still stretched out on the bed, with his head turned toward the wall.

O'Rourke said: "Hey, you! What do you mean to Walden?"

The doctor started violently, jerked up his legs, turned and glared at O'Rourke.

"Leave me alone, will you?" he shouted. "Let me be! . . . Damn you and all your bloodsuckers! . . . I wish to God I were dead!"

"Ah, lie down and be still," said O'Rourke, disgusted by this show of nerves.

The doctor fell back on the bed.

"What about it, George?" asked O'Rourke of the policeman who sat glowering in a corner of the hot room, a wet ball of a handkerchief in his red hand. "How long has Walden been in here?"

"Maybe half an hour," said the policeman. "Got kind of a good way of talking about him, seems to me. Smooth, and knows his stuff."

"I'll stuff him, one of these days," O'Rourke affirmed.

He stood in the middle of the room and looked over it.

He and Campbell had gone through everything, but the sheer nervousness of a long, hot afternoon determined him to look again. He started with the chest of drawers and went through every article it contained.

"Lemme help," suggested the officer.

"Leave me be with my own meanness," answered O'Rourke. "This isn't going to get me anywhere, but I'm on the way just the same."

The officer laughed briefly. It was too hot for long effort of any kind.

O'Rourke went over to the wardrobe and opened it. It was lined with a purplish gray paper. A sweater, a dressing gown, several coats appeared on the hangers. He began to brush his hand over them.

At last he said: "Here, George, come and use a fresh eye on this stuff and see what's what, will you? Maybe you can see something."

"Like what?" asked the policeman.

"Like blood," said O'Rourke.

There was a faint, gasping breath from the man who lay extended on the bed. O'Rourke glanced toward him and grinned. George said: "Poor devil's done in, but he ain't a patch, now, on what he was before Walden came in."

O'Rourke took the pile of coats and hangers out of the closet and laid them on a chair for the policeman's inspection.

"Walden soothed him down quite a lot?" he asked.

"Yeah. A whole lot. Talked mighty smooth. You could see Hamblin catching hold of himself again."

O'Rourke turned with an absent frown back to the emptied wardrobe and now saw on the unshadowed paper at the back of the thing a dark smudge. He dropped instantly to his heels to bring his eyes closer. An edge of the paper projected. He caught hold of it and tore off the small portion covered by the stain.

"Whatcha got?" asked George.

"Bean soup," said O'Rourke, and carried his prize to the light of the window.

He stared at it closely, folded it, put it back in his pocket. Afterwards he returned to the coats and examined the sleeves of them. A blue flannel was quite wrinkled between the wrist and the elbow. He picked up the coat with its hanger and fitted it by its hook over the bright steel rod that ran through the wardrobe. The wrinkled portion of the sleeve dangled against the paper. When it was slipped along, the same part of the sleeve fitted against

the torn patch from which O'Rourke had torn his sample.

He stood up with a sigh, and went over to the bed.

"Look at this, doctor," he said.

The doctor turned his head.

"See this coat, Hamblin?"

"Well?" asked the doctor.

"Why did you wash out this sleeve, the other day?"

"I didn't . . .!" said the doctor.

"Ah, yes," he added.

A new interest caused him to sit up on the bed, blinking his eyes behind their glasses.

"Remember now?" asked O'Rourke, calmly.

"I remember," said Hamblin, nodding. His voice was calm and the shudder seemed to have left his body entirely. "The fact is that I was cleaning up some paint the other day and got a sticky streak on the sleeve. Of course, as soon as I noticed what I'd done, I washed it out at once."

"You need gasoline to clean up paint, don't you?" asked O'Rourke.

"Naturally — for ordinary paint. But some of the ingredients of tempera, you see—"

"Like blood?" said O'Rourke.

The doctor had parted his lips to speak the next words. They remained apart. He took off his glasses and looked vainly at the sergeant through his weak, near-sighted eye. He put the glasses on again and stood up.

"Blood?" he whispered. "Blood?"

"Steady," said George.

"Go right on," said O'Rourke.

"What blood was it?"

"Ah!" said Hamblin.

"Tydings?" asked O'Rourke.

The doctor struck a hand across his face, but could not in this manner recall the color that had vanished from it.

"Tydings'?" insisted O'Rourke.
 "Yes," said Hamblin. "And now—
 Heaven help me!"

CHAPTER XVII

Confession

THE policeman came up behind Hamblin, saying: "I can't look at the poor devil, Sergeant. Leave me stand here where I can catch him when he falls."

"He's not going to fall," answered O'Rourke, ingratiatingly. "Go right on, Hamblin. This is the way to help yourself. Come out with the whole truth. Get it out while the getting's good. . . . Sit down, man, will you? That's better."

He got Hamblin into a chair.

The doctor said: "How did you know?"

"Just a kind of an oversight," answered O'Rourke. "You ain't a professional crook, doctor. . . . That's gonna count in your favor, too. Know that?"

"Will it?" the pale lips of Hamblin framed the words.

"You bet it will," replied O'Rourke, heartily.

The policeman, listening in the rear of Hamblin, pursed one fat side of his face, and winked.

Hamblin said: "But how did you know?"

"There was a stain on the back of the wardrobe—on the paper."

Hamblin groaned.

"Start right in about the body," said O'Rourke.

"When I came up to my room after dinner," said Hamblin. "I mean, when I came up after the shooting, I turned on the light and saw a darkness lying on the floor. It wasn't shaped like a man. It was too sprawled for a man.

It was too bunched in places. The rest was too thin. It was like something painted on the floor. The head was turned. And the face that was painted in greenish white was the face of—the face of . . ."

"Now, you stop that," said Pat O'Rourke, gruffly. "Stop the screaming. If you had half an eye you could see that you're with friends that are gonna help you out in the long run. . . . George, go and get Campbell for me. . . . No, leave him be. He prefers to study art, damn him. I never seen such a Scotchman. Now go ahead, Doctor Hamblin."

He was scratching rapid words into a note-book as he spoke. His pencil was a thick stub. It made broad, carbon-black lines.

Hamblin said: "It was Tydings. I thought he'd tripped and knocked himself out on the floor."

"Thought he'd tripped—knocked out . . . floor," muttered O'Rourke, writing.

"I shook him by the shoulder," said Hamblin. "His body was loose. It was watery loose. His jaws made a clicking sound together. I turned him aside. I could see the place where the bullet had entered his breast. I pulled open his shirt and saw that it was only a glancing wound that couldn't have killed him. And then I thought—I thought people would say that I'd struck him down and killed him in my room. . . . But everyone thought he was lying there in the dining room. If I could get him back there, nobody would know. They'd never suspect anything except that the bullet had done for him—the bullet and the fall, perhaps.

"So I got him by the shoulders. I dragged him out into the hall. I took him down by the servants' stairs. His

head kept falling back. Noises came out of his mouth. His body loosened and poured in on me. His heels bumped and bumped on the stairs . . . and . . ."

"Now have a heart and be a man, will you?" growled O'Rourke. "You are all right. Tydings is done for. He's all washed up. . . . You go right ahead and talk. It'll do you a lot of good."

"When I got down close to the dining room, using the back hall, I heard the squeak of a door, and Clifford's voice said something inside the dining room."

"Clifford? In the dining room? . . . And that was before I'd got to the house?"

"Yes."

"Clifford knew body gone," muttered O'Rourke, as he wrote. "Go on. This is a good yarn, doctor. This is worth having. You're gonna be proud, the slick way you're telling your story. You're gonna be damn' proud."

"I didn't know what to do," said the doctor. "If I tried to drag that weight back up the stairs—well, I went on. I couldn't stay there, with one of the servants likely to come out into the hall any moment. And I thought they were coming each instant. They were stepping out into the hall behind me and watching, and nodding to themselves—they were—"

"Steady, steady!" said O'Rourke.

"I'll get him a drink," said George.

"Leave him alone till he's finished," said O'Rourke. "We gotta work for the good things in life, and the doctor knows that."

"There was the armory. I thought of that," said Hamblin, "because it was so big. . . . I thought of leaving the body in the hall . . . right there for anybody to find. But then I thought of fingerprints and the ease of detection. . . ."

"The detective story writers do us a lot of good turns," said O'Rourke. "They got the world afraid of lie detectors and fingerprint experts, and all that tripe. All the brainy crooks are slowed up a lot by what the detective story writers have to say. But go on, doctor."

I GOT him into the armory, then, and there was nobody about. I thought of opening the big wood box and laying the body in that. But I kept remembering that I would have left tokens of myself on Tydings . . . so I looked around for something else, and saw the white faces of the dummies inside the helmets, and that gave me the next idea.

"I could put the body in one of those suits and wait for a better chance, when there was not such a stir in the house, and the police expected every minute. Then I could move it farther on. So I unjointed one of the suits. It was easily done. I took out the pole and the head that was carved on the end of it. I shoved the pole in among the wood that was piled on the hearth.

"I had to work fast. My hands were crazy. They were numb with nerves. There was no feeling in the fingers. They were the way your hands are after a long cold ride in winter. But I got Tydings into the armor at last! And immediately afterwards the detectives came, both of you! And the room of the entire house that was picked out for the examination of the people was that same armory!"

"Yeah, that was a tough break," said O'Rourke. "I always notice that half the tough breaks are just the luck. No bad planning, but just a rotten break, is all, most of the time. Go on, doctor. You're doing fine."

"Afterwards," said Hamblin, "all I remember is a scream, and Winifred Staunton running out of the armory, screeching Tydings' name. I knew that was bad. I think all the blood ran out of my brain and never has come back to it. I felt sick, and my breath was gone. As though I'd been hit a heavy blow in the body."

"It was a kind of a solar plexus smash," O'Rourke agreed, with a melting sympathy in his voice. "Trot right ahead, doctor."

"I raced into the armory from under the stairs," said Hamblin. "I don't know exactly what I did. I was stronger by twice, suddenly, than I'd ever been before. The breathlessness left me, the moment I got Tydings out of the armor without letting one piece of it fall to the floor, but by the time I got him out, the floor was littered with pieces of the armor, and I knew that I couldn't reassemble them."

"I thought, then, that I'd rake them together and hide them in a corner. One missing figure, at that time, might not be noticed for a while. So I scratched a match and dropped it into the wood on the hearth. That would take care of the big, clumsy pole that usually held up the armor. I mean, the armor would hold up itself ten times over, but the pole stiffened it, and gave the head to put inside the helmet, you see? . . ."

"I see," said O'Rourke.

"And as the fire began to flame, as I was going back toward the armor, I heard you and Sergeant Campbell at the armory door, pushing hard against it. I saw that I had no time to, dispose of the armor. I got the body of Tydings by the shoulders. It had to disappear. . . . Something reminded me, then, that there was the dumb-waiter. I hurried back to it, pressed

the button that called it up. It came softly and smoothly, but I thought it never would rise. And inside the armory, a few steps away from me, were two skilled detectives. . . . At last there was a bump and click. I opened the door of the waiter and heaved the body up and into it.

"I closed the door and pressed the button. It started sliding down. But the moment after, it seemed to me that I hadn't pressed the basement button, as I'd intended, but the kitchen level. Half of that crazy strength went out of me, then. I started to run down the stairs to the bottom of the house. Before I got there, I heard a wild yell from the kitchen. I looked into it. I saw, down the hall, a cluster of servants. And the door of the dumb-waiter was open, and inside it, leaning over with a leer on his face and one loose arm hanging down, was Tydings. I felt a scream come in my throat, and I bit down hard to keep it back. There was something to do and five seconds to do it in. I got across the kitchen floor. The white of that room made me think of a hospital. There was a sweet, sick smell in the air, I thought. I dragged Tydings out of the waiter and down the passage into the cellar."

"Go on," said O'Rourke.

"No use," said George. "He's all in."

The doctor lay back in his chair, moving soundless lips and shaking his head from side to side.

"Here," said O'Rourke. "You get him out into the air . . . get him over there to that window, will you, and let him take a few breaths? I'll fetch him a drink of brandy . . . we're going to get the whole story out of the doctor . . . and . . ."

He rushed from the room, and sprinted to that which he had made

headquarters for himself and Campbell. As he jerked the door open, he called: "Spotted Hamblin . . . he's confessing . . . the job's over, old son! Where's that brandy?"

That was why he was behind Campbell in the race back toward the room of the doctor. That was why Campbell jerked the door open just as the policeman inside it shouted: "Hey, Hamblin—hey, where are you?"

Campbell and O'Rourke ran on into the room. George met them with a blank stare.

"Where's Hamblin?" shouted Pat O'Rourke.

"I wish I knew," said George fervently.

CHAPTER XVIII

A Problem in Windows

O'Rourke ran on into the room and stood in the center of it, opening and shutting his hands, his face swelling with anger as he glared at the policeman.

"I mean," cried O'Rourke, "where in hell . . . what? . . ."

"Me, I was walking up and down," said George. "The poor fellow was standing at the window, kind of leaning over the sill, mumbling that he was gonna come out with everything. They were all gonna be socked before he got through with his talk, he said. And I walked up and down and told him to go to it, and why should one man be the goat for them all? . . . And then you came in—and that's all there is to it."

O'Rourke groaned: "Are we gonna have some damned kind of foolishness like sliding panels and secret stairways and all that old kind of stuff out of books? Is that what we're up against?"

"Aw, shut up and leave me think,"

said Campbell. "There's nothing to it. You've just spoiled everything again. You get the fish on the hook and leave your line and go off and tell the whole town that you've caught a whale. Detective? Detective—hell!"

O'Rourke turned like a maddened bull, but then surrendering the argument of words, went to the window and dragged in a deep breath of the evening air. It seemed hotter than mid-day. The flame of the sunset ringed the sky with heat.

"Hey!" cried O'Rourke. "Hey—lookit . . ."

He ran from the window, bolted through the door, and raised a thunder on the stairs, descending. Campbell wavered a moment before he followed the footsteps of O'Rourke into the court, through the garden gate, and around the corner of the house.

O'Rourke was already picking up the figure that lay crushed against the ground. He turned it over. The head of the doctor fell back loosely from his shoulders. He had no face; it was merely a red blur.

O'Rourke, on his knees, said: "He dives out the window. Socks the back of his head on the balcony beneath, and then comes wham down on his face. . . . That's all . . . He got to thinking, and he went and took a high-dive, the poor, yellow hound!"

"Got a fish on his line and went off and called it a whale," said Campbell.

He stared up at the broad, red face of George on the balcony above, like a rising moon in a summer sky.

"Go spot everybody," said Campbell. "Find out where everybody is and send a couple of your men down here to carry the body in. Make it snappy."

The round face disappeared. Campbell took off his hat.

He said, sadly, as he looked down at the dead man: "And he might have tipped off the whole game—how he come to poison Tydings and everything — and Detective Sergeant O'Rourke lets it all slide through his fingers."

O'Rourke sang an idle little song, but his voice trembled.

AFTERWARD the voice of Chatham said from the balcony above them, suddenly: "Who threw the doctor off the cliff, Sergeants?"

"Ah, it's you, is it?" growled O'Rourke.

"Suicide," said Campbell.

Chatham turned his head and looked up the side of the building.

"Well, it was high enough to do," he said.

He added: "Does the doctor prove anything for you fellows?"

"Aw, be still and leave us alone!"

Chatham laughed and disappeared.

"Kind of a fine, big-hearted, sympathetic boy, that Chatham, ain't he?" said O'Rourke. "And why did he turn and look up the side of the house, anyway? . . . Angus, I'm gonna take a walk through the upstairs rooms."

"I don't care where you walk, so long as you walk away," said Campbell. "A whale on the line! He's gotta go run and tell people about it! Detective . . . bah!"

And again O'Rourke, strangling slightly, turned, found nothing to say.

He went up through the confused noises of a house being thoroughly disturbed. The heavy beating of the feet of policemen clad in service shoes sounded down the halls. Somewhere, a woman's voice laughed briefly.

O'Rourke climbed. He thought of Campbell. He thought of all Scotland.

He cursed with a brooding thoroughness.

When he found the window above the window of the doctor's room, it proved to be merely that of the laundry. An old-fashioned idea, decided O'Rourke, to have to pack all the soiled clothes up there to the top of everything, and then cart them down again for distribution.

He leaned out the window and saw two policemen carrying away the body of Hamblin.

"The poor, dumb Doras," murmured O'Rourke, to himself.

He took another look at Campbell who stood back from the place where the dead body had been found, with his hands in his hip pockets and his feet spread wide apart. It was a characteristic posture of the sergeant when he was deep in thought.

"The sour-faced son of the mother of vinegar," said O'Rourke.

He turned from the window and ran vague eyes over the room. The light was bad. The sunset furnished a part and the electricity gave another portion. The two lights would not go together. They made confused high-lights and different shadows.

Still, O'Rourke looked over the room with an uncomfortable eye, sighing. He was not seeing much other than the six big metal tubs. . . . Women are the ones that have to bend their backs over such things. If you take a woman's life, it's a funny thing how rotten it is—if they have money, how damned silly. . . . But there was one woman in the world that he could pity from his heart, and that was the wife of Detective Sergeant Campbell living in that dump of an apartment, harrying her children off to school, in from play.

In the room next to the laundry,

a woman's voice at this point began to sing. O'Rourke listened without pleasure. Women are so damned funny, you never can tell. Still the voice *sounded* young and pleasant.

Something gleamed in a corner of the room near the window, as the sunset diminished and the electric light shone more strongly against the evening dullness. It was an electric iron. He picked it up and noted that the nose of the iron seemed to have been rubbed down to a slight bevel. Woman's work had done that, also!

He put the iron down again. Even in a big house like this the servants would be careless, leaving their irons lying around on the floor of a room.

He went out into the hall, turned towards the singing, and tapped on the next door.

"Come in!" sang out a cheerful, loud response.

He pushed the door open and looked in on the vast under-pinning, the sloping shoulders, the diminishing head of Mary, the maid.

"Oh, Sergeant O'Rourke!" said Mary, and lifted her hands to her hair.

She was such a damn fool thinking that he would notice whether her hair was neat or not! Women are that way. They're funny, is all they are. They've got no sense of humor, for one thing. They think they're always on a stage, is what's the matter with them.

"I was just ironing out some dish-towels," said Mary. "Do you want something, Sergeant?"

"Yeah? Dish towels?" said O'Rourke. "Listen, Mary, why don't people like you, in a fine big house like this, take care of all the truck that the boss gives you to make work easier? Why don't you act right about the tools he gives you and spends good money for?"

"What have I done, sir?" cried Mary.

"Oh, nothing," said O'Rourke. "Just left an electric iron on the floor of the laundry for it to get eaten up by rust. It ain't much. It's what it shows is what counts."

"Floor of the laundry?" cried Mary. "I never heard of such a thing. There isn't any iron on the floor of the laundry."

"You go look-see, sister," said O'Rourke, with a careless superiority. She went scurrying.

IT'S a queer thing how much better men do everything. Women are all right if you've got a man's brain to plan things. Women do pretty good when there's a man to tell them what next. You gotta have a man to tell a woman where to get off. . . When you think of women having the vote, why, it's funny. Look at them, is all you gotta do. You take a look and ask your eye what it tells you!

He had followed on past the door of the laundry when he heard Mary cry out: "Why, this does beat everything."

He stepped back to the door.

"Yeah, you found it, sister, did you?" he asked.

"But what a thing to do!" cried Mary. "Somebody's eut off a whole length of clothesline from the ironing room. Look!"

"Somebody's done what?" snapped O'Rourke.

He hurried into the room and took the round bit of new cotton rope from her hand.

"It'll spoil the running of the line," Mary explained. "You never can splice together this cotton, white stuff and—"

"Be still!" said O'Rourke.

He took the rope to the window and dangled an end of it down the wall.

"Ah!" said O'Rourke.

Then he examined the ends of the rope and found that one of them was slightly bent into two curves.

He dropped the rope, went to the electric iron, and shook his head.

"Who's been up here?" he asked.

"Me," said Mary.

"Yeah? You? Only you in here?"

"I wasn't in here. I was in the drying and ironing room."

"Damn it, I don't care about the drying and ironing. Who was in here?"

"I don't know, sir. I'm sorry, sir."

"You don't know who might have been in here?"

"No, sir, but I'll ask. . . ."

"Never mind, never mind! You'd never find out!"

He put the iron on a table and went downstairs. Campbell was still in the doctor's room, pacing from the window to the wall, and back again.

He said, without looking up: "Leave a fish on the line to go and blab about it. When I think of it! Leave a crazy fool like Hamblin with a window open so's he can take a dive and smash his head in. . . Detective . . . sergeant of detectives! Ah, my gosh!"

"The trouble with a Scotch brain," said O'Rourke, "is it never can eat up two things at once. It ain't got sense enough to wash down its dry oats with beer. It just chaws and chaws like a cow at one idea at a time. God made Scotchmen after hours and the real men have been on a strike against 'em ever since . . . a lot of lousy scabs. . . . The doctor didn't do suicide."

The first part of this speech had struck Campbell livid. The last words knocked his eyes open wide.

"The doctor didn't what?" snarled Campbell.

"Take it easy," said O'Rourke. "I wouldn't want to rush another idea into that head of yours. You'd have to rent more room for your brain. . . . But the fact is murder, Angus, my boy."

Campbell said nothing. He merely waited, setting his jaw.

"Murder—and easy murder," said O'Rourke.

"Go on—you know something," said Campbell. "How was he killed?"

"Easy. Tie a rope to an iron. Leave it hang out the window just over the window of Hamblin's room. When he sticks out his head for air, leave the iron drop ten feet with a bump—and you knock Hamblin out of the window and turn him into a suicide on the ground. That's all."

"And who did it?" shouted Campbell.

"Who did it? The guy that killed Tydings. The same one. Chatham!"

CHAPTER XIX

Clifford Makes a Bid

IT was not long after this that everyone had gathered in the armory because on this hot evening a sense of space, the air stirred by electric fans, was the nearest one could come to coolness. They had been assembled by order of the detectives. Clifford, still attending as a servant, was under as much suspicion as the others. Charlotte Reid and her brother sat near a window, he with his elbow on the sill and his chin on his fist, looking towards the New York glare. Vivian Tydings, incapable of feeling the heat, had curled herself luxuriously on a davenport. Walden looked curiously stiff and erect in a hard wooden chair; and Gene Chatham walked up and down with a book in his hand. Some-

times he held it up before his eyes. Sometimes he put it behind his back and shrugged his shoulders as he thought over the last words.

Vivian Tydings said: "What are you reading, Gene? Let's hear part of it. . . . The detectives never will come. What's the matter with them, Clifford?"

The butler said: "Sergeants Campbell and O'Rourke are wrangling again."

"What are they wrangling about?" asked Reid.

"I don't know, sir.

Vivian said: "Well, I wish they'd argue themselves back to New York. Why are they assigned to the same case?"

The butler answered: "As mutual stimuli, perhaps. Sergeant O'Rourke is telling Sergeant Campbell that it is better to seem a fool than to be a Scotchman. Sergeant Campbell is too angry to talk back. He only curses."

"Good," said Vivian Tydings. "I hope one of the curses chokes him. I hate that little man. Go on, Gene; read us something."

He replied: "This is just stuff. Not worth reading. But here's a sample. On Solitude this little book of aphorisms says:

"I cannot enjoy solitude unless I feel that others desire my company."

"Again: 'Solitude is first fatal to the hero and next to the wit.'

"Here's another: 'Any company is good which does not make a man feel more alone.' The book's full of that sort of thing."

"I think it's rather good," said Vivian. "It has point, anyway. Do you mean to say that the whole book is filled with that sort of thing?"

"Yes, the whole book," said Chatham.

"Clever," said Walden. "Very clever."

"It's *too* clever," said Charlotte Reid. "Epigrams are silly things. They're not made to last, but just to shine for a moment."

"Here's some more," said Chatham.

"It is impossible to make a friend without finding an enemy."

"A friend wants to be known, but not too well."

"It is kinder to borrow a man's money than his friend. The first you can repay. The second he will not want again."

"The only thing we would refuse from most people is themselves."

"Not so fast," said Vivian. "I want to taste them as they come."

Chatham read: "'The instant that half of life is finished we begin to hurry through the rest.'

"Modesty is rarely seen in artists; never in critics."

"Even when we are least content, we wish to be envied."

"Never look for sympathy from a happy man."

"Glory curls the lip of the observers."

"Angry women have forgotten their proper rôle."

"Some of us like argument. Others want to lead a chorus."

"Well," said Chatham, "that's all of it that I can stand."

"Gene!" said Vivian. "Don't you like it at all?"

"He can't live on seasoning without any food," said Charlotte.

"That's rather good," said Chatham.

"Oh, I don't think it is," said Vivian. "Charlotte's chief talent is saying 'no' at the popular time."

Here the door opened and the two detectives came in.

Campbell lurked in the background, scowling. O'Rourke took the center of the floor. He said: "This boils us down to five. You all know that the doctor has been murdered. . . ."

Lionel Reid turned his head abruptly and scanned the distant city with a strange anxiety.

"I want to know where everyone was," said O'Rourke. "I'm writing down what you say. Mr. Walden, we'll begin with you. . . ."

AFTERWARD, O'Rourke looked over his notes and said savagely: "Everybody accounted for— Even Mr. Chatham—same as always. Nobody in this house knows anything or does anything. Now, I'll tell you one thing: It's possible to send six people to the electric chair as well as to send one. I want you folks to remember that. If any of you thinks that he can show a clean pair of hands and help us to find out the truth, it's about time to come forward. Tomorrow morning, we go back to the city and it looks now like the rest of you are going to come along with us—to jail! Mr. Chatham, you say you were in your room wasting your time with a silly book. What was the book?"

"I have it in my hand," said Chatham.

"Why were you hanging onto it if it was no good?"

"I don't know," said Chatham. "A great many of us waste our time and can't give a reason. You're doing it now, Sergeant."

"Yeah, you're making a fool of yourself, O'Rourke, but that's why you feel so much at home," said Campbell.

O'Rourke looked at each of them in turn. He lost his temper and banged his right fist into his left hand.

"I'm going to find the truth in spite of all the Campbells in the world!" he shouted. "And the crook that I run down is going to burn in the chair. . . . But he'll have company. . . . He won't burn alone. Maybe you'll all sit in a circle and sizzle at the same time."

He turned on his heel and stalked out of the room. Thought overtook him in the hallway, and Campbell found him there when he came out. As the door closed behind the Scotchman, it shut away a gust of laughter from the people in the armory.

"You did a good job," said Campbell. "I never seen you being more yourself. Everybody had a lot of fun out of you."

"You're going back to your damned picture, I suppose?" asked O'Rourke.

"That's the clue to everything," answered Campbell.

"Is it? You'll never get out of that what I got out of a flat iron. Listen to me, Angus, did you ever see a gang as cool as those mugs in there? I announce a murder and they don't turn a hair, none of them."

"It ain't what people hear that counts," said Campbell, "it's the way things are told them that knocks in the runs. High class people like that crowd never bat an eye, anyway. It's against their rules to show anything—but a poor Irish mug can't be supposed to know that."

O'Rourke watched Campbell pass down the hall, and made no answer. For his own part, he returned slowly to the upper part of the house.

All the windows were open, but little air was stirring, and the roar of the tide running was still the only suggestion of wind.

It had occurred to O'Rourke that if the iron had really been used as the murder tool, there must appear on it

certain small scratches where it would have grazed against the wall as it was raised or lowered. He could make surety doubly sure if he were able to find those scratches. The iron, carefully investigated, had revealed no fingerprints, but he had not had the forethought to look for any other marks.

When he tried the door of the laundry, it was locked. The door of the ironing room was secured, also. So he went to Clifford's chamber to get the necessary keys. He could hear the man inside clear his throat and before knocking, O'Rourke leaned to squint through the keyhole. In the figure eight of light he could see the butler writing at his desk, calmly, thoughtfully, his fine forehead intent but un-wrinkled.

O'Rourke knocked at the door and tried the knob. But this door was locked, also.

"Sure," said O'Rourke to himself. "There's murder in the house."

Clifford opened the door. "Yes, sir?" he queried.

"Just slip me the keys to the laundry and the ironing room, will you?" asked O'Rourke.

"Certainly, sir," said Clifford. "Come in, please."

O'Rourke walked into the room, saying: "You'll wind up a professor or something, Clifford, doing all the studying and writing and what not."

"Thank you, sir," said Clifford. "One remembers the old maxim: It is impossible to stand still."

"Yeah? Now what d'you mean by that?"

"There must be progress or decline, sir."

Clifford crossed the room and O'Rourke sauntered towards the desk. He was surprised to find no writing

in sight although certainly he had seen the man working busily at the desk with the air of one who composed something of importance.

O'Rourke slipped the blotter to one side and made out a paper half-covered with delicately formed letters, all printed with a fine pointed pen.

He read:

"This will give you to understand that I know everything and that I shall expect such assistance from you as you are able to . . ."

Something moved swiftly behind O'Rourke. He turned with the weight of the automatic in his hand. Clifford was charging at full speed with a black, contorted devil in his face. The sight of the gun made him swerve. He checked himself, and rested a hand against the wall, panting.

"So?" yelled O'Rourke. "You try it even when you ain't got a flat iron in your hand, eh?"

He looked with a slight shudder at the formidable shoulders of Clifford. His glance rested on the bruised place high on the side of the head. "You walk first and show me the way down to me and Campbell's room. Mind your step all the way. This gun I got in my hand is damned nervous."

CHAPTER XX

A Deal in Deceit

WHEN Clifford knocked on the room, the voice of Campbell barked: "Come in! Come in!" and as Clifford entered he added: "What's the matter, Clifford?"

"I've come down here at the request of Mr. O'Rourke, sir," explained the butler.

"Yeah?" said Campbell, lifting his eyes fully and finally from the scanning of the copy of the Granduca.

Then he saw O'Rourke come in with the gun in his hand.

"Fan that bird, Angus," said O'Rourke.

Campbell, without a word, went expertly through the butler. Under the tappings of his hand there was only a crinkle of paper revealed in a breast pocket. Campbell drew out a household bill, a handkerchief from one pocket, a small pearl-handled knife from another, a silver cigarette-case, a little black lacquered cigarette lighter.

"That's all," said Campbell, putting the things on the table.

He asked no questions. His serious eyes studied the face of the butler and remained in that occupation.

"It's him, I guess," said O'Rourke. "After all I've been hoping, it's out of him that we gotta get the information we want."

"Did you kill Tydings?" asked Campbell, almost pleasantly.

"No, sir," said the butler.

"He was writing in his room. I come in. He ducks the writing under the blotter. I take a look see. He tries to run me down. I stick him up. Here's the letter," reported O'Rourke.

Campbell took it, nodded his head at it, glanced up at Clifford, and then read aloud, slowly:

"This will give you to understand that I know everything and that I shall expect such assistance from you as you are able to afford. It is not my purpose to reveal my knowledge in writing, naturally, but if you will go down to the swimming pool at about eleven o'clock tonight I shall be happy to give you such proofs of my knowledge as will induce you to feel that we should come to an understanding together. And if . . ."

Campbell looked up.

"And if . . . what? What's the rest, Clifford?" he asked.

"Nothing of any moment," said the butler. "At least, I forget the other words I intended to write, sir."

"Who was it going to?" asked O'Rourke.

"I hope you will pardon me for not answering that question, sir."

O'Rourke said: "Ah, when I see a dirty blackmailer, Angus, it sure sickens me. . . . I can even stand a kidnaper. He's gotta run more risk. . . . But a damned blackmailer kind of boils me up. He's got the knife in the dark. It ain't flesh and blood that he runs away with. It's a reputation that he socks his claws into and tortures to death. I gotta terrible kind of a feeling that I'm gonna beat hell out of you, Clifford."

"Yes, sir," said the butler. "I understand the reprehensible nature of this act and I appreciate your efforts in preventing the crime, sir."

"Saints!" roared O'Rourke. "I can't stand it! I'm gonna slam him, Angus!"

"Say when," said the Scotchman, "and I'll turn my back and not see. If he's gonna fall down and bash out some of his front teeth, how can we help it?"

Clifford ran the red tip of his tongue across his lips.

"Are you gonna tell me or ain't you gonna tell me who that letter was aimed at?" asked O'Rourke.

"The fact is," said Clifford, looking at the balled, fat fist of the sergeant, "that I did not have anyone in particular in mind."

"Now, that's the kind of a lie that even a fool kid wouldn't tell. Be your age, Clifford. . . . Angus, you better turn your back."

"O. K." said Campbell.

The butler said, rather hastily: "It seemed to me that someone living in this house was guilty of a very serious crime, sir. Perhaps guilty of two great crimes. I did not know for sure, but I had a belief that I might bluff my way through this business if I used a little discretion."

"Yeah, go on," said O'Rourke. . . . "Look at the slimy, noble face of the lousy blackguard, Angus, will you?"

"I'm looking," said Campbell, and glanced down at the sharp, bony knuckles of his right fist.

"I was not sure," said the butler, "whom I could reach with this communication, but I intended to try them one by one at different times and see what happened, sir."

"Who you gonna try first?" asked O'Rourke.

"Miss Vivian, sir I beg your pardon."

"Yeah, don't beg my pardon. What you got on her?"

"Nothing that amounts to any proof. But I could not help considering who would gain the most by the death of Mr. Tydings."

"Meaning that the girl would be the heir, eh?"

"Yes, sir. That appeared obvious. Also, the singular calmness of Miss Vivian after the death of her father seemed to me notable."

YOU see how dumb a crook always is?" asked O'Rourke of the Scotchman. "They don't go deep enough. Now, supposin' that the pretty kid had slipped the poison into papa's soup . . . well, wouldn't she of covered up by stagin' a little emotion and cryin' around, and fainting, even? Sure she would."

"I'm afraid that you underestimate Miss Vivian, sir," said the butler. "She

always has been capable of extraordinary self-control, and everyone in the house at present would consider it very strange if she had shown any unusual change of manner. At the same time, the extreme ease with which she met the situation seemed to me worthy of comment."

"Kind of bad taste, eh?" said O'Rourke. "I noticed that myself. So you were gonna write that letter to Miss Vivian, were you?"

"Yes, sir. That was my intention."

"Ever notice any hard feeling between Miss Vivian and her father?" asked Campbell.

"There was no feeling of any sort between them, sir," said Clifford.

"How d'you mean—no feeling?"

"Miss Vivian at an early age, sir, was aware of the amours of her father and disapproved of them."

"How early an age?"

"When she still was a child, sir. Mr. Tydings was to a large degree indifferent to the opinions of others. He included his daughter in that indifference."

"Come to words, now and then?"

"They rarely had conversation of any sort with one another."

"Kind of a lonely life for the gal, wasn't it?" asked O'Rourke.

"Miss Vivian is a person rich in mental resources," said the butler.

"Can't you talk natural?" rasped Campbell. "Do you have to use that high lingo all the time? It makes the back of my tongue ache!"

"I'm very sorry, sir. The customs of long service, sir."

"Ah, to hell with that," said O'Rourke. "Now listen to me, Clifford. I think you're lying. You know more than you say."

"Yes, sir," said Clifford. "I could tell you in great detail about unpleasant

happenings in this house, but I could not prove a crime against anyone."

"It's a funny thing," said O'Rourke to Campbell, "how I'd like to kick in the face of this big bum."

"If you don't, I'm likely to do it myself," said Campbell, "but you wear bigger shoes, Pat."

"Finding us agreeing with one another kind of is a joke, ain't it?" asked O'Rourke. "Clifford, what sort of a gal is Miss Vivian? Straight and clean?"

"To my knowledge, sir, her conduct always has been flawless."

"That means something," said O'Rourke. "Now this bird Tydings. He didn't give a damn for anything?"

"He loved his pictures, sir."

"I mean, people?"

"He found women a convenience, sir."

"I mean, Miss Charlotte Reid. She wasn't nothing to him, was she?"

"Yes, sir. He loved her—like a picture!"

The Irishman laughed. "He's got a kind of a tongue in his head, ain't he, Angus?" he asked.

"Clifford," said the Scotchman, "you're gonna be useful to us."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, sir," said the butler.

"You're gonna write out copies of that letter to send to Charlotte Reid, Lionel Reid, Walden, Vivian Tydings, and Chatham . . . all the five of them. And then we'll see."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Well, go on."

"Not Mr. Chatham, sir?"

"Why not Chatham, eh?"

The butler paused, drew a breath. "It would be a dangerous thing, sir," he said. "Mr. Chatham is a man of the most violent possible temper."

"You mean that he'd take a sock at

you—the way he did in the garden the other night?" asked O'Rourke.

THE butler blinked. "I would be very unwilling to send a letter of that nature to Mr. Chatham, sir," he said.

"Look here, Clifford. We'd have you under cover. The minute those letters are written," said Campbell, "you'll be under our protection."

The butler weighed them with quick, sure glances.

"Still, if you'll pardon me, Mr. Chatham is a very dangerously ingenious gentleman."

"How smart is he, Clifford? You tell us, will you?"

"I think I have told you that Mr. Tydings loved no one. Furthermore, he despised almost the entire human world. He dignified no one by giving his full hatred, either—except one man."

"Chatham, eh?"

"I refer to Mr. Chatham, sir. Mr. Chatham's knowledge was greater than Mr. Tydings. Mr. Tydings had hated him for a long time. They were often rivals in the picture market."

"I didn't know that Chatham was rich."

"No, sir, but he found ways of accumulating certain art treasures. Not many, but all priceless, sir. I have heard Mr. Tydings refer to three pictures in the hands of Mr. Chatham for which he would give this house and everything in it."

"No!" breathed O'Rourke.

"I remember the words very accurately, sir," said Clifford.

O'Rourke said: "Clifford, you're going to write a letter to Chatham along with the rest. . . . I'm not gonna see this high-brow spoil your good idea, Angus," he added.

"Thanks, Pat," said the Scotchman. "Would you want to take a sock at his white, dirty face right now while I look out the window?"

"Wait a minute and we'll see," said O'Rourke. "Clifford, are you writing to Chatham along with the rest?"

The butler took a breath and looked over the head of O'Rourke.

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Look at him," said O'Rourke. "He's turned all green and funny, Angus."

"What did you ever see Chatham do?" asked Campbell.

"Nothing, sir," said the butler.

"You mean that you just slanted your eye at him, and you figured that he was poison?" asked O'Rourke.

"I did, sir."

"And you think he might have killed Tydings?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Hamblin?"

"Yes, sir."

"You hear that, Campbell? Look here, Clifford. Are you ever wrong in the way you dope out people?"

"No, sir," Clifford answered. "I am never wrong."

While O'Rourke finds additional evidence pointing to Gene Chatham as the murderer of Tydings and Hamblin—while suspicion and intrigue mount and a killer roams free—Campbell continues stolidly studying the Granduca copy, convinced that it is the key to the mystery. Which man is right? Amazing disclosures are coming in next week's smashing installment.



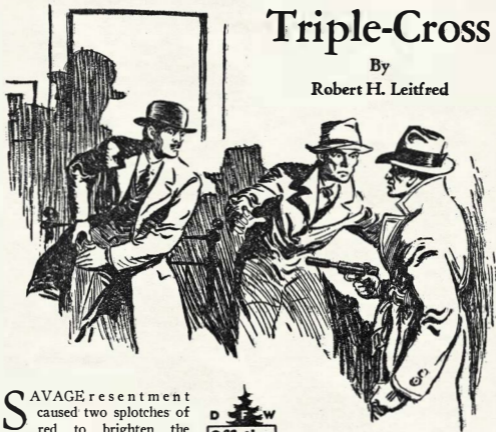
Blackmailer Foiled

LORD ROTHSCHILD, bothered by a blackmailer, got the help of Inspector Hawkins of Scotland Yard. The blackmailer had demanded that \$2,500 in bank notes be inserted in the wall of a hotel cloak-room. Hawkins connected the package of notes with a burglar alarm and arranged that as the blackmailer withdrew them his hand should be showered with filings from an indelible pencil. The bell rang and Hawkins ran into the cloak-room. There he found a panicky blackmailer trying to wash his hands, and astounded because the harder he scrubbed the dirtier they became. The man was convicted.

—J. L. Considine.

The Triple-Cross

By
Robert H. Leitfred



SAVAGE resentment caused two splotches of red to brighten the prison pallor of Joe Brenner's cheeks as he strode down Christopher Street. His lips twisted bitterly. This was the price he must pay to organize society. The grim walls of the Big House hemmed him in more than ever.

Seven days of freedom. A job with the Mystic Carnival Shows that might have landed him in big-time vaudeville. And now he was loose on the streets again—jobless. All the firm resolve to go straight seemed to have been knocked



Louie was hopped for a killing. He held a silenced Luger in his hand

from under him. He hadn't a chance. The cards were stacked against him.

Parole Officer Sumner was waiting at the street door of the miserable rooming house where Joe Brenner lived since his release from prison.

Joe's voice was bitter when he spoke to the parole officer. "Well, I hope

The Convict Stigma Was Branded on Joe Brenner — Driving Him Relentlessly Back to Crime. But a Strong Man Forges His Own Destiny on the Anvil of Honor

you're satisfied at the way everything has turned out, Sumner."

The eyes of Sumner were coldly impersonal. "Fired?" he asked.

"Sure. As soon as the carnival manager found out I was an ex-con he says: 'Out. Here's your pay.' Well, what's the answer? Am I going to be railroaded back behind those walls I just left?"

"The rules of the Parole Board are not mine, Brenner. I talked with the man who hired you, but I didn't request him to let you out. If he discharged you, it's no fault of mine."

Joe Brenner clenched his hands. A deep, primitive rage made him want to beat this parole officer's face into a bloody pulp. He held his anger in check only by a strong effort of the will. It wasn't easy to forget stone corridors, steel bars and monotonous prison routine.

"I'll take your word for it. But don't bear down too hard."

The parole officer shrugged. He could hardly be blamed for his attitude. He had fifty other men like Joe Brenner to watch and report on. "I'm just telling you how it works out, Brenner. Better get another job, and report to me this coming Saturday." He made a notation in a little book, swung on his heel and went down Christopher Street.

Joe went up the stairs to the mean little room on the second floor—a room not much larger than the prison block-cell he had occupied for three years. He switched on the light for dusk was falling over the city.

Then he flung himself into a chair and stared out the window. There was nothing much to see but a darkening street and a maze of chimneys. The prospect was infinitely dreary.

A knock rattled the door. Before he could cross the room to open it the door

was flung wide. Detective Clancy of Central Office stood framed in the opening.

There was something relentless, like the clang of a cell door, in the big detective's face and ponderous jowls. His eyes were wide apart and half closed. He carried one shoulder higher than the other owing to a shortened tendon caused by a gangster's bullet.

Joe eyed the detective uneasily. "Come in, Clancy. What's on your mind?"

"Plenty. Lefty Hertz has been bumped off. Mean anything to you?" His voice was soft, huskily soft—soft like the folds of velvet.

"I wouldn't know anything about Lefty Hertz. If he got bumped off, that's his hard luck. I got troubles of my own."

The eyes of the detective surveyed the mean furnishings of the room as if to ferret out secrets—if secrets they had. He said nothing for the moment, just kept looking, pondering, waiting. Then he spoke again.

"You know the old wheeze, Brenner, once a crook, always a crook?"

"You've got nothing on me, Clancy. I'm running straight if you and that cold-blooded parole officer will let me."

"Old stuff, Brenner. Things are different since repeal. Your friend, Louie Castner, has lost out on his rackets. Things haven't been breaking right for that mugg since the liquor business was legalized. There's only three alive now of his original mob—Spot Lawson, Monk Waters, and you. Lefty Hertz is lying on a slab at the morgue. And you're out on parole."

Joe Brenner smiled thinly. "You got nothing on me, Clancy."

"Not yet. You've only been out a week. The going hasn't begun to get tough. But as long as you go straight

I won't hound you. I may be hard, but I'm not vindictive."

"I learned my lesson," said Joe. "And I'll play the game according to the rules if I'm let alone. That satisfy you?"

DETECTIVE CLANCY eyed the ex-con pityingly. "Talk doesn't mean a damn thing, Brenner. Sooner or later you'll step off the straight and narrow. And I'll be waiting for you with steel bracelets. Men like you and Louie Castner never reform. You're crooked all over. Crooked minds. Crooked hearts. Crooked codes."

"If it comes to a showdown, Clancy, you won't find me whining to the police or anyone else."

The detective grunted, swung on his heel and left the room.

Joe closed the door, lit a cigarette and picked up a copy of *Variety*. Absorbed in the magazine he paid no attention to the darkness creeping over the city. Shadows moved in the street outside his window hugging unlighted patches of gloom. And one, more sinister than the rest, slithered through the street entrance of the rooming house. A faint knock on the door caused Joe's eyes to raise questioningly.

He opened the door. Louie Castner slipped in. "H'are you, Joe?" he leered. "I saw Clancy pull out. What'd that flatfoot have on his mind?" -

"Plenty. But what the hell are you doing here in my room. We're quits, Louie. I'm off the old rackets. . . ."

"Oh, yeah?" Louie Castner's voice was thinly sardonic. "You only think you are. Listen, you're out of stir and broke. What's going to keep you?"

"The same thing that kept me before I got swell-headed and joined your mob. But I learned some things up in

the Big House, Louie. And what I learned knocked all the conceit out of me. I took the rap for the last job we pulled and saved you from life imprisonment. The dicks down in headquarters put me through a course of heat treatment I'm not likely to forget. I mean it when I say I'm through."

"You're out on parole, aren't you?"

"You know I am."

"Finding it tough?"

"I'll get by—and without any of your help."

Louie Castner took hold of the door-knob. "Think it over, Joe. I got some big things lined up. Plenty of sugar in all of them."

Joe's lips curled. "The last sugar I earned tasted kind of bitter, Louie. And that tastelasted for three years. I still want to be friendly with you, but I'm going *my way*—alone!"

"That's okay with me. Be seeing you, Joe."

After his unwelcome caller had left, Joe Brenner extinguished the light and sat alone in the darkness. It hadn't been easy for him to face Louie Castner and turn down the prospect of easy money. He knew that he could make more in a week with Castner than he could earn in a year working with side-shows and carnivals.

And being as human as anyone else there were many things he wanted that were being denied him—new clothes, friends and a good time. He wanted to be able to hold his head up and face society; to walk the streets without being watched and threatened. He asked nothing but the privilege of doing the thing he knew best—his act in the carnival sideshows.

"Things will work out," he muttered, hopefully, picking up his hat and leaving the room for the street.

A short distance from a subway

kiosk he met a human wreck known to the underworld as Lefty Russek. Russek's face was pinched with the cold. His clothes shabby. And there was a dull look in his eyes that brightened at sight of his old friend.

"It's sure good to see you again, Joe. How they been treating you? You look kinda pale."

"You don't look so good yourself, Lefty. Listen, why don't you lay off the snow powder? It's slowly killing you."

Russek's lips quivered. He ran the back of his hand across them in an unconscious gesture. "Can't, Joe. Honest. It's got me." He smiled apologetically. "Got a fin on you I could borrow? I wouldn't ask you for it only . . . only I'm in bad shape—and broke."

Joe gave him a five-dollar bill. "I ought to knock your head off, Lefty, instead of giving you money."

Russek's shaking hand tucked the bill away. "I wasn't always this way, Joe. You know that."

Joe placed a reassuring hand on his friend's shoulder. "I haven't forgotten, Lefty. We went through hell together, once. You never came out. I'm not blaming you. I couldn't."

"Living at the same place?"

Joe nodded. They shook hands and each went their separate ways.

ON the following day, Joe Brenner registered at all the booking offices around Times Square. But the answer was the same at all these places. There was no spot available for his act.

To fill in time he found a job nailing covers on packing cases and wheeling them to the curb where they were loaded on trucks. He had been at work only half a day when he saw the parole

officer, Sumner, talking to the head of the shipping department.

That night the boss tapped Joe's shoulder. "Too bad, Brenner, but I've got to let you out. Orders from the management."

Joe Brenner smiled mirthlessly, turned up the collar of his coat around his neck and shuffled away. One job after another was found and lost. Sometimes he saw Sumner, other times he didn't. Malicious whispers followed him wherever he went. Weary and discouraged after many betrayals, he found himself, eventually, with his back to the wall, jobless and broke.

He pawned his overcoat. Then he met Louie again.

"Lo, Joe," husked the mobster. "How's things?"

"Rotten!"

"Rotten, eh? What's the trouble?"

Joe Brenner's eyes glittered. "Sumner. He's riding me—knocking every job I get out from under me. If I make a squawk, it means back behind the bars."

Louie Castner half closed one eye. "You ought to get wise to yourself, Joe. Don't be a punk all your life. You're up against a system that works for the State."

"Don't I know it!"

"You don't act like you did. Remember what I said about the heavy sugar? Well, it's waiting for you, guy, whenever you throw in with me."

Joe shook his head. "Nope. I'm through with you, Louie. You'd better get it straight in your mind once and for all."

"Nobody ever gets through with me, Brenner. Not unless I want them to. Understand?" There was a menacing threat in Castner's husky voice. "I'll be seeing you tonight."

Once more Joe Brenner shook his

head. "Keep away from the rooming house, Louie. Sumner is watching me like a hawk."

"Yeah? Well ain't that nice. You scared of that guy, Joe?"

"Sure I'm scared of him. You'd be, too, if you were in my shoes."

Louie Castner's lips twisted in a brutal grimace. "I wouldn't be scared long. There's ways of handling bright boys like Sumner, and I know them all." He turned suddenly and lost himself in the surging crowd on Broadway.

IT was dark when Joe Brenner walked down Christopher Street.

The parole officer was waiting for him at the street door.

"Upstairs, Brenner," he ordered. "I want to talk with you."

Joe said nothing, but led the way to his room where he snapped on the light. Sumner didn't sit down—just stood in the center of the room in a grim, unrelenting posture of a man who has a duty to perform.

"Brenner," he began. "You were seen talking with Louie Castner this afternoon. The other day you gave money to a notorious drug addict."

"Listen, Sumner. I met Castner by accident. You can't say, and honestly, that I've been hanging around with him. As for Lefty Russek, I knew him long before he got mixed up in the dope ring. I knew him in France before the wounds he received started him on the morphine trail to kill the continuous pain in his body."

"I'm not concerned with Russek. He's small fry. It's Castner . . ."

The door behind Joe Brenner opened. He half-turned around. Through the opening glided Louie Castner. The gangster's eyes were abnormally bright with the iris tiny. Louie was hopped for a killing.

His right elbow hugged his body. Fingers gripped a Lüger with a silencer clamped around its barrel. He looked vicious and mean.

Joe Brenner moistened his lips. "Out!" he gritted. "And put that gun down!"

Louie Castner looked at Brenner, past him and at the parole officer.

Sumner's face was pale, his smile—derisive. He backed away and reached towards a hip pocket.

A choked, muffled explosion, barely audible outside the room, spewed from the Lüger. A bullet struck the parole officer in the shoulder and spun him around.

Joe Brenner jumped forward to stop the slaughter. Castner turned on him and lashed his cheek with the end of the silencer. Again the Lüger exploded. The parole officer stood upright for a moment, his fingers clutching at his chest, then slowly, with staring, pain-racked eyes, he crumpled to the floor in a bloody heap.

The Lüger swung on Joe. "Want a dose of the same poison?" sneered Louie. "Or are you gonna be reasonable when a guy's trying to help you?"

Joe Brenner rubbed his bruised cheek. His breath was hot, and eyes smouldering. The nails of his fingers bit deep into his palms as he struggled to hold his wrath in check.

He knew, did Joe Brenner, that he was in deadly danger—not only from the killer's gun, but from Detective Clancy. He knew that Louie was hopped for further kills if necessary. His eyes swerved to the body of the parole officer.

If ever Joe Brenner felt stark fear, he felt it now. Murder in his room—and he, an ex-con—out on parole. He wanted to laugh. It was funny. Damned funny! There was the dead

man on the floor shot through the lungs. And there was Louie Castner, his eyes dilated with morphia, waving a hot gun.

Yes, it was funny—so funny that it caused Joe Brenner's heart to constrict. He recalled in this moment, when an impossible decision was called for, the words of a *Lifer* in the pen he had just left.

"When things break wrong, kid, don't lose your head. Getting mad and socking a guy don't get you out of a jam. Get wise, kid, and learn to use your head."

The *Lifer* was right, Joe knew. He stopped moistening his lips. He even managed to smile. "Jeez, Louie," he spoke in an awesome whisper, "you sure done a quick job on that guy. He was bad news for me no matter what I did."

"Sure," agreed Castner, shoving the Lütger in his coat pocket. "I knew it all along. I'm for you, Joe. I want you back in my mob. Does this settle things between us?"

Joe Brenner nodded. His eyelids drooped. "Everything's settled between us, Louie. But how about this?" He indicated Sumner's body.

"All fixed. Spot's outside in the car. We grab this guy by the arms and walk him downstairs like a drunk. Cinch!"

They walked Sumner down the stairs and shoved him into the back seat of a sedan. Spot Lawson drove the car directly to some vacant lots in the Bronx. And behind a huge sign-board, the body of the parole officer was dumped out in the soft snow.

It was discovered early next morning by laborers cutting through the lots on their way to work.

Detective Clancy from Centre Street viewed the remains, scowled and said

nothing. He knew Sumner. He knew that the parole officer had held the freedom of more than fifty men in the hollow of his hand. Here was a case it wasn't going to be easy to break.

JOE BRENNER returned to his room shortly after midnight. Carefully he washed up the blood on the carpet. He worked with a curious lack of haste.

After he had finished he lit a cigarette and turned out the light. He was too bitter and depressed to feel the need of sleep so he sat down close to the window. His eyes stared unseeing out the window, then focused against his will on high, stone walls with guards at spaced intervals along the top.

Old prison smells fouled his nostrils. His body throbbed with the cadence of marching feet, and stiffened at the sharp orders of the Head Keeper. He cringed at the familiar clang of metal doors. Dimly, he saw the years of his life stretching endlessly behind barriers that would bar him from freedom forever—of the death chair—if Clancy ever pinned that murder on him.

Wide-eyed and alert, he sat there until nearly dawn. He was under Louie's orders now. Joe had thought it all over before making his decision. One more job. It was already planned. It seemed an easy one. Then he'd fade. He'd get as far away from New York as trains could take him. Change his name, and try once more to go straight.

A sound outside in the hall caused him to pivot in the chair. He thought instantly of Clancy. Was the Central Office man already aware of the murder?

The noise continued—soft footfalls on the carpeted hall outside. Presently they stopped outside his door. The

mob rattled. A knock sounded, followed by a low voice. "Joe! You there, Joe?"

Brenner crossed to the door. He had recognized the voice. He opened the door only far enough to admit the shadowy figure of Lefty Russek.

"Go to the window, Joe," panted Russek. "See if I was followed."

Brenner said nothing, but took up a position where he could look down the street. Except for a milk delivery wagon, the street was deserted.

"Nerves, Lefty. What makes you think someone was tailing you? Been pulling a fast one?"

"Me?" Russek sat down and fumbled with a cigarette and match. "Don't worry about me pulling fast ones. I'm watched too close." He drew a deep inhalation into his lungs. "Well, Joe, the bad news is going the rounds. Sumner, the parole officer, was bumped off. The police don't know it yet."

Joe, his eyes still on the street outside, said: "He got his right in this room!"

"Yeah? Jeez, Joe, you shouldn't have taken a chance. . .!"

"Think I'm crazy, Lefty? Louie did it!"

"Louie? I heard you did it."

"What else did you hear?"

"I heard Louie got you a job as night-watchman at a rich man's home over on Park Avenue. Owner called suddenly to Europe. The job came through a man named Reinsor of the National Agency. Oh, it's regular all right. Leave it to Louie. The only thing wrong with it is what happens after the job is pulled."

Joe nodded in the dark. "We've been friends a long time, Lefty. Way back to the time our battalion was cut to pieces. . . ."

"Yeah," Russek broke in. "But

that's past. It's *now* that's important. Listen. I was laying low on a bunk over at Cardigan's place. My eyes were closed. Guys there thought I was doped up plenty. But I wasn't. I was just lying there, thinking. Nobody pays any attention to me. So I heard plenty—all of it bad."

Joe Brenner's eyes became narrow slits. "Meaning?" he asked.

"Just this. Get out of New York, Joe. Get out before the cops begin to check the men Sumner was visiting last night."

"Can't. I'm broke. Sumner saw to that. He got me fired from every job I could find—even the one with the Mystic Carnival Shows."

"Not Sumner; Joe. It was Louie who got you fired from those jobs."

"Louie? How do you know?"

"Never mind. Louie didn't want you to have those jobs. He wanted you to work for *him*."

Joe lit a cigarette and inhaled twice before speaking. "So Louie was the guy that turned me in, eh? And when he saw that his plan didn't work he bumped off Sumner here in my room and gets me in a tight spot. How that guy must hate me."

"Hate you? He's scared to death of you, Joe. He's afraid you'll turn him in if you get into another scrape. He knows you got plenty on him. Besides he respects your knowledge of locks and safes. But he'll get you sooner or later, Joe, unless you get him first."

"I'm in a jam all right," muttered the cornered man. "And after this Park Avenue job, it's going to get worse." He stopped talking as an ugly thought crossed his mind. "You think, Lefty, that he's planning to frame me?"

He looked up at his friend's pinched face gradually becoming visible in the

gray of dawn. He saw the lips move slowly.

"Yeah, Joe, he's going to frame you. The cops will be tipped off to search your room. They'll find plenty unless . . ."

"I get you," nodded Joe, grimly. "Well, I took the rap on the last job, and I kept Louie out of it. But if I get caught again, Louie Castner goes to the Big House with me."

"I got to go," said Russek. "Jeez, I'm getting sleepy. Well, take care of yourself, Joe."

AFTER Russek had disappeared with that same quietness in which he had come, Joe Brenner lit another cigarette. His face had become white but his hands were steady.

He opened the lid of a steamer trunk—a trunk containing treasures out of the past. These were things he was familiar with. He had used them many times both in vaudeville and carnival shows. They all belonged to his act.

But Joe was not thinking of the act, only a portion of it. He was trying to fit it in—to find a spot for it in real life. Dimly the first flicker of an idea came to him. He thought it over. Got to his feet and paced the room for long hours.

The flicker of an idea became a plan. It was a dangerous plan. It carried the threat of sudden death if it failed. But death was no worse to Joe Brenner just then than a second long stretch behind prison walls.

Carefully he made a selection from the treasures in the trunk and slid them in his pockets. Then he rumbled his bed to give it the look of having been slept in, flung a final glance around the room and went out into the street. No sign of Clancy. No sign of Louie.

After a cup of coffee he went down steps and rode the 7th Avenue subway

line until nearly noon. Then he came out of a kiosk at Columbus Circle and entered a cheap moving-picture show where he remained until nearly time to report for his new job on Park Avenue.

But before doing this he stopped in a cigar store and entered a phone booth. He placed a nickel in the slot. A bell rang followed by the voice of central. "Number please."

Joe moistened his lips. "I want Police Headquarters, Detective Bureau."

A man's voice came over the wire. "Police Headquarters, hello!"

Joe spoke thinly. "I want to talk to Detective Clancy."

There was a pause, a click from the wires, then a voice: "Yeah!"

"Hello, Detective Clancy? You don't know me. I don't want you to. So don't try to trace the call. It'll get you nowhere. Now listen. Here's the tip. . . ."

THE soft rays of a desk lamp played across Joe Brenner's head and shoulders as he knelt before an old-fashioned safe in the library of the home he had been hired to watch and protect against thieves. Behind him stood Louie, watching his every move.

Near the door at the top of the stairs leading down to the front hall lounged Spot Lawson. At the foot of the stairs, where a second light burned dimly, crouched Monk Waters. He was staring through a parted curtain at the avenue outside.

Darkness had fallen hours ago. Park Avenue was deserted.

There was moisture on Joe's forehead as he twisted the dial of the safe and listened to the faintest clicking of falling tumblers.

"Give me a couple minutes more, Louie, and I'll get this tin can opened."

"Taking you long enough!" complained Louie.

"I ain't opened a safe in over three years," said Joe, his cheek pressing against the cold slab of steel. "What time is it, Louie?"

"Time we was getting the hell out of here. It's eleven o'clock."

"Ah!" sighed Joe. "Got it that time, Louie, the last number of the combination." The handle of the safe responded to pressure and the heavy door swung open.

Louie Castner dropped to his knees and pawed at a treasure in bonds, currency and precious stones. It was a sight to turn a man's head.

Joe wiped his forehead with a handkerchief, flung a queer glance at Louie; then rubbed the dial and handle of the safe door. No incriminating fingerprints were going to be left behind if he could help it.

He restored the handkerchief to his pocket. When his fingers came out again two keys were cupped in his palm. They were small keys, very small.

He stepped close to Louie. And when he moved away again the keys were no longer in the palm of his hand. They were in Louie's pocket.

For the loot in the safe he showed not the slightest interest. His mind was centered on one thing—time. His face was paler than usual as he eyed a certain door—a door leading to a small room adjoining the library. This was to be his sanctuary, his place of alibi.

Even as he wet his lips and gauged the time element there came a dribbling curse from the region of the front hall downstairs.

Monk Waters was pulling an automatic from a shoulder holster as he moved backward up the stairs. "Dicks!" he spat.

The front door crashed under the impact of heavy bodies. Two men sprawled into the front hall—detectives.

Louie jumped across the room to a spot where he commanded a view of the stairs. He jerked out his gun as he moved. The silencer clamped to its muzzle subdued its thunder—but not its deadliness.

One of the detectives crowding up the stairs clutched at his belt, swayed and crashed back down the stairs.

A Colt .38 boomed hollowly. Spot Lawson, who was taking careful aim at the second detective, dropped his gun arm, choked and sagged down on the landing outside the door.

The single detective was weaving up the remaining stairs. Monk Waters was waiting for him, his gun arm extended.

Suddenly the light switch clicked. Blackness shut down. Monk began to fire down the stair well. And then, for a split second, the flames from his spitting automatic illuminated a pale, white face, and he was knocked from his feet and into the arms of the big detective coming up the stairs. The Colt .38 boomed again. Monk screamed, and was dead when his body hit the newel post at the bottom of the stairs.

The big detective never halted, but kept coming up the remaining stairs. Louie Castner, crouching low, opened up with his Luger. The first bullet glanced the detective's shoulder. The second burned his forearm. Then the officer dropped flat. And the gun in his fist rapped out twice—hollow, booming echoes.

Louie Castner fell, writhing. His heels kicked for several seconds against the carpeted floor, then stiffened.

The brooding silence that followed

was broken only by the hoarse breathing of the detective. . . .

AFTER a few moments his fingers found the light switch. The soft illumination revealed Detective Clancy, holding a .38 Colt in his blood-smear fingers.

As he surveyed the shambles his forehead wrinkled with perplexity. He seemed to be looking for something that was not immediately visible. He called aloud from the top of the stairs. "Larabee, you all right? Hey, Larabee, sing out!"

The voice of the detective who had fallen at the first exchange of bullets answered weakly. "I'll be all right . . . I guess. Belt buckle helped stop . . . the slug . . ."

Clancy crossed the room, looked at the open safe, prodded Louie with his foot and swung abruptly around. He was facing the only other door leading from the room.

His voice was brittle when he spoke. "All right, you behind that door. Come on out—with your hands high!"

He stood for a couple of seconds balancing himself lightly on the balls of his feet. His eyes narrowed, became bleak. "Come out," he ordered in a flat voice, "or I'll come in and get you!"

Still no answer from behind the closed door. Clancy let out his breath with a heavy sigh, turned the knob of the door and kicked it open.

The sight that met his eyes caused his gun arm to drop. And the perplexing look returned to his face. On the floor in the center of the room lay the trussed-up body of Joe Brenner. Clancy bent, and without a word, dragged him to the library.

Joe Brenner's body was twisted grotesquely. Clancy couldn't under-

stand why this should be. Steel handcuffs encircled wrists and ankles. These in turn were joined together so that Joe's body was bent in a half circle. So tightly were the steel links drawn that red welts showed on the wrists. Around the bound man's mouth was a heavy gag fastened with adhesive tape. He was breathing harshly and with difficulty.

"Ummm!" grunted the detective. He jerked the tape from the mouth of the manacled victim.

"Thanks, Clancy," panted Joe.

"What the devil happened to you?" growled Clancy, the perplexing wrinkles forming deeper around his eyes.

Joe spoke from his cramped position on the floor. "Plenty. I was hired as a night-watchman. Was playing a straight game. Got this job and went to work this afternoon. Got it through a good agency. This mob crashed in somehow. They covered me with their rods and gagged me. Snapped on the irons . . ."

"Shut up!" snapped Clancy. "I've got to think."

He went to the door facing down the stairs. He stood there staring at the two dead gangsters and the badly wounded Larabee. His jaw twitched. He had a decision to make. A judgment to render.

There was something missing—something in Joe Brenner's past. There must be no mistakes made. He knew that Louie Castner had hounded Joe Brenner. He suspected the source of the telephone call that tipped off this job. Brenner had made the call. Made it because there was nothing else he *could* do. The ex-con was really trying to go straight.

There was something else he must keep in mind. He had seen Joe Brenner's pale face for a split second in

the revealing flames of Monk Waters' automatic. Joe Brenner had been on his feet during the shooting. He had knocked Waters down the stairs—and saved his, Clancy's, life.

The big detective was not one to forget a brave action. It occurred to him that there was something deeper in this business than appeared on the surface. He swung around sharply.

"Where are the keys?" he asked, a trifle grimly.

Joe's eyes met those of the detective squarely. "In the coat pocket of Louie."

Clancy found them and set Joe free. "Being found trussed up with wrist and ankle irons lets you out, Brenner. The alibi's perfect. I believe you tried to go straight. So I'm letting you have your chance on one condition. Tell me. Who croaked Parole Officer Sumner?"

Joe Brenner moistened dry lips. "I wouldn't know, Clancy."

The detective wagged his head slowly, patiently. "Come clean, Brenner. You know. And I know that you know. And I'll give you ten seconds to change your mind. If you don't, I'll suddenly remember seeing you on your feet when Monk Waters was pumping bullets at me as I came up the stairs. And I'll forget that you knocked him down, thus saving my life. Well, what have you got to say? Ready to talk—now?"

"The Lüger," husked Joe. "Have your ballistic experts go over it—Louie's Lüger, the one with the silencer on it."

Clancy bent and picked up Louie's gun. Carefully he wrapped it in his handkerchief. Then he turned and faced the ex-con.

"I'm calling the squad car and the ambulance. You'll remain here. But

I'll want you on hand later to testify before the Medical Examiner. Keep your story straight the same as you told it to me, and I'll see that you don't lose by it. Do we understand each other?"

Joe Brenner's pale face brightened. The weight of the fear that was on his mind suddenly fell away. He realized that he was facing the squarest dick on the Metropolitan police force.

"I'll remember, Clancy," he smiled. "And thanks!"

BEHIND his desk at headquarters on Centre Street, some hours later, Detective Clancy finished reading certain records he had taken from the criminal file.

The perplexing look had left his face. He understood, now, a number of things that had not been clear in his mind. Joe Brenner's act was that of an escape artist. He had worked with Houdini and others. Had mastered the secrets of knots, locks and handcuffs.

And reasoning backwards, the headquarters man saw clearly that if Joe Brenner could escape from handcuffs, he could also bind himself with these same bands of steel. Not only could he do this—but that's exactly what he *had* done.

Over the hardened face of the veteran detective crept a slow, amused smile.

"Louie Castner," he mused aloud, so as to get it clear in his own mind, "planned to put the double-cross on Brenner, according to a certain stool-pigeon who has never failed me yet. And Brenner, tipped off by someone in on the know, went him one better. It looks to me," rubbing the stubble on his chin, "like a case of the old triple-cross."

CRIME LABORATORY

by LOGAN REAVIS

LAMPS

COOPER HEWITT AND FLOOD LAMPS

"MUGGING"—THE TAKING OF CRIMINALS' PICTURES FOR THE ROGUES' GALLERY. AS THE PRISONER IS TURNED FOR A PROFILE VIEW THE CAMERA MUST BE ADVANCED ABOUT SIX INCHES. THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE FACE ALWAYS IS TAKEN IN PROFILES.

PRISONERS NUMBER IS PINNED TO HIS SHIRT.

FOR "STAND-UPS" THE CAMERA IS PLACED ABOUT 12-13 FEET FROM PRISONER.

POLICE STATION, NUMBER AND DATE MUST BE IN PHOTO.

7-FOOT STAKE TO SHOW HEIGHT.

MASSAU COUNTY
1670
AUG
12
1936

APERTURE READY FOR EXPOSURE

PLATE BEING INSERTED

DIVISIONS FOR OTHER VIEWS

GROUND GLASS

SLIDING PANEL

DEVICE OF CAPT. L. STRECK—MASSAU CO. POLICE (N.Y.)—TO PHOTOGRAPH TWO FRONT AND TWO SIDE VIEWS OF HEADS ON SAME PLATE.

Clear-cut pictures of the accused and convicted are of a size easily filed and sent to other police stations for examination. "Stand-ups" insure exact indication of the subject's height, manner of wearing clothes and general posture. Photographs are never "retouched"—thus avoiding the possible challenge of defense counsel on the grounds of inaccuracy. Cameras with "adapters,"



FOR SPEED IN FUTURE IDENTIFICATIONS A WOMAN'S EAR IS EXPOSED IN THE PROFILE PHOTOS. CHARACTER OF EAR—AND EVEN LIPSTICK—ARE AIDS TO CHECKING.



3 X 5-INCH (ABOUT) CARDS USUALLY FILLED WITH PRISONER'S TWO HEAD-VIEWS AND NUMBER

8 X 10 INCH PICTURES FOR THE "STAND-UPS"



RECOMMENDED POSITION OF HEAD FOR PROFILES: IMAGINARY LINE FROM TRAGUS TO CORNER OF EYE MAKING ANGLE OF 75° WITH VERTICAL LINE DRAWN ON GROUND GLASS OF CAMERA.



PHOTO LENGTH OF ONE-SEVENTH MEASURE SIZE OF HEAD ON REVERSE SIDE OF CARD DETAILS ABOUT PRISONER ARE FILLED IN.



WHAT POLICE FILE CARDS OFTEN SHOW IS SURPRISING. THE ABOVE PICTURED CRIMINAL WAS A "STICK-UP" MAN!

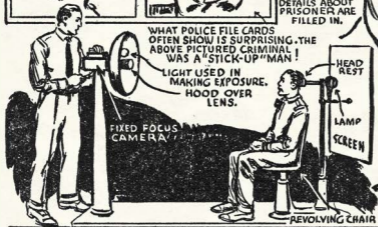
LIGHT USED IN MAKING EXPOSURE. HOOD OVER LENS.

FIXED FOCUS CAMERA



BERTILLON FOUND THAT A PHOTOGRAPH ONE-SEVENTH THE SIZE OF THE PRISONER'S HEAD GAVE AN EXACT CHECK ON SIZES OF FEATURES FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.

THE "IDENTISCOPE," A COMPACT PHOTOGRAPHIC ARRANGEMENT FOR SMALL POLICE STATIONS.



whereby a plate may be divided for different exposures, enable the photographer to economize on the negatives. The camera devised by Captain Streck, Chief of the Identification Bureau of the Nassau County Police Department, provides two profiles and two front views of two subjects on the same five-by-seven plate. Another CRIME LABORATORY feature will appear shortly.

The Sixth Sense of Frau Bernhauer

By
John Kobler



"Come, come, Frau Bernhauer! It was Fate. There's nothing I can do to bring her back."

OLD, tired, little Frau Josefina Bernhauer, sitting relaxed in her squalid, ground-floor flat, couldn't avoid hearing them. They were babbling directly outside her door, believing, no doubt, that because no light shone through the transom she was absent. Silly geese, she thought, that's how folks with eyesight reason.

The fat woman who inhabited No. 19, top floor, was whispering: "It's uncanny, I tell you! Blind as a bat she is, yet she makes the



Frau Bernhauer, Old and Blind, Listened Reluctantly to the Boasting of That Tawdry Don Juan — and Saw in Him What Was Hidden from the Seeing

beds, cooks meals, cleans the house from attic to cellar just like an ordinary woman."

"Poor creature," the other murmured, "how dreadful to be shut out from life . . . like living in a prison, a prison of the mind!" The phrase pleased her and she repeated it brightly. "A prison of the mind."

"Is it true," asked the fat woman, "her husband left her a little insurance?"

"Indeed, yes. She told me so herself,

Herr Bernhauer was a plumber. Died quite young, poor chap, leaving her everything. Of course, it wasn't much, which explains why Frau Bernhauer lives on here as general houseworker. It's remarkable what one can do if one has to, isn't it?"

She clucked philosophically and the two women stood silently awhile, pondering the inscrutable ways of Destiny. At length the fat woman's voice became brisk, efficient. "Well, I must run away now. My man will soon be home. We're having *Bratwurst* for dinner. *Mit Gott!*"

"*Mit Gott*. See you tomorrow."

A door banged. The fat woman dragged herself up the ramshackle staircase, heaving. She'd better watch out, Frau Bernhauer told herself. It's dark on the landing and she's apt to trip, not being very observant. A mischievous smile played around the blind woman's mouth. Her strong, corded hands groped until they found the cat purring contentedly at her feet—a pearl-gray Siamese cat. "They're funny, aren't they, Fritzi? They think because one has no eyes, one can't see. But one sees many things they'd never dream of. I ask you, my Fritzi, is there another woman in Innsbruck who can make a neater bed than I? Is there another woman in all Austria who can cook a tastier dinner? No, Fritzi, you know very well there isn't."

But the cat had slipped from between her feet and was padding across the room.

"What is it, Fritzi? Is some one there?" The ponderous front door opened abruptly. Jaunty footsteps tapped along the hallway. "Ah, that will be Herr Marick. Later than usual. A woman's been keeping him, eh, Fritzi? He's a queer one with his women!"

The footsteps halted outside the door. A bold knocking, and before she could answer the fellow was in the center of the room with an air of having seized ownership by virtue of his mere presence. "*Gute Nacht*, Frau Bernhauer. It's me, Marick."

"Of course. I knew that."

"You're sitting in the dark."

"I don't need light."

"Oh, I—I forgot."

"Turn on the light if you're uneasy in the dark."

He was abashed, but only for a moment. He pressed the light button.

Frau Bernhauer knew why he had come. She knew, although he was too self-centered, too stuffed with appreciation of his own importance to realize it, a great deal about the dashing boarder, the insurance salesman, Herr Heinrich Marick. Every evening he would visit her cubicle to spill out an unsavory mess of boasting and swagger. If he only knew how he gave away his grubby, little soul through those confidences! It fascinated her in a way, this unconscious revelation of character. Like the others, he thought she couldn't see. He didn't realize that all the time she was judging.

TONIGHT he would be full of his latest conquest, this two-penny Don Juan. With him women were a hobby and a vice. How he loved to babble about them! And always to her. She understood that, too. She was old, blind, futile, a cipher. She was an ideal person to talk at. And Marick was of the breed who must crow to someone, no matter whom.

But for once he surprised her. "Frau Bernhauer," he announced fatuously, "you may congratulate me. I'm engaged to be married!"

Her knitting slipped from her fingers. Why did this conventional news send a chill racing down her spine? "Married?" she echoed, mastering herself. "Married, Herr Marick? But how very nice! Who—who's the lady?"

"Don't think you know her, although she lives only three blocks away at 3 Langasse. Frau Maria Luckini, fair, fat, forty — and a rich widow."

He always spoke of women in this cavalier tone, even the women he professed to love. Admittedly he existed for women; at heart he despised them like a drug that had enslaved him. Despised? Too feeble. He loathed them with pathological fury. Frau Bernhauer — old, worn, has-been Frau Bernhauer—knew that. He was what she had once heard a Viennese doctor call a "psychological problem." Was it some disappointment in boyhood that poisoned him against the whole sex?

"Frau Luckini? No, I don't know her. But she's well-liked in the neighborhood. They speak of her as pleasant and happy-go-lucky." She tugged at Fritz's fur and brought him to a sitting position at her feet.

"Oh, she's all right (The callousness of him! To tell her that! Did he think she had no womanly feelings?). Husband was a railroad conductor. Left her quite a pile. What a place she has! Three rooms, modern, the finest things. And she simply adores me, Frau Bernhauer. Of course, that's nothing unusual. She's a little older than I, you understand—"

"And how old are you, Herr Marick?"

"I? I'm—er—oh, in my early thirties. She's forty-one, but one can't have everything."

She smiled inwardly. She had anticipated the vain, silly lie. It was so perfectly in character. The man was thirty-seven, if he was a day. She found herself feeling very sorry for Frau Luckini.

"This is the second time you've been betrothed, isn't it, Herr Marick?"

"Why, yes, so it is. What a memory you've got! You're thinking of poor, little Hermine Seidl?"

That was the name. Hermine Seidl. She remembered well the sad story he had told her from time to time in scattered fragments. He had been living in Graz then, to the South. The girl—she was only 25—had been betrothed to Marick in 1931. A few days before the wedding date she was found dead, suicided. The gas-jets in her apartment were on full force. Nobody seemed to have understood it. But there it was. Who could understand tragedies like that?

"Well," said Frau Bernhauer, "good luck, Herr Marick, good luck."

"Oh, thank you, Frau Bernhauer," he replied airily. He was surveying himself in the mirror. A smirk of self-satisfaction split his face. Decidedly he was handsome, a trifle on the short, heavy side, but his mouth was full and sensual, his eyes blue and magnetic. If Frau Bernhauer could have looked into those eyes she would have known then she was right about Heinrich Marick.

Presently he withdrew. Frau Bernhauer sat a long time, absently stroking Fritz, trying to straighten out her turbulent thoughts.

II

THREE days after this curious dialogue, on the morning of July 31, 1935, George Wiesenleitner, janitor of No. 3 Langasse, opened to

a frantic rapping on his bedroom door. It was Herr Marick, Frau Luckini's gentleman friend.

"Come with me!" he pleaded in a voice shrill with panic. "Something must be wrong. Frau Luckini doesn't answer her door-bell—and there's a strong odor of gas!"

"Gas! *Gott im Himmel!*"

The janitor raced down the corridor with Marick, panting, violently agitated, behind. He tore a skeleton key from the huge iron loop dangling at his side, thrust it through the keyhole of No. 7. He pulled. At once the sick, dead odor of gas made them gag. Wiesenleitner crushed a handkerchief to his nose and signaled Marick to do likewise. Together they entered, jerked open the windows. One glance at the bed told them they were too late. The flaccid, plump form of Frau Luckini lay asprawl across the counterpane. Her fingernails clawed the sheets, her staring eyes were glazed, bulging.

"*Gott!*" the janitor gasped, feeling suddenly nauseated. "She's dead!"

"Dead!" echoed Marick inanely.

Before the gas fumes had escaped entirely the police arrived. After a superficial examination the medical examiner declared Frau Luckini had been dead at least eight hours. He fixed the time at about midnight. Asphyxiation, naturally. The kitchen gas-jets had been opened wide, the lethal fumes had filled the tiny bedroom in short order.

Inspector Johann Fruehauf, of the Central Station, approached Marick and Wiesenleitner, who had been herded into the corridor along with a sprinkling of horrified lodgers. He addressed Marick in discreet, soothing tones. "*Mein Herr*, do you know any reason why this lady should have taken her life?"

D 6—15

Marick swallowed hard. "My poor Maria, it was the pain. It could be nothing else. You see, she had stomach ulcers. It was agony sometimes. She used to threaten—but I never dreamed—" He faltered, apparently too full for words, his eyes misted over.

The inspector turned to Wiesenleitner. "Did you know she was a sick woman?"

"*Ja, Herr Inspektor*, we all knew that, but no one ever suspected how bad it was." A sympathetic murmur from the lodgers.

"Herr Marick," the inspector pursued, "I appreciate your distress, but I must ask one or two questions. For the records, you understand."

"I'm entirely at your service."

"Will you give an account of your movements last night?"

"Gladly. I was with my fiancée during the early evening. I left her towards 9:30. She seemed a bit depressed, but I thought—you know—a woman's moods." He almost gave that sly, twisted smile of his, expressing so eloquently his contempt for the sex, but he caught himself just in time. "I then joined some friends at a café, where we drank until past midnight." He gave the names of his friends, the location of the café.

"How does it happen you are here at this hour?"

Marick's eyes refilled. "We always had breakfast together. You see, I have to pass this house en route to my office. I'd stop by for a cup of coffee—and now, now she's gone. Why? Why do such things have to happen? We would have been so happy together."

The inspector wagged his head understandingly. "There'll have to be an inquest, of course. But it's a foregone conclusion—suicide."

The medical examiner who had just emerged from the bedroom, closed his eyes solemnly. "Suicide."

NEXT morning a new Heinrich Marick descended the staircase of 47 Fraunhoferstrasse.

Picturesque was the only word for him. He peacocked into Frau Bernhauer's cubicle arrayed in a Tyrolese mountain-climbing outfit — a luscious, pea-green jacket, knee-length breeches, cocky hat crested by a pheasant plume. He looked somehow more youthful, more jauntier than ever.

"You've heard?" he asked the blind woman.

Heard? God, yes! All night she had tossed and twisted, seeing weird, lengthening shadows with her mind's eye, thinking *s t r a n g e*, troubling thoughts. For a time she had feared she was going mad.

"*Ja, Herr Marick*, I know. You have my sympathy. A terrible tragedy!"

"*Ach*, that is life for you. Alive and happy today, tomorrow—" He made an expressive gesture.

"I suppose you're on your way to the funeral?"

"Alas, I can't go. They're burying her this morning, but I must, I simply must take a little holiday. I'm so upset. A little mountain-climbing in our lovely Tyrol will do me a world of good."

This time Frau Bernhauer lost her exquisite self-control. She spluttered, choked. "But—but, surely, you—"

"Come, come, Frau Bernhauer, one must be philosophical about these matters. It was Fate. There's nothing I can do to bring her back. I've sent a wreath—an expensive one, too. Now I'm off to the mountains. I have a pressing engagement."

There could be mistaking what he meant. He was going with a woman. Ah, it was too much. The man was inhuman!

"*Auf wiedersehn*, Frau Bernhauer. I shall be back in a week." And he was gone.

Now Frau Bernhauer was frightened. For the first time she felt the full bitterness of her infirmity. She felt suddenly weak and helpless, just an old woman. What could she do? Suspicions, intuitions, guesses, these were not things you could take to a level-headed police commissioner. But the name which had run through her head all night would not be denied. Hermine Seidl. Hermine Seidl. Herr Marick had talked too much. He had underrated her. But she knew. She knew!

All at once she saw what she must do. It sent her heart fluttering wildly, yet there was no alternative. The time was at hand for action. She would not, she could not, sit by passively. She struggled determinedly to her feet. Her mouth was locked in fierce resolve. Painfully she climbed the staircase, pail and mop in hand. She felt her way down the hall until she stood before Marick's door. She could barely breathe with the thought of the man who lived there. But she must be calm. She was lost otherwise. She could run no risk of discovery. Cautiously she rapped. "Herr Marick, are you in?" No answer. "I've come to clean." Silence. He had spoken the truth. He was gone.

She entered and set down the pail and mop. First, she must make certain he had left town. If he were to return unexpectedly — she felt terror seizing her by the throat. She moved towards the closet, opened it and groped for his valises. There were

usually four. She could feel only three. She was safe.

She knew every object in the room by touch. She would know if there was anything unusual. But what? What was she seeking? She didn't know. A phial, perhaps? A bottle of some sort? Slowly, with infinite patience, she circled the room, touching everything. As she neared the big bureau she smelled it distinctly—gas! She went weak inside. She flopped down on the bed.

When she had recovered, she made straight for the bureau. The odor was coming from the top drawer. She wrenched it open, plunged in her hand. Her fingers closed over something round and smooth and snake-like. A rubber tube, about four feet long! Such tubes are used all over Europe to feed gas from the pipe to the stove. She brought the mouth of the tube to her nose. The odor of gas was overwhelming.

A few moments later Frau Bernhauer, dressed in her best Sunday gown, was standing on the stoop of 47 Fraunhoferstrasse, hailing a taxi. When she heard an answering honk she beckoned to the driver. "The police station, quick! And you must help me. I'm quite blind!"

III

INSPECTOR FRUEHAUF received the quaking, old blind woman in his private office. Courteously he guided her towards a deep leather chair, and she collapsed into it.

"And now, Frau Bernhauer, I'm listening."

But it was hard for her to speak coherently. Bit by bit she gasped out her suspicions. She told the inspector all she knew of Hermine Seidl and

Maria Luckini, of Marick's callous attitudes, of his deep aversion to women. She related the thousand and one things she had reasoned out and pondered in the loneliness of her little cubicle.

"I was near the dresser," she explained as she approached the climax of her statement, "when I noticed the smell of gas."

"Gas?" said Inspector Fruehauf.

"Yes, sir. It was nothing else."

The inspector grinned good-naturedly. "My dear lady, I appreciate your efforts to assist justice, but may I ask why a piece of rubber tubing strikes you as suspicious? Need I remind you that rubber tubing is a common article in many European homes?"

Frau Bernhauer clapped her hands together. "*Ach*, in my excitement I forgot to tell you. *There is no gas connection in Herr Marick's room!*"

"What's that? No connection? Wait—I'll go back with you myself!"

"*Griiss Gott!*" the old woman breathed reverently.

IT was a busy week for Inspector Fruehauf. To begin with, he was beside himself with curiosity to welcome Herr Marick back to Innsbruck—personally. Since that gentleman was pottering about the Austrian Tyrol, it was thought advisable not to alarm him by dispatching a search party. Meanwhile, there was plenty to keep the best medico-legal brains in Innsbruck occupied.

The rubber hosing was treated for fingerprints. Three sets were developed—the inspector's, Frau Bernhauer's, and a third set, unidentified as yet. A study of Frau Luckini's bank account yielded further interesting discoveries. On the morning of the trag-

edy Herr Marick, armed with power of attorney, had withdrawn his fiancée's savings—3,000 shillings. Her will named him sole heir to her other worldly possessions. A visit to the attorney who had executed the will revealed that in June of 1934, Marick had borrowed from the widow 800 shillings, giving in return an I O U in which he agreed to repay her within two years. As additional security he had left with his lawyer an insurance policy supposedly worth 2,000 shillings. Actually it was worth nothing. The premiums had not been paid for two years.

There remained only to ferret out certain details of Herr Marick's biography. Official records disclosed his birthplace as Hoetting, Austria, on May 9, 1898. He had served in the army during the World War, and in 1919 he married. There were two daughters. After seven years of family life, the Maricks split.

As a youth, Marick had learned the trade of barber, but this was clearly no vocation for his adventurous spirit. He became instead an insurance salesman. His acquaintances in Hoetting testified that he was an ardent nature lover, doting on birds and flowers. He was known to have protested that he could not bear to injure an insect. Only women had drawn his hatred. He appeared to have made every effort to be free of them forever, but his lustful appetite had frustrated him again and again. Amid this biographical data, Inspector Fruehauf found most interesting the story of Hermine Seidl and her tragic death.

On August 8, at about 10 A.M., following hours of intolerable suspense, an urgent telephone call was switched through to the inspector's desk. It was Frau Bernhauer's quavering voice.

"He's back! About half an hour. There are two young hussies with him."

"Ah, thank you, dear lady. I shall be there at once. Let nothing alarm him."

At 10:30 Inspector Fruehauf, accompanied by an officer, was knocking on Marick's door. He heard giggling and chattering and Marick's rich tenor. He knocked again.

"Come in, come in."

Inspector Fruehauf tensed. He signed to the officer to wait outside and he entered. Marick was lolling on the bed, his arms encircling two cow-eyed girls. They wore shorts and alpine knapsacks were strapped to their backs. When Marick saw him he called out gaily: "Good morning, *Herr Inspektor!* I'll bet I know why you've come. It's about Frau Luckini again." The girls giggled.

"That is correct, Herr Marick. There remains just one little matter which piques my curiosity. Why do you keep rubber tubing in your bureau?"

Marick was unruffled. Apparently he intended to brazen it out. "Rubber tubing? My dear sir, I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"No?" The inspector strode over to the bureau, jerked open the top drawer. He fumbled a moment among the shirts there. Then he flushed. There was no tube.

"You see," said Marick, the picture of virtue triumphant, "I'm afraid you've made an error. However, no hard feelings. I won't hold it against you."

The girls rose from the bed, giggling, nudging each other. "Well," the more bovine of the two announced, "guess we'll go now. *Auf wiedersehen,*

Herr Inspektor. Auf widersehn, Heinrich." They tip-toed archly towards the door.

The inspector was no fool. Bitterly he resented being made to appear like one. He had a reputation for lightning-quick thought in a crisis and such a crisis was at hand. The veins pulsed in his temples. He was as red as a beet. He had seen the tubing with his own eyes. He was positive Marick had no inkling of his visit. The man must have concealed it when he knocked. He saw the alpine knapsacks vanishing through the door. An inspiration! Where else, indeed? He roared at the girls: "Stop where you are!"

THEY wheeled around. Their grins turned to open-mouthed amazement, their chins began to tremble. Inspector Fruehauf's hand dove roughly into one of the knapsacks and emerged gripping the rubber tubing.

"Very clever, Herr Marick," he said contemptuously.

The man on the bed was silent. His face had frozen into a grim mask. He was ashen. Now, the girls were sobbing. "We had nothing to do with it. Honestly, we didn't. He must have slipped it in when we weren't looking. Oh, dear, what is going to become of us?"

"I believe you." He called through the door to the officer. "Accompany these young ladies to their homes. We may want to question them later."

The officer saluted and led them away.

"And now, Herr Marick," said the inspector, "the time has come for you and I to have a little conversation. To the station, if you please!"

The "little conversation" lasted seven hours. Marick told a hundred

conflicting stories, denied, retracted, told more and more lies, slowly spun a web around himself from which there was no escape. And always the inspector spoke courteously, softly, in that deadly monotone which was as comforting as a drop of water falling on Marick's head at regular intervals.

Marick was sweating. He had ripped his collar open. His hair was matted and glistening. Towards evening, his voice dropped to a hoarse whisper. "All right, give me paper and pen. I will write my confession."

"That is sensible, Herr Marick. It will save a great deal of bother in the end. Of course, you must suit yourself. As it is, I think I can tell you what happened. Correct me if I am wrong. On the evening of July 30 you managed to introduce into Frau Luckini's food or drink some drug. An exhumation will undoubtedly reveal which one. You then left her, returning after midnight. Probably you had a key with which to let yourself in. You connected the rubber tubing with the kitchen jets and extended it into the bedroom, near Frau Luckini's bed, so that there could be no slip-up. After that you went home, leaving your fiancée to her long slumber.

"Next morning you let yourself in again, unseen by any one in the house, removed the tubing, locked the door again and summoned the janitor. Correct?"

"Yes."

"And Hermine Seidl? The same?"

"Yes, yes! I killed them because I didn't want to marry them."

"And, quite incidentally, for gain?"

"Yes."

"Very well, Herr Marick. And now if you would care to put all this in an orderly form—"

He shoved paper and pen towards

the suddenly aged, little Casanova. When he was done, Inspector Fruehauf nodded to an officer standing by. Marick rose unprotesting. "My conscience is at ease now. I will go to the scaffold with courage. I will plead guilty."

On his way down the long corridor which led to the cell-block, Heinrich Marick passed a frail, bent, little old lady. She was twisting a handkerchief between her fingers. She looked up. Blind as she was, it is possible she sensed his passing, for she stiffened. He opened his mouth to speak, but checked himself. How he had undervalued her! She appeared all at once, despite her age and infirmity, like a Goddess of Justice.

HENRICH MARICK was indicted for the murder of Maria Luckini one year ago. Another year will probably pass before he

comes to trial. This is not a result of procrastination on the part of Austrian justice. It is the result of the little black note-book found in Marick's room after his imprisonment.

Henri Desiré Landru, the French "Bluebeard" who insured his wives, murdered them and disposed of their bodies in the furnace of his villa, had such a note-book. Landru entered 11 names of women. Marick entered 53, with their addresses, the dates and circumstances of his relations with them. Fifty-one of those women, including the ill-starred Maria Luckini and Hermine Seidl, have been accounted for. Forty-nine are safe and sound in their homes. But there remain two women who have long been missing. Where are they?

Inspector Johann Fruehauf would like to find the answer to that question before the Innsbruck hangman erects his scaffold.



Los Angeles Fights Fire and Arson

ONE of the hardest things to prove is that a building has been set on fire with a criminal intent. In order to obtain evidence which would otherwise be lost, the Los Angeles police make use of the smoke which escapes from a building on fire. This smoke furnishes samples which are analyzed in the laboratory to determine the presence of inflammable substances such as alcohol or gasoline which might have been used for the purposes of arson. The charred residue of the building is examined, as usual, and it is also subjected to the ultra-violet ray machine in the search for evidence which would build up a case against persons who start fires in the hope of collecting insurance, or for other motives.

—John Berry.

Murder on My Mind

By
Cornell Woolrich



"How did you know the wrench was there?"

MYSTERY
F
D W
SHORT

THE alarm busted me wide open like a hand-grenade on the solar plexus. I was into my shoes and pants before my eyes were open. Funny, I thought dazedly, when I looked down and saw them on me, how you can do things like that automatically without knowing anything about it, just from long force of habit.

A Dick Reveals the Strange Truth about a Murder Case So Unbelievable That Even His Best Friend Thought That He'd Gone Haywire

The tin agony-box went into another tantrum, so I chopped my muscle at it and clicked it off. "All right, so I'm up!" I groaned, the bathroom and scraped my kisser. I felt like the morning-after the night-before, eyes all bleary and with shelves under them you could have stacked a row of books on, and couldn't figure it.

Eight hours' sleep ought to be enough for anyone, and I'd hit the hay at eleven. Mattress must be no good, I thought, I better tackle Hatchet-face for a new one. Or maybe I've been working too hard, I ought to ask the cap for a leave of absence. Of the two of them, I would have much rather tackled him than her.

She was going off like a Roman candle at Ephie, the colored maid, when I stepped out of my room into the hall. "Wide open!" she was beefing. "I tell you it was standing wide open, anyone could have walked in! You better count the silverware right away, Ephedrine — and ask the roomers if any of them are missing anything from their rooms. We could have all been murdered in our beds—" Then she lamped me and added with a sniff, "Even though there *is* a detective lodging on the ground floor!"

"I'm off-duty when I come back here at nights," I let her know. I took a look on both sides of the lock of the front door, which was causing all the commotion. "It hasn't been jimmed or tampered with in any way. Somebody in the house came in or went out, and forgot to close it tight behind 'em, draft blew it open again—"

"Just let me get my hands on them!" she vowed. "It's probably that no-account little showgirl who has the third-floor-back, traipsing in all hours of the morning—"

I took a deep breath to get my courage up, and plunged. "Wonder if maybe you could change my mattress, must be lumpy or something, I don't seem to be getting my right rest—"

Right away she went into vocal pyrotechnics that would have put a Fourth of July at Luna Park to shame. It was the newest mattress in her house, she'd bought it only two years

ago last fall, nobody else in the house seemed to find anything wrong with their mattresses; funny that a great, big man like me should. If I wasn't satisfied with the accommodations at her boarding-house, maybe I knew of another that would suit me better. *She* wasn't making any money out of renting out her very best room for—and so on, and so on. This would have to be a novel to quote her in full.

She was still going strong by the time I was all the way down at the corner, flagging the bus for headquarters. I had sort of waived my request, so to speak, by withdrawing under fire.

A call came in only about an hour after I got to headquarters, sent in by a cop on the beat. The cap sent me and Beecher over. "Fellow's been found dead under suspicious circumstances. Go to 25 Donnelly Avenue, you two. Second floor, front."

Riding over in the car Beecher remarked: "You look like hell, Marq. Losing your grip?"

I said: "I feel like I've been dragged through a knot-hole. I'm gonna ask the Old Man for a leave of absence. Know what's been happening to me lately? I go home and I dream about this stuff. Must be on my mind, it's starting to get me. You ever have dreams like that?"

"Nah," he said, and rapped the rim of the wheel with his knuckles. "It's like a faucet with me, I turn it off and forget about it till next day. You used to be that way, too. Remember when we were both second-graders, the night that messy Scallopini case finally broke—how we both went to see a Donald Duck flicker, and you fell off your seat into the aisle just from laughing so hard? That's the only way to be in this racket. Why don't you slow

up a little, take it easy? Hell, you've got a good record, no use punishing yourself too hard—"

I NODDED and opened the door as we swerved in to the curb. "Just as soon as we find out what this thing is."

Number 25 Donnelly Avenue was a cheap, yellow-brick flat. The cop at the door said: "Now, get away from here, you people. Move on. There's nothing to see." There wasn't, either—not from down there. "Them are the windows, up there," he said to us. Beecher went straight in without bothering. I hung back a minute and looked up at them. Just two milky-glass panes that needed washing pretty badly.

Then I turned and looked across at the opposite side of the street, without exactly knowing why. There was a gimcrack one-story taxpayer on the whole block-front over there, looked as if it had been put up within the last year or so, much newer than this flat.

"Coming?" Beecher was waiting for me in the automatic elevator. "What were you gandering at out there?"

"Search me," I shrugged. I'd expected to see a row of old-fashioned brownstone houses with high stoops, and then when I turned I saw a cheap row of modern shops instead. But I couldn't have told him why. I didn't know why myself, so I didn't tell him anything. It had been just reflex action on my part, I guess.

A second cop outside the flat-door let us in. The first room was a living room. Nothing in it seemed to have been disturbed. Yesterday evening's paper was spread out on the sofa, where somebody had last been reading it. Beyond was the bedroom. A guy

lay dead on the bed, in the most grotesque position imaginable.

He was half-in and half-out of it. One whole leg was still under the covers, the other was touching the floor, toes stuck into a bedroom-slipper. The covers had been pitched triangularly off him, as if in the act of getting up out of bed. Apart from that, though, there were no noticeable signs of a struggle in here, any more than in the outer room. The window was open about an inch from the bottom, and the shade was down halfway.

The guy's clothes were draped neatly across a chair, and his shoes were standing under it, side by side. There were three dollar-bills and a fistful of change standing untouched on the dresser, the way most guys leave their money when they empty their pockets just before retiring at night. It was just a room with somebody sleeping in it, apart from his distorted position and the look on his face.

The examiner showed up a minute or so after Beecher and myself had got there, and while he was going over him we questioned the superintendent and a couple of the neighbors in the outside room. The guy's name was Fairbanks, and he clerked in a United Cigar store, and he was a hard-working respectable guy as far as they knew, never drank booze, never chased chippies, never played the horses. He had a wife and a little girl in the country, and while they were away for a two-weeks' rest he'd kept his nose to the grindstone, gone ahead baching it here in the flat.

That was how he happened to be found dead. The couple in the flat across the hall had known him and his wife, and while she was away they'd been neighborly enough to have him in for coffee with them each

morning, so he wouldn't have to take it at a drugstore on his way to work. In the evenings, of course, he shifted for himself. They were both present, this couple, and they gave us all this at great length.

She'd sent her husband over to knock on Fairbanks' door and find out why he hadn't shown up yet; they knew he opened his store at seven and it was nearly that already. Her husband rang the bell and pounded for fully five minutes, and couldn't get a rise out of Fairbanks. He knew he was in there, because the morning paper was still outside his door. He tried the door and it was locked on the inside. So he got worried and went down and got the super, and the super opened up with his passkey, and there he was—just as he was now. It was the super who had phoned in to us.

Beecher said: "When was the last time you saw him?"

"Last night," the neighbor said. "We all went to the movies together. We came back at eleven, and we left him outside of his door. He went in, and we went in our place—"

I said: "Sure he didn't go out again afterward?"

"Pretty sure. We didn't hear his door open any more, at least not while we were still awake, and that was until after twelve. And it started teeming not long after we got in. I don't think he'd go out in that downpour!"

I WENT in the other room and picked up his shoes and looked closely at them. "No," I said when I came back, "he didn't go out, his shoes are dry."

I looked in the hall-closet and he didn't own a pair of rubbers. "If he was murdered—and we'll know for

sure in a few minutes—somebody came in here after you people left him outside his door. The position of the body shows he didn't get up to let them in, they got in without his knowledge. That's why I wanted to know if he'd gone out again. I thought maybe he'd left his door on the latch for a minute, just to go to the corner, and they slipped in during his absence, hid when he came back and waited until they thought he was asleep to sneak out—only he woke up and the intruder killed him to prevent his raising an outcry.

"But now that it seems he didn't go out at all a second time, I can't figure it. The door hasn't been tampered with in any way, the living-room window is latched on the inside, the bedroom window is only open an inch and there's a safety-lock on it—and in any case there's no fire-escape nor ledge outside of it."

"Maybe a master-key was used," Beecher suggested.

I asked the super: "How many keys do you give your tenants, just one or a pair of duplicates?"

"Just one," he said. "We used to hand out two where there was more than one person to a family, but so many of 'em moved away without returning them that we quit that."

"Then Fairbanks and his wife only had one, that right?" I went in and looked; it was there big as life, along with the keys to his store. We tried it on the door just to make sure, and it was the right key. So he hadn't lost it or mislaid it, and it hadn't been picked up by anybody.

Beecher took me aside and said, "Why you so set on murder? For all we know so far, it might have been a heart attack, got him before he could struggle out of bed to get help."

"Didn't you see his face?" I an-

swered. "There was violent death written all over it."

The examiner came out, and we shipped the super and the couple outside for the present. "Compound fracture of the skull," he said. "He was hit a terrific blow with some blunt object or instrument. Sometime between midnight and now, and he died right away. He had an unusually thin skull, and a fragment of it must have pierced his brain, because hardly any blood was shed—hair's just a little matted, that's all. Good-by."

I called the Old Man on the phone and told him about it. "All right," he said. "You're on the case, you two, stay with it."

A minute later it rang back, and it was Fairbanks' company, wanting to know why he hadn't opened his branch store on time.

"He was murdered early this morning," I said. "How was his record with you people?"

"Excellent. He's been working for us the past seven years, and he is—he was, I mean—a good man."

"You check on your branch-clerks pretty often, don't you? Ever hear of his having any run-ins with anybody, customers or co-workers?"

"He was well-liked by everybody, matter of fact was known by name to a great many customers of that particular store. Couple years ago we shifted him to another location, and got so many inquiries that we put him right back again where he'd been. Sounds funny in a chain-store business, but everybody'd missed him and they wanted him back."

I hung up and turned to Beecher. "Can you get a motive out of this?"

"Nah," he said. "There's nobody living in a place like this with anything worth taking. Even the little money

he had in there wasn't touched. He had no enemies, and no bad habits."

"Mistaken identity?" I offered.

"Nuts!" he said. "I told you that you need a rest."

"What do you suppose happened to the 'heavy, blunt instrument' doc mentioned?"

"Carried it out with him, I guess, whoever he was."

POOR Fairbanks, meanwhile, had had his picture taken and been carried out to his last rest. The fingerprint fellows had powdered everything they could, which wasn't much, and got ready to go, too, remarking all they'd probably get was fifty-seven varieties of his own prints. The outside knob of the door was a total loss by now, touched by everyone who'd come in. Even the inside knob had been pretty well spoiled by the super coming out after he'd first found Fairbanks.

I said, "Wait a minute!" and motioned them back. I pointed to the ceiling.

"So?" they kidded. "Want us to climb up on a ladder and dust those bulbs too? Who do you think has been in here, Goliath?"

"They're lit, aren't they?" I said. "And they been lit ever since it happened. He was killed getting out of bed, and the switch is over by the door as you come in, so it was the killer turned 'em on last—and left 'em on. What's the matter with that little mother-of-pearl button over there? You don't just blow at those things to push them in."

So they just gave each other a look and took that too. "Change jobs with you," they offered laughingly on their way out.

"The one I've got now is even too

tough for me," I grinned. The way I felt, there was more truth than poetry in that; my back ached from that damned mattress at Hatchet-face's boarding-house, and my eyelids felt like they were lined with lead.

"I've got something!" Beecher called to me as the door closed behind them. "What time'd it rain last night?"

"Search me. I didn't even know it did until I heard those people across the hall mention it." I went out to him.

"It ought to be in here." He picked up the morning paper, the one that had been left at the door, that Fairbanks had never lived to read. "Here it is, in a little box by itself. Started at eleven-forty-five and continued until after two—" He spanked the item with his fingernail. "Whoever it was killed him came in here between two-thirty and dawn."

"Why not right during the rain?"

"For pete's sake, Marq!" he said impatiently. "Use your eyes! Don't you see the little dab of dried mud here on the carpet? Came off his shoes, of course. Well, do you see any blurs from drops of water around it? No. The nap of this carpet is a cross between felt and cheap velour; it would have shown them up in a minute if there were any.

"His clothes were dry, just his soles had mud on them, probably under the arches, from someplace out in the street. He came in after the rain, most likely wasn't even out in it himself. Fairbanks' own shoes are slick as varnish underneath, did you notice?"

"I've got another," I said, crouching down, chin to my knees. "Here, up against the threshold-board between this room and the bedroom. The board scraped it off as he trod across it.

"Gee, I wish we could get the whole print!" he said wistfully.

"Whaddya think this is?"

"I'm going to look outside," he said. "They haven't mopped the halls yet."

While he was gone I found another little clot right beside the bed, showing where he'd stood when he banged Fairbanks. The pillows were still in position, even though Fairbanks was gone, one showing a little rusty-brown sworl. I stood over the tiny dirt-streak on the floor, and swung my arm stiffly in an arc down on top of the pillow. It landed too far out, made no allowance, for the weapon, no matter how stubby it had been, would have hit him down near the shoulder instead of on top of the head. Then I remembered that he hadn't been flat on his back but had already struggled up to a sitting position, feeling for his slippers with one foot, when he'd been hit.

I kept my eye on an imaginary point where his head would have been, sitting up, and then swung—and there was a space of about only two or three inches left between my clenched fist and the point. That space stood for the implement that had been used. What the hell could be that short and still do that much damage?

II

I HEARD Beecher whistling up for me from down below the windows, and chased down. "I've got one!" he yelled jubilantly. "A honey—perfect from heel to toe! Just look at it! I can't swear yet it was made by the same guy, but I'm certainly not passing it up." He turned to the cop who was with him. "Phone in quick and tell 'em to send somebody over with paraffin and get this!"

It was a peach, I had to admit that myself. There was a cement sidewalk

along the whole length of the flat, but between it and the building-line there was a strip of unpaved earth about three yards wide, for decorative purposes originally, although now it didn't even bear grass. The sidewalk bridged this sod across to the front door, and it was in one of the two right-angles thus formed that the footprint was set obliquely, pointed in toward the building.

"Don't y' see what happened?" Beecher babbled. "He came along the sidewalk and turned in toward the door, but instead of staying on the cement he cut the corner short, and one whole foot landed on the soggy ground. Left foot. It wasn't made after daylight by any milkman, either, the ground was already too dry by then; it was within an hour after the rain. Notice how deep it goes in? The ground was still plenty squashy. I'd like to bet this is our guy!"

"I'm on your end of the dough,"

I nodded, scanning it on my heels.

"And is it a beaut! Look at that—rubber-heel worn down in a semicircle at the back, steel cleat across the toe; man, it has everything but the guy's initials!" He grabbed me by both biceps and gave me a squeeze in his enthusiasm. That was one nice thing about teaming with him, the gusto he could work up; each case that came along, he acted like it was his first case. I'd been that way myself until just the last week or so—

We hung around until they'd greased it and filled it with paraffin, and we were sure we had it. They also took microscopic specimens of the dried mud from the rooms upstairs, and some of this soil down here around the print, for the laboratory to work over.

"Good tall guy, and pretty hefty,

too," Beecher decided. "It's a ten-and-a-half," he rolled up the tape-measure, "and pushed down good and hard by his weight, even though the ground was wet. The worn-down heel shows he carried around a load on top of his legs, too."

"About my height and build, then," I ruminated, rubbing my chin, "if you can depend on measurements built up like this from a foot-size." He only came up to my shoulder. "I take a ten-and-a-half myself." I started to lift my left foot off the cement, to match it against the impression, but he turned and went in without waiting, so I changed my mind and went after him. After all, I didn't have to make sure at this late day what size shoe I wore.

"Well, we've got a little something, anyway," he was saying cheerfully on the way up. "We've narrowed it down to a guy"—he glanced at me—"approximately six-one or over and between one-eighty and two-twenty or thereabouts. At least we can skip all shrimps and skinny guys and such. It ought to be a pushover, don't you think, to track down those shoes to some repair-shop as soon as the mold's hardened enough to get a plaster of paris cast from it?"

"Yeah, a six or eight months' pushover," I remarked morbidly.

"I don't think you're eating right," he said flippantly.

I told him about the arm-measurement I'd taken standing beside the head of the bed. I repeated the thing for him; he couldn't try it out himself because his arms weren't long enough.

"Naturally, his arms might have been a good deal shorter than mine, but big feet usually mean long arms. With just two, three inches to spare, what else could it have been but the

butt of a gun? Held right up close to the handle."

"If just one blow from that could kill him, doc must've been right, he sure did have a thin skull. Let's go over the place right, we haven't half-started yet—"

He began yanking open drawers in the dresser; I went out into the other room again, suddenly turned off to one side and went toward the steam-radiator, reached down between it and the wall and pulled up a wrench.

"Here it is!" I yelled. "I've got it!"

HE came in and saw what it was and where it had come from. He took it and looked at it. We both could see the tiny tuft of hair imbedded between its tightly-clamped jaws, the bone-splinters—or were they minute particles of scalp?—adhering to the rough edge of it.

"You're right, Marq," he said almost breathlessly, "this is it!" And then he wasn't looking at it any more, but at me. "How did you know it was there? You couldn't have seen it from here. You went straight toward it. How did you know where to find it?"

I just stared at him helplessly. "I don't know," I said. "I wasn't thinking what I was doing for a minute, I went over toward it sort of unconsciously, and—and there it was." I took it back from him and looked down at it. Suddenly it slipped from my grasp and hit the carpet with a dull thud. I passed the back of my hand across my forehead sort of dazedly. "I don't know," I said again.

"Marq, you're all in—for pete's sake, go home and catch a nap! The hell with how you happened to find it—you found it, that's all that matters! Probably the superintendent's—let's have him in again."

He went to the outer door. I shook myself—physically, like a terrier—and snapped out of it. The super came back with Beecher and identified it unhesitatingly as his own. He had a straight-forward story to tell, as far as that went. He'd been in here with it one day tinkering with the radiator—that had been months ago, in the Spring, before they turned the heat off—and had evidently left it behind and forgotten about it.

"Does that make it look bad for me, gents?" he wanted to know anxiously.

"It could," Beecher said gruffly, "but we're not going to let it." The super was a scrawny little runt, weighed about a hundred-thirty. He wouldn't have had to come in from outside the building at three in the morning and trail mud all over the place either. "Don't worry about it." Beecher jerked his thumb at the door, for him to go.

"Wait a minute," I said, stopping him, "I'd like to ask you a question—that has nothing to do with this." I took him over by the window with me and squinted out. "Didn't there used to be a row of old-fashioned brownstone houses with high stoops across the way from here?"

"Yeah, sure, that's right!" he nodded, delighted at the harmless turn the questioning had taken. "They pulled them down about a year ago and put up that taxpayer. You remembered them?"

"No," I said slowly, very slowly. I kept shaking my head from side to side, staring sightlessly out. I could sense, rather than see, Beecher's eyes fastened anxiously on the back of my head. I brushed my hand across my forehead again. "I don't know what made me ask you that," I said sort of helplessly. "How could I remember

them, if I never saw them be—?" I broke off suddenly and turned to him. "Was this place, this street out here, always called Donnelly Avenue?"

"No," he said, "you're right about that too. It used to be Kingsberry Road, they changed the name about five years ago, why I don't know—"

THE name clicked, burst inside my head like a star-shell, lighting up everything. I hit myself on the dome with my open hand, turned to Beecher across the super's shoulder, let out my breath in relief. "No wonder! I used to live here, right in this same building, right in this same flat—25 Kingsberry Road. Eight years ago, when my old lady was still alive, God bless her! It's been bothering me ever since we got out of the car an hour ago. I knew there was something familiar about the place, and yet I couldn't put my finger on it—what with their changing the street-name and tearing down those landmarks across the way."

Beecher didn't act particularly interested, for which I couldn't exactly blame him; all that had nothing to do with what had brought us here today.

"I suppose this thing's spoiled as far as prints go," he said, indicating the wrench. "You wrapped your hand around it when you hauled it up."

"Yeah, but I grabbed it down at the end, not all the way up near the head the way he held it. He must have held it up there, foreshortened; the mud shows where he stood."

"We'll send it over to 'em anyway. Peculiar coincidence, Fairbanks must have come across it behind there and left it lying around out in the room intending to return it to our friend here, then this unknown party comes in, whacks him with it, and on his way

out drops it right back where it had been originally. Funny place to drop it."

"Funny thing to do altogether," I said. "Walk into a place, bean a guy dead, turn around and walk out again without touching a thing, absolutely no motive that I can make out."

"I'm going to run this wrench over to the print-men," he said. "Come on, there's nothing more we can do around here."

In the car he noticed the long face I was pulling. "Don't let it get you," he said. "We'll crack this thing yet, we haven't even begun. Might get something out of his frau; she'll be in from the country this evening. Everyone I've spoken to so far has given her A-1 references, but there might be some guy in the background had his eye on her, that's always an angle. Depends just how pretty she is, be able to tell you better after I get a look at her."

"I don't agree," I said. "The guy would have tried to cloak it with a fake robbery-motive to throw us off the track. He'd know that leaving it blank this way would point twice as quick to a jealousy-motive—" I broke off short. "What's the idea?"

We'd pulled up in front of Hatcher-face's rooming house.

"G'wan, get out and get in there," he said gruffly, unlatching the door and giving me a push. "You've been dead on your feet all day! Grab a half-hour's snooze, and then maybe we'll be able to get some place on this case. See you over at headquarters later—"

"Wouldn't that look great when the Old Man hears about it!" I protested, "Going to sleep right in the middle of a job—"

"The case'll still be there, I'm not swiping it from you behind your back,"

he grinned. "This way you're just holding the two of us back. They'll probably have the prints and the mud and the plaster-cast ready for us by the time you show, we can find out for sure about that footprint downstairs—"

HE drove off and cut my half-hearted squawks short. I turned and went up to the door, fumbled for my key, stuck it wearily in the lock—and the door wouldn't open! I jiggled it and wiggled it and prodded it—and no soap, nothing doing. "What'd the old girl do," I thought resentfully, "change the lock without telling anybody, because she found it standing open this morning?" So I had to ring the bell, and I knew that meant a run-in with her.

It did. The scene darkened and there was her face in the open door. "Well, Mr. Marquis! What did you do, lose your door-key? I haven't got a thing to do, you know, except chase up and down stairs all day opening the door for people when they have perfectly good latchkeys to use!"

"Aw, pipe down," I said irritably. "You went and changed the lock—"
"I did no such thing!"

"Well, you try this, then, if you think it's perfectly good."

She did, and got the same result I had. Then she took it out, looked at it. Then she glared at me, banged it down into my palm. "*This* isn't the key I gave you! How do you expect to open the door when you're not using the right key at all? I don't know where you got this from, but it's not one of the keys to my house. They're all brand-new, shiny; look how tar-nished this is—"

I looked at it more closely, and I saw that she was right. If I hadn't

been half-asleep just now, I would have noticed the difference myself in the first place.

III

I STARTED going through my pockets there, under her eagle eye, feeling—and looking—very foolish. The right one turned up in one of my vest-pockets. I stuck it in the door and it worked.

Hatchet-face wasn't one to let an advantage like this pass without making the most of it. Not that she needed much encouragement at any time. She closed the front door and trailed me into the hall, while I was still wondering where the hell that strange key had come from. "And—ahem—I believe you had a complaint to make about your mattress this morning. Well, I have one to make to you, young man, that's far more important!"

"What is it?" I asked.

She parked a defiant wrist on her hip. "Is it absolutely necessary for you to go to bed with your shoes on? Especially after you've been walking around out in the mud! I'm trying to keep my laundry-bills down, and Ephie tells me the bottom sheet on your bed was a sight this morning, all streaked with dried mud! If it happens again, Mr. Marquis, I'm going to charge you for it. And then you wonder why you don't sleep well! If you'd only take the trouble of undressing the way people are supposed to—"

"She's crazy!" I said hotly. "I never in my life—What are you trying to tell me, I'm not housebroken or something?"

Her reaction, of course, was instantaneous—and loud. "Ephedrine!" she squalled up the stairs. "Ephedrine! Would you mind bringing down that soiled sheet you took off Mr. Mar-

quis' bed this morning! I'd like to show it to him. It hasn't gone out yet, has it?"

"No, ma'm," came back from upstairs.

I kept giving Hatchet-face a funny kind of look while we stood there waiting. She couldn't get what it was, I suppose; no wonder she couldn't. She wasn't used to getting that kind of a look, not from me. There wasn't any anger or dislike in it, it was the kind of look a person gives another when they're asking for help, when they're floundering around and they want somebody to give them a hand, even if it's only by way of a word of explanation. Yet how could she?

I also knew, long before Ephie hit the bottom step with the bundled-up sheet under her arm, that she was telling the truth. She was loud-mouthed and a holy terror, but she wouldn't lie about a thing like that. She was a righteous person, according to her lights. And yet how could it be so? I distinctly recalled pulling off my shoes the night before when I was turning in.

I remembered sitting on the edge of the bed, dog-tired and grunting, and doing it. Remembered how the impetus had thrown one a short distance away and it had fallen over on its side and I'd left it there. The thing came back clear as a snapshot.

That peculiar feeling I'd had all morning over at the Fairbanks flat came back again. As though there was some kind of knowledge hidden just around the corner from me, and yet I couldn't seem to turn that corner in my own mind. It kept dancing out of reach.

Ephie and she spread out the sheet between them, as if they were going to catch someone jumping down from

upstairs. "Just look at that!" Hatchet-face proclaimed. "That was a clean sheet, put on fresh yesterday morning! I suppose you'll stand there and try to tell me—"

I DIDN'T try to tell her anything. I was the one wanted to be told, wanted to know in the worst way, worse than on any case I'd ever been assigned to.

But I wasn't listening. I'd just remembered something else, that had nothing to do with this sheet-business. Something that hit me sickeningly like that wrench must have hit poor Fairbanks.

I had a flash of myself the previous Sunday night, that was the night before last, rummaging through an old valise for something, finding a lot of junk that had accumulated in my possession for years, discarding most of it—but saving a tarnished door-key, because I couldn't remember where or what it was from, and therefore I figured I'd better hang onto it. I'd slipped it into my vest-pocket—

They must have both seen my face get sort of white; I could tell by theirs, like in a couple of mirrors. Ephie's openly showed sympathy. Even Hatchet-face sort of shut up and relented a little. As though I gave a hoot about having spoiled one of her sheets for her, as though that was what was troubling me!

"I'll be right back," I said, and left the house abruptly, left the street-door standing wide open behind me. I threw up my arm at the first cab that came along, and got in.

He took me back to 25 Donnelly Avenue like I'd told him to. It was still light out, light enough to see by. I got out and went slowly across the sidewalk like a man walking to his

doom, and stopped there by that footprint Beecher had found. It was pretty well effaced as far as details went, but the proportions were still there, the length and width of it if nothing else. I raised my left foot slowly off the cement and put it down on top of it. Then I had to put out my arm and hold myself steady against the wall of the building—and even so I started leaning more and more toward it, slumping, until the cab-driver made a move to get out and come over to me.

It matched like only a print can match the foot that's made it. I took my foot off it after awhile and turned it bottom up and looked at it dazedly. The cleat across the toe, the rubber-heel worn down in a semi-circle at the back. I only did one thing more before I called up Beecher at headquarters. I went upstairs to the locked Fairbanks flat and took out the key that I'd found in my valise two nights ago, that I'd mistakenly used on the rooming-house door a little while ago. It opened the flat, the door fell back without a squeak in front of me.

I didn't go in. I took it out and closed the door again and went down and phoned Beecher from a pay-station. "Come over to my place," I said, and I hung up. Just those few words.

I was waiting for him there when he showed up. I had the soiled sheet in the room with me. He found me sitting there staring at the wall. "Was that you?" he said incredulously. "You sounded like the chief mourner at somebody's funeral—"

"Beecher," I said hollowly, "I think I killed that guy Fairbanks. I think it was me who went there last night—"

He nearly yelped with fright. "I knew this was coming! You've finally cracked from overwork, you've gone

haywire. I'm going out and get a doctor!"

I SHOWED him the sheet. I told him about the key, about measuring the footprint. My teeth started chattering. "I woke up dead this morning and couldn't remember putting my pants on, they were all wrinkled. I know now that *I'd been sleeping in them*. The street-door here in this house was found standing open first thing this morning before anyone was up yet. It was me went out and came in again in the early hours. There were mud-tracks in my room here, and yet the first time I went to bed it hadn't even begun to rain yet, my shoes were dry. I used to live in that same flat he did.

"It was me that went there last night—didn't you notice how I found that wrench, went straight toward it without knowing why, this morning?" I ducked my face way down over my knees and groaned. "Poor guy. With a wife and kid. He'd never harmed me. I'd never even seen him before. I told you I've been dreaming lately about the cases we've tackled.

"I must have found my way there in my sleep, with crime on my mind, all because I used to live there long ago—found him there, mistaken him for an intruder in *my* room, and slugged him with a monkey-wrench right in his own bed—without waking up." I shivered. "I'm the guy we've both been looking for all day, I'm the guy—and I didn't even know it!"

He poured me a drink, and he had one himself. He opened the door and looked out in the hall, and closed it and came back in again. His hand dropped clumsily onto my shoulder. "Kid," he said, "I'd give my eye-teeth if I could laugh at you and tell you to

forget it, that you were crazy—" He killed his drink, made a face like it tasted rotten. "But I can't, not now any more. The only prints would come off the wrench, the light push-button, were yours—yours and Fairbanks'.

"The ones near the head of the wrench, where the killer actually held it, matched the ones lower down the handle, which I knew to be yours. It didn't hook up, until now that I came here and heard what you just told me, because—well, I figured you were groggy this morning and might have been careless handling things while we were there, messed up the clues without meaning to. And—" he said this slowly, like he hated to—"I already dug up the shoe repair shop which put those cleats on. It wasn't hard, there aren't many people use them, there aren't many people take that size shoe. It was the first shop I hit, right on the corner below headquarters. I intended working my way from there until I'd covered every shop in town, but I didn't have to.

"He recognized my description. He'd only done one job like that in the past six months. He knows you by name. Mr. Marquis from headquarters. He remembered you told him you only own one pair of shoes at a time, you had to sit in one of the little stalls in your socks while he hurried the job through.

"I cursed you out a little when I heard that. I thought of course you made the print right after you first got there with me this morning, in spite of what I'd said about the ground already being too dry by that time."

"What's the score?" I choked, my fist against my mouth. "You see how your side of it fits in with my side, you see how it must be, *has to be*,

the only possible thing that could have happened. You see how there's no getting away from it. I don't remember it even yet, but there're all these *things* that prove it to me. I walked there and back in my sleep—with my eyes wide open. You're my friend, help me. What's the answer? What am I gonna do?"

"I'll tell you what you're gonna do, I'll tell you what the answer is," he said in a harsh undertone, leaning over me. "You're gonna shut up and forget what you've told me—every word of it. I've forgotten what you've said, get me? You haven't told me a thing! Now see that you forget it too—"

I took a long time answering. He stood there looking out the window of my room at nothing, brooding, feeling as bad as I did. I sat there looking down at the floor, between my hands, hugging my face. I'd killed a man without meaning to. I'd killed a man without even knowing it. Though my mind hadn't been with me, in the eyes of the law it was I who had done it.

I stood up and put on my hat. "Coming?" I said quietly. He saw that there was no use arguing with me. He tried to dissuade me for the last time just outside the door of the Old Man's office, down at headquarters.

"Do you want me to feel sorry all my life?" I said. "Let me get it off my mind. Many a guy I've dragged across this sill at the end of a bracelet. It's my turn now." I knocked.

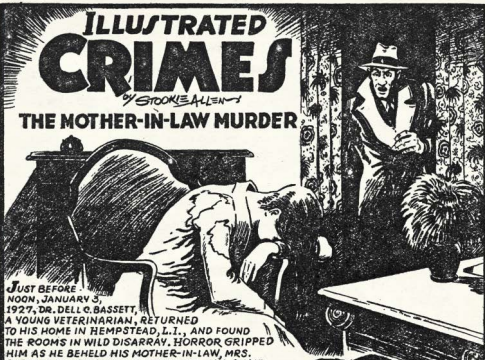
He looked at me for a minute, and then he said: "I felt sorry for you when you first spilled it to me. I don't now any more. I'm proud of you, Marq, and glad to be your friend. You may walk in your sleep, but you're a man. It'll be all right, the Old Man'll know what to do. Let's go inside."

I opened the door and we went in.


ILLUSTRATED CRIMES

OF STUCKE ALLEN'S

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW MURDER



JUST BEFORE NOON, JANUARY 3, 1927, DR. DELL C. BASSETT, A YOUNG VETERINARIAN, RETURNED TO HIS HOME IN HEMPSTEAD, L.I., AND FOUND THE ROOMS IN WILD DISARRAY. HORROR GRIPPED HIM AS HE BEHELD HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW, MRS. CATHERINE GALLAWAY, HALF-SITTING IN A CHAIR COVERED WITH BLOOD. SHE WAS DEAD. HER SKULL HAD BEEN CRUSHED BY BLOWS FROM A BLUNT WEAPON. BASSETT CALLED THE POLICE. HE TOLD THEM HE HAD GONE OUT AT 10:30 A.M. TO ANSWER A PHONE CALL FROM A MAN WHO WANTED A DOG TREATED. BASSETT HAD LEFT MRS. GALLAWAY ALONE. UNABLE TO FIND THAT ADDRESS, HE HAD RETURNED.

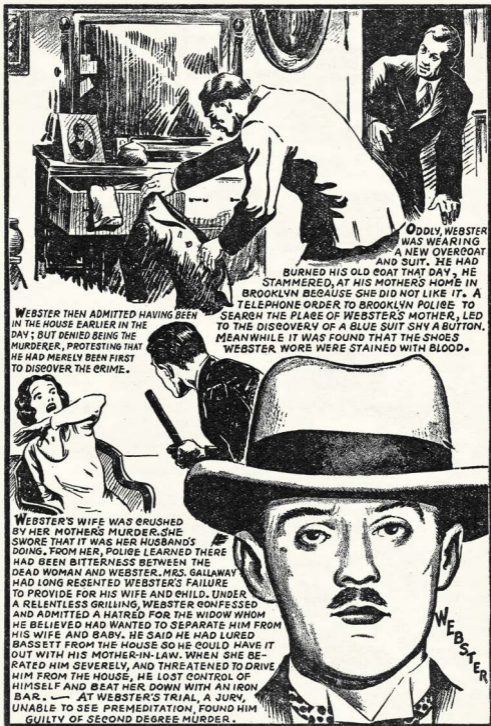


IN MRS. GALLAWAY'S HAND WERE CLUTCHED TWO BUTTONS WHICH SHE MUST HAVE TORN FROM HER ASSAILANT'S CLOTHING. ONE WAS AN OVERCOAT BUTTON, THE OTHER WAS FROM A SACK SUIT COAT. NOTHING OF VALUE WAS MISSING FROM THE HOUSE, SO ROBBERY COULDN'T HAVE PROMPTED THE CRIME. THE POLICE QUESTIONED BASSETT, BUT WERE CONVINCED THAT HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE MURDER. LATER, WHEN MRS. BASSETT AND THE WEBSTERS, THE DAUGHTER AND SON-IN-LAW OF MRS. GALLAWAY, ARRIVED HOME THE POLICE QUESTIONED THEM.



MRS. GALLAWAY

COMING SOON—



ODDLY, WEBSTER WAS WEARING A NEW OVERCOAT AND SUIT. HE HAD BURNED HIS OLD COAT THAT DAY, HE STAMMERED, AT HIS MOTHER'S HOME IN BROOKLYN BECAUSE SHE DID NOT LIKE IT. A TELEPHONE ORDER TO BROOKLYN POLICE TO SEARCH THE PLACE OF WEBSTER'S MOTHER, LED TO THE DISCOVERY OF A BLUE SUIT SHY A BUTTON. MEANWHILE IT WAS FOUND THAT THE SHOES WEBSTER WORE WERE STAINED WITH BLOOD.

WEBSTER THEN ADMITTED HAVING BEEN IN THE HOUSE EARLIER IN THE DAY; BUT DENIED BEING THE MURDERER, PROTESTING THAT HE HAD MERELY BEEN FIRST TO DISCOVER THE CRIME.

WEBSTER'S WIFE WAS CRUSHED BY HER MOTHER'S MURDER. SHE SWORE THAT IT WAS HER HUSBAND'S DOING. FROM HER, POLICE LEARNED THERE HAD BEEN BITTERNESS BETWEEN THE DEAD WOMAN AND WEBSTER. MRS. GALLAWAY HAD LONG RESENTED WEBSTER'S FAILURE TO PROVIDE FOR HIS WIFE AND CHILD. UNDER A RELENTLESS GRILLING, WEBSTER CONFESSED AND ADMITTED A HATRED FOR THE WIDOW WHOM HE BELIEVED HAD WANTED TO SEPARATE HIM FROM HIS WIFE AND BABY. HE SAID HE HAD LURED BASSETT FROM THE HOUSE SO HE COULD HAVE IT OUT WITH HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW. WHEN SHE BERATED HIM SEVERELY, AND THREATENED TO DRIVE HIM FROM THE HOUSE, HE LOST CONTROL OF HIMSELF AND BEAT HER DOWN WITH AN IRON BAR. — AT WEBSTER'S TRIAL, A JURY, UNABLE TO SEE PREMEDITATION, FOUND HIM GUILTY OF SECOND DEGREE MURDER.

THE LONE WOLF ROBBER

Civil Service Q & A

By "G-2"

Could You Qualify as—

Special Agent (G-Man)
Secret Service Operative
Post Office Inspector
Customs Patrol
Immigration Patrol
Anti-Narcotic Agent
Parole Investigator
Prison Keeper
Internal Revenue Agent
Alcohol Tax Agent

Police Patrolman
Police Detective
Policewoman
Fingerprint Expert
State Trooper
Crime Prevention
Investigator
Probation Officer
Criminologist
Police Radio Expert

This department will give you every week typical questions asked in civil service examinations.

Traffic Control

THE tremendous growth of the automobile industry has given employment to thousands of persons in city, state and federal service. The regulation of motor traffic requires traffic policemen and motor vehicle inspectors, while the use of the motorcar in all branches of public service necessitates the employment of competent chauffeurs and motor mechanics. In the more progressive communities, these jobs are filled by civil service tests; in all cities where civil service applies to police jobs the test for patrolman must be passed before a man may become a traffic policeman. Today, in many cities, patrolmen are required to take a course in scientific traffic control before they are assigned to traffic duty.

The control of motor vehicles is a function of state governments, and, in most states, registration of motorcars—their inspection and the licensing of drivers—is handled by state motor vehicle bureaus. The work involved calls not only for a

knowledge of motorcar construction, but also requires that the motor vehicle inspector possess certain police ability. Almost every month during the course of a year some state holds tests for motor vehicle inspectors. The test which is reproduced below was given in 1935 to 300 applicants for the position of motor vehicle inspector—whose duties are to examine applicants for chauffeurs' and operators' licenses. In all state civil service tests, questions are submitted which call for a knowledge of local motor vehicle laws. Applicants for these tests should make a study of the motor vehicle laws in effect in their states. In a general way the test here given shows what is required of candidates.

TEST FOR MOTOR VEHICLE INSPECTORS

Q 1—Who is liable for any breach of the law when giving or receiving instructions in the operation of a motor vehicle—the instructor or the pupil? Answer

Q 2—What is reckless driving? Answer

Q 3—What are the rights of any persons arrested for any violation of law? Answer

Q 4—Read the following description of an automobile accident and then answer the five questions below. Take no more than five minutes to study this statement

of facts: "Saturday noon, about 12.30 P.M., Mr. J. P. Smith of 294 Steele Road, this city, was en route to the Bull Country Club in his car, a large Studebaker sedan driven by his colored chauffeur, James Jackson. At the corner of First Avenue and Derby Street, Smith's car was struck by a Ford truck coming east on Derby Street, and thrown against a touring car headed west on Derby Street. Smith was badly injured and rushed to the hospital in an ambulance where it was said he had a slight concussion of the brain and was badly cut by flying glass, but would recover.

"Mr. A. V. Funk, who is well known in this community as donor of the Funk Memorial Playground at 16th and Florida Streets, was riding with Smith, but aside from a bad cut in the forehead, which was attended by a physician who happened to be near the scene of accident, he was uninjured. Smith's chauffeur was pinned against the steering wheel, but upon being extricated with considerable difficulty, he appeared to be unhurt. B. C. Murphy, driver of the open delivery truck for Brown and Company (which truck was partly loaded), was thrown heavily to the ground and momentarily stunned into unconsciousness. He soon revived, however, and refused medical aid. No one in the third car was injured.

"An eyewitness gives the following version of the accident. A Mt. Pleasant trolley car was halted at the southwest corner of First Avenue and Derby Street when Smith's car came up behind it and stopped while passengers entered the trolley. As the trolley started slowly forward, the driver of Smith's car drove by with a lunge. The delivery truck with its load of coal, coming east out of Derby Street at the same time, started across First Avenue in front of the trolley. Neither the driver of the sedan, nor the driver of the truck, could see each other because of the trolley between them. They both shot out in front of the trolley without a chance of avoiding the crash. The car coming west on Derby Street had stopped to permit the trolley to pass in front of it, and was, therefore, in almost direct line with the other two when they hit. The big sedan was thrown against the third car which probably prevented the sedan from being overturned."

Having studied the above for not more

than 5 minutes, answer the following questions without referring to the above statement:

(a) Which victim of the accident was a prominent citizen in the community and why? Answer

(b) Did the truck have a full load, and of what did it consist? Answer

(c) How many, and which persons received cuts in the accident? Answer

(d) What indicates the general extent to which the sedan was damaged? Answer

(e) Which motor vehicle had the right of way, and what good reason could the other driver give for disregarding that right? Answer

Key answers are given below.

A POLICE CHAUFFEUR TEST

In a number of medium-sized Pacific Coast cities, special tests have been given for the position of motorized patrol wagon driver, a job which is classified as a civilian occupation to distinguish it from the job of patrolman. With the increasing use of motorcars in all branches of police work, it is likely that tests like the one given below will be encountered.

Q 1—*Spelling*. Pick out and spell correctly the misspelled words in the following: (a) She kneaded the dough; (b) The car was condemned; (c) The scissor would not cut; (d) He lived in a palacial house; (e) The driver was hurt in a colision.

Q 2—*Composition*. Rewrite the following, correct all misspelling, and put the statement into better form: "The car was coming down Austin Bulouvard when it vied to the right and hit an electrial companies pole. It was driven by a man named Holloway. The accident could have been avoided if Holloway had been sobor. It was a Ford. Holloway lives at 16 Curtin Avenue. The accident happened at 6 o'clock just after Holloway left a restaurant where he had breakfast and some drinks."

Q 3—*Mathematics*. (a) A newspaper carrier is paid 90 cents a day and he asks you how long it will take him to earn \$2.70 at his daily rate of pay. (b) A real estate man bought a number of houses for \$5,000 and resold them for \$7,500, netting himself a profit of \$125 on each house. He

sold _____ houses. (c) Some battleship linoleum is required for the station house locker room which is 8 yards long and $2\frac{3}{4}$ feet wide. The sergeant orders a piece 8 yards long, $2\frac{3}{4}$ feet wide, and then directs you to find out what will be the total cost of the linoleum at 15 cents a square foot. (d) You are ordered to drive your patrol 50 per cent faster, and you immediately step her up to 60 miles an hour. What speed were you making per hour before you stepped her up? (e) Your car is getting 14.5 miles on a gallon of gas costing .232 cents. On two-bits' worth of gas how far will the car travel?

For key answers to the above see below. For each correct answer to Q's 1 and 3, credit yourself with 5 points; for each error you miss in Q 2 deduct 1 point, allowing 10 points for a complete answer which corresponds to the key answer to the entire problem. In the practical section of the test, which follows, allow 8 points for each correct answer or 40 for the entire test. Key answers will not be given to the problems in Q 4 since there is only one possible answer to each query.

Q 4—(a) What causes a motor to miss when running on a magneto with spark advanced and when not retarded? (b) How would you time the magneto with the engine? (c) How would you determine the primary terminals of a coil that were not marked? (d) Show how to connect dry cells in series, and in multiple. Explain the voltage and amperage in each case. (e) Would a gas engine run without a fly wheel?

KEY ANSWERS

Motor Vehicle Inspector test: Q 1—Both are liable; Q 2—Reckless driving includes the use of any motor vehicle, or any appliance or accessory thereof, in a manner which unnecessarily interferes with the free and proper use of the public highway by others or unnecessarily endangering users of the highway; Q 3—An immediate hearing upon the charges and admission to bail; Q 4—(a) A. V. Funk, donor of the playground; (b) Partly loaded with coal; (c) Two persons were cut, Mr. Smith and Mr. Funk; (d) Glass must have been broken in the rear of the car to cut Smith and Funk, while the front end must have been damaged to pin the colored chauffeur

behind the wheel; (e) The right of way was with the sedan if the third car had stopped to permit the trolley to pass. The driver of a vehicle approaching an intersection shall grant the right of way at the intersection to any vehicle approaching from his right. The only reason the driver of the truck could give was that the third car had advanced so far toward the intersection that he thought it was going to come straight or make a turn which would have taken the right of way from the sedan and given it to the third car.

ANSWERS TO POLICE CHAUFFEUR TEST

Q 1—(a) Kneaded instead of kneeded; (b) condemned; (c) scissors; (d) palatial; (e) collision.

Q 2—(Corrections appear in italics). "The Ford car, driven by a man named Holloway, living at 16 Curtin Avenue, was coming down Austin Boulevard when it veered to the right and hit an *electric company's* pole. The *accident* occurred at 6 A.M., after *Halloway* had left a restaurant where he had breakfast and some drinks. Had *Halloway* been *sober*, it could have been avoided." There are eight misspellings in the statement (2 points for each correct spelling) and 2 points if you transposed the statement so that its sequence follows the key answer. Q 3—(a) 3; (b) 20; (c) \$8.10; (d) 40 miles; (e) 15.625 miles. Practical test answers will not be furnished, since they involved technical matters and usually are given orally.

BIGGER AND BETTER MATH

More than one reader has informed us that the two math problems submitted by R. D. Nicola of New York, and published in the June 6 issue, have been embodied in civil service tests. The problems were:

Q 1—What number can be divided by 10 and have 9 left over; by 9 and have 8 left over; 8 and have 7 left over; 7 and have 6 left over; 6 and have 5 left over; 5 and have 4 left over; 4 and have 3 left over; 3 and have 2 left over; 2 and have 1 left over?

Q 2—What is the largest amount that can be expressed in three figures?

Lee A. Miller, a civil service employee in the alcohol tax unit of the U. S. Internal

Revenue Bureau, got out his pencil and tackled the problems, forwarding to this department his answers. "My enjoyment of DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY," he writes, "has been increased through the addition of your department." His answers to Mr. Nicola's brain teasers are as follows:

Q 1— $10 \times 9 \times 8 \times 7 \times 6 = 30240$ (least common multiple of the numbers 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2); $30240 \text{ minus } 1 = 30239$ which meets the conditions of the problem.

Q 2—9 to the 99th degree is the largest

number that can be expressed by three figures but my years do not permit time enough to work it out.

Mr. Nicola's answer to Q 1 does not agree with Mr. Miller's. He gives as the number that can be divided by 10, 9 and so forth, 2519. He explains, "This answer is arrived at by finding the least common denominator of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10."

There seems to be no question among the exponents of bigger and better math that 9 to the 99th degree (9^{99}) is the correct answer to Q 2.

Coming Next Week—The Anti-Narcotic Service

Bloodhounds Proven Liars by Lie Detector

THE baying of bloodhounds attracted the local citizenry of Green County, Wisconsin, as the police followed the hounds which were hot on the trail. A burglary had been committed in a residence and the hounds had been pressed into service as hard-working accessories to the law's arm. With the courage of their convictions, the bloodhounds forged ahead and led the way confidently to the home of a man who, on account of their deductions, was now a first-class suspect.

The suspect presented an alibi which was rather weak in some respects and things began to look bad for him. He was locked up, although stoutly protesting that he was innocent. The bloodhounds retired, certain that they had done a good job.

State's Attorney, John D. Germann, became interested in the case and became a little skeptical of the evidence as presented by the hounds. Although a Russian scientist learned much about the working of the dog mind, there has never been any satisfactory intelligence test worked out for bloodhounds, and the result is that just any old bloodhound can go snooping around and make suspects of people. Germann took the suspect to the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratories to be tested on the Polygraph, popularly known as the lie detector. The finding of this machine were that the suspect was innocent. He was released.

A little more than a year later, Germann had the lie detector test given to two boys who were suspected of a number of burglaries. They confessed. One of the burglaries which they confessed to have had committed was the one which the first suspect, who had been trailed by the bloodhounds, had been suspected of because of the canine mistake.

—John Berry.



They're Swindling You!

Telephone Solicitations

By

Frank Wrentmore

This is the forty-fifth of a series of articles exposing business rackets that cost you billions of dollars every year! Mr. Wrentmore is an authority on swindles and frauds, well known to legal, financial, and commercial associations.—The Editor.

"HELLO, Mr. Carpenter? This is Dr. Carl Wagner in the Mission. A group of us young business and professional men have banded together to aid the newspapers put over that very fine Safety First campaign. We are selling Safety First seals at one cent each. I've bought twenty dollars' worth to put on my mail. Won't you help us by buying, say fifteen dollars' worth? Fine, thank you. I'll have our delivery boy come right over with them. Our address? Yes, we're in the Claus Spreckles Building and I'll send the boy right over with the seals. He's bonded, so you need have no fear of paying him for them. Thank you very much. Good-by."

San Franciscans had been reading about the Safety First campaign in their local newspapers for days. Sudden death had struck down many citizens and the newspapers were trying

to do something to reduce the number of automobile accidents. Here, apparently, was an opportunity for everybody to help a worthy cause—if it was worthy.

But there are always some canny individuals in every community who do not fall immediately for every proposition—particularly on the telephone—and some of these got in touch with the San Francisco Better Business Bureau in an effort to learn something more about Dr. Wagner and his young business men. The Bureau investigated.

It was true that there was a Dr Wagner at a Mission Street address, but his name wasn't Carl and he wasn't selling Safety Seals.

The Bureau immediately sent a special warning to its membership and the next morning the "bonded messenger" was detained when he called at one business house to deliver the seals. He led the Bureau investigator and the police to an apartment on Eddy Street where four Los Angeles promoters had established a telephone "boiler room" and were cleaning up in their sale of

"I am glad to endorse the program of *Detective Fiction Weekly* which will bring to its readers the truth about rackets and racketeers. No man can be swindled if he knows in advance what the swindler is going to do—and nobody wants to be swindled."—Edward L. Greene, General Manager of the National Better Business Bureau.

Safety Seals to credulous native sons—and others.

When the case came before Judge Michelson in Municipal Court, it developed that the prime mover was an ex-con with a police record. To this record the judge added a six months' sentence and a five hundred dollar fine and one of the accomplices was sent away for sixty days and was fined one hundred dollars. When he pronounced sentence, Judge Michelson said: "This scheme is obviously a racket to capitalize on the splendid work of the newspapers and other groups in advocating 'Safety First.' We will not tolerate such rackets in San Francisco." The San Francisco *Examiner* stated it more tersely, "The 'safety first' admonition to racketeers is, 'Stay out of San Francisco.'"

THIS is but one instance of swindlers cashing in on popular public movements to their own profit. Telephone solicitors are unusually difficult to convict because *you cannot testify in court to a telephone conversation unless you can positively identify the person to whom you were talking.* This, of course, is impossible when the person who calls you is a stranger—as these solicitors are. It is therefore reasonably safe for swindlers to make almost any representation to you *on the telephone* in their efforts to inveigle you into their snide propositions.

Some of the rackets which depend on the telephone as an introduction to their victims are directory swindles, (more about these in a later article) charity chiselers, stock sharpers, "puff sheets," ticket sellers and many others.

It isn't always as simple to locate the boiler room as in the San Francisco incident. In New York City, where the telephone gyp jumps from promotion to promotion and gypping is almost an art, he has better protection. The boys who deliver the tickets do not know where the boiler room is located and when they are arrested, they lead the police to a small rented room with a single telephone. Here the police generally find a girl who professes not to know the names of her employers—and frequently she doesn't. She receives orders over the telephone to make deliveries to so-and-so at such-and-such an address and to collect so much money. She thereupon sends a boy with the required number of tickets or seals or whatever the gyps may be selling at the time.

At the end of her day's work she is instructed by telephone to bring the money and checks to some hotel—always different—and she is shadowed, en route, by some member of the crew to make sure that she is not being followed by the police. If everything appears to be all right, she is met in the lobby of the hotel by one of the gang who takes the money and checks.

Now for a few danger signals.

No *reputable* firm selling securities will call you on the telephone in an effort to sell you stocks, bonds, oil royalties, or any other form of security.

Tickets for charitable affairs, sold on the telephone, usually net the sellers—not the charity—about forty per cent.

Tell any telephone solicitor, "If it is worth a call at all, it is worth a personal call." Demand to *see* the man who calls you on the telephone.

Coming Next Week—Dope for Your Automobile

Solving Cipher Secrets

A cipher is secret writing. The way to solve ciphers is to experiment with substitute letters until real words begin to appear. In solving, notice the frequency of certain letters. For instance, the letters e, t, a, o, n, i, are the most used in our language. So if the puzzle maker has



M. E. DHAYER
"Sunyam"

used X to represent e, X will probably appear very frequently. Combinations of letters will also give you clues. Thus, the affixes -ing, -ion, -ally are frequent. Read the helpful hints at the beginning of this department each week. The first cryptogram each week is the easiest.

THE following letter is from one of our English cryptofans, introduced in last week's installment of our *Cipher Correspondence Club*. Let's give R. M. B. a rousing reception!

DEAR SIR:

I shall be very much obliged if you will enroll me as a member of your *Cipher Correspondence Club*. I am nineteen years of age, and have many interests, including cryptography. I should be glad to hear from Americans, of either sex, who would like to carry on an interesting correspondence with a British youth.

I have only been reading DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY for a few months, and I am, therefore, not yet very far advanced in the art of cipher solving. However, I shall certainly not miss your magazine in the future, although it does not appear to be available in this country until some time after it is published.

Your faithfully,

ROBERT M. BERRIE.

23 Ballbrook Ave., Withington,
Manchester, England.

Further supplementing last week's issue of our *Cipher Correspondence Club* Directory, please note these new addresses: A. Onyx Starkes, formerly 4441 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., now 4142 Delmar Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.; and KRIPTOBENS, Bert Pinkston, formerly Paducah, Tex., now Hope, N. Mex. Members should promptly report new addresses.

Club Notes: John J. Vaughn, 902 York Ave., Pawtucket, R. I., has selected ARROWHEAD as his cryptonym. EATOSIN, Fred G. Warren, 211 Kenwood St., Marietta, Ohio, writes in that he would like to exchange ideas or puzzles with other Club members. And EDMACA, E. M. Camp, 28 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y., wants to exchange original mathematical puzzles with some of the lads.

In last week's Inner Circle cipher, Zircon's pangrammatic No. 192, a search for *q* would soon limit the solver to symbols J, I, and C as the most likely suspects. Remembering that *q* usually precedes *u*, XVZCZUO (-*uqu*-), suggesting *bouquet*, would lead to XUKZ (*be-u*), evidently *beau*, etc., thus readily unlocking the entire message.

This week's puzzles: Zarkov hopes you will stub your toe on his division, which uses a two-word key phrase numbered 0 123456789. Find zero by inspection. Comparison of Q, UTQU, UTVSV, TV, and TVS will start you with H. F. Wickner's cryptogram. Old Nick provides the phrase SLDS SLK for entry. Follow with BLX-ERH DRBX FK, and then complete BORKVS.

Carroll B. Mayers offers -KGX and -NKAG for study. Next, turn to HKGPUO and HAU-UAZT. Note the pattern KOZZOZ in Hoot's contribution. The asterisks indicate capitalization. A solution of H. A. J.'s Inner Circle cipher and the answers to all of this week's puzzles will be published next week.

No. 193—Cryptic Division. By Zarkov.

SON) SCARCE (NNU
BTUB

BOEC
BTUB

CTOE
CCST

SUR

No. 104—Rejected Bid. By H. F. Wickner.

ZYXV UTVSV RQP Q ONSM RTZ SVLKPJV JQYXNYO RNUT
QY QSXTNUVXU. PTV PQNJ UTQU PTV RQP QLSQNJ TV
HNOTU MVQGV FMKV ESNYUP ZY TVS!

No. 105—Opposing Camps. By Old Nick.

BORKVS UXNOK YAXHEGKAB FKROKNK SLDS SLK SDR-
POKB BLXERH FK UDHK OVDEHOFRK, TLORK SDRPOK
YAXHEGKAB LXRH SLDS SLK BORKVS GOVKUDB BLXE-
RH DRBX FK OVNOBOFRK.

No. 106—Helpful Advice. By Carroll B. Mayers.

ABFD-EAGHKLFGN NODA PNNFRSNT EDOSNKE TAUVNK-
AG LKTDFXPDLKGX SDFEFLKGX YKGNT. FGEAVGNFDT.
NDAVMUF. HKGPUUO TZPUUAZT SDKLF, DFPLT EUFZT.
TVEEFTT HAUUAZT.

No. 107—Beauty Contest. By Hoot.

*SHOOPEO, VLFORA KOZZOZ TSHUK, VUN-MEXQNT *AG-
ONNU, BHRVQDENHZEPLHT *OTSHEFUH DEGUR. AUPYT
*NENEUP BEXNUER, VRUKT ZUFUTY VQOOY, TLVYT
DLTA PLTO. URUT, URUVYUZUA, RUZEOT!

No. 108—Lax in Relaxations. By H. A. J.

GEOFFRY, GEBBARY GBPXUEL GBPHNX GBP DY XRTRE
ZDOL GENFFOKR, GEBSPRU, GOXMNRDY, GVOEOYRH, GE-
BANXBDR, GVRGAREH, QNUVBPU GVROUNXKI

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

187—Key: 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 L U M B O D Y N I A

cause more wrecks. Another example of hare
and tortoise!

188—Everybody noticed that the sign "Gas
and Oil and Air," displayed at the gasoline
filling station, contained the words, "gas"
and "and" and "oil" and "and" and "air"!

191—Care-free young fishermen sat around
cheery camp fire, told comic yarns, sang jolly
tunes; whilst beyond swaying pines, ubiqui-
tous nighthawks whistled shrilly.

189—I'll pay you, so you can pay her, so
she can pay him, so he can pay them, so
they can pay me. Then all of us can eat,
drink, and be merry!

192—Jovial film star gave dusky radio beau
azure onyx comb with lilac bouquet scalp
elixir. Jocular fun purveyor sent back gingham
pyjamas.

190—Fast drivers formerly engineered most
automobile accidents. Nowadays, slow drivers

Send us one or more answers to this week's
puzzles, for enrollment in our *Cipher Solvers' Club*
for August! Address: M. E. Ohaver, *DETECTIVE*
FICTION WEEKLY, 280 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



ONE of the greatest pleasures which comes with being the editor of **DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY** is to read the letters which interested, well-meaning readers write. They need not be praise, for constructive criticism is quite as welcome as applause, and more helpful, probably. In any event, we are firmly convinced that there is no great body of readers anywhere which is composed of such intelligent, progressive, staunch readers as is ours.

We are hard at work, drafting a treaty between the serial faction and the short story contingent. In the meanwhile . . .

DEAR EDITOR:

In the midst of the hue and cry for less serials, I want to have my vote registered for the other side. Recently you have been running only one serial at a time, and I can remember with much relish the time when that was not your custom, and when you ran two.

Now my notion about two serials is this. With that number, there is always something going on in the magazine from issue to issue, and it maintains a high thread of interest. And I get more entertainment from the longer stories, which have more plot, more characters, more color and more meat.

Of course, this is just my dub way of looking

at it, and you may have mighty powerful reasons for changing from two to one. But I thought it wouldn't hurt any if I were to get my two-bits in along with the rest of the folks.

Come to think of it, it won't make a whale of a lot of difference one way or the other, because I'm a DFW fan for good, and whatever you do—as long as you turn out the same high-grade magazine with the same high-grade fiction content—will be all right with me.

Sincerely,

AMOS SMITHERS,
Dallas, Texas.

Thank you, Mr. Carruthers. A fine story by Mr. Philips is scheduled to begin in one of the issues coming very soon.

DEAR EDITOR:

It was in the nature of a major discovery for me when I read my first copy of **DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY** recently. You see, I have been reading various magazines, and always feeling that there was something lacking. Some of them nearly come up to the mark, but your magazine is the first one which hits on all cylinders all the time.

These lads who are complaining about the serials amuse me. I like the magazine just as it is. It is well balanced, has the best selection of stories on the market. And there is one more thing in its favor—the greatest advantage it has over the rest of the magazine field: *It comes out every week!*

I haven't found a single story yet which wasn't a good one, and most of them are 'way above the average. Keep up the good work, Editor, and you can count on my dime each week.

By the way, when are we going to have another long story by Mr. Judson P. Philips?

Yours truly,
SAMUEL CARRUTHERS,
Chicago, Illinois.

From a gentleman who doesn't usually write letters!

DEAR EDITOR:

For a good many years, now, I've been reading **DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY**. You'd probably be surprised to know how many people in the advertising game do. But I've discovered that there are some folks who are natural-born letter writers. They sit down and pen poison letters to actors, cosmetic companies, and magazines with wanton and aimless enthusiasm. I expect that you've discovered the same.

This is by way of a preamble to let you know that I'm *not* a letter-writer. I've never written to a magazine before, and I probably shan't write again for a long while.

But occasionally something really gets me going and I have to shake a man's hand for doing a fine job—even if it's only by letter.

Judson P. Philips' new serial—I've just finished the second installment—is my idea of a thoroughly delightful piece of writing. It has everything in it with which to beguile the hours and carry the reader for a brief while to Never-Land.

Naturally, I think that **DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY** is always consistently good, but this timely, informative, meaty serial shows editorial acumen and an awareness of modern-day life which is refreshing.

Please keep giving us fiction like "THE CONVENTION MURDERS." Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours truly,
DAVID READING,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

CRYPTOGRAM FANS!

"Solving Cipher Secrets" is a fascinating word game. Have you tried M. E. Ohaver's popular department in **DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY**? Mr. Ohaver has prepared a book full of advice and hints as to how to play the game. Experts will find the book invaluable. Novices will find it opens up entirely new angles. Get

"CRYPTOGRAM SOLVING"

By M. E. Ohaver

Send 25c to **DETECTIVE FICTION WEEKLY**
280 Broadway, New York City

THE END OF A PUFF-ECT DAY



LIFE'S too short and marriage too sacred to spoil them with a foul pipe and unholy tobacco. So we urge husbands to keep their briars sweet and clean and filled with Sir Walter Raleigh's milder mixture. No woman ever recoiled from Sir Walter Raleigh burning fragrantly in a well-kept pipe. As a matter of fact, this gentler blend of better Kentucky Burleys makes men more attractive and women more yielding and admiring. Try a tin for the little woman's sake . . . and your sake . . . and our sake. We honestly feel it's the easiest-smoking, best-smelling blend ever offered for only fifteen cents!

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. MS-68



COMING NEXT WEEK!

Bluebeard's Seventh Wife

By Cornell Woolrich

A YELLOWED card in the *modus operandi* file at headquarters kept haunting *Detective Richard Dokes*. And then there was that disquieting business when *Dokes'* young sister was being married—and the ghastly suspicion that the bridegroom, for all his suave manners and specious intent, was leading the girl, like a lamb, to slaughter!

The Balinese Dagger

By Richard B. Sale

MEMBERS of a ruthless cutthroat crew were bent on getting *Daffy Dill's* double-edged Balinese dagger, and *Daffy* couldn't figure out why, until he realized that it might be able to slash two ways to a quick, big-time payoff.

The Spanish Prisoner

By Eugene Thomas

A LITTLE thing like an impregnable Spanish prison could not keep the *Lady from Hell* from attempting the spectacular jail delivery of *Cruz Delgado*, the most notorious bandit to be found in the length and breadth of Europe!

Also—another fine, smashing installment of MAX BRAND'S greatest novel, "THE GRANDUCA"; a splendid collection of short story masterpieces and gripping, entertaining true stories and features by "G-2," STOOKIE ALLEN, FRANK WRENTMORE, M. E. OHAVER.

ALL IN THE AUGUST 22 ISSUE

DETECTIVE FICTION
WEEKLY

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR



Trained Men Are in Constant Demand
 Railway and Bus Passenger Traffic Inspectors are needed right now. Interesting—healthy work. Complete our simple, home-study course and we place you at up to \$138 per month, plus expense, to start, or refund tuition. Advancing with us to \$50—write for the facts.
 Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Div. 8008

STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, DEVASTATING!

NEW BENJAMIN AIR PISTOL



Powerful—Accurate—Economical—Practical—Adjustable Shooting Force—Amazing Maximum Velocity—only 177 or 22 and 308—For Targets and Small Game—the Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistol on the Market—Single Shot with Built Action—Hammer Fire—Hair Trigger—Safety. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles \$17.50—Single Shot BB Air Rifle \$6.00—23 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle \$7.50—Dealer or Direct—No license required—Safe, Full Details—Targets—Free—Write: Today for Introductory Offer. BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE CO., 687 S. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

"NEW DEAL" GOV'T JOBS



Start \$1260 to \$2100 a year
MEN—WOMEN. Quality now. Short hours. Common education usually sufficient. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
 Dept. L285 Rochester, N. Y.

INSURE YOUR VACATION

Fifty cents is surely a small amount to insure yourself and family against Infections, Dells, Cuts, Sunburn, Ulcers, Felons, Sprains, or Sore Eyes that may cause you discomfort on your annual holiday.

WALDE'S WONDER SALVE

will give you this protection or refund your money. Truly a Wonder Product. See Preparation.

WALDE'S WONDER SALVE Dept. MC
 Lake Wales, Florida

No Joke To Be Deaf



—Every deaf person knows that—
 Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness. **Artificial Ear Drum**
THE WAY COMPANY
 128 Hoffman Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

Free to Men Past 40

What is prostate gland disorder? Why does it come to so many men past middle age? Why does it cause loss of health, vitality, aching back and other pains? Amazing book, written in a way you can understand it, answers these questions and tells how thousands of men have found relief without drugs or surgery. Simply send name and address for copy. No obligation. Address: W. K. Kirk, Pres., The ELECTRO THERMAL CO., 3005 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.

PILES DON'T BE CUT

Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment
 for pile suffering. If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today. E. R. Page Co., 404-A12 Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

RAILROAD STORIES—A Magazine About Railroad
 roading That Appeals to Everyone! At All News-stands.

FACTORY TO YOU

LATEST MODEL REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

10-Day Free Trial Offer



10¢ A DAY

BRAND NEW, latest model Remington Portable for only 10¢ a day! Amazingly low price direct from the factory. Every essential feature of large office typewriters—standard 4-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release, back space, automatic ribbon reverse. Act now. Remington Rand, Inc., Dept. 145-8, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

\$540.00 PROFIT ON First Order

Newest idea advertising makes profit easy, quick and often. Eichel made \$540.00 cash on first order; Ellis sold six thousand in a few weeks.

EASTMAN HOOD-O-GRAPH

The biggest, most sensational smash hit since the turn of the century. Every business busy. Sales possibilities are unlimited. Actual sales tremendous.

WINS ELECTION

Ward Committee, State Committee, Campaign Managers, Candidates jump at the opportunity to put HOOD-O-GRAPHS on boosters' cars.

GET IN NOW Write or wire today. Details are free.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY
 204 So. Church Street Rockford, Ill.
 Refs. Illinois National Bank & Trust Co.

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Quantity Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$1,000 to \$15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 1,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U. S. We train you through our course in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Programs at C. P. A., Personal Training under supervision of the C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for Free Book, "Accountancy, the Profession." **LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 658-H, Chicago**
 The School That Has Trained Over 1,350 C. P. A.'s

Train for a Well-Paid Hotel Position

COME TO WASHINGTON Good positions for trained men and women in hotel, club, restaurant and institutional field. Previous experience not necessary. Quality in **FOUR MONTHS**—learn on real hotel equipment, under expert instructors. National Placement Service FREE of extra charge. New Day Classes start Sept., Oct. Catalog FREE!
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
 Division RML 7134 Washington, D. C.

Would You WEAR this All-Wool SUIT

If we send it FREE of cost?
 Here's an amazing opportunity to get a guaranteed all-wool suit, better than you could afford to cost! No Experience—no money necessary. No canvassing, either—just call on a few friends during your spare hours—see about you how to get your Suit quickly. **EXHIBIT!** Also how you can turn spare time into BIG MONEY. Samples sent FREE. Write: **FAIRBANKS TAILORING CO.**, 2322 Wabasha, Chicago, Illinois.



LIQUOR HABIT

Send for FREE TRIAL of Noxaloc, a guaranteed harmless home treatment. Can be given secretly in food or drink to anyone who drinks or craves Whiskey, Beer, Gin, Home Brew, Wine, Moonshine, etc. Your request for Free Trial brings trial supply by return mail and full \$2.00 treatment which you may try under a 30 day refund guarantee. Try Noxaloc at our risk. **ARLEE CO.** Dept. 204 BALTIMORE, MD.

The Money Making Marvel of the Age!

PORTRAIT RING

SELLS TO EVERYONE!

NEW! NOVEL! SENSATIONAL!

Pays a Golden Harvest of BIG CASH PROFITS To Men and Women!

It's here! The hottest, most sensational, most gripping selling idea of the age! THE PORTRAIT RING—the ring men and women everywhere, rich and poor, young and old want to wear and keep their whole lives long. Why? Because on this beautiful ring is permanently reproduced any photograph, snapshot or picture of some loved one. Yes—reproduced clearly and sharply and made part of the ring itself so it can't rub off, come off or fade off. This sensational new idea is making an unbelievable hit. Men and women—even those without an hour's selling experience—are taking orders of orders a day and making dollars of profit by the handful. And now, in your territory, YOU can cash in big every day with this exciting sure-fire profit maker and earn money so easily it will seem more like play than work.

SELLS TO EVERYONE!
A Treasured Remembrance
Its Value Beyond Price

Once women carried pictures of their loved one in lockets; and men carried them in watch cases. Those days are gone, but the desire to carry the portrait of a loved one is as strong as ever. Not until the amazing secret process for transferring pictures to rings was discovered, was it possible to revive this grand old custom and to satisfy the hunger of every human being to express again this grandest of all sentiments. How mothers and fathers will welcome this opportunity to wear a ring with the most precious setting of all—a picture of their beloved child. How happy every man and woman will be to keep alive the memory of the departed one by carrying with them always, night and day, this beautiful Portrait Ring!

Order Your Sample Ring Now!
You Don't Risk a Penny!

Never before has anything like this come your way. No competition from anyone—no looking for prospects (they are all around you)—no carrying a big stock or putting any money into stock. Simply showing your sample ring a few times a day, if you only start with your friends and neighbors, will be enough to give you an endless chain of orders. We cut away all red tape and are ready to send you a SAMPLE RING. The minute you take it out of its beautiful Gift Box you are ready to go after the order. Rush the coupon below for YOUR sample ring NOW! That's all the outfit you need. It will do all your selling for you. And we make it easy for you to obtain this sample ABSOLUTELY FREE OF A PENNY COST under our liberal offer.



**BEAUTIFUL!
 PERMANENT!**

Portrait Ring Made from any Photo or Picture

For only \$2.00 retail—how much you offer. A middle-to-measure "luxury" like ring adored with its most precious setting in the world—a reproduction of the picture of a loved one. The ring itself can't tarnish. It will wear forever with ordinary care. The picture of the loved one is clearly, sharply reproduced with surprising faithfulness and becomes an inseparable part of the ring. It can't wear off, rub off, or fade off.

Make Pockets Full of Dollars Just Wearing Ring!

Can you imagine a more novel, more unusual gift than the Portrait Ring? How can any man or woman find a more beautiful way to express loving sentiment than giving a wife, a child, a parent, a friend, a sweetheart a Portrait Ring with the donor's picture expertly reproduced? What a surprise! 10 orders a day is an easy goal—20 orders a day are not too much to expect. Only 10 orders a day pay you \$50.00 a week clear profit!

PROFIT FOR YOU EVERY RING!

Hundreds of customers write they wouldn't take a fortune for their rings if they couldn't get others. \$5.00 and even \$10.00 would be a small price for the PORTRAIT RING—but we have put a price of only \$2.00 on it! Think of it—and here's the most astounding news of all—of this \$2.00—YOU COLLECT IN ADVANCE AND KEEP \$1.00 as your profit! Don't wait! Rush the coupon at once for the sample ring on our NO RISK plan and see for yourself what a whirlwind money maker this is for you. ACT RIGHT NOW! We solicit foreign orders which should be accompanied by full remittances.

FATHER MOTHER BABY



SEND YOUR RING SIZE NOW

PORTRAIT RING CO.
 Dept. N-57, 12th & Jackson St.
 Cincinnati, Ohio

RING SIZE

Enclosed is photo. Please rush my individually made Portrait Ring and starting equipment. Will pay postman \$1.00 plus few cents postage. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied I can return ring within 5 days and you will refund my money in full.
 () Read full details only.

Name
 Address
 City State

PORTRAIT RING CO.
 DEPT. N-57
 12 TH & JACKSON STREET
 CINCINNATI, OHIO

YOUR RING SIZE: Write clearly on separate sheet of paper on back of this coupon. Measure finger across from base of little thumb. Measure at end to your first joint. **MAIL TO: PORTRAIT RING CO., DEPT. N-57, 12th & Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio.**