

The Illustrated
DETECTIVE MAGAZINE
Thrilling Fiction and Detective Mysteries of Real Life

10¢



The
SHADOW
of the **CHAIR**

by MANSFIELD SCOTT

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COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE**

"Here...try Kissproof, my dear... you'll not need lipstick again today!"

"This is the FOURTH time I've had to fuss with lipstick today! Lipstick is certainly a necessary EVIL!"

"NECESSARY, my dear, but NOT an evil! That is, when you use lipstick that STAYS ON!"

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Try This

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The Illustrated Detective Magazine



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*with COLOR and
Constance Bennett*

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The Illustrated Detective Magazine

VOLUME 1

One of the Tower Group of Magazines
Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

NUMBER 5



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Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) and *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

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it. If your hair and scalp are exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

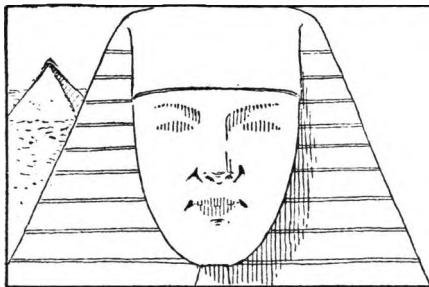
You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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germs in 15 seconds



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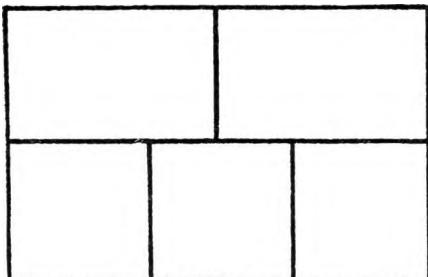
Conducted
By
F. Gregory Hartwick

Conducted
By

F. Gregory Hartswick

Can You Solve These Brain-Teasers? In Case You Can't Get Them All, Turn to Page 87

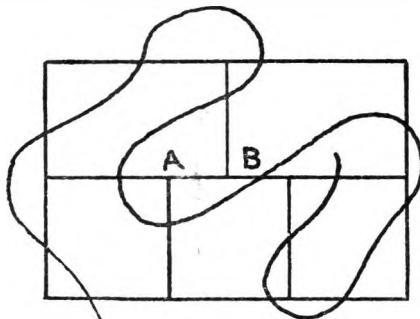
Puzzledom's Classic



(Illus. A)

WE knew that we couldn't run a puzzle department very long without including this old-timer, which has racked the brains of puzzlers for more years than we like to count (Illus. A). It is one of those problems which can be ALMOST solved, and which, once it has fastened on your brain, haunts your sleep and makes you leap from your bed to grab pencil and paper, only to find that the solution that seemed to triumph doesn't work after all. And yet the terms are so simple!

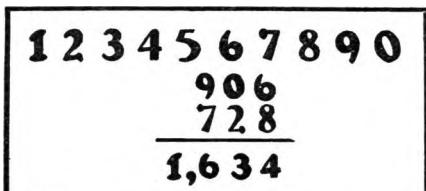
Just take your pencil and draw a continuous line that shall pass through all the lines in the above diagram, passing through each line once and only once. We might, for instance, make our line like this:



(Illus. B)

but we see that we have missed one line, or "wall"—AB on our diagram. That's all. It doesn't matter, by the way, whether we start or finish inside or outside the diagram, just so our line is continuous and goes through all of the walls, passing through each wall once and only once.

The Mysterious Digits

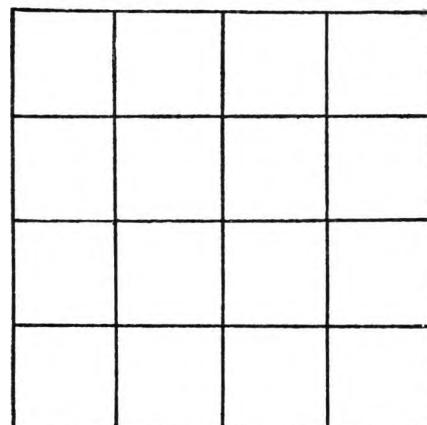


(Illus. C)

Above we see the ten digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

and 0. Below them we have tried to arrange a sum in addition so that three of the digits added to three others gives a result which contains the remaining four. We have failed for, as you see, the figure 6 is repeated, the figure 5 being missing. Can you arrange the digits into a sum in addition that shall use them all, having each appear once and only once? The two numbers added need not contain three figures each, as in our illustration, though it is possible to make such an arrangement.

Rainbow Squares



(Illus. D)

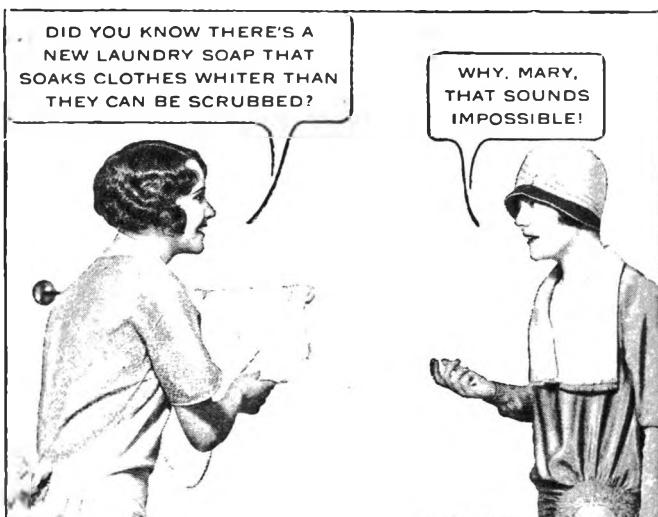
A decorator (he must have had decidedly modernistic tendencies) had a number of square tiles in five colors—red, yellow, green, blue, and orange. He wanted to arrange them in a square 4 by 4, as shown in the diagram above; but he insisted that no two tiles of the same color should be in line vertically, horizontally, or diagonally; and he naturally wanted to leave as few vacant spaces in the square as was possible. Can you put the colors in the square (write R for red, Y for yellow, etc.) so that no two squares of the same color are in line in any of the three main directions, and as few vacant squares as possible are left?

The Puzzling Orchard

Once upon a time a fruit-farmer wished to set out ten apple-trees in such a way that they would form five straight lines with four trees in each line. How did he do it?

There are undoubtedly many readers who know this particular puzzle; we introduce it here to make those who haven't seen it familiar with it, and promise to spring some variations of it that will worry even those who already have the pleasure of its acquaintance in the form here given.

the form here given. Have you any old favorite that you would like to see reproduced here. The editor of this department invites correspondence. Send in any suggestions or criticisms that occur to you. Is there any particular type of puzzle that appeals most? You may be sure that anything you have to say on the subject will be warmly welcomed.



AND

*Read what women
all over the country say:*

"I have done my last gray, dingy wash!" says Mrs. W. E. Stockton of 2324 Scotten Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. "How white and clean Rinso makes the clothes!"

"Rinso makes such creamy, cleansing suds in our hard water—the dirt just *soaks* out," writes Mrs. A. C. Pitts, 3260 Gough St., San Francisco, Calif.

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...washed snowy by these safe, active suds!

YOU see them on the line everywhere! Snowy-white and sparkling in the sun. So sweet and clean you can *smell* their freshness!

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Even in the hardest water, Rinso is all you need for the week's wash. No bar soaps, chips, powders, soft-

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The makers of 38 leading washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter clothes. Get the BIG house-

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THE SECOND FOUR OF

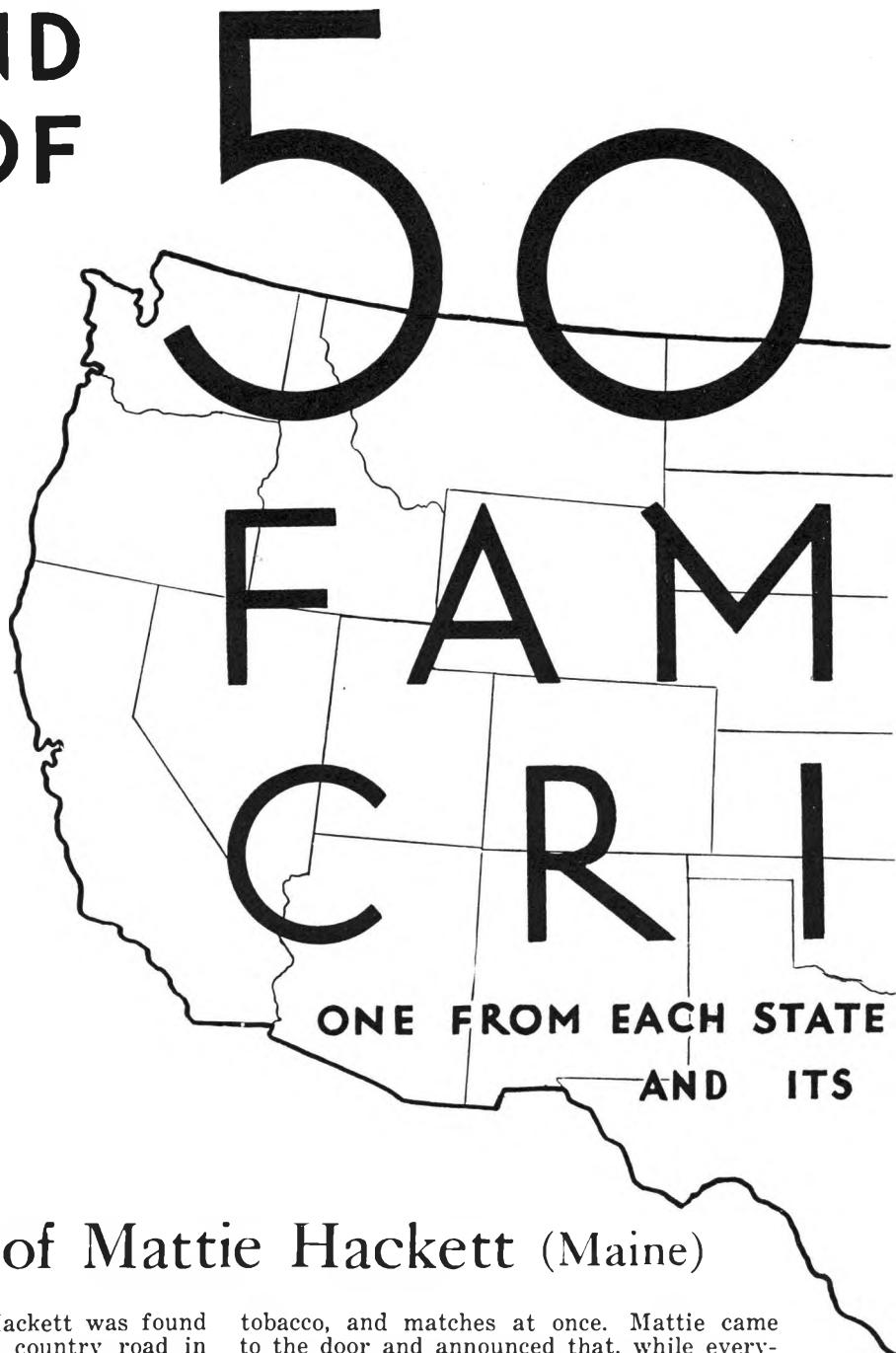
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*Mattie Hackett
(Maine)*



*Twigg-Elosser Mystery
(Maryland)*



The Murder of Mattie Hackett (Maine)

IT IS thirty years since Mattie Hackett was found dying in a ditch beside a little country road in Maine. Time has done little toward clearing up the mystery. Mattie was seventeen at the time and living with her father, Levi Hackett, her mother and five brothers and sisters on the farm near Readfield, sometimes called Readfield Corners.

It was the evening of August 17, 1905, and Farmer Hackett and his family had just finished their supper. It was Mattie's turn to do the dishes and her mother, accompanied by the rest of the children, went off down the road in the twilight to visit their neighbors, the Coles. Mr. Hackett set about the evening chores.

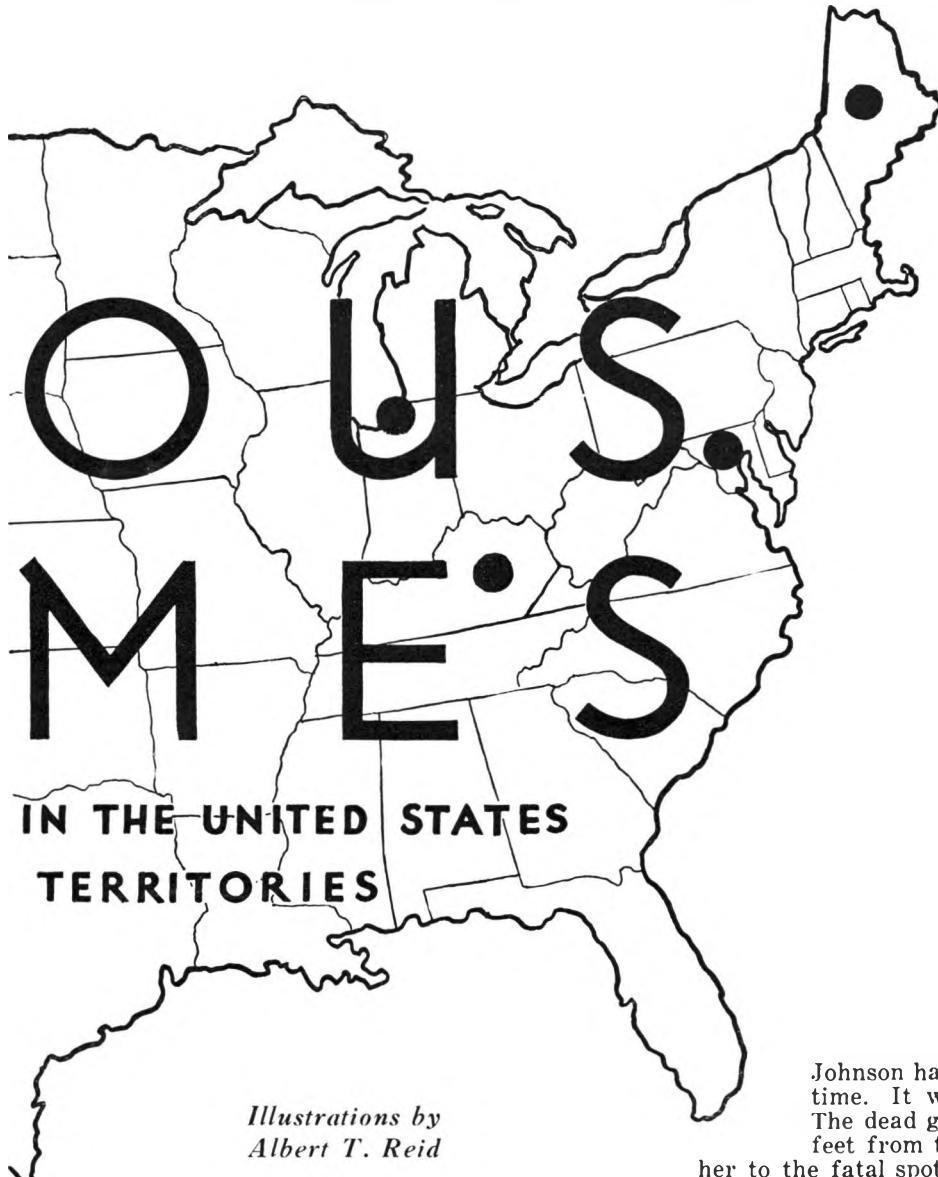
Mattie was unusually depressed. Always wan and less healthy than the rest of the children, she was to leave on the following Monday for Lewiston, to be operated on for appendicitis. As her father came out of the barn while about his duties, a rough, poorly dressed young man walked into the yard and introduced himself to Hackett. He said that his name was Alfred Johnson and that, with three others, he had been released that morning from Auburn jail. He asked Hackett for something to eat and a place to sleep. The farmer demurred for a moment and then called to Mattie to prepare food for the young man. He told Johnson that he could sleep in the barn on condition that he would give up his pipe,

tobacco, and matches at once. Mattie came to the door and announced that, while everything was cold, she would prepare Johnson something. The two men went back into the barn and conversed amiably as Hackett did his chores.

They heard excited voices coming through the barn window from the direction of the road and, as Johnson started to investigate, Hackett told him that it was only the children quarreling and they resumed their idle conversation. Suddenly a high-pitched and strange feminine voice which seemed right at hand screamed. Hackett dropped his pitchfork and ran into the kitchen. Mattie was not there, the dishes were still unwashed and no evidence of preparation of food for the tramp Johnson was to be seen.

The distracted father ran back to the barn where he had left Johnson. Then they heard a call for help, which died in a gurgle as though choked off in the throat. Hackett ran down the road in the direction of the sound and Johnson remained behind near the barn. In the ditch near a culvert, Hackett found Mattie. She was breathing in great gasps and her heart was barely beating. Her face was covered with blood. Footprints of a medium sized shoe were plainly in evidence. Her father called for help, and the rest of the family, accompanied by several neighbors rushed from the Cole home.

By ALBERT T. REID and DEANE DAVENPORT



Illustrations by
Albert T. Reid



Jeroboam and Ann Beauchamp (Kentucky)



The Arch-Criminal (Illinois)

As they carried the girl into the house they speculated as to the cause of her condition, and decided that she had fainted and fallen into the ditch. Inside the house the Hacketts and their friends worked frantically over the dying girl. Efforts to revive her were of no avail and her breathing became weaker. She was carried upstairs to her bedroom, and as her head fell back, the parents were horrified to find that a heavy cord had been tied so tightly about her neck that it was imbedded out of sight in the flesh. Before they could slash it through, Mattie Hackett died.

Hackett went momentarily insane with grief and ran downstairs and out into the yard where Johnson was still standing. Screaming imprecations against "you tramps" the farmer struck the unsuspecting Johnson to the ground.

The men in the neighborhood formed a posse at once and thoroughly combed the surrounding hills and forests, but found no evidence enabling them to direct their suspicions toward any individual. The tramp theory was dropped as soon as it was reported that none except

Johnson had been seen in the vicinity for some time. It was to be reopened later, however. The dead girl's father had been only about 50 feet from the place where she died. What led her to the fatal spot? Had she been seized within the house and carried out? Had she been induced to walk down the road, neglecting for the moment her duties, and if so, could this have only been accomplished by an acquaintance of whom she would have no suspicions? These questions left the situation as much in doubt as ever.

After considerable speculation, the officials in charge of the case, Attorney Hannibal Hamlin, High Sheriff Frank Ham, and County Attorney Thomas Leigh inclined to the belief that a jealous woman had slain Mattie Hackett. Their grounds for suspicion were made tenable by the behavior of a certain Mrs. Elsie Raymond, whose husband Bert, was hostler at the Elmwood Hotel in Readfield. Mrs. Raymond was only twenty-one, and at the time, about to become a mother. The burden of the accusation was to rest upon her young shoulders for over seven years. A short time after the birth of her first child she had gone into a mad rage against her husband over his suspected attentions to Mattie Hackett. On the evening of Mattie's death, Raymond had driven past the Hackett home and had called Mattie out to his buggy, where they held a conversation lasting some minutes. It was alleged that Mrs. Raymond had followed

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES



him on foot, waited in the vicinity of the Hackett farm until the opportune moment when she could call Mattie outside, and that there she had killed the girl. It was known that on the fatal evening Raymond and his wife had indulged in a hearty family spat, and the woman with whom they lived stated that Elsie had run from the house and did not come back until nearly midnight, and that upon return, she was nervous and excited. Another woman reported that she had overheard Elsie Raymond say, "If Mattie Hackett ever crosses my path, I'll kill her." A third testimony, one of several, related that Elsie had been seen running along the road to the Hackett farm on the evening of August 17th. Some doubt as to Raymond's whereabouts was advanced, but was not featured in the developments. Further damaging details were disclosed, among which was purported evidence showing that Elsie had, on the day following the murder, burned the shoes she was seen wearing the day previous.

Some interesting flaws in the efforts to link the young woman with the crime were also developed to such an extent that two grand juries failed to indict her. One was that according to the actual relation of the murder itself, which was established to the minute with the testimony of the woman who said she had seen Elsie leave the house, but slightly more than fifteen minutes was allowed for Elsie to traverse the two miles between the Raymond home and the scene of the murder. It was also proven that Mrs. Raymond had slight reason for jealousy, as her husband had only been with Mattie in one instance, and on that occasion he had driven her and her sister Nettie home from work. The final gesture of fate in Elsie's behalf was established by the footprints about the body, which were found to have been made by a

size seven shoe. Elsie wore only a size four.

When questioned Elsie stated that following the quarrel with her husband she had spent the night under an apple tree near her own home. This statement was not refuted. The grand juries also considered the unlikelihood that she possessed the strength necessary to strangle anyone as Mattie Hackett had been strangled.

Three weeks from the day of Mattie's death, Mrs. Raymond gave birth to a son. The viciousness of gossip is seldom better illustrated than in the stories that went the rounds in the succeeding weeks. Wagging tongues said that the child, healthy in every other respect, at times showed all the evidence of one in the throes of strangulation, and that its baby hands at such moments, clutched at its throat. If anything, the burden of such implications ultimately turned to Mrs. Raymond's favor.

Despite the gossip, the Raymonds stayed on in Readfield. Though no further evidence presented itself, the mystery was kept warm during the succeeding years by constantly recurring discussion and efforts to bring indictments against Mrs. Raymond.

Seven years later, in March 1912, County Attorney Joseph Williamson succeeded in persuading a new grand jury to indict Elsie Raymond. In November of the same year the trial went under way in the state capital, Augusta. Appearing for Mrs. Raymond were Congressman Daniel J. McGillicuddy and Mayor Frank Morey of Lewiston; and for the state, County Attorney Williamson and Attorney General William Pattengall. The prosecution went far afield from the beaten path in their efforts to establish Elsie's guilt. They reversed the usual procedure and attempted to show that Mrs. Raymond was insane at the time she was alleged to have killed Mattie Hackett, and introduced medical testimony in which (Continued on page 83)



The Twigg-Elosser Mystery (Maryland)

THE last day of December 1910, saw Edward Twigg, prosperous young peach-grower of Keyser, West Virginia, the happiest of men. As he rode across the upper bridge of the Potomac into Cumberland, Maryland, he felt that no one had greater reason for rejoicing than himself. He had just sold his year's crop for nearly \$10,000 in cash; in his pocket reposed a license to marry Grace Elosser his sweetheart whom he had wooed for over a year. The wedding was to take place at noon on the following day—the first of the new year. In the town of Cumberland where Grace lived, Edward Twigg made two calls. He stopped at the jeweler's and bought a wedding ring, and at the Methodist parsonage made arrangements with the minister to officiate at the wedding.

Arriving at the Elosser home, he exchanged friendly badinage with Grace's mother, who, shortly after, went to the dressmaker's to supervise the finishing touches on her daughter's trousseau. Grace's 16-year-old sister May was in the house also, but she did not greet young Twigg with any degree of pleasure. At one time she had thought that Twigg, who was nearly fourteen years older than herself, was interested in her and not in her older sister. In fact, she had had a few dates with him but he had eventually chosen the older and more balanced sister, Grace.

Upon entering the house Twigg and his fiancée seated themselves on the divan before the open gas fire and chatted of their plans for the morrow. Shortly after, the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Elosser, phoning from the dressmaker's to discuss some details of the trousseau with her daughter. After a laughing conversation, Grace returned to her lover. Mrs. Elosser remained with the dressmaker for another half hour and then walked back to her home. She looked through

the window as she walked across the porch and saw her daughter and Twigg holding hands. Twigg's head was on the girl's shoulder. Mrs. Elosser entered the room and spoke to them. Receiving no answer, she stared for a moment and ran screaming into the street.

A neighboring doctor was the first to arrive on the scene. He stated that the pair had been dead about half an hour. Their bodies were rigid but their pose was so natural and their dead faces so serene and pleasant, that it is incredible that death had been expected.

Cumberland was stunned. The Elossers were among the town's leading citizens; Grace herself was a leader in the younger set, and young Twigg was equally popular. Both had been married before, Grace having divorced her husband, and Twigg's wife had died two years before. Suspicion pointed to three theories, namely: suicide and murder; double suicide; and double murder. The first seemed fantastic when everything was considered. Neither of the dead couple had known enemies, and there was no evidence that either was depressed or in fear of death. Double suicide seemed equally out of the question because no reason could possibly account for so desperate a step. The third theory—double murder—seemed the most logical. The Elossers apparently inclined to the first theory, however, and they became extremely bitter against the Twigg family. Neither family attended both funerals. The autopsy disclosed the presence of cyanide in large quantities in both bodies.

The double suicide theory was the most romantic. A piece of chewing-gum was discovered in Twigg's mouth, and the balance of the package from which it had apparently been taken was found in Grace's room. The colorful notion advanced upon this discovery was that Grace, for some mysterious reason, had decided to kill her sweetheart, and had placed cyanide on the chewing-gum for that purpose! But how did that account for her own (*Continued on page 83*)



She drove the elopers back to Cumberland with a whip.



Ann Cooke was the town's most beautiful girl.

THOSE were romantic times in the old South when the bloodiest of murders was justified if all the requirements of chivalry were fulfilled. They hung men to music in those days, and some of the most dramatic speeches and the most torrid poetry were declaimed from the scaffold. The unpardonable sin was vulgarity, and the only unforgivable offense was cowardice. With all these elements present in an unusual degree, the most famous of all the crimes of Kentucky—the Beauchamp-Sharpe case—was entirely typical of the best Southern tradition. Handsome and chivalrous men, lovely women, and even politics of the fiery Southern brand appear in the story.

Jeroboam A. Beauchamp was the handsome, eccentric, proud and well-educated son of a Kentucky plantation owner. He was destined to be a lawyer when fate upset his plans. About the time he finished school in Bowling Green, the town was buzzing with gossip over the romance between the town's most beautiful girl, Ann Cooke, and Solomon P. Sharpe, famous lawyer and militia colonel. The affair was disastrous and particularly appalling because Ann was a scion of one of the State's finest and most aristocratic families, and sympathy for her was the more pronounced because of the series of fatalities which had robbed her of every male member of her family, leaving her alone with only her mother to share her unhappiness.

Our handsome Beauchamp was planning to study law in the office of Colonel Sharpe, for whom he had great admiration, when these tales reached his ears. His hot young blood boiled, though he did not even know Ann at the time. The fact that Sharpe owed much of his own success to the patronage of the Cooke family made his treatment of Ann the more blameworthy. The unfortunate girl went into seclusion on her plantation, which adjoined that of the Beauchamps, and the villainous Sharpe started a campaign for the hand of a certain Miss Scott. He added insult to injury by explaining to Miss Scott that the Cooke affair, charged to himself, had actually been the act of a Negro.

Beauchamp's roommate had at one time courted Miss Cooke and his descriptions of her beauty and charm added to the fire already started in the chivalrous Beauchamp's breast by Sharpe's behavior and turned the young man's admiration for the lawyer to hatred. He resolved to meet Ann and offer his services to revenge the injury done her. An unprotected girl could always find a champion in those days. Beauchamp returned to his father's plantation and at once set out upon his campaign to meet Ann. He called at her place several times, but in each instance her servants kept him

The Death of Jeroboam and Ann Beauchamp (Kentucky)

from meeting her, and finally he tried direct tactics and she granted him an interview. He used as his excuse for desiring to meet her the neighborly spirit of the time, and the wish to make use of her library. She offered him books, and invited him to call again. Always impetuous, Beauchamp in a very short time made an opportunity to offer his heart and his hand to the girl. Ann demurred, saying that there was an insuperable barrier between herself and love. Beauchamp insisted that nothing could make any difference to him.

Finally, she related the story of her romance with Sharpe and told him that the man who was to place a wedding ring on her finger must first avenge her. Sharpe had in the meantime married Miss Scott and moved to the State capital, Frankfort, having been appointed Attorney-General. Beauchamp pledged his word to Ann that he would challenge Sharpe to a duel, failing which he would kill him. In his own passionate words describing his state of mind, Beauchamp said, "I was in love, with all the ardors of passionate and feeling youth when it first feels the budding of that sweetest of all passions, which when reciprocated makes a Heaven of earth."

Ann told him that her heart would ache until Colonel Sharpe was dead, and that she would adore the hand that avenged her. This was sufficient stimulus to the ardent Beauchamp, who was all for setting out to Frankfort at once for the purpose of picking a fight with Sharpe. Ann said that Sharpe was a coward and begged her lover to await his return to Bowling Green where the killing could be accomplished in a friendly atmosphere. But Beauchamp was not to be dissuaded, so with Ann's blessing he went to Frankfort.

The first man he met was Sharpe himself, and the two men, arm in arm, walked through the streets of the town and out to the river, talking the friendly talk of two aristocrats. Just as the bell at the Mansion House was ringing for supper, Beauchamp turned upon Sharpe and asked him if he remembered Ann Cooke. Sharpe turned pale.

Beauchamp said, "Colonel Sharpe, I have come deputed and sent by her to take your life. Will you fight me?"

Sharpe, badly frightened, (Continued on page 84)



He gasped as the knife penetrated his heart.



She accused him of having plotted her husband's death.

The Arch-Criminal, Holmes-Mudgett (ILLINOIS)

WHAT is a "super-murderer"? Is it the man who specializes in mass killings or the clever individual who contents himself with a single perfect crime? France had its Landru; Germany, its Tromann; and the United States its Holmes—all commonly described as "super-murderers." But did they earn the doubtful compliment of such a title? It is to be doubted. The word "super" implies something extraordinarily successful, and these individuals were successful only in that they killed a great number of people after their own ghoulish fashions, and then paid an all-too-insufficient penalty for so doing.

The man, Holmes, or Herman E. Mudgett, to call him by his real name, flourished during the last two decades of the past century. He had some of the elements of a genius. He was a remarkably clever surgeon, which fact was to play a strong part during his criminal career. He was an equally clever and persuasive manipulator of "big business." He knew how to juggle his way through the financial mazes in which he became involved, and many of his tricks were so clever that not even their victims could analyze them.

We first hear of Holmes under his own name, registered in the University of Michigan medical school in the year 1880. He gave his home address as Gilman, New Hampshire. He made his mark in his classes through his unique ability at dissection. He was very poor and voluble in his complaints against poverty. His intimate was a classmate, Benjamin F. Pitezel, who seems to have been an ordinary sort of a person of no particular distinction except as a tool for a more clever man.

The sinister activities of Mudgett and Pitezel started with the robbing of graveyards of the dead, for the purpose of medical study. Through this robbery

Mudgett got the idea which, when put into practice, made of him one of the outstanding criminals of the age.

Short of money, it occurred to him that, with Pitezel's aid, he might perpetrate a comparatively harmless fraud. The pair went to Chicago, where Pitezel insured his life in Mudgett's favor for \$12,000. Returning to Ann Arbor, Mudgett stole another corpse. Six months later, the supposed body of Pitezel was found in Connecticut. There proceeded Mudgett, who, upon seeing the body of his "friend," made a great-to-do over his "untimely" death, and hied himself back to Chicago to collect his \$12,000, which was handed over without hint of suspicion. Pitezel hid out in Canada following this auspicious beginning. This form of fraud has been attempted thousands of times since, once within the past two years in fact, but it is rarely successful since Holmes-Mudgett spoiled the racket by his wholesale practices.

It was all rather sudden to Mudgett, but the ease with which it had been accomplished was encouraging. He had left Gilman the model boy of the town. With his increase in fortune he returned and married his childhood sweetheart, and moved to Moore's Fork, Pennsylvania, where he took up the practice of medicine. But, being a small-town doctor was too tame. He shipped his wife and baby son back to New Hampshire, and went back to Chicago, where he took the name of H. H. Holmes, under which he was to flourish, with a few temporary aliases by way of variety, for several years. For a time, he practiced in the relatively dignified fields of criminal activity, such as theft, several styles of embezzlement and kindred practices. Most of his victims were clever people; business men, insurance companies and the like. (Continued on page 85)

MAKING THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME

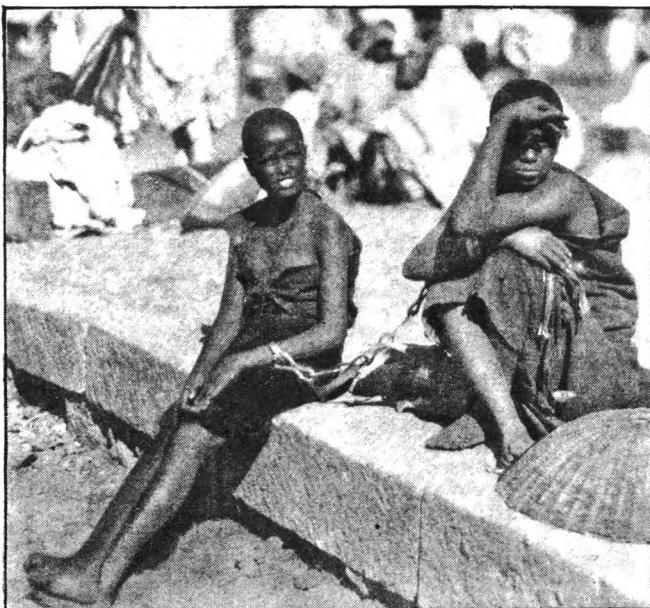


Publishers' Photo Service



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In Nara, Japan, this man has answered for his sins by wearing this hat before the temple.



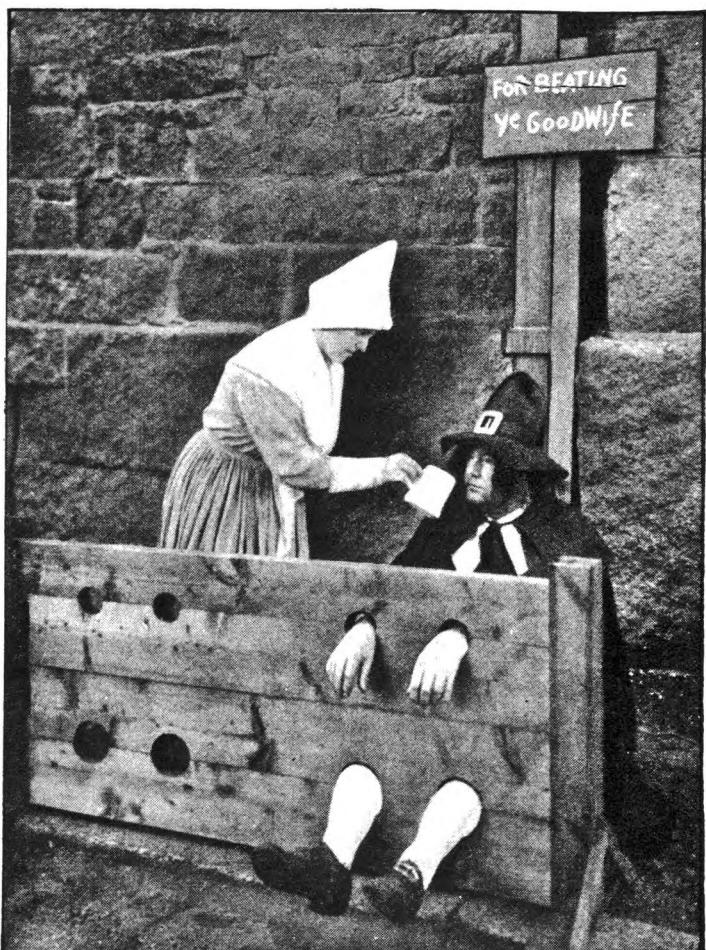
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(Above) A quaint custom of Abyssinia has chained these two girls together until one has paid her debt to the other.



Ewing Galloway

(Left) Here is a jail of Morocco, properly fitted, so that the prisoner can neither stand up nor lie down. The physical exercise necessary for health is rendered impossible.



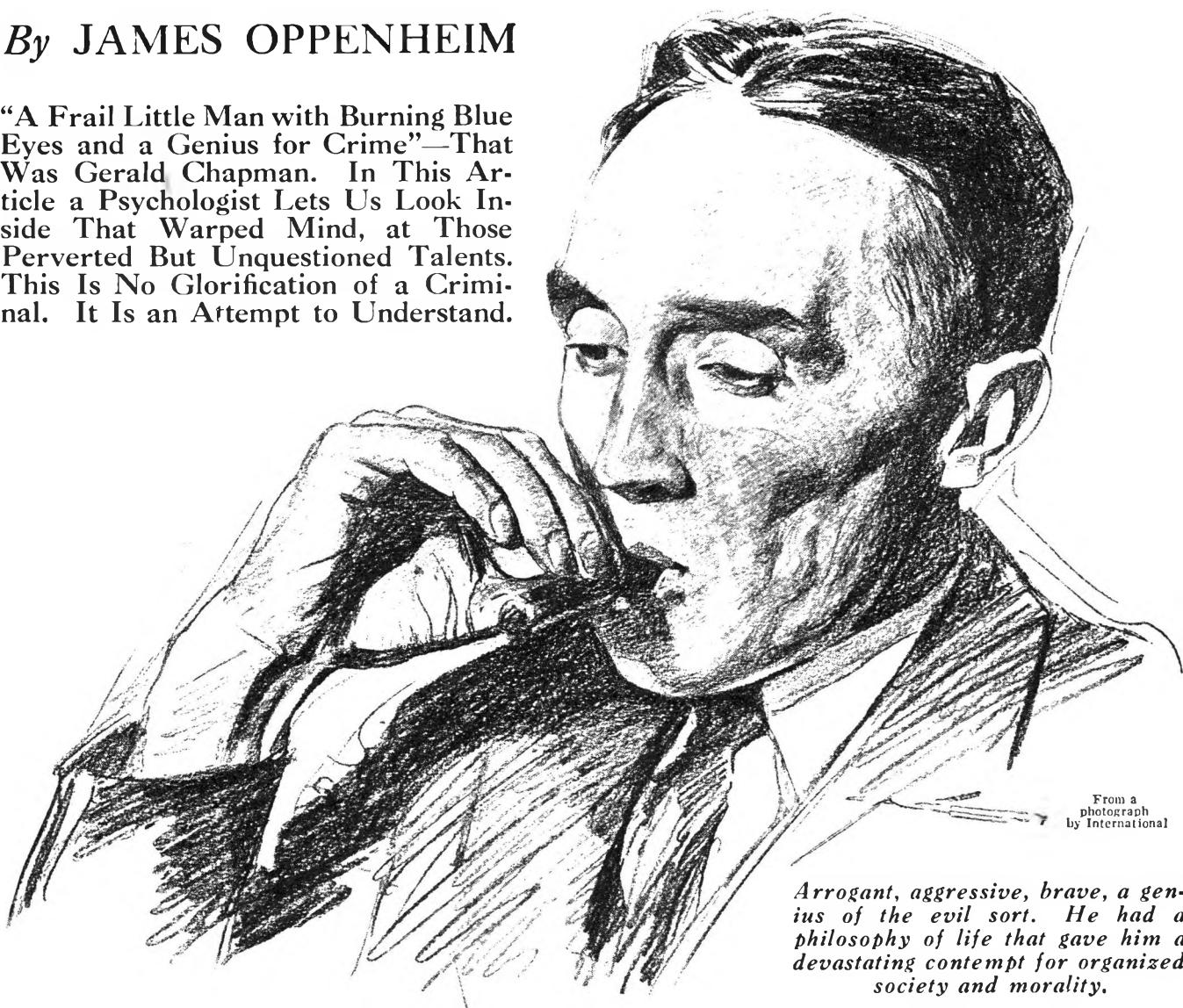
Keystone

New England had some good ideas. Here was a substitute for the Domestic Relations Court. It was seldom the prisoner was lucky enough to receive such service.

A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT GERALD CHAPMAN

By JAMES OPPENHEIM

"A Frail Little Man with Burning Blue Eyes and a Genius for Crime"—That Was Gerald Chapman. In This Article a Psychologist Lets Us Look Inside That Warped Mind, at Those Perverted But Unquestioned Talents. This Is No Glorification of a Criminal. It Is an Attempt to Understand.



From a photograph by International

Arrogant, aggressive, brave, a genius of the evil sort. He had a philosophy of life that gave him a devastating contempt for organized society and morality.

ONE might say that Gerald Chapman—described in his last days as “a frail little man with burning blue eyes”—had a “genius” for crime, just as Shakespeare had a “genius” for poetry. He isn’t the first criminal who acquired glamor and something of the gigantic and fabulous in the eyes, not only of the underworld itself, but of the world in general. Page Captain Kidd, pirate; Jean Valjean, the hero of *Les Misérables*; Nero, Roman Emperor; Jesse James, highwayman; not to mention Satan as depicted in

Paradise Lost, and Mephistopheles as he appears in *Faust*. How can monsters of villainy win our admiration? It seems, indeed, a perverted taste until we come to understand it.

Gerald Chapman, who went to death with a smile and, as he put it, “died game,” did four things that have made him a legendary figure. On the night of October 24, 1921, a United States mail truck, with only a driver, started speeding from the City Hall Post Office Building, New York, with \$2,400,000 worth of loot aboard, bound

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES



for the Pennsylvania Station Post Office. Such things happened every night at 10:30. But on this particular night, three ex-convicts, a weakling named Loeber acting as chauffeur, a powerful man called Dutch Anderson, and cool, impassive, self-contained Gerald Chapman, followed the truck in a sedan, drew parallel to it, and then Chapman lightly leaped from car to car, sticking his gun against the driver and ordering him to turn down a side-street. They put an empty mail-bag over the driver's head, transferred mail-bags containing wealth from Wall Street, the Federal Reserve Bank and Maiden Lane to the sedan and calmly vanished.

Thus at a stroke the pirates and bandits of old were made to look like pikers. Nearly two million and a half to divide and bury on a Long Island farm under smoky lanterns!

Incidentally, a few weeks later the same three held up an American Express truck at Niagara Falls and took off a paltry seventy thousand in express money orders. Then the weakling Loeber gave one of the money orders to his landlady, her bank spotted it as one of the stolen ones, Loeber was marked out and shadowed, and when he met Chapman and Anderson at a restaurant, all three were arrested. So was a woman living in Chapman's apartment on Gramercy Park, who was "very pretty, petite, black-haired and charming."

The prisoners were taken to the Pennsylvania Station Post Office, third floor, a hundred feet above the ground, and each was grilled by two officers in separate rooms. The woman complained of the summer heat and of faintness. She suddenly swooned away. One of her questioners went to the doorway of the room where Chapman was held. "She's fainted; one of you come," he said. Chapman was left with one man. He said, sagging, "Water, water, please," and as the man went to fetch it, jumped out the window. But there was no hundred-foot fall. There was a thirty-inch ledge around the building and along this Chapman sped, turned up Eighth Avenue and leaped into an empty room, climbing on top of a high closet. Alarm! All doors were locked, and every one searched. Loeber, the weakling, listened, lips sealed. Then suddenly he heard three shots, cried out, "They've got him!" and confessed. The three shots were from the exhaust of a mail truck! But these small explosions sent Chapman and Anderson to Atlanta Prison for twenty-five years.

As they sent Chapman to Atlanta he said: "I won't be down there long." He was there seven months; for New York friends came down, much money flashed, Chapman drank a lye mixture and was sent to the hospital, where he filed a window-bar and let himself out with a rope made of blankets. He got seventy miles away, was surrounded, shot in the leg and caught, only to escape from the hospital a short time later, gone without a trace and for two good years.

Dutch Anderson tunneled his way out of Atlanta and joined Chapman in the North. Then there was a robbery in a department store in New Britain, Connecticut, the two robbers shooting their way out, killing an officer named Skelly; but one of the robbers was caught. He charged that Chapman had done the shooting.

The detective and police forces of all the United States were now after Chapman. They followed his girl to California and from there to Indianapolis. They scoured the outlying regions of Indianapolis, and found that Anderson and Chapman had a hang-out on a farm owned by one Ben Hance near Muncie, Indiana. The police got Hance to squeal, and shortly after Chapman was surprised, knocked senseless and taken first to Atlanta, then to Hartford, Connecticut, to stand trial for the murder of Officer Skelly. He was convicted and hanged a little after midnight on April 6, 1926.

Hance, who testified against him, was later murdered by Anderson, who himself was finally shot and killed by a policeman.

Those are the bare-knuckle facts. And yet that isn't the half of it. Chapman, headed for priesthood by his New York family, as early as fourteen sideswiped that goal and became a "cheap thief." He ran the cheap racket, robbing rooming-houses, until he was nineteen, when he was sent to Auburn Prison for a ten-year term. A change came over him, for he became the pupil and friend of a master, Dutch Anderson. Anderson's real name was Von Teller, of the Swedish nobility; he was a cultivated man, a notorious criminal, who taught languages to the inmates, while Chapman was librarian. The two held themselves aloof from the other prisoners; they were recognized as the "cream of cream" of the underworld; and under the tutelage of Anderson, Chapman not only became studious, taking up languages, arts, science; he graduated from Auburn as a gentleman of poise and powerful personality.

A lone-wolf warning against the world, he fancied himself. He was a Satan rebelling against the Lord. "I expect no mercy and ask for none," he said. "It's all in the comedy!" The coolest man in that room, he walked to the gallows.



From a photograph by International

He gave over the bright lights and the gaudy places. He and his girl went down to Gramercy Park and Greenwich Village, where he mingled with artists, writers, and intellectuals. They accepted him as one of their kind. So did the girl. A double life! A star in the underworld, a star in the intellectual and artistic world.

That he loved the girl was palpable. The only time he was known to weep was when he was questioned, on trial, why he had tried the hopeless escape from the Post Office. He said he couldn't stand thinking that she was being tortured and grilled. He shook and wept.

At his final trial he swore he was innocent of murder, and indeed even the staid *New Republic* doubted that the State had a clear case. It looked a bit as if there might be something in what Chapman claimed, namely, that "they were out to get him" because he appeared a national menace in the eyes of the law and was somewhat like a glamorous hero to the multitude.

On his last day he was allowed to appear before the Board of Pardons and make a last plea. "I expect no mercy," he said, "and ask for none," and then for thirty-five minutes the Board listened to "soft-spoken but vitriolic words." It all, he said, appealed to his sense of humor. "It's all in the comedy," he ended, the coolest man in the room.

Without a bracer of whisky or religious consolation he stepped into the death chamber, looked at his audi-

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES



ence with a slight smile in which, according to one reporter, there was "scorn for society," said nothing, accepted the black hood over his head, and in less than a minute his neck was broken.

Now it doesn't matter whether a man is a rogue or a saint: if he meets death gallantly, something of great admiration stirs in us. He met it gallantly, almost casually, himself to the last.

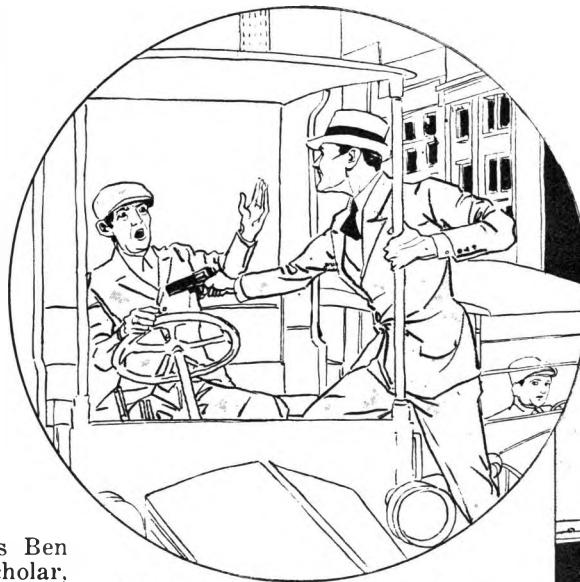
Why was it that Chapman captured the imagination of the world, whereas Anderson, his teacher and possibly his leader, didn't—the one glamorous, the other commonplace? In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare's chief fellow-poet and dramatist was Ben Jonson. Jonson was a scholar, Shakespeare not; Jonson knew more than Shakespeare about the rules of the game—of poetry and playwriting. Yet Jonson's plays are dull and Shakespeare's have magic greatness. The answer is this: Jonson was very talented, Shakespeare was a "genius."

What is a genius, from the standpoint of psychology? Any one who has been in a great crisis and suddenly felt that he had a strength and power greater than his own, any one who has gambled on a string of hunches knowing he couldn't lose because something was "coming over the wires" from somewhere else, any one who has fallen in love and gone through a period when he was inspired to poetry, may guess what "genius" means. To most people this power comes only rarely, to some never; but to a few this power comes so often that they show greatness, and we call them geniuses.

Such men are possessed by unconscious forces in themselves, forces which we call "complexes." Napoleon said he was a "Man of Destiny," meaning that some force greater than himself drove him relentlessly along the path to greatness. It was like something magic, as if no bullet could touch him, no army stand in his way. In a great poet like Shakespeare we say he was "inspired," that is, he was helpless before a power greater than himself which welled up out of the unconscious in the form of poetry. Shakespeare had the "creative complex." That is a good thing; but there can be an opposite thing, a man may be possessed of a Berserker rage, so that he says afterward, "I wasn't myself then." The truth is that human nature is equally compounded of good and evil. We may therefore be evil geniuses; we may have a destructive or "devil-complex."

This accounts for the glamor. Because these men seem almost superhuman, due to the complex that possesses them and gives them abnormal power, most people cannot help the feeling of awe and of admiration before them. They do what you or I cannot do; they perform feats of apparent magic; they seem beyond the law that makes most of us commonplace.

Chapman, I believe, was a genius of the evil sort. This meant that at intervals a devilish strength supported him, a strength of the unconscious that made him invulnerable to fear, that gave him hunches, lightning flashes of what to do and when to do it and how to do it, and that gave him a devastating contempt for



That robbery of the United States mail truck was to make the pirates and bandits of old look like pikers.



He sped around the thirty-inch ledge, reached Eighth Avenue and an empty room, and almost attained freedom!



He was surrounded after performing one of Atlanta's most noteworthy escapes.



It was the robbery in New Britain, Connecticut, resulting in the shooting of Patrolman Skelly that was his final undoing.

organized society and morality. There was the other side, soft, alluring, known to the woman he loved. But there was the devil in him which made him build up a philosophy of life, so that he became convinced that it was a great thing to be a lone-wolf warring against the world, a Satan rebelling against the Lord.

Even without genius he would, at times, have been arrogant, aggressive, brave. (Continued on page 86)

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES



P & A

Mrs. Margaret Lilliendahl, shown in jail with her eight-year-old son.

FATE, the weaver, has a curious way of tangling the skeins of life, as if a grim sense of humor motivated his handiwork. Beyond this cosmic scene there must have been the sound of sardonic chuckles, when the life of Dr. William Lilliendahl was snuffed out in Great Swamp Lane, just off the Atsion Road, near South Vineland, New Jersey.

For, as his aged body sprawled there on the marsh, unseeing eyes opened to the far-away blue of September skies, the snarled threads of his life were given into the hands of other men to unravel.

Dr. Lilliendahl lies in a Brooklyn grave, the sod covering forever the traces of the bullets which stilled his heart.

His widow, Margaret Lilliendahl, works, brooding and bitter, in the State's prison at Trenton.

Willis Beach, a little, unsuccessful poultry raiser, who had lived nearby, is also there laboring away, and probably still wondering at the turn which filched his freedom.

These two were found guilty of the old physician's murder within three months after the woman, staggering and unkempt, hysterically reported the crime to passing motorists. On reviewing the evidence, one wonders if it really revealed the truth of the tragedy.

The murder occurred on the seventeenth of September, 1927—a day of autumnal beauty. The sun had passed the meridian when a car, driven by Mrs. Lilliendahl—her husband riding beside her—turned off Atsion Road into Great Swamp Lane. A short time later she was back on the main highway, zig-zagging along when she was overtaken by a milk truck driver. The driver's helper had suddenly called attention to the strange behavior of the woman. The truck stopped.

Mrs. Lilliendahl, when at last she had calmed sufficiently to make her words intelligible, told of a brutal attack upon herself—of robbery—of the murder of her husband. Another motorist had joined the group and the three men went back in the marsh-land and found the body. They then escorted the still hysterical woman to the headquarters of the State troopers at Hammonton, where she repeated her story. Two negroes had done this thing, she said—one short, one tall and both very black.

Jersey justice, geared to the pace of this modern age, sprang into action. Posse searched the adjacent swamps, the coroner removed the body, the troopers investigated. No negroes were found who could be identified by Mrs. Lilliendahl. The troopers' investigation revealed two facts which later were to be made much of. One was a fluttering white rag, attached to a little tree which marked the murder scene. The other was a blue sedan. It had been seen driving away from the spot at a furious pace.

Margaret Lilliendahl remained at Hammonton while the search continued. A minute examination of the terrain near the murder-spot was made. The woman's gold ring was found, and the victim's empty wallet. But—and this was a significant thing, the authorities held—no footprints were discerned save those of the dead doctor and his wife. Two days elapsed.

On the third day, after remaining at the troopers' barracks voluntarily, the widow chose to return to her home and small son. Her status had undergone a change following the official tracking back of her story.

Now she was a material witness to the crime, and was released under \$25,000 bail. She was not without friends, as the amount of bail furnished revealed. It came out that the late Clarence Hodson, a financier in Wall Street and a distant relative, had opened his purse in her behalf.

DEATH

The past life of a murder victim is always examined, for in the record may be found a hint of motive. Dr. Lilliendahl, at the time of his death, was in his late sixties. He had first been educated for the bar, but abandoned a legal career in favor of medicine. He had been interested in mining developments in Mexico, and later in this country he had actively engaged in medical practice. It also developed that he had treated drug addicts rather extensively, and had been in some trouble with the state governments of both New York and New Jersey on this count. The charges had been dropped prior to his removal to South Vineland a year before his death. An attempt to connect his murder with his narcotic activities failed.

A search of his life, then, was fruitless. The eyes of the law now looked upon the past, distant and immediate, of Margaret Lilliendahl, who was now forty-two. Left motherless while in her teens, her education and training were achieved in an exclusive school near Baltimore, and at St. Joseph's Academy at Emmetsburg, Maryland. Finishing here she had lived with relatives in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia before going to New York. In this city she had met Dr. Lilliendahl to whom, after a brief courtship, she was married. The marriage was apparently successful—and yet the wide difference in their ages—over twenty years—was pointed out as having an important bearing on the events which followed so closely upon their removal to South Vineland.

Up to this time the eagle-eyed examiners found no incident which might have served as a germ of murder. (They were now frankly doubting the woman's story and attempting to connect her with the doctor's death.) The disparity in age persisted in the minds of the investigators. Trouble, psychological or physiological, is almost certain to develop in such a marriage, they reasoned.

In the harvest of gossip which follows such a case all may not be straw. As tongues wagged incessantly and shallow memories strained to catch that thread of

scandal which little minds so greatly relish, it was recalled that Mrs. Lilliendahl had been seen riding with a man—a neighbor who had also been a visitor to her home. So it was that Willis Beach was drawn from his hen-houses to the jail.

The post-mistress of South Vineland may have been the first to connect the two. At all events it was her story which added the sex side to this mystery, making of it a breakfast morsel for a nation. It was this woman who took herself to the authorities to report that Mrs. Lilliendahl had been engaged in a furtive correspondence with Willis Beach. Only, Mrs. Lilliendahl was "Peggy Anderson" so far as the letters were concerned. And cards and envelopes addressed to "Peggy Anderson" were always mailed by Willis Beach. So the post-mistress, Mrs. Carolyn Tamberlain, deposed. What the letters actually said was not disclosed. Her revelation precipitated the arrest of Beach, a stooped, negative little man, nearly sixty years old. He lived on a small chicken farm with his wife and married son—apparently happy in his family relationships, even though harassed by business difficulties.

Although he vigorously protested his ignorance of the crime, he was taken in custody. The correspondence episode

Willis Beach, accomplice of Mrs. Lilliendahl.



P & A

in GREAT SWAMP LANE

Mrs. Lilliendahl Reported a Story of Robbery and Murder. Two Negroes Had Attacked Her and Her Husband, She Said. And the State Investigated. What Was the Meaning of the "Peggy Anderson" Correspondence? What Was the Truth of the "Stolen Money"? What Really Did Happen on That Lonely Jersey Road?

might not have been sufficiently convincing of his connection with the affair except for the added fact that Beach was the owner of a car—a sedan, blue and shiny. And since the day of the murder the authorities had been looking for the automobile of that description which had been seen dashing away from Great Swamp Lane. He was booked as a material witness and then released on bail while the authorities continued their ferreting.

The next day, September 27, ten days after the crime, Beach furnished one of the big sensations of the case. Early in the morning he drove away from his home in the blue sedan, and vanished completely. Newspaper readers who followed the case will recall the hue and cry which then rose up. The frantic officials adopted every known means for finding him. Their efforts failed. He had effectively disappeared.

His attorney, Edson Hedges, charged with aiding Beach's flight, was indicted. He admitted knowing where his client was hiding and said he would produce him at the right time. The purpose of the abrupt leave-taking has never been made clear, although it was later made use of by the prosecution.

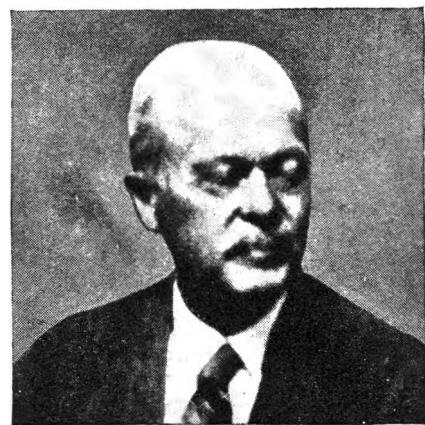
October was six days old when Beach returned to surrender himself to the officials at Mays Landing courthouse. Margaret Lilliendahl and Beach were served with warrants that day, charging them with the wilful murder of the woman's husband.

November was fading when the trial got under way.

The interim was passed with the prisoners reiterating their innocence. On the twenty-eighth of the month, in the little courthouse (which had been extensively remodeled at a cost of \$40,000, to take care of the horde of visiting newspaper men) the defendants, flanked by their counsel, took their places before the bar of justice. Hedges remained as Beach's lawyer, while Robert H. McCarter, long a prominent leader in New Jersey's legal circles—the man who had so ably defended Mrs. Hall in the celebrated Hall-Mills case—and Charles Phillips of Hammonton, a—appeared for Mrs. Lilliendahl.

Within an hour and a half the jury selection was completed, five women and seven men. The foreman chosen was Mrs. Carrie L.

Dr. William Lilliendahl, murder victim.



P & A

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES



International

(Left) The courthouse at Mays Landing, New Jersey, where the murder of Dr. Lilliendahl was tried. (Below) The window of the Vineland postoffice where Mrs. Lilliendahl had been accustomed to call for mail under the name "Peggy Anderson."

of Lilliendahl and Beach. There had been some conflict in their stories. But whether this could be charged to a sense of guilt or to the hysteria under which each had labored was an open question. Hinkle hoped to prove the first premise to be correct. The first day of the trial was devoid of thrills. Aside from Hinkle's grim promises not much emerged.

The second and succeeding days' witnesses cast much doubt upon Mrs. Lilliendahl's story. There were, for instance, no physical marks to bear out her story of a beating at the hands of the "two negroes"; the money supposedly stolen from the husband had been found in her purse and some of it was blood-stained; in the purse, also, were two road maps, each marked with a cross, and the crosses indicated Great Swamp Lane; the doctor could not have been robbed of \$200, as she had declared, for he had not had that much, according to his banker. So the testimony ran, as the State centered its attack upon the widow.

But Beach's turn was to come and the merciless searchlight of the prosecution beat upon him pitilessly. The effort to establish the sex motive was in full swing on the third day of the trial. Neighbors turned witnesses to repeat their tales of frequent rides; to testify to quarrels between the little defendant and the wrinkled doctor; to swear to near-forgotten episodes of affectionate behavior which were not vivified by their new importance. His possession of the blue sedan was legally riveted, but its identification as the car seen leaving the spot at "a furious pace" was not established.



International

Calkins of Atlantic City. The taking of testimony was not long delayed. The prosecutor, A. Cameron Hinkle, assistant district attorney, made his opening address in which he said he would prove that Mrs. Lilliendahl had driven her husband to the rag-marked spot on Great Swamp Lane where Beach had hidden himself and that the murder plot had there been successfully consummated. He promised also to produce a witness to whom Beach had admitted the slaying. There was a savageness about Hinkle's words which, oddly enough, had little visible effect upon the two prisoners who were listening to them.

There followed the line of witnesses with whose words the State hoped to blast the pre-trial statements

The prosecutor produced witnesses through whom he attempted to identify Beach as the man who fled the murder scene. One would only admit that the man he saw "might have been Beach." The other in whose word the State had placed great dependence for bulwarking its case also wavered. He would not be sure that the person he had seen leaving Great Swamp Lane on the day of the crime was this fragile man who sat blinking at him, seeming remote from such actions of violence.

But if Prosecutor Hinkle was thwarted by these two—one of whom later, under threat of a perjury charge, did make positive his identification—he scored heavily later with Mrs. Carolyn Tamberlain, the post-mistress,

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES

facing the jury. She left no room for doubt in the story she told of the secret correspondence carried on under her piercing eyes. After her came Samuel Bark, probably the most picturesque witness appearing in the case. A Southerner, he recounted the story of a long and wandering career, winding up in quiet Baltimore. In that city, on a park bench, he talked with Beach, whom he had known for some years. During this conference, Bark swore, Beach had told him the story of the killing; had even admitted the shooting. No amount of cross-examination could shake the tale this witness told. It was buttressed by other witnesses who had seen the two talking in the park.

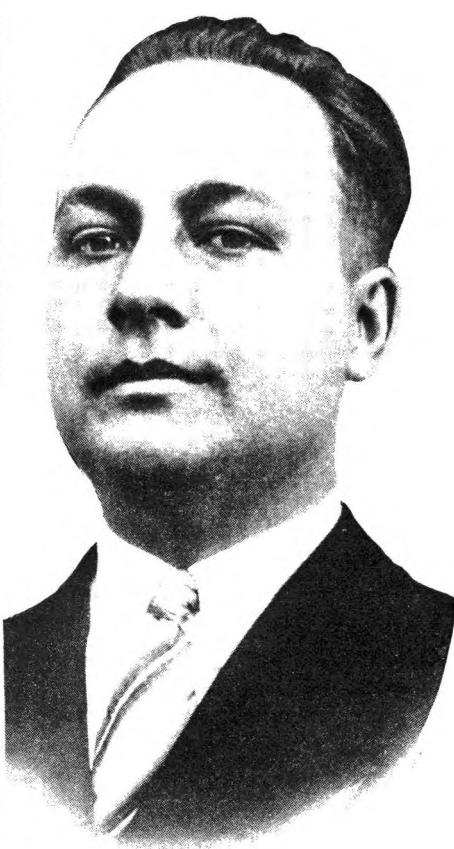
When the defense began the presentation of its evidence, the witnesses of the State were sharply attacked.

story she had told previously. All hints of conspiracy, of illicit love, of youth restive under the yoke of age, she denied with a flat insistence. Aside from her own strained demeanor, there was nothing dramatic in the testimony elicited.

At last the case, dragging through a few more days, went to the jury. The more sportive townsmen, expecting a short deliberation, were laying odds on an acquittal. But for some reason the jurors did not find the digestion of the conflicting evidence an easy matter. They stayed out for hours, twice reporting a disagreement. They were finally ordered to continue in session until a verdict had been reached. After twenty-five hours the weary twelve straggled in to pronounce the defendants guilty—of voluntary manslaughter.



International
Mrs. Lilliendahl with her constant companion, Teddy.



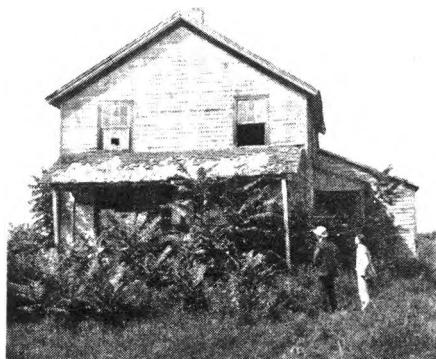
International
Edson Hedges, attorney for Willis Beach, who was indicted by the Atlantic County Grand Jury.



International
The automobile in which the doctor was driving when killed.



International
The home of Dr. Lilliendahl in Vineland, New Jersey.



International
The home, a mile and a half from the murder site, of Willis Beach.

After a number of minor witnesses had appeared, Beach himself took the stand. He flatly denied Bark's story, declaring he had never seen that worthy until the day before in court. He recounted his differences with Dr. Lilliendahl which he attributed to an argument over the proper care of chickens. There was no quarrel over Mrs. Lilliendahl. Perhaps his own story of the mysterious Peggy Anderson correspondence did not strike convincingly on the ears of the jurors. Practically, he waved the notes aside as unimportant, vouchsafing no explanation whatever.

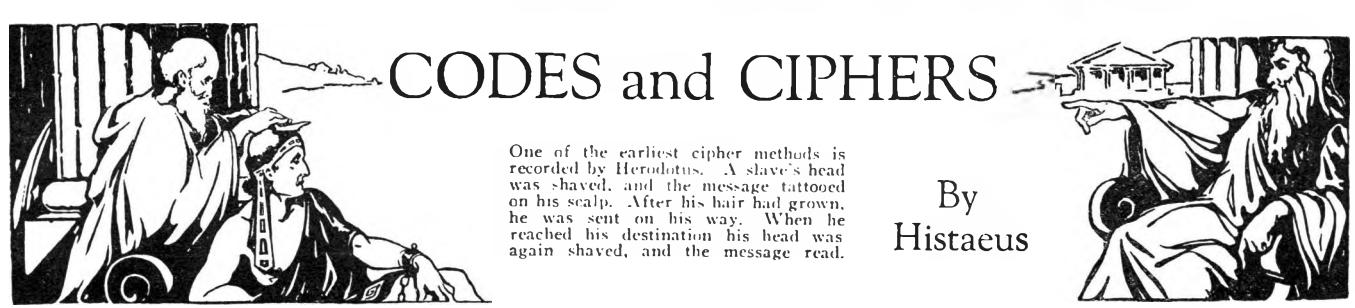
Nor did Mrs. Lilliendahl, testifying in her own behalf, explain those letters. She said lamely that they only touched upon her husband's physical condition. If the world, picking up its paper on the morning after she testified, looked for a sensation, it was disappointed. The sensation had bogged down to a repetition of the

No word came from Beach as he heard the sentence pronounced. Mrs. Lilliendahl was less composed. As the words "ten years at hard labor" fell on her ears her moans trembled through the little court-room.

It was in December, more than two years ago, that the Lilliendahl case came to its end. Justice had been satisfied—but had justice been done? Had every factor been revealed?

Perhaps that question will never be answered. To study the case, now that the bloody strands are dry, is increasingly confusing. There is a vague sense of dissatisfaction with the verdict.

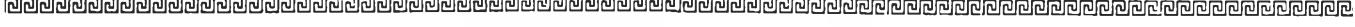
Does the old weaver of destinies merely chuckle over the tangled skeins that lead from that spare old body, lying just off the Atsion Road, not far from South Vineland, that blue September day—amused at the efforts of limited human understanding?



CODES and CIPHERS

One of the earliest cipher methods is recorded by Herodotus. A slave's head was shaved, and the message tattooed on his scalp. After his hair had grown, he was sent on his way. When he reached his destination his head was again shaved, and the message read.

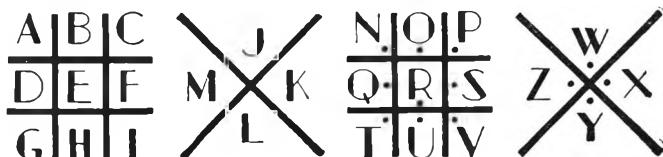
By
Histaeus



Have you ever received a message in cipher? Would you like to know something of the fascinating art of deciphering code messages? This department, conducted by an expert in cryptography, will show how secret messages can be unraveled, and offer problems that will help you to do your own coding and deciphering.

In our last article on this subject we mentioned that codes are divided into two general classes—substitution ciphers, in which other letters or symbols are substituted for those of the original message, and transposition ciphers, in which the original letters are retained but mixed up according to some preconceived arrangement. We also added that these ciphers can be solved by an expert.

A great many people, when composing a code, try to disguise it by making an alphabet composed of mysterious-looking marks, each mark representing a letter. The resulting jumble does indeed look awe-inspiring to the uninitiated, but it is no more difficult to solve than a code in which letters are substituted. An example is the alphabet, undoubtedly familiar to many, sometimes known, for goodness knows what reason, as the "Freemason's Alphabet." It is formed by making a diagram like this:



Each letter is here in a compartment of a distinctive shape; the last thirteen letters have a dot in each compartment, to distinguish them from the first thirteen. A message coded by this alphabet would look like this:

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

but it is no more difficult to decipher than if it had been coded simply by letters, thus:

ABCGDEBFGHJ KLCE CMABK GK HMN
AGOOGCLPN

Let's consider for an instant the reasoning we would use if we were attacking the above cryptogram, paying no attention to the fact that all we have to do is to consult the "Freemason's Code" above.

To begin with, the most frequent letter in English, as in most languages, is E. If we had a code of any length, we would count the letters and be fairly sure that the one which occurred oftenest was E; but in so short a message there may well be no E's at all, so this kind of reasoning—according to "letter-frequency" will be of almost no assistance. If there were a letter standing alone we could be sure that it was either A or I, as these are the only one-letter words commonly used in English; but this clue, too, is lacking. What have we, then?

In the last word we see a double letter. This is a real clue. E and O are the only two vowels doubled, except

for such rare words as Isaac, Radii, and Vacuum; in such a long word, if we assume the O to be a vowel, it must be either E or O itself. But O occurs nowhere else in the message; moreover, it is preceded and followed by the same letter, G. G occurs altogether four times. A doubled consonant is almost always preceded and followed by a vowel; so we assume G to be a vowel. Which one is it?

There is a two-letter word, GK, which begins with G. Now no two-letter word in English begins with E, or practically none. (Cross-word puzzlers mentioning Em, Er, Eh, will kindly leave the room.) G can then be A, O, I, or U.

Look at the first word. It ends with -GHJ, and is a fairly long word. Our suspected vowel is third from the end. Now A, O, I and U all can occur in this position; but not with the same frequencies. -ATE is fairly common; -ANT can also occur. -OUS is not unusual, but there are few other three-letter endings beginning with O. -USE can happen, and -UST and -URT. But by far the most common three-letter endings are -ING and -ION. These outweigh the others so far that we are justified in going ahead and deciding that G represents I. (Of course, we may be wrong; but that's most of the fun. The motto of all cryptographers should be "I think—")

Calling G I, then what is GK? The two-letter words beginning with I are IF, IN, IS and IT. If G is I, then K is F, N, S, or T. How are we to decide?

Well, if G is F, the second word of the message begins with F and the third word ends with F. This doesn't seem very likely. Right off the bat, how many five-letter words can you think of that end with F? (Remember, it isn't double-F, or there would be several like STIFF, STUFF, etc.) SERIF is about the only one that comes to mind. Let's drop F as too unlikely.

How about N? Well, if K is N, then our three-letter ending in the first word isn't ING or ION. We have supposed that it is one of these; according to this supposition, then, K isn't N. Is it S or is it T?

There isn't much choice; let's go back to our three-letter ending and let GK rest in peace for a while. Is H N in ING or O in ION?

We have a three-letter word HMN. According to our theory it begins with either N or O. Either will do; we can have NOT or NOR, or OUT or OUR or some other combination. Now we note that the first word ends with J; this represents either N or G. J does not occur again in the message; we assume, then, that it is an infrequent letter. N is much more common than G; let us call J, G—provisionally; then the terminal is ING, and our three-letter word begins with N.

Now in three-letter words beginning with N, what is the commonest second letter? We can think of NAB; NET and NEW; NIT; and possibly NUB. But look! We have NOD, NOR, NOT and NOW—all very common words, especially the last three. The chances are heavily in favor of M standing for O. (Continued on page 87)

THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR

A
COMPLETE
NOVEL

by
MANSFIELD
SCOTT



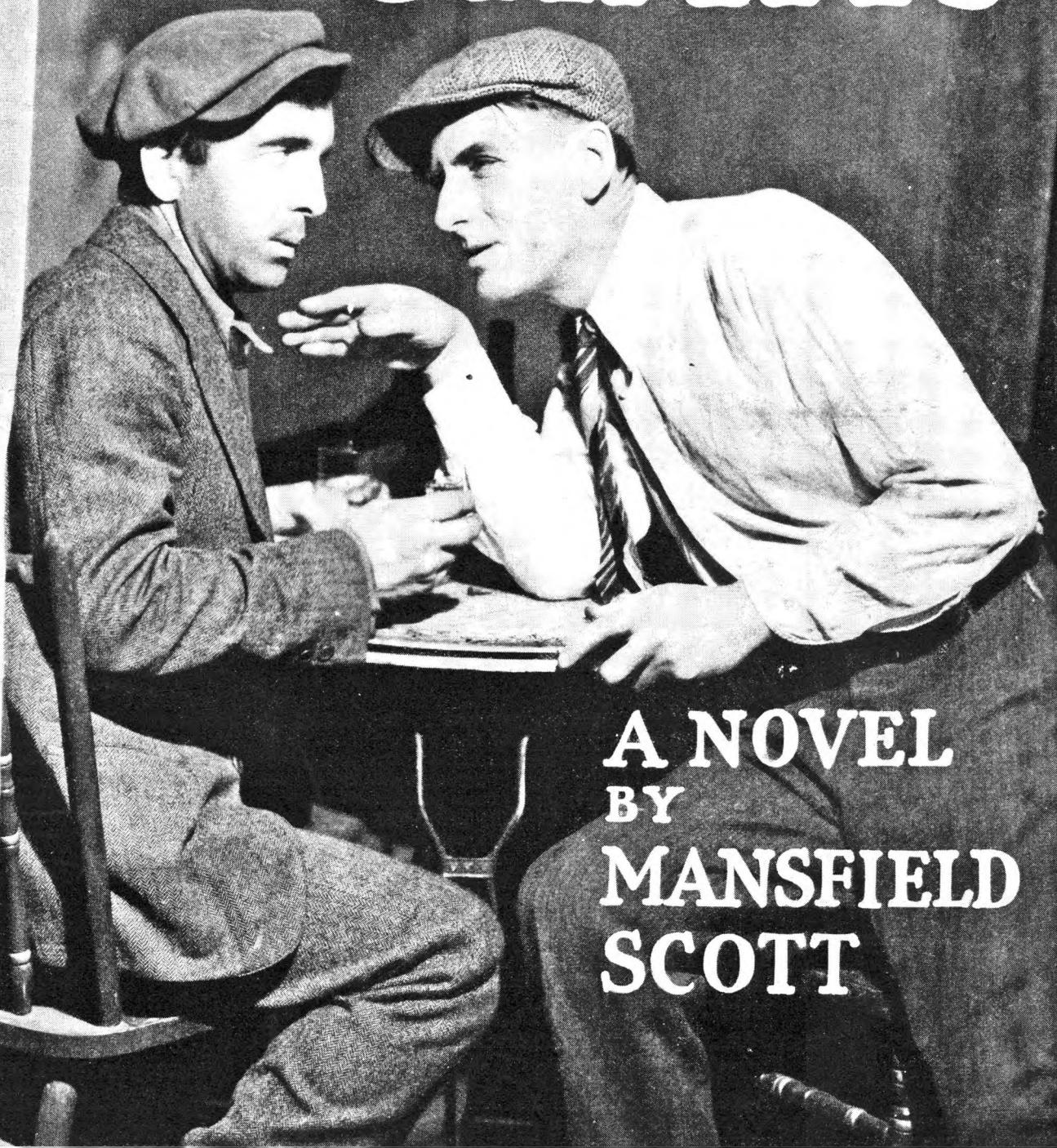
► Gangdom Had Selected Its Victim—Had Taken Him for a Ride!
Now Some One Must Pay!
The Underworld Framed Two Men. But Awakened Dizzy McArthur, Lone Wolf of Detection.
The Clash that Ensued Makes One of the Most Stirring Detective Novels of the Year—Published Complete in This Issue. ►

THE



The drama began in the Friend Hotel. Vilest of all the haunts of the underworld, a den of crime in an unsavory neighborhood, it was no place for Ruth Trevor or her friend.

SHADOW *of the* CHAIR



A NOVEL
BY
MANSFIELD
SCOTT

Then the words the men were speaking from the next booth reached the girls. "They'll meet him in Heaven. At the end of the smoky-seat route!" Ruth knew they referred to Priscilla's brother.



THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR



CHAPTER I

Into the Underworld

BISECTING the foul heart of the underworld, lies Beach Street. An unwelcoming and unhealthful thoroughfare, black as the gloom cast down by the elevated tracks, it runs a crooked course through the slums of Chinatown, past dim doorways where slinking forms and inscrutable yellow faces are discernible; then onward, snakelike, into a maze of other winding streets and between rows of brick walls and curtained windows, until finally it parts from the elevated and emerges into the winking and beckoning lights of cabarets. A street of shadows, of evil deeds and memories!

Hidden among the darkest of the doors on Beach Street, vilest of all the vile haunts of the underworld, is the Friend Hotel. An ironical name indeed for such a place! Friend of gangsters, this hotel; of dope addicts and grafters and gunmen; friend of all who move under cover of darkness. It does not advertise its presence. Rather, with its dingy three-story wooden front sandwiched between higher brick buildings, it seems to draw back a step farther into the shadow, as if to hide what is within.

A third-rate house in the best of its days, it has degenerated little by little to what it is now—a den of crime in an unsavory neighborhood, a refuge, a rendez-vous for the lowest and most vicious characters from far and near.



Two floors of squalid bedrooms which have not seen the light of the sun since the elevated track was built; a tiny lobby with the clerk's desk screened from the street; and below, a secret and barricaded basement;—that is the Friend Hotel.

At night, to outward appearances, it is a dismal place. There is little to attract strangers—for they are not wanted. An old, vertical sign, long faded and covered with dirt, is partly hidden by the overhanging electric railway, so that only a portion of the name is caught by the murky haze from the street-lamp on the corner. "END HOTEL" is what the once gaudy board now spells; and, for more than one unfortunate, these have been letters of fate.

Ruth Trevor realized, of course, that she should not enter such a place. There was something immediately repellent about the building, something almost sinister in the way that it seemed to shrink from the sidewalk into the dark. She stood beneath the street-lamp on the corner, gazing doubtfully across at the patches of light which filtered through the cracked and torn shades at the windows—her deep, dark-blue eyes narrowed slightly, her brows contracted as if in distrust.

A close observer would have realized at once that Ruth Trevor did not belong on Beach Street. There was a clear-cut quality about her, an unmistakable refinement. She was slender and well-poised, slightly above the average in height, dressed expensively in blue with a neckpiece of black fox, a pleasing combination with her rich dark hair and the very deep blue of her eyes—large, thoughtful eyes, direct and searching.

Her companion, likewise, was not of the underworld. A few years younger, short, fair-haired and freckled, she wore a light plaid coat which might have been called fashionable several years earlier, and her shoes were worn at the heel. Not one of the girls of gangdom! Wholesome and whole-hearted—these words best described Priscilla Reed.

Ruth watched the front of the Friend Hotel in perplexity mingled with uneasiness. Before her gaze a strange phenomenon had occurred. Distinctly she had seen the three young men who had walked toward the front of the building. Her eyes had followed their progress every step of the way to the door. But she was sure that they had not entered. Nor had they proceeded farther. Just disappeared, as though swallowed by the night.

The effect had been almost uncanny. Ruth was positive that the door of the hotel had not been opened. She knew that she would never forget the appearance of the young men—or the sudden, startled cry from Priscilla when the three had dropped from a moving automobile at the corner. One—merely a big, overgrown boy—wore a cap; another was older and heavier; the third was thin and walked with a limp. Eagerly and excitedly the girl at Ruth's side had darted forward. Then the three forms, one limping, had arrived at the front of the hotel across the street—and had vanished.

Priscilla Reed clutched sharply at Ruth's arm.

The Tentacles of Gangdom Reach Into a Dozen Strata of Society. Run by Smooth-working, Nefarious Machinery, Impelled and Controlled by Greed. So Ruth Had Been Told. And There Were Only Two Men Who Dared Fight the Machine—Bradford, the Young Lawyer, and Dizzy McArthur, Inventor, Semi-professional Hockey Player, and Amateur Investigator. With His Peculiar Craving for Excitement and Danger, McArthur Might Take Her Case.



THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR



"Police—!" he screamed— one word, no more. Never had Ruth seen such desperate fear upon a human countenance.

"They—they went in that place over there, Miss Trevor! They must've gone in there—"

"But they didn't, Priscilla!"

"They must've!" cried the younger girl, her voice catching. "It's so dark we couldn't have seen them. They'll get away—we'll lose them—" Again she moved forward.

"Wait!" Ruth's tone was quiet, restraining. "I—I'm certain that they didn't go in that door—"

The dark street and the evil reputation of the neighborhood had brought to Ruth a sense of caution. She knew that she and Priscilla long since had penetrated beyond the limits where young women might venture with safety. From her earliest recollection, Beach Street had been represented to her as a locality to be shunned. Its black doorways and alleys, sheltered beneath the all-concealing shadow of the elevated structure, had been depicted to her as the abode of nameless terrors.

True, she and Priscilla had been through this region more than once in the past days—and in many other forbidden places. They had entered haunts which had shocked Ruth, who, in her world of social security and culture, had been permitted scarcely a glimpse of any side of life except her own. Deliberately and repeatedly, they had frequented districts known to be favored by the lawless element of the city.

But that had been in daylight! It was so very different at night, so tremendously different, when every corner seemed to hide skulking shapes, and the feeling came to them that they were watched by unseen eyes, and when the long, deep shadow on the sidewalk seemed waiting to engulf them as it had engulfed the three youths who had alighted from the automobile.

Priscilla was speaking again, her words drowned by the thunderous roar of a train overhead. Ruth realized

that she was urging her to press on, to hurry, before their opportunity should be lost.

"Tell me, Priscilla. Are you sure—do you feel positive—?"

It brought a quick, half-injured look.

"Pos'tive 'bout it being him? Gee, Miss Trevor, you don't think I could mistake him! After all the time we've spent—"

A new, swift pity came to Ruth, momentarily overbalancing her doubts and fears. It wasn't that she actually forgot the danger—simply that her companion's dilemma took precedence. Indeed, they *had* spent a long time! It would be hard for Priscilla, cruelly hard, if they should meet failure now on the very threshold of success—

The soft click of a latch drew Ruth's gaze sharply backward. In an open doorway near by, a fat Chinese stood beckoning, smiling in a manner that was friendly yet indescribably terrifying. Tightening her grasp upon Priscilla's wrist, Ruth stepped hastily from the curb, and, really led by the younger girl, crossed diagonally to the front of the hotel opposite.

Then, for the first time, the exterior of the building became distinct to them, and they saw that there was another door, a few feet beyond the entrance to the lobby. Rather, it was a black mouth, opening downward into darkness.

"There!—that's where they went!" exclaimed Priscilla—and she drew Ruth forward a few steps farther.

They advanced close to the opening and suddenly found that it framed a massive individual in rough attire. The man stretched an arm in front of them.

"Nix." It was a guttural tone. "Youse can't come in here."

"But—but we only want to find some one—" Priscilla attempted, desperately. "I—we—"



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The girl at the door was listening to every word. "If you abandon your purpose now, Miss Trevor, I believe you will be permitted to go unmolested. If you persist, you will find yourself trying to impede the progress of a gigantic engine of crime."

From the gloom in back of the burly form a second voice spoke, a voice which somehow held a leering quality.

"Sure—let the girlies in."

The doorman dropped his arm. Still urged forward by Priscilla, Ruth put one hand against the wall for guidance and groped her way down a flight of winding stairs.

CHAPTER II

Mutterings of the Mob

THE stairs were steep, descending in absolute darkness. Twice Ruth Trevor stumbled and regained her balance by an effort. She realized that they were entering a subterranean den situated beneath the hotel; and once more, instinctively, she held back. But again her companion urged her forward.

At length they felt level flooring underfoot, and

caught the faint sound of a buzzer. Ruth thought that their tread at the bottom of the steps had caused the signal. A small square of dim light appeared, just ahead; a forehead and a pair of close-set eyes became discernible. There was a single, quick green flash from above, casting a ghostly radiance over Ruth and Priscilla for the duration of a half second. Then with a metallic sound a heavy door was opened.

Instantly a perfect bedlam of noise smote their ears. The wild pounding of jazz was mingled with shouts, shrieks, and roars of laughter. For a moment, in the semi-darkness, Ruth could distinguish nothing, except that there was a crowd, closely packed and in a whirl of confusion. Her gaze singled out a dark-skinned little man in the garb of a head waiter, who detached himself from the mass and came forward, holding up two fingers.

Owing to the din, Ruth could not make her voice heard to explain the mission that had brought her to the door. In the haze of shaded light, and among the horde of fantastic shapes and shadows before her, she found it impossible to distinguish the three young men who had just entered from the street. The head waiter turned his back to her and began threading his way between clusters of crowded and disordered tables; and, perforce, Ruth followed, with Priscilla close behind.

Before Ruth realized what was happening, they were out into the noisy center of the throng, half way across to a row of booths which extended along the wall.

The stifling, scent-laden, smoke-filled air of the place assailed her like a foul breath. Odors of food and liquors from the scores of tables were mixed with the clouds of smoke which hung and drifted in the corners, and over it all was the reek of intoxication. Ruth coughed and went forward blindly, bumping against forms at the tables and murmuring apologies which were unnoticed in the uproar.

The man arrived at a vacant booth, motioned them to the chairs. Ruth seated herself uncertainly, gazing toward the center of the room and trying vainly to scan the faces in the flickering, changing half-light. On a square of dance floor, swaying and whirling couples moved back and forth like unreal figures, now purple, now yellow, now demon-red, now ghastly green in the rays which streamed slanting down. Again she was unable to discern any of those whom she sought.

Priscilla, in the chair opposite, was peering through the throng in even greater uncertainty. A perspiring waiter had come to the booth. Ruth had not intended to remain more than a minute, but the thought came to her that if she didn't order something she might offend the management, and perhaps might not be allowed to stay long enough to find the three youths who had entered. Mechanically she took up a menu card. The illumination was so dim that she could scarcely read. She found herself selecting a small supper.

When the waiter had withdrawn, she made another effort; but the room seemed filled with ever-changing forms and faces, with the constant swirl of dancers in the center, visible between groups of tipsy men and painted women. Many of the gathering returned her gaze, some with bold effrontery, others with the groping stare of drunkenness.

She began to comprehend that it would be next to impossible to discover what had become of the three youths. Turning, she met her companion's troubled



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glance. Priscilla's eyes were a bright, grayish-brown, keen and shining even in the shaded glow. She shook her head as Ruth's lips framed a question.

Soon the waiter returned with their order. Ruth addressed him.

"Tell me, please, do you know Mr. Basil Reed? Can you get word to him for us?"

"No, miss; I don't know none of the people here. I'll ask one of the other waiters——"

Ruth thanked him; and presently a smaller, younger Italian approached, smiling rather familiarly. She repeated her query.

"Reed? Sure," said the newcomer, promptly. "Him and his bunch used to hang out here quite a lot. I don't know if he's here now—I'll find out."

"We saw him come in," Priscilla declared.

"Tell him, please," Ruth added, leaning forward, "that

problem since they had met a week earlier at the headquarters of a social service organization. Priscilla's quest meant so much! Her mother ill; her father near the end of his resources; her only brother, somewhere in the city, perhaps in dangerous company, writing home at intervals without inclosing a return address—yes, Priscilla needed assistance——

The orchestra had begun a wild selection. On the floor the dancers had given way to a trio of entertainers who wiggled and slapped and whirled, their voices discordant and sensuous. Coins were thrown and fell jingling; crumpled bills fluttered through the air. Men shouted and shrieked in glee, beating time with their hands and feet, the floor trembling in rhythm with the music.

At a table near by two very young girls were looking on, wide-eyed. One of their escorts, a man with edges



*"There is little doubt that you have been followed during the last few days, Miss Trevor.
I beg of you, use every caution."*

it is his sister who wishes to speak with him."

The Italian looked at her curiously and disappeared in the crowd.

Turning again, Ruth tried to watch his progress. It came to her at that instant, more clearly than before, how deep an interest she had taken in the younger girl's

of gray in his hair, was pouring a round of drinks from a bottle. The sight sickened Ruth—the wretchedness of it all—with the close, strangling air and the odors of spilled liquors. Her food was untouched.

And behind the whole scene, permeating it, was something deeper—something intangible, insidious. Ruth



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sensed it. She was sure of its presence. As yet, she couldn't define it, for she hadn't seen quite enough of the underworld. She didn't guess how close she had come to the edge, or what depths lay beneath the surface; but here in this rendez-vous of evil she had a glimpse at the heart of gangland, laid bare in all its ugliness; beneath the strains of jazz she felt the frenzied beat of it, throbbing, throbbing.

The music stopped. There was a prolonged outburst of applause, slowly diminishing. The babble of voices and the shuffle of feet filled the room. Voices from all sides, from the booths in front and behind. Voices meaningless at first—then broken phrases, snatches of sentences couched in strange-sounding terms, remarks which were incomprehensible to Ruth—until, all at once, low tones reached her from the next booth, directly behind her chair and on the opposite side of the thin partition, and she sat rigid, startled.

Slowly the words began to find significance in her dazed and bewildered brain. Her fingers, gripping the edge of the table, tensed so that they became cramped,

the kid" . . . "fifteen minutes ago, wit' Limpy Miller." Surely this had referred to the three youths whom she and Priscilla had followed into the building! And that hideous phrase: "—at the end of the smoky-seat route." Ruth had learned much of the argot of the underworld in a drama presented at college. She felt that she had not misread these fragments, that some peril was imminent—peril which menaced Basil Reed.

And still the young waiter had not returned! Desperately Ruth turned once more in search of him. She became aware of a form approaching through the crowd. This, however, was not the Italian, but an older man in soiled and rumpled evening attire, his countenance coarse and brutal, disfigured on one cheek by a reddish blotch extending from lip to ear. He gave Priscilla an unpleasant glance.

"So this is Bud Reed's sister, eh?" he said as he came to the table. "Well, Reed's not here—he went out a while ago."

Ruth was puzzled. His words contradicted what she had heard in the adjoining booth. Noticing her expres-

Lontos leaned forward, catching at his wrist. "Careful, Mac! The envelope has been opened and resealed!"

and a horrid tightness crept into her throat, thumping madly while she listened.

"Frisco and the kid got here yet?" It was a heavy voice.

"Sure t'ing. We're set. They blew in fifteen minutes ago, wit' Limpy Miller."

Came a harsh, nasal oath. "Where are they now?"

"Upstairs. In a room."

"How'd youse get them down here?"

"Limpy worked it. Told them they was goin' t' meet Jimmie Cameron."

There was a laugh which chilled Ruth.

"They'll meet him in Heaven—eh?"

"What I mean! At the end of the smoky-seat route."

"But, holy cripes, I don't see why the kid's got to be in this! He ain't to blame for steppin' out of line—"

"He's in it for a damn' good reason." This was the heavy voice again. "Listen. Can't you guys get Bradford down here some way?"

"It's no go. We tried every'ing, Pearson."

The rest was lost in a fresh blare of the orchestra. Again couples began picking their way to the floor.

With a catch of her breath Ruth glanced upward. Had Priscilla grasped the ugly threat of the words? It was hard to be sure. Ruth believed she had.

But in Ruth's mind perplexity was deepening to a sense of protest. "Frisco and



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sion, he bent nearer to her and spoke quickly from one side of his mouth.

"You oughta know better than to bring a strange jane in here. Some of the boys are going to teach Jimmie Cameron a little manners tonight. The rotten snitch—he's been stooling for Bradford."

In an exaggerated manner he winked an inflamed eye.

"Better give the place the air," he added, as the girl still stared at him.

Ruth found her voice.

"W-why, who do you mean?" she demanded, indignantly.

At her question a startling change came over the man. He drew back; and little by little the color seemed to drain itself from her face, leaving it a pallid gray and causing the blotch on his cheek to stand out red as flame. He crouched as if to obtain a better view.

"Who the devil are you?" he blurted—and gaped at Ruth.

For a moment a dreadful fear clutched the girl, and she thought that he was about to attack her. But with another oath he moved away, halting repeatedly to glower as he went. She sensed, rather than saw, that his astonishment had communicated itself to the group in the booth at her back. She glimpsed more forms moving outward, glaring at her as intently as the man who had come to the table.

Too late, she realized the utter folly of having entered the café. More than once her father had cautioned her against visiting such resorts unless properly escorted. She had acted without stopping to reason, thinking only of Priscilla's necessity. The tardy comprehension of her error brought little comfort, surrounded as she was by denizens of the most lawless district in the city.

To the underworld, her interest in the whereabouts of Basil Reed tonight must be a disturbing matter. The hostile glances toward the booth where she sat, the strained attitudes of the watchers, amply confirmed her belief that there were sinister plans afoot. These men were wondering why she and Priscilla had come to the rendez-vous, how much they had overheard that was damaging, and—above all—what they intended to do when they had left the building. When they had left the building—! Of a sudden Ruth's throat became constricted as though grasped by an icy hand, and her heart seemed to falter and stumble.

Weakly, to escape the battery of chilling stares, she turned to the food before her. With an unsteady hand she raised her coffee cup—then set it down hastily, as though it contained poison. She must be calm, must not lose her head! Over and over this thought came to her. She must not lose her head—

Then, unexpectedly, in a flash, her chance came, as if Heaven-sent. Or is it sacrilege to think of a drunken brawl as Heaven-sent? Without warning there was a blood-freezing scream from across the room, followed by hoarse voices and the smash of breaking glass. Beneath a beam of red light from one of the overhead fixtures, a struggling figure heaved itself upward, face flushed and mouth twitching, one arm swinging wildly with a whisky bottle. Again a glass crashed; a girl fainted



*"Thank you so much for coming, Mr. McArthur," said the girl.
"We aren't quite at ease about things."*

and fell across the railing of the dance floor; parties near the spot rose with frightened cries in a surge toward the exit.

Ruth was upon her feet instantly. She laid a bill beside her plate and motioned to Priscilla. Together, holding hands, they dashed across the floor in the dim light, colliding with chairs and tables, until they joined others pushing to the outer passage. At the very last a man shouted savagely, ordering them to come back, but Ruth gripped Priscilla's arm and raced on, tripping, staggering up the winding stairs. She felt the cool, fresh air of the night on her face; and, still holding fast to her companion, ran toward the corner.

A taxicab with a yellow light was passing. It stopped at their frantic signals. Ruth clambered in, gasped out an address, and sank into the cushions with a long breath of thanksgiving, while Priscilla sat huddled in the corner of the seat.

But Ruth did not intend to leave the neighborhood of the hotel until she had learned if Basil Reed was inside.

CHAPTER III

Taken for a Ride

ALTHOUGH physically and nervously exhausted by the ordeal, Ruth retained full possession of her mental alertness and poise. She watched through the window of the cab while several intersections flashed past; and when they had come a quarter mile from Beach Street and were well out of the surrounding district, she leaned forward, tapping on the glass.

"I've changed my mind. We'll get out here, please."

The driver appeared surprised, but brought the machine to a standstill in a well-lighted but deserted square. Ruth paid the fare, and stood on the sidewalk with Priscilla until the cab had disappeared.

"Where—what are we going to do now?" the younger girl asked.



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There followed a moment of indescribable madness. Dalrymple drove hard and true to the strings in the corner of the goal.

"We're going to find your brother. We must!" replied Ruth.

That was the vital need now—to find the youth at once, to warn him! There was no longer a doubt in Ruth's heart that he was facing grave danger. Of course, she might go to the police—But what could she tell them—what besides the scrap of broken, muttered dialogue which she had heard? No, no; she hadn't learned enough to hope for help from the authorities; she must find Basil Reed, without delay!

Ruth's gaze followed each passing automobile. She was looking for another taxicab—preferably for one quite different in appearance. A second machine with a yellow light approached, the driver leaning out, questioning. She shook her head. The next in line was of light green color, with a roomy rear seat in which they might sit well back from the windows. Ruth signaled; and as the taxi drew to the curb she took a swift scrutiny of the man at the wheel.

He was sturdy and well-proportioned. Ruth decided that she rather liked his steady blue eyes and firm chin.

"You may drive us to Beach Street, to the vicinity of the Friend Hotel."

The man gave a glance backward as he started the cab.

"You're not thinking of going in there, miss?"

"No. We wish to stop outside and watch for an acquaintance."

Nodding as though a trifle puzzled, he put on speed. In a short time they turned a corner and swung into the well-remembered shadow of the elevated structure. Obeying Ruth's suggestion, the driver stopped at a point a short distance from the hotel and on the opposite side of the street. He shut off his motor. They were within twenty yards of an intersection—not the corner where Ruth and Priscilla first had stood, but the next street westward.

In a tense attitude Ruth sat waiting. The front of the old wooden building was clearly visible. The flurry

of excitement caused by the fight seemed to have subsided; the exterior of the place was as black and dismal as when they had first observed it. There was no sign of movement, although Ruth felt certain that anyone entering or leaving must pass within their view.

Was Basil Reed still inside the hotel? It was possible that he had left during the brief interval of their absence. The man in soiled evening clothes had declared that he had departed earlier. But Ruth doubted this. "Upstairs. In a room," the muttering voice came back to her. Was Basil Reed still inside?

The quiet of the cab, after the uproar in the underground café, brought a peculiar effect of emptiness. It filled Ruth with the desire to be on the move, to act. She knew that Priscilla, too, felt the suspense of the moment. Yet the latter did not speak, evidently comprehending that conversation was inadvisable within hearing of the driver.

Across the street, almost directly opposite their position, a sedan was parked, close to a narrow and unlighted alley extending between two brick buildings. The entrance to the alley was at some distance from the front of the Friend Hotel. Ruth had noticed the automobile at the curb upon their arrival in the taxicab, and had seen in a glance that it was not the car from which Basil Reed and his two companions had alighted before entering the café. She had begun to wonder vaguely at its presence, when, almost as soon as the question occurred to her, the explanation presented itself—and in a shocking manner.

At the mouth of the alley two men appeared. They glanced quickly up and down the sidewalk, then motioned to someone in the darkness from which they had issued. For a second, the light from the headlamps of the waiting automobile caught their features; and with a start Ruth found their profiles familiar. She realized that they had been in the crowd at the rendezvous, and that they had come through the alley from the rear of the hotel.



THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR



In an instant, more forms emerged, following the first pair. A larger group, five in number—a group that became impressed upon Ruth's mind with terrible distinctness: one man walking in the center, hatless, white as death; three others who held his arms and collar pinioned; and, at the side, a youth who pressed something against the captive's ribs as the procession advanced toward the automobile.

It happened swiftly—too swiftly for Ruth to think. The prisoner, noticing the taxicab on the opposite side of the street, turned his pallid face and terror-stricken eyes in a single glance of appeal—Ruth had never seen such desperate fear upon a human countenance. She perceived instantly that he was not Priscilla's brother, but an older man, with lips writhing helplessly.

"Police—!" he screamed once—one word, no more. A coat or robe was flung over his head and shoulders; a door of the sedan was yanked open; and he was half pushed, half thrown inside. One of the group—a stocky, bullet-headed man—leaped to the driver's seat and banged the front door; and immediately the car moved forward, so rapidly and smoothly that Ruth felt sure the motor had been idling at the curb.

It had all taken place with such incredible speed that for a moment she did not sense its significance. She failed even to note the number of the sedan. Two of the men had remained on the opposite sidewalk. She found that they were peering across the street intently, as though alarmed by the discovery of passengers in the cab. Then, in one dreadful instant, the realization came over her—the low voices of the café seemed to mutter again in her ears.

One of the two men suddenly stepped from the curb and crossed toward the taxicab. Ruth whirled to the front window. She flung open the slide.

"To the police station! Go quickly!" she exhorted. "The nearest police station—!"

The driver required little urging. He stamped on the starter and flung his machine into gear. Ruth caught a glimpse of his firm-set jaw and strained features. He, also, was shaken by what he had witnessed. The cab plunged forward, gathering headway with a rush, then sped past the dark front of the hotel and lurched around a corner with a shriek of tires.

The driver took the next turn to the right and pulled up sharply. Ruth suppressed a gasp of amazement. They had been scarcely a half minute in transit; yet here above an open doorway hung a pair of blue lamps, and a gilded sign: "Police Station 22."

Ruth alighted in haste, leaving Priscilla, and ran into the building.

An officer in uniform was reading in a corner. At a desk in the center of the room, a gold-braided lieutenant glanced up with an expression of inquiry.

"At—at the Friend Hotel!" she gasped, hurrying forward, breathless. "The Friend Hotel on Beach Street—they've taken a man in a car—a group of criminals—he's a prisoner—they were threatening him with a gun—they're in a large sedan, and they're going to kill him—and I'm afraid they're planning to kill at least one other—!"

The lieutenant's thin lips parted slowly in a grin,



"Here," said the girl, "is the photograph of Basil Reed I spoke of."

while wrinkles appeared around his small, hard brown eyes.

"Oh, sure," he agreed, in a pleasant tone. "And then they're going to kill another, and another, and another, and hang all their heads on the dome of the State House. Been hitting the coke again, Blanche?"

Aghast, Ruth drew back, trying vainly to speak. The full force of the indignity seemed to paralyze her, as if the man had struck her a physical blow.

"How dare you sit there laughing when I tell you this?" she demanded, recovering. "And what do you mean by addressing me as Blanche? My name is Ruth Trevor; my father is Justice Trevor of the Supreme Court. I tell you that a man has been taken forcibly in an automobile, to be murdered; you must do something—this instant—!"

A dull flush overspread the lieutenant's countenance. He opened his mouth slightly, and for a moment it remained so, giving Ruth the ridiculous impression that an invisible wedge had been inserted between his teeth. Seizing the

desk-lamp, he directed its bright beams into her eyes.

"W-why, I—I do beg your pardon, ma'am!" he contrived, his voice hoarse. "I surely ask your pardon! I—I'll look into this matter—I'll look into it right away—!"

He was barking orders into a telephone as she left the station.

"The Y. W. C. A." she told the driver in a calm tone.

"Aren't we—can't we go back to look for Basil?" Priscilla protested when the cab had started.

Ruth shook her head firmly. Return again to look for Basil—with the neighborhood already twice aroused and alarmed by their visits? No; in Ruth's mind there was still room for sanity.

"We'll find your brother, never fear," she declared. "But we've done all that we can tonight. I'll confer with my father, and tomorrow morning we're going to report this entire affair to District Attorney Brady. You'll meet me at the central courthouse at ten—with-out fail!"

Priscilla did not answer. She was crying.

CHAPTER IV

Watchful Enmity

THE courthouse stands at the top of a high hill, above one of the busiest squares in the city. In its position, commanding a view of the swarming traffic below, yet walled in from the bustle of commercial activity by municipal and State buildings, it seems to hold itself in a certain majestic aloofness—a sedate, high-pillared edifice, looking gravely down upon those who approach.

There is a steep, straight thoroughfare ascending; and at ten o'clock in the morning a throng may be seen moving upward to the broad steps and doors. There are people of various descriptions, some arriving in haste, some in a leisurely manner: attorneys and their "runners," reporters, policemen in uniform and in plainclothes; plaintiffs and defendants in the civil sessions, sullen-eyed lawbreakers awaiting trial in the criminal courts, and idlers drawn by curiosity.



THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR



On the morning of Friday, the twenty-first of March, there was one in the oddly assorted crowd who attracted many glances, and who would have attracted more if observers had guessed how great a part she was soon to play in their affairs.

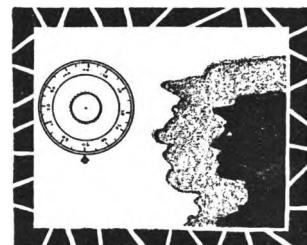
A trace of uncertainty was mingled with the questioning quality in Ruth Trevor's gaze this morning. She paid alert attention to all whom she met or passed, and was conscious that she herself had become of interest to others. There were men in the throng whose glances followed her; groups lounging on the steps turned to stare as she passed. And what of that thin, rat-eyed individual a few paces behind? Hadn't he been standing in the square below when she had alighted from her father's limousine? The girl felt a quick annoyance as she walked on, chafing at their inquisitive attentions.

Men's faces leered at her from out of that dark recollection; there were lips that smirked, burning eyes from which she recoiled. A nightmare— But here in the daylight the ugly vision persisted. Even on the steps of the courthouse, furtive forms seemed to have followed her out of that room of horrors; eyes appeared to stare at her as on the night before.

Passing through a revolving door and ascending another short flight, Ruth found herself in a warm corridor where crowds were gathered outside the lower criminal courts. She walked to the elevator, still conscious of a feeling that she was being watched as though in curiosity or hostility. Once she found herself glancing backward.

The elevator was jammed. Ruth was pushed out with many others at the third floor, and advanced to a

More Than Anything Else, It Was Excitement That Attracted McArthur. To Him the Underworld Was a Glamorous Region, Bright With Glittering Lights, Pulsing With the Feverish Challenge of Adventure. He Hadn't Won His Name "Dizzy" for Nothing. And He Always Preferred a Lone Hand.



It was a new experience for her. All her life she had met only respect and courtesy. Here at the crowded entrance of the courthouse was an atmosphere of resentment which made itself acutely perceptible.

Yet it was a fitting sequel to her night of adventure! She checked her thoughts with a little start. In the midst of this hurrying mass of humanity, and in the bright sunlight of the morning, the events of a few hours earlier seemed incredible, almost unreal.

large open space provided with settees, where she paused, gazing around in perplexity. She saw that Priscilla had not arrived. Nearly all of the seats were filled, and along the heavy railing by the stairs more groups were gathered, smoking and chatting. Once again she became aware that she was a center of attention.

She felt positive that a trio near the stairway were talking about her. One, a large, handsome man of about thirty-five with thick eyebrows, kept gazing at her from time to time with a peculiar, frowning intensity. Ruth suddenly realized that she had encountered that gaze on the preceding night. His face was in her memory, somewhere in the midst of the bewildering events through which she had passed.

She found the discovery a trifle disconcerting. Had she been unwise, once again, in disregarding advice from her father? He had suggested that she consult with the family lawyer, Mr. Tapley, and request him to accompany her. But surely here in the courthouse—

Then in a second Ruth had turned, both hands outstretched.

"Priscilla!"

"Miss Trevor! You get home all right?"

"Oh, yes. The driver we chose proved most trustworthy and courteous."

"You ought've let him take you home first, Miss Trevor."

"I thought you weren't going to call me Miss Trevor."

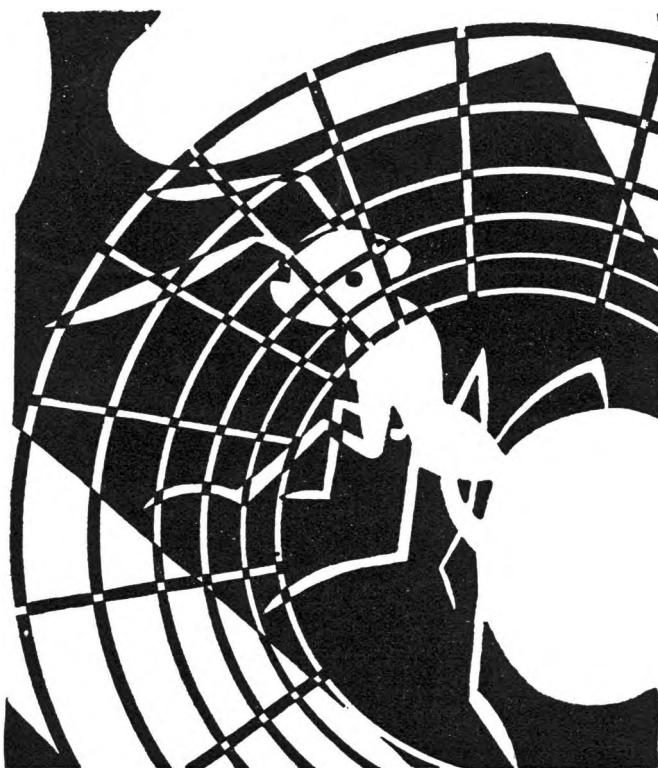
"Miss Ruth, then."

"Not Miss Ruth. Just Ruth."

Priscilla smiled warmly. "Gee," she said with a sigh, "I don't know what I can ever do to pay you back! You've been too good. You've done too much."

Once more came Ruth's quick feeling of pity. So Priscilla thought that she had done too much! Well, there was more, and a great deal more, that she intended to do. Her heart had gone out to this freckled little girl who had come bravely to the city to find her brother. She mustn't delay—

"Tell me, Priscilla. Just how long was it, after your brother left home, when you first heard from him?"





THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR



"Oh, 'bout four months. Pa got a letter from him with money in it. Since then he's written us two or three times, and sent money once, but never told us how to reach him or where he was working—only he was doing good."

A young man unexpectedly approached Ruth and Priscilla. He had curly reddish hair and an infectious smile.

"Pardon me, ladies," he began, in an ingratiating manner. "My name's Paxton—Fred Paxton of the *Record*. I'm told you are awaiting an interview with the D. A. Would it be possible to give me a hint as to the reason for the conference?"

His smile was so winning that Ruth found herself returning it.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't," was her reply.

He accepted it gracefully.

"May I ask that if it becomes possible afterward, you'll give me the story first?"

"Sure we will!" declared Priscilla. "Won't we, Miss Ruth?"

He beamed and handed each a card. "I'll be very thankful—"

Upon an impulse, Ruth turned to him.

"Can you tell me who that large, dark-complexioned gentleman is—the one who keeps glancing this way so often?"

He followed her gaze, and a look of embarrassment crossed his features. "Why, I—I—" he began. "I—I'm sorry, but—"

"You see," he attempted to explain, "that's something—that particular gentleman is—you see, we're not supposed to divulge his identity to strangers. I'm mighty sorry to seem disobliging—but it really might place me in a most undesirable position—" His frank blue eyes were troubled.

Ruth was left more puzzled than before.

All at once she turned with a sharp catch of her breath. Close at hand, a man had opened a newspaper.

It was a forenoon edition; and on the front page was a large photograph—a likeness which seemed to burn itself into her consciousness, banishing every other thought. A face, hauntingly, tragically familiar, that she had seen blanched with terror; eyes that had stared in helpless appeal.

MAN'S BULLET-RIDDLED BODY FOUND IN HYDE OAKS PARK

Identified as James L. Cameron, Ex-Gangster

It was true, then—what she had feared! The voices in the subterranean cabaret had not been muttering idly. "Jimmy Cameron," forced at the point of a pistol into the standing automobile, had been carried to a lonely district and slain in cold blood. Her warning to the police had been too late.

And what of the other hideous snatches of dialogue? What of Priscilla's brother? Had he, too—? Ruth's mind shrank, shuddering, from the consideration.

What should be her own course now? Should she heed her father's admonitions and withdraw? Surely it was her duty to inform the authorities that Basil Reed had not been one of those who had forced the victim to enter the sedan—

A voice from a doorway across the corridor called: "Is there a Miss Ruth Trevor here? Miss Trevor—" Ruth touched Priscilla's shoulder. "Come quickly." They crossed the threshold together.

CHAPTER V

Powerful Foes

THE district attorney's attitude was very puzzling, Mr. Donaldson, I—I couldn't quite fathom it—"

The man who sat facing Ruth smiled. It was a peculiar smile, momentary, gone in an instant, without

A heavy blow descended upon his head, paralyzing his whole body.





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softening to the slightest degree the lines of purpose and inflexibility about his lips or his penetrating eye.

"I hadn't realized that there was anything unfathomable in Mr. Brady's personality," he returned.



He blinked until his vision cleared. Kneeling about him were a group of men, one of whom had a bottle in his hand.



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She thought that he had spoken with an edge of droll irony. An impression came to her that the words held some significance which she had failed to comprehend. With considerable curiosity she studied this individual who sat on the opposite side of the bare table—the man who had been described to her as the foremost private investigator in the State, and whose advice she had ascended twenty-eight floors to this wind-buffed cubby-hole of an office to seek.

He was well worth her scrutiny. A veritable giant, six feet, four inches in height, two hundred odd pounds in weight without an ounce of superfluous flesh, carefully groomed, reserved and deliberate in manner, he possessed features which displayed his great strength to full advantage. Huge, gray-tufted eyebrows added a touch of sternness to a countenance topped by a wide forehead and predominated by a mouth and chin of iron. Ruth felt that here was a man who combined the primitive and the highly civilized, a hunter by nature, who had chosen the surroundings of a big city rather than the obscure paths of the jungle.

"Yes," she reiterated, "I was quite at a loss after my talk with Mr. Brady. He was inclined to scoff at the idea that these criminals have further designs—that Basil Reed is in danger. He said that he couldn't think of permitting us to become State's witnesses in such an unpleasant and dangerous case. And in some way he seemed almost to resent our coming, although both my father and I had tried to make it plain that we didn't wish to intrude upon his handling of the case."

"Was Judge Trevor present at the interview?" Donaldson asked.

"No. He is recovering from a severe attack of grippe. But he arranged the appointment by telephone, and he now insists that I obtain the services of an investigator if we plan to go any farther in our search. In fact,"—she laughed with slight nervousness—"I, too, now feel that it wouldn't be safe for us to go alone to that particular part of the city in the future."

"No," agreed Donaldson, slowly and a trifle absently, "I'm glad you appreciate that fact."

"If you feel that you can take up this matter, I am anxious

for you to begin work at the earliest possible moment. I'm quite willing for you to employ as many assistants as you think advisable."

A pair of deep-set, pale blue eyes met hers thoughtfully.

"Precisely what is it that you wish done in the matter, Miss Trevor?"

She bent over the table. "Basil Reed must be found. He must be induced to abandon the society of his companions. And if there is any danger hanging over him, we must find a way to protect him."

For a moment the investigator was silent. His manner was grave, his expression again half-vacant. He appeared to be deep in the consideration of an involved and weighty problem almost beyond him.

To Ruth's surprise, he shook his head.

"I'm afraid I'll not be able to accept the case," he told her.

"B-but," she protested, "if it's a question of terms—"

"No. I will be quite frank with you."

Once more she was held briefly by his swift, penetrating gaze. For another short interval he hesitated, toying gently with an ash-tray at one end of the plain, polished table, as though undecided how to express what was revolving in his mind.

"The reason why I am unwilling to undertake this matter," he explained at length, "is that I don't feel I could give you the kind of work which you would have a right to expect if you should engage my services. I foresee that this line of inquiry which you are contemplating—" Again he paused. "I foresee that it would eventually bring me into contact—or, more exactly, into conflict—with elements which would make it extremely inadvisable for me to continue beyond a certain point in my investigation.

"Now, all this is rather vague and unsatisfactory," he apologized, noticing her troubled frown, "but it is difficult to make it plainer. I am of the opinion that you will find it very hard to obtain anyone who will accept this particular assignment and carry the inquiry as far as you wish it carried."

"Of course there are investigators in the city who will be glad to work for you. There are any number of detective agencies. But if one of these accepts your case with honest



Framed in the doorway was a woman, coarse of features, carelessly dressed.



THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR



intentions, I fear that it may be through ignorance of what is actually involved."

He was again facing her squarely, talking in an earnest tone.

"It is unethical to speak so of my competitors, but under the circumstances I feel that you should be cautioned. There are wolves in every profession—ours is no exception. Some men will take your money week after week without the slightest intention of producing the desired result. Others will carry out your instructions faithfully up to the point where their own welfare becomes jeopardized; but they will be careful not to push the investigation beyond that point."

"But, Mr. Donaldson, how can it be such a difficult or hazardous task simply to locate and protect this unfortunate, misguided boy?"

It brought another fleeting smile to his firm lips.

"Ah—my dear Miss Trevor! It is perhaps as well for your peace of mind that you have no idea of what lies behind that seemingly simple task. You yourself have expressed a fear that young Basil Reed may be drawn into the Cameron affair. Surely you perceive that there are countless possibilities in that center of schemes and schemers.

"You probably didn't realize it, but when you entered the café of the Friend Hotel on Thursday evening, you had found your way to the lowest depths of what we call the underworld. You entered, furthermore, at a time when the underworld was alive with sinister activity, a time which witnessed the inception of one of the most far-reaching criminal conspiracies in the history of this State. By the grace of God you and your friend were able to withdraw from that plague spot unharmed. Most earnestly I advise you not to imperil yourself further."

"If you abandon your purpose now, laudable though that purpose is—if your future conduct makes it plain that your interest in the matter has ceased—I believe that you will be permitted to go your way unmolested. But if you continue, if you persist, I fear that your visit to gangland will have an unpleasant after-clap, perhaps an effect that will shadow your life for many years.

"You will find yourself trying to impede the progress of a gigantic piece of machinery—smooth-working, nefarious machinery, impelled and controlled by greed. A private agency can't fight this engine of crime. I can't fight it, if I hope to continue making my living here as a licensed investigator. Even you, the daughter of a Supreme Court justice, can't fight it."

Throughout his statement Ruth had been speechless, alternating between uncertainty and amazement. Yet as he finished, she sensed that he had spoken with undeniable sincerity.

"I—I can't understand," she contrived, "how you know so much about

With Incredible Speed They Worked. The Doorway Was Dark. Then Five Figures Appeared. They Held a Gun Against the Boy in the Center. Before Ruth Could Get Its Number, the Sedan Was Gone. The Prisoner Had Been Taken for a Ride! That Was the Significance of It. And Somehow Priscilla's Brother Was Implicated! Was Going to Be Sent Over the 'Smoky-Seat Route'!"

the matter! You must have some other source of information—"

He nodded quietly.

"My knowledge comes from the underworld. An investigator who attempts to practice his profession without keeping in touch with the realm of organized crime is unutterably foolish; for the underworld doesn't confine itself to its own districts. It reaches everywhere; it is to be reckoned with in everything that we undertake. Yes, Miss Trevor; I know more about events of Thursday than you have told me."

His words brought an ominous conviction. Here was further proof that a widespread network of evil enveloped Basil Reed and his associates. But had Donaldson told her all? Was he withholding some fact lest it should prove too great a shock—

some crowning horror which impended, or which, perhaps, already had occurred? It was a thought that chilled her.

She heard his voice.

"Miss Trevor, I have felt it my duty to offer you this advice. If, after your most careful consideration, you still wish to continue—" He hesitated.

Taking a notebook from a drawer of the table, he turned the pages.

"I'll give you the addresses of the only two men at present in this State who, in my belief, would accept this case and would attempt to carry it through to the finish, whatever that finish ultimately would be. The first is Mr. Jack Bradford, who is to be found in the *Beacon* building on the floor above the editorial rooms, although you should not go there to consult with him."

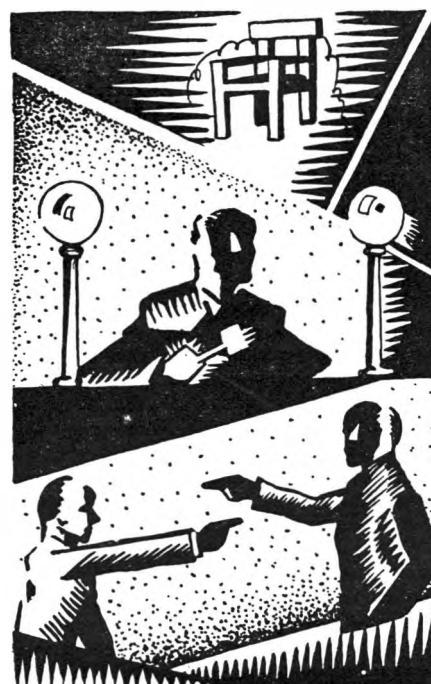
"Bradford—" she repeated, struggling with a memory.

"He is a young law student who also acts as a private detective. He would probably take the case because he is employed by an organization which exists for the express purpose of seeking reform and better law enforcement—the well-known Committee of Two Hundred. I think they would not hesitate to combat the interests to which I have alluded. And when two such forces clash, Heaven knows what may happen!"

"The other man is Mr. Kendall McArthur of 440 Wellington Street. He prefers to be rated as an amateur investigator, being also an inventor of electrical appliances and a semi-professional hockey player."

Ruth was puzzled. "A—hockey player?"

"Yes,"—with a return of that momentary, half-humorous gaze. "In this city he's better known as Dizzy McArthur. His team, the Independents, won the national championship two years ago, finished as runner-up last year, and is in the play-off series again this season. Perhaps you don't follow hockey. I believe McArthur would accept your case out of sheer recklessness, to





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satisfy a peculiar craving for excitement and danger. Usually he works alone, although on occasions he is assisted by another hockey player or by a young lawyer named Lontos.

"Those are the two men whom I recommend, Miss Trevor. You must make your choice between them. They will not work together."

She rose, thanking him.

"I have one other warning," he said, as they moved toward the door. "If you decide to communicate with either of these investigators, you should do so with the utmost secrecy. There is little doubt that you have been watched closely during the past two days. The underworld must be uneasy. You probably have been followed to this building."

"Use great care in making any arrangements with Bradford or with McArthur. The leaders of the underworld fear both of these men—Bradford because he represents a powerful organization, and McArthur because he has proved himself more than a match for them in the past. If they learn that you are about to place your evidence in the hands of one of these investigators, they may make strenuous efforts to prevent it."

"Good afternoon, Miss Trevor. I'm sorry to have disappointed you. But, you see—I haven't only myself to consider."

His voice held a note of regret, a quiet finality. Ruth knew that she could not induce him to reconsider. She passed through an outer room where a golden-haired secretary sat at work, then descended in an elevator with feelings of mingled wonder and apprehension. Of what nature was the sinister and far-reaching power of which she had been told, and against which this able hunter of criminals was unwilling to take the field? Was civilization a failure when confronted by organized lawlessness?

Instinctively, as she stepped to the sidewalk, Ruth glanced at passers-by. She saw none who displayed the slightest interest in her movements. Yet Donaldson had suggested— Of a sudden she felt a flare of resentment toward Donaldson. Danger or no danger, he had talked to her almost as one might have spoken to a child. And he had climaxed the incongruity by referring her to a pair of far less experienced investigators—one a mere youth, and the other a semi-professional hockey player!

She found herself laughing strangely, nervously.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in spite of herself. "If I were a man like Mr. Donaldson, I—I wouldn't be afraid!"

IN his bare little office twenty-eight stories above, Donaldson sat alone, troubled by qualms of conscience. Had he said enough? Had he, after all, given Ruth Trevor any inkling of the real proportions of the problem that she was preparing, voluntarily, to face? Should he, for her sake, have gone a step farther? Should he have violated a confidence to the extent of allowing her a clearer glimpse behind the veil? Surely he had told her enough to prevent her from trying to continue her task personally—



Donaldson did not suspect that his golden-haired secretary had been listening at the door throughout the conversation.

CHAPTER VI

The Sportsman-Detective

KENDALL McARTHUR laid his fur coat carefully across a chair, placed his stylish hat on top of it, and paused to pick up a letter which was lying on a rug close to the threshold.

"That's peculiar," was his comment.

"What is peculiar?" asked his companion.

"It's special delivery. Who ever heard of pushing a special-delivery letter under the door?"

Crossing to a table in his comfortable living-room, McArthur put on a light and sat down, blinking. He scrutinized the envelope with curiosity.

"It was mailed in the uptown postal district this forenoon. I should have received it long before this—"

"That's true."

"I've a notion to complain about it," declared McArthur.

He took a paper-knife from the table and turned to slit the envelope. But at that instant his companion leaned forward excitedly, catching his wrist.

"Careful, Mac!"

"What on earth is the matter?" asked the inventor-detective, blinking in amazement.

The other's keen face was anxious, his deep, dark eyes were troubled.

"The envelope, Mac. It has been steamed open and re-sealed."

"M-mm,"—with a frown. "Do you think so?"

"I am positive. See there! See the tiny bits of paper at the edge of the gum, where it stuck the first time but not the second."

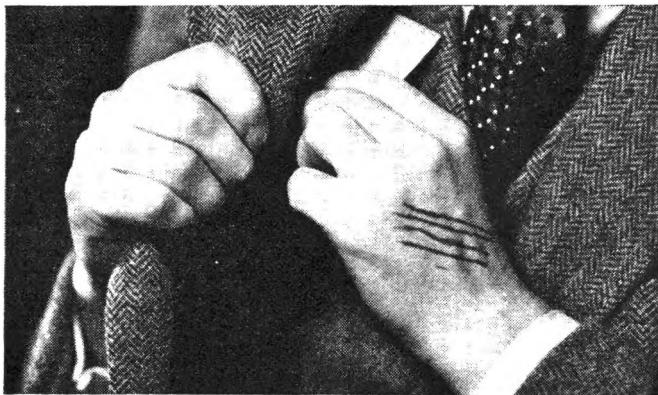
McArthur peered more closely at the spot indicated. "I'm really half inclined to believe you're right," he



For a brief time they rode in silence. He hadn't a thing to remember the place by.



THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR



He had not realized how the scratches stood out on his hand, those four angry lines.

declared. "I doubt if I'd have noticed it—Take off your coat, Nick, and make yourself comfortable. Hang it on the rack, why not?"

Drawing a long breath which resembled a sigh, Nick Lontos complied, moving with lithe, springy steps. It was plain that he was disturbed. The inventor, meanwhile, ran his knife along the edge of the envelope and drew out a sheet of expensive note-paper. The letter was brief. He read it with interest.

Lontos returned softly—an erect, uneasy figure—and stood regarding the opened envelope.

"Mac. How do you suppose this letter came to be left under the door? Someone must have signed for it when it arrived. Perhaps the Chinese boy—"

McArthur shook his head, still perusing the note. "Wing Shinn doesn't write English."

"But does he read English?"

"M-mm?"

"Then there is the janitor. I have never liked his appearance."

The inventor blinked again, winking his brisk eyes very rapidly as he met his friend's gaze.

"A touch of mystery to enliven the evening, hey?"

"You should not regard it too lightly. I hope—although it is presumptuous of me to ask—I hope the letter is not about confidential matters?"

"I don't know. It's a trifle puzzling. Have you ever heard of a lady—a young lady, I imagine—whose name is Ruth Trevor, and who lives at 12 Montgomery Circle?"

"Trevor—" repeated the lawyer. "W-why! That must be Judge Trevor's daughter! Associate Justice Horace Trevor of the Supreme Court."

"Indeed?" said McArthur, raising his rich, dark eyebrows.

"Do you mean that Miss Trevor has written requesting your services?" asked Lontos, his eyes shining with sudden eagerness.

"Apparently she wishes work of some kind done, although her note doesn't explain its nature."

"Your renown has spread far, Mac!" The young Greek spoke with a delight

so genuine that it was almost a personal pride. "In this case, I was recommended by our friend Donaldson."

Instantly Lonto's expression of pleasure vanished. His countenance darkened with fresh uneasiness.

"Donaldson!" he said, heavily. "I don't trust him."

McArthur smiled. He knew Lontos of old: Lontos and his perpetual suspicion.

He passed the letter to his friend.

"Read it, Nick. Notice particularly the postscript, advising me not to reply by mail or telephone, but to meet Miss Trevor and her attorney at the public library this evening."

"I see. Miss Trevor must have feared the very catastrophe that seems to have occurred. It is evidently a case where there is great need of secrecy. 'In the fountain room of the public library—' At eight-thirty!" Nick Lontos drew out his watch. "Why, it's eight o'clock now."

McArthur nodded.

"Mac, I don't like it. Some one has opened this letter. Where is the Chinese?"

"Wing's out for the evening."

"And the janitor?"

It brought a gesture of indolence. "One never knows where he is."

"Shall you keep the appointment?"

"Oh, by all means."

"It is very risky. A keen interest has been shown either in your affairs or in Miss Trevor's. You must be watchful. I will go with you."

He returned the note. "Be sure to keep the envelope. We may wish to seek a Federal warrant for tampering with the mail."

"But, after all, we're not sure that the letter has been read."

"Do as I tell you, Mac!" Lontos spoke with a trace of irritation. "And come! We must be at the library early, to observe if there are any suspicious characters about."



"They're just carrying you along until they're ready to put on the screws. Aren't you wise to that?"



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Again smiling slightly, the inventor rose and unlocked a drawer of his desk. He placed the note and envelope inside, changed his mind, transferred both to his pocket. Then, while his friend was struggling into his overcoat, he stepped to an adjoining bedroom, where he lit a pair of bright electric lamps, one at either side of a mirror.

For a few moments he surveyed himself critically, frowning and blinking in vague disapproval. Of late he had been prey to an alarming idea that his photographs in the newspapers had done him more than justice. Somehow his figure in street attire, however fashionable, seemed to lack something of the rugged and colorful effect that his hockey togs produced. But he noted with satisfaction that his necktie was perfectly knotted, his glistening black hair faultlessly parted, and his curling mustache brushed.

The public knew him as Dizzy McArthur. He had earned the nickname at college, and through the years he had tried with his whole heart to live up to it. Dizzy? Not in reality—as his opponents in semi-professional hockey could testify. He had been given the name because of his eccentricity and reckless abandon.



Krol, the manager, was beside the bouncer to whom McArthur had talked earlier in the evening.

He was of the dashing type, aggressive, hooted by the crowds and marked by his adversaries. Not the kind of player that a manager with a weak heart would sign—and if the manager's heart wasn't weak, it would be, after he had spent a half season trying to tame Dizzy McArthur. The kind of player who couldn't get started while his team was leading; he'd rather be spectacular than play a sound, safe game. Yet in hockey and in the underworld he was known as a hard man to beat.

"Mac! Are you coming? Here is your coat—"

"Thanks, Nick. But I'm worried."

"Why?" came the quick question.

"I honestly think I look five pounds heavier in my hockey suit."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Nick Lontos, who was not in a mood for trivialities. He added sharply: "Oh! I intended to ask you at dinner. How is your team progressing?"

"We aren't," said McArthur, ruefully, as he placed his hat upon his head with care. "In two weeks we've tumbled from first place to third. That's forced us into the semi-finals; and last night we were held to a tie by Springfield in the first game of the elimination series."

Lontos, who knew little of hockey, rather hazily expressed sympathy. They went out, descending the stairs.

CHAPTER VII

McArthur is Puzzled

THE inventor tapped at a door near the foot of the stairs. It was opened by a surly individual with gray hair and close-set, light brown eyes. He wore a faded green sweater and was without a collar.

"I've been having a bit of trouble with the mail," McArthur announced, casually. "You didn't happen to notice a boy with a special-delivery letter this afternoon?"

"Yeah. He came down here with it, Mr. McArthur. Said he couldn't get no answer up above."

"What time was this, please?"

The man shook his head. "I didn't take particular notice."

"Well, approximately? Did you sign for the letter?"

Starting to reply, the janitor hesitated; and for an instant his eyes seemed to draw closer together.

"Yeah. I signed for it. He asked me to. Then I brought it up and shoved it under the door."

"Yes; I found it. Thank you," said McArthur. "And about what time was it, did you say?"

"Must have been between three and four."

Instantly McArthur knew that this was a falsehood. Had the letter been inserted beneath the door earlier than six-thirty, it would have been found by little Wing Shinn, the Chinese boy who looked after his personal needs at his apartment. Wing Shinn had promised to return at dinner-time and bring two of McArthur's suits, before going out for the evening. The presence of the neatly pressed suits bore witness that the Chinese had kept his promise; and the tailor had told McArthur that he couldn't possibly have the clothes ready before six-thirty. Wing Shinn had been in the rooms during the dinner hour; and he would not have left the letter lying on the rug.

Where had Ruth Trevor's note been during the interval?

McArthur did not voice his thoughts. He thanked the janitor again and hurried on with Nick Lontos, without telling his friend what he had learned.

At a garage a short distance from his apartment, the inventor kept a battered and renovated touring car which was the talk of the town. It was thirteen years old, of a type no longer built, with worn-out parts replaced by those from a half-dozen different makes



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of automobiles: a radiator of French design, extra-large wheels of popular American manufacture, gears from a racing model, together with a heterogeneous motor and the original body painted a pale gray—and for want of a better name McArthur called it the Gray Ghost.

Climbing into the wide, straight-backed front seat with Lontos, he gently warmed the motor. It was his custom always to treat the Gray Ghost with consideration and respect. The car had first belonged to a teammate of his college years; and he felt that it was like having an old friend at his side when he went alone on hazardous undertakings. Listening to its quiet purr, he paused to place a gold-tipped cigarette in his holder.

Smoothly, despite its age, the automobile moved across town. Yet inwardly McArthur was chafing. Lines of cars swept past with impatient shrieking horns; others crowded him, or cut impudently in front. Motorists turned in their seats and stared at him, laughing. Like a relic of forgotten days the Gray Ghost ambled on, slowly, painfully.

The inventor scowled and puffed savagely at his cigarette. In a leather pocket of the touring car was a curt notice from the registrar of motor vehicles, warning him that his next violation of the speed laws would result in the permanent revocation of his license. He glanced at a tiny clock which he had installed on the dashboard.

"McArthur," he told himself, sadly, "you're going to be five minutes late."

"Go slowly, Mac!" cautioned Lontos. "Slowly!"

At last they came within view of the imposing front of the library. McArthur turned the car to the curb and alighted.

"You'll wait here, Nick?"

"No. I will follow you. I'll keep watch on the steps.

"And, Mac!" Lontos added. "If I see anyone suspicious I'll go inside and enter the fountain room. I'll not speak to you. My presence in the room will mean that there is danger."

"Right," agreed the inventor. He ran lightly up the long flight of stone steps, entered the quiet interior, and walked down a wide corridor, his manner calm but alert. The corridor was empty as he passed.

The fountain room was precisely what its name suggested—a large, marble-walled enclosure with a splashing radiance in the center. It was lined with comfortable wooden seats, and was a popular meeting-place. McArthur stepped over the threshold, finding only a few scattered groups in the room. He looked with interest at those present.

From a seat near the door, a man and a young woman rose. The former was in the late thirties, narrow-shouldered, clean-shaven, slightly florid. The girl, McArthur saw, was of striking appearance—slender, simply yet attractively dressed in a plaid suit.

Her large blue eyes met his in a manner of interrogation, and he snatched off his hat.

"Mr.—McArthur?" ventured the florid man.

"Yes. Miss Trevor and Mr. Tapley?"

"I'm Mr. Tapley's assistant," he explained. "My name is Morris. I recognized you by your pictures on the sporting pages."

McArthur blinked. He endeavored not to show that he was pleased.

"Thank you so much for coming, Mr. McArthur," said the girl.

"I'll be very glad if I can be of service."

They were seated. Again the inventor glanced at the others in the room. He saw none whom he recognized.

Morris leaned forward. "Your note, Miss Trevor, didn't explain anything to Mr. McArthur about this matter?"

"No," she replied. "I thought it safer that it shouldn't."

"Miss Trevor has reason to think that she was followed when she took the letter to the mail-box this morning."

"Oh?" said McArthur, wondering.

"We're afraid that certain people may have learned, in some way to whom the letter was sent. Ordinarily a missive entrusted to Uncle Sam's care is safe from prying eyes; but in this case we aren't quite at ease. So Mr. Tapley has a suggestion—a very clever one—"

He lowered his voice slightly. "It's this. In the morning, you might reply to Miss Trevor by mail. Tell her that you can't take the case. Give some excuse—business, hockey, anything. Don't register your letter. You see—?"

McArthur nodded thoughtfully. The idea was clever, surprisingly clever—especially in view of the suspicion which he and Nick Lontos already had entertained in regard to the opened envelope. It occurred to him that Mr. Tapley, the lawyer in the case, was wise in the ways of the underworld. But what could be the nature of this business, when even the mails were within reach of their adversaries?

Then another angle of the matter perplexed him. What had occurred to convince Mr. Tapley that letters in the mail were not secure from inquisitive eyes? Something more definite, surely, than the fact that Ruth Trevor had been followed—some circumstance which Morris had not confided. Why had such a move on the part of their opponents been necessary, when arrangements evidently had been made to tamper with the letter at the receiving end?

"I'll send the reply that you suggest," he agreed, slowly.

The girl began her explanation, speaking in a quiet tone. She related briefly the efforts by Priscilla Reed and her family to locate her brother in the city. She told of meeting Priscilla at the headquarters of a social-

They Regarded McArthur With Evident Hostility. But Why? Surely His Disguise Was Sufficient. He Hadn't Spent Months in Just Such Dives of the Underworld to Be Unable to Speak the Language of the Inmates. What Had They Guessed About Him, and How?





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service organization, and of their unsuccessful search afterward.

While she spoke, the inventor remained keenly awake to his surroundings. He noticed, with a certain relief, that Nick Lontos had not entered the room.

"We hope," she finished, "that you can find Basil Reed for us. His sister has given me his photograph and that should facilitate the search, don't you think?"

He blinked uncertainly. "I shouldn't imagine it

reasons, the peculiarities of the case attracted him. "When would you wish me to begin?"

"Immediately," she declared. "That would be essential, because we're afraid that Basil Reed is in danger through his associations."

"In that case," he stated, "I may have to decline. I can't promise definitely before tomorrow evening."

"To-morrow—" It was a tone of disappointment. "You see, it's on account of hockey. We are in



"Going home," said McArthur, and his knuckles cracked on the big man's chin. Caught completely by surprise, he fell backward.

would be very much of a problem to locate him. Who, in your belief, is interested in the case to the point of interfering with the United States mail?"

"We—we feel," she replied, hesitating, "that the young man's companions are doing their utmost to prevent our finding him."

"Why?"

Morris spoke.

"That, I understand, is something which Mr. Tapley has cautioned Miss Trevor not to mention. It seems that this young Reed has become associated with certain criminals. No doubt you will learn their identity if you begin work on the matter—"

"If you do," the girl added, "Mr. Tapley also suggests that we should not meet again in this city, nor should you at any time communicate with my home or with his office, either by mail or by telephone."

McArthur considered. From the first, the proposal had puzzled him. It seemed incongruous that the mere search for a wayward youth should arouse such opposition in the underworld. He felt that there were facts which the girl had not told him, and he was conscious of a curious resentment. Yet, for many

the semi-finals of the eastern division. Tomorrow night we play at Springfield. If we win, we move into the finals, then into the national championship series with the western winners. But if we lose, we're eliminated."

"If you lose," she asked, rising, "you'll be free to help us?"

"Yes, Miss Trevor. But," he added, once more blinking rapidly, "we really don't intend to lose!"

She gave him an enigmatical smile as they parted.

CHAPTER VIII Rough Stuff

SPRINGFIELD—and the big night!

A roar of twelve thousand voices shook the long, high-roofed building with thunderous volume. The massed throng, occupying every available foot of space in the great auditorium except a small square in which the band had tried to make itself heard between periods, was a wild sea of humanity, rising, receding, surging upward in hope or in anxiety, settling back with disappointment or relief, exhorting, pleading.

From early afternoon, many of the crowd had been



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*The third indictment was for "Basil N. Reed!"
A fourth was expected soon.*

on hand; one whole end of the building was jammed with spectators who had waited in line for hours; lunch-boxes had been strewn in the aisles or hurled at the white-sleeved officials on the ice below. A frenzied horde, gone mad on Springfield's night of nights, gaping downward at the glistening surface where lithe forms in bright green and in dull blue flashed back and forth beneath the floodlights.

All through the winter these same throngs had packed the vast arena, following with insane devotion the fortunes of their bewildering green-clad aggregation, hoping with them, despairing with them as mid-season found them in a lowly position, then rejoicing, electrified, as their heroes climbed game after game to finish second. And tonight the Springfield Shamrocks had repaid their supporters' loyalty. For two dashing, heart-throbbing periods they had battled the far-famed Independents to a scoreless tie.

A rugged, hard-checking team, dazzling in their bright green uniforms, they were heavier and more rangy than the visitors, although lacking their tremendous speed. Again and again the Independents' renowned forward trio broke away in thrilling combination rushes, the great, leaping strokes of their skates leaving the local players behind, while shrieks of anguish rose from above the rink.

"Check 'em! Check 'em!"

"Come on, you Shamrocks! Come on!"

Out on the ice, Dizzy McArthur felt the withering force of that chorus. He well knew the handicap which the Independents faced in attempting to wrest victory from Springfield before the eyes of this rabid, partisan throng. The tumult of hostility was having its psychological effect upon his team-mates. Time

and time again they should have broken through, but had been repulsed. His players were tiring; precious minutes were passing; and Fontaine, the Shamrocks' great Canadian goalie, appeared unbeatable.

There was a crash at mid-rink; two forms—one green, one blue—went down with legs tangled. McArthur reached for the loose puck and plunged ahead. The opposing left wing charged at him, missed. He dashed on, reached quarter-ice, bluffed a pass, drawing a defense man out of position, then carried through the opening with speed undiminished. He glimpsed the goal-tend crouching with strained, set face. There came a scream of despair, high and piercing. Then wildly the other defense player catapulted himself against McArthur, spilling him headlong.

The crowd raged and jeered as the defense man was waved to the penalty box. A storm of programs, papers, and more substantial missiles descended in protest. Pennies, nails, apples and oranges rained upon the ice and rolled to all corners. A pound of cheese was thrown. Time was called while attendants scraped the surface.

"Stand on your feet, McArthur, you yellow bum!"

Alert, watchful, the inventor resumed play. He felt that it was now or never, with the home team short-handed. A Springfield forward rushed down the rink, cutting a zigzag course. Bob Drew, fast-skating left wing of the Independents, checked him cleanly.

"Get him! Stop him!" Again it was a pleading shout.

Drew halted, broke his stride, eluded the green-sleeved center, and sped on. He passed to McArthur. The inventor blinked and drove the disk with all his strength toward the corner of the cage—a terrific shot. In the goal a padded green figure leaped sideways in a wild contortion. The flying black pellet struck his out-flung foot and was deflected high in the air. A gasping "Oh-o-o-oh!" from the crowd became merged in a round of applause for Fontaine's marvelous save.

McArthur shook his head, skating back to position. The breaks were against his team tonight. Springfield's sallies were penetrating deeper and deeper into the Independents' territory. Dalrymple, green center, formerly of the strong athletic club, feinted the blue defense out of formation and reeled through, while the massed thousands above the rink came to their feet with one accord. Fred Winter, youthful goal-tend, threw himself downward and blocked the shot.

"O-oh! Horseshoes!" "Tough, Dal!" "Come again, Dal, boy!"

Wiry Len Swinbourne of the Independents hooked the disk and launched forth in a weaving advance. He passed mid-rink. Crehan, the Shamrocks' defense star, a thick-set giant with a bull neck and heavy shoulders, barred the way. He raised his foot with a peculiar motion. With cruel force Swinbourne plunged against the edge of the other's skate. He dropped to the ice, writhing.

A surgeon and the visitors' trainer rushed to his assistance. He was helped from the rink, his knee dangling. McArthur sought the referee's gaze. He knew that Crehan should have received a major penalty; but, instead, the offense had escaped notice altogether. It was Crehan's second act of brutality. Early in the game he had laid his stick across Jack Antell's jaw, necessitating eight stitches.

Anew the whistle shrilled. Crehan, flushed by his accomplishment, circled the home cage with the puck and came hurtling down the side of the rink, gaining momentum with every flashing stroke. In his path McArthur waited, blinking. He saw his opponent's stick upraised, ducked his head as if to avoid it—then sharply lunged to meet Crehan in a savage cross-check. The impact lifted the Springfield player from his feet

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The inventor set down the instrument, blinking furiously.

and propelled him head foremost into the boards with a resounding crash. His heavy body bounced back to the ice and lay motionless.

Instantly a perfect hurricane of fury burst from all sides. An official, darting forward, jabbed McArthur's shoulder, gesticulating toward the penalty box. Spectators in the front row threw chairs at the inventor. A bottle missed him narrowly as he clambered over the rail.

"Boo! Out! Out!" "Boo-oo!" "Dirty work!" "Dirty McArthur!" "Out with him!" "Out of the game!" "Boo-oo!" "Get him! Mob him——!"

McArthur sat down, panting. Already he regretted his action, realized that it might cost his team the game and series. He watched, blinking, while Crehan was carried from the ice.

The struggle went on. Swinbourne's substitute faced off with Dalrymple. The latter secured the puck, circled warily backward, turned with a burst of sharp skating and stick-handled down the left lane. At the defense he passed to a wingman, who, surprisingly, batted the rubber disk back to Dalrymple—and Dalrymple drove it hard and true to the strings in the corner of the goal!

There followed a scene of indescribable madness. In one mass the great gathering surged upward, dancing, waving arms and hats, leaping in grotesque antics, while the roof rang and echoed with the thunderous acclaim. Sheets of paper fluttered down like giant snowflakes against a background of delirium.

In the game again, McArthur swung desperately to the attack. It was near the end now; in two minutes—very little more—he would hear the fatal clanging of the gong amidst the tumult; and all over the league the glad news would flash and spread like wildfire, that Dizzy McArthur was beaten. Teaming with Drew, he attempted to turn the opposing defense, but the Shamrocks swarmed crazily around him, bumping, slashing.

The puck was stolen from him. He whirled, regained it, but was pinched between Dalrymple and a new defense player. The collision tore off his white baseball cap and left him bareheaded like the others, his rich, black hair rumpled. He fought on, passing to Drew, whose shot was smothered. The puck was sent skimming far down the ice to the accompaniment of gleeful howls. McArthur pursued it, blinking, gathering

his failing strength for one more effort—one more—the last—

With bursting lungs he swung from behind his goal and plunged up the center of the rink, weaving and twisting. A wingman sprang at him open-mouthed, sweeping with his stick. McArthur dodged sharply to the right and reeled on. From the corner of his eye he glimpsed Dalrymple veering to meet him, and he cut inward, stick-handling giddily to confuse the defense. Between the waiting pair he drove the puck wickedly, saw it deflected from the goalie's pads, pursued it to the corner of the rink with frantic strides. There a green-clad defender pinned him against the boards, while an excited woman leaned over the rail and gripped his arms. Above the uproar came faintly the sound of the bell—and in an instant the scene was transformed to a tremendous, all-enveloping explosion of triumph.

Chairs were flung upon the ice by dozens, sliding in every direction. Joy-crazed spectators jumped the fence to surround the winners. McArthur, left alone and a trifle dazed, searched amidst the confusion for his baseball cap until he found it. Leaving the rink, he reached with his stick and poked Dalrymple between the shoulders.

"Nice work, Dal. Good luck against New Haven."

It came over him then—that there would be no finals for the Independents, no national championship series—that his hockey was ended for the year. In the dressing-room he packed his togs in a suitcase; then took a cooling shower and dressed in silence. None of him team-mates had much to say. All of the others were out of the room before McArthur had finished parting his hair and adjusting his necktie.

He made his way up a flight of stairs to the door, carrying his suitcase. A small crowd had collected outside the darkened exit, and several shouted jibes. With a smile McArthur edged his way toward the parking-field. A face in the background momentarily caught his attention—a girl's face. It was familiar. At first it

*Miss Trevor had told him.
"Thank you, Mr. McArthur, I
have heard
enough."*





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registered upon his mind only in a dull manner; then all at once he stopped, and his hand went mechanically to his hat.

In the tension and disappointment of the game, McArthur actually had forgotten about Ruth Trevor.

CHAPTER IX

More Rough Stuff

THE girl quietly returned his salutation. He set down his suitcase and crossed to where she stood.

"I scarcely expected to find you in Springfield, Miss Trevor."

"I thought," she explained, "that it might be my last chance to consult with you. A friend made the trip with me by motor. We enjoyed the game. I—" She hesitated. "I suppose I should say that I'm sorry you lost."

He blinked and shook his head. "Why on earth should you be sorry? I'm sure no one else is."

"I think the outcome will prove to be a great advantage to us, although unfortunate for you."

From her handbag she took a sealed envelope, which she passed to him.

"This is the photograph of Basil Reed that I spoke of."

"Oh, yes. Thank you."

He tore the envelope partly open. Then, realizing the futility of the act in the poor light, he placed it securely in an inside pocket.

"So, after this evening," she continued, "we can be total strangers until the work is completed. We have heard of each other, of course; I have tried unsuccessfully to engage your services; but we have never met."

He nodded, astonished at her cool, clear-headed command of the situation. An unusual girl, he decided. One who knew exactly what she wished to accomplish, and who did not intend to be thwarted. Yet he still felt that there were facts in connection with the case which she was keeping from his knowledge. Whether or not this was by advice of counsel, he was uncertain.

"I mailed my letter to you this morning, declining to take part in the matter. Have you received it?"

"No. Not yet."

"That's rather strange, isn't it?" he ventured.

"It is, indeed. Still, I left home quite early this afternoon—about three, I think. We were anxious to arrive here in time to obtain reserved seats, if possible."

"I hope you succeeded?"

"Yes—at speculators' prices."

"It's too bad," McArthur declared. "I could have arranged for a pair of passes."

"You don't think there's any risk of our being observed together here?" she asked, quickly. "There must be quite a number of people from town—"

He shook his head.

"I hardly think they'd notice us in the semi-darkness. Where is your car?"

"Over this way—"

He took up his suitcase and followed her. Nearly all of the vast assortment of automobiles had left the big parking-ground. Here and there a pair of head-



"Do you know what evidence led to his indictment?"

Have you

lights sprang into life and moved away. The girl advanced toward a dim shape which gradually assumed the outline of a low-built coupé. A form was visible through the window.

"Miss Carstairs—Mr. McArthur."

He acknowledged the introduction with old-fashioned courtesy.

"You'll not object if we follow you part of the distance home, Mr. McArthur? It's so easy to lose one's way at night."

"I'm afraid you'll be the objectors," the inventor replied with a grimace—and he explained about his warning from the registrar.

"Oh, we'll not mind going rather slowly. In fact, I'm giving this car three days' trial—at the dealer's insistence—and naturally I don't wish to strain the motor. By which route are you going?"

"By whichever you prefer, Miss Trevor."

"We really haven't any choice."

"Then I suggest the Tewksbury pike. It's much less crowded than the western artery."

The girl in the coupé put on the lights. She wound



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Bradford answered, "The minutes of the Grand Jury have been guarded with absolute secrecy."

a red scarf about her neck. "I'll wager you'll lose sight of him, Ruth," she said, laughing.

"Oh, no," he assured them, hastily, "my car's light gray—a 1915 chariot—you can't miss it."

He hurried across the field. A cluster of small boys had gathered near the gate, regarding the silent Gray Ghost with intense curiosity. They failed to recognize him as he arrived.

"Will it go, mister?" asked one of the group.

"I hope so, son," replied McArthur.

He pushed the starter. A cool, quiet buzz responded. With a sigh he lit a gold-tipped cigarette and released the clutch gently.

Driving through the gate, he led the way by quiet streets across the eastern end of the city, then crawled through the thick lines of traffic on the parkway to the comparatively deserted road which is the start of the Tewksbury pike. With the aid of his mirror, he kept watch on the coupé in the rear, and noted that it followed when he crossed to the darkness of the open highway. The reflected glare of its large, bright headlights became dazzling.

He blinked and chuckled. He had an idea that Ruth Trevor wouldn't be content to follow very long at the rate of speed which he was obliged to maintain.

The thought of the slow pace rankled particularly tonight. Although the notice from the registrar had been in the pocket of the car for several months, he had never found its presence so disturbing. He felt that it was unreasonable. A single unguarded moment on the highway—perhaps even an error in recording speed by some over-zealous motorcycle policeman—might cost him the right to operate automobiles, a privilege that was vital to him in his several occupations.

At the same discouraging speed, the old automobile moved on, through one small town, across the outskirts of another. People on the sidewalks turned to stare as it passed. McArthur shook his head sadly. He had better memories of the Gray Ghost—

Another small town was left behind. Then, true to McArthur's expectation, the bright lights of the pursuing coupé grew stronger; there came the note of a horn and the other car flitted past, the girl with the red scarf waving. The inventor blinked and went



THE SHADOW OF THE CHAIR



steadily on. Smaller and smaller grew the tail-lamp of the coupé, until finally it was whisked from view around a curve in the distance. He had an odd feeling, half of regret. But he had expected it—

The Gray Ghost rolled through Tiverton, then out again upon the lonely and unlighted highway. A wind from the hills, cold and invigorating, swept in from the side, keeping McArthur wide awake at the wheel. He passed an old mill on a sharp turn. At the next instant, swinging the curve, he caught his breath as he discerned a group of cars motionless on the road ahead. An accident? Had Ruth Trevor's coupé been involved?

Two pairs of headlights were in his eyes, blinding him. As he came nearer, slowing gently, he saw that there were automobiles facing in both directions, gathered so that the highway was entirely blocked—

Quick as the thought, McArthur cut his wheel sharply to the right, then to the left, attempting a complete turn.

The maneuver was too late. He had come too close to the ingenious barricade. A form leaped on the running-board—then another—strong hands wrestling for control of the steering gear. He struck one man, fought to retain the wheel. A heavy blow descended upon his head, staggering him, paralyzing his whole body. He felt himself whirling in sickening circles, still trying to keep his hands upon the wood and metal in front.

As if from a tangent he heard a voice, exultant:
"That's one ya didn't get in th' hockey game!"



"I thought you girls might be interested in this information about the jurors."

"You'll draw a major for that," returned McArthur promptly—and he had a sensation of falling a great distance.

CHAPTER X

As in a Dream

DIZZY McARTHUR was confused and disgruntled. He couldn't understand what had led him to return in the bus. He had a distinct aversion to buses—disliked and distrusted them. A twenty-passenger vehicle had been engaged to convey the Independents

to Springfield, but he had preferred his old automobile and the biting north wind. And, for that matter, this bus wasn't much warmer. There were occasional cold gusts upon his face, and his right ear was tingling. Evidently a window was open.

And crowded. Undoubtedly beyond the proper capacity. Many of the team's supporters must have been permitted to return with the players. McArthur felt the forms of men all around him, some reclining heavily upon his knees. Why, why on earth had he chosen to ride home in this uncomfortable conveyance? And what in the name of reason had he done with the Gray Ghost?

He tried to sit erect, but was stabbed by a torturing pain in his head—a pain which brought strange, deep-colored flashes before his eyes and caused a horrid feeling of nausea. Dropping back, he blinked weakly, then closed his throbbing eyes—and in a curious manner his head seemed to detach itself quietly from his shoulders and drift away into space. . . .

Yet at intervals the bouncing and lurching of the vehicle continued. He noticed it particularly across his cramped knees, where the forms of other passengers still weighed heavily. At every jolt they were tossed against his protesting muscles. Twice he endeavored to remonstrate with them, but found speech too great an effort. What an abominable road they had chosen! Or was the driver incompetent? Again McArthur forced his eyes open, winking in a dull manner.

As before, he was conscious of blinding pain accompanied by giddiness and bright flashes. This time the flashes came with excruciating brilliance between periods of darkness. In the dark spaces were other impressions: a pair of shoulders, a head with a cap, the edge of a half-lowered window. He felt a conviction that a cat was looking at him. Two eyes gleamed orange-red for an instant between a tree and a high, stone wall; and there appeared to be a narrow driveway branching off from the road. All at once McArthur realized that the motion had stopped and that people were talking.

He felt the weight raised from his knees. Close by his side, a door was opened, letting in a cool draught. He was surprised that a bus should have doors except at the front and rear. Then he was alighting—but with astonishing ease—it was such an effortless process. Were the others carrying him?

A gradual warmth came over him, an indoor atmosphere, lazy and drowsy. He was glad to close his eyes and shut out the light. But someone had gripped his face and was pressing upon either side of his jaw with powerful fingers. Something was forced between his lips; a burning and choking liquid poured into his throat. He swallowed once before he recognized the taste—then raised his head, coughing.

Once more his senses rocked and swam. He blinked until his vision cleared.

A rectangle of smudged ceiling grew distinct; then a wall with faded paper, a room almost bare of furniture. Framed in a doorway was a woman, coarse of features, carelessly dressed, and behind her a large man wearing



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a black flannel shirt. Twisting his aching neck, McArthur discovered a man of forty kneeling at his side, a bottle in his hand. Others were in the background.

The face at McArthur's side was that of a stranger, smooth-shaven and inscrutable. The thin lips moved.

"Listen, my friend," the words came to him. "Can you hear me?"

Slowly the inventor nodded.

"Listen carefully. You have had an accident. It was very unfortunate. You are in good hands now. Can you understand?"

Again McArthur inclined his head, causing it to jump and stab anew. He attempted to speak, but failed.

The stranger went on in a calm tone. "You're not in very bad shape, but you need rest. You must have rest. We are going to take you where you can obtain it.

"We're going to take you to the Pine Grove Inn at Pembroke. Perhaps you have heard of the place. You will be able to rest there undisturbed until some time after two o'clock this morning. At about that hour, I believe, the establishment is to be raided by the police of Pembroke. This, however, won't awaken you. In fact, I'll give you something to make sure that you will rest soundly.

"Do you comprehend what I am saying, my friend? You will not be disturbed by the raid. You will be in a state of complete insensibility—a condition, I may add, which probably will have every appearance of a drunken stupor. You will be taken to the police station, assigned to a comfortable cell, and booked upon several charges."

McArthur watched the other intently. A glimmer of the true situation had begun to penetrate to his groping mind.

"At first glance, your position would appear to be unenviable. But at present you are in good hands; and we have obligingly removed your automobile license and other means of identification from your clothes. So, in the morning, when you recover your sober senses at the police station, you need only send for a bondsman and furnish bail. You will be released pending a court hearing. Be sure that you give the police a fictitious name for their blotter. The Pembroke authorities won't recognize you; it isn't a hockey town. Give, for example, the name of John Wells of Westport.

"Thus, on the day when your case is called in court, you'll not need to be present. You can default your bail. You understand? The police will never know where to look for Mr. John Wells of Westport. Unless, of course, someone should send them information, suggesting that they direct their search to the roster of the renowned Independents of the American semi-professional hockey league.

"And," he finished with a quiet smile, "I'm sure that none of our present company would ever resort to such a contemptible action, especially in view of your own sportsmanship and your—er—wisdom in keeping out of other people's affairs."

A trifle grimly, McArthur returned his smile. He understood perfectly now. His brain, perhaps aided by the stimulant he had swallowed, was clearing rapidly. The events on the road returned to him, and the meaning of the present situation became unmistakable. It was a plan arranged by the organized underworld—a plot such as he had faced more than once in the past—but, on this occasion, a most ingenious plot.

There was to be no direct attack which might arouse public speculation—nothing obvious. Even the trumped-up charges were not to be brought immediately, but were to be held suspended, a weapon in the hands of his adversaries, awaiting his decision regarding "other people's affairs." McArthur guessed that this phrase meant, particularly, the affairs of the ruling "mob" in the city—and, still more particularly, the matter in which Ruth Trevor had sought his aid. But why? Why?



"I—I thought it was Mr. Bradford's voice."
said the boy.

He checked his thoughts abruptly. Ruth Trevor—! What of her safety? Had she passed the stretch of road beyond the old mill before the highway had been blocked? If so, had she been allowed to pass because the gangsters had been unaware of her presence in the coupé—or because they had been afraid to molest the daughter of a Supreme Court justice? Had she escaped?

He found the stranger's eyes upon him.

"There is one other little service that we'll be glad to do for you," the latter told him. "When you are bailed in the morning, go to Pembroke railway depot. There you will find your celebrated gray car. Your license, together with a few other papers that we have seen fit to remove from your person, will be hidden safely under the back seat. Don't you think we're considerate and sportsmanlike?"

McArthur again tried to speak. For a moment he choked peculiarly and was unable to frame the words, but at length succeeded.

"You go to the devil," he answered, pleasantly.

One of the other men in the room stepped forward. He was a burly individual, flashily attired beneath a light brown overcoat, and wearing a plaid cap. To the inventor, his heavy and flat-nosed countenance seemed vaguely familiar.

"Listen, Mac," the man attempted. "Be reasonable, will ya? Wot's th' sense av tryin' t' jam up against th' mob? Ya can't get away wit' it."

McArthur did not answer. He was striving to recall the voice.

"Listen. We all know ya. Many's th' night we've



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hung over th' balcony rail an' watched ya. We know you're on the up an' up—ya never pick on th' little feller—ya go after th' big man every time, like ya do in hockey—like ya done tonight wit' Crehan, an' got him. We don't wanna hurt ya, speed boy. But if ya don't lay off this, we *gotta* do something—see?"

"Shut up, Muggs," the well-dressed man ordered.

The inventor maintained silence. He had begun to realize the ugly possibilities of his position, and his mind was instinctively turning over the dilemma, seeking a way of escape. He was confident that his strength already was returning quickly. In hockey he had often resumed play after a smash that would have put others out of the game for days.

Murmuring voices impressed him with the need for prompt action. A conference was being held between the stranger with the bottle and his several associates. The talk was soon ended. Three pairs of arms lifted McArthur roughly to a standing position. His head throbbed again, but he was relieved to find that his feet seemed steady. He must make his effort now—Reasoning told him that it would be too late once he had arrived at the Pine Grove Inn.

His captors led him through a poorly lighted hall. One of the three stepped ahead, swinging open a door. McArthur saw a closed automobile waiting on a dark driveway. He threw a glance backward. The well-dressed spokesman had paused, whispering to the giant in the black flannel shirt, who appeared to be in charge of the premises. McArthur's fingers dipped to his overcoat pocket.

"Wot th' hell was that?"

"He dropped somet'ing," said the man on the right. "He dropped a damn key. I felt him put his hand in his pocket. We better find it. Might have his moniker on it—Th' brains might 've missed it."

The man known as Muggs produced a flash-light. At the same instant, emerging upon the steps, McArthur stumbled and threw himself forward as though falling—a combination of a clown's antic and the fall-away slide in baseball. The gangster on the right, caught by surprise, lost his grasp.

Instantly the latter plunged down the steps in pursuit; but the inventor, scrambling upright, eluded him and darted toward the side of the house. The man who had opened the door loomed in front, barring the way. McArthur met his chin with his open palm and hurled him headlong—then staggered past the corner of the building into the dark.

Shouts, oaths, rang out behind him. Half crouching, trying to discern objects in the gloom, he ran on. It was his intention to circle the house completely and move back toward the road, hoping for a lift from a passing motorist. But to his consternation he found that he had vastly overestimated his strength. His knees wobbled, his feet seemed weighted to the ground, and his head knifed and pounded as though it would split into sections. Gasping, he reeled on, taking his direction from the lighted windows.

Even the Breaks in Court Seemed All Wrong. First It Was the Jury. Now, to McArthur, the Judge Seemed Prejudiced. How Could You Expect an Honest Verdict Where Everyone Was Bent on Railroading Your Man to the Chair?

He heard the thrash of feet, caught the gleam of flash-lights. A few steps farther he tottered blindly, tearing his clothes on briars, searching for the black ribbon of the road, until, without warning, he lost his footing and sprawled over an embankment into a yawning pit of sand. The impact knocked the remaining breath from his spent lungs. Silently he laughed.

"A fall-away slide and a straight-arm—" came with a smothered chuckle. "Not so tough—for a hockey player!"

Pillowing his head upon his arm, he sank again into oblivion.

CHAPTER XI

A Blind Trail

McARTHUR'S next realization was of the sound of a motor. It was not the peculiar purr of the Gray Ghost, nor the heavier buzz of the closed car in which he had been taken by his captors, but a light sound, rapid and vibrant. He blinked, astonished to find himself in the front seat of a very small sedan, rattling over a macadamized road in the light of a clear gray dawn.

Curiously, his return to consciousness was unaccompanied by any of the distorted ideas which had marked his previous recovery. It was as though he had simply opening his eyes upon awakening from a nap. He understood immediately, albeit in a somewhat dull fashion, that he was in a small sedan with a stranger—a man of middle age, sharp of features, with a pointed nose and pointed chin, and with hazel eyes in which were mingled friendliness and curiosity.

"Feeling better now?" asked the driver.

"Much, thank you," replied McArthur, still blinking. "But where the deuce have I been?"

The stranger gave a cackling laugh.

"I guess, if *you* don't know, I can't help you much on that question. I ran across you a few miles back on the road. You was lying in a little sand pit, sleeping as pretty as you please. Looked like you'd been there half the night.

"I was afraid you might freeze if I left you there, so I got aholt of your shoulders and h'isted you into the car. You're a lot heavier than you look, brother."

McArthur passed his hand across his eyes. "I'm very much obliged for the lift. Where had you thought of taking me?"

"W-well—" It brought a hesitant smile. "Fact o' the matter is, with you dead to the world that way, I was figuring on carrying you down to the Pembroke police station."

"A good idea," said the inventor. "Please keep on with it, if it won't take you too much out of your way."

"Oh, I'm going right into Pembroke."

They did not attempt further conversation. The driver, although still plainly curious, was not inquisitive. McArthur watched in a slightly dazed manner while the car sputtered on through ever-increasing daylight, past houses silent in the early morning, until presently they topped a hill and coasted down into the center of a familiar village. The inventor recognized the principal business district of Pembroke, a town of eight or ten thousand inhabitants. The car rolled to a stop in front of a building where lights were still burning.

McArthur reached uncertainly for the door-handle, found it, and clambered stiffly to the sidewalk, his muscles cramped and sore. He turned back to the stranger.

"I'm very grateful to you, sir. You've done me a great favor."

"'S all right, doctor," was the cheerful response. "There's been times when I've needed help myself."



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It was all wrong. Here were two lives at stake—and she knew each man was innocent. What a travesty of justice it all seemed!

With another cackle of merriment, the driver raced his chattering motor, and the sedan moved away.

Entering the police station, McArthur found a corpulent sergeant at the desk and told his story. The other listened in apparent incredulity, taking note of the inventor's disordered attire. Near the end of the account, he interrupted, rising.

"You'd better tell this to the chief," was his decision.

That official was an elderly man, mild and white-mustached, who evidently had just arrived at the station. They found him warming his hands at a radiator in his private office.

"Chief, this gent says he's Kendall McArthur, the private detective and hockey man."

The head of the department advanced, offering the inventor a cordial grip of his cold fingers.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. McArthur. We've heard of some of your work in the city—" He stopped, a shocked expression crossing his face. "Have you had an accident?"

"W-well—so I was told. But I don't believe it."

The chief listened intently while McArthur repeated his statement in the presence of the sergeant.

"Why, that's an outrage!" was his comment. "I'm amazed that such a thing should have happened in Pembroke."

"I'm inclined to doubt if it did happen in Pembroke—" began McArthur. He paused, regarding the two officials in a stupid manner.

He had just realized that he hadn't the slightest idea of the location of the house to which he had been taken. In his half-dazed condition, he had forgotten to ask his rescuer for this information. He hadn't even learned the name of the road where he had been lying.

"It was a small house," he attempted. "There was a stone wall, an embankment, a shallow sand pit close beside the road."

"Not much to help us, I'm afraid," the chief remarked. "But the incident of the Pine Grove Inn is very interesting. That establishment is within our town limits—I wish it wasn't—and it's quite true that we had planned a raid there for two o'clock this morning. The raid was a failure. I'm afraid,"—he sighed—"there's no question but there has been a leak. You must investigate it, sergeant."

"I will, sir," was his subordinate's earnest response.

"The cheek of these thugs!" exclaimed the older man. "They'd like to cause even the police to help them in furthering their ends. Thank you very much for coming in with this information, Mr. McArthur. You may be sure of this, sir: if at any future time you should be brought here

under apparently incriminating circumstances, we'll make a most thorough inquiry before holding you on any charge whatsoever."

McArthur shook hands with both men, thanking them heartily. "I've heard of policemen like you," he said as he went out.

His next thought was of the Gray Ghost. Fully awakened at last, he realized that the group of gangsters probably had conducted an energetic search since his escape. Would they keep watch of the gray touring car at the depot, hoping to make a second and perhaps more injurious attack? Presumably not; for they would expect that he might arrive accompanied by police officers. Seeking a taxicab, he rode to the railway station, and smiled when he observed the familiar lines of his old automobile beside the platform.

Raising the cushion of the back seat, he discovered his license and other papers, as had been promised. He chuckled again. Had the underworld really gone in for sportsmanship? After all, these documents weren't of any value to the gangsters. A sudden recollection came to him. He remembered the photograph of Basil Reed, given to him in a sealed envelope at Springfield.



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"If, upon weighing all of the testimony, you are not satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt. . . ."

He put his hand into the pocket where he had deposited the envelope, half opened.

He blinked. This bit of personal property was missing. It had not been restored.

Before a mirror in the depot, McArthur stared at himself, aghast. His hat was a ruin. His fur coat was caked with soft sand, his trousers had been torn by briars, and his necktie was wrenched almost free from his disordered collar. He shook his head ruefully and remedied matters as best he could, bathing the bruise on his scalp and trying to part his hair with a pocket comb.

Outside, he paused as his foot touched the starter.

"McArthur," he mused in a tone of whimsical reproof, "you're taking a great deal for granted this morning."

Alighting slowly, he threw back the engine hood and made a cautious examination. Sportsmanship—perhaps; but he had heard of cases where bombs had been wired to starting-motors. A sharp twist of the wheel in each direction assured him that the steering apparatus had not been weakened.

He lit his inevitable gold-tipped cigarette and drove away.

It was eight o'clock when he entered the suburbs of the city. The streets were thronged with the heavy

morning traffic, inward bound. Again McArthur shook his head. Chaotic events had occurred since he had left town on the preceding afternoon! He glanced at his watch from time to time as the Gray Ghost crawled onward in line. In his mind was a deep anxiety concerning Ruth Trevor.



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His measured tones held the jury spellbound. It was almost all over and they weren't going to miss the close.

The girl had cautioned him that he mustn't communicate with her home or with the office of her attorney. But in the present circumstances, it could do no harm to call by telephone without giving his name.

Stopping at a drug store, he entered a booth and consulted a directory. His call was answered by the unmistakably quiet and conventional voice of a man servant.

"This is Justice Trevor's residence."

"Is Miss Ruth Trevor at home?" the inventor asked.

"Miss Trevor is not at home at present. Is there any message?"

"W-well—I merely wish to inquire if she reached home safely last evening."

"Oh, yes, sir! Miss Trevor has just gone out, a few minutes ago." There was polite surprise in the servant's tone—surprise and curiosity. But, being a well-trained servant, he refrained from asking ques-

tions; and McArthur was able to learn nothing further.

Drawing a breath of relief, the inventor returned to his car and completed his drive through the traffic. He left the Gray Ghost in its accustomed space at the garage, then walked wearily to his apartment, where he consigned his clothes to the care of an amazed and troubled Wing Shinn. After stepping into a hot tub, and bathing his injured head once again, he crawled into a bathrobe and tumbled beneath warm blankets, where he sank into sleep and did not awake until mid-afternoon.

CHAPTER XII *Gangland's Penalty*

M CARTHUR paused while endeavoring to rearrange the parting of his dark hair so that the bruise on his head would be concealed—a delicate process. He scowled toward the door of the living-room.



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"What is it, Wing?"

"A telephone, sir," replied the Chinese boy.

It brought another frown. "Who is it—Nick Lontos?"

"No! it is lady, Mr. McArt."

"A lady?" the inventor repeated, arching his eyebrows.

He abandoned his efforts temporarily and stepped into the adjoining room, where he took up the telephone.

"Kendall McArthur speaking."

A girl's voice answered; a rather pleasant tone, with—he thought—considerable culture. But he knew immediately that it was the voice of a stranger.

"Mr. McArthur, this is Ruth Trevor of Montgomery Circle," said the girl.

"Oh, really?" returned McArthur in a cordial manner. "I'm so glad that you told me. Otherwise I might never have known!"

There was a quick intake of breath at the other end of the line—a gasp of amazement or of real or feigned indignation—then with a click the connection was broken.

The inventor laughed and stood for a moment with the instrument in his hand. He replaced the receiver slowly. So it was as he had believed! His assailants, after their failure of the preceding night, had been quite content to allow him to return unharmed with the Gray Ghost. An open attack, arousing the public, was no part of their plan. There would be something far more subtle—

It was to begin anew as in the past—the constant hazard, the game of wits, the battle of one against many. As before, he must be on guard against the wiles of schemers, against insidious treachery; must realize that his every act was known, that he was watched by a hundred unseen eyes.

He was still holding the telephone mechanically, a distant expression in his gaze.

"So they're after you again, McArthur—" he murmured, blinking thoughtfully. "But don't they understand that you've no longer the same incentive? Haven't they guessed that you're only playing out the string? . . ."

Why had the underworld flung this fresh challenge? He had asked himself this question already, but had failed to discover an answer. No longer was there a shred of doubt that he was opposed by organized gangdom. In some way, during the past few days, he had excited the underworld's animosity or apprehension. The inference was obvious. His interest in the case of Basil Reed had been the cause. For some reason, his proposed participation in the search for the youth was unwelcome. But—again the vital question—why?

One truth was clearly evident: that to attempt to begin work upon the matter without first learning more of what lay behind the problem, would be an act of lunacy. If Ruth Trevor could not be persuaded to confide more of the details, he must either obtain the necessary information by his own efforts or abandon the case. There was too much peril attached to working in the dark—too little chance of coming through safely.

How should he communicate with Ruth Trevor? Preferably, by the method which he had used earlier in the day to assure himself of her safety. He could, without stating his identity over the wire, arrange an appointment outside the city. But for the present he shrank from this course. He was loath to confess that he had lost Basil Reed's photograph—and, worst of all, without having once looked at it! Such bungling must appear amateurish in the extreme.

Completing the arrangement of his hair, and dressing carefully as usual, McArthur descended to the street, where he signaled a taxicab and rode downtown. He had given an address in the commercial district. Entering one of the tallest buildings in the city, he rode in an express elevator to the twenty-eighth floor. In his uncertainty, he had decided to consult with Donaldson, the private investigator whom Ruth Trevor's note had mentioned. Nick Lontos, he knew, did not trust Donaldson. But McArthur had great admiration for the older man and for his accomplishments.

Trying the outer door, he found Donaldson alone in his tiny suite of offices. The latter welcomed him with apparent pleasure.

"Sit down, McArthur."

"I'm not keeping you?"

"Oh, no. I usually stay until six. Smoke? How are things with you? I see you've been eliminated from the play-offs."



Mr. Brown sighed again. At his age it wasn't so easy to fight.



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The inventor nodded soberly. "We hit a bad slump two weeks ago and never recovered."

"H-mm. It was tough luck. What'll you do for excitement now?"

"That's what I came to talk about. You recommended me to a Miss Ruth Trevor a few days ago?"

"Yes"—with a quick scrutiny from Donaldson's pale blue eyes. "A very peculiar case. I wish you had turned it down."

McArthur blinked. "Then you know that I didn't?"

"I suspect that you didn't."

"Do you mind telling me what gives you the idea?"

"Common sense—plus my knowledge of your character. Common sense is a valuable asset in any man's league. For instance, it should tell you that if you run head foremost into a stone-wall defense without waiting to pick an opening, you'll probably hurt your head."

"Ha! You've learned about that, too?"

"My dear man, there's a half column in the evening papers." Donaldson took up a copy from his desk. "'Independents' star attacked on road. Assaulted, carried to lonely house—believed work of city gangsters.' Evidently this was obtained from Pembroke police."

McArthur glanced at the account with interest.

"Mr. Donaldson, I've come to talk with you because Miss Trevor has given me only the most meager explanation of what this business is all about. She's told me the name of the chap that she wants located; also that he's probably in dangerous company. Beyond that, I know nothing. I'm wondering if there isn't something bigger involved."

The other regarded him steadily. "Miss Trevor has told you nothing more than this?"

"Not a word."

"H-mm! I wonder why."

"Advice of counsel, I fancy."

"Oh," said Donaldson, thoughtfully.

There was an instant of silence, while the older man brushed ashes from his neatly tailored suit of English tweed.

"Well, McArthur, there really isn't much that I can tell you. After all, you know, I haven't any right to divulge statements that Miss Trevor made to me in confidence, if she doesn't see fit to treat you with the same confidence. Nor am I going to caution you about local conditions, because I don't need to. Heaven knows you have been through the mill. You know that when you fight one member of the big mob here, you fight the entire machinery.

"Straight from the shoulder, old man, I advise you to let this case alone. It looks less and less inviting, the more I hear of it. If you go on with it—at least give yourself half a break in the game. Take immediate steps to familiarize yourself with the true elements of the problem. Beginning on a job of this kind without spending a little time to get the low-down on it isn't wise, even in these days of modern automobiles and of eight-cylinder relics from the junk-heap."

They were all tired and talking at once.





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McArthur rose with a broad smile.

"Thanks a lot for your words of wisdom, Mr. Donaldson," he said as he went out.

Whistling softly, he descended in the elevator. In his heart he knew that there was only one other source to which he could go for enlightenment. The thought depressed him. From the first he had felt a half conviction that, eventually, he would be obliged to go there.

He had dinner; then returned to his apartment and obtained his fur coat, which had been cleansed. There was a message from Nick Lontos, but McArthur ignored it, feeling sure that his friend would wish to take part in his plans for the evening. Again riding downtown, he crossed on foot to the South End, strolling along the avenue which leads eastward to the waterfront, through the tenement district and the southern corner of Chinatown. It was the area of the ruling "mob"—more commonly known as the underworld; the precincts controlled by organized gangdom. As he proceeded, his winking eyes were keenly watchful.

The underworld! To him it was a glamorous region, a throng with ever-changing activity, bright with glittering lights, pulsing with the feverish challenge of adventure—yet, with it all, curiously empty. In past years he had visited gangland often; but he shook his head as he thought of it now; for he had learned that shadows lurked behind the bright glitter, and stark ugliness was in the background, while tragedy was there, too—never far away.

Closely McArthur watched the taxicabs which passed. Red cabs, principally, on this street; he took note of the white-painted numbers: 187—52—617—244—551—412. He walked on. He was nearing the border of Chinatown. Another red taxi sped along—337; then another—and at sight of its number McArthur raised his hand.

The machine stopped with a grinding shriek. "Cab, sir?"

"Take me to the South Central depot."

"The South Cen—." Abruptly the driver stopped. A startled expression appeared upon his heavy face—and was gone in a second.

The inventor sprang in and slammed the door.

Gathering speed, the cab swung off the avenue. It turned a second corner. The man at the wheel raised his right arm unobtrusively and pushed back the glass behind his head.

"Been a long time since I've seen you, Mr. Mac."

"It has, at that," said McArthur, blinking.

"What brings you to this part of town again?" The other spoke with an odd mixture of avidity and uneasiness. "Not looking for the boys that cracked you on the cocoa last night?"

"Well—not exactly."

McArthur leaned forward and turned down one of the small seats near the partition. The driver, observing the act in his mirror, squared sharply around from the

wheel, exhibiting a countenance suddenly gray with terror.

"For God's sake, Mr. Mac, don't sit up here till we're out of this precinct!" he begged. "Keep back, out of sight. An' when we get to the depot, pay your fare and walk away as quick as you can."

The inventor withdrew to his former position.

"On the level—if I was seen talking to you, Mr. Mac, it would be just too bad for me. I'd simply have to leave town on the next train. Or else take a chance on getting what Jimmie Cameron got!"

"By the way, Cameron was a former racketeer, wasn't he?"

"Gaming-house keeper. But he was a stool for Bradford an' his bunch." Again a frightened look came into the man's eyes. "You—you ain't going to ask me no questions about the Cameron bump-off?"

McArthur shook his head. A feeling of pity and disgust swept over him—disgust at the necessity of dealing with a wretch who, himself a lawbreaker, would betray his associates if he dared. But McArthur knew that on occasions he had owed his safety to information from such sources—whispers that had been passed to him out of the dark.

He bent forward again. "Tell me this. Do you know a young chap named Reed? Basil Reed?"

"Reed?"

The driver hesitated strangely. They passed a combination poolroom and speakeasy before he answered.

"Reed? Yeh. Bud Reed. Well set-up feller, light hair?"

"I guess that's the one."

"Yeh. Bud Reed. Just a kid—a country boy."

"Know where he is now?"

"On the level, I don't, Mr. Mac. I ain't seen Reed for four or five weeks. But listen, I thought you wasn't going to ask me no questions about that."

"About what?"

"Jimmie Cameron."

McArthur caught his breath. "You mean—Reed—Reed was—?"

"Nix. He wasn't." The man lowered his voice, twisting his head back. "But—but I guess he's in for it."

"He's—what?"

"For the rap. That's the news. Him an' Frisco—you remember big Frisco, the bootlegger—an' their lawyer, Bill Gammons, an' some other guy—nobody seems to know who the fourth feller is."

"You don't mean that they're all to be—?"

"All for the works. By the picture-frame route. The smoky-seat route. God—it's an awful thing! No one knows why Bud Reed is in it. The D. A. will have the papers out in about a week. They're waiting on Pearson. He's 'gathering evidence!'"—with a bitter laugh.

"Get this," he added. "If you was asking me who did bump Cameron, I wouldn't let out a squawk for love or money. It means too much to me. All this'll be public in about a week, anyway—see?"



The Verdict, Before Its Announcement, Swept Through the Courthouse Like a Ripple of Advancing Doom. There Was a Complete Babble. Even the Prisoners Knew Their Fate by This Time.





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"But, for Heaven's sake, what's the reason for it?"

"Stepping out of line. Frisco, he started it. Hires his own mouthpiece, Gammons, an' starts running the stuff in from Dee-troit. Trying to start a racket of their own without seeing the bag-man. So now they're all for it, an' the mob is taking over the Dee-troit run. Hell, I can't see why they blame the kid for it—there's some special reason why he's in it, but no one knows what."

"Look here. Of what use is a raw youngster like Reed to a gang of racketeers?"

CHAPTER XIII

The Trail Leads West

AT two-thirty on Wednesday afternoon, McArthur stepped from a slow train at Pembroke and walked through the main street of the town.

The day was mild, and he wore a new topcoat for the first time. He hoped that the hat which he had bought would go well with the coat. In regard to this, he had been a trifle doubtful; but his tailor had told him precisely the style and color that he should select, and he



Nervous, but without a tremor, the foreman read the verdict in each case as it was called.

"Say! That kid packs a sweet pistol shot. An' drive a truck——"

They had arrived at the railroad terminal. The inventor alighted promptly. He handed the driver a twenty-dollar bill.

"It's eighty-five on the clock."

"Keep it."

"O. K., Mr. Mac."

McArthur walked quickly inside the station and returned to his apartment, convinced that Ruth Trevor had embarked upon deeper and darker waters than she realized.

had accepted the latter's judgment. McArthur made it a point to anticipate every new fashion.

He went at once to a garage maintaining a "drive-yourself" rental service, where he engaged a comfortable brougham. The famous Gray Ghost had been left at home, being far too extraordinary in appearance for his present purposes.

After making the required deposit, McArthur drove through the town and sought the open road. His destination was the next town westward, Tiverton. He was, however, particularly interested in the five miles of highway intervening.



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Before they let her into the room with the desks, she was delayed for a moment, but allowed to see Bradford through the grating.



In his mind he reviewed carefully his conversation of the preceding night with the taxi driver who acted as an informer. He had purposely avoided displaying any interest in the identity of the men who, as the stool pigeon had expressed it, had "cracked him on the cocoa." Experience had taught McArthur never to reveal his true intentions to his informants. The old saying, a dog that will fetch a bone will carry one, is particularly true in the underworld. It was his idea that if his assailants could be lulled to a sense of false security, he might discover a clue at Pembroke—a clue that might eventually reveal Basil Reed's whereabouts, as well as the identity of those for whose crime the youth was to be "framed."

How was he to find the house where he had been taken on Monday night? It loomed as a difficult task. Of course it was useless to think of locating the sharp-faced stranger who had befriended him in the early morning. Of the house, McArthur had only the most vague impression. He knew that it was small, but he had no idea of its color. There was considerable underbrush near by, and the well-remembered sand pit. Then, in the opposite direction, he recalled a stone wall near

the end of the driveway, a large tree close to the wall, and—and something else—Something that brought a tiny, peculiar sense, as of light. . . . He frowned, blinking.

With care he scrutinized each intersecting road. There were four between Pembroke and Tiverton, and he saw little to choose. On the outskirts of the latter town, he turned his car, driving back slowly until he reached the old mill and the sharp curve beyond. He continued for about one hundred yards past the turn, then stopped.

Here, approximately, was the spot where he had been stopped and assaulted. By daylight he saw that there were fields and sparse woods on either side of the highway. Undoubtedly the place had been chosen because of its location. But after the attack, in which direction had he been taken?

The inventor considered. Between this point and the thickly settled area of Tiverton there were no cross-roads, as he had just ascertained. His captors would have been obliged to convey him through the streets of the town. It seemed more probable that he had been carried eastward.



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He started the motor and drove on, returning over the route that he had traveled from Pembroke. The first intersection, marked by a warning sign, revealed a macadamized but badly rutted thoroughfare extending in either direction at right angles to the main highway. Passing this corner, he suddenly changed his mind and again made a complete turn, pulling to the side of the road and bringing the car to a standstill.

He took out a cigarette, placed it in his holder, lit it, and paused, deep in thought. Here it was to begin—the series of blind choices. Did he remember anything at all about the road over which he had been taken? Yes; he recalled that it had been rough—abominably rough. It might well have been this road of rutted macadam. But—again—in which direction?

The highway from Tiverton to Pembroke, he judged, ran almost due east, veering slightly toward the south-east at this point. He remembered the biting north wind of Monday night—how it had swept in from the left as he drove the Gray Ghost. Later, while a prisoner in the closed machine, in semi-consciousness, he had realized that a window was open, that his right ear was tingling with the cold. The breeze had been entering the closed car from the right.

"Well, then, McArthur! Where does that bring you, my lad?"

It brought him to the conclusion that his captors' car had turned to the right from the highway. Had it turned in the opposite direction, heading north by north-east, he couldn't have felt the wind coming from the right. Of course, there were twists and turns in the roads to be considered.

Arriving at a decision, McArthur pressed his foot upon the starter-button. There was a sluggish churning, followed by silence. With an exclamation of annoyance, he alighted, searched for a crank, and attempted to turn over the motor. To his fresh exasperation he found this impossible, the starter having become jammed with the fly-wheel.

He tried to push the car, but failed. Disgusted at having paid for the use of an automobile in such condition, he turned to the highway, hoping for a lift.

A low-built coupé was approaching the intersection, proceeding westward. It slackened speed, and McArthur thought at first that the driver intended to make a left turn. He noticed a dealer's registration on the car; then all at once there seemed to be something very familiar about it. At that instant, with a screech of

Reed lay there a second before McArthur threw a can of water over him. "Wake up, big boy," said the inventor.





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brakes, the coupé stopped, its occupant gazing at him in evident astonishment.

"Miss Trevor!" he exclaimed.

She reached across and lowered a window as he stepped closer.

"Is it really you, Mr. McArthur? Without your 1915 chariot?"

He blinked. "I almost wish I had it. This car has broken down, and I was about to beg a lift to Tiverton. I had no idea it was you."

"There's another matter that I must speak of, Miss Trevor," he said, gravely.

In as few words as possible, he told her that Basil Reed was in danger of being "railroaded" by racketeers.

Much to his surprise, she did not appear greatly shocked by the news. She drove for a few moments in solemn silence, then met his gaze.

"I've been afraid of something of the kind, Mr. McArthur. I should have told you, only Mr. Tapley forbade—"

Young Reed Had Served His Purpose. Now the Mob Had No Further Use for Him, But He Knew Too Much to Be Left at Large. McArthur Was Positive That the Mob Had Already Written Reed's Death Order.

"I came because I read of your misfortune on the road the other evening," she explained. "When we passed a certain lonely place that night, I noticed a number of automobiles waiting. It occurred to me afterward that those must have been the attackers' cars, and I was sure I could locate the exact place by driving out here. I intended to send you the information in an unsigned letter."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure," he declared. "As it happens, I've found the place—about a mile farther west."

"Oh."

"It's quite near an old mill, isn't it?"

"Yes; I seem to remember the mill. Did you say you'd like to be taken to Tiverton?"

"Y—yes—I thought I'd notify the garage—" He hesitated. "Were you going to turn down this road to the left, Miss Trevor?"

"No,"—in surprise. "What made you think so?"

"Only that you seemed to be slowing down. I expect my car was in the way. If—" Again he paused. "If you have a half hour to spare, and are willing to do so, I'd like very much to spin through that road for a little distance before it's too dark."

She looked at him curiously for a moment, then opened the door.

"Certainly. I'll be glad to."

He entered, snapping the latch, and they turned quickly from the highway. The girl gave him another questioning glance.

"Do you think you have a clue to where you were taken?"

"Not a clue. Just a hunch," he answered, blinking.

"But you weren't conscious during your ride, were you?"

"Dimly so—part of the time."

"It was a dreadful experience! In a way, I feel responsible."

"Oh, please don't consider that at all," he requested. "It's simply part of the game. The most unfortunate angle is that I lost the photograph you had given me. It was taken before I had had a chance to look at it."

"That is too bad," she declared. "I haven't another. I'll have to ask Miss Reed if she has any extra prints. We may be obliged to wait until she can obtain one from Cumberland."

The road had become very rough, extending through wooded tracts. While he talked, the inventor was watchful. He observed a sand pit—then another, much larger—but both were far from any sign of habitation. Presently they arrived at a fork.

"To the left?" she inquired.

"No, to the right, I should guess," replied McArthur, still bearing in mind the tingling of his right ear.

For a brief time they rode in silence.

"I was alarmed about your safety that night," he confided at length—and told of his short conversation with the servant.

"Oh, you shouldn't have called my home by telephone!" she reproved. "Not even without stating your identity. Mr. Tapley said emphatically that you mustn't. He thinks it is much too risky."

McArthur accepted the rebuke in silence. After all, he had made rather a mess of the case, up to the present. If he had played such a poor game in hockey, he knew, he would have been jeered and hooted to the echo.

"Do you think we need go any farther in this direction?" his companion ventured.

"I—suppose not." He spoke with disappointment. "There's a side road ahead where we can turn."

As the coupé was backing, however, he reached sharply toward the door-latch.

"Just an instant, Miss Trevor! Please!"

She stopped, obviously amazed, as he leaped to the ground and went to his hands and knees, peering into a clump of shrubbery.

"What is it?" she called anxiously from her seat.

"A kitten," answered the inventor, still crouching.

The girl was plainly impatient. She raced her motor, indicating that she was eager to be on her way.

He rose and returned to the car, blinking rapidly. "The cutest little yellow cat, Miss Trevor. Such a quick little fellow."

"Indeed?" The tone was cool.

McArthur took out a silk handkerchief and wrapped it around the back of his hand, where four angry scratches showed.

"He has such peculiar eyes, too," was his comment, as she completed the process of turning. "Most cats' eyes are a pale green at night. You





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see them gleaming on the road far ahead. But some yellow cats have eyes that gleam with a deep amber color, almost red, like tiny danger-signals."

The girl did not speak. She changed gears and pulled ahead, returning the way they had come. But now McArthur's gaze was keenly alert. He noticed objects which, up to that instant, had escaped his attention. A stone wall, a tree—it was there that he had seen the cat's eyes; and a driveway—a minute earlier he had mistaken the driveway for a side road. Farther back, half hidden by trees and a sloping embankment, was a house.

He caught a glimpse of a closed automobile, with odd-shaped yellow figures on a dark registration plate. Then, last but far from least, a shallow sand pit came into view, screened from south-bound motorists by a bend in the road.

McArthur said nothing to his companion about his discovery. Afterward, trying to analyze his mental reactions, he wondered why he hadn't. Probably the reason was two-fold: a desire to spare her the alarm of realizing that they were near the abode of lawbreakers, and a half-resentment at her somewhat proprietary attitude. Then, also, there was the feeling that she was withholding important facts from his knowledge. He had been vaguely aware of this upon each of the previous occasions when he had talked with her: today he was acutely conscious of it.

"Is there any other way that I can be of assistance to you, Mr. McArthur?" she asked, when they had returned to the Tewksbury pike.

"I think," he replied, ignoring the stinging inflection, "that if you would let me out at the Pembroke depot on your way through the town, I'd be very grateful. I've decided to go by train to Springfield, where I can connect with the Western Express. I think my next move is to go to Detroit."

"To Detroit?" she repeated, frowning, and slowing the car slightly.

"I believe I'd have a better chance of success there, where our opponents don't expect intrusion."

"Of course," was her comment, "I'm willing to pay the expenses of the trip if you think it will serve any useful purpose."

McArthur had come to his decision abruptly, instantaneously, in a manner that was characteristic of all his undertakings. He knew that he wasn't prepared for the trip, that he would have to buy traveling necessities in Springfield; and, of greater moment, he felt that his client would be thoroughly disgusted if the journey should prove unsuccessful. Yet he didn't hesitate.

Intuition and reason together told him that he should go. Basil Reed, associated with racketeers operating eastward from Detroit with their illicit freight—and here in the woods of Tiverton a lonely house, an auto-

mobile with Michigan registration. By all means he would go to Detroit—and immediately, before the gangsters should suspect that he had picked up the trail.

Another idea came to him. Bert Kimball, big defense star of the St. Croix team of New York—his rival in hockey, but his ally upon several important investigations—would be in Detroit tonight. The St. Croix team was to open the semi-finals of the western division by meeting the Detroit Wolverines—the series having been delayed because of a tie for third place between Detroit and Cleveland. By tomorrow, when he, McArthur, would arrive there, Kimball would have left Detroit; but meanwhile, tonight, before or after the hockey game, the latter might accomplish much. A telegram would reach him.

At the depot in Pembroke, the inventor thanked his companion heartily. She handed him a card.

"This is the address of one of my most intimate friends, in Glenwood. As soon as you have made any progress I wish you would send a registered letter there, informing me."

"I will," he promised.

CHAPTER XIV

"McArthur is Eccentric"

RUTH TREVOR'S great interest in the case of Priscilla Reed and her family had, from the first, met with disapproval at home. Her father had viewed with increasing alarm her frequent visits to the unsavory districts of the city.

He had remonstrated with her, endeavoring to point out that there were organizations better equipped to do the work which she was attempting to accomplish alone.

"But that's just it, father—there really aren't," had been her response. "There are organizations that will help Priscilla while she's in the city and will provide money for her if necessary. Then there are others that will try to help the young man after it's too late—will take an interest in him if he's arrested and sent to prison. What is needed, don't you see, is to do something *now*."

And Ruth had continued her efforts. But after her unpleasant experience at the Friend Hotel, Judge Trevor had declared positively that she must not go again to such a neighborhood.

He was by nature a retiring man, a deep thinker—on the bench an impressive figure, with hair steel-gray and slightly curled above his wide forehead. A little of his court-room demeanor found its way into nearly all of his daily routine, including the affairs of his home. There was always a gentle kindliness about him, combined with a quiet inflexibility.

At dinner on Wednesday—nearly a week after Ruth's



McArthur Had Fought the Mob Before—and Won. But Never Before When the Job Involved the Very Vitals of Gangdom. Reed's Life Was Important Enough. And McArthur Knew That Unless He Won Now It Would Be Years Before Any Investigator Would Dare Take Up the Fight Again.



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adventure, and, as it happened, the first evening that Judge Trevor had been served with the rest of the family since his illness—he opened the subject anew, inquiring if she had obtained the services of a satisfactory investigator.

Ruth hesitated. Up to the present, she had taken her father completely into her confidence; but it chanced that upon this very evening she had an appointment with Jack Bradford, chief investigating agent of the Committee of Two Hundred. Judge Trevor had advised her against having any dealings with this association.

"I—am hoping that one of the men whom I spoke with this forenoon may prove to be the one for the work," was her response.

Having made this answer, she felt troubled by slight qualms of conscience. Her father, who knew that she had visited the office of a detective agency, naturally would assume that it was while there that she had held the encouraging conversation—not over the telephone with Jack Bradford. But Ruth was fast approaching a certain desperation. Precious days were passing; and the Committee of Two Hundred now seemed to be her only hope.

Her brother, a member of a prominent law firm, interrupted her thoughts with a disconcerting question.

"You haven't been to see Jack Bradford yet?"

"No," replied Ruth, again adhering to the literal truth.

"I hope you'll not go," said her brother. "Bradford will be a good lawyer some day, but I can't understand how anyone could recommend him as a private detective. Why, he's only twenty-five!"

"Which," said Ruth, meeting his gaze with a smile of her deep, searching eyes, "is just three years younger than someone that I know very well, isn't it?"

"Did you visit your protégée, Miss Reed, this afternoon, Ruth?"

"Yes, mother; for a half hour."

"Sometimes," Mrs. Trevor attempted. "I wish you didn't have to see quite so much of her."

"Why?"

"W-well, you know, she isn't of exactly the class of people with whom you've been accustomed to associate."

"I realize that, mother. She has lacked opportunity."

The conversation reverted to general topics.

At eight o'clock a taxicab stopped at the door. Ruth entered and gave the address of the *Beacon* building.

The *Beacon* was a small newspaper, more familiarly known as the "reform sheet," owned and published by wealthy residents interested in law-enforcement. The offices of the Committee of Two Hundred were situated on the floor above the editorial rooms of the newspaper. Ruth had been cautioned by the special investigator, Donaldson, that she should not go to this building to consult with Jack Bradford. With this in mind, she had arranged an appointment for the evening, although she believed that Donaldson had exaggerated the need of secrecy.

It was not until weeks later that Ruth was to learn the true situation, and to realize that Donaldson, far from having exaggerated, had offered her only a veiled picture of the maelstrom of crime and conspiracy into



"I'm sure you're at liberty to speak," said McArthur. "What do you want? You're foolish to run this risk."

which she was being drawn. Around her, on this last Wednesday in March, were mighty forces waiting to clash, forces generated from the pent-up venom of years, irresistibly advancing toward a tremendous and terrific conflict. And when Ruth entered the *Beacon* building and ascended to the fourth floor, she was—as she learned later—moving into the center of the impending storm.

Using the stairway, as the elevators were dark, she passed the editorial offices on the third floor and continued upward, confident that she had not been recognized or even observed. In a quadrangular pattern of light above, a young man was waiting, his features half in shadow, as the rest of the corridor was dim. He stepped forward.



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"If they get me, or if they don't get me, it's all the same. Get me! I'm in town now, and I'm sticking."

"Miss Trevor?" he asked, pleasantly. "Please come in. You'll excuse this rather unceremonious reception? I noticed your cab when it stopped, and I made sure that the hallway was clear."

She crossed the threshold of a small but comfortable office lined with filing cabinets, and accepted the chair that he offered. At that first moment, she received unmistakably the impression which her brother had suggested: that this man was far too young, too boyish, to deal with crime. He was of slight build, although rather tall, with wavy brown hair and blue eyes that were earnest as well as merry.

"I'm quite sure we'll not be disturbed," he said, with a glance toward the half-closed door. "At least, not by anyone that matters."

"I'll outline this case as briefly as possible, Mr. Bradford."

Beginning, as before, with the circumstances which had brought Priscilla to the city, Ruth proceeded rapidly yet carefully, narrating her experiences with the same concise detail that she had used in talking with the district attorney and with Donaldson. Jack Bradford listened without interrupting, a gradual expression of uneasiness clouding his clear-cut features.

When she had finished, he sat for a moment in a certain abstraction, his lips slightly pursed as if to whistle.

"I think I should say this to you, Miss Trevor," he declared at length, meeting her gaze directly. "I feel that this is a case which the Committee would be likely to advise me not to handle at present."

She drew a long breath of disappointment.

"But," he added, "I'm tempted to take up the matter, notwithstanding. You see,"—he spoke with a confiding smile—"the next meeting of the Committee isn't until the middle of next month; and by that time, if all goes well, I may be able to present them with a *fait accompli*, which would undoubtedly soften their disapproval. I feel that this is a matter where it's our duty to act. Our primary purpose is to aid in preventing violation of the law.

"Then there's another reason,"—again a look of slight uneasiness crossed his face. "That is the apparent connection between this matter of Basil Reed and the horrible death of James Cameron, who—as perhaps you've heard—was our under-cover agent."

"Oh—" said Ruth, remembering the words of the man in soiled evening clothes at the Friend Hotel.

"I hold no brief for informers," Bradford told her. "But in our work, against such odds as we face, fighting the alliance between criminals and those who derive hundreds of thousands from their activities, we'd be practically helpless without occasional assistance from the inside."

From a small note-book, Ruth took a photograph.

"This, according to Priscilla Reed, is an excellent likeness."

He gazed at the picture. It showed a well-built youth in his "Sunday clothes," plainly a country boy, with a countenance expressive of rugged strength edged with willfulness.

"Thank you, Miss Trevor. We'll give this our prompt attention."

She rose, expressing appreciation. As she was about to leave the office, another thought came to her.

"Mr. Bradford, do you know anything about a Mr. Kendall McArthur who does occasional investigating?"

"Yes. I'm slightly acquainted with him."

He stood by his desk for an instant in an absent manner.

"McArthur," he told her, "is a very peculiar fellow. He's more than peculiar. He's eccentric."

"I—I thought," she agreed, "that he must be a trifle odd." But she did not explain further.

"Oh, there's nothing against him," he hastened. "I may be prejudiced, because my employers have thoroughly cautioned me against the fellow. He's so utterly reckless and impulsive. Trouble and conflict seem to follow him wherever he goes—only yesterday he figured sensational in the newspapers. Recently the registrar



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of motors learned of his driving sixty-three miles in fifty minutes. They call him Dizzy McArthur."

Bradford turned quickly to the window.

"Did you arrange for another cab?"

"No."

"Then I hope you'll permit me to offer you a lift home. We aren't likely to be observed—my car is a few steps from the door."

She thanked him and accepted.

CHAPTER XV

McArthur Attempts Disguise

KENDALL MCARTHUR arrived in Detroit at noon on Thursday. He went at once to a large hotel, registering as K. M. Arthur. This was so slight a variation from his true name—only a small letter *c* being omitted—that it might have been caused by a sputtering pen; but it effectively concealed his identity.

Before going upstairs he inquired for mail. He was handed an unstampeded envelope addressed to "Mr. K. M. Arthur" in the familiar, bold handwriting of Bert Kimball.

McArthur took the note to his room and read it.

DEAR MAC:

Your wire received 5 P. M. yesterday. Sorry you were eliminated. Hoped that we might meet again in finals. Glad to assist you. Here's hoping what I've learned will be of use.

Michigan registration 156295: Superior model coach, owner Lucien Krol, 1549 Woodward Avenue, Detroit—that's a lodging house. Inquired there for Krol, pretending to confuse him with an acquaintance. He was not there, but I talked with his brother, Adolf, who asked if there was anything he could do. Adolf Krol is a very small man, thirty-five, dark complexion, prominent nose, receding chin. I made no inquiries about their business.

After the game I hired a car and drove to the vicinity of the lodging house. At 1:10 A. M., Adolf Krol came out and rode away in a touring car (227006). I followed for nearly a half hour, to a point east of Detroit, just outside the city limits. There is a night club surrounded by warehouses. It's called the Sunrise Club, but there is no sign. Whatever you do, don't inquire for it by that name. I did, and queerly my chance of being admitted. Say "Krol's"—and nothing more. If you say as much as "Krol's place" or "Krol's joint," you're licked.

There's a taxi driver with a stand two blocks from the Michigan Terminal who'll take you there. I saw him bring two parties, and trailed him back to his stand. The number of his cab is 263. The dump is wide open if you get in. But it's a hangout for racketeers and gunmen, so watch your step.

Wish I had time to do more, but must catch the forenoon train with the team. We play the Wolverines in New York tomorrow night.

Sincerely,
KIMBALL.

Immediately after having lunch, McArthur undressed and went to bed, realizing that he might have a strenuous night. He slept soundly for three hours. Rising at five o'clock, he bathed, shaved—and then did what was, for him, an unheard-of thing. He put on his soiled shirt and collar; and, instead of spending many minutes in adjusting and readjusting his necktie, he left it carelessly knotted and lop-sided, a grotesque and distressing effect. But there was worse to



"We're members of the State constabulary and thought we ought to come down when we heard the firing."

come and he smiled slightly as he moved about.

Untying a bundle, he donned a cheap suit and hat which he had bought in Springfield. A combination raincoat and topcoat, poorly tailored, also had been included.

From one of the pockets, he took a pair of dark spectacles. These were positively necessary. McArthur knew that when engaged in conversation, and at other times as well, he blinked frequently. It was an involuntary act, resulting from an injury in boyhood. This fact had become one of the many eccentricities that had helped to make him nationally famous. He put on the glasses, blinking as he did so, and was relieved to see that his fluttering eyelids were obscured.

Then with a sinking heart he began work upon his mustache. This, also, was important. He was widely known as the only mustached player in the American semi-professional hockey league. Although the teams of the eastern division had not played in Detroit, he knew that his picture had appeared on the sporting pages; for he and his team-mate, Bob Drew, had been the high-scorers of the year. So with many a sigh he transformed his well-groomed mustache to a flimsy and drooping affair, adding the final touch to his general appearance of dejection.

He surveyed himself in satisfaction mingled with regret. In the course of a half hour, he had become a man of listless demeanor, years older than the dashing and ultra-fashionable gentleman of thirty-two who had arrived at the hotel. But it was only for an evening.

As a last precaution, he removed from his pocket-book his driving license and all other means of identifi-



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cation, and inserted several cards presented to him by a salesman of electrical apparatus. There was a blank card beneath a square of isinglass in the pocketbook; and upon this, in his own hand, he wrote the name and address of the salesman.

Having dinner at the restaurant where he had obtained lunch, McArthur was surprised and pleased when the waitress failed to recognize him. He noticed also that she wasn't nearly as attentive in her service.

A cold drizzle was falling when the inventor stepped to the curb near the Michigan Terminal, a few minutes after ten. A cab driver, noticing his approach, flung open his door.

McArthur dropped into the leather seat and deliberately lit a cigarette. He made it an unusually long process.

"Where to, sir?"

"Take me to Krol's," McArthur requested finally, when he had tossed his match out the window.

The driver turned and peered at him.

"I don't think I ever seen you before, boss."

"No? You must have a short memory."

"How's that, sir?"

"Surely you haven't forgotten the finif I slipped you the last time I was here."

It brought a doubtful frown. "Did you have a broad with you?"

"That's the time," McArthur ventured.

"All right, boss. If you say so." The man started his motor.

The inventor smoked in silence during the greater part of the ride. Drops of rain were so thick on the windows that he could see little. He knew that he was on a long avenue, sweeping eastward past many intersections. After some time, the lights grew less frequent, and they came into a district of blind brick walls and large buildings which appeared to be storage houses. The man at the wheel turned again in his seat.

"Straight goods, now, boss. You ain't no joy-rider, are you? Ain't no federal dick?"

"No, no," McArthur assured him.

"All right—I'll take your say-so. But it would get me in plenty trouble if you turned out to be a wrong 'un."

"Nonsense. How could they blame you for it?"

"They might. You know, this joint is the safest place in town, as long as a man is right. Get what I mean? They got to be careful."

Presently the cab drew up before a dingy two-story building on a dark street. McArthur paid the fare, and added five dollars.

"Thank you sir. I'll see if I can get you in."

They stepped into a narrow hallway, where the sound of music was audible. There was a flight of stairs leading upward; and on the opposite side of the hall was a door with a sliding panel, through which McArthur saw a rouged woman looking out. A man was seated on the stairs.

"This gent's regular, Joe," said the taxi driver. "Give him a break for me, will you?"

The doorman gazed carefully at McArthur. "What yuh want, mister?" he asked in a low voice.

"Oh, just a bite to eat and a little entertainment."

"Yuh mean in the café? Yuh can't go up there unless you got a jane wit' yuh. It's a rule of the house."

"Then what shall I do?" asked McArthur.

"What yuh want to do? Want me to slip yuh in against the rule, or get a skirt for yuh?"

"Either way," said the inventor, taking a second bill from his pocketbook.

"Right-o. Come on up," the man invited.

"Good night, sir," called the driver of the cab.

Ascending, McArthur found himself in a room so closely crowded with tables that passage was difficult. Nearly half of the floor was reserved for dancing, and



Too late McArthur realized his folly. He flung himself down sidewise. They were two to one.

four colored musicians were furnishing jazz. A man in a soiled white coat motioned him to a chair in a corner and thrust a stained menu card into his hand.

"We have a select wine list, too, sir," he said, speaking with a trace of foreign accent. "But I think you'll have to be identified."

Another man, much larger, flashily dressed, came to the table.

"You been here before? You live in Detroit?" he asked in hard, flat syllables.

McArthur blinked behind his dark spectacles.

"No; I don't live in Detroit," he replied, avoiding the first question. "I'm a traveling man. From New York."

"Got any 'dentification on you?"

The inventor handed him a card, then exhibited the corresponding name and address in his pocketbook.

"I guess it's all right," said the big man, "but I'll have to take it up wit' the main guy before we can serve you any liquor. He'll be in any minute. We have a lot of reg'lar patrons, but we have to make sure."

McArthur nodded. He ordered supper, and sat for a few minutes gazing curiously at the scene. He hadn't any clear idea of what he expected to accomplish by coming to this café; but he kept a sharp watch for big "Frisco Jake," more commonly known as plain "Frisco," an eastern gangster whom he knew by sight.

The place was a typical hangout of the underworld. Men and women danced wildly at one end of the room, with a great clatter and wiggle of feet. The air was thick with smoke. Drinks were poured openly from



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bottles. At some of the tables, painted girls sat alone, their glances inviting.

It carried him back three years—this cabaret; back to surroundings in the underworld of his own city, to places which he had visited often then—but seldom now. When necessity compelled McArthur to return to the haunts of gangland, he tried always to have company, to avoid being alone in the midst of bitter memories. It was on such occasions, when with others, that his wit was the readiest and his merriment the most spontaneous—and none but his closest friends ever guessed that the laughter was forced.

The orchestra had paused to rest. McArthur became aware of the fact gradually; he realized that dancers were crowding to the nearby tables with a great scrapping of chairs. There were people of every description and of many nationalities—of varied appearance, but united one and all by a common bond—the fellowship of gangdom. A lean, dark-eyed youth of twenty-five asked McArthur's permission to sit at his table. His three companions, seated together, were so close that conversation was possible in ordinary tones. The waiter was barely able to push his way through the crowd.

Much of the talk at other tables was audible to the inventor. Familiar references and phrases began to catch his attention.

"Drop any cash last night, Harry?"—from a man on his right.

"Naw! I wouldn't bet on that bunch of dubs."

"They didn't get beat bad, at that——"

"Aw, wot th' hell?"—from the left. "Everybody knew th' Wolverines had no chance against th' Saints. They'll get slaughtered to-morrer night in th' Main Burg."

"Sure—save your money," advised another. "It's between the Saints and the Crescents now, an' I want Chi."

"I don't know 'bout that," said a big, raw-boned youth at the next table. "That Springfield bunch looks purty good——"

"They're wallopin' New Haven good an' proper," a girl agreed.

"And don't you forget that it takes a fast club to stop those Independents," the young man at McArthur's table put in.

"Aw, youse are all nuts!" came in a heavier voice. "The Independents cracked wide open——"

"Yeah. Wasn't it queer the way they cracked?"

"But I'm telling you," declared the lean youth, "watch Springfield for the big money. That Dalrymple is plain poison."

He glanced at McArthur. "Excuse us talking over your shoulder, mister. I guess mebbe you don't follow hockey—eh?"

"Oh, a little," the inventor admitted, trying to cut a chop with a dull knife. "I agree that Dalrymple is good."

"He ain't in it wit' Hamlin of th' Chicago Crescents."

"Not in scoring," McArthur said, "but he's much more active defensively, don't you think?"

"I've never seen him," replied the young man at his table.

McArthur found himself blinking. "Do you fellows bet money on teams that you've never seen?"

"Sure. We all do—for the sport of it. My friend here, the big boy"—jerking his head toward the next table—"bet a century on New Haven to cop the eastern finals, and he never seen them play."

"I did so!" returned the large, raw-boned youth. "I see New Haven and the Panthers play an exhibition game."

With a sudden blare the orchestra began a new selection. Most of the conversation ceased. Couples pushed their way again to the floor. In the general exodus of partners from the immediate vicinity of the inventor, he was left facing obliquely toward the large and awkward young man at the neighboring table, with only a cluster of empty chairs intervening.

The stranger turned his head—a curious, half-friendly light in his gray eyes—and was apparently about to speak.

"Why don't you go home, kid?" asked McArthur, pleasantly.

CHAPTER XVI

Betrayal

THE young man gave a start. His rugged face lost a shade of its color.

"Who—who are you?" he attempted in a husky voice.

McArthur leaned closer. "What does it matter? I know who you are."

The other's countenance hardened.

"You've made a mistake, mister. I don't know who you think I am. You've got me wrong."

"Oh, no, I haven't." McArthur's tone was still agreeably conversational. "No. Not a chance. You saw New Haven and the Panthers play an exhibition game, you said. New Haven and the Panthers have never played but one exhibition game. That was last year, in Portland. And Portland's not so far from Cumberland, is it?"

"What do you know 'bout it?" the youth blustered.

"Now, listen, Reed. Don't get the idea that I'm a fly-cop or anyone else trying to make trouble for you. I've come here to try to keep you out of trouble. Have you any idea of what's going on back East? Do you know that your sister has spent two weeks searching the city, hoping to give you a message from your father?"

The other hesitated. Eagerness was beginning to take the place of resentment. As if upon an impulse, he rose and moved to the opposite chair at McArthur's table.

"Some of the fellows been telling me that same thing," he confided. "I didn't half believe it. You know where my sister is now?"

"Unless she's returned home, she's at the Y. W. C. A. Your father was searching for you, too. Your mother's ill."

"That so?"—quickly. "What's the matter with Ma?"

"Worry," replied the inventor.

Basil Reed sought his glance with a measuring expression in his deep-set eyes.

"You a private dick?" he ventured.



It Was McArthur's Night, That Night. And It Was a Grim Game He Was Playing. Faster and Faster the Gray Ghost Plunged Through the Dark. Dead Ahead, Where the Machine Guns Played, the Gangsters Lured Him On.

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"I ought not to have done that," said the boy. "I ought've killed them. That's what they came to do to me."

McArthur shook his head. "Just a friend. I've been sent to find you. You're in great danger."

"What do you mean?"

"You know that Jimmie Cameron was murdered, don't you?"

"Oh—that." The tone was almost of indifference.

"Do you know that you're probably going to be charged with complicity in the murder? You and Frisco and Gammons and some fourth person?"

"Sure. I know that," said the youth.

Again he paused, studying McArthur uncertainly.

"Sure," he repeated. "The fellows told me all that. But I don't take much stock in it. I think it's all a-blowing over. Some of the other bunch was sore because—" He stopped.

"Because you and Frisco started this Detroit racket in competition with the main mob."

Reed's color changed as before.

"Look-a-here," he challenged, "who are you, anyway? You a friend of my sister?"

"Not exactly. I've simply come to find you, to tell you something for your good. You think it's blowing over because the regular mob seem to be friendly again.

Maybe they've promised to keep you on the job when they take over the racket. But, my dear fellow, can't you see that they're just carrying you along for a little while, keeping you quiet and unsuspicious until they're ready to put on the screws? Aren't you wise to that?"

The young man shrugged.

"I don't care. I'm in the clear either way. If they do bring out the indictments, it's not me they want. They've told me so. It's Frisco and Gammons and—and the other fellow. I know who that other fellow is, too—"

"Who?" asked McArthur, sharply.

"No," said Reed, "I won't tell you. I don't know who you are. But you tell my sister, will you, that I'm going to be all right no matter what happens. I know that—understand? I been to talk with their mouthpiece—one of the regular mob's lawyers. It's the other three they want. Even if it breaks, there's going to be an out for me."

The inventor was silent. Here was the pity of it. The insouciance of youth combined with the defiant swagger of the hardened racketeer! Basil Reed had been connected with gangland only long enough to



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learn its arrogance. He knew little of its sinister network, its treachery and jealousy and greed. McArthur felt that there were dark days in store for the boy.

"So you tell my sister and Pa, will you, please? Tell them I can't quit my job just yet—I'm making three, four times as much as I could anywhere else—but I'll be home to see them. Say to them to stop a-looking for me, I'm all right. But don't let 'em know I'm in the liquor racket!"

"And," he added, "I'm a mighty lot obliged to you for coming to put me hep to this—"

"If you are," said McArthur, "you'll do me a favor in return."

"Sure. What?"

The inventor's gaze was toward the opposite side of the café. "Don't tell Mr. Krol, the manager, where I've come from. I see that he's on his way to have a chat with me—"

"No, no; I won't say anything," Reed assured him hastily, peering across. "Look—it—I best not be talking to you so long, anyway. I'll run along before they get wise. I'll run out. Thanks again—"

He stumbled to his feet and took his cap from a hook on the wall, edging clumsily between tables. McArthur made certain that he was keeping his promise not to inform the proprietor—then gave his attention to the pair who were threading their way through the crowd. Bert Kimball's description had enabled him to recognize Adolf Krol at a glance—a thin, sly rat of a man, with pointed nose and receding chin. The big bouncer with whom McArthur had talked earlier was at the manager's side.

"Good evening, sir," began Krol, with a smirk. He



They sat there and listened while he unfolded as weird a tale as any one of them had ever read or listened to.

spoke in a velvet voice. "You are a stranger in our midst."

"I seem to be."

"From New York, I'm informed?"

The inventor nodded.

"Might I trouble you to identify yourself once again?"

McArthur blinked and reached to his inside breast pocket. He drew out his pocketbook and produced a card, which he passed to Krol.

"You haven't anything more descriptive? An automobile license—"

"I'm afraid I haven't tonight. But I'll sign my name for you—"

He did so, writing on the back of the menu card; then compared the result with the signature on the card beneath the isinglass.

The ruse deceived Krol.

"That's quite all right, sir," he said, "and I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"I didn't wish to buy liquor, anyway. I merely dropped in for a little supper and a good time."

"We can offer you plenty of both," was the genial answer.

McArthur breathed in relief. But—was it fancy? It suddenly occurred to him that the larger man, who had not spoken during this interview, was regarding him in a peculiar manner, as though with concealed hostility. There was a hint of tension, vaguely but unmistakably different from his previous attitude. McArthur realized that the man's eyes had been fixed upon him from the instant when he had reached inside his coat for his pocketbook.

What could be the reason? Surely he had made no suspicious move. Yet, as the pair turned away, he was almost certain that he saw the bouncer touch Krol's arm and whisper something. For a second his heart stood still. Had he, in some way, betrayed his identity—placed himself again in the power of his adversaries?

The two men moved on. They did not look back. The inventor laughed at himself. He was allowing his nerves to get beyond control— But he had lost his appetite for supper. He desired only to leave the cabaret. At present he could accomplish nothing further.

He glanced around for the waiter. The latter was not in view. With a distinct shock, McArthur discovered that the proprietor *was* looking at him. It was an inscrutable gaze, momentary, to all appearances casual. He noticed also, in considerable uneasiness, that both Krol and his burly assistant were remaining near the exit.

Had Basil Reed, after all, exposed him? Or had he himself made some ill-advised remark?

Had it been an error to write on the menu card—had the larger man, more wary than his employer, questioned this simple subterfuge? No—it wasn't that—for the big man's eyes had been upon him from the very first, from the moment when he had taken out his pocketbook.

Where was the waiter? Again McArthur looked in vain.

He caught his breath as a girl ad-



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vanced between groups of chairs and came straight to his table.

CHAPTER XVII

—And Awakening

HE was plump and fair-haired, with face heavily powdered and lips brilliant red.

"Hello, lonesome," she greeted, sitting down in the chair that Basil Reed had occupied.

McArthur frowned, blinking. What did this mean? Had he been wrong about their suspicion—had he imagined it all? No, no—it didn't mean that! He felt instinctively that the whole atmosphere of the place had changed.

"What's the matter, dear? Wouldn't they give you anything to drink? I think it was mean of them. Those dark cheaters you're wearing must have scared them. They'll not refuse you while I'm here—

"Boy!" she called to a waiter who was passing—not the man who had served McArthur. "Bring us two cocktails."

"Yes, Miss Clarissa."

The inventor held up a finger.



Basil was shooting straight now, trying to undo some of the errors of his past few years. He was ignoring all penalties in his earnestness.

"One cocktail," he requested. "But ask my waiter to bring me some hot coffee."

The man hesitated; then nodded and walked away.

McArthur had thought quickly. He mustn't let Krol suspect that he had desired his check, that he was in a hurry to leave.

"You don't seem very sociable, dear."

He remembered the girl now. She was one of two who had been seated at a table near the door. Her companion, he saw, had not moved, but was staring across the room—a girl of about the same age, somewhat slighter, with a rouged spot standing out sharply on each cheek, and with deep burning black eyes which met his in a strange intensity. He suddenly realized that she was trying to warn him.

But what was the cause of it all? Again, in a groping way, he reviewed his talk with Krol. It wasn't anything that he had said. Something that the bouncer had seen. Not his clothes, surely? His stylish shoes? Absurd!

A form in a white coat appeared at his elbow. The second waiter had brought the cocktail and the coffee. He was requesting payment for the former. McArthur complied, waving aside the change. His hand went inside his coat to replace his pocketbook.

An idea, nebulous but startling, began taking shape in his mind. At first it seemed impossible, distorted. Little by little, it enlarged to comprehensible proportions, gripping him as it grew. It became a stupendous reality.

"Old-timer," he told himself, softly, "the Springfield club may win the national hockey title—but you're the world's champion dumb-bell!"

"What, dear?"

He blinked. "I was talking to myself—"

And where did the astounding truth bring him? For the moment, it didn't bring him anywhere—it left him here alone and unprotected, in this guarded hangout on the boundary-line of a strange city.

Alone? Yes. His glance failed to discover Basil Reed. The youth had been as good as his word. He had "run out."

McArthur took swift account of the forces against him. Krol and his big helper were perhaps his most dangerous foes. Then there was the doorman. In addition, he might expect the patrons of the café to be in sympathy with the proprietor. His best chance would be while the orchestra was playing and many of the guests were on the floor.

"You're not angry with me for coming to your table?" asked Clarissa, sipping her cocktail.

"Oh, no—"

The inventor's coffee remained untouched. He took out his cigarette-holder, placed it in his lips. With a scowl he searched his pockets.

"Try one of mine," the girl offered.

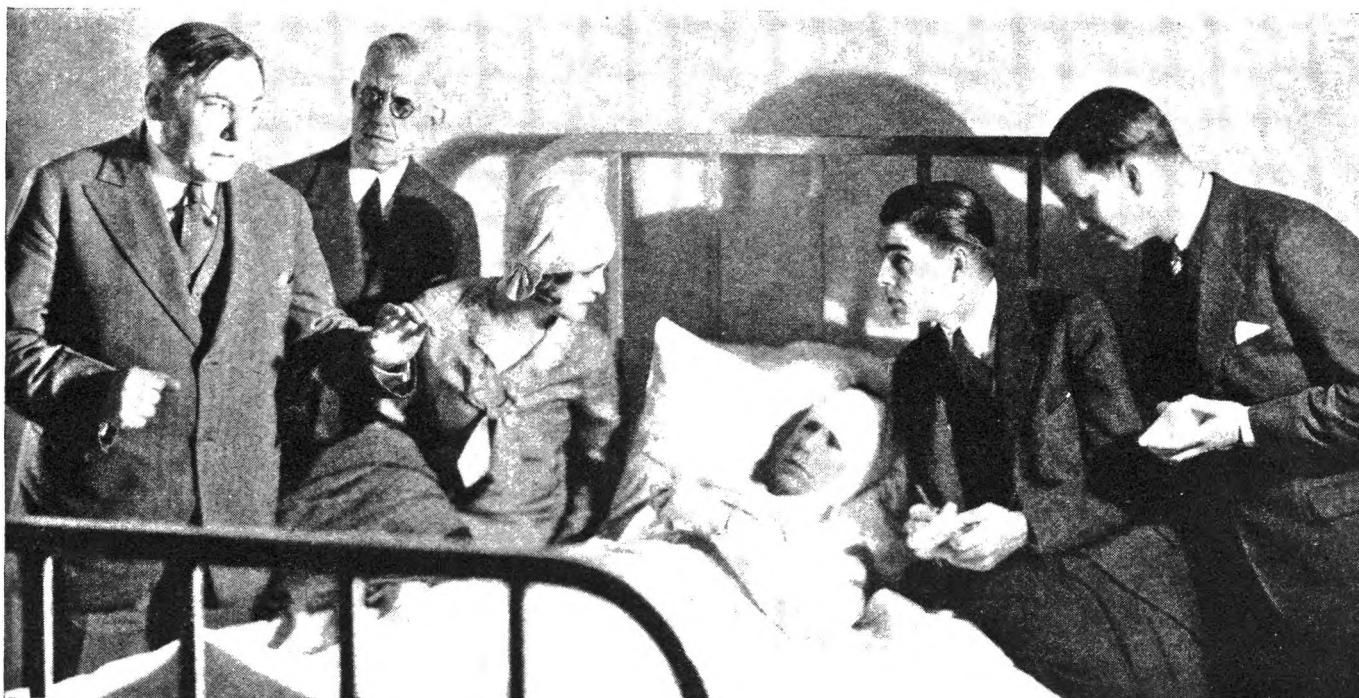
Thanking her, but shaking his head, McArthur peered across the room. In the opposite corner, and opening at right angles to the exit, was the doorway of a spacious bar. Without removing his coat or hat from the wall, he rose and walked slowly across the café, while the gaze of Krol and the larger man followed him. He entered the bar, found a show-case, and bought a box of gold-tipped cigarettes.

Returning, he paused on the threshold of the larger room. For the third time during the evening, he took five dollars from his pocketbook. He beckoned to the proprietor.

The latter appeared uncertain. There was open



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From his hospital bed Herman Joss gave out his statement. It was the last bit of evidence necessary.

hostility in his manner. Warily he came forward, traversing the fifteen or twenty feet between the exit and the bar.

McArthur thrust the five-dollar bill into his hand, offering no explanation. While the man stood, deeply puzzled, in the entrance of the bar, he left him and strolled toward the door leading to the stairway, smiling as he approached Krol's assistant.

"Where are you going?" the bouncer queried, belligerently.

"Home," answered McArthur—and his knuckles cracked on the other's chin.

The man was heavy, but he was caught completely by surprise, and off balance. He reeled backward and fell. McArthur wrenched open the door and plunged down the narrow stairs.

He heard an uproar of shouts from the rear. At the bottom of the staircase, the form of the doorman bobbed sharply upright. In the semi-darkness McArthur saw him reach toward his hip. Half way down the straight flight, the inventor catapulted himself into the air, descending feet foremost. His full weight came hurtling upon his adversary's head and shoulders. Together they sprawled to the floor with a crash that shook the building.

There was a gasping groan from the doorman, followed by a shrill scream from a woman who was watching through the open panel. McArthur rolled from atop the man's body, came to his feet, and pivoted across the doorstep into the outer gloom.

Turning away from the lighted corner, he put down his head and sprinted madly along the sidewalk. From behind came snarling voices, a stream of oaths, another shriek from the woman. Running footsteps pounded on the pavement. McArthur fled on, keeping close in the shadow of buildings, thankful that the street was dark.

The double crack of a pistol split the night. He did not hear the bullets. He continued, his breath coming fast and hard.

In the vicinity of the café, there was the sputtering roar of a motor. Veering outward slightly, the inventor searched the line of brick buildings ahead. He discerned an alley, darted into its welcome blackness.

At a groping gait he moved forward, stubbing his toes, tripping over refuse. An automobile swept past on the thoroughfare. He stumbled on. At length he brought up against a high fence, climbed it, and found himself in the yard of a warehouse.

From this point he made his way to the next street. Running across two intersections, he saw the lights of an avenue ahead. A sound came to his ears—a sound that warmed his heart—the rumble of a street car. He emerged at the corner, panting, and signaled.

A policeman was gaping at him from beside a patrol box.

"What's the matter?" It was a tone of suspicion.

"Oh, nothing, really!" McArthur assured him. He sprang into the car and rode away.

The conductor gave him a transfer, looking at him oddly. He became aware of other curious glances. Then he realized that he was hatless, and that his trousers were torn at the knee. What a blessing that the officer hadn't detained him!

Yet he was scarcely conscious of relief at his escape—not at all of alarm for the future. In his mind was a vast satisfaction, an exhilaration. The underworld would chuckle at his expense no longer. In fair battle he had evened the score of Monday night; and the fact would be entered upon the tally sheets of gangdom.

Not until he had changed from the car to a conveniently standing taxicab did the other problem return—the thought that had been hammering at his consciousness in the cabaret, demanding an answer. When he had reached to his pocket—! That was the amazing, overturning realization. When he had reached to his pocket—

Arriving at his hotel, the inventor hurried upstairs. He went directly to the telephone in his room and put in a long distance, person-to-person call to Ruth Trevor.

He glanced at his watch after he had hung up the receiver. Eleven thirty-five. It wasn't too late. The girl could scarcely resent a call about so serious a matter. Impatiently he waited.

The bell tinkled. He jumped to the table.



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"Calling Miss Ruth Trevor of 12 Montgomery Circle?" a distant operator inquired.

"Yes."

"Ready—"

Another voice came over the wire—a tone that was pleasant and likable. Instantly McArthur recognized the voice. He had heard it on the telephone once before.

"Miss Trevor, this is Kendall McArthur, speaking from Detroit."

The response came in an altered manner: in frigid syllables, crisp with annoyance and with offended dignity.

"Thank you, Mr. McArthur; but I have heard quite enough of your discourteous conversation!"

The inventor set down the instrument, blinking furiously.

It was true, then! Of course, he had known that it was true. He had known from the moment when he had put his hand to his breast pocket after paying for the cocktail in the café. For it was the same act which had betrayed his identity to the bouncer.

The man had observed the four, dark red scratches on the back of his hand—cat scratches. He had been warned to be on the lookout for a man with cat scratches. And McArthur hadn't been in contact with gangdom since he had boarded the train at Pembroke. The racketeers of Detroit could have learned this detail from only one source—from the girl who had taken him in her coupé from the woods of Tiverton to

Pembroke—the girl who was *not* Ruth Trevor! The girl who *couldn't* be Ruth Trevor—who must be her double—who had deceived him for such a long time, beginning with the interview in the library!

CHAPTER XVIII

The Blow Falls

"SO, McArthur, you've tumbled awake at last!"

As he spoke, the inventor shook his head grimly. What an unbelievable simpleton he had been! How completely, and with what utter stupidity, he had fallen victim to the schemes of gangdom!

Evidently the underworld had been willing to go to any length to prevent his coöperating with Ruth Trevor in the search for Basil Reed. They had done so because there were deep-laid plans which must not be disrupted, grave reasons why Reed must not be found. In some manner they had learned of her intention to place the matter in his hands. Perhaps there had been a leak from the district attorney's office. No; that wouldn't explain it; for he, McArthur, hadn't been recommended to her until after her interview there. Perhaps a leak from Mr. Tapley's office. Or from Donaldson's?

At all events, gangland had been forewarned. Its leaders had resorted to a strategy which was, after all, the logical defense. They had brought about a misunderstanding with Ruth Trevor. To accomplish this,



McArthur watched them, but didn't come forward. He felt his presence would be almost an intrusion.



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"Watch yourselves, you guys! That Bud Reed is bad medicine. Don't give him a chance on God's earth. . . ."

they had introduced a girl to impersonate the latter. An exceedingly clever girl, too, the inventor realized—one who had known considerable refinement in her life—since she hadn't betrayed herself as a member of the "mob." He judged that there must be at least a superficial resemblance between this girl and Ruth Trevor, as there was a chance that he might discover the latter's photograph among the society pages.

When had the scheme of impersonation begun? Obviously, it had been planned from the earliest days of the case. Through the janitor of his apartment, arrangements had been made to watch his mail. Gangdom had guessed that Ruth Trevor would write rather than call personally or by telephone—or perhaps it was known that she had been cautioned to act secretly. The expected letter had arrived, special delivery. Several hours had elapsed before he had received it. What had happened during the interval?

It had been read, of course. The underworld had made sure that it contained no damaging information. But more than that—! A skilled penman had added a postscript, requesting a meeting with "Ruth Trevor" and her "attorney" at the public library.

At this interview, the unknown girl and her companion had been careful to give him only meager information, facts that would be of little assistance in his search. He recalled now, with chagrin, their admonitions that he must not communicate either with Ruth Trevor's home or with her lawyer's office. Had Mr. Tapley really an assistant named Morris? It was unlikely. It wouldn't have been difficult for the gang to learn that Mr. Tapley was Ruth's attorney.

McArthur remembered their artful suggestion about the insecurity of letters in the mail—a suggestion which would provide an alibi for the janitor in case of suspicion that Ruth's note had been intercepted. Then—most ingeniously of all—Morris had advised him to write a response in the morning, declining to work on the case. And with the confiding simplicity of a child he had mailed a letter to Ruth Trevor, explaining that he couldn't work for her!

But, perhaps because Ruth had found difficulty in obtaining an investigator, she had made another effort. She had called him by telephone. Her voice had been quite different from that of the girl in the library, and he had naturally believed that she was an impostor.

He gave a dry chuckle at the recollection. What had he said? Something flippant and ironical. Discourteous, she had termed it. Well, probably.

One phase of the deception still puzzled him. Why had the two conspirators mentioned Basil Reed to him at all? Why hadn't they started him on a search for John Smith or Frank Brown or some other fictitious person? He stood frowning, deep in thought. Was it because they were afraid that he might compare notes with Donaldson?

Then the attack on the Tewsbury pike! The supposed Ruth Trevor undoubtedly had assisted there, at least by delaying him until the roads were more nearly deserted, and probably by giving a signal to apprise the gangsters of his coming. Dealer's plates, plus a story of "three days' trial", had covered the discrepancy of the registration. Miss Carstairs? Another of the girls of gangland. He thought of the red scarf that she had put on. Would it have been, perhaps, a green scarf, if he had decided to return by the other route? And what of the envelope given to him there at Springfield?

One fact was certain: it had not contained a photograph of Basil Reed. Perhaps a likeness of some other youth, which would have misled him completely. Of course the gang couldn't foresee that he would never look at it. Why had they taken it from him? Because he might have become suspicious if they hadn't.

Little wonder that the girl impersonating Ruth had been displeased upon hearing of his telephone call to Judge Trevor's residence! Luck alone had prevented his learning the truth then and there. And little wonder indeed that she had shown impatience while he dallied with the yellow kitten in front of the racketeers' rendezvous, or tried to discourage his coming to Detroit!

McArthur left on the next through train, reaching home late on Friday evening. His first concern, naturally, was to explain to Ruth Trevor. But when he glanced at the clock on his mantel, he decided that he wouldn't attempt to call again by telephone. In the morning he dressed with great care, parting and re-parting his hair and adjusting his necktie several times before he was satisfied. Shortly after nine he presented himself at the door of 12 Montgomery Circle.

A manservant answered his ring. By his voice, McArthur knew that he was (*Continued on page 88*)

CHRONICLES OF
CRIME
in FACT and FICTION

**THE
ILLUSTRATED
DETECTIVE NEWS**

THE PIONEER
**MYSTERY
TABLOID**
OF AMERICA

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THE THRILL POISONER!

(Story on page 3)



P & A

John Sidar, 13, confesses to Jersey City police that he unwittingly killed his pal during the division of the spoils of the robbery of a baby's penny bank. His victim was Stanley Rydewski, aged 16. (See page 3)



P & A
Hilda Calloway, who is said to carry a gun strapped to her hip, was arrested in Philly after a pistol battle.



International
The boasting poisoner, James Baker, is here seen, strangely thoughtful, as he rides to New York to be questioned regarding the death of Henry Gaw, watchman of the Guggenheim laboratory. (See page 3)



International

Tired of baby, and craving excitement, Amelia Bascom deserted her husband to shoot out a career for herself as a gungirl in New York. Then came the law, and with it Amelia's arrest.

THE ROTHSTEIN CASE TODAY

(Story on page 8)

FIENDISH KILLER LAUGHS AT POLICE

Dr. Cook Gets Freedom. Says He Will Fight Narcotic Evil

With \$60, all the money he has at the age of sixty-five, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, Federal prisoner, is starting life anew.

Dr. Cook, whose claims to discovery of the North Pole were branded as fraudulent, has departed from the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth. He is released on parole, based on time served proportionate with the sentence of fourteen years and nine months imposed upon him at Fort Worth on a charge that he used the mails to sell fake oil stock.

In Friend's Custody

The little, calm-faced doctor, who once set half the scientific world by the ears and the other half in the bitter quarrel whether he was a knave or an honest man, has been paroled in the custody of his friend Dr. P. F. Thompson of Chicago a life-long friend who once financed a trip through Borneo led by Dr. Cook.

When Dr. Cook arrived at Leavenworth Prison after he had become unstrung in the sixteen months spent in jail at Fort Worth, he became ill. Convalescing, he started doing embroidery to occupy his mind. Then, when he was well enough to do a man's work, he plunged into studies, into research, into work at the prison hospital. He took part in the prison school. Then he went to work at editing the *New Era*, the official prison publication.

Adopts New Therapy

Out of his experience with narcotic addicts with whom he (Continued on page 9)



International

Sentenced to die for the death of Henry Sullivan, convict leader, during the bloody riots at Auburn prison, these three convicts smilingly set out on the journey to Sing Sing and the Death House. The two in the foreground, shackled together, are William Force (left) and Claude Udwin. Behind the latter may be seen Jesse Thomas, the third member of the doomed three.

Priceless Treasures of Art Museum Guarded by Super-Burglar Alarm

The greatest secrecy regarding the installation of a super-burglar alarm system in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has been maintained. That the museum with its priceless treasures is now thief-proof, is believed by the museum trustees and the engineers who perfected the system.

Intricate and highly ramified tale invisible electrical wires electric wire connections of communication to the galvanometer, which gives the alarm. These wires are highly sensitized and even the lifting of an object will instantly record an alarm.

The famed cup of gold and enamel called the Rospigliosi Cup of Benvenuto Cellini; the statuette of the god Amon, and other objects in the Carnarvon collection are protected this way. (Continued on page 9)

Wires Are Hidden

A visitor will not notice strips of tin foil on the glass enclosed receptacles that contain priceless objects. But under the unnoticed little strips are the tell-

German Murderer Dresses as Girl He Announces

The police of the old Rhenish city of Dusseldorf, Germany, are again aroused over the latest exploits of the phantom "Dusseldorf murderer," after the receipt of a letter from him describing his visits to Dusseldorf dance halls disguised in a woman's clothes with such good effect that he even danced with a lieutenant of the local police force.

The fiend deplored the fact that all the girls in the dance places were so well protected by their escorts or their mothers that he was unable to obtain fresh victims.

Most of his victims are women, some of them little girls —already a total of nine cruel murders have been committed by the unknown criminal. Thirteen assaults with intent to kill have been charged to him.

So far, the police, aided by specialists from Berlin, have questioned approximately 8,000 suspects in their wide search for clues. The police have received some 10,000 letters in connection with the case, and of these 4,000 cast suspicion upon persons whose names were given. No less than 400 of the letters purport to have been written by the killer himself!

Meanwhile the city remains in a reign of terror. The women folks stay closely home at nights and even the men step gingerly in some quarters.

Science continues its investigations which must ultimately land the killer.

SMUGGLING ALIENS—A New Kind of Racket



The prospective American, all his worldly goods on his shoulder, approaches an agent of the ring in a rum-shop in Lisbon, Portugal. Money is passed and the would-be traveler has secured a job on a ship bound for Rio.

Arrived in Rio de Janeiro our alien jumps ship. When no one is looking he goes over the side, hand-over-hand, down a mooring line to the pier. Each step in his movements is in accordance with the instructions of the ring.

At a low dive in this South American port Mr. Alien visits another member of the ring. More money is passed. He is smuggled into the hold of a small tramp steamer with several of his fellows, bound for the port of New York.

Now the scene is New York. After a period of three weeks below deck, Mr. Alien sees liberty at last. The watchman on the pier, bribed by the ring, carelessly turns his back while Mr. Alien slips down the dock to freedom.

HIS OWN BOASTING TRAPS KILLER

Boys Play Bandits One Kills Other Over Loot

One of the most unfortunate crimes on record has to do with the killing of Stanley Rydewski, aged sixteen, of Jersey City, N. J.

John Sidor, thirteen, and Stanley were chums. John lives at No. 144 Steuben Street, Jersey City. He and Stanley, who lived at 152 Seventh Street, one Saturday night recently, went to the home of Stanley's uncle, John Torrance, No. 387 Palisade Avenue, climbed to a porch roof and entered the Torrance apartment on the second floor through a window. All members of the family were out.

Find Toy Bank

Stanley led the way. In one room the boys found a small safe. They opened it and found there some jewelry belonging to Mrs. Torrance, a toy bank and Torrance's .25-calibre pistol.

With their loot they went to the cellar. John had the jewelry in his pocket and carried the automatic, and Stanley had the toy cash register. As John proudly opened the weapon and removed three shells, Stanley worked over the bank, smashing it open with an ax they had found in the cellar. Then, as he was counting the money, John, to scare him, aimed the gun at him and fired. He thought he had removed all the shells, he said. Then he heard the shot, and Stanley toppled to the floor.

Offers to Get Priest

"You're shot," John said he cried. "Shall I get you a priest?"

There was no answer from his chum. Frightened, he went over to him and shook him, and then he ran out, throwing the jewelry from his pocket in the back yard. There the jewelry was found, and near Stanley's body the automatic, the three undischarged shells John said he had removed, the shattered bank and \$6.10 in coins.

Sleuths Were Baffled

Sixteen Jersey City detectives were puzzled for hours over the case, and John did nothing to clear it up until he had been questioned many hours. And so, the confessed slayer by accident, has been arraigned for juvenile delinquency.



Ethel Hueston is about to release pigeon on nine-mile flight.

Pigeons to Foil Bandits as Messengers for Banks

Carrier pigeons as bank messengers to foil holdup men is the latest contribution of the U. S. Army to the business world.

Officers of the U. S. Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, N. J., experimenting for some time, have finally trained the pigeons to carry bank-notes over long distances, swiftly and safely.

According to the officers, who have found the pigeons reliable in the sending of messages from one point to another at critical times, the birds could easily be utilized in the delivering of valuable bank-notes.

Pigeons Not Easy to Shoot

The only danger from bandits would be the shooting of the birds, but it is pointed out that if several were released at the same time the robbers could not know which one carried the notes. It is not easy to wing birds in flight with a shotgun or pistol. Even after the bird is shot the bandit will not know where it will fall.

Risks Are Small

Army officers say the risks involved in sending pigeons on important bank missions would be a great deal less than handling money in armored cars and airplanes.

The Army has available hundreds of trained pigeons for this work and it is estimated there are thousands of others in the possession of fanciers throughout the country.

The idea is a novel one and, whatever its advantages, worthy of serious consideration. It's very evident merits make surprising the fact that it has never been tested hitherto.

Brought to New York from Detroit "Texas Jim Baker" Says He Did It For Fun

The man who has murdered eleven men for the fun of it, and who is believed to have taken part in other unsolved murders, made a mistake at the New York City police line-up. After being brought on from Detroit, James Bakerin, or "Texas Jim Baker," as he calls himself, the man who was betrayed by his Detroit girl friend, Eleanor Roy, and caught by a New York policeman, let himself be trapped by his own boasting.

This Cat's Meows Led Detectives to Nab Pair



The yowling of a cat near an upturned telephone alarmed a telephone operator who thought she heard moaning. Detectives hastened to the scene, in the Grand Central zone of New York City, found the cat, laughed, and started back to the station house. On the way they passed two suspicious-looking men, lounging in a doorway. Investigating, the cops found guns on them. One Edwards, was a first offender—the other, Richard Mandel, had five previous convictions for felony and is now under the shadow of the Baumes law.

"I never did like cats, anyway," said Mandel.

Body in Sack!

In the rear yard of a vacant house near Philadelphia was discovered the mutilated body of a young woman, very recently. Her corpse had been stuffed into an ordinary sack.

The police at once believed the body to be that of a prominent Allentown matron.

They did not disclose the name of the missing Allentown woman, but detectives insist that pictures of the body resemble very closely photographs of her.

Gashes on the forehead and black-and-blue marks on the throat indicate strangulation.

The sack, according to neighbors, had lain in the lot for more than a week. A negro rag-picker, thinking it an abandoned bag of trash found it, uncovered the body, and ran screaming for aid.

The unclad figure was wrapped tightly in newspapers. It is believed that the murder took place elsewhere.

Baker's account of another murder, that of Walter Aue, railroad detective, was confirmed by Detroit police. It was Aue's pistol that "Texas Jim" was carrying in a secret pocket of his trousers when he boarded the train from Detroit, in the custody of two New York detectives. The detectives questioned him about the peculiar handle of the pistol. Baker said the original handle didn't suit him, so he shot a horse, cut out its shin bone and whittled it down to make a new one.

Rammed Cyanide Down Throat

Then the police obtained a full statement from Baker on how he murdered Henry Gaw, a watchman at the Guggenheim Laboratories where Baker was employed, by ramming a wad of cyanide down his throat with his pistol butt "just to see him die."

Knowing that the laws of the State of New York do not permit a person to plead guilty to first degree murder, although he may confess it, and that he cannot be tried on his uncorroborated statements, the police got him to demonstrate his brute strength.

Tears Phone Book in Two

"I hear you're rather stuck on your strength. See what you can do with this," said a detective handing him the Manhattan telephone book.

Baker, though handcuffed to Detective George Fitzpatrick, took the telephone book and with seemingly no effort at all tore it in two.

"There's a trick about that," the detective said.

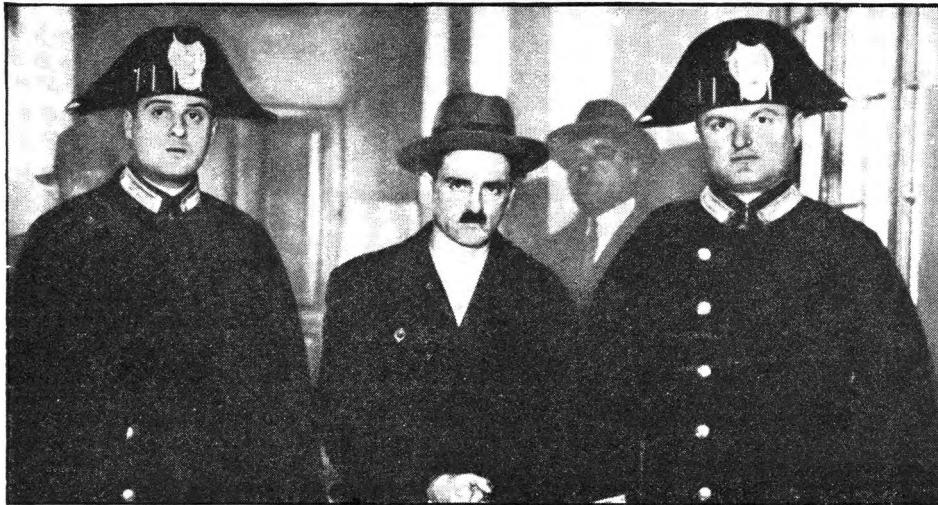
"Yes, when you have the edges of the leaves toward you," Baker replied. "But you'll see I tore through the book beginning with the back binding. That's what takes strength."

Owes Family "Nothing"

After confessing to ten murders, the detective touched a sore spot when they asked him about his family. The prisoner's face turned ugly.

(Continued on page 9)

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF



P & A

(Above) The first man to be arrested in the newly created Vatican City was arrested on a charge of stealing in St. Peter's, Rome. He is seen here under guard as he goes to his trial.



P & A
Miss Penelope Bond, bookkeeper for a Chicago foodstuffs broker, testifying against her employer, who is charged with forging checks.



P & A

A new way of transporting bootleg whiskey, demonstrated by Willis Budges.

(Left) Andrew W. Richardson, California rancher, who shot and killed his divorced wife and then attempted to take his own life, according to reports to the sheriff's office.



P & A

Mrs. E. B. Mallers and her two children. Mrs. Mallers was locked with her husband in their cellar by a bandit gang which ransacked the house from end to end.

CRIMES OF THE MONTH



P & A
Mrs. Birdie Gentry, 35-year-old widow, held on charges of poisoning her husband to collect life insurance.



P & A
Elizabeth Cooper was 16 when she eloped with Silvio Velez. That was 13 years ago. Now, the mother of six children, she has been sent to jail for thrusting a knife into his heart.



P & A



P & A
August Vogel, "whim slayer" of Chicago, former soda fountain clerk, who was sentenced February 8th to die in the electric chair. He is being questioned by a deputy sheriff.

(Above) Left to right, Mrs. Effie Reynolds, Mrs. Ethel Shaw, and another study of Mrs. Effie Reynolds; both accused of murdering their husbands by poisoning.



(Right) Mrs. Margaret Schlecht, 21, who instantly killed her husband in their Madison, Wisconsin, home last Christmas Day when, she said, he struck her.

Stranger than FICTION

HELPFUL

A prowler opened a window that Doctor M. F. Elliott of Elyria, Ohio, had been trying to pry open all winter and then, according to the police, he left the Doctor's house without taking anything.

NEWS

Farm crooks lean on telephone poles and the average officer passes them by without a second thought, says Chief of Detectives Maurice E. Farley of Sioux City—and these same farmhands who turn out to be "big city crooks" are the hardest of the criminal element to apprehend.

KINDLY JUDGE

When Stephen Mudryc, reputable citizen of Waco, Texas, came to Chicago on a visit he brought along a carefully oiled gun, and Judge Harry B. Miller, satisfied, dismissed a charge of carrying concealed weapons when he realized the Texan was practicing foresight.

HIZZONER

A well-dressed young man named Jimmie Walker was refused entrance into New York's City Hall by a suspicious policeman, who turned pale, a second later, when he realized the intruder was none other than His Honor, the Mayor, in person.

CONSPICUOUS

Fernando Mesa, 29, was walking around in Chicago with a price tag on his new coat—with the result a stranger took him for a walk, to the nearest police station, where it was discovered the overcoat had been stolen from a clothing store a few hours earlier.

IT WAS A STRADIVARIUS

The Oakland, California, thief who stole a violin from a blind street-corner musician is in for an unpleasant time when the police of that city find him.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Milton McDuff, of the Birmingham Bureau of Identification, had a great surprise when he found eight diamond rings had been cached in the upholstery of his automobile by fleeing jewel thieves.

SHE MOVED

After saying he had intended imposing a jail sentence on Mrs. Sarah Grainer for being a "common scold"—Judge Runyon of Warren County Court, New Jersey, changed his mind and fined her \$125 when she promised she would leave the neighborhood.

VALUABLE STONE TO THE MUSEUM

The thief who has stolen the big grayish drab stone about the size of a dinner plate on which Moses is reputed to have stood, from the San José Rosecrucian Order's museum, risks an ancient Egyptian curse that operates against any one who steals ancient relics.

WIFE WAS SHARP-TONGUED

Six arrests have just been made in Charolles, France—result of a knife-drawn clash between two Gypsy families over a family problem that arose when one Gypsy sold his wife for four dollars to a friend who later regretted his bargain.

CAUGHT

Three years is the jail sentence that has just been handed down to Justice of Peace Jack Lewis of Paterson for accepting \$600 and promising to effect the release of one Dominick Abdulahad who was awaiting trial on seven indictments.

POLICE ON TRAIL NOW

Thirteen was a lucky number for Ralph Martin, a Cuban dentist, who was being brought to the Federal Building in New York City with twelve other prisoners, to stand trial on charges of peddling narcotics, for he silently slipped out of the handcuff that joined him to one of the deputies, and escaped.

AUSTRIA

In Vienna, the use of police dogs in criminal detection is one of the first acts of the police, and the recent murder of a woman in a field near Vienna led the next day to the detection of the man, the criminal's scent having proved his giveaway.

GIRL OFFENDER

Helen Finnegan, twenty-four, of Brooklyn, told detectives at the police lineup that she is sick and tired of being arrested for she had just been discharged on a burglary charge and was immediately re-arrested on another theft charge, her ninth.

AND HIS HANDS WERE TIED IN BACK

Noises disturbed Pat Hogan in his New York City home and he explored to discover his neighbor, William Reegan, banging his feet against a coal bin where he had been left, hog-tied by two thieves who robbed him of \$25, tied him up, and left him there.

No Police Aid for This Girl

Criminals of Jungle Won't Frighten Lone Woman

Braving the savage criminals of the unexplored jungles of Brazil, Miss Elizabeth Steen, 29-year-old anthropology student of the University of California, sailed on the "Western World" to be gone a year.

Before she left, Miss Steen, who has spent three years in South America, gave some interesting sidelights on the criminal side of the tribes among whom she is going to live in the interest of science.

No Cops to Help Out

"They don't have any policemen to protect you down there," she said. "Everybody is on his own. Everybody therefore is on guard."

"However, the savages have a sense of right and wrong, although it is a queer one. It follows closely the rule of life about self-preservation. They are all interested in that. If they feel anyone is hostile they just kill him off. The only real punishment they know is death. They are not satisfied until death strikes."

Better Off as Women

Miss Steen said she will endeavor to show the savages that she has no harmful intent, and will rather try to enlist their sympathy toward her work. She feels as a woman she could do it probably better than a man. The savages, she pointed out, are always suspicious of new faces that appear among them and would rather kill first and ask questions afterwards.

Bullets End Voodoo Rites In "Ginny" Atmosphere

A weird voodoo seance in a dimly lighted room at 65 Barclay Street, Newark, ended in a battle in which a police sergeant and a Negro gunman were killed, and others were seriously wounded.

Upon being told by a passerby that there were "strange doings" in a house near his patrol box, Patrolman Frank Wycialek was briefly considering a course of action when



Metropolitan

Miss Elizabeth Steen

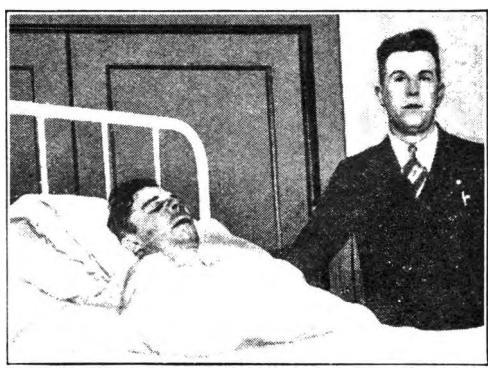
No police force could ever exist among uncivilized men, she added, so if they feel it is right to snuff out her life there will be no one who would dare to avenge her death.

Sergeant Anderson, Patrolmen William Myers and Charles Witteek happened along. He told them the passerby also said he had seen two Negroes enter the house boasting of several robberies.

Decide on Raid

"Raid them," ordered the sergeant decisively. He sent Witteek and Myers to the rear of the house to prevent an escape. Then, Anderson, accompanied by Marion Thigpen, Newark's only Negro cop, and Wycialek, pushed open the front

(Continued on page 9)



John Pita, being guarded in Lowell hospital, following shooting of sweetheart and 10-year-old girl.

International

U. S. Agents Who Lose Fortunes Gambling Under Fire

Charges that some of the narcotic agents assigned to the New York bureau have used one of the back rooms in the division's headquarters, No. 45 Broadway, for high-flung gambling, and that another group of agents patronized a speakeasy to such an extent that it became known as the branch office, have been placed before United States Attorney Tuttle, it has been learned.

If Mr. Tuttle is able to obtain conclusive facts the situation will be presented to the Federal Grand Jury, which is also resuming Mr. Tuttle's narcotic inquiry.

Lost Year's Salary In Day

It was charged that in dice games agents have been known to win and lose a year's salary in a day. Another charge was that one of the men acted as a bookmaker's agent for placing bets on horse races. The racing transactions, it was said, were conducted over the Government's telephones.

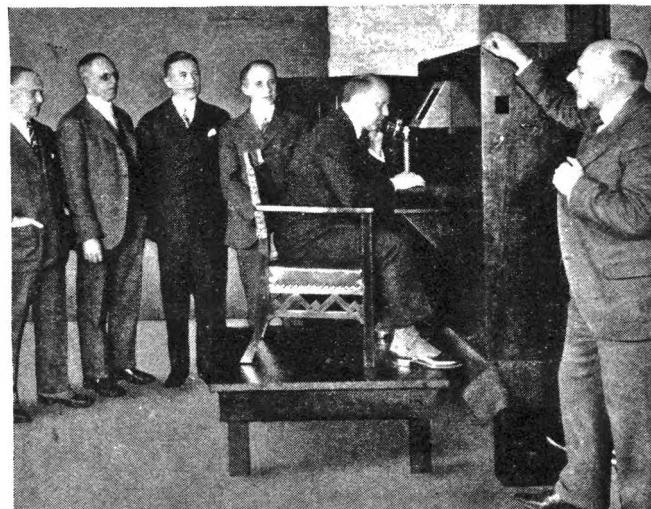
On the basis of these charges, it was added, the Federal authorities purpose to find out how agents with comparatively small incomes could afford to gamble like rich men. One source of information has reported that when at least one agent "went broke" in a certain game he drew a large sum of money from the office "to buy evidence" and then gambled away this Government money.

The next few weeks should do much to clear up this sort of official corruption.

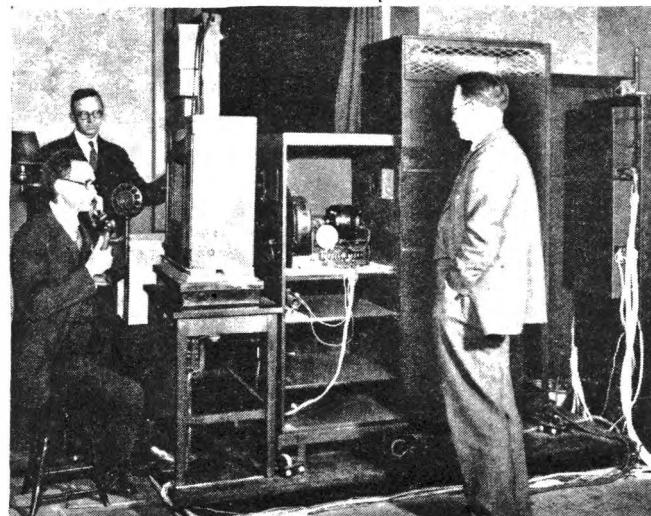
Sentenced To Life He's Glad He'll Get Food and Rest

"Well, I'm sure of my bread and butter and a place to sleep in for the rest of my life," was the only comment made by Cornelius J. Donovan, fifty-five, when Judge Levine sentenced him to life imprisonment as a fourth offender. His police record extends back to 1890.

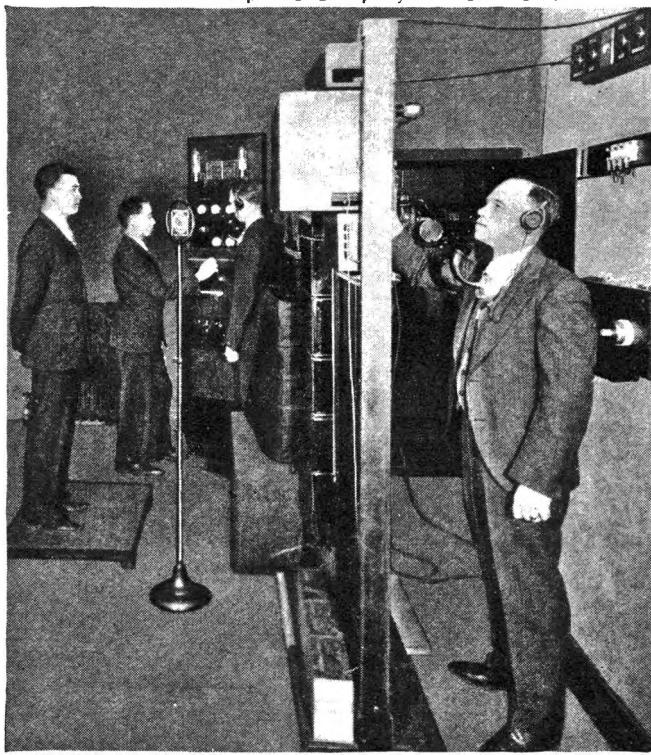
Donovan obtained two diamond rings valued at \$1,500 from Black, Starr & Frost, Sept. 21 last for alleged delivery to Gov. Roosevelt's home in New York City. Later, he called for them as from the store and pawned them. When he was in Sing Sing some years ago he was secretary to Warden Thomas Mott Osborne.



Metropolitan
Walter S. Gifford demonstrating how television picks up likeness as he telephones.



Metropolitan
Receiving and transmitting by television in the laboratories of the Bell Telephone Company in New York.



Metropolitan
Broadcasting the entire figure via television, demonstrating how police can flash across country their suspects.

Noted Jewel Thief Lands In Jail In Berlin

Herbert Sandowski, international jewel robber, who escaped from a German prison and who is wanted in the United States is behind prison bars again, thanks to a clever Berlin jeweler who set a trap for him.

Jeweler Knew Him

Sandowski appeared at a jewelry store and asked to be shown some diamonds. The jeweler recognized him, having previously seen him in court. He told Sandowski to call later and meanwhile notified the police who arrested the escaped prisoner. The police said they found in his possession a glass cutter and a rubber ball filled with acid.

Sandowski must now serve the remainder of a three and one-half years' sentence for inciting a rebellion at Kotthus Penitentiary.

Wanted in U. S.

Meanwhile, he is wanted in the United States on charges of jewel theft. He came to Berlin in 1926 and was sent to a hospital, the victim of typhoid fever. In his delirium he raved about rich treasure in a box which he had hidden. The box, filled with jewels, was found and the police sent descriptions of the gems to the United States.

A Mrs. Taylor of New York notified the police that she was the owner of a necklace of 864 pearls found in the loot. Sandowski contended that the jewelry was his, lawfully, but the court confiscated it on behalf of the customs authorities who turned it over to the Ministry of Justice. Sandowski also was alleged to have broken out of jail at Palm Beach and to have escaped from Sing Sing prison while serving a seven-year term for burglary.

Before Sandowski can be extradited to the United States he must finish his prison sentence in Berlin.

Television to Speed Police Work

Within a short time it will be possible for police stations throughout the country to flash to each other television views of bandits and suspects they have captured.

Could Exchange Line-ups

It will also be possible through latest developments in the television field for the police of Los Angeles, Cal., to see each day the regular line-up of prisoners at New York's police headquarters. New York would be able to witness the Los Angeles police line-up.

(Continued on page 9)

What Is What In The Rothstein Case

The Rothstein case is in grave danger of being relegated to the limbo of great unsolved murder mysteries. The only definitely established point, even thus far, is that Arnold Rothstein, underworld king and gambler, was shot and killed by some person other than himself.

At 10:30 p. m., of November 4th, 1928, some one telephoned Lindy's restaurant, a favorite of Rothstein's, at 50th Street and Broadway, New York City, and the cashier subsequently gave Rothstein the message. Rothstein, then left Lindy's saying: "McManus wants to see me over at the Park Central."

Before Rothstein departed, he gave a revolver, which he took from his pocket, to Jimmie Meehan, a gambler friend.

The next seen of Rothstein was at 11:07 p. m., after he had been shot. He was staggering, mortally wounded, in the service entrance of the hotel. He had been shot in the groin.

Furthermore, he had been shot, apparently, by a .38 calibre Colt "Detective Special" which Abe Bender, a taxi-driver, saw fall into the street near his cab, parked in front of the hotel. Bender thought that this gun had been thrown from an automobile. One exploded, and five unexploded cartridges lay in the street near the weapon.

Rothstein was led to the Polyclinic Hospital. He absolutely refused to say where the shooting had occurred or who had shot him. He died two days later.

George McManus, another big-time gambler, had taken Suite No. 349, two days previous to the shooting, at the Park Central. Detectives were in his room at 2 a. m., the day after the shooting, when the telephone rang, and someone asked if McManus was there. The answer was "yes." Presently Thomas and Frank McManus entered with Hyman Biller, George McManus's pay-off man. After a talk that was never given to the public, they departed. Biller was subsequently indicted along with three others for the murder, but so far has not showed up again. He is still missing.

The theory evolved by the police was that Rothstein had been shot in anger because he had welched on some gambling debts. He, McManus, and various others had played cards together some weeks before at Jimmy Meehan's place. Though Rothstein lost some \$300,000 he left the game well ahead in cash. He owed one man \$219,000. Later, it was said he denounced the game as crooked and would not pay a nickel of what he had lost in it.

Any doctor might be puzzled to know how a man seriously wounded in the groin could manage to travel a distance of 210 feet (the estimated footage

from McManus's suite to the street)—and, without leaving a trail of blood!

One year and sixteen days after a bullet dropped the underworld financier, on November 21st, 1929, the State opened its case.

Interesting events up to the final date of the trial were:

1928

Nov. 4-21—Rothstein's private papers examined. They include \$1,000,000 in stocks and bonds of Rothstein corporations; two insurance policies, one naming Inez Norton, a friend of Rothstein's, as beneficiary, the other, his wife Catherine Rothstein. Also among the papers a separation agreement with Mrs. Rothstein, and about \$15,000 worth of jewelry.

Nov. 21—Articles in Rothstein's private safe include Russian rubles of \$1,000,000 face value (worth about \$40 cash), and a bank book of a Paris bank, showing deposits of \$500,000. Several letters, which, when examined by Federal authorities, led to the seizure of a \$4,000,000 cache of narcotics, and several arrests.

Nov. 25—Rumors persist that Rothstein's papers had been ransacked by political personages who feared revelation of connections with the racketeers.

Nov. 26—District Attorney Banton denies papers are missing. The papers are later impounded and placed in custody of Judge Francis X. Maneuso.

Nov. 27—George A. McManus surrenders. He had been sought as one of the principals of a clique of gamblers alleged to have summoned Rothstein to the hotel to question about I O U's Rothstein gave him in a card game. McManus's overcoat was originally reported found by detectives in the hotel room. He smilily denies any complicity.

Dec. 4—McManus, Biller and two others, designated as "Richard Roe," and "John Doe," are indicted for the killing of Arnold Rothstein.

1929

March 27—Justice Levy releases McManus in \$50,000 bail.

April 10—Bridget Farry, chambermaid of the Park Central Hotel, in which Rothstein is supposed to have been wounded, is released on bail as a witness, after having remained in jail for 134 days because she could not furnish bail.

June 29—Litigation over the Rothstein will ends in compro-

mise. His \$2,750,000 estate is put in care of Jack Rothstein, brother of slain man, and John J. Glynn, nephew of Governor Smith, as executors.

October—Richard E. Enright, Fiorella La Guardia, and Norman Thomas, Mayor Walker's rivals for the mayoralty, endeavor to capitalize alleged remiss conduct on part of the District Attorney.

Oct. 10—Judge Nott refuses to try McManus in midst of the political campaign.

Nov. 21—Trial opens in Grand Sessions.

At the trial it developed no

description of the man tallied with that of Rothstein.

Bridget Farry, the chambermaid, who had been in and out of Room 349 the night of the 4th, swore she had not seen George McManus in the room.

Finally, the State threw up its hands. Judge Nott instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. The jury said they would have done so anyway, even if the court had not directed them to.

Severe criticism has fallen on the Police Department for handling the case with negligence and ineptitude.



Inez Norton, who now begins rehearsals for drama of Underworld.

one of the men in the gambling game at McManus' rooms knew about the shooting until after it happened; the detectives who were first on the scene could find no witnesses who had heard "noises"; and also that the glasses in the McManus room had been "turned over to an expert" for examination. Mrs. Marian A. Putnam, who had occupied Room 320 on the evening of the tragedy, told of going down to buy a magazine, of hearing loud, excited voices in Room 349 followed by a crash, and that, scared, she started back to her room only to notice behind her a man bent over, his face in agony. Her

Ex-police Commissioner Warren, former District Attorney Joah Banton, and more recently Judge Vitale, are only a few of those prominent in political life who have suffered tremendously from general public displeasure that the case is still unsolved. There are as many guesses floating about the country as to the real murderer as there ever were in the Hall-Mills case even. Every third person will tell you authoritatively, and every other story is different from the last one.

It seems unlikely that any clearing up of the mystery will come directly from official action.

Fake Captain Steals Crown Jewels; Rome Agog

A tremendous sensation has been caused in Rome by the exploit of a false carabinier captain. He arrested and consigned to prison the noted Roman jeweler Menechini, after seizing a valise full of jewels in the man's shop.

Magistrates Baffled

The police magistrates are totally baffled by the incident, even Menechini's lawyer having fallen into the trap, while the jeweler's own wife also had taken the false captain for a real officer. The son had taken his father to prison and left him there with tears in his eyes after seeing his father locked in a prison cell.

Meantime, police traced the chauffeur, who under orders of the fake captain drove the car to prison. He turned out to be an ordinary taxicab driver, who suspected nothing whatever, and who, after being paid, saw the captain hail another taxicab and drive away with the precious valise.

In the loot were some of the crown jewels of ex-King Ammanullah, who had sold them to Menechini several months ago. They consisted of brilliants, pearl necklaces, diadems, emeralds and rare gems of every description.

Voodoo Rites

(Continued from page 6)

door and crept up the darkened stairs to the door of a room from which chanting sounds emerged.

Break Down Door

Bursting in, they found a medium-sized room, crowded with Negro men and women who were seated on the floor, their bodies swaying rhythmically. The room reeked with the odor of cheap gin. They seemed in a high state of excitement.

"Hands up, everybody!" shouted Anderson, his revolver drawn. Most of the crowd obeyed. But one Audley Billups made a break for the door, drawing a pistol as he ran. Anderson wheeled and fired. Billups returned the fire. Anderson fell across a table, a bullet through his lungs. Then, the gun battle continued in earnest with another Negro, known as Cokey Joe, returning the fire. Throughout the gun battle the other Negroes had been doing a weird chant—their voices rising and falling.

Cop Dies In Hospital

Then, the police made a check-up. Cokey Joe was dead, sprawled at the bottom of the stairs where he had fallen.



International

De Viva, Italian convict, in Rome jail, pleading for his life. The Court of Assizes moved into the jailhouse for the trial of this young man accused of murdering his sweetheart.

Dr. Cook Gets Freedom

(Continued from page 2)

came in contact as night at the prison, Dr. Cook has evolved a speculation on a new science—a "cellular therapy," which would involve a meticulous study of anatomy, physiology and pathology. Admitting his keen interest in adioids, Dr. Cook expects to continue his work in that research.

When asked about his northern explorations, Dr. Cook displays no rancor, no bitterness. He merely says that the evidence in the North Pole dispute was all in—bound in his report and in the reports by Commander Peary. He cites that Admiral Schley asserts his

report tallies with that of Peary.

To Keep Up Good Record

The doctor intends to do nothing which will detract from his good record as a prisoner at Leavenworth where he was respected and trusted by Warden W. L. Biddle who "dressed him in" and by Warden T. B. White, who "dressed him out."

Thrill Killer

(Continued from page 3)

"I don't owe them nothing," he muttered. "All I got from them was a lot of kicks and beatings."

Asked about his mother, he reiterated, "don't owe her nothing."

Baker has already been indicted by the Grand Jury as Gaw's murderer. The charge amused him. In fact, he has declared, he is glad he has been brought to New York to die, as there is no capital punishment in Michigan.

The Museum Alarm

(Continued from page 2)

The famous Adams gold vase, made of California gold and other minerals and metals, are priceless objects which would instantly "shriek" out for protection if any one even attempted to lift them. This is also true of the Morosini collection, on display in the Turkish and Persian armor room.

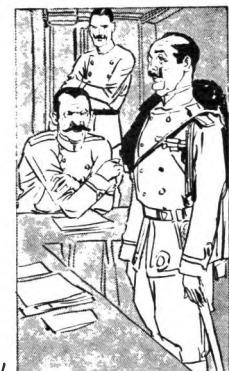
Any attempt by a thief or vandal either to enter the museum illegitimately, or to disturb in the slightest any of its inestimably valuable contents without immediate detection and capture is now considered literally impossible.



Three inmates of Matteawan, criminally insane, sandbagged a keeper and bolted. Two were over the wall before all were recaptured.



(Below) Austrian army officer confesses to plot to poison ten members of the general staff. One has already died.



(Above) Inspector Daly begins general East Side, New York, clean-up by raiding two gambling dens.

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

TODAY IN CRIME

RUM FUNDS ARE URGED TO AID DRUG WAR by members of the House of Representatives. Governor Franklin Roosevelt of New York State is aiding the same cause by ordering a narcotics evil inquiry by a committee composed of laymen and legislators to study how to curb the sale of dope. Meanwhile, the committee in Washington is considering a bill by Chairman Hawley for the organization of a separate narcotics unit. Our legislators realize how handicapped we are in the trafficking of drugs, for we have one enforcement agent for the anti-narcotic law to every 500,000 citizens of the United States—or, 200 men to enforce these laws amongst 120,000,000 people.

"NATION-WIDE CORRUPTION," according to Aldermanic President McKee of New York, "can be attributed to too much wealth, graft and the disinterested attitude of voters toward the elections of public officials." He also denounces the sale of risqué books as a menace to youth. Too little attention to public affairs on the part of the people themselves, he considers another cause. "The voter is too busy making money," he says.

COMMUNISM vs LAW AND ORDER is a subject worthy of any citizen's pro and contra. The recent demonstrations have proved several things. Not the least important is, that when free speech of the corner soap-box variety is turned into general rioting there is a possibility the battling may affect the lives of other people who are not taking part in it. Sympathy has been, and is, voiced for the down-trodden. But if those who insist they are down-trodden continue to employ professional agitators to stir up minor insurrections—then, we can continue to sympathize with the police when they apprehend the ringleaders.

BAIL BOND EVILS have been under the microscope of the New York County Grand Jury. The recent investigations are bringing about a clean sweep of the professional bondsmen and "fixers." Magistrate Hyman Bushel told Judge Allen in General Session that these professionals can "daily buy and sell magistrates without the magistrates themselves knowing anything about it."

CHRONICLES OF
CRIME
in FACT and FICTION

THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE NEWS

THE PIONEER
**MYSTERY
TABLOID
OF AMERICA**

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What Causes Crime?

The bloody pages of America's crime history grow more voluminous each year. Throughout the country crime commissions are being formed to study this phenomenon, search out its causes, suggest effective remedies.

There are those who maintain that from time immemorial poverty has been the world's greatest breeder of criminality. There are those who now point out that, though the War was ended over a decade ago, it is

its citizens has been passed by these United States. That common and general disregard of this law has bred a feeling of distrust and disregard for all law. To say nothing of the immensely profitable branches of crime, bootlegging, hi-jack-



still the unrest that follows every war that is responsible for our crime wave. They point to a vast army of men whose whole habits of life have changed, who in more than a year on the field have acquired a callousness about human life, habits of constant excitement, a general disinterest in the binding of conventional responsibilities.

Growing greater steadily is the number of those who trace our present carnival of crime to prohibition and its concomitants. They maintain that a law limiting the freedom and curtailing the inherent rights of

ing, and a hundred other sorts of racketeering, that have had their birth directly out of the Volstead act.

All of these theories contain much that can be demonstrated. A matter of such paramount interest to the citizens of this country cannot, however, be decided and judged too hastily.

It is going to take months, probably years, of diligent research before various crime commissions will be able properly to set forth their findings. And again there will be a considerable period of time before the reports of commissions in separate communities can be

correlated satisfactorily, and judged sufficiently as a whole to permit adequate measures of correction.

In the meanwhile THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE NEWS wants to commend the salutary spirit behind all these present inquiries. Regardless of how long they take, regardless of the immediacy of their results, they demonstrate that with all the prevalence of law-breaking there still is a healthy sanity at work in the country.

If, as is doubtlessly true in a general way, education and enlightenment are the surest foes of evil, with such public-spirited bodies sifting, searching, finding out, America need not despair!

Ten Years of Prohibition

Prohibition has cost the Federal Government more than \$400,000,000.

It has resulted in a loss of revenue amounting to \$3,000,000,000, almost equivalent to the annual budget of all Federal agencies.

It has caused the killing of some 200 persons in law enforcement, aside from the added hundreds killed in gang wars and causes directly attributable to illicit liquor.

It has seen Uncle Sam arrest more than 550,000 persons for violating the dry law.

It has resulted in the doors of the Federal prisons being opened to 230,000 citizens for an enforced stay aggregating more than 33,000 years.

It has seen alcoholism rank with typhoid fever and railroad accidents as a cause of human death, and the Bureau of Census places the toll at 34,000.

Seventeen members of an alleged kidnaping gang, believed to have taken a quarter of a million dollars in ransom since the beginning of the year, were captured recently by the Chicago police.

It is estimated that 15,000 persons crowded the street in front of the home of Mrs. John ("Dingbat") Oberta, when her second gangster husband to die at the point of a gun was buried in a \$15,000 casket.

Asa Keyes, former Los Angeles district attorney, became No. 48218 at the San Quentin penitentiary the other day on a bribery conviction. Among his fellow felons are many he himself jailed.

The Murder of Mattie Hackett

(Continued from page 10)

they claimed that ten per cent of all expectant mothers are insane at times. The defense fought this trend of testimony every inch of the way and demanded the acquittal of their client. They established that Elsie's footprints were not those found near the body, and succeeded in upsetting testimony purporting to identify the accused as the "mysterious woman" who had been seen near the Hackett farm on the day of the crime. They made strenuous efforts to revive the tramp theory.

The jury was instructed and went out to deliberate. It was then that Judge William Penn Whitehouse presented his own surprise in a manner never before seen in American jurisprudence. Immediately that the jury was closeted, Judge Whitehouse announced that he would receive certain testimony which he would not permit the jury to hear. He wanted to assure himself that no injustice was being done, he said. Six witnesses, to date not identified with the proceedings, went on the stand and

one after another related the alleged confession of a certain William Hurd, army deserter and tramp, who had committed suicide in Lincoln, Maine, in 1906, the year after the murder. Hurd, it was stated, had admitted in dying that he had been a witness to the assault and murder of Mattie Hackett by three tramp companions, and had held his tongue through fear.

The testimony was further substantiated by the statement of Hurd's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Jepson, who stated that on the night before his death Hurd had told her the complete story. He had, his mother stated, been on his way home with his three companions, when they passed the Hackett farm. Hurd himself, he said, had entered the yard and asked Mattie for food. Though she told Hurd that she was getting ready to feed another tramp, she promised him something to eat, and after preparing it innocently walked out into the road with him. There, one of his companions had seized her.

He described the man as red haired and blue eyed, but could identify none of the trio by name. He had threatened to bolt, according to Mrs. Jepson, when the murderer had forced him to silence at the point of a revolver.

The tramp Johnson was then put on the stand to relate testimony he had previously withheld. He said that while near the barn and when Hackett was inside he had heard a low-pitched masculine voice near the house ask, "Can't you come down tonight?" to which a woman's voice replied, "No, I can't." He further said that just before Mattie's death scream he had heard two female voices down the road.

As this testimony was concluded the jury appeared. In one hour and forty-nine minutes they had reached a verdict. It was "Not guilty," and the murder of Mattie Hackett was to remain Maine's darkest mystery, except to those who believed the confession of William Hurd.

The Twigg-Elosser Mystery

(Continued from page 11)

death! A veritable kiss of death—nothing less—explained that! The unfortunate young man, dying, had kissed his perfidious lover, thus transferring some of the deadly powder to her lips! The greatest flaw in the cyanide theory was found in the fact that cyanide causes distortion of the features of the one poisoned, the marked lack of which was apparent in the Twigg-Elosser tragedy. The fact that no sign of poison was present in the gum taken from Twigg's mouth permanently stopped this ridiculous conjecture. No grounds whatever could be established for reversing the theory, and laying the blame at Twigg's door. The suicide and murder suspicion died a natural death. The grounds for double suicide also failed to hold water. In fact, no serious basis was found for it at all.

Double murder remaining the only logical argument.

Granting this, who was within the range of suspicion? First, Grace's sister, May. May had publicly quarreled with Grace and accused her of stealing Twigg's love. May had been in love with him from the first and everyone knew it. Then Twigg had transferred his affections to the more mature girl and May had been teased about it by her friends. Twigg himself had been playfully twitted, but laughed at the suggestion that May would never forgive him for his "duplicity." Their affair had not been of serious intent, and it was generally agreed that Twigg had done wisely by choosing the older sister. Following the murder, May,

after a siege of hysteria, became noticeably belligerent, it was said. She went about Cumberland as though inviting further discussion of her alleged part in the crime—if it actually *was* a crime. She did not deny that she had served her sister and Twigg with wine and cake shortly before they were found dead, but nothing was ever said about the incident beyond its original mention.

Did Grace have an enemy? Not so far as could be ascertained. Her first marriage had been unhappy and her husband a n'er-do-well whose trifling ways had forced her to divorce him. That she had plenty of spirit and courage cannot be doubted. She discovered one day that the man she had married was planning to elope with the girl with whom he had been trifling. The recreant couple planned to leave Cumberland by a sideroad and had arranged for a horse and buggy. Grace waited until they had gone far enough to eliminate any doubt as to their intentions and saddling her own horse rode cross-country to head off the elopers. She caught them a few miles out of town and drove them back to Cumberland with a whip. She immediately divorced her husband. The incident was not cited to bring suspicion upon the ex-husband or the girl, but developed as part of the effort to find Grace's enemies, if any.

A temporary furor arose with the testimony of a ten-year-old boy who lived in a neighboring house. He testified that he was on the way to the store at his mother's orders, when he saw Mrs. Elosser run from

her house screaming. He went to the front window of the Elosser home and watched while Mrs. Elosser and the doctor entered. On the floor, he testified, he saw a small bottle from which some "pale" powder was spilled and in the hand of the dead man was a blue wine-glass. He said he heard Mrs. Elosser frantically insist to the doctor that "this must be kept quiet." In the dead girl's hand was a jelly-tumbler, according to the boy. He described both the wine-glass and the tumbler, and a search of the Elosser cupboard disclosed glasses and tumblers of his description. The doctor placed the little bottle in his pocket, he said. This was denied by both the doctor and Mrs. Elosser. The boy himself, after being described as a juvenile offender against truth, was eliminated as a factor in the mystery.

Officers from Washington took a cursory hand in the investigations, but after a few weeks the case was given up. The principal aftermath was the bitterness which existed between the Twiggs and Elossers. The latter family shortly moved away from Cumberland.

Several months later two unidentified individuals, described variously as private detectives, and as amateur sleuths, appeared in Cumberland and got permission to enter the Elosser home. With them they carried a basket in which were two kittens. They lit the gas fire in the grate and placed the kittens on the divan on which the bodies of Grace Elosser and Edward Twigg had been found. They went out,

closing all doors in the room. In a half hour they returned to find the kittens dead. A new complication! Had Grace Elosser and Edward Twigg met their death by the unromantic means of illuminating gas?

An important chemist belatedly testified that undiluted hydrocyanic acid is present in the body at all times. No verdict was rendered as a result of the new development, however, and the case was again

dropped, this time not to be reopened.

The Elosser home was rented a few years later to two maiden ladies. A neighbor, calling on them during the winter of the same year, saw through the same door that Mrs. Elosser had discovered the bodies of her daughter and her lover, the upright and apparently sleeping bodies of the two ladies. They were rushed into the open air and revived. The gas fire was alight, but fumes

were not sufficiently apparent to warn them. They said they had not even been aware when they lost consciousness. This seemed convincing proof that the fireplace held the secret of the Twigg-Elosser mystery, and several tests were made. The results varied widely, and to this day the truth is not known and the town of Cumberland is still speculating about the romantic death of Grace Elosser and Edward Twigg.

The Death of Jeroboam and Ann Beauchamp *(Continued from Page 12)*

replied that he could not fight any one for Ann, because his shame was so great that he could not raise his hand in self-defense. Beauchamp took him by the collar and forced him to his knees, saying, "I'll horsewhip you publicly until you do fight me." The craven Sharpe begged for mercy and offered to turn his entire estate over to Ann and Beauchamp if they would spare his life.

"You must kill me or I shall kill you," shouted Beauchamp, and kicked Sharpe to his feet.

The next day he bought a whip and patrolled the streets of Frankfort looking for his enemy. He sported a brace of pistols as well, as he was in unfriendly territory. Shortly he heard that Sharpe had returned to Bowling Green to bring his family, and so followed him.

Ann finally announced that she herself would kill Sharpe. The two practised daily with pistols. She resorted to a ruse to tempt Sharpe within range by writing him a forgiving letter, asking him to call. Though Sharpe replied, he had his suspicions and did not show up for the appointed date. He returned to Frankfort immediately, and despite Beauchamp's pleas Ann still insisted that she could not degrade any man by marrying him until her betrayer had died.

The political fever was at its height at the time, and as Beauchamp was obliged by one reason or another to postpone his pledge, Ann finally decided to marry him despite his failure. Beauchamp himself was playing a canny game. The candidate for governor representing his party, Judge Thompkins, was his warm personal friend, and he felt assured that the judge's election would assure him of a pardon when he killed the colonel. The latter's best friend was General Desha, opponent of Judge Thompkins. Pending the election, Beauchamp sent fake letters to Sharpe purporting that certain Bowling Green citizens were anxious to have him return to that city, but these too failed of their purpose and finally he decided again to kill Sharpe in his own stronghold—Frankfort.

In addition to his capacity as at-

torney-general, Sharpe also had an eye on a seat in the Legislature. Knowing that the truth would upset his plans, he revived a series of old, ugly rumors about Ann. His hopes for Thompkins' election went awry and it became evident that General Desha would be the next governor of Kentucky.

With this development went Beauchamp's hopes of executive clemency when the killing of Sharpe was accomplished, as the latter was the pillar of the new administration. He changed his plan of attack. He decided to kill Sharpe on election night in order that his political party might be charged with it. He also mapped out his escape to Missouri and went back to Bowling Green to make final preparations. He further concealed his designs by requesting a Bowling Green man to go to Frankfort to transact certain fictitious business for him, knowing that he would be refused, thus giving him the opportunity of saying that he himself must go. He packed a bag with old clothes and a black mask. Ann sharpened a large butcher knife for him, and, as an added guaranty of safety, poisoned its tip.

Upon his return to Frankfort, Beauchamp found that all the inns were full, and finally put up at the Scott boarding-house. He went early to his room and prepared his disguise. Late in the evening he tiptoed out and started his search for the unfortunate Sharpe. He saw him through the windows of the Mansion House. He was very excited by now, and resolved that Sharpe should die without knowing who killed him. He also decided to round out the performance by killing Sharpe's brother, who had been the principal promulgator of the colonel's vicious stories of Ann.

It was nearly midnight when he reached Sharpe's home. Pulling the mask over his face, he knocked loudly on the door. Sharpe himself answered from within, asking who it was. Beauchamp replied that it was "John Covington." Covington, he knew, was one of Sharpe's intimate friends. Sharpe stepped through the door to the small porch, Beauchamp seized his wrist and dragged him

into the shadows. The surprised Sharpe had only time to gasp when Beauchamp drove the butcher knife through his heart. As Sharpe sagged to his knees, he gasped, "My God, it is he!" and died in his wife's arms.

Beauchamp stood across the street, the mask covering his face, until the crowd began to collect. He intended to run as soon as observed, and hoped to convey the impression that a Negro had done the deed, but passing unnoticed in the furor, he returned quietly to his bed in the Scott home.

The next morning when told of the tragedy he pretended surprise. As he rode away to Bowling Green later in the day he assured himself that he was beyond suspicion. When told the good news, Ann fell on her knees and thanked Heaven.

Early the next morning four men rode up. Beauchamp recognized them as citizens of Frankfort and two of them as particular friends of Sharpe. They politely told him that he was under suspicion as the murderer of Solomon Sharpe and asked him to return with them to Frankfort to clear himself. Beauchamp calmly announced that he would be glad to do so, and furthermore offered them his weapons and dirk. A short distance out from Bowling Green the party met John Covington and his brother, who asked again to see Beauchamp's knife. He blandly gave them the dirk, but when he asked for its return, was told that it had been lost. This suited Beauchamp perfectly.

They arrived in Frankfort to find that the murder had taken on a political aspect.

Sharpe's party laid the crime to their campaign opponents, but the story in Frankfort mentioned Beauchamp as the instrument in question, though they linked his name jointly with that of a certain Darby, editor of the opposition newspaper. Darby swore that Beauchamp had made him his confidant, and further damaging testimony arose from the man, Scott, who reported that he had heard Beauchamp sneaking from his room the night of the murder. A man named Lowe, who was said to have

been in Darby's pay, also stated that Beauchamp had told him the details of the killing, and that later Mrs. Beauchamp herself had admitted it to him.

Beauchamp in turn accused Darby of the killing. A trial developed the political angle to the exclusion of all else. Ann's part in it was kept in the background, and when Beauchamp was convicted and sentenced to hang, Ann came to join him in the prison. She never left him.

They were placed in a dungeon with a single opening through the ceiling and there they spent their last sad days together. They agreed upon suicide. Ann had smuggled a vial of laudanum in with her and on their last night together they each drank a heavy dose of it and lay down in each other's arms to die. They tied their bodies together that the death struggle might not separate them.

But they did not die. Beauchamp himself did not even sleep, and along toward morning Ann awoke and took a second dose. This, too, was of no

avail, and Beauchamp tried to persuade her to live.

At ten o'clock on the morning of his execution the guard called through the opening to Beauchamp and asked him to make ready. Outside the drums beat as the crowds assembled to march to the gibbet on the hill beyond the town. It was June 5, 1826.

Receiving no answer to his call, the guard went down into the dungeon and there saw that the Beauchamps had made one final effort to defeat the law. Blood covered Beauchamp and Ann lay in a stupor on the floor. They had stabbed themselves. Beauchamp said that Ann had taken the knife from his hand and plunged it into her own body. Ann whispered in answer to questions, "I struck the fatal blow myself and am dying for my dear husband." Beauchamp was in a slightly better state, and begged to be hanged at once. Ann was carried away.

In the ward of the jail Ann lay attended by doctors and several women. From the cell below Beau-

champ wrote her a farewell note. "Your husband is dying happy. For you I lived—for you I die. I hear you groan. I hope you may yet recover. If you do, live till it is God's will to take you, and prepare to meet me in a better land."

As the death march started, the doctors told him that Ann would live, but as he passed her bed he stopped to place a hand upon her brow and knew that she was dying. He stood beside her as her life ebbed away, and before resuming the march Beauchamp turned to the assembled ladies, saying, "From you, ladies, I demand a tear of sympathy," and leaned down to kiss his dead wife.

Too weak to sit erect, he lay in the same cart which carried his coffin. Held upright in the scaffold he made a final poetic speech, "Farewell, child of sorrow, farewell victim of misfortune and persecution. You are now safe from the tongues of slander. For you I have lived, for you I die."

As the band played Bonaparte's "Retreat from Moscow," he dropped through the trap.

The Arch-Criminal

(Continued from page 13)

Holmes outwitted them all easily. The advent of Minnie Williams into his life saw the beginning of a change in Holmes' criminal career. The Williams sisters, Minnie and Annie, had been adopted by an uncle in Fort Worth Texas, a few years before. The uncle had died, leaving a fortune to Minnie, who soon left Texas and went to Boston, where she met the plausible and handsome Harry Gordon—or none other than Holmes. She fell in love, and upon her return to Texas corresponded so ardently with him that he had little difficulty in persuading her to come to Chicago, where they were married. Thus, he added bigamy to his crime roster, but it was mild enough compared with his later accomplishments. Soon the bride wrote her sister, Annie, and invited her to come to Chicago. Annie accepted with alacrity, and hardly had she arrived when she wired for her trunk. It was sent to an address, later proven to be fictitious. This was the last ever seen of the Williams girls, who probably represented the first of Holmes' thirty-odd victims. Shortly after their disappearance, which caused little comment because they were comparatively unknown in Texas and not at all in Chicago, two prosperous looking individuals appeared in Fort Worth. They gave their names as Benjamin P. Lyman and H. M. Pratt. Lyman was Pitezel, and Holmes-Mudgett himself was Pratt. Another version of their career states that it was in Fort Worth that Pitezel first met Holmes, but this seems unlikely in view of subsequent developments. The worthy couple announced that they were in the contracting business,

and started, virtually overnight, the erection of an office building. It is interesting to note that they secured a \$10,000 mortgage on the structure before it was started. Whatever else may be said of Holmes, he was a good business man. By dint of strenuous activity and clever bargaining Holmes acquired most of Minnie Williams' property before departing forever from Texas. In after years, when his crimes were being uncovered, Holmes told that Annie had fallen in love with him when she came to Chicago, and her sister had killed her in a fit of jealousy. He had shipped Minnie off to Europe to hide her, he said.

During his successful days in Chicago, he erected the famous or infamous Holmes "Castle," a creation such as is seldom seen outside thrilled movies, or the more colorful detective yarns. Trap doors, sliding panels, false partitions, secret passages and all the trappings necessary to a wholesale murderer for the safe killing and disposal of his victims, was the "Castle."

During the next few years, Holmes married at least six times. All his wives disappeared, the last of them being a pretty blond and twenty-year-old stenographer, named Emeline Agiande. In December, 1892, she disappeared, leaving her husband a substantial sum in insurance. One day, Holmes met Julia Connor, whose husband was an unemployed jeweler. He immediately engaged the attractive Mrs. Connor as his new secretary, and took up his residence in the Connor home. To prove that he was a thoroughly good fellow, he found Connor a job. One day Mrs. Connor disappeared

after a visit to the "Castle." Holmes told later that he really loved Mrs. Connor, but that did not keep him from trying to persuade her sorrowing husband to insure his life in his own behalf. This Connor failed to do, and he can thank his lucky stars that he did not. An insurance policy in Holmes' name was simply a death warrant for the insured. The "untimely" death of his new sweetheart did not deter Holmes from trying to persuade Mrs. Connor's sister to run away with him. Refusing, the poor girl put the seal of death upon herself. She, in turn, disappeared.

Despite his cleverness, Chicago was by this time a little too warm for the arch-murderer, and, taking the gullible Pitezel with him, he went East to look over the crime field. Pitezel had quietly gone about his duties as henchman to Holmes, and was living the routine life of a substantial citizen with his wife and five children. Despite his intimate acquaintance with his partner's business methods, he, too, had insured himself with Holmes as beneficiary for \$10,000, which, combined with the latter's growing fear that his assistant knew too much, was sufficient to guarantee his own death. It was afterward disclosed that Mrs. Pitezel had made strenuous efforts to persuade her husband to give up the fateful association, but had not succeeded. Pitezel wanted to make one more "killing," after which he proposed to settle down.

The two partners were in Philadelphia conspiring, Holmes still under his better-known alias, but Pitezel known as B. F. Perry. Neighbors one morning stumbled upon the

corpse of "Perry" badly burned, apparently from the explosion of a bottle of benzine, which, it was assumed, had been ignited from the pipe found in the dead man's hand. The verdict was "accidental death," and the "grief-stricken" Holmes, after helping in the autopsy, dried his tears long enough to collect the \$10,000 insurance money. He went to the sorrowing widow only to meet her denunciations. She accused him of having plotted her husband's death, but Holmes blandly denied it, averring that his erstwhile partner was still alive. Generously, he supplied the weeping Mrs. Pitezel with the address of her husband's alleged hiding-place, and offered to care for the three older children while she went in search of him. The wife departed, leaving with the fiend her ten-year-old son and two young daughters in their early teens. The address Holmes had given her was in Kentucky, thus allowing him time enough to escape to the West with the unfortunate children. It was not clear why the poor mother should have been so deceived, but it was supposed that Holmes threatened her with his own brand of revenge if she did not obey him. She testified later that she had been completely under his hypnotic spell, as had been her husband. There seems to have been ample reason to assume that Holmes was no mean hypnotist.

With the three children, Holmes was next heard of in Indianapolis. All along the route he exchanged telegrams with the frantic Mrs. Pitezel, who was panic-stricken when she arrived in Kentucky and found that Holmes had misdirected her. Holmes registered with an unidentified woman in an Indianapolis hotel, and hired a room in another hotel for the Pitezel children. That night, ridding himself of the presence of the little girls by a ruse, he strangled the boy to death and crowded his body into a small stove, where it was found the next day, after the

murderer had successfully made his escape. The woman with whom he had registered was never heard of again. Holmes next showed up in Toronto, where he rented a house. There, he killed the two girls by forcing them alive into a trunk in which he placed a hose connected with the gas-tap. Calling on a neighbor, he borrowed a shovel and buried the children in quick-lime beneath the rented house. The next morning he returned the shovel and vanished. He had dismembered the deformed foot of the older girl in an effort to keep the bodies from being identified if they were ever found, but did not take sufficient pains in the hiding of it. Once suspicion pointed in his direction, this oversight played an important part in connecting him with what was probably the most horrible of all his crimes.

He scuttled back to Philadelphia like a scared rat. The police were close upon his trail, armed with a comparatively harmless warrant for fraud sworn out by the insurance company. The Indianapolis police were also closing in on him, and Mrs. Pitezel was on the verge of disclosing her own knowledge, having her fears at last confirmed by the absence of her children and the receipt of a mysterious package from Holmes, which, when opened, disclosed enough dynamite to blow up the block in which she lived.

Sensing the situation in Philadelphia, Holmes took to the New Hampshire hills, and one evening in November, 1894, he peeked through the windows of his divorced wife's home in Gilmanton. There he saw her and his son, now nearly twelve years of age. One would have expected him to make the most of the situation as it existed, but for some reason he did not. He was still known in Gilmanton as Herman Mudgett, and when he appeared before his ex-wife and received her joyous welcome, the logical thing would have been to take advantage of the refuge.

Bitter as she had been at his desertion, his ex-wife still was glad to see him, and became sorrowful and full of pity when he told her that he had spent years in an asylum, only lately regaining his sanity and remembering his true name. She welcomed him back, and he spent the night in her home. In the morning, she found him gone. He was arrested the next day in Boston on the fraud warrant.

He was taken to Philadelphia, where, in October, 1895, he was tried for the murder of Pitezel. At first, he felt safe, but as the details, both actual and speculative, of his past were disclosed, it became plain that only a miracle could save him. Many of his crimes came to the surface as police from all parts of the country linked him with the details of his horrible past.

In the category of crime there were few things of which H. H. Holmes was not guilty, and his own death was little enough to pay for them. The "Castle" was examined, and a wealth of evidence secured from it. The Toronto police uncovered the skeletons of the unfortunate Pitezel girls, and the Indianapolis authorities had something to say about the murder of the little boy, which could not be explained by any of the "justification" which inspired most of his atrocious killings.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty within a few minutes. Before receiving sentence, Holmes cursed all those responsible for his detection.

On May 7, 1895, H. H. Holmes-Mudgett paid for his orgy of crime. Ironically enough, when he fell through the trap of the scaffold, his neck was not broken, and so, one of the foulest criminals America has ever known strangled slowly to death.

At his own request, he was interred in a cement block. He feared that in revenge for his wickedness the angry public would despoil his grave, as he had despoiled the graves of others.

A Psychologist Looks at Gerald Chapman

(Continued from page 17)

It belongs to his type—the *intuitive-thinking type*. Thinking is a hard sort of thing, as any thinker must know, logical, ruthless and usually rigid; and when this is combined with intuition, that sort of second sight—the hunch by which the gambler knows he can't lose, the intuition by which the inventor solves his problem—then such a man is apt to feel that he is absolutely right and others wrong; and from this the road to aggressiveness, pride and courage is a short one.

Feeling and love, save for a woman, were lacking in Chapman. He was not the lover type. He was guided not by love, but by lust for

power; and this, combined with that super-something which we call genius, turned him into a man who thought nothing of boarding a speeding mail truck in a crowded well-policed city and looting it of nearly two and a half million dollars. He faced death with the same contempt, a frail little man, who just before execution had a sardonic look in his blue eyes.

There are not many criminals of this caliber. Most criminals are weak; many are stupid. On the other hand, it is not true, from the findings of psychology, that all criminals are weak and stupid. A few like Chapman are geniuses. They remind

us of modern invention. Modern invention produced marvels like radio, aviation, the cinema, the motor-car. But modern invention produced other marvels: the seventy-two-mile-range Big Berthas of the Germans, the submarine, the tank, poison gas. Chapman was a big-bore gun, an engine of destruction. Could this sword have been turned into a ploughshare, this destructive power into something creative? That we know not yet. Perhaps some day if such a man is put under medical care and psycho-analyzed, he may learn to conquer his "devil" and harness up this force for human good. The problem is psychological.

Codes and Ciphers

(Continued from page 22)

What have we so far? Let's see:

| | | |
|------------|------|-----------|
| I | ING | O |
| ABCGDEBFHJ | KLCE | CMABK |
| I | NO | I I |
| GK | HMN | AGOOGCLPN |

At this point we can do a little guessing that may shorten matters. I- NO- could be IT NOW; but it is far more likely to be IS NOT. Remember, we said that K was either S or T. Let's try IS NOT, and see where we land.

Assuming that K is S, look at our third word:

| | |
|-------|---|
| O | S |
| CMABK | |

We note that B, second letter from the end, occurs second from the beginning in the first word, with A before it. Now -O-S can most easily be something-O-something-ES—ROPES, POLES, CORES—we can name many such words. B looks like E; in fact, it happens a second time in the first word, giving E-ING for the ending, which is a very good supposition. What have we now? Plenty!

| | | | | | | |
|------------|------|-----------|-----|---|---|----|
| E | I | E | ING | S | O | ES |
| ABCGDEBFHJ | KLCE | CMABK | | | | |
| IS | NOT | I | I | T | | |
| GK | HMN | AGOOGCLPN | | | | |

Our first word begins with A, and the first two letters are probably RE or DE, both common; but the last word also begins with A. Now RI—I is a rare beginning for a word, but DI—I is pretty common. DIGGING, DIMMING, DIPPING come to mind; DISSIMULATE is possible. None of these will fit, however; but suppose we thought of DIFFICULT? That takes care of the final T, and has the right number of letters. Moreover—but let's substitute:

| | | | |
|------------|-------|-----------|-------|
| DECI | ERING | SUC | CODES |
| ABCGDEBFHJ | KLCE | CMABK | |
| IS | NOT | DIFFICULT | |
| GK | HMN | AGOOGCLPN | |

Well, E can only be H, to make SUCH out of the second word; and that gives us P for D in the first word, and there we are.

This deciphering is, of course, simple. We shall soon discuss other methods, both as to coding and deciphering. Readers are invited to send in messages coded in any manner they choose. Perhaps you have some pet system of your own; we'd like to see it.

Meanwhile, here are two messages for you to tackle. The first has a certain clue in it; the second is a transposition cipher. The message is hidden in the apparently harmless letter from a real estate agent to his client.

ABCD EFDGH EJCFG ELLGG-
CCMCJH FJC LPNCD NBC LDCH
ABL GDLA ON POJHN.

April 5, 1930.

Sorry that we can't sell the house now; in general, we see everyone who motors through, and you know at what rate interest, when once aroused, can make people at the same time see the beauty and the real market value of a place. Further than this, all your instructions are being obeyed. The next letter goes in a week.

Yours truly,
JOHN JONES,
Agent.

ANSWERS TO CIPHERS

1. When banks break, bookkeepers are often the ones who know it first.

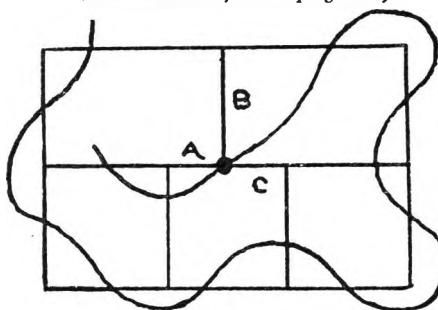
Here the clue was in the word "bookkeepers." There is no other word in English which has three doubled letters together.

2. Sell General Motors at once at the market. Further instructions next week.

The message was transposed so that every fifth word in the letter gave it away. The date, April 5, showed the interval between words.

At the Sign of the Sphinx

(Continued from page 6)



(Illus. E)

PUZZLEDOM'S CLASSIC

The only way to accomplish thefeat is by adopting the geometrical meaning of "to go through" a line—that is, to cut it at any point—in this case, at its extremity. Our continuous line passes through the three lines A, B and C in their extremities—the point where they meet. This point is common to all three of the lines. Once we have accomplished this, the rest is easy. The problem is impossible unless we resort to some such method; it can be proved so by a mathematical demonstration which is, unfortunately, too long to be given here.

THE MYSTERIOUS DIGITS

If we add 749 and 853 we get 1602 for a result, which uses all the digits from 1 to 0. (Note—We are aware that 0 is, strictly speaking, not a digit, but for our purposes we call it one to save confusion. We say

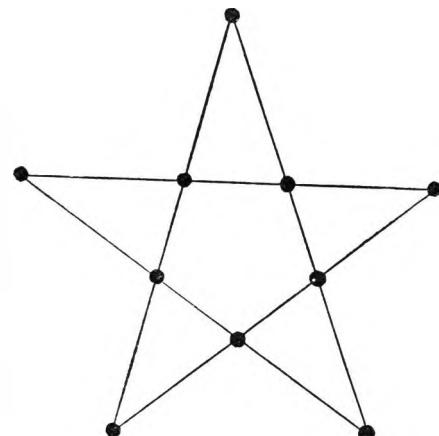
this to protect ourselves against communications from purists calling attention to our error.) There are other ways of getting our result; for instance, if we add 2987 and 64 we get 3051, and if we add 1987 to 56 we get 2043, each of which makes the desired sum.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| B | R | G | Y |
| Y | O | B | R |
| R | G | Y | O |
| O | B | R | G |

(Illus. F)

RAINBOW SQUARES

Above we show how to get the colors into the squares so that no color is in line with a like color vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, and leave no vacant squares at all—certainly "as few" as possible! There was a little catch concealed in the puzzle; you probably found that it was easy to start by placing, say, four R's so as to fulfill the conditions, and then four of another color; but if you did this you were bound to leave two squares vacant. The trick is to place four of one color, then three of another, then three of another, three, and three. By this method you can fill all the squares under the conditions.



(Illus. G)

THE PUZZLING ORCHARD

Above is shown how to set out the ten trees—represented by the dots—in five straight lines with four trees in each line.

THE SHADOW OF

the one with whom he had talked on the telephone.

The inventor offered his card. "Will you ask Miss Trevor if she can spare me a very few minutes this morning?"

He was shown to a comfortable room adjoining the library. After a brief interval the servant returned.

"Miss Trevor begs that you will excuse her, sir," he said, his tone expressionless. "She is quite busy this morning."

McArthur rose. For an instant he stood in silence.

"There has been a most unfortunate misunderstanding," he attempted, at length. "I should like to make matters clear. Is Justice Trevor at home?"

"Justice Trevor is out of town for the week-end, sir."

"Then would you kindly tell Miss Trevor—

"No. I think I'll not leave any message."

It really wasn't a matter that he could mention to a servant, especially when he hadn't any idea how long the man had been in the family's employ. Almost before he realized the fact, he found himself again on the broad stone steps of the residence, blinking in the bright sunlight.

"McArthur," he announced, solemnly, "you have been rebuffed."

But there was one course that he could adopt, and would. Returning to his apartment, he wrote a detailed account of events from the time when he had received Ruth Trevor's letter, including a full statement of his conversation with Basil Reed. He expressed a conviction that Reed was in immediate peril despite the youth's own belief to the contrary. In closing, he stated that there was no charge for his work to date, but that he would be glad to locate Basil Reed again if she thought that there would be any advantage in so doing.

He chose a large envelope and enclosed also Ruth's note, with an arrow in red ink directing attention to the artful postscript. When he had finished, he smiled. She might be unwilling to talk with him or to see him, but she would scarcely refuse to read his letter. Before affixing a stamp, he considered. Should he send the missive by special delivery? If he didn't she wouldn't receive it until Monday.

He decided to use an ordinary two-cent stamp. A special delivery communication would look too much as though he were trying to regain favor, seeking employment after having made what was virtually a fiasco.

During the rest of the day, McArthur worked in his private laboratory which he had installed at his apartment. Hockey was ended; and income from his patented electric car-switch had been reduced to a minimum with the advent of the motor bus, although his automatic train-control apparatus was still in use. He was experi-

menting upon a new device, the exact nature of which he was not ready to divulge.

His work occupied most of Monday morning. At eleven he drove down-town to obtain a special storage battery which he had left to be recharged. As he stepped from the shop, assisting in carrying the heavy burden, a very tall, muscular individual paused on the sidewalk.

"Good morning, Mr. Donaldson!"

"What are you planning to do now?" the newcomer asked with a quick, half-humorous glance. "Electrify the crowd again?"

"Something like that. Or charge a jury—hey, what?"

Donaldson's face sobered.

"Speaking of juries," he ventured, more quietly, "you might watch for sparks from the local Grand Jury this P. M."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I'm merely suggesting."

A quick feeling of depression came over the inventor. He thought that he could guess at the nature of the impending action.

"By the way have you dropped Miss Trevor's proposition?"

"Perhaps. Why?"

"I just wondered. I'm told she's been seeing Jack Bradford quite often in the last four or five days."

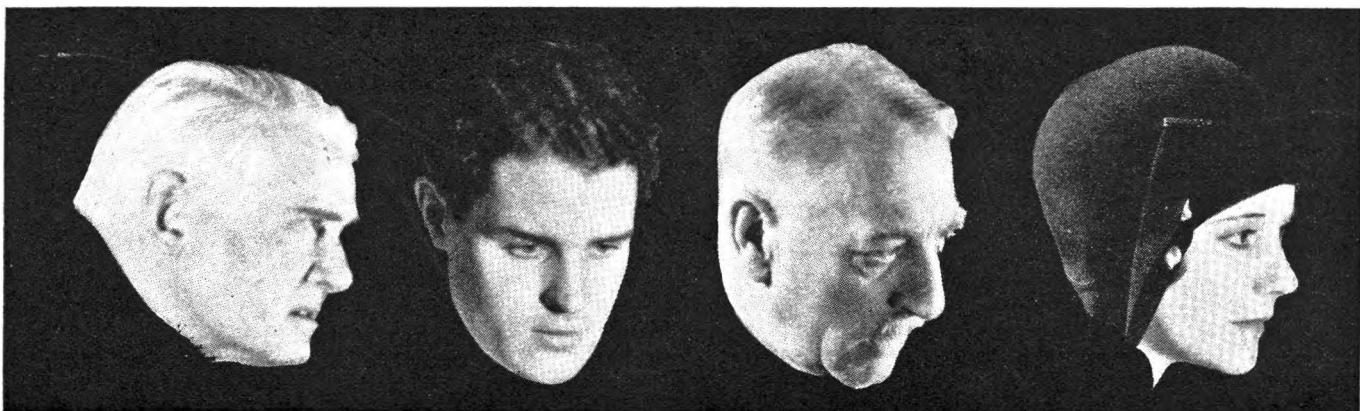
McArthur nodded, shrugged, and climbed into his car, blinking. If Ruth Trevor had taken her problem to the Committee of Two Hundred, he really couldn't blame her. He was far more gravely concerned about the Grand Jury proceedings. Had his report in regard to Basil Reed come too late? Passing through the square below the courthouse, he gazed up at the building. Quiet, imposing, aloof as ever, there seemed something ominous about it this morning.

He spent the afternoon in his laboratory; then had dinner at his favorite restaurant. As he emerged from the revolving door, he saw a newsboy unwrapping a bundle of fresh papers.

"Extra! Three indicted in Cameron murder!"

McArthur bought a copy, turning the front page upward inch by inch until the miserable story was unfolded. Jacob "Frisco" Dietz, notorious bootlegger—William R. Gammons, well-known lawyer—Basil N. Reed—And a fourth indictment was expected within a few days.

Frisco had been arrested during the afternoon at a low dive in the South End. Reed had been taken an hour later while driving an empty truck through the city. Both were held without bail. It had come, after all! The youth's confidence in the friendliness of gangdom appeared to have been misplaced.



Judge Brine

Jack Bradford

Attorney Donaldson

Priscilla Reed

THE CHAIR

A COMPLETE NOVEL
by MANSFIELD SCOTT
CONTINUED from page 72

Going again to his rooms, McArthur found his friend Nick Lontos waiting. The latter's deep, dark eyes were filled with anxiety.

"Mac!" he cried, bounding to his feet. "Have you heard it? Three indictments for murder! One of the three, Dietz, sent word to my office, asking if I would defend him."

"Did you agree?"

"By no means. I wish nothing to do with the matter. But, see here! This younger racketeer, Reed—isn't that the one Miss Trevor asked you to look up? You must keep out of the case, Mac. I am warning you. You must inform Miss Trevor that you withdraw."

"I guess," said McArthur, smiling slightly, "that my entry is already withdrawn." He repeated what Donaldson had told him. "And here's a strange thing! Donaldson knew about these indictments at eleven this morning. I wonder where he had heard it."

"Probably in a speak-easy," said Lontos, maliciously.

The telephone rang.

"Kendall McArthur speaking."

A deep, quiet voice answered. "This is Donaldson. Listen, McArthur. I asked you that question to-day for a double reason."

"Which question?"

"Er—about still working on this business. I hope your eyes are open now. If you still have any connection with the matter, then discontinue it, at least temporarily. Don't give the mob cause to believe that you intend to keep on—not until this thing has gone beyond its inception stages."

"I get you," said the inventor, nodding slowly.

"This prosecution is intended as a terrific object lesson to all who might have any thought of competing against the mob in the future. Racketeers are to be taught unmistakably that they must stay in line. One proof of this assertion is Frisco's difficulty in getting a lawyer. He hasn't succeeded yet. He tried to retain Nick Lontos."

"Do you know who Reed's lawyer is?"

"Yes. Dan Heaphy. A peculiar choice, under the circumstances."

"I should say so," McArthur agreed. "Is Gammons represented by counsel?"

"He'll not need to be," was the grave response. "He suffered a stroke at noon today and died an hour ago. The shock of the indictment has killed him."

McArthur shook his head. The horror of the whole affair poured over him. If these men were innocent—

"Oh, Mr. Donaldson," he called, when about to break the connection. "You knew all about the indictments

in the forenoon, didn't you? Mind telling me where you heard it?"

"I heard it in a speak-easy," answered Donaldson.

CHAPTER XIX

The Fourth Indictment

MCARTHUR saw Ruth Trevor for the first time on Monday evening. It happened largely by chance. He had been strolling through the theater district between ten and eleven, wondering, in fact, if her response to his letter of explanation was in the mail. He stepped into a fashionable restaurant for a late supper—a habit that he had formed during seasons of hockey—and was in time to be caught in the rush of after-theater parties and groups from the symphony concert. The restaurant was crowded when he caught sight of the girl.

At first he believed that she was his acquaintance, the impersonator of Ruth. . . . But as their glances met, she failed to show the slightest sign of recognition. Then he saw that there was something distinctly more clear-cut about this girl, more unmistakably refined. Her deep blue eyes were a shade darker, and much more thoughtful. Before long her escort turned his head slightly; and then McArthur was sure that she was Ruth Trevor.

He hoped that the couple wouldn't notice him. The girl, of course, didn't know him by sight. When he saw that they were leaving their table he made himself as inconspicuous as possible—although he scarcely knew why. But Jack Bradford's eyes were quick and keen.

"O-ho!" the latter exclaimed in passing. "Here's McArthur now."

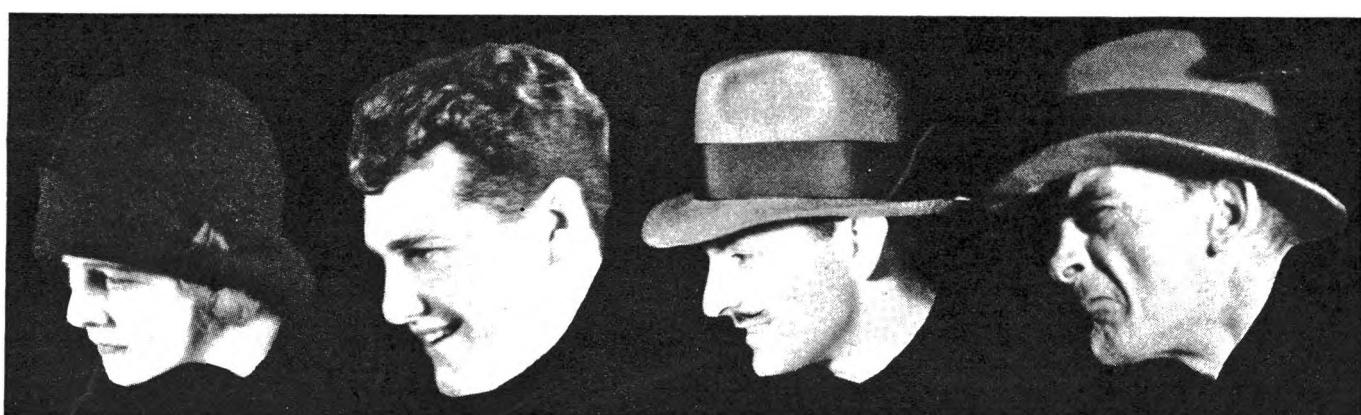
The inventor came to his feet blinking.

"Miss Trevor, may I present Mr. Kendall McArthur? And Mr. McArthur,"—with a tinge of amusement—"the real Miss Trevor."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. McArthur," declared the girl, offering her hand in a friendly manner. "I answered your letter this evening. And I really must apologize for my very unkind words over the telephone last week, after you had jeopardized yourself while working, as you believed, in my interests. I'm so sorry."

He assured her that no apology was due, under the circumstances. "Unless it's on my part, for being so readily deceived."

A couple rose from McArthur's table and went out. The rush had ended; and Ruth and Bradford took the vacant chairs.



Ruth Trevor

Basil Reed

Dizzy McArthur

"Lefty" Goslin

"I think it was an amazing and outrageous plot," she told the inventor. "Have you any idea who the young woman was?"

"Not at present; but I'll probably learn."

"Perhaps you'll find that her first name is Blanche," Ruth offered—and mentioned her experiences of the night in the underworld. "I expect that this is really my fault. Mr. Donaldson had warned me, but I thought he was exaggerating. Just now, Mr. Bradford and I are meeting quite openly—since our first conference is already known."

"It's astonishing," the young law student said, "the way this gang learns things."

Ruth glanced quickly from one to the other.

"Mr. Donaldson also said," she ventured, "that you two gentlemen won't work together, but I'm going to try to bring it about."

McArthur blinked, and Bradford appeared embarrassed.

"Now, please," the latter attempted, "understand, McArthur, that there isn't anything personal—never was. My employers simply don't wish me to coöperate on any case where you are the motivating factor. This matter is entirely different. And it isn't that they question your honesty—and surely not your courage—"

"Indeed?" asked McArthur with a droll expression. "Just my sanctity—hey?"

He knew that the Committee of Two Hundred did question his judgment. Gangdom, of course, had made it a point to sow seeds of distrust between McArthur and the Committee. It was decidedly to the mob's interests that they should not act together.

"We notice," Ruth remarked, "that your prediction about Basil Reed has come true with dreadful suddenness."

The inventor nodded. "He is inexperienced. I found him very stubborn."

"He's still quite confident as to the outcome," Bradford said.

"You've been to see him?"

"No; I wasn't allowed to go. His sister was admitted, with Miss Trevor."

"Miss Reed is greatly frightened and worried," the girl declared, "but for some reason the young man doesn't appear very gravely concerned. I think it's so strange! He tells his sister that he is sure of being freed. But the older man doesn't seem confident. And poor Mr. Gammons, the attorney—it's tragic about him—"

"Basil Reed is too young to realize," McArthur told them.

"Miss Trevor asked him if he knew who the men were who really took Jimmie Cameron in the car and killed him. He replied that he didn't, and wouldn't dare to betray them if he did. He says there's a way out for him if he acts 'cozy.' Can you beat it?"

"Do you know what evidence led to his indictment?"

Bradford shook his head.

"The minutes of the Grand Jury have been guarded with the utmost secrecy. We haven't been able to get the slightest hint."

"May I inquire, Miss Trevor, if you engaged Reed's counsel?"

"No, indeed. He obtained his lawyer almost as soon as he was arrested. He says that he has ample funds. While we were at the jail, he sent for one of the keepers and gave his sister two hundred dollars, telling her to take it home, and not to worry. It seems almost inexplicable."

McArthur was silent, winking his bright eyes in thought. He believed that he was beginning to see a ray of light, but he did not comment. The idea was too unpleasant. It was fraught with too many disturbing possibilities.

He knew the reputation of Reed's lawyer, Daniel F. A. Heaphy. Facing imprisonment several years earlier for an income tax fraud, Heaphy had been saved by the timely intervention of the "Big Fellow" of the ruling "mob." Since then, Heaphy had periodically displayed his gratitude to the Big Fellow by running for various public offices, including that of mayor, and splitting the vote of undesired candidates. He had, for instance, aided in District Attorney Brady's election. Dan Heaphy, king maker. Dan Heaphy, utility man of gangdom.

"Of course," Ruth added, "we are going to keep right on—we'll do everything we can to help. I went to Mr. Brady's office again to-day, trying to convince him that we're positive Basil Reed wasn't one of the men who forced Mr. Cameron into the automobile while we were watching from a taxicab. But Mr. Brady had very little time to spare. He said that Assistant District Attorney Creel is now in charge of the case. In fact, Mr. Brady's attitude has changed very noticeably."

"What was his attitude today?" McArthur asked, quickly.

She gave him a faint smile. "I might say that it was most offensive. He made it quite plain that I was interfering in something which wasn't my affair. In fact, he suggested that the group of men whom we saw were probably assisting a drunken person home, and that the object which I thought was a pistol might have been a whiskey bottle."

McArthur blinked again. He felt that Brady was essentially a conscientious official—one who would be as honest and impartial as he could in the face of his many obligations. But it was an open secret that he was prosecutor in name only—that his office really was run by Assistant District Attorney Joseph Creel.

"Miss Reed and I," said Ruth, "are planning to testify in her brother's behalf, stating what we saw and heard that evening."

"We also want the cab driver, Herman Joss," Bradford reminded her.

"Oh, yes. I wish you'd assist in that also, Mr. McArthur, if you're

willing. I had the number of the young man who drove our taxi on the night of the crime, but he has been dismissed from the cab company and his whereabouts are unknown."

"There's no doubt," said Bradford, "that he was discharged to prevent his being summoned as a witness to corroborate Miss Trevor's and Miss Reed's statements."

The inventor agreed to help, and spent part of the next evening in the effort. As before he first sought his informant who operated from a stand near the edge of Chinatown. The latter, however, either was not "in the know" about this detail or was afraid to divulge a fact so pertinent to the Cameron affair. McArthur returned to his apartment before twelve, intending to make a further search on the following night.

At noon on Wednesday, after having luncheon, he recalled that he had forgotten to read the newspaper that Wing Shinn had brought to his bedside at eight in the morning as usual. Buying another he learned with disappointment that Bert Kimball's team had been eliminated by the Chicago Crescents, who now would battle with Springfield for the national championship.

He was still standing at the curb, scanning the account, when a louder activity on the part of the newsboy caught his attention. Gradually the urchin's phrases began to have significance. Turning, McArthur saw that a later edition had arrived.

Exactly what was it that the boy was shouting?

"Ha-ey—read it! Another indicted—"

In a peculiar, dread fascination, the inventor approached at a slow pace and purchased a second paper. A face on the front page stared up at him—and, strangely rigid, he returned the stare. His fingers, holding the sheet, seemed to tighten of their own volition.

"Jack Bradford!" said McArthur, aghast.

CHAPTER XX

The Battle Opens

ALMOST in an uncomprehending manner, Ruth Trevor gazed at the top leaf of the calendar on her table. September 5. It wasn't a surprise to her, yet it was unreal—grotesquely unreal. She had known, of course, that this morning would be the fifth of September—yet was it possible? The plain black characters were there on the leaf.

All too soon the day had come! There had been so much to accomplish—and the time had seemed so short! Looking back over the futile and disheartening months that had elapsed since the indictment of Basil Reed and Jack Bradford, the girl felt that the experience had been too fantastic for belief; that it was all an incredible dream in which she had no rightful place, and from which she would presently be awakened.

At breakfast and during her ride across the city she strove to banish the consideration. Amidst the whirl of traffic she noticed the clear sunlight, the sparkle of wavelets on the river. She shook her head a trifle sadly. It was a morning when happier events should be under way.

Arriving in front of the courthouse, Ruth found an immense crowd gathered. Excited groups were clustered on the steps. Quick glances, hostile glares, followed her as she ascended and went inside. In the corridor near the district attorney's office, as on a previous occasion, she met Priscilla Reed. But this time it was a pale and trembling Priscilla who came forward, thrusting a cold hand into Ruth's as though seeking comfort.

"Oh, Miss—Ruth—I—I'm frightened!"

Ruth did her best to reassure her; and they turned in search of the session where the trial was to be held.

It was not difficult to find. A long line of men and women—principally men—stretched far down the corridor. Somewhat uncertainly they took their places, waiting, trying to peer ahead, wondering why the line did not move faster. After some time, Ruth realized that they were not moving at all. She addressed a gold-braided officer of the court who was passing.

"Oh, no, ma'am," he told her. "Witnesses with summonses go forward to the door. Seats are reserved for witnesses."

Ruth left the line, comprehending that she had joined the great assemblage of the curious who were eager to follow the trial. At the door of the court-room, another officer glanced at their subpoenas and conducted them to a settee which was already crowded.

He touched two of the spectators on the shoulder. "You people witnesses? Step outside."

Ruth thanked him in a whisper. She took one of the vacated seats, beside Priscilla, and was a trifle disconcerted to discover that proceedings already had begun.

At a long row of desks in the center of the bar inclosure, seated with their backs toward Ruth, were the defense counsel and their assistants. She discerned the well-built form of Anthony Weeks, Jr., the attorney engaged by the Committee of Two Hundred to defend Jack Bradford. Around another desk near by were several men who apparently represented the prosecution. They, also, sat with their faces invisible.

Close at hand, side by side in a grilled cage, were the three defendants. Ruth saw "Frisco Jake" Dietz for the first time since she had glimpsed his big form entering the Friend Hotel on the night of the murder. His heavy, morose countenance, in full view despite one thick shoulder and gorilla-like arm heaved upward against the side of the cage, was haggard and drawn, a sickly color. It was evident at a glance

that the bootlegger was in the grip of fear.

In noticeable contrast was Basil Reed's attitude. His face had not lost its appearance of rugged strength. There seemed to be a certain calm assurance about him—not exactly nonchalance, but resembling a stolid indifference—a demeanor the more remarkable on account of his youth.

Jack Bradford's features at first were not discernible. But presently he turned his head and Ruth saw that he was pale but composed. He caught her gaze and smiled. She thought that it was a very strange smile—bitter, almost contemptuous of the proceedings, quietly courageous.

She saw that the work of impaneling the jury was going forward slowly. Three men had been selected: one, elderly, poorly dressed, red-faced and gray-mustached; a flashily attired individual of forty, with coarse features; and a very young man, lean and sallow.

An anxious voice spoke at her side.

"Miss—Ruth—do you think they'll really set Basil free?"

"Hush!" Ruth admonished. "You mustn't worry, Priscilla. We must hope and know that everything will go well—"

Turning earnest eyes to the bench, Ruth studied the presiding justice. She had often heard of Judge Brine. Her father had spoken of him highly. She saw that he was much further advanced in years than her father, with a countenance so inscrutable and impassive that it seemed a mask of wrinkled parchment, through which a pair of dull eyes peered—soft, mild eyes, a trifle watery, yet intensely shrewd and perceptive. Wisps of white hair lent to his otherwise colorless figure the touch of wisdom. A stern old man was Mr. Justice Brine.

Surely, thought Ruth, he would be able to see at once that a monstrous wrong was being attempted!

A renewed activity drew her attention.

"Victor C. Burgess!"

"Are you opposed to capital punishment, Mr. Burgess?"

"No, sir."

"Government content."

"Dietz content." A dry voice from the row of desks.

"Reed challenges." A deep rumble from the same row.

"Excused. H. Frederick Haven!"

A well-dressed man of professional appearance came forward to the bar.

"Challenged by the Government." A harsh, nasal tone.

"Lyman G. Wise!"

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"No, sir."

"Government content." The nasal voice again.

"Dietz content."

"Reed content."

"Bradford content."

"Take your place as number four in the jury box, Mr. Wise—"

Some one touched Ruth's arm. "Is

there room for one more in this row?"

They moved slightly. Ruth felt a quick start of surprise when she saw the identity of the newcomer. A pair of bright, dark eyes winked rapidly and gravely as Kendall McArthur returned their quiet salutations.

His presence recalled Ruth's mind to thoughts of foreboding. Often in the past weeks she had felt that his assistance was inadequate in the face of such a tremendous task. It wasn't that he had lacked interest—she knew that he had spent frequent days and nights for which he had made no charge. But—the feeling was peculiar—could any man be successful in so stern a crisis who made all of life a game?

He was whispering to her, blinking again.

"I moved across because I thought you might be interested." He opened a notebook filled with fine handwriting. "This is valuable information about the jurors, supplied by my friend Mr. Nick Lontos. Do you see Juror Number Two? His name is Grogan. He runs a pool room in the South End. It's really a speak-easy and gambling parlor."

"Goodness!" gasped Ruth. "Can't we—can't they object?"

He responded with a faint smile.

"I had arranged a signal with Jack Bradford and his attorney. Bradford got the signal. Mr. Weeks missed it. I hope it isn't too late—"

"What about this man they're calling now?" she asked.

"He'll be challenged. He's too intelligent."

The tedious process went on. At twelve-thirty, four more jurors had been chosen. The bald clerk called: "John F. Tibbets!"

As the prospective juror—a large, swaggering individual—came forward, Ruth saw him throw a single, sly glance toward the prosecutor's desk. She turned instantly to McArthur. He gave a quiet cough.

In the prisoners' cage, Jack Bradford's head came around with quick comprehension. He repeated the cough.

"Government content."

"Dietz content."

"Reed content."

There was a short pause, hushed, expectant:

"Bradford content," said Anthony Weeks, Jr.

Ruth caught her breath with amazement and consternation.

At one o'clock a recess was ordered. Ruth and Priscilla waited in the corridor with the inventor-detective until the tall form of Weeks appeared in the crowd pushing outward. The attorney was a man of impressive appearance, a trifle pompous, quick of speech. He frowned when he saw Ruth and Priscilla.

"So you did come, Miss Trevor," he remarked. "Well, I'll call you if it seems expedient when the proper time comes."

"You missed my signal on the

jurors twice," McArthur ventured. A tinge of deeper color stole over the lawyer's features.

"As a matter of fact, I didn't miss either signal," he returned, flatly. "But while on the subject, Mr.—er—McArthur, is it?—I'd like to inquire if I am conducting this defense—or you and Mr. Lontos?"

"Oh, you are, surely, sir. I'm sorry if I offended. I merely thought—the clerk's formula says, you know, that jurors must be challenged as they are called—"

"Bah! What rot!" Weeks hesitated. "You're not a lawyer?"

"No," said McArthur, now blinking rapidly.

"No!"—with heavy scorn. "Well, let me say for your information that they may be challenged at any time before they are sworn. I have delayed challenging for a particular reason."

The inventor did not argue further. In the afternoon, the slow work went on. At two forty-five the tenth juror was chosen; at three-thirty, the eleventh. With the aid of his notebook, McArthur followed each selection in a critical manner. Ruth was greatly surprised as she watched. Had she, after all, misjudged his efficiency—?

All at once she started violently. What was the clerk saying?

"You each and every one of you solemnly swear that you will well and truly try the issue between the State and Jacob Dietz, Basil N. Reed, and John T. Bradford. . . . So help you God!"

Wide-eyed, she clutched Kendall McArthur's arm. Her voice, oddly shaken, protested:

"It's the jurors' oath! They've been sworn! It's too late—"

The inventor nodded quietly. He did not speak.

Court had adjourned. As they stood in dull silence, Weeks came to them. His manner had changed. He was profusely apologetic.

"I'm so sorry. It was my fault," he said, "although I doubt if it will matter. In my anxiety to protect Mr. Bradford's interests, I had already used up all of our twenty-two pre-emptory challenges."

McArthur accepted it with a slight smile.

"Oh, had you?" he responded, innocently. "I counted nineteen."

Ruth, watching the lawyer, saw his fingers clench. A quick, glittering light leaped into his eyes—a light of danger. She paused to see no more. One thought impelled her as she went swiftly across the court-room, ignoring the loud call of an officer and the amazed stares of others.

She ran straight to the defendants as they were being removed.

"Oh, Mr. Bradford!" Her tone was sharp, impressive. "Mr. Bradford! Don't question what I say! You must repudiate your counsel! Don't trust him! Dismiss him! He's an enemy in disguise—!"

That was all. Court officers took Bradford's arm roughly. They led him quickly away.

CHAPTER XXI

The State Unfolds Its Case

JUSTICE BRINE gazed through the high windows as though contemplating the foggy, misty morning. His manner seemed vacant, detached. At length he turned his dull eyes toward the three prisoners.

"Mr. Bradford." His voice, as usual, was low-pitched, compelling a quiet attention. "It has been brought to my notice that you have dispensed with the further services of your counsel."

The young man rose. "Yes, your honor."

"Also, that you expect to conduct your own defense?"

"Yes, your honor."

"I do not approve of such a course," said Judge Brine. "I deem it an act of poor judgment to separate yourself from your learned counsel at this stage of your trial. However, it is your constitutional right to act as attorney *pro se* if you so desire."

Jack Bradford bowed, and resumed his seat in the cage with 'Frisco' Jake and Basil Reed.

In a sonorous voice the clerk began reading the indictments. The State charged the three defendants, severally and collectively, with the murder of James L. Cameron. It was furthermore alleged "that John T. Bradford and G. did feloniously incite, procure, hire or command Jacob Dietz and Basil N. Reed to aid and abet in the crime;" also "that Jacob Dietz, Basil N. Reed, John T. Bradford and G. did unlawfully conspire and plan together, the crime of murder to do and to commit." The initial G represented the lawyer, Gammons, who had died from a stroke following the accusation.

Ruth obtained her first close glimpse of Assistant District Attorney Joseph Creel. Her seat today afforded her a side view of his table.

She was a trifle puzzled. It occurred to her that there must be three assistant prosecutors, of varying ages, but otherwise very much alike. Kendall McArthur, who was again at her side, explained that Joseph Creel had installed his two younger brothers, Ernest and Archie, as employees in the district attorney's office. All were round and rollicking men, fat, and of hearty and jolly appearance—except their eyes, which were small, hard, and mean. Ruth thought that there was something almost porcine about the group—a self-satisfied and rather interesting trio, of whom Archie was the friendliest, and the Honorable Joseph the most intelligent.

In his high, nasal tone, the assistant prosecutor rapidly outlined the Government's case. He would show (he said) that the crime was the climax of a carefully planned and revolting conspiracy between the three defendants at the bar and the deceased, G. He would show that G, an attorney, had been retained to counsel and safeguard the con-

spirators in their nefarious undertaking. He would show that the murdered man, Cameron, was an under-cover agent who had been systematically collecting graft from owners of various illicit enterprises and paying it to Bradford, chief investigator for the well-known Committee of Two Hundred. And that Bradford and G, alarmed by Cameron's threat to "squeal," had ordered his murder, and had assisted in planning the crime.

"They didn't! They never!" breathed Priscilla, in horror.

Ruth quieted her with a gesture.

The first witness called by the State was Dr. Arnold McQueen, district medical examiner. He testified that he had performed an autopsy upon the body of James L. Cameron and had removed several bullets, any one of which might have caused death. Cross-examination by defense counsel was very brief. Jack Bradford asked no questions.

Captain Angus McFarlan, a middle-aged man of fifty, followed Dr. McQueen to the stand. He qualified as the ballistic expert of the police department. In a matter-of-fact tone he stated that the seven bullets all had been fired from the same automatic pistol.

The heavy, dark-skinned, glowering features of Daniel F. A. Heaphy rose slowly above the defense table.

"Captain, has that gun been found by the police?"

"I haven't heard of its being found, to date."

"Well, you'd know it if it had, wouldn't you?"

"I presume so; yes."

"Now, captain,"—it was a belligerent rumble—"are you prepared to say positively that shots were fired by only one assailant?"

"I am not," said the captain tartly. "But only one pistol fired shots that hit Cameron—if that's what you mean."

Heaphy sat down.

"Was that Basil's lawyer?" Priscilla asked—and Ruth nodded.

C. C. Hultman, the very thin and poorly dressed little attorney defending 'Frisco, did not wish to cross-examine. Jack Bradford likewise shook his head.

Came the harsh and strident voice of the assistant prosecutor:

"Neil Barr!"

A stir, a flutter of whispering, passed over the room. Ruth leaned forward, anxious to observe the identity of the witness.

She drew in her breath sharply. There was something dreadfully familiar about the man who was advancing. He was loose-limbed and hard-eyed, with an ugly red blotch on one side of his face, extending from lip to ear. The man in soiled evening clothes—! Only now he wore a flaring check suit and a bright necktie, which gave him a careless and rather defiant aspect as he held up his hand to take oath.

"What is your occupation, Mr. Barr?"

"Hotel-keeper."

"And of what particular hotel are you the manager?"

"The Friend Hotel on Beach Street," said Neil Barr.

"You're also the owner of that establishment, are you not?"

"Yes, sir."

Creel turned with a wave of a plump hand. "Do you know the defendants?"

"I know Dietz and Bud Reed. I seen Bradford once," was the answer.

"Yes," agreed the State's attorney, "and do you know the defendants Jacob Dietz and Basil Reed very well?"

"Yes, sir, I know them very well," came parrot-fashion.

"Did you know the murdered man, James L. Cameron?"

"Yes, sir."

"When and where did you last see him alive?"

"On th' night when he was killed. At my hotel."

Barr then testified that Cameron had been at the hotel for several hours, spending most of the time in the café in the basement.

"Was he alone?"

"No. He had a broa— He had a girl wit' him."

"Now, Barr, did you know Cameron's occupation at this time?"

"Yes, sir. He was a stool-pigeon."

Defense counsel were on their feet. Judge Brine turned to the witness. "Exactly what do you mean by a stool-pigeon?"

"I mean he was a professional informer. An under-cover man."

This answer was allowed to stand.

Barr stated that on several occasions he had paid Cameron five hundred dollars, the latter having guaranteed that such payments would insure him against interference by the Committee of Two Hundred.

"And were there any raids during the period while you paid?"

"No, sir."

"Had Mr. Bradford previously caused your hotel to be raided?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, have you ever paid any sums to any public official?"

"Oh, no, sir."

Continuing, the witness said that "Frisco" Dietz had once paid money to Cameron in his presence.

"Do you know what for?"

"Frisco—Dietz said it was to protect his new racket."

Coming to events on the night of the crime, Barr testified that Dietz and his "right-hand man," Basil Reed, had arrived at the hotel about ten o'clock and had asked for the use of a room.

"Were they alone when they arrived?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did they tell you why they wanted the room?"

"To have a private conference wit' some other guy, they told me."

"Did any other person join them in the room?"

"Not till later," said Barr.

He told of being approached by an excited patron, James Miller, and of

accompanying Miller upstairs to the vicinity of the room in question. The door, Barr said, was closed; but through the transom he heard the voices of Dietz and Bud Reed. Over the objection of defense counsel, he was allowed to state what he had heard.

"I heard Frisco say: 'We got to get him up here and act friendly, see? Give him a couple of drinks—don't let him get wise. If we wait another night, the dirty — is liable to split.' And he used a very bad word," added the hotel-keeper with a sickly grin.

"Yes. What then?"

"Young Reed said: 'But we better wait till we get word from Bradford or Bill Gammons—'"

C. C. Hultman sprang up. He spoke mildly, a trifle huskily.

"Your honor, may I repeat that the late Mr. William Gammons was my esteemed friend—I think it was agreed to substitute the initial—"

"In future, use only the initial G," the court instructed.

"Proceed, Mr. Barr."

"Frisco Dietz said: 'To hell wit' waiting for Bradford—the lousy rat goes for a ride right now. To Hyde Oaks Park,' he said."

Jack Bradford was standing, calmly awaiting the judge's notice.

"Of course, your honor, I object to all of this—"

Justice Brine considered.

"I think," he ruled, "that for the present it is admissible. It is admissible if the conspiracy was on at the time when this conversation took place. That is a point for the jury to determine."

"Your honor will note my exception," Bradford requested.

"It is noted."

Barr testified that a telephone in a booth near the room had rung.

"I answered it. There was a man on the line. Sounded like he was trying to make his voice gruff, or to change it. He asked for Frisco. I rapped on th' door, and young Reed come out. He talked on the phone for a half minute, and then called Frisco. Frisco didn't talk long, neither. I heard him say: 'It's O K—we'll bring him right along.'"

The pair had then returned to their room, Barr stated. One of the two had rung a bell, summoning a waiter, and had instructed him to request Jimmie Cameron to come upstairs.

"I got scared," said the witness. "I ordered the boy not to tell Cameron, and I went down to my office and called up the plice station. But the boy must uv told Cameron. When I come out of the office, I seen the three of them going out the front door—"

"What three?" the prosecuting attorney questioned.

"Frisco Dietz, Bud Reed, and Jimmie Cameron. I called after them to warn Cameron, but he didn't hear—an elevated train was passing. They got in an automobile, number 6164, and rode away."

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Priscilla, audibly. "Four men took Cameron out the back way—five men—and they had a gun—"

There was a quick tapping.

"Be quiet!" Ruth warned. "You mustn't speak again."

Yet to Ruth herself, the scene had become a mockery. From earliest childhood she had been taught respect for law, and for the solemnity of an oath. She had learned to regard the surroundings of a courtroom as symbolic of the highest dignity. Here, facing the grave countenances of the jurors, and in the presence of the dark-robed justice and the flag draped above the bench, she almost wondered that the very walls did not take tongue and tax the hotel-keeper with his perjuries.

The direct examination finished, Creel resumed his place with his brothers at the table. For one hour and twenty minutes, C. C. Hultman endeavored to shake Barr's story. He succeeded at intervals—minor discrepancies—but in every case where real danger threatened the blotch on the witness's cheek seemed suddenly to deepen in color and stand out like a distress signal; and, while the attorneys wrangled, he escaped unscathed. He had one phrase for use in an emergency—"I don't recollect"—and he used it unsparingly.

Only once throughout the forenoon, Ruth saw District Attorney Brady—a thick-set man with a full and slightly pugnacious countenance which habitually wore an expression of intense application. And upon that occasion, she thought—or was it imagination?—that he appeared to hurry through the room as if ashamed.

The dark, handsome features of a man inside the bar inclosure caught her attention. He sat close to the rail, not far from her settee, his heavy brows drawn together in a constant frown. She started. Here was another reminder of that grim night in the underworld! This man was one whom she had seen that evening, and whose identity the young reporter later had declined to divulge—

Daniel F. A. Heaphy had completed his cross-examination in behalf of Basil Reed. He had asked only a few routine questions, and none had caused the red blotch on Neil Barr's face to stand out.

Heaphy strolled forward, hands thrust deep in his pockets. He bent over the man near the rail who had just attracted Ruth's attention—and she was astounded when she heard his heavy whisper.

"That was all right, wasn't it, Pearson? You wouldn't have asked Mr. Barr anything more than that?"

The other nodded. "It was all right—"

The words bewildered Ruth, filled her with amazement. Why should Basil Reed's counsel ask the approval of this dark-eyed man? And who

was this stranger? Pearson—Ruth scarcely heard the questions that Jack Bradford was asking in his own defense. Pearson—

All at once, vivid and unmistakable, the events in the cabaret at the Friend Hotel came back to her. She saw again the frenzied hilarity, heard the uproar, the pound and throb of jazz. Muttering voices crept once more into her memory—tones that she would never forget:

"Can't you guys get Bradford down here some way?"

"It's no go. We tried everyt'ing, Pearson."

Her reeling mind caught at the realization that Assistant District Attorney Creel had risen.

"The next witness," he announced in a crisp manner, "will be Detective Sergeant Pearson of Station Twenty-two."

CHAPTER XXII

The Damning Letter

DETECTIVE Sergeant Pearson was perhaps the most handsome man in the police department and apparently took pride in the fact. He pulled down his vest, eased his well-tailored coat so that it would hang in just the right position, and walked to the stand with an air of self-consciousness.

"What is your name?"

"Roland M. Pearson, detective sergeant attached to division twenty-two." He ran off rapidly.

"Sergeant," asked Creel, "did you have occasion to visit the Friend Hotel on the night of Thursday, March 18th?"

"I did."

"What led you to visit the hotel on that evening?"

"A telephone call from Mr. Barr, the manager."

"Yes. And you had some conversation with Mr. Barr over the telephone?"

"I did."

"What others accompanied you when you went to the Friend Hotel?"

"Your honor," Hultman ventured, "I think my brother is leading this witness—"

"What others, if any? If any!" Creel flung out with an impatient scowl.

"I went to the hotel with Detective Sergeant Gilley and Officer Coyne."

"Did you have further conversation with Mr. Barr at the hotel?"

"I did."

"And, as a result of this conversation, what did you do?"

"We went," replied Pearson, "to the vicinity of Hyde Oaks Park. Officer Coyne was driving. We first rode all around the reservation, then went through the park once, entering by the south gate and coming out at the north."

At this point Judge Brine ordered a recess until two o'clock.

When the trial was resumed at that hour, there was a new figure

within the bar inclosure—one who was unfamiliar to the habitués of the court and at whom many speculative glances were cast. He was an individual of unusual appearance: large, square-jawed, angular, of age difficult to estimate, clad in a baggy, plain black suit, with a great shock of brown hair which hung in disorder about his high forehead, giving him a peculiar, topheavy aspect. Adrian Messenger was little known in the criminal courts. For many years he had practiced only as a corporation lawyer.

Beside the defendants' cage, Ruth stood talking earnestly with Jack Bradford.

"I can't let you do this—" he declared.

"But—it isn't anything," was her response. "Mr. Messenger has known our family for years—he's only too glad to help—"

There was a strange mixture of expressions in Bradford's blue eyes—gratitude, slight embarrassment, and— Was there something else?

"I—really can't—" he said again.

"Please!"

It was only the one word, compelling, filled with sympathy and encouragement. There was time for no more. A stentorian voice proclaimed: "The co-oourt!" A doorway framed the robed figure of the justice, and all rose while he advanced. The trial went on.

Detective Sergeant Pearson, continuing his testimony, told of patrolling Hyde Oaks Park in the police automobile until his party caught sight of a sedan, moving slowly. The number of the car, he said, was 6164.

"We followed the machine at a distance. At it passed through the lighted circle near the arboretum. I had a glimpse of the inside of the car through the rear window. I'm

positive that there were at least three men in the car. I could see three forms, including the driver."

"Yes. What happened then?"

"Passing the fish pond, the car turned down a very dark drive which runs along the southwest corner of the reservation. It came to a stop near a clump of trees. It was about twenty yards from the wire fence surrounding the park.

"We had been running without lights. We stopped our car about fifty or sixty yards from the fish pond. We were about one hundred yards from the other machine, and in view of it. We waited there."

"How long?"

"Between fifteen and twenty minutes," answered Pearson.

"Did you see anyone get out of the sedan during that time?"

"No. It was too dark."

"Your honor—" said Hultman, half rising.

"The last four words may be stricken out," Judge Brine ruled.

"But it was very dark, wasn't it, Sergeant?"

"I pray your honor's judgment—"

The judge smiled faintly. "Rephrase your question, Mr. Creel."

"Was it very dark where the sedan was standing?"

"It was very dark," said Detective Sergeant Pearson.

There was a titter in the room.

"Then, after fifteen or twenty minutes, what did you do?"

"We got out of our car and approached the sedan on foot."

"Yes. And did you investigate the interior of the sedan?"

"We did."

"Did you find anything in it?"

"We found the body of James L. Cameron."

Court officers rapped sharply for silence.



"Run home and tell mother I won't be home for supper tonight."

"Was there any living person in or near the car?"

"There was not."

"Did you and your party make a search for footprints?"

"Your honor," said Hultman, rising again, "I feel obliged to inquire if it is the witness or my esteemed opponent who is testifying."

"What did you and your party do thereupon?" snapped Creel.

"We made an unsuccessful search for footprints."

Pearson told of communicating with the medical examiner, and of searching Cameron's body in his presence. At this point the assistant prosecutor produced a torn sheet of paper, which was admitted as an exhibit. Pearson testified that he had found it in the dead man's possession.

"Your witness," said Creel.

Hultman rose, adjusting his spectacles. He took pains, first of all, to bring out the fact that Pearson was unable to identify any of the men who, according to his testimony, had been in the murder car.

"You merely saw three or more dark forms?" asked Hultman.

"That's all," the detective sergeant admitted.

"Now, Mr. Pearson, from the time when you first saw this sedan, up to the moment when you finally approached it on foot, you made no attempt to interfere with its occupants, did you?"

"I did not,"—coolly.

Hultman smote his desk. "You made no effort to prevent this dreadful crime which you had been told was about to be committed?"

"I pray your honor's judgment!" cried the State's attorney.

"The witness has not testified that he was told a crime was about to be committed," said the court.

"Hadn't Mr. Barr told you that a crime was being planned?"

"He told me he was afraid so."

Dan Heaphy's examination was very brief, being largely a repetition of certain parts of Hultman's. Adrian Messenger rose slowly. His manner was dull. For an instant he seemed to be trying to adjust his faculties.

"You saw nothing to indicate that Mr.—er—Bradford was one of the men in that sedan, did you?"

"I—wouldn't say that," replied Pearson, carefully.

"Do you now state that you did see Mr. Bradford in the car?"

"Oh, no," was the bland response.

"In fact—er—you don't know who were in that car, do you?"

Pearson admitted this, and was excused from the stand. He was followed by Detective Sergeant Gilley, florid and belligerent, and Officer Coyne, sallow and slightly nervous, both of whom corroborated their associate's testimony. The next to be called were a pair of handwriting experts, Walter Hahn and A. C. Fredericks.

They identified eight specimens of the handwriting of the deceased at-

torney, William Gammons (designated as G), and told of their many reasons for believing that the torn note found upon the murdered man had been written by Gammons. The note was now read and exhibited.

Dear Jimmie:

I have been over the route proposed, and think it can be arranged O. K. However, the running schedule will have to be altered. From Buffalo to Albany in eight hours is out of the question—not even Bud Reed could make that safely.

On the money end of it, I'm glad you and the others have decided this way. I agree with you that fifteen hundred a week was altogether too much for Brad—

The rest of the note, with the signature, had been torn away. Hultman and Messenger saved exceptions to the reading of this paper.

Throughout these developments, Ruth sat listening intently, rigid and conscious of a growing uneasiness. Somehow, in spite of her assurance of Bradford's innocence, there was a terrible feeling of reality in the wording of this note from the hand of a man now dead. It brought to her suddenly the stark tragedy behind these quiet proceedings—the horror of what already had happened, and the hideous things that waited at the end.

She felt keen disappointment, so far, in the showing of Adrian Messenger. It had been rumored that while a criminal lawyer he had never lost but one important case, and she had expected much from him. But of course, returning to such work after so long an absence, and with little knowledge of the facts of the case—

When court adjourned she was relieved to find that Messenger appeared more hopeful than she had thought.

"He's a bright chap," he said, speaking of Bradford. "Worth fighting like the devil for. Knows a lot of law, that lad—"

"Mr. Messenger, this is Mr. McArthur, an investigator who is helping us."

"Umgh," said Messenger. "Glad to meet you, Mr. McArthur."

Ruth said good night to Priscilla, as the three entered a taxi together.

"Umgh," observed the lawyer, "it's a queer case. A queer case, indeed. A devil of a queer case. But," he added, emphasizing with a forefinger, "I wouldn't think it was worth worrying so much about if it wasn't for that note written by Gammons."

"That's a damning thing! I can't get the right slant on that at all. I'll swear that's Gammons's handwriting. But Bill Gammons wasn't trying to frame Bradford—no, he was indicted himself. If that was a plant and a forgery, you'd think they'd have left the whole thing—left his signature. Confound it, I don't quite get this. I don't get it—"

He stared moodily at the floor of the cab.

"Perhaps—" Ruth attempted—but Messenger abruptly pressed both hands to his ears.

"Don't bother me, child—don't bother me!" he rasped.

Ruth gave McArthur a glance, indicating that this was to be expected of Messenger, and they did not interrupt again until the lawyer raised his head sharply.

"Speaking of notes," he said, "I forgot this."

He took a soiled sheet of paper from his brief-case.

"Found this in my mail this noon. Some one must have known, Ruth, that you came to my office yesterday afternoon."

On the sheet was printed in pencil:

Watch your step if you come into the Cameron trial or you'll go out by the pineapple route.

CHAPTER XXIII

A Defense Witness Lost

THREE great incentives had impelled Kendall McArthur to activity during the weeks preceding the trial.

The first was a personal feeling. He was eager to show Ruth Trevor that his bungling of the early part of her case was not his true form—to prove to her that it had been merely a temporary slump, an "off night."

Of graver importance in his mind was the welfare of Jack Bradford. The latter had been in a helpless position from the first, accused without the slightest warning, denied bail, held prisoner, unable to accomplish anything in his own behalf. He had been dependent entirely upon the efforts of others.

Then, also—a part of each of the other considerations yet distinct from them—was the thought that had led McArthur into every important or hazardous venture of his career: the knowledge that things weren't as they should be, that a high-handed and colossal injustice was being perpetrated—that the game was "in the bag."

If Bradford should be convicted, no honest investigator would ever dare to work for the Committee of Two Hundred in the future. At least, none would dare to be efficient.

Anticipating that the defense would open during the forenoon of the next day, McArthur arose early, dressed as quickly as he could, and hired a closed automobile, in which he planned to convey four important witnesses to the courthouse. One of these was Herman Joss, driver of the taxicab from which Ruth and Priscilla had observed the start of Cameron's fatal ride.

McArthur had located Joss after several weeks' effort. The latter had obtained a position in another cab company. Curiously, Joss had at the same time been making efforts to communicate his knowledge to the authorities, having read of the impending trial. He had gone to the

district attorney, but had failed to obtain an audience with Brady, and had been ordered out of the office by Joseph Creel.

A shock was awaiting the inventor. At Joss's lodging house he learned to his dismay that the young taxi driver had been struck by an automobile while alighting from his cab on the preceding night. He had been taken to the City Hospital and was not expected to recover.

McArthur blinked. "Have you any idea whose car struck him?"

"That we haven't, sir," declared the landlady. "It seems there was no man saw it. 'Tis a pity, too—such a fine young lad. An' 'twas strange! Sure, he was just after gettin' a summon from the court—"

The inventor expressed sympathy and continued on his rounds. Aside from the misfortune to Joss himself his loss as a witness was a severe blow. Assembling the remaining three, McArthur drove to the courthouse. These three were friends of Jack Bradford, who were prepared to testify that he had spent the evening of the crime in their company, and had not used a telephone during the evening. McArthur did not inform Ruth Trevor of the accident to Joss.

Opening the proceedings for the day the State's attorney called Maurice Dillingham, a thin and nervous man with glasses, who said that he was manager of a radio firm.

"Mr. Dillingham," asked Creel, "do you own a 1928 sedan with maker's number 22515 and motor number 33129?"

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "I don't know whether I do or not."

"What do you mean, Mr. Dillingham?"

"I mean that I don't know how it stands at law. The insurance company want me to take the car back, and I refuse to. They want to put in new upholstery and change the floor-boards—"

"No, no, no—never mind that," said Creel. "Did you own this sedan on March 10th?"

"Yes, sir! That's the day it was stolen. I reported it—"

"So that, between that date and the night when it was found in Hyde Oaks Park, you knew nothing of its whereabouts?"

"Nothing—except that it was in the hands of thieves."

"Was there any evidence as to the amount of its use?"

"Well, I should say so! That's what I'm trying to explain. The insurance company wants me to take that car back as it stands—and the clutch is ruined—it's slipping constantly, and never did before—and my garage man says it'll never be the same—"

Judge Brine interrupted with a gesture. "You needn't go into these details. This court cannot help you in settling that matter."

The witness was excused without cross-examination. Lieutenant Dono-

van of Station Twenty-two then testified that the sedan had been listed as a stolen car for eight days prior to the murder.

"Any questions?"

Adrian Messenger rose, his movements cumbrous, his voice heavy.

"Er—are you the lieutenant who was on duty when Miss Ruth Trevor came to Station Twenty-two with a report on the night of the crime?"

"Yes, sir," replied Donovan.

"Did you take any action on that report?"

"I did, sir. I sent a special patrol out to investigate."

"Er—about what time was this, Lieutenant?"

The witness opened his mouth slightly, and for a moment it remained so—as if he had suddenly decided to think before speaking.

"Before eleven o'clock," said a voice from the vicinity of the rail. The tone was not loud, but audible.

Messenger turned, apparently puzzled. "I beg pardon, Mr. Pearson? Do you wish to testify?"

"Your honor," said Creel, springing up, "may I request that my eminent brother be restrained from addressing remarks to Government witnesses who are not testifying?"

"And may I request," asked Messenger, gently, "that Government witnesses who are not testifying be restrained from prompting the one who is?"

"Let there be no more remarks except from the witness stand."

"The Government rests," Creel stated.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Bombshell

DANIEL F. A. HEAPHY was opening the defense of Basil Reed.

His address consumed a half hour; but from him there was no dry marshaling of facts, no tedious reasoning. He stood before the twelve men in the box, a hale and hearty fellow, talking to them in terms that they all knew—direct, human facts, slang whenever possible, profanity when he could quote it from the record. He strove to place himself and his client in a friendly and brotherly light in the eyes of the jury.

He told them the simple story of Reed's circumstances, his family needs, his coming to the city in quest of work, his joining "as so many fellows do" with undesirable companions. The liquor "racket"—and a raw, needy lad from the country to whom it looked like a gold mine. "Little did Bud Reed dream that there was to be a fight to the death between rival gangs—a fight that, for all we know, is not yet ended. I'm going to show you, gentlemen, that this boy has walked head first into trouble—into the toughest jam of his life."

He would show also, he told them, that Reed was under the influence of

liquor throughout the evening of the crime, and that he had no realization of what actually was being planned. He said that insofar as he could proceed without injuring either of the other defendants, he would.

"But," he added in conclusion, "I don't intend that this irresponsible boy shall be squeezed to death in a fight between rival racketeers, or between racketeers and the Committee of Two Hundred."

He called Basil Reed to the stand.

Notwithstanding his inexperience, the young man made a good witness. He spoke slowly and with considerable nervousness, but it was evident that he had been well coached. He said that he had been drinking on the night of the murder, and remembered very little of what had happened. While at the Friend Hotel he had talked with some one about taking Jimmie Cameron to Hyde Oaks Park, but had thought that Cameron was to be punished by a severe beating—he had had no idea that murder was planned. He remembered that a telephone call had come to the hotel for Frisco Dietz, and that he had answered.

"And did you recognize the voice?" questioned Heaphy.

Basil Reed hesitated, as though reluctant to speak.

"Come! You must tell the truth, no matter whom it involves."

"I—I thought it was Mr. Bradford's voice," said the youth.

Adrian Messenger came to his feet. "May I protest against this—this most improper and unseemly method of eliciting a response?"

"I apologize," boomed Heaphy, waving an arm, "and I'm sorry if it hurt you!"

"And now I ask that that be stricken out."

"Both remarks may be stricken out. The original question, and its answer, shall stand."

Creel's cross-examination did not materially damage the young man's story. Reed clung stubbornly to his assertion that he remembered only a talk, a ride, a walk to his hotel—and a voice that he had thought was Bradford's.

"You thought the voice was Bradford's even though everything else that night is in a haze?" asked Messenger.

"Yes, I did," replied Reed in a defiant tone.

Heaphy then sprang a complete surprise by calling Priscilla Reed.

The girl rose uncertainly, moving forward as though bewildered. At once McArthur foresaw the probable effect of Heaphy's move. It was precisely as if a baseball player in a vital game, who had nerved himself through days of suspense to meet the strain of batting second, then suddenly found himself faced by the lead-off rôle. He feared that Priscilla might falter completely, ruining, not only her own story, but the effect of Ruth's which was to follow.

Heaphy's harsh voice was not cal-

culated to reassure the poor girl.

"Are you the defendant Reed's sister?"

"Y-yes, sir—"

"And did you see your brother on the night of March 18th? The night of this murder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes? And where did you see him?"

"I saw him outside the Friend Hotel."

McArthur caught his breath in hope at this steady response.

In a simple manner Priscilla went on, telling of the scene inside the hotel, then of the group who had taken Cameron away in a sedan. She declared that her brother was not one of the men.

Creel bounded up to cross-examine.

"Now, Miss Reed, you're very fond of your brother, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir,"—quietly.

"You'd do a great deal for him, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'd even lie for him, if it would save him, wouldn't you?"

"I pray your honor's judgment!" said Messenger, rising.

"Exclude the question."

"Now, Miss Reed, you say that you sat on one side of Beach Street in a taxicab, saw a group of men on the other side, and are positive that your brother wasn't there? Do you know that Beach Street is an exceptionally dark street?"

"But the lights of the sedan were on bright," she answered.

"And you say that you are sure Mr. Cameron was in that group? Did you know Mr. Cameron?"

"N-no, sir. But—but I saw his picture!" she flung out, as he attempted to cut her off.

"And you said that one of the men had a gun, didn't you?"

"It—looked like a gun—"

"O-oh—it *looked* like a gun! Then, when you said a few minutes ago that it *was* a gun, you said something that you weren't sure of, didn't you?"

"I—I said it because I believe it was."

"You don't think, by any chance, it could have been a bottle?"

"N-no, sir. 'Cause the poor man shouted for police!"

Into McArthur's heart crept the conviction that their opponents had erred gravely. Only a country girl; a girl with little chance for training or culture, little knowledge of the world, and none at all of law—but Priscilla was fighting for her brother's life.

At length Creel resumed his seat. Messenger rose.

"Are you positive, Miss Reed, that there were more than three men in that group you saw approaching the sedan?"

"Oh, yes, sir. There were five or six—"

"That's all."

"Edward Springer," called Heaphy.

As the witness, an uncouth, surly-looking young man, walked forward, there was little to indicate that he was about to furnish an opening for the most explosive sensation of the trial.

Under direct examination, Springer said simply that he was acquainted with Basil Reed, and that he had seen him at the hotel on the night of the crime, heavily intoxicated.

"How do you know he was intoxicated?" demanded Creel.

"I seen him. I heard him try to talk. I smelled his breath."

Once again Adrian Messenger clambered laboriously to his feet. His gait, as usual, was lethargic; he spoke as though recalling his thoughts.

"Er—did you know the murdered man, Jimmie Cameron?"

"Sure," said the witness, eyeing him uncertainly.

McArthur caught a quick glance, half puzzled, half apprehensive, between Dan Heaphy and Creel. He guessed that they had not counted upon Messenger's cross-examining this witness.

"Were you a friend of Cameron?"

"Yeah." It was a flat tone. He added: "I was before he commenced stoolin'."

"Did you ever hear him say that fifteen hundred a week was too much for Bradford?"

The youth sought Heaphy's eye.

"Naw. I never heard him say it."

Messenger turned. "May I have that note—

"Mr. Witness, did you ever see this? Look at it, please. Did you ever hear Jimmie Cameron say what this note suggests he said? Did you ever hear him say that fifteen hundred a week was too much for Bradford?"

"Naw. I never heard him say it."

"Well, isn't that what this note says he said? This Brad—where it's torn. Doesn't that mean Bradford?"

People in the court were staring at Messenger in amazement.

"Do you know how Bradford is spelled. Mr.—er—Springer?"

"Sure. B-R-A-D—"

"That's enough!" And all at once, in a flash, Messenger's bearing was transformed from one of dullness to dynamic energy—his voice cut the room like the crack of a whip. "Then answer me this, Mr. Witness! Did you ever hear Jimmie Cameron say that fifteen hundred a week was too much for *Brady's office*?"

There came a snarl of voices, a trample of feet, a crash as a chair went down. Joseph Creel was before the bench, bellowing an objection—his brothers at his side, gesticulating. Detective Sergeant Pearson stood with fist upraised and lips drawn back. Above the clamor came the frantic pounding of the officers of the court.

No one heard the answer to the query. There was no need of an answer. The question itself had electrified the assemblage.

CHAPTER XXV

The Charge and the Verdict

C LAD in his judicial robe, Justice Brine moved slowly down the private corridor toward the door which stood half open at the end. As he approached, the door was swung wider; a heavy voice announced:

"The co-oourt!"

Passing into the room, the judge mounted to a standing position beside the bench, where he remained while the crier intoned:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! All persons having anything to do before Honorable, the justices of the Superior Court within and for this county, for the transaction of criminal business, in the first session thereof, draw near, give your attendance, and you shall be heard. God save the county and the State."

Judge Brine drew his robe about him and took his chair.

"Court is open. You may be seated," said the crier.

Glancing around as usual in his



dull but perceptive manner, Judge Brine noted with satisfaction that the room was not crowded. The announcement that the proceedings of this morning would begin at an earlier hour had been heard by only a small number of the spectators. This was as the judge had desired. He knew that a group of critical and influential people had been following the trial from the first.

He was pleased to observe that Mr. Valentine Shaw, millionaire philanthropist, who was slightly interested in the Committee of Two Hundred, was absent this morning. True, there was that dark-mustached young dandy who had been present at every session, and who winked his bright eyes so frequently. Judge Brine resolved to inquire later about his identity.

Once the charge to the jury had begun, of course, none would be admitted until its completion. The late comers would find themselves excluded. And the judge preferred not to have any critical or influential people listen to his charge. They might read it subsequently at their leisure. The charge, in writing, would be quite above criticism. It must needs be so, to pass the scrutiny of a higher court. But the expression—the pauses—the subtle inferences—

Judge Brine had prepared his charge with great care.

Turning his eyes to the jury he began in a slow and impressive tone. He thanked them for their close attention. He defined murder under the statutes, and explained that murder by means of poison, lying in wait, murder resulting from an attempt to commit another felony, or in which there was evidence of premeditation or of excessive cruelty, was murder in the first degree. He explained what an accessory was.

Continuing, he defined conspiracy as "a getting together for a criminal purpose. If two or more of the defendants laid plans together to do this deed, then—even though they had not taken a single step toward furthering the project—they would be guilty of conspiracy."

The judge next turned his attention to the points established by the State. In this connection, he knew, he was under considerable obligation. Joseph Creel, in his summation for the Government, had been somewhat remiss in this respect. Joseph was a brilliant young man; but on yesterday afternoon he had seemed to expend more effort toward making the walls ring with his manly voice than in answering the points advanced by defense counsel. No doubt, the State's attorney had been under great strain yesterday. Indeed, Joseph was a brilliant young man—!

"It is the contention of the State," explained Judge Brine, "that the defendants Dietz and Reed left the Friend Hotel in company with the deceased, Cameron, and that this was the last time when Cameron was seen alive. The State contends

that there was not sufficient interval, between this and the discovery of the body in the sedan numbered 6164, for Cameron to have passed from the hands of one group to those of another.

"The defense contends that the deceased did not leave the hotel in company with these defendants, but with a larger group, of whose car the number was not noted. The defense asserts that the police party did not make proper efforts to ascertain the identity of those in the sedan until after the crime had been committed.

"The Government, however, does not claim that the fatal shots necessarily were fired after the sedan had arrived at Hyde Oaks Park and while the police were holding it under observation.

"There has been testimony," the court continued, "that the defendant Reed was under the influence of liquor on the night of the crime. The voluntary use of intoxicants is not an excuse for crime. However, it might affect this defendant's culpability in the matter of conspiracy, as conspiracy implies a planning together and a knowledge of what the plans were about.

"Determine carefully the weight which should be given to the testimony of the two young women who took the stand for the defense, the one a social worker, and the other the sister of the defendant Reed. Bear in mind the character of these two witnesses. At the same time, it is properly within your province to consider whether or not either's testimony was influenced by excitement at the time when the events occurred, or by a personal interest in the accused.

"Stress has been laid by defense counsel upon the criminal record of the hotel-keeper, Barr. This record should be borne in mind in determining the weight which you will give to his testimony. But remember also that the said record does not invalidate him as a witness. It does not deprive him of the power to tell the truth.

"It is not always the witness who suffers from apparent loss of memory who is lying; nor is it always the one who answers promptly and who looks to observe the effect of his words upon the jury who speaks the truth."

Judge Brine felt that this was the cleverest sentence of his charge. The record wouldn't show that Jack Bradford alone had turned his head slightly toward the jury in speaking. But the men in the box would remember.

"Scrutinize carefully the alibi offered by the defendant Bradford. If you believe it, you must, of course, acquit this defendant of complicity in the actual commission of the crime. If you don't believe it,"—and here for an instant the judge's expression became positively hateful—"it's evidence of guilt."

The court then defined reasonable doubt.

"If, upon weighing all of the testimony, you are not satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt that any or all of the defendants took part in the crime alleged, that doubt must then to the defendants be resolved. If, however, you are convinced beyond a reasonable doubt of their guilt, it will be your duty to convict.

"The case is in your hands."

SIX o'clock in the jury room. Long shadows from the buildings opposite were stretching across the table. Gloom was beginning to gather, making it difficult to discern the faces of those sitting on one side, causing some of the others to appear gray and haggard.

Mr. Thaddeus Brown, number seven in the jury box, was one of those in the light. He was an elderly man who wore a gray mustache and clothes of respectability but not of prosperity.

Amid a silence he shook his head with a sigh.

"I don't believe it," he said.

There came an earnest voice from the other side of the table.

"Listen, papa. What's eatin' yuh? Eh?"

"I—I don't believe it—that's all. I can't believe it."

"Yeah," sneered another, "say it again, why don't you? Let's all say it. 'I don't believe it—I don't believe it.' What're you doin'—demonstratin'?"

"That's what he's doing," said a third. "Every hour, and more and more, I'm getting thicker and thicker!"

The elderly man sighed again. "Gentlemen—don't you think you are a little harsh—?"

"Aw, stow it, gran'pap!"

"Lord Almighty!" groaned a heavy, sour tone. "Order up the supper, boys. And pick out your breakfast while you're about it. Looks like we're going to need both—"

Juror Number Two, whose name was Grogan, was one of those on the dark side of the table. What light there was served only to bring out the unpleasant lines in his features—the thin-lipped, sensual mouth, the broad nose with slightly distended nostrils. Mr. Grogan had taken pains to avoid any very great part in the discussion. He had seen that affairs were shaping themselves properly without much interference or manipulation. At the same time, he was growing impatient. Evening was at hand; and a party of celebration had been arranged; and "Roly" had promised to send over a case of extra-fine liquor. Mr. Grogan took out a gaudy handkerchief and wiped his dry lips.

"Just give us an idea what's holdin' you up, mister," he urged.

But the elderly man did not answer. In truth, he found it difficult to explain what was in his mind. He knew only that there was something—something that refused to be put away from him, that persisted, above the sneering jibes of the men at the table.



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"It's that lawyer's speech, ain't it?" asked Juror Number Two.

"W-well,—yes. His speech, yes. It's made me feel that we are contemplating a fearful wrong, both to the living and to the dead."

"Oh, yeah?" said Grogan. "I figured as much. The ghost of Hamlet is walkin' in the room, eh?"

Mr. Brown felt his cheeks coloring slightly.

"Well," yawned Juror Number Eight, "the ghost of a ham omelet will have to be walking pretty soon, I'll tell the world."

It brought a roar of laughter.

"But on the level," asked Juror Number Six, a truck driver, bending forward earnestly, "who the hell was Hamlet?"

"He was a gran'pap's uncle," said Juror Number Three.

Amidst the hilarity that followed, Walters, a salesman, number eleven, made his voice heard.

"Now, gentlemen, I think we are a little harsh with Mr.—Brown. Can't I reason with you, Mr. Brown? Confound it, I felt at first exactly as you do—that it was a frame-up. But the judge, man. You heard his charge. That judge believes at least two of those men are guilty—and he's listened to thousands of cases."

"That's the idea," another seconded.

"That's what convinced me," said the foreman.

Juror Number Eight suddenly rose. "Say, look here—we've got to have some light in this room. Where's that officer? Ring him up—"

In the ensuing confusion, Juror Number Two withdrew to a corner of the room, lighting a cigar. Juror Number Nine, whose name was Tibbets, sauntered close to him.

"For God's sake," he growled from one side of his big mouth, "can't you put pressure on that old buzzard? Want us t' stay in here all night—?"

"Not yet—not yet!" said the other. "You leave this to me—"

"Yeah?"

"I'll handle this," added Grogan. "It's gotta be done right. Give the old boy time—he'll come around when he gets sick and tired. How's it at your end—all in line?"

Tibbets nodded. "All but Swenson. Every once in a while he starts yapping, 'Vat if dey vas my poys—vat if dey vas my poys?' The big wooden-head! If they was his boys, they wouldn't have the brains to be in the liquor racket!"

"Can you swing him?"

"Sure. I'll just talk Committee of Two Hundred to him till he sees red—he hates them. But we may have trouble wit' Yellen. He keeps tellin' them that all three oughta be treated the same."

"Then we got to swing that, too," said Grogan. "It's the bargain with Reed—if he'd put the hooks into Bradford on the stand—an' if we don't stick to it the kid'll squawk—"

TEN-thirty in the jury room. The interior was brightly lighted; the windows dark. And outside, only the vague shapes of buildings were visible—buildings with deserted offices.

Mr. Thaddeus Brown sat weakly in his chair, his shoulders hunched, his bearing one of physical and mental exhaustion. The tones of his companions came to him dimly.

"Listen, man. Why should you fret when the judge is convinced?"

"He knows more about criminal cases than you do—"

"That's what convinced me," said the foreman for the tenth time.

Once again Mr. Brown sighed. He knew that he should be more resolute, should hold out longer, fight harder. But at his age it wasn't quite so easy to fight. And he was tired—so tired—

"—And with light hearts acquit them—" Adrian Messenger had said.

But Mr. Brown's heart was heavy, his gray head bowing low.

THROUGH the courthouse it swept in an ominous whisper, like the ripple of advancing doom, spreading from mouth to mouth and from group to group, all along the solemn corridors where dim lights burned. Ruth Trevor heard that wave of whispering, saw the gathering together of the groups, sensed the dread portent of the moment. Little knots of men seemed to stare at her anew, as if in triumph mixed oddly with a manner of guilt—as though they themselves had done her some heinous wrong.

"Ruth! Miss Ruth! What is it?" asked Priscilla at her side.

Ruth found a strange voice: "I—don't know—"

Her grasp tightened upon her companion's fingers. A young man was hurrying toward a telephone booth—one whom she remembered.

"Oh—Mr. Paxton! What—what is it? Has—has the verdict—?"

He stopped, his glance friendly as usual. "Miss Trevor!" he exclaimed. "You see, I know you now. Yes—no—it's not official yet. But we got a special tip from the jury room. Dietz and Bradford guilty—Reed not guilty. Please don't tell any one I told you—"

He hurried on. Ruth scarcely heard him. She scarcely heard Priscilla, who radiant, smiling, seized both her arms.

"Oh, Ruth—you hear? Basil's 'quitted! Basil's free!"

All at once Priscilla stopped, as though wondering why Ruth wasn't smiling, too.

"Counsel!"

The shout chilled Ruth's heart. Was it true, then—the awful rumor? She had a half realization of pushing forward with the crowd, back to the courtroom—of a confused babble—the click of the door in the prisoners' cage—and of a voice, deadly cold and calm:

"Mr. Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

Nervous, but without a tremor, was the answer: "We have."

"Then . . . in the case of Jacob Dietz . . ."

"Guilty."

"And . . . in the case of Basil N. Reed . . ."

"Not guilty."

"And . . . in the case of John T. Bradford . . ."

A pause—an instant that wrenched at Ruth's consciousness—

"Guilty!" The word came like the thrust of a knife.

"Thus say you one, thus say you all."

Thus said the twelve good men and true.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Dark Hours

THE island steamer was crowded as it left the pier—no more than usual, not really any less. Had it been a vessel in regular passenger service, it might have been said to be comfortably crowded. But there was no comfort aboard this steamer.

A dingy and evil-smelling little craft, swinging away from the side of an equally dirty pier in a squalid section of the waterfront, it had only a single deck for the accommodation of its passengers—a deck that was narrow, wind-swept, and unwashed, and upon which fell the constant prickle of cinders and crunch of many footsteps. Inside there was a plain, cramped cabin, suffocating and filled with odors. Spotted, whitewashed walls met the eye, and there were two rows of hard benches, fastened to the floor.

Ruth Trevor did not remain inside. It was all too miserable and revolting to her—this grim little vessel and its strange company. She sought the smoky and windy extremity of the outer deck, where at least there was room to turn without bumping elbows with curious and uncouth people, room to breathe, and air that was unpolluted. She watched as the steamer nosed its way slowly down the harbor.

A recent and serious fire at the county jail had necessitated this trip by water. It was not customary, Ruth knew, for prisoners awaiting sentence to be kept on the island.

From time to time, she studied the grotesque assortment of human beings aboard the ship. There were people of almost every nationality; old, young, some little more than rapidly-grown-up children. Men and women seemed to be present in equal numbers: some, with bold, arrogant eyes, dressed in a flaring style; others wan and timid, in the raiments of poverty.

From some there came laughter and coarse jesting, a holiday spirit, making a lark of this visit to friends confined on the island. A few peered toward their destination in a sullen and resentful manner, as though harboring bitterness toward the penal institution. And there were some

(Continued on page 107)



Edwin L. Burdick

UNSOLVED!

The "BURDICK CASE"

by
Charles Brower Parmer



Mrs. Alice H. Burdick

There Wasn't a Clue—and There Were a Hundred Clues. Here Were Four Tangled Lives and No Outsider Has Ever Been Able to Explain the Emotions, the Loves and the Hates, That Linked Them All. Perhaps You Can Find in This Story the Essential Fact That Will Make All Clear.

THE maid, creeping down the stairway, saw something that caused her to gasp, turn, and flee upward. Bursting into the boudoir of her mistress, she screamed:

"Missy—the door—last night—"

These breathless exclamations of Delia Leary, domestic in Edwin L. Burdick's palatial Buffalo home, were the signal for the curtain rise on one of the great murder dramas of modern times. A fathomless mystery of real life in which three lives were shuffled off with violence, and in a most strange manner. One which rattled skeletons in the closets of charming chatelaines in the social world. An unsolved mystery bringing humiliation and disgrace to three women of beauty and prominence.

In a word, the Burdick-Pennell affair, the murder without a clue! Its skein of events too tangled to unravel, the police finally threw up hands: a skein in which the red thread of a woman's passion was strangely intertwined with the pure white one of paternal love.

When Mrs. J. H. Hall—Burdick's mother-in-law—heard the maid's screaming, she rebuked her sharply.

"Cease crying—and give me my dressing gown."

"But Missy—burglars—and—"

"Oh, bosh," the stately Mrs. Hall exclaimed, throwing the silken peignoir around her, and starting downstairs. This was the morning of February 28, 1903. It was 8:30 o'clock, and bitter cold. Light snow had fallen the night before.

Followed by her trembling maid, Mrs. Hall swept down the stairway.

"See, Missy, the front door's open a trifle."

So it was. Suspiciously so. No one in the household entered or left the house at such an hour: it was a late-sleeping home. A cold draft blew through the aperture.

Mrs. Hall would investigate. She walked to the rear. A window was raised in the kitchen. Her keen eyes glanced at the sill. There was virgin snow, with no hand marks on it. Outside, no footprints.

"We shall look further," she said.

Returning to the hallway, she saw the door of Mr. Burdick's den open. Burdick was president of the Buffalo Envelope Company, a virile, golf-playing man

of middling years and great wealth. The night before he had retired to his den, as customarily, to read alone after dinner. A maid had seen him at 10:30, still reading.

Mrs. Hall glanced in. Just for a moment she stood rigid, motionless. Then, without a quaver in her voice she directed Delia:

"Go across the street and telephone for Doctor Marcy. Say it is urgent—we sha'n't use the 'phone in the den today."

Doctor Marcy was the family physician, and the consultant of Buffalo's social world.



From a contemporary print
Was it an accident that sent those two spinning over the edge?



I KNEW something had happened, the minute the telephone rang. No one knew I was back in town except Bob. That bell had a guilty ring—guiltier than Bob's voice when he said, "Hello, dear."

He went on to tell me that Mr. Winslow (the owner of the plant, mind you!), with Mrs. Winslow, was coming to dinner that evening, to talk over some special plans he wanted Bob to work out for him.

"But Bob!" I wailed. "How could you—when I've been away ten days? The house is simply impossible! And I haven't a clean stitch to my name!"

I stopped. If opportunity was ringing the Mannings' doorbell, I'd be the last to pretend I didn't hear it.

"All right, dear," I said, as sweetly as I could. "We'll be ready for them."



—but I could see her studying my face, my hands, my dress

One look at the clock, which pointed relentlessly to ten-thirty, and I was racing up the stairs. The house could wait while I saw to my wardrobe. Thank goodness for that green crepe dress—the only possible thing I possessed!

Then, just as I took it from its hanger, I suddenly remembered. A big grease

given me a regular lecture on Fels-Naptha Soap. One of the last things she had done before I left was to tuck a carton of Fels-Naptha Soap into my trunk, with the advice, "Just try it!"

I would. I did. Prayerfully, I dipped that dress into the lukewarm and rich Fels-Naptha suds. The clean naptha odor

It seemed like Tragedy—but it gave me extra help for life

spot on the sleeve, another on the skirt.

No time to send it to a cleaner. Nothing else to wear. Dared I wash it? And those awful grease spots! No ordinary soap would touch them.

"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha—it makes spots and greasy dirt simply vanish, yet it's gentle as can be." Who had said that to me, just lately? Why, Bob's mother, of course! When I had praised her sweet, snowy, wash, she had

reassured me. Naptha, I remembered, was what dry cleaners used on dainty things—and there seemed to be plenty of it in Fels-Naptha.

I didn't dare rub. But I didn't have to! The spots vanished, and the color didn't change a bit. "Hallelujah!" I sang as I rolled my precious dress in a towel; then turned to a little pile of linens. In no time those clothes looked gorgeous.

Then I started in on the house—a task that would have seemed almost hopeless without Fels-Naptha's extra help. I used it on linoleum, woodwork—everything that had to have a hurried soap and water bath. More and more, as I worked, I blessed Bob's mother—and Fels-Naptha!

The evening was a big success. The house shone; I shone; my cooking (if I do say so myself) always shines . . . Bob and Mr. Winslow just ate, and talked about the plant. Mrs. Winslow talked to me graciously—but I could see her studying my face, my dress, my hands. How glad I was that they could all pass inspection! I'm sure if anyone had told her that I had been washing, cleaning, cooking, all day long, she would just have laughed.

Bob says that evening was the turning-point of his career. I'm sure it was the turning-point of mine. For if it had not been for the near-tragedy of that dress—I might never have known just how much Fels-Naptha's extra help would mean to me!

Fels-Naptha's extra help is due to the fact that this golden bar gives you two cleaners instead of one—good golden soap and plenty of naptha. Working together, they loosen the most stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid upon request. Mail the coupon.

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T.D.M.—A 4-30

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Fill in completely—print name and address

TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES

That word "urgent" caused him to come on the double-quick.

"Will you kindly glance in the den, Doctor Marcy?" Mrs. Hall asked, with great calm.

Doctor Marcy walked in. Lying on the couch, clad only in an undershirt, lay the body of Edwin L. Burdick, with his head battered in! Fancy pillows were tossed carelessly over him. A pool of blood had clotted

on the floor beneath his skull. His clothes were strewn around the floor, as though someone had forcibly disrobed him. Two fingers of his left hand were broken, as though he had raised his arm to ward off the smashing blows which finally crushed the breath of life from him.

Doctor Marcy tip-toed to Mrs. Hall, still standing in the doorway.

"He is dead," he whispered.

"So I gathered," Mrs. Hall answered dryly. "'Tis in your

Arthur Reed Pennell

hands, Doctor. I shall give the children breakfast."

Burdick's three children—Marion, 15; Carol, 12; and Alice, 10—had now arisen. Mrs. Hall called them into the breakfast room and had the maid serve toast and coffee.

"Your father is dead, children," she said quietly.

"Dead? I'm sorry," Marion answered slowly. The other girls did not seem to comprehend the words. But all continued their breakfast as though nothing unusual had happened.

Doctor Marcy came in at last. "I'm forced to call the medical examiner," he said regretfully.

"Yes? Then I shall wire Alice; she is in Atlantic City, as usual," Mrs. Hall responded. "Alice" was Burdick's wife, whom he had sued for divorce the preceding December, naming Arthur R. Pennell, fashionable young attorney and gourmet of leisure, as co-respondent. Alice Burdick had filed counter-suit, charging Burdick with knowing too well a beautiful Cleveland divorcee, Mrs. Helen C. Warren, and also a mysterious "Jane Doe."

The medical examiner—notified an hour and a half after the murder had been discovered—rushed to the Burdick home at 101 Ashland Avenue. The suave Doctor Marcy met him, suggesting:

"Because of the prominence of all concerned, sir, don't you think it would be, er, better if we could say suicide?"

The police official strode into the room, took one glance at that battered body—with the brains oozing from the smashed skull—and exclaimed:

"Suicide! Are you crazy, man? This is fiendish murder."

Doctor Marcy nodded his head. So it seemed. But, ah, because of the social prominence, could not *possible* suicide be mentioned? Doctor Marcy rubbed his hands solicitously.

The medical examiner's wrath exploded. "No—this is murder!"

Then began the diabolical dances of skeletons in the secret closets of the élite.

That divorce suit, with its charges and counter-charges, had been hushed up. Now it burst on the public, as the police vainly sought a physical clue.

There was none. The trained eye of the detective

finds clues which the un-initiated do not observe. But for once the best men in Buffalo's detective force were stumped. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, left behind by the murderer.

Not a handkerchief, or glove. No mud or footprints on the costly Astrakhan rug. No torn letters, or dropped matches or strange cigarettes. Nothing that is found in the murder mysteries of fiction. This was real-life murder. Why, even the weapon with which poor Burdick was none to death was not found. To this day the police cannot say whether it was a lead pipe, the butt of a revolver, or something else.

Yet it was a blunt instrument of sufficient weight to cause the death when wielded by the hand of a strong man. For a man must have done it, for those crashing blows could not have been rained down by a woman. So said the police. And yet—

The police firmly declared their belief that a woman had instigated Burdick's death.

No clues? None of the accepted kind. Yet there were a score of facts which pointed to this person and that in turn.

Chief of Police Cusack, personally directing the investigation because of Burdick's social and financial prominence, made a minute search of the house, and finally stated:

"Whoever did this tried to make it appear a robbery. But it was no robbery. Nothing is missing."

Later, much later, the chief was to change his mind. For something of the utmost value to one charming woman and one harassed man was missing from Burdick's desk.

Cusack added:

"Mr. Burdick must have been called downstairs by a ring of the bell after he had gone up for the night. He evidently admitted someone he knew well, and took the visitor into the den for a talk and to eat of the lunch prepared."

Yet none in the house had heard the ringing of that bell. And the lunch, a dainty one of tarts and éclairs, with a flask of whisky alongside, was one which was untouched. And Burdick a dyspeptic, never touched such food, or drank while eating.

"The body was covered with a rug and several pillows, as though the murderer wished to conceal it as long as possible."

Yet women, committing murder in the heat of passion, do not calmly cover up their victims. Could it be the first of the paid killings by gangsters which were to shock the world?

Still, there lay that dainty lunch. Burdick would never offer such dainty morsels to a man. A woman must have been in that house between midnight and dawn! Perhaps a woman and a man.

Someone whispered a word into the chief's ear.

The chief took another look in that den. On a tabouret by the couch was a silver-framed picture of a gorgeous woman. A striking blonde with head held regally.

"Who's this woman?" he demanded.

"That? Oh, I believe it is the picture of Mrs. Seth T. Payne," Mrs. Hall answered calmly. "I recall, now: she 'phoned Mr. Burdick early last night."



Mrs. Carrie L. Pennell

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4—The Tower Group of Magazines is helping Columbia Pictures Corporation in this search for Miss Columbia. If you enter the contest through that magazine, you will be entitled to compete for the elimination prize as well as for the Miss Columbia role. The elimination prize, the beautiful Majestic Radio Pictured on this page, will be awarded through the magazine to its choice made from among all the contestants who enter into the contest through the magazine. The editorial staff of the magazine and two executives of Columbia Pictures will act as judges for this semi-final choice.

5—The only requirements made of contestants is that they submit their photograph, (or photographs) and other information listed under "Directions" to

The Tower Group of Magazines or direct to Columbia Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue. But contestants making such submission direct to the Corporation will not be eligible for the elimination prize.

6—The editors, or their representatives, of recognized motion picture fan magazines, two executives of Columbia Pictures Corporation, and one motion picture director will act as judges in making the final decision for the award of the Miss Columbia role. In both the semi-final elimination contest and in the Miss Columbia Contest, the decision of the judges will be final. Contest closes Midnight, May 25th, 1930.

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TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES

The skeletons rattled with violence in the social world. Mrs. Payne, leader in the younger set, was believed to be the "Jane Doe" in Mrs. Burdick's countersuit for divorce. She and Burdick had been together frequently.

Another whisper in the police ear—

"Burdick had been giving money to a strange woman who had been in dire straits. He suddenly refused to give her more."

Then came in the policeman on the beat. Typically Irish, a man with a keen eye.

"Last night, a woman in black, she hangs around the front of the house," he said. "I don't like the likes of her. She sees me watching her and moves on."

The police descend on Mrs. Payne.

"Really, this is most outrageous," she protested, with great dignity. "Yes, I phoned Edwin, but concerning a social affair. My picture? One gives pictures to friends, even married friends, does one not?"

While Mrs. Payne, white-lipped, stood watching them, the police searched her house. Nothing incriminating was found. Servants swore she had been in the entire night. And her finances were in excellent order. She was not the woman in black.

What of that Cleveland divorcee, Mrs. Helen Cleveland Warren? On that same tabouret, and under Mrs. Payne's photograph, was an old Cleveland newspaper. On the front page was an account of Mrs. Warren's sensational divorce. But Mrs. Warren had been in Cleveland on the murder night, and she had been merely a friend of the dead man, she pouted.

The day following the murder a closed cab drew up to the house. A woman with trim figure, her face heavily veiled, stepped from the vehicle and walked slowly into the house. Mrs. Alice Hall Burdick.

"How do I know who killed him?" she countered, when police cornered her.

"Say—we've learned about that divorce suit. Your husband charges you were unfaithful to him; that you admitted it; and that the man is Arthur R. Pennell!"

"Well, what of it?" she demanded cold-bloodedly.

"Get Pennell," the chief demanded.

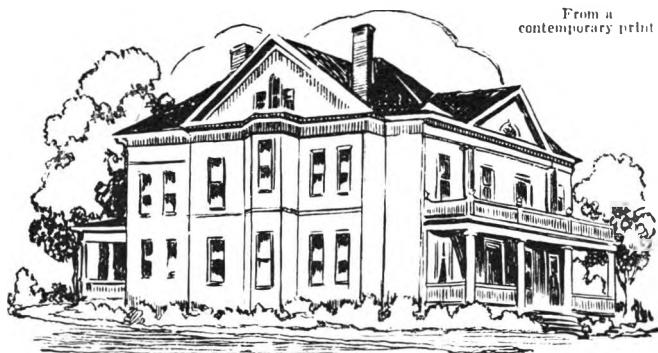
White-faced, haggard, Pennell was brought to the house. He spoke with eagerness to the woman. Alice Burdick nodded coldly in return, as though he was almost a stranger.

"I was only out of my house a little while—I returned before ten," Pennell swore. His wife, his servants, upheld him. And Burdick was alive at 10:30—so Delia Leary said.

The Pennell automobile as it was found at the bottom of the quarry after carrying two human beings to a terrible death.

From a contemporary print

From a contemporary print



The home of the Burdicks in Buffalo, the scene of this great murder drama.

"What's this about you promising Burdick you would leave town, and leave his wife alone?" District Attorney Coatsworth demanded. "Didn't you admit you had—had known his wife intimately?"

"I refuse to answer that," the white-faced Pennell, his reputation crashing about his feet, answered.

Five years ago—just before meeting the charming Mrs. Burdick—Pennell had been a scholarly, retiring lawyer. Living modestly with a home-loving wife. On a trip to New Haven, Mrs. Burdick crossed their pathway.

Almost overnight the man who had been a recluse became a sybarite, a gourmet of leisure. A lover of the library, he now became a leader in the salons of Buffalo's fashionable world.

And more than once—very, very often in fact—the lovely Mrs. Burdick, with her large, babyish eyes and sensuous curling lips had been on his arm. Burdick was in his den reading. Mrs. Pennell was cloistered in her home, awaiting the return of her handsome husband who was dallying with the flesh-pots.

"When did you last see Alice Burdick?" the police demanded.

"Two days before the murder—in Atlantic City," he finally confessed.

The police left him alone, for the time being. They left the murder house.

Late at night Mrs. Burdick came down into that den. She opened a hidden drawer in that desk.

"Gone!" she gasped.

Lights flashed on. "Missing something?" a detective sardonically queried.

"It's—it's—" She turned white-faced, and refused to say more.

Another grilling commenced. A little notebook, in which she had written down the occasions—time and place—when she and Pennell had secretly met, had been stolen!

"I had kept it in my safety-deposit vault!" she told detectives. "Edwin, my husband, forged my signature and got in that box. He took my notebook out, and put it in his desk. And now—now it is gone."

Was this the motive for the murder?

Did someone, Pennell perhaps, or his hireling, enter that house to get (Continued on page 131)



(Continued from page 101)

who spoke only in brief, broken syllables, and who gazed with tears in their eyes at the great, bleak buildings of stone and brick which were coming into view.

A bell sounded; a shrill, piping whistle gave a scream. The steamer slid alongside a wharf grown dark with seaweed, striking with a soggy and lurching impact.

Exhibiting her pass for the second time, Ruth moved forward with the rest, walking down a long pier where wisps of spray were driven by the wind. Then on, up a slight incline to a large, low structure—all of the visitors seemed to know exactly where to go. Still with the others Ruth entered the building by a wide door, and was surprised to find herself in a spacious interior very much like a class-room at college, except that the desks were double and built with a peculiar partition in the middle, while the men who waited there were nearly all garbed alike, in suits of a drab, grayish-brown.

For a moment Ruth stood uncertainly in the doorway. There were uniformed guards in the room, but none offered to assist her. She saw that the other visitors were finding their way to the desks where their friends waited. Then she caught sight of a young man in civilian clothes, who sat in a small, steel-barred compartment at one end of the room, waving to her cheerily.

As she was admitted, Ruth felt that she had never seen any one quite like Jack Bradford—a young man apparently too boyish to contend with crime, but who could gaze with equanimity at the onrushing of an inexorable fate. She stepped forward with hand outstretched impulsively.

He smiled—almost as though vaguely amused at his predicament.

She sat down opposite to him at a desk similar to the others, searching vainly, at that first instant, for something to say.

"It's wonderfully good of you to come to see me," he declared. "It's—it's really incredible. When I was told I had a visitor, I—"

"Whom did you expect to see?" she ventured.

"W-well, I knew that it could hardly be Mr. Messenger again so soon. But I didn't dare to hope that it was you—"

He stopped, his voice trailing off in the hum and buzz of conversation from the main room. Every desk separated at least a pair of eager faces—some of the prisoners had more than one visitor—and all were talking earnestly, excitedly, talking with mad haste, as though realizing that their time would be short. At intervals, louder tones of guards interrupted with stern admonitions.

"Mr. Messenger wished me to tell you," Ruth said, "that he is doing everything he can, and as quickly as possible. He's preparing a strong bill of exceptions to go before the

Triumphantly they meet the Critical Eyes of Millions



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

BESSIE LOVE, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's beloved blonde star, in one of the most striking bathrooms seen in Hollywood. She says: "To the screen star lovely skin is very important. Lux Toilet Soap leaves mine wonderfully smooth and soft."

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Supreme Court—of course you know about that—and he plans also to seek a writ of *habeas corpus* and a writ of review. He is tremendously aroused.

"We're hoping also to be able to present new evidence. Mr. McArthur is still at work."

"Is he? Good for Mr. Mac. I see that I misjudged him. Have you heard anything about Basil Reed?"

"Only that he has again disappeared," she replied. "His sister has gone home to Cumberland and is waiting vainly for him. We believe that he is being kept out of the State. His lawyer and Pearson are in constant touch with him, according to information."

Bradford nodded.

"You see why he's being kept out of the State, don't you? Because he can't be brought back here except as a defendant—not as a witness, unless in Federal Court. The gang aren't taking any chances of his being reached with a summons on some process, and then given the third degree. There's no question that he was promised acquittal if he would say that he was intoxicated, but that he remembered riding in an automobile and that he thought he heard my voice over the telephone.

"Undoubtedly they had told him that it wouldn't make any difference to his pal, Frisco—he was doomed, anyway."

"And this is justice——!" said Ruth.

Again he smiled faintly. "As our friend Mr. Mac says, those are the breaks of the game. If we're willing to tackle such dangerous work, we should be ready to face what it brings."

"I know we shall be able to do something! I feel it strongly. Yesterday I spoke to my father about the case, and he reprimanded me severely. On account of the pending appeal, you understand. He knows, however, that I'm sure of your innocence."

"But," he asked, suddenly, "are you?"

"Yes," was her quiet response, "I am very sure."

"It's kind of you to say so. And it's more than kind—much too kind—to have done all that you have, and to have come here today——"

She dismissed it with a simple gesture. "I felt that it was my duty. You had been brought into this through trying to help us——"

"No, no," he declared. "Please understand that this trouble would have come to me anyway. It had been gathering for a long time, and was part of the plot from the first. If——" He hesitated strangely, all at once meeting her gaze. "If that was your only reason——"

Ruth spoke without stopping to think or to realize—words that, at another time, would have been impossible—words hastened by the knowledge that sinister machinery was grinding closer to Jack Bradford day by day.

"And if it wasn't the only reason——"

Transfigured, he leaned forward. "Ruth——!"

A strange setting for such a bit of dialogue! The murmur of voices all around them; the fragments in foreign tongues and in twisted English edged with the argot of criminals—and they, in the midst of it, face to face across a felon's barrier, forbidden the privilege of touching hands even for an instant, able only to look into each other's eyes and read the great truth.

Too soon an official knocked.

"This will conclude the visit for this afternoon. Those wishing to leave money for the men may do so at the desk."

Ruth left the room with the crowd and journeyed back on the grimy little steamer—back to long, disheartening days when she could only wait and hope, depending upon the efforts of Adrian Messenger and Kendall McArthur—a pair who, although sincere, hadn't one hundredth as much at stake as she!

The inventor had been working on the case intermittently since the trial. He believed that he had discovered an important clue. But it was a clue of such nature that only a series of painstaking inquiries could substantiate it. And even then, he knew, it wouldn't be proof—there wouldn't be anything that he could dream of presenting in court. The real work then would begin.

In McArthur's mind, it was of paramount importance to re-locate Basil Reed, and—in some manner yet unimaginable—to compel him to admit his perjuries. Only in this way, he felt, could the dread progress of the law be stayed. And it was apparent that the leaders of gangdom also had realized this fact, since Reed had been hurried out of the State.

One forenoon, just after returning from a trip connected with his electrical business, he was called by Ruth, who had startling news.

"Did you see Monday's *Record* or *Globe*, Mr. McArthur?"

He shook his head, blinking, explaining that he had been away.

"I haven't brought a copy of either," she said, "but there was a dreadful, enclosed paragraph—you know the kind—'special dispatch to the *Record*.' It said that Basil N. Reed, acquitted in the Cameron trial, had attempted suicide on Sunday in Detroit."

"Suicide! In Detroit!" exclaimed McArthur.

"I hardly believe it—do you?"

"I don't," said the inventor, immediately. Every reasonable instinct argued to him that the report was untrue. First of all, Basil Reed had impressed him as one of the last who would think of suicide. And he deemed it extremely improbable that the youth had been allowed to return to Detroit—the place where, already, he had been found and interviewed.

"Mr. Messenger asked Mr. Heaphy, Reed's counsel," Ruth added, "and Mr. Heaphy scoffed at the idea. He wouldn't tell Mr. Messenger where Basil is, though. Then Priscilla and her family read the paragraph. She called me by telephone this morning from Cumberland."

"It seems that Basil himself read it and at once wrote a letter home denying it. But the letter wasn't mailed in Detroit—it was sent from right here in the city, and wasn't addressed in his hand-writing, although Priscilla says the letter itself was unquestionably his. It seems very strange, don't you think? Priscilla and her parents are much worried about it—"

McArthur did not express any definite opinion. He terminated the interview as quickly as possible, to conceal from Ruth the fact that he was worried, too.

Yet had she sensed it, he wondered? There was something unnatural about her this morning—a noticeable pallor and a suggestion of terrific strain. Was it because she, too, had found her imagination directed along dark channels?

To him it was all alarmingly suggestive; it fitted too well with the theory which he had evolved slowly and correctly since his meeting with Basil Reed in Detroit. He had tried to make matters clear to the young man then—but the latter had not listened. Now, with vital days and weeks passing, with Reed still in parts unknown, and with this new development impending, McArthur could see but little hope of success against such discouraging odds. The outlook never had seemed so black as on this forenoon.

Yet experience had taught McArthur that it's often that way, just as it is in hockey: the end near and defeat apparent; checked and blocked at every turn; the opponents leading by a goal as big as a mountain, and any instant likely to bring the clang-ing gong with its note of doom—but there comes a twist of fate, a quick jump to take advantage; in a flash the puck is in the netting; and there's a chance to keep on with the fight.

Late on that same afternoon, McArthur was uptown with the Gray Ghost, and, returning, drove through Marlboro Place, a little, quiet street lined by semi-exclusive apartment buildings. He did so without definite hope or reason, as he had done more than once in the past weeks. But upon this occasion, an automobile caught his attention instantly—a low-built coupé, which was just pulling away from the curb. The appearance of the car was familiar, although it no longer carried a dealer's number plates. Touching his accelerator, he followed.

He expected that he wouldn't succeed in trailing far without being noticed—not unless the coupé was without a rear-view mirror. The lines of the Gray Ghost were far too distinctive. He was not surprised, therefore, when, after traversing a



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few blocks, the other car turned down a one-way thoroughfare and came to a standstill.

With a chuckle which was only half humorous, the inventor allowed his old automobile to coast slowly to a stop, close behind. He alighted, blinking, and strolled in a curious manner to the door of the coupé.

CHAPTER XXVII

Dizzy McArthur Battles

THE young woman in the car leaned across and threw the latch of the door with a cordial smile. McArthur bowed politely in response.

"Why," he exclaimed, "if it isn't Miss Trevor!"

For just an instant she stared at him, doubt in her large blue eyes. Then her smile returned.

"If it isn't—" she repeated.

"If it isn't," he added, agreeably, "then who is it?"

They both laughed and studied each other.

"Won't you get in?" she invited. "It's much more comfortable than to try to talk through the door."

Again blinking he complied with the suggestion, although he scarcely knew why. Of course he had known that she must be aware of his knowledge that she wasn't Ruth Trevor. He had been seen in company with the real Ruth many times at court. But he was eager to hear what the girl would say. He took out his gold-tipped cigarettes and extended the box.

"Thanks—but I prefer my own brand."

In return she passed him a card of matches, which he examined before striking a light.

"Well, Mr. Kendall Dizzy McArthur, we had a great game while it lasted, didn't we?"

He nodded. "And it lasted long enough. Also, I'm afraid you finished with a three-to-one edge."

"Yes? How so?"

"You know three of my names."

She looked up sharply. "Do you know one of mine?"

"Yes"—again winking his eyes. "Your last name."

"What a pity that you don't know my first, too. Well, it's Blanche—as long as you know one of them. Do you think Blanche Melvin is a nice name?" Her chin tilted slightly toward his.

"Oh, very," he replied. "I expected you'd have rather a nice name—"

McArthur really couldn't understand why he talked with her. It was simply that he hoped she might let slip something of value. He was always on the watch for mistakes which might be converted to advantage.

He realized presently that there was something quite familiar about the color and style of her light spring suit. She detected his single glance.

"I suppose you recognize it," was her comment. "It was a very profit-

able game for me, while it lasted. Every time that Miss Trevor appeared in different clothes, I was sent to the best shops in town to try to duplicate them. Now that I have them all, I may as well wear them—"

McArthur smiled.

"When you spoke of three to one," she ventured, "I thought you meant the defendants in the Cameron trial."

It was a casual remark, seemingly innocent, yet he felt that it was sharp-edged. She was taunting him in regard to the outcome.

"M-mm," he agreed. "That was a good game, too, while it lasted. But there wasn't quite so much sport for the two chaps that are waiting to be sentenced, or for Bill Gammons' widow—hey, what?"

"N-no," the girl admitted, soberly, "but they should have known better than to do what they did."

"By the way, what's become of the fourth fellow, Reed?"

"Oh, I don't know," said she.

The inventor found himself gazing absently at a small, fresh paper disk, black and white in color, which was stuck to the outside of the windshield directly in line with his vision. For the second time she followed his glance closely.

"That's an official sticker," she explained, "a brake-test certificate, put there by the State Police of New Hampshire."

"Oh—that on the windshield? I see."

He hadn't been thinking about the bit of paper. His cigarette had burned close to the holder. Opening the door, he threw it away, then polished the holder with a silk handkerchief before replacing it in his pocket.

"Well, Miss Melvin, I'm very glad to have met you," he said, alighting, and bowing again. "I promise that I'll not follow you any farther today."



"Oh, doctor! Do you think I'll pull through?"

She laughed, waved—then, evidently taking him at his word, drove quickly out of sight.

He returned and climbed into the Gray Ghost. Had he gained anything by the conversation? Perhaps so—perhaps not. One question puzzled him. Why had this girl, Blanche Melvin—if that was her true name—gone out of her way to make an absurd statement regarding the disk of paper on the windshield?

He knew, of course, that paper certificates of that size and pattern were used by the State Police of Rhode Island, but never by the authorities of New Hampshire.

Thousands of these stickers had been placed upon cars, including those of visitors. He wouldn't have given a thought to the presence of one on Blanche Melvin's coupé—if she had remained silent. But she had attempted to mislead him. For some reason she had desired to conceal from him the fact that she had recently visited Rhode Island.

Now, why?

What particular interest would he be expected to have in her trip?

He was silent in thought, at the wheel of his motionless touring car. Slowly his mind began to link circumstances and events which seemed to demand connection. He was well aware that Roland Pearson maintained an apartment on Marlboro Place. Indeed, it was for this reason that he had driven through the streets so often—always in hope that there might be something to discover. And Pearson, as well as Dan Heaphy, had a deep interest in Basil Reed's present whereabouts—

Suppose that Blanche Melvin shared in this interest?

Of course, there wasn't any indication as to what part of Rhode Island— He couldn't think of following the girl until she should decide to go again—

No. But he might obtain a different machine and keep watch beside the principal highway leading to that State. He knew Daniel F. A. Heaphy's registration number, also those of Pearson's several cars. And, now, Blanche Melvin's. Any of these three, if leaving the city for the purpose of keeping in touch with Basil Reed, would take pains to avoid being trailed. Once clear of the city, however, and sure that they weren't followed, would they be apt to notice an inoffensive automobile parked beside the road?

McArthur blinked and started his motor.

"BRIGHTEST spot in Rhode Island" was one of the popular names given to the establishment. It was a large roadhouse, located midway between two towns and within fifteen miles of Providence—not on a main highway, but on a narrow, winding road, macadamized for the benefit of arriving and departing guests.

On almost every evening long rows of automobiles lined the spaci-

ous drive, soft lights glowed in the windows, and the sounds of music drifted faintly to the road. Cars usually continued to arrive until a late hour, and it was early morning before the last of the guests had driven away.

On the evening of September twenty-first, the scene was much as on any other night. Automobiles arriving, departing; well-dressed men and women passing back and forth over the lighted lawn. It was at the hour when some parties were ending, others beginning.

A man and a girl stepped from the veranda and walked to a low-built coupé which was parked in line. The girl was lithe, graceful, blue-eyed. The man was large and dark—strikingly handsome, despite the fact that his countenance habitually wore a frown. He held open the door of the car, and the girl entered. Then, closing the door, the man walked quickly down past the long row of automobiles and disappeared behind a garage at the rear of the inn.

He was absent for more than twenty minutes. Returning at length, puffing at a cigar, he climbed into the coupé beside his companion, and the car moved out from the drive, picking up speed.

A short time after it had gone, there was the sound of a quiet motor from a wooded wagon-path on the opposite side of the road. A pair of dim headlights came to life, and another automobile emerged, crossing to the driveway of the inn and crawling into the space vacated by the coupé.

The second car, before creeping into the dark wagon-path, had followed the first for many miles.

From the driver's seat stepped a fastidious and fashionable gentleman of thirty-two, with bright, dark eyes and a curling mustache—a guest who would be welcome at any inn. But the newcomer showed little inclination to enter the "brightest spot in Rhode Island." Instead, he strolled casually along the drive, past all of the parked machines, until he rounded the corner of the garage—the precise course that the heavier individual had followed.

At the back of the garage was a smaller building, single story. In the semi-darkness it appeared to be a shed. And there, alone, a well-built young man was at work by moonlight, unloading wooden cases from a truck. He turned, peering through the haze.

"Hello, Reed," the inventor greeted.

The youth jumped and bent for a closer view.

"Oh! You again?" he returned, his tone surly. "What's the idea, Mr. McArthur, chasing after me like this? Can't you and your bunch let a man alone now that the trial's over?"

"Ho-ho! A man, is it?" said McArthur, blinking hard. "It's well that you have a name for yourself.

But to my way of thinking, a creature that's got a streak of pure yellow clear through him the way you have—that would send his own side-kick to burn so he could save his hide, and send another fellow, a white man and a gentleman, with him—deserves a different name. Would you care to have me suggest?"

In the pale light he saw Basil Reed's face grow dark with rage.

"By God," cried the youth, leaping around the back of the truck, "you can't talk that-a-way to me—!"

He came at the inventor with teeth set, both arms flailing. A fist like a flesh-padded battering ram caught McArthur from the side, knocking him backward against the truck with a staggering impact. He reeled sidewise, struggling for balance, dodging a second blow. Reed closed in savagely.

It was a short, wild battle in the moonlight. At every instant McArthur expected that others would appear on the scene. It became evident, however, that he and the young man were alone at the rear of the premises. Another wicked jab found its mark, opening a gash on McArthur's cheek. A terrific overhand swing narrowly missed.

Basil Reed fought without science, in a deadly, quiet fury. McArthur was a poor fighter and realized the fact. He saw that he was likely to receive a cruel beating.

But the youth had never seen Dizzy McArthur play hockey. He knew little of his trick of concentrating energies in a single effort, or of the incredible force with which he drove a puck—that terrible right-hand shot, famed throughout the league, which held opposing goalies with bodies strained and tensed at the post whenever the inventor came down the ice. There was a sudden crack, sickening—ominous—and Basil Reed threw both hands convulsively to his face and stumbled to his knees, then to the ground. He rolled over, clutching his head.

A can of water stood near the front of the truck. McArthur sopped his bleeding cheek, then emptied the receptacle over Reed's countenance.

"Now, listen to this!" he commanded, as the other came half upright, sputtering. "Get it through your solid ivory dome. I told you in Detroit that this mob were just carrying you along, waiting until they were finished with you. Well, that time's come now. You've served your usefulness. You've made a dirty perjurer of yourself to help the mob. So now they're through with you. Do you get it, big boy?"

The young man stared at him, hands pressed to his temples.

"Do you think this gang is going to run the risk of your getting religion or something in the future? Do you think they intend to take a chance on your conscience? Not they, my good fellow! Go ahead—



rust • corrosion
• squeaks • tarnish

Enemies of Good Housekeepers

Down with their insidious attack! You CAN keep out these troublemakers that destroy your property and upset your housekeeping. Don't let them get the best of you. Here is your most valuable ally, ready for use day after day—"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

To prevent rust and corrosion

Iron pots, pans and stoves
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Rub with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly occasionally. When not in use, cover with a coating of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly.

To polish

Radios, pianos and antiques
Automobile bodies and nickel trim
Aluminum pots and pans

Rub with a little "Vaseline" Jelly, using a soft flannel cloth. To remove white spots from wood, spread "Vaseline" Jelly over the spot, let it stand a few minutes, then rub off and polish with flannel.

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Fill the grease cups with "Vaseline" Jelly or apply it directly to locks and hinges.

"Vaseline" Jelly is sold at all drug stores in jars or handy tubes. And remember when you buy that the trade mark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

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Vaseline
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

stay here—right where they want you—if that's the way you want to play their game. I can't kidnap you and carry you out of the State; it's illegal. But you read that paragraph in the papers, didn't you?

"Well, get this straight, you poor dumb John! That 'attempted suicide' was to prepare the public for a *successful* effort next time!"

With a discolored silk handkerchief pressed alternately to his face and to his cracked knuckles, McArthur walked away, leaving Reed seated on the ground.

TWO days later, early in the evening, the inventor was in his favorite armchair in his living-room, moodily scanning the pages of a newspaper, when there was a thunderous knocking at the door.

Little Wing Shinn started, turning large, amazed eyes.

"M-mm! Someone doesn't know we have a doorbell—hey, Wing?"

The Chinese hastened forward. But before he reached the entry a second knocking came, and the door was flung back against his hands.

"Is Mr. McArthur in?" asked a voice. "I want to see him!"

In his chair McArthur felt his pulse jump strangely. He folded his newspaper and laid it aside.

Expostulating, the little Chinese was thrust backward. Basil Reed strode into the room.

At sight of him McArthur remained rigid. There was an arresting and startling quality in the youth's demeanor as he walked forward, slightly paler than usual, except where a darkened spot bulged upon a swollen jaw—but with chin outthrust and face hardened into lines beyond his years. McArthur knew at that instant that he had never seen an expression of such defiant abandon, such indomitable purpose.

"I've something to say to you—" came with a rasping note.

"Well, I'm sure that you're at liberty to say it," replied the inventor, blinking, and recovering his nonchalant air. He uncrossed his knees carelessly. "But you've done a foolish stunt to come back and go through the streets of this city—as foolish a stunt as you've ever done in your life, or ever will."

The young man nodded. "I know what you mean. But, if they get me, or if they don't get me—that's as may be." There was a dangerous calmness in the words, and for an instant the fingers of his right hand seemed to twitch in a strange way.

"Mr. McArthur," he went on, moving closer, "you said some rotten things 'bout me night 'fore last. I'm here to say to you that you're not going back and tell my sister and Pa and Ma and the folks in Cumberland no such story as that 'bout me—not rightly. You said I've been dirty yellow. Well, you had me somewhere near right, I guess—

"But get this!" He came still

nearer, until his set, swollen countenance was thrust close to the inventor's chair. "I'm here in town, and I'm sticking. If they get me, or if something different happens—that's as may be. But I'm sticking—as long as you want me—you get that? I'm a-going to set this thing right!"

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Mountain Retreat

SHeltered by the steep slopes of the Belknap range and the stony summit of Mount Major, cuddling near the shore of the big lake and facing the majestic sweep of the White Mountains, is the village of Easton. A quiet little community, its interest divided between farming and the trade of tourists from the State highway which passes through, it drowses complacently during the hours of daylight, and sinks into early darkness with the coming of night.

The only events that interrupt the daily monotony are the visits of the gasoline-driven railway train which traverses the twisting single track each morning and afternoon, bringing the mail, and the occasional arrival of motorists at the Grand View Lodge, situated overlooking the lake and the northern mountains.

In the last week of September there was little traffic. Nearly all of the cars that passed carried local residents, with now and then a group of late vacationists. Cottages and refreshment parlors which, a month earlier, had been crowded, were closed, some with windows boarded. The Grand View Lodge had few guests.

At one camp on the Point there were signs of habitation. But the Point was set apart from Easton. Travelers rarely knew of its existence, as there was only an uninviting dirt road turning down a tremendous hill. Villagers paid little attention to the three men who were occupying a cottage close to the lake.

The storekeeper would have told in-



quirers that the three were visitors from Pennsylvania. That was really all that anyone knew. No one seemed to notice the fact that they were a most strangely assorted trio—possibly because they were never seen in the village together, only one at a time.

The eldest by a few years was an erect, energetic individual, of very dark complexion, with a slight touch of the foreigner about him, and a perpetual air of watchfulness. Next in age was a man of dashing appearance, bright-eyed and dark mustached—dressed immaculately even at camp. The third was simply a strong, overgrown boy, weather-tanned and carelessly attired, whom the villagers seldom glimpsed.

Usually it was Kendall McArthur who climbed the hill from the Point in search of necessities. His walks took him to the village store, also to the post office—where he bought newspapers. Mail was not being forwarded to the party at the cottage on the Point.

Nearly always, ascending or returning, he chose a route which ran parallel to the railroad, avoiding the highway. This picturesque little path, overhung by the frowning front of Major during the upward journey, unfolded to the descending traveler a panorama of blue water and purple hills—an unbroken range which seemed, peculiarly, to recede as one advanced. In the foreground was the curving top of Ossipee, with Chocorua visible in a gentle haze, while beyond, as if presiding over the range in calm and kindly beauty, rose the silver peak of Mount Washington.

Distant, tranquil, the encircling mountains gave to the scene a sense of seclusion, of serenity and security. Yet to McArthur the effect was only disturbing; it served merely to draw him toward a restfulness that, for the present, he couldn't enjoy. He was here, surrounded by quiet, but was not a part of it. His imagination was torn backward at frequent moments to the city, where, one hundred odd miles from this region of high beauty, a grim and frenzied search was in progress in the haunts of the underworld.

The newspapers did not tell McArthur this. Nor did he learn all of it from any outer source. Intuition and experience warned him that the mob would never rest until a dreadful purpose had been accomplished—a menace to ill-gained prosperity removed—gangland's inevitable penalty for the man who "splits."

A week had passed since McArthur, Lontos, and Basil Reed had slipped away from the city under cover of darkness, late on the night when Reed had come voluntarily to the inventor's apartment. And, indeed, it was well that they had left so hastily; for it had developed with sinister rapidity that the youth had been observed and followed on his way through the city. In the early

hours of the morning a party of men had entered McArthur's rooms, using a key. They had bound and gagged Wing Shinn and had proceeded to make a thorough search of the apartment.

Finding the rest of the suite empty they had departed, leaving the little Chinese helpless until daybreak, when he had managed to make his plight known. He was unable to describe his assailants.

While this had been taking place, the inventor and his two companions had been on their way to the mountains. Since the following morning they had remained in seclusion at Easton Point, awaiting word of the date set for a hearing on motions for a new trial. Nick Lontos and Basil Reed had not learned of the attempt made at McArthur's apartment. The inventor couldn't tell them without revealing the source of his information—and this was forbidden.

Besides, it was inadvisable owing to its probable effect upon his companions. Both were plainly uneasy, both showing the strain of suspense and enforced idleness.

With Basil Reed it took the form of increased surliness and a growing distaste for his self-assumed duties at the camp. He had offered to prepare the meals, and had given evidence of his ability, although specializing largely in "bacon and aigs." Unmistakably, he was irked by the inactivity. He had come to the region only upon McArthur's insistence, and vastly would have preferred to remain boldly in the city and defy his enemies.

Nick Lontos, on the other hand, had grown jumpy and restless day by day—his nerves continually on edge.

"This is not a suitable place for us, Mac," he had declared a dozen times. "We should move. It is too lonely. Too isolated."

McArthur felt that it was only a question of time before his friend would succumb to nervousness and return to town.

There was another secret which he had kept carefully from his associates—the fact that there was one in the city who knew of their whereabouts. Reed and Lontos believed that none knew, that the inventor was relying upon the newspapers to learn the date of the expected hearing. Therefore, McArthur was not surprised when Reed entered the cottage one afternoon in considerable uneasiness, informing him that a solitary motorist was "acting sort of funny" near the depot.

Contriving to escape without the young man's company, McArthur sauntered toward the designated locality. He had a definite idea of whom he would discover.

The railway station was in an unfrequented corner of the village, and was practically deserted except twice each day. Approaching, he caught sight of an automobile stand-

ing nearby. He heard the creak of the running-board beneath the weight of a tall form.

Donaldson made a wry face. "I wondered how long I'd have to sit here. Young Reed went by—I was hoping he'd warn you."

"He did," smiled the inventor. "Said you were acting 'funny.'"

"Did he, now? I was almost afraid he hadn't noticed me. While he was passing I did a little of everything—except stand on my head."

McArthur sat down on the wooden steps of the building. He knew that Donaldson's fleeting humor often masked affairs of the gravest import.

"Well, mister," said the older man, deliberately, as he lit a cigar, "you've started something."

He made sure that the cigar was burning properly.

"A hornet's nest doesn't describe it. But you've seen what vitriol does when a hydroxide is stirred into it. That may give you some faint idea of what's going on in the city at present. From end to end, the town is boiling, seething—and all beneath the surface—the public knows nothing of it. That's why it's so deadly."

"If you could take all the enmity of the underworld for years, stir it together in one mass, and heat it till it was scalding hot, you'd have approximately what's there today. All of the mob, from the highest to the lowest, know that if this witness once talks, their power will be broken. From one extremity of the gang district to the other, in every dive and hangout and on every street, there is one order on each man's lips and passed from mouth to mouth wherever the mob rules—'turn up Bud Reed and blot him out before he splits.'"

The inventor was silent. It was not surprising to him. Even here in the quiet of the mountains he had sensed it—had known that it was waiting.

"Honestly, Arthur," said Donaldson in a grave tone, "if you can get young Reed back to town and into that courthouse alive, it will be almost a miracle. If you ask police protection for him, there'll be a detail sent out and possibly a leak, with the result that the mob will know just where Reed's going to be at a certain time. I think, on the whole, you'd do better to try to slip him through yourself. The city is full of gunmen borrowed from other places. Organized gangs always do that when they can—it's safer. Captain Draper's squad picked up two of these characters with concealed weapons. They were bailed in a half hour—and are still on the job."

McArthur would have thought it incredible had he not known of the gigantic issues at stake. He realized that gangdom, desperate since Basil Reed's change of heart, would go to any lengths to prevent disaster.



You don't need Mum?

*-make the
handkerchief test*

True, every reader of this advertisement may not need to use Mum. But—Before deciding *you* have no need of this protection, make this conclusive and convincing experiment:

When fresh from the bath, with under arms as fastidious as soap and water can make them, tuck a clean handkerchief under one arm. Let it remain for five minutes. If, without any special exertion to excite the pores, underarm chemistry taints the handkerchief even slightly—there are times when Mum is needed!

Very few are entirely exempt from the chance of perspiration offense, and the remedy is so easily employed and so effective, no one need hesitate to use it. Just a dab of snowy cream and it's done. No preparation, no waiting. The daintiest clothing may be put on the very next moment. Nothing to injure skin or fabric; no evidence of Mum having been applied—except the gratifying absence of all taint. And this protection continues for hours.

A 35c jar of Mum lasts a long time with daily use, and the 60c jar holds nearly three times the quantity in the 35c jar.

The Sanitary Napkin Use

Mum performs another service for which many women are grateful beyond expression. A thin spreading of Mum on the sanitary napkin, and one can dismiss all thought of any possible embarrassment; protection against odor is then absolute and complete.

Donaldson flicked ashes from his cigar.

"So much," he remarked, "for the underworld's intentions. Now, in regard to their chances of success—

"I think you have acted wisely in coming to this out-of-the-way spot. But it will be a fortunate choice only if you are able to keep your whereabouts unknown. Once let the mob learn where you are—and you would be far safer back in town."

McArthur nodded. "They can't learn—unless there's a fluke pure and simple."

"Well, there are flukes enough in life," said the other, soberly. "For instance, they must know that you are away. They must know that Lontos is away. They'll readily guess that you are together and with Reed. Do you realize that Pearson is perfectly capable of broadcasting Lontos's registration number as a stolen car? Lontos could, of course, prove ownership, but the report would furnish a lead."

Again McArthur smiled. He explained that Nick Lontos's automobile had carried Pennsylvania registration since leaving the city.

"That's good. Now, are you absolutely sure that Reed hasn't written—for instance, to his sister?"

"Positively not. I've watched him

like a cat. And, by the way, I got the letter you sent to Earlham, addressed to K. M. Arthur."

Donaldson gave a nod, thoughtfully rubbing his heavy eyebrow.

"Well, as far as I can see, you've taken every possible precaution. Certainly no one succeeded in trailing me today. I went to Dunster, fifty miles out of my way, and changed automobiles. The outcome now is on the knees of the gods. Of course you've taken Reed's affidavit, in case—in case anything should go wrong?"

"Yes. But, see here," said McArthur, sharply, "nothing of the kind must happen. This chap has done this of his own volition, trying to right matters—he has no idea of the peril—and we've got to see him through safely."

"I've been waiting nearly three weeks for a chance to ask you a question, Mr. Donaldson," he confided. "You know you asked me not to come to your office while I was working on this case—"

"Yes," agreed the older man, a shadow crossing his face. "And as matters developed, I guess it's a blessing that you didn't. I've just discovered that my secretary wasn't all she should have been."

The inventor took out his gold-

tipped cigarettes, offering one to Donaldson, who had finished his cigar. He struck a match and blinked furiously as the smoke stung his eyes.

"Know anything about a man named Wally Ziegler?"

"Ziegler?" The other drew his firm lips together in a pucker. "Yes—a little, but not much. He's a gangster, a racketeer. One of the main mob. Hasn't been around very long, though."

"Is he about five feet four, aged twenty-eight, stocky, with a bullet head?"

"Yes! That fits him. Why? What do you know about him?"

"Oh, possibly nothing. But I have an idea that he's one of Cameron's real murderers," answered McArthur, winking his eyes once.

It was on the ninth day at the cottage that Nick Lontos announced his intention of leaving. He was contritely apologetic, almost hesitant, as though he feared to hurt McArthur's feelings.

"My practice is suffering," he declared. "Also I feel that we are not really helping young Mr. Reed by keeping him here. But if you are determined I hope you will both be safe. I am leaving my car for your use in case you should need to make a hurried get-away."

"Oh, nonsense, Nick!" the inventor protested.

"Yes, Mac. I insist. At least, I can do that for you."

McArthur wasn't demonstrative—he merely offered a warm hand-clasp which meant much to his friend.

With it all, Lontos was late in packing and nearly missed the train. He leaped aboard at the little depot, then stood on the rear platform, waving, until the station and the village were lost from view beyond the foothills of Mount Major.

Many of the passengers noticed the young Greek—first on the motor-driven train, then on the through express to the city—rigidly erect in his seat, breathing deeply at intervals, lost in moody contemplation. Many wondered why he appeared so uneasy and so solemn.

In the early evening he was standing outside the terminal, bag in hand, facing the busy street, when a voice hailed him.

"Going my way, Nick?"

Turning, Lontos caught sight of a large and rather pompous man holding open the door of a brougham. He advanced, beaming.

"It is very kind of you, sir—if you are going across town," he said, entering the car and depositing his bag between his feet. "I—I hope you'll forgive me—I seem to remember you—"

"Heavens—don't you know me? I'm Anthony Weeks, Jr."

"Oh, of course! In the class ahead of mine at law school."

A quick memory came to Lontos, and he turned, his gaze troubled.

"I hope, Mr. Weeks, that you don't hold it against me in any way—about Mr. Jack Bradford's decision

Mysteries of the Grave



A Scot; and the story of a stolen heart. The Marquis of Montrose (left) was a great leader of his people—Viceroy of Scotland. The first time his heart was stolen the theft was not committed by enemies or crooks, but by his own devoted friends. A victim of political hatreds, Montrose was hanged in Edinburgh, in 1650, and his body then dismembered. Friends secretly recovered his heart. Following a custom of the times, they had it embalmed; then they placed it in an egg-shaped steel case inside of a casket of gold. Down the generations afterward the heart went wandering over Europe and finally reached India. Lost and recovered several times, it returned to France about 135 years ago. There in the keeping of an English woman it was so carefully concealed that when she died all trace of it vanished forever with her.

Photostat: from an old print
From "Here Are Mysteries," by J. G. Lockhart Frederick-Chas. Phelps
Cu-bing

to change counsel— Truly, sir, I thought that Mr. McArthur's judgment was a little hasty— ”

“Humph,” said the other, steering around a taxicab. “I knew it was that blink-eyed stiff who was back of it. Some of the others tried to tell me it was the Trevor girl.”

“Mr. McArthur would not knowingly wrong you,” Lontos defended.

“Oh, he wouldn't, eh? Well, perhaps I wouldn't knowingly wrong him. Been on a vacation trip, Nick?” He kept his voice casual.

“Yes! For about a week I've been away.”

Lontos had checked himself abruptly. He felt that it was discourteous to appear secretive. But he had promised his friend—

“I do hope, Mr. Weeks,” he endeavored again, as they neared his street, “that you don't feel I was responsible. Really, all that I did was to supply certain information regarding the jurors. It was general information in reference to all of the panel— obtained from an investigator. See— ” Upon an impulse he drew a notebook from his pocket, exhibiting it. “This is truly all that I gave Mr. McArthur.”

“That's all right, Nick. I don't hold it against you.”

“And I thank you very much indeed for the lift.”

“It's O. K. Good night.”

Not until the older attorney had arrived at his private garage did he notice a slip of paper on the floor of the car. He picked it up, puzzled at its presence. Unfolded, it was revealed as a railroad rebate check. Weeks frowned.

Then he saw that the slip was punched to indicate the date—that day—and punched in two other places—

“W-well—I'm damned!” said Anthony Weeks, Jr., softly.

CHAPTER XXIX

Peril by Night

THERE was a strange electrical disturbance in the mountains. The atmosphere at Easton Point was tense, sultry, heavily charged. To the north, gleaming bright forks of lightning stabbed downward; brilliant flashes lit the sky, bringing out the whole range of high peaks and outlines in relief as clear as day. The weird effect of illumination was continuous. Yet, through it all, not the faintest note of thunder was audible. It was like watching a storm in a silent cinema.

Kendall McArthur sat on the veranda of the cottage until late evening, astonished at the phenomenon. He felt that he was near the center of the disturbed area, that latent forces were all around him; yet there was only the bright and incessant play of electricity toward the north, in absolute silence. The surface of the lake, placid as a dark mirror, caught and reflected the glare.

Rising at length, as the magnitude of the spectacle diminished, Mc-

Arthur went indoors, intending to peruse a copy of Adrian Messenger's bill of exceptions. The copy had been sent by Donaldson, who was still taking a keen interest in the case, despite his refusal to become connected with it openly.

Groping in the dark, McArthur found the electric reading-lamp on the table and pulled the switch. He blinked when no light came.

He hadn't been mistaken, after all, when he had thought that the actual center of the storm was near, despite the peculiar silence.

“Ho, Bud,” he called. “Where are you? Gone to bed?”

The young man's full, deep voice came from upstairs.

“Nope. Not in bed yet.”

“Just thinking—hey?”

“I was reading, till the lights went out.”

“Say, aren't there two kerosene lamps down here somewhere?”

“Sure. On the shelf over the fireplace. But there's no oil.”

“Confound it! That's right,” said McArthur.

“I don't want to read any more, anyway,” the other told him.

“No? But I want to read—something special. I suppose the store's closed.”

“They have oil at the garage of the Grand View Lodge, if you want to bother.” The youth had not stirred.

“That's an idea— ”

The inventor found a flashlight, and put on his hat. He never went outdoors bareheaded, even in spring or summer, lest the breeze rumple the parting of his hair. He took down a rubber slicker, but replaced it. Throughout the disturbance, there hadn't been a hint of rain. He obtained a two-gallon can from the back porch, and paused to call through the open door:

“I'll not be gone more than twenty minutes, Bud.”

“Take your time,” returned Reed, a trifle gruffly. “I'm not a-skeered of the dark.”

McArthur chuckled, blinking, and set out along the narrow driveway that joined a rough and rocky road at a short distance from the camp. The flashes of lightning from the sky in the north, although greatly lessened in brilliance, still shed an occasional glimmer among the trees, making the use of his flashlight necessary only at intervals. The road, which described a loop around the Point, ascended a short incline before arriving at the very steep hill leading to the village. As he emerged toward the cove at the foot of this hill, McArthur found that he was able to find his way without aid from his light, thus saving the batteries.

The night was completely, heavily quiet. Not a tree-top stirred. The air seemed curiously clogged and weighted, oppressive rather than refreshing. It was a stiff climb up the big grade; and, although in excellent physical condition, McAr-



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thur was breathing hard when he reached the brow of the hill.

He found the garage open. An attendant filled his receptacle with kerosene, searching until he found change for a dollar. McArthur pocketed the coins and began the return journey. The descent of the hill was not much easier than the climb, owing to the uncertain footing.

Nearing the level of the cove, his attention was caught by a faint sound, unusual and regular. It was a light, rapid ticking, growing more noticeable as he proceeded, vaguely familiar to his ear, yet at the moment unaccountable. He stopped, listening.

For a few seconds he stood motionless, while the sound continued. Then, quite suddenly, he comprehended its cause. An automobile was standing in the road without lights and with motor idling—a motor so quiet that its purr was inaudible from his position. The one slight noise was the rapid ticking of some irregularity on the fan-belt.

McArthur again went forward, his rubber-soled shoes noiseless; and soon the outline of the machine took shape. He saw that it was a closed car, which evidently had come through the loop in the opposite direction, and was now facing toward the hill. It occurred to him that a

party of late campers was about to move into one of the small cottages along the cove. He advanced to within a few yards of the car, wondering why it was waiting here without lights but with engine softly running.

Peering through the gloom with curiosity bordering upon uncertainty, he now discerned a single dim form motionless beside the automobile, which appeared to be empty. He caught the odor of cigar smoke, but was unable to see the glowing end in the dark, and judged that the man was standing with back toward him, facing the Point. He strained his eyes to observe the other's identity—and, as he did so, there came to his aid a dying flash of the peculiar lightning from the north.

At that instant, in one breath, he stopped, rigid, his gaze held by the front of the automobile as though the glare had revealed a poisonous reptile. Distinct, for a fraction of a second, had appeared a dark registration plate—a plate with odd-shaped yellow figures—156295—Michigan!

For a long moment the inventor stood as if transfixed, as if rooted to the center of the road, his mind gripped by a dull horror, before he could accept the full scope of the catastrophe as reality—or could be-

lieve his senses that the unimaginable occurred.

But the car was here! Regardless of how it had happened—of what incredible miscalculation or whim of fate had betrayed his secret—the car that belonged to Lucien Krol of Detroit was here in the road, waiting. And waiting for whom? In a sick realization he visualized other passengers, now moving quietly down the Point, moving step by step, converging upon the darkened cottage to which they doubtless had been directed at the village—and where a youth lay, ignorant of their approach, expecting the return of one whom he had learned to trust.

"McArthur,"—it was a solemn whisper—"someone has made another terrible play."

Desperately the inventor caught at a fragment of hope. Could he pass this sentry, reach the camp first, warn Basil Reed? He set down the can of oil with care and took a running step forward—then stopped. No, no! Not by the road! It was impossible, mad. He was unarmed, and the invaders would be certain to post another lookout at the entrance to the drive—

Could he shout? Would the young man comprehend, or would he simply come out to meet him, making himself a target?

Quick as thought, McArthur

Mysteries of the Grave

Eight years ago a thief in Edinburgh committed a desecration which should rank him among the lowest vandals in the history of the world. You may recall that the deathbed wish of Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland, was that his heart be embalmed and buried in Melrose Abbey. While work of restoration upon the old abbey was in progress in 1921 the silver casket containing the

king's heart was removed from the church ruins and taken for temporary safekeeping to the Edinburgh offices of the Department of Public Works. Incredible it may sound—but some thief was low enough to steal the heart of one of the world's great heroes! No trace of it has ever been reported since; no clue revealed even concerning the motive of the thief in his crime.



Photostat: from an old print



Charles Phelps Cushing

darted to the side, along a path that led to the lake. This was his only chance—The cove was close at hand. A building loomed in front. He stumbled on until his winking eyes found the oblong of a float at the water's edge. Memory was aiding him now. He had seen a rowboat and a canoe—He must have the latter—the boat would be too slow, too noisy.

By a swift effort he pushed the canoe afloat, then sprang in, nearly capsizing it. He groped frantically for the paddle. His fingers found it. With quiet and powerful strokes he propelled his way forward, in a course designed to carry him around the Point which lay like a long black arm in the night.

In his mind was the thought that if he could reach a position outside of the Point, northwest of the cottage, a shouted warning would be far less likely to lure Basil Reed into his enemies' hands. Even if the young man should fail to comprehend the shout, he would come out at front of the camp, not at the rear. Feverishly McArthur drove the canoe through the water.

But suddenly, devastating this hope, came an interruption. The stillness of the neighboring woods was shattered by the bark of a gun, loud and savage. The weapon spoke again, then again; and in a twinkling others followed—lighter—heavier—a volley—while far above the water, each invisible hill took up the clamor, flinging the sharp echoes back and forth and in all directions, until it seemed that a battle of enormous proportions was being waged high in the mountains.

The last echoes died away in the distance. Over the woods and lake there fell again a dead silence.

McArthur's lips were drawn yet firmly set as he paddled on. The outburst of firing had, in a way, reassured him. He felt that Basil Reed had not been caught unawares. But he did not like the quiet which had followed. To him, it was a silence filled with menace, a silence that breathed unnamable things from the long, curving strip of wooded shore.

He found himself hoping each instant to hear a resumption of the shooting. Slowly and carefully he dipped his paddle. A new purpose impelled him now—one which depended upon secrecy, not alarm. Somewhere just ahead, to the right, was the cottage. He hadn't anticipated difficulty in locating it. The lightning no longer afforded assistance—a fact for which he was thankful—

Tense, watchful, he scanned the dark line of the shore. The wink of a flashlight caught his gaze. Again he saw it. He waited, paddle poised, hoping to learn on which side of the camp it was.

There! Once more the gleam. Was it farther back this time? No! Not farther back—but higher.

With an unpleasant, gripping, inward wrench, McArthur comprehended that the moving light was

inside the cottage. It was now on the upper floor.

CHAPTER XXX

Inside the Camp

SLOWLY, foot by foot, with great care, McArthur guided the canoe toward shore. Discovery of the stealthily moving light in the interior of the cottage had shown him his bearings. The shadowy outline of the roof was now discernible, and he gauged the exact spot where he should land. He knew that he must avoid scraping or bumping against rocks—a sound that would carry far in the stillness.

Alert, and with eyelids fluttering, he peered at the camp, but the intermittent play of the torch was no longer visible. The house assumed its dark shape before him, without a sign of occupancy, silent as the grave. It came to his mind sharply that Basil Reed might have been the user of the light. Yet it scarcely seemed reasonable that he would have done so within view of the windows, exposing himself to a shot from outside—

The paddle touched bottom. With the utmost caution McArthur stepped ashore and drew the canoe to rest upon the sand. Crouching, he turned to face the camp.

Then for a brief time he waited, uncertain, gathering resolution. In all his life he had never dreaded anything quite as much as the thought of entering the gloom of this silent cottage. But he knew that it must be done—and quickly. It wouldn't do to delay in the hope that the fusillade would bring assistance from the village. Residents of the vicinity might fail even to investigate the noise.

A recollection, grotesquely incongruous, came to him as he waited. He thought of the last words that his young companion had spoken as he had left the camp—"I'm not a-skeered of the dark." He felt a strange desire to laugh aloud, uproariously.

It was time to act! The insistent realization spurred him forward. He took the paddle from the canoe. A miserable weapon! But he had no other—

In the drawer of the table inside, he knew, a pistol lay hidden, loaded.

On hand and knees he began moving guardedly from the shore. Before each step, he investigated with his free arm to avoid stumbling. It was not far to the camp—a few dozen careful strides would bring him beside the veranda.

Once the paddle struck softly against a boulder. He left it on the carpet of pine needles, unwilling to risk a repetition, as he neared the shadow of the cottage.

Reaching the veranda he caught again the quick ray of a flashlight. But the beam this time was not inside the cottage; it was yards away, to the left, flitting through the trees. He glimpsed another, nearer. Two flashlights—



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With noiseless tread McArthur crept up the steps, easing open the screen door. Still quietly and slowly, he edged his way across the floor of the front porch to the entrance of the living-room, testing his weight upon each board. He moved into the blackness of the room ahead, his muscles tensed for instant action.

His fingers, groping, found the leg of a chair, the side of an unvarnished bookcase. He went a step farther. Instinct told him not to betray his position. He had no idea who might be in the camp.

His first purpose was to reach the table, to obtain the automatic from the drawer. Then, armed, he would feel less hesitant about using the electric torch in his pocket. He continued warily, keeping below the dim rectangles of the windows and close to the wall. Some indefinable feeling caused him to avoid the center of the room.

There was a sharp crunch. Again McArthur became rigid. Had it betrayed him? There was no shot or challenge in answer, no sound at all in the dark house. He put out his hand to explore the vicinity of the baseboard. His fingers recoiled involuntarily as they touched broken glass.

Pieces were on all sides, everywhere. Searching, he chose a spot where it was safe to rest his foot.

In this manner he took three more steps forward.

A draft, very slight but noticeable, touched his face. He remembered that he had left the back door open. Evidently it had not been closed. With the breath of air came the acrid odor of powder smoke. He paused, thinking, realizing that he had not noticed these fumes when he had first entered.

Then, with a violent start, and without warning, he found himself half upright, blinking, blinded for a second—the room filled with light. He stood as if bewildered, caught in the full glare.

The current had come on.

Awakening to his danger, he bent low and leaped to the fixture from which a cord trailed to the lamp on the table. He ripped the plug free. The lamp went out. But a hazy illumination remained. He glanced upward and saw that a light on the floor above was burning, throwing a jagged bright patch on the wall over the winding staircase.

By its aid, still crouching, he gave a swift glance about the room. To his surprise, objects appeared much as he had left them, except that a window was broken, with splintered sash. He noticed that the door of a tall cupboard, which had been partly open, was now closed and latched.

His gaze seemed drawn to this door. He laughed at himself silently, wondering if his nerves were ragged. The space in the cupboard, he knew, was completely filled by drawers and shelves.

The lamp on the upper floor troubled him. It cast only a dim illumination in the living-room, but he felt that the presence of any light whatsoever meant peril. At the same time he shrank strangely from going upstairs to extinguish it. An alternative occurred to him. In the kitchen was the main switch. He went toward the door.

The act brought him close to the table where the reading-lamp stood. Pausing, he opened the drawer. He drew out his pistol clipping the holster to his belt.

In the kitchen the haze of light from upstairs was faint. McArthur, blinking, found the switch. He pulled it. The house was plunged again into darkness. But he stood with fingers still on the handle of the switch. Was he suffering from delusions? Had the darkness come a fraction of a second before he had broken the circuit?

It almost seemed to him that the lamp upstairs had been extinguished first, soundlessly, as if by a hand reaching to turn the bulb.

With a quick motion, he threw the current back on, then off. There was no answering flash from above. The cottage remained dark.

Yet there was still light—not inside, but outdoors—flickering, touching the rocks and trees and giving color to pine boughs. Bright headlights were coming swiftly down the road, lurching and bouncing. The car turned into the driveway, stopped. The forms of two men emerged from behind the dazzling radiance and approached, running at a cautious pace.

The door was open. One of the men knocked. He threw the blinding beam of an electric torch full in the inventor's face.

"Hello?" he exclaimed. "Is there any trouble down here?"

McArthur blinked. "Are you from the village?"

"We're stopping at the Grand View Lodge. It so happens we're spending a few days there. We heard a lot of firing, and thought we ought to come down. We're members of the State constabulary."

He exhibited a badge in the half light from the automobile. His companion silently did likewise.

"Come in," McArthur invited, cordially. "We'll be rather glad to have the assistance of any kind of police!"

He led the way to the living-room, the men using their torches.

"Yes, gentlemen; there's been quite a bit of trouble down this way. Did you notice a car on the road as you passed the cove?"

"No; I didn't," said the first speaker.

The other man shook his head.

Mysteries of the Grave



Chief Geronimo died a prisoner of war and was buried in the little Apache cemetery at Fort Sill, Okla. But, according to a relative quoted in a recent Associated Press dispatch, the old chief's body shortly afterward was spirited away at night to a new resting place. Where? No living soul outside of the remnants of "a little band, mostly women," who accomplished this, now knows. This relative, however, promises that the secret will be revealed "after the death of his aged mother, who now is more than one hundred years old."

Brown Bros.

He had not uttered a word since arriving.

McArthur reached upward to a fixture beside the fireplace—then remembered the open switch, and returned to the kitchen. For the second time he paused, motionless, with his hand on the switch.

"McArthur—" he softly accused.

A comprehension of his folly came over him. He hesitated. The kitchen was still in a slight radiance thrown from the headlights of the automobile, while the inner room was dark. McArthur threw the switch as he had intended. He preferred to be in the darker room of the two.

"Yes, gentlemen," he reiterated, stepping back to the intervening threshold, "there's been quite enough trouble. We were attacked by a group of vicious gunmen from the city, who have designs upon my friend's life."

"Yeah?" asked the larger man, looking at him narrowly.

By the light from beside the fireplace he was revealed as powerful and well built, slightly freckled, while the other was stout and black-eyed. Both wore plain, dark clothing.

"At least," the inventor qualified, "my friend was attacked. He happened to be here alone—I was at the village. He discovered his enemies as they came down the drive, and fired several shots, hoping I imagine, to frighten them away, or perhaps to spread the alarm."

"Yeah?" the big man said again.

"The gangsters returned his fire, aiming at the window where they thought he was. Then they came into the camp in the dark, looking for him. But my friend hid, and they couldn't find him; so they went out and searched in the woods. They were working back toward the road with their torches; but the electric current came on in the cottage, and they must have seen the light. Do you follow me, gentlemen?"

The freckled newcomer's countenance wore a frown. "You say your friend hid? What do you mean—inside the house?"

"Yes," said McArthur, blinking. He pointed to the latched door of the cupboard. "In the closet over there."

A look of suspicion and disbelief appeared on both men's faces—appeared and vanished. But the inventor observed.

"You don't believe that, do you?" he asked with an engaging smile. "Not when you've already searched there—hey, what?"

Why he made the remark, he never knew. The situation demanded saner tactics. It was a recurrence of his innate recklessness, his inevitable love of the unexpected. He saw the strangers' features harden—their arms dropped swiftly to their sides—

He reached for his weapon. But he had erred in thinking that he

could match the skill of trained gunmen. Before his pistol was freed from its holster he caught the glint of metal in his adversaries' hands. He flung himself downward, sideways.

From his bending posture he saw the wicked, yellow-red flash, flash, flash of a gun spitting flame. The nearer gangster's pistol, exploding, leaped upward, spinning from his grasp. The man clutched at his forearm, gave a single glance of fear, and hurled himself bodily through the demolished window. His companion took a stumbling step forward, gripping his weapon convulsively, then pitched heavily to the floor, groaning and twisting.

"I didn't ought 've done that," said Basil Reed from the bend of the stairs. "I ought've killed them. That's what they came to do to me—"

Jumping, McArthur again cut off the electric current. He had a glimpse of the man who had gone through the window, now running to the automobile. With his flashlight McArthur recovered the pistol. Reed bent over the larger individual, disarming him. The latter was in great pain, his shoulder apparently broken by the bullet. They watched the standing car.

"Gee, Mr. Mac!" exclaimed the youth, quietly, "you guessed everything exactly right, 'bout me seeing the men coming. I came down to get a drink of water; and soon's I heard them whispering out there, it sort of came to me right off who they were. After the shooting I hid upstairs in that space between your closet and the chimney. I figured it was the easiest way. But if they'd a-found me," —a grim note crept in—"it would have been just too bad!"

"Say," he added, "you didn't suspicion these two when they first came in—not till you went back to the kitchen. What put you wise?"

For answer the inventor drew him forward to the door.

"Listen—"

Outside, the gangsters' automobile was creeping backward, slowly, waiting for the member who had not returned. The motor was inaudible—from the house they heard only the rapid *tick-tick-tick-tick-tick* of the whirling fan belt.

The sound grew faster. The machine pulled quickly around to the road and drew away. Soon the reason became apparent.

More headlights tinged the trees. A second car, rattling and roaring, tore into view and swung along the drive. A bellowing voice hailed:

"Hi—there! What's goin' on? What's all the firin'?"

A long breath escaped McArthur's lips. He recognized the tone and the forms alighting—the local chief of police and his lone officer.

"Welcome, chief!" was his greeting. "We've a prisoner for you—I don't think his friends will be back for him tonight. And we have a

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CHAPTER XXXI

Before the Supreme Court

M R. JUSTICE BRINE'S wrinkled hand was clenched spasmodically, his bony fingers knotted, his lips twitching with uncontrolled emotion, as he turned the pages of the document before him.

Justice Brine was in his private chambers. Up to the present he had been careful not to permit himself such a demonstration of feeling in the court-room. Throughout the trial for conspiracy and murder he had preserved an exterior of impassiveness. It wouldn't do to appear otherwise—

He must be fair, irreproachably fair. The defense must be given every chance, as far as records would show. There must be no suggestion of "railroading." Judge Brine had been urged not to impose sentence until all of the appeals to the Supreme Court had been heard. The defendants, once sentenced, might plead for executive clemency; and Judge Brine's adviser did not wish the case to be reviewed before the present Governor. In a few months, it was believed, Glover Hart, now Lieutenant-Governor, would be elected chief executive of the State. And Glover Hart was—friendly.

But what was this paper, this accursed affidavit? "Statement of Herman Joss—"

Justice Brine remembered the name: one of the witnesses for the defense—one who had not testified.

He had understood that an accident had occurred, that Joss would never testify—

Now, in all probability, this miserable document would go to the Supreme Court with the others. It would cause trouble for Joseph Creel, unquestionably. And Joseph was such a fine young man! This was more of Adrian Messenger's handiwork. Damn Messenger! From the first he had been a disturbing element.

His thin lips tightly compressed, Judge Brine entered the court-room. His eyes, dull as usual, swept the assemblage. Yes; there was Messenger, again wearing that preposterous, baggy black suit, and with his hair in disorder. The man was insufferable! He should be refused admittance to the court. At his side was C. C. Hultman, meek and unassuming, a model of conventionality. One would have had no trouble at all in riding rough-shod over Hultman . . . Damn Messenger!

In a quiet, reserved tone, the court began speaking.

"By the existing affidavit and its accompanying information," he stated, "I am advised that one Herman Joss, by occupation a cab driver, having partly recovered from a critical condition caused by injuries, has made upon oath certain statements pertinent to the case of the State versus John T. Bradford and Jacob Dietz."

For an instant the judge's expression became vacant.

"In coming to a decision upon this matter," he continued, "I hold in mind this court's earlier denial of similar motions based upon a deposition said to have been made by Basil N. Reed, the acquitted defendant. Counsel having failed to

produce the deponent Reed in person—"

"For reasons, your honor—" Messenger attempted, rising.

Judge Brine restrained him with a calm gesture. "In the present motions, I do not feel that these statements are sufficiently material to the issue to warrant a new trial for the defendants."

He thrust the papers away from him.

"The motions are denied."

Taking up his pen, Judge Brine gave his attention to a study of other documents. Presently, however, he became aware that Adrian Messenger was still standing, regarding him steadily.

"I feel called upon to observe, your honor," said the latter in withering accents, "that the conduct of this case, from first to last, has been a travesty of justice!"

Judge Brine's whole body stiffened. His fingers grew tense. He glared; and for a moment his mouth worked ferociously; but he did not answer. He did not cite Messenger in contempt.

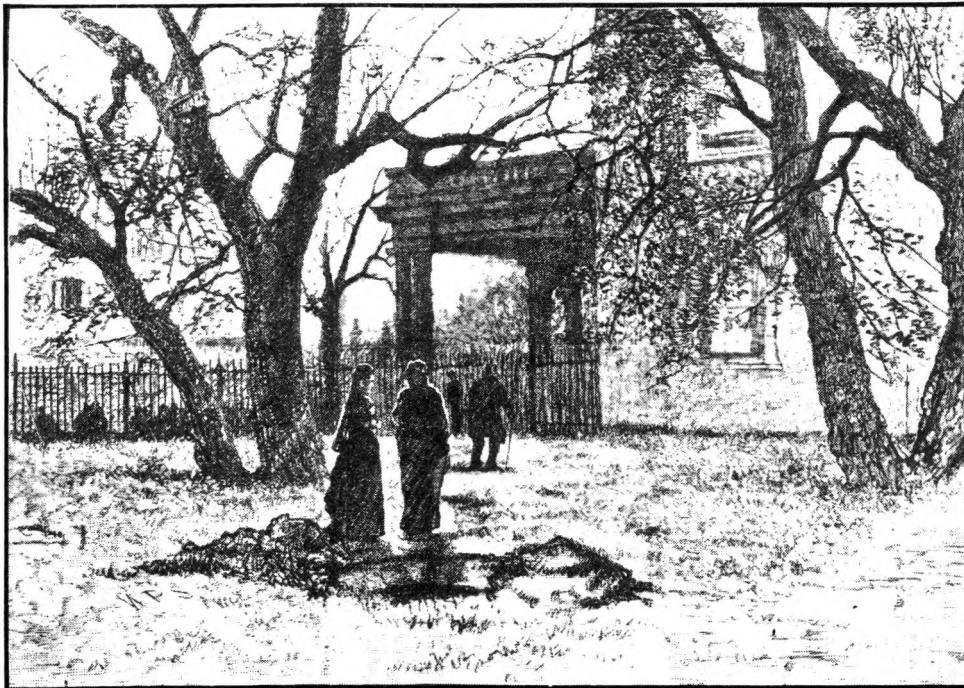
Instead, he chose a retaliation which had been farthest from his intention. Stung to ungovernable rage by the affront, he temporarily lost command of his faculties, lost poise. The brain that had engineered the conviction of Jack Bradford and Dietz momentarily slipped.

"Your client, Mr. Messenger," he returned in a jerky voice, "shall be brought this day before the court, to receive sentence for the crime of which he stands convicted."

"Your honor understands that defense motions are to be heard at a single justice session of the Supreme Court to-morrow?"

"This court is not concerned with

Mysteries of the Grave



Drawing from Leslie's Weekly, sketch by W. P. Snyder

The quiet of old St. Mark's churchyard in New York City changed on the morning of Nov. 7, 1878 to wild excitement. In a black night of misty rain, ghouls had stolen the body of Alexander T. Stewart, one of America's greatest retail merchants. His establishment on Broadway now is the Wanamaker department store. He had died two years before, a multimillionaire.

Rumors after the funeral about a plot to steal the body had caused various precautions to be taken, including for a time the services of a night watchman. But nothing had happened, so the watchman had been dismissed. The desecration of the grave quickly followed. Along with the body the vandals took metal fittings of the coffin and bits of cloth to use as proofs of authenticity when they demanded for a ransom.

Their demand, three months later, was for \$200,000.

The executor of the Stewart estate indignantly rejected this. He offered a reward of \$25,000.

For months the ghouls persisted; but the bidding price remained firmly fixed at \$25,000.

A year later the merchant's distressed widow was about to agree to pay the robbers \$100,000, but her advisers persuaded her not to do so. And the "bidding price" dropped now to only \$20,000.

There the price stood to the end, when a skeleton (along with a triangle of velvet offered as "proof of identity") was delivered for cash on a lonely road, at night, in Westchester County.

How the theft was accomplished—and who did it never has been revealed.

that fact. The matter of imposing sentence is entirely within the discretion of this court."

C. C. Hultman rose respectfully.

"Does this apply also to my defendant, your honor?"

"It does," answered Judge Brine in a venomous tone.

Nevertheless, Jack Bradford and Frisco Dietz were not brought before Judge Brine on that day. It chanced that they were still confined on the island, awaiting completion of repairs at the county jail; and the little steamer, owing to difficulty with a boiler, was late in making its afternoon trip.

Before the pair could be produced on the following morning, a further delay developed. James Manion, head keeper of the county jail, in whose custody the two defendants had been remanded, was served with a writ of *habeas corpus*, ordering him to bring Bradford and Dietz on that forenoon before a single justice session of the Supreme Court, and there to show cause why they should be deprived of their liberty.

The phraseology, of course, was technical; but while the prisoners were under the process of the higher tribunal Justice Brine could not order them brought to his session for sentence.

The judge drew his lips together in a hard, twisted line when informed of the situation. A fresh anger seized him—the blind, unreckoning rage which so often leads far from the course of wisdom. Here was Messenger again—! Indeed, matters were approaching the point where something ought to be done about Messenger—.

But he'd show him! He'd teach him not to overstep his bounds. The proceedings in the Supreme Court, in all likelihood, would be an adjourned hearing. He would condemn Bradford and Dietz if it meant waiting at the courthouse throughout the day. . . .

THE building basked in the late forenoon sun. Through the breach between surrounding structures caused by the ascent of the street from the square below, the slanting rays poured into a large area of the enclosed yard, making it a spot of warmth and laziness. Loiterers, as usual, were clustered here and there on the wide front steps. There were groups of lawyers and bondsmen, groups of idlers. And among the gathering were four, not standing together, who were strangers in the neighborhood—four men of swarthy complexion, nondescript in appearance.

A sport roadster disentangled itself from the crawling traffic below and climbed the hill, turning in front of the courthouse and proceeding to a parking-place at the extreme end of the public yard. Among the bystanders, many were quick to recognize the dark-mustached driver—also Nick Lontos, erect and watchful. But between these two was a third

passenger—one who had kept his face averted—

As if by a tacit understanding, two of the four swarthy loungers moved slightly toward the end of the yard where the roadster had stopped—its unidentified occupant still seated between the others.

A second car pulled into the yard, entering a vacant space near the broad door of the courthouse. Those gathered in the vicinity recognized Adrian Messenger's sedan, chauffeur at the wheel—Messenger was no longer an unfamiliar figure. As the onlookers watched, the attorney emerged, with C. C. Hultman's insignificant form at his side, and went quickly up the steps.

Half way to the door, Hultman touched his companion's arm.

"You don't think we'll need them this forenoon?" he asked.

Messenger halted. "Umgh. I don't know," was his response, audible to listeners. "We may as well Bemis bring them in—"

They stepped back to his car. The chauffeur, alighting, opened a rear door, bent down, and appeared with a very large metal strong-box in his arms. Accompanied by the lawyers, he carried his burden inside.

All of the idlers observed the group, and many wondered what form of evidence the big receptacle contained. None suspected that the metal box was empty—a mere blind, a screen. None suspected that the begoggled youth who carried it was Basil Reed.

THREE was absolute stillness in the court-room. Within the portals of the Supreme Judicial Court there is always stillness. The whisperings and mutterings of the Municipal and Superior criminal sessions do not penetrate here. The silence is of attention and respect.

Associate Justice Ellsworth Dodd, gray-bearded and benevolent, presiding at the single justice session, contemplated the motions presented by Messenger. The latter addressed him in an earnest tone.

"I cannot express too strongly the urgency of completing this hearing today, without adjournment. I think your honor must be to some degree aware, from certain indications, of the titanic elements involved. I would say in all solemnity and truthfulness that every hour that elapses with the judgment of this tribunal still pending is fraught with danger—danger to the deponent who has come forward voluntarily to right the wrong—to the young man who is in critical condition at the City Hospital and who has dared to tell the truth. . . ."

Meanwhile, on the second floor, in an office with wide windows facing toward the State House and its gilded dome, C. C. Hultman calmly laid the case before the attorney-general.

About these rooms, situated in a wing at the rear of the building, there is none of the bustle and noise

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of the district attorney's quarters. The air of confusion is absent, as are the many groups that congregate in the corridors above and below. Denizens of gangland do not venture to intrude in these offices. As in the Supreme Court, there is an unmistakable dignity.

The attorney-general, a tall man of fifty with full, direct brown eyes and a rather large and shiny nose, glanced up impersonally.

"Where is this witness at present, Mr. Hultman?"

The lawyer raised a finger. Basil Reed, in his chauffeur's attire, came forward, meeting the steady scrutiny of the official.

"Do you understand that you may be prosecuted for perjury?"

"Mr. Reed realizes that. He is determined to undo the harm that he has done, and will plead for leniency on the grounds of coercion."

"By whom were you first told, young man, that this perjury would enable you to escape conviction?"

"By my lawyer, sir—Mr. Heaphy."

"And you say that you later received other assurance?"

"What's that? Oh—yes, sir. Mr. —Mr. Creel said so, too."

"Do you mean Mr. Joseph Creel?" asked the official, frowning.

"No, sir. Not the assistant district attorney. His brother."

The attorney-general drew a deep breath, as though such unpleasant revelations distressed him.

IT was a strange scene at the City Hospital. Before a bed in a private room, the attorney-general of the State, tall, severely garbed, and austere, stood with an assistant and a male stenographer. A physician and a nurse hovered in the background. A trifle apart from the others, feet planted firmly as if to meet a physical shock, waited the Hon. Michael J. Brady, prosecutor of the county.

Always a belligerent character, with a heavy neck which stood out prominently and stiffly as though uncomfortable in a starched collar, Mr. Brady this afternoon could muster only an imitation of his usual aggressive manner. Dull drops of perspiration were on his forehead; his features were of an odd, mottled hue.

On the bed, the center of the group and of attention, a youth lay, white-bandaged, a pair of bright blue eyes peering upward with the ghost of a weak smile.

Step by step, the attorney-general elicited Herman Joss's story.

"Did you on one occasion go to the office of the district attorney, intending to report what you had seen?"

"Yes, sir—" The tone lacked strength, and Joss repeated.

"With whom did you talk upon that occasion?"

"With Assistant District Attorney Creel."

"Kindly tell us again what he said to you?"

"Yes, sir. He told me to get to hell out of the office."

"Now, what happened on the evening when you were subpoenaed?"

The young man passed his hand across his eyes.

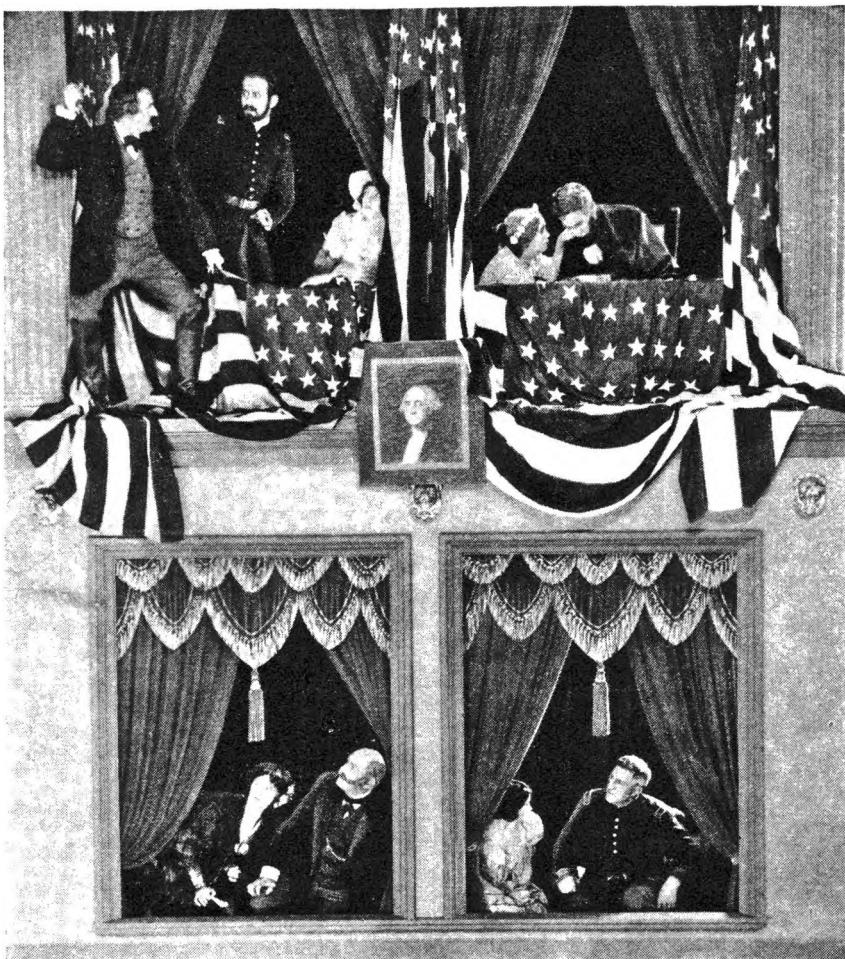
"I—don't exactly know, sir. I—was driving my cab on Water Street, near Beach. A man on the sidewalk yelled to me. I thought it was a fare, but he was pointing toward the back of my cab. I thought there must be something wrong. I got out to look. Just then a car came whizzing past without lights—that's all I remember—"

District Attorney Brady flung himself to the foot of the bed.

"Didn't Mr. Joseph Creel tell you," he burst forth, harshly, "that if you had any information whatsoever about the Cameron crime to bring it to me and I would pay you? Answer that question—!"

At the open brutality of the tone, the doctor stepped forward instinctively. But the young man on the bed parted his pale lips in an ex-

Mysteries of the Grave



Universal



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John Wilkes Booth

How was the curtain rung down on John Wilkes Booth, the actor who assassinated Abraham Lincoln? The "official account" issued in April of 1865 sounds like wild melodrama:

A detachment of cavalrymen surrounds Booth in a barn in Virginia. He refuses to surrender, so the barn is set on fire. Through a crack in the boards a sergeant sees him shoot him—drags the dying man from crackling flames. . . .

Mysterious silence concerning further details. Then, after several years of this secrecy, a body supposed to be that of the assassin is given to the custody of the Booth family for burial.

Was this really the body of John Wilkes Booth? Many have contended that it was not. Among other rumors is one to the effect that Booth was never captured.

A man who may have known the truth died in Des Moines in 1925. He had been described as the "last survivor" of the tight-lipped troopers who made the capture and who watched the last curtain fall. The headline above this dispatch read:

DIES WITH BOOTH SECRET

Last of Squad That Buried Assassin Never Told Burial Spot

pression of faint humor.

"I hope to tell you he didn't," was his response.

KENDALL McARTHUR lolled at the wheel of his hired roadster outside the courthouse, waiting, blinking at intervals, his eyes straying frequently toward the big clock. Three-thirty—and Basil Reed was still inside. In the inventor's mind, despite his casual exterior, a dreadful uncertainty was growing, mounting with each passing minute—

These were vital minutes!—measuring a youth's life, perhaps, his margin between safety and peril. Long since, he knew, Reed should have been away from Court Square, should have been at the depot, to meet his sister, to start for their home in Cumberland. Of scant assurance was Messenger's declaration that the case was "as good as won," the motions sure to be granted—or his assertion that the youth was securely closeted in the attorney-general's office—or the fact that Messenger himself had gone to his club to await the outcome. Was the long and hazardous battle to be so easily ended? Dizzy McArthur had seen too many apparent victories allowed to slip away at the last—

He waited, blinking pleasantly at the clock above the square.

JUDGE HORACE TREVOR sat with his friend Adrian Messenger at the City Club, partaking of light refreshments.

"Yes; on the whole, I'm sorry that I couldn't sit on the case. It has begun to interest me deeply. But, of course, apart from our long friendship, there was the fact that Ruth had testified—"

The lawyer nodded. "Of course."

"Should Judge Dodd hand down an adverse decision, and should the matter then come before the full bench—" Judge Trevor paused.

A boy had entered. "Mr. Messenger, please—"

"Is it a telephone call?" asked Messenger, rising eagerly.

"No, sir. A gentleman at the door."

"It's Hultman, I expect," Messenger said quietly. "I'd better run along. I dare say the attorney-general is back from the hospital; and perhaps Hultman has released our witness at last."

The judge also rose.

"If you are going to the courthouse," he said smiling. "I'd be pleased to accept a lift. I rather fancy that Ruth may be on her way there—she's been at the Union Depot with her young protégée—"

Descending the steps, Messenger found his sedan at the curb. He saw at once that his regular chauffeur, a man of thirty-five, was in the driver's seat.

Dusk was gathering as Judge Trevor, Messenger, and the two others rode away from the club—the chauffeur choosing a route which should have brought them to the courthouse at a few minutes after five.

But at two minutes before five on that evening, there issued from the foul depths of gangland the most virulent outburst that had yet affronted and shocked the community.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Hail of Death

WHO gave the fearful order may remain forever a mystery.

In fact, it is one belief that the order was never given—that a group of hirelings, crazed by "coke" and by threatened ruin of their "racket," either confused or intentionally overstepped their instructions. It is scarcely credible that those high in power would instigate so hideous a crime, knowing the widespread indignation that it must cause and knowing that a deed of such atrocity must awaken the long-complacent public at last to realization.

It seems more probable that this terrible crime, born of desperation, born of the greed and hatred in the hell-holes and murder-nests of the underworld, was the work of momentary frenzy—a blind and unreasoning attempt to break the net which was closing around gangdom's activities. Leaders of organized lawlessness, directing forces of enormous potentialities, must face the ever-present danger of a premature explosion.

Certain it was—if anything about the unforgettable episode was certain—that none of those who were convened at the old Intelligence Offices on that evening had issued the order. The old Intelligence Offices were in a brick building directly across the yard from the courthouse and formerly had housed the inspectors of police, before this department had been transferred uptown to the new and palatial headquarters. A few of the old rooms—in the basement—were still accessible and occasionally were used for convivial purposes by those whose affairs brought them often to the courts.

There were three tiny offices, a locker room and a domino room, all of which were open and lighted at ten minutes before five.

In the domino room, at separate tables, sat two young men, smoking furiously—the air about them thick with their exhalations. Upon their fat countenances, strikingly similar and ordinarily smug and jolly, there was tonight an expression of concentrated uneasiness; their flesh had a repulsive and paste-like appearance.

The large, dark, heavy-browed individual on the opposite side of the room seemed worried, also—but with him it was less noticeable. He was always a trifle worried, always scowling.

None of the three, although they faced the windows, could discern the slim figure hurrying across the yard toward their rendezvous. Gloom gathers quickly over Court Square after the sun has sunk westward behind the surrounding walls of high buildings.



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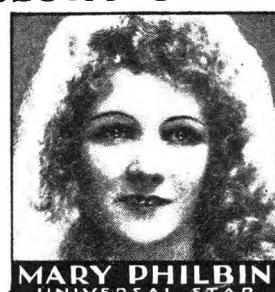
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Cautiously, in a hesitant manner, the door was opened, letting in a draft which disturbed the smoke-clouds. The men glanced up.

"Hello, Blanche——" greeted Archie Creel, in a strained voice.

The girl stood at the threshold uncertainly, peering through the fumes, scarcely returning the salutation. "Where's—where's Roly——?"

"Eyes to starboard, my dear——" Again the forced banter.

Detective Sergeant Pearson took his cigar from his mouth.

"Come in," he said, oddly and quietly. "Come in. Shut the door. Sit down."

She complied, searching his dark features.

"You sent for me, Roly?"

He gave a barely perceptible nod. "I want you to go over to the courthouse. To stick around a little while. We may need you——"

"But what—what's in the wind?" she asked.

"No one knows yet. Maybe trouble. I hear Messenger's going before the attorney-general and McArthur with him. McArthur may blab about seeing us the night I went to Rhode Island to talk to Reed—the night the kid 'phoned me afterwards and said McArthur fought with him.

It may mean a report to the commissioner or the super. If it does, I want you to go through for me—on McArthur. Get me?"

"You mean——?"

He shrugged nervously. "Use your own judgment. Don't say that you impersonated Ruth Trevor! But say that you went to Springfield to meet McArthur, that you met him again at Tiverton—— Get the idea?"

The girl drew a deep breath. "I— I don't like it——" she said.

Again the door was pushed open slightly, admitting the round, red face of Detective Sergeant Gilley.

"Say, Archie," called the newcomer, "where's Joe?"

Pearson spoke. "Who wants him?"

"I'm trying to find Judge Brine. Do you know where he is? He's not gone home—his things are still at the courthouse, except his hat." He dropped his voice. "The Supreme Court has sent word for counsel. Hultman and Messenger are already on the way."

"Then that means a decision today," rapped Pearson.

A vile oath came from Ernest Creel.

"The judge will want to know it,"

said Gilley. "And in a big hurry." Pearson pushed back his chair. "I'll—I'll tell Joe——"

He moved toward one of the small offices. With his hand on the doorknob, he hesitated.

Within, there rose suddenly the high-pitched and nasal accents of the assistant prosecutor—a loud remonstrance:

"I tell you, they'll take it to the Governor——"

Detective Sergeant Gilley was curious.

"Who's in there, Roly?" he ventured. "Who's in there with Joe?"

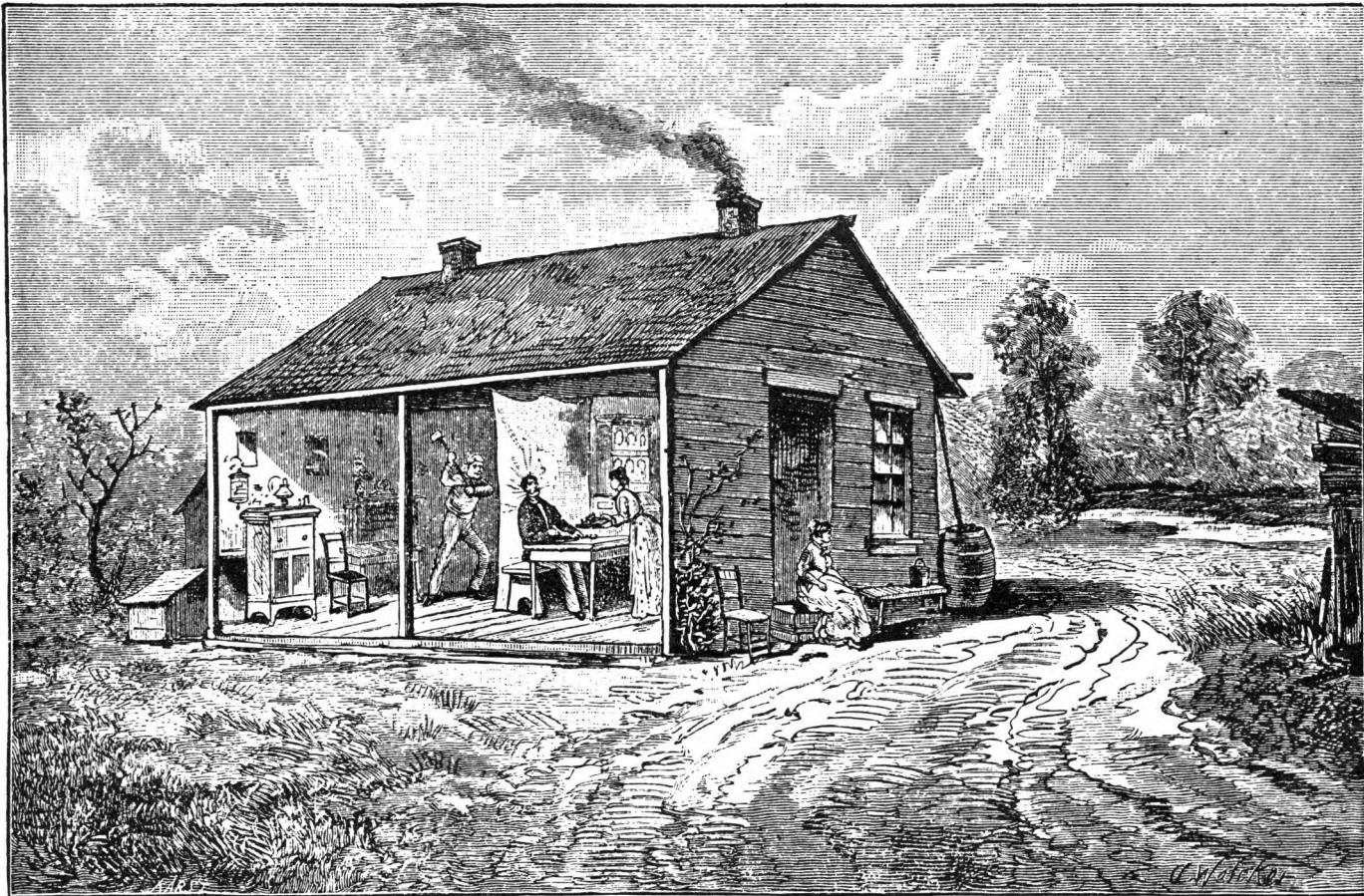
It brought a heavy frown of reproof.

"You'd better go back to the courthouse."

Three minutes later the old Intelligence Offices were deserted—except that Assistant District Attorney Joseph Creel remained behind for a moment, pausing to tidy the desk in the little office, to put away a half-emptied bottle and to rinse and wipe two glasses.

BASIL REED had gone to the Union Depot at four o'clock, accompanying Hultman and Messenger's assistant—with also Messenger's chauffeur, who had taken charge of

Mysteries of the Grave



Copy from "History, Romance, and Philosophy of Great American Crimes and Criminals"—C. P. Cushing

Photostat: from Col. Frank Triplett book

In a previous issue of THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE appeared an account of the Bender family of murderers and their deadly roadside inn near Cherryvale, Kansas. Though "dead men tell no tales," evidence seems to be strong that the machinery of murder at the mysterious Bender hotel operated in somewhat the fashion shown in the drawing above. When the guest leaned back against a curtain close behind his bench a heavy sledge descended, fracturing his skull. Where and how the Benders themselves died—possibly at the hands of a vigilant committee—remains a secret even more baffling.

the car upon their arrival at the terminal. Entering, the young man had found Priscilla with Ruth Trevor in the waiting-room. They had talked quietly for a half hour, then had proceeded to the big train-shed, where they had stood outside the designated gate until shortly before the departure of the Twilight Express, which was at four-forty.

Mingling with the crowd, the three had scarcely attracted attention—unless by reason of their somewhat incongruous appearance. Priscilla, still wearing her rather shabby plaid coat, was poorly dressed beside her brother, who, despite his careless attire, had a certain jaunty touch of the city about him. Both contrasted noticeably with Ruth's becoming fall suit of brown tweed, matched plainly and neatly by her shoes and pocket-book. Yet, in fact, it was Ruth's last year's suit, too; she was wearing all of her last year's clothes since having assumed, as her latest expense, Herman Joss's bills at the City Hospital.

From a doorway near the entrance to the train-shed, McArthur watched the trio. He did not come forward to join them—this for several reasons. In the first place, he wasn't demonstrative, and disliked demonstrations. Then, also, he had made only a nominal charge for the last period of his services, and Ruth had chided him about it. He shrank from the thought of her doing so again.

It wasn't on account of Joss's hospital expenses that the inventor had reduced his charge—he hadn't known of Ruth's intention. It was, rather, through respect and sympathy for her motives.

And this, perhaps, was his principal reason for not joining the group now. He realized that Ruth, at that moment, in front of the gate admitting to the train for Cumberland, was attaining an object for which she had waited many weeks and months. He felt that his presence would be almost an intrusion.

There was a little stir on the platform. The gateman swung upward the door of the indicator; a few white-lettered names flashed from view. Brother and sister caught up their baggage and ran forward. Ruth waved. Slowly the rear vestibule of the train receded.

Blinking, McArthur turned aside and consulted a time-table. He nodded with satisfaction. The Twilight Express ran fast! There were only two stops before Cumberland on its rapid run northward.

He looked then for Ruth; but she had disappeared.

In a vague manner, he wondered why she had hurried away so quickly. Perhaps she had decided to return to the courthouse. Was it possible, after all, that she had still another interest in the case, one even more vital than the reuniting of Priscilla and Basil Reed?

Sharply, abruptly, McArthur came to a stop, his thoughts scattered. For a fraction of a second, a face in



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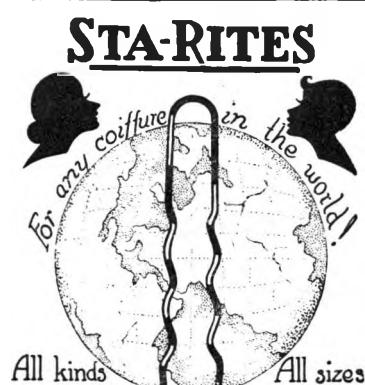
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the crowd had caught his notice—a form, small and round-shouldered, vanishing through a door to the waiting-room.

Mechanically, from force of long habit, the inventor followed. He had recognized the face and form—one of the ever-watchful emissaries of gangdom—one of the thousand "eyes of the mob."

In the waiting-room he caught a second glimpse of the man, now closing the door of a telephone booth in a double row. Again more by instinct than intention, McArthur went forward. But why did the man's presence disturb him? Why was he concerned—when the case was finished, triumph assured, and Basil Reed's perilous mission fulfilled?

Still an odd premonition obsessed him. He stepped into the corresponding booth in the opposite row, realizing that he could expect to hear little through the double thickness of wood in the noisy room. Yet, to his surprise, the tinkle of a coin came clearly—and, to his present consternation, a ready voice, muffled, half audible—

"To-night . . . have to start now . . . yeah, th' Twilight Express . . . Cumberland . . . seven twenty . . . get Dopey Jann an' the' boys . . ."

McArthur opened the door softly and emerged with a vacant stare. He couldn't understand what he had heard, couldn't believe it. Would the mob attack Basil Reed now, making a useless and dangerous gesture, when their conspiracy already was disrupted, their leaders exposed to investigation by the youth's disclosures? Would mere revenge—?

Then, with chilling significance, his mind leaped to the truth. He saw the single slip in the defenses, the error that had been haunting and clamoring through the hours. The mob still would attack Reed because they didn't know! They didn't know that he had been in the courthouse—!

With the realization McArthur reached again for his time-table. As the figures blurred before his eyes he pictured the through express train, the Pullmans and coaches, flying northward with all rights on the line. And, running parallel, now above the track, now below—the long, hilly, twisting highway, thronged with traffic at this hour—

He caught himself up sharply. It wasn't a question of what he could do . . . If others could—

The hired roadster had been returned to the rental station. A taxi— But, in the name of reason, why alone?

He stepped to another booth. Steady fingers found a coin. Inserting it, he called to local quarters of the State police, waiting, whistling softly, listening to the repeated hum of the ring. Was the office closed? Donaldson would put the call through— No; Donaldson was out of town! Nick Lontos? He dropped a second coin.

"Is Mr. Lontos in?" A stenographer had answered.

"Mr. Lontos has just gone out, sir. Is there any message?"

"No, thank you," said McArthur:

A grim smile touched his lips. It had come to him, as if with a strange irony, that he was forever doomed to be a one-man team.

IN the meantime, on the opposite side of the city, events were moving swiftly toward their terrible culmination.

At the exit of an obscure alley south of Beach Street and the winding elevated structure, a powerful touring car stood with long, dark-maroon front outthrust toward the thoroughfare, the motor straining as though in great breaths, and glaring bright eyes agleam. Behind the wheel a thick-set form bent low, with small, round cap pulled down. In the back seat the shadowy shapes of others loomed like figures crouched to spring. And in the car, arranged hastily but conveniently for the several occupants, a dread assortment lay concealed.

Held in place in one corner were a pair of tapering metal objects with fuses ready—"pineapples," so called from their shape; while at the left, behind the driver, a thing with a curious metal base raised its uncovered head to peer over the edge of the door.

A man, well-dressed and white of countenance, leaned over the running-board while the motor pulsed

"Get this!" he grated. "We've got crossed wires on the kid. Stacy has him heading for the courthouse with Messenger and Trevor and the rest, but the Runt says he's on the train. Swing the court first—then cut for Cumberland—make sure of the kid, anyway, either way! And don't come back here—hit the road West—then separate—lie low—"

He bent closer, his features hollow in the glare.

"Watch yourselves, you guys! That Bud Reed is bad medicine—you know that. Don't give him a chance on God's earth—!"

The motor burst to a snarling roar. Leaping out from the alley, the automobile swung giddily into the street—then on, beneath the elevated, careening. Across the corner of Chinatown and into the business district it shot with mad speed, through the falling darkness.

The man at the wheel shrank lower. Those behind edged forward slightly. Catches clicked on automatic pistols. The squat form directly in back of the driver laid ice-cold hands upon the contrivance at his feet. Intermittent flashes from street-lamps revealed the vicious, cruel lines of his face, the prominent teeth, the bright, fixed stare of sunken eyes.

One of the four spoke throatily: "There'll be hell for this!"

"Whadda we care? We gotta get 'im. We gotta get 'em both—"

"Get 'em all, damn them—!" with a note of feral hysteria.

Tones were scarcely audible.

Amidst the screech of tires and the sinister drone of the motor, they skimmed the side of Post Office Square, then into Market Street, through State, across Warren. Cars everywhere pulled up with squealing brakes at the approach of the onrushing, blinding headlights—or twisted sharply aside, as if to cringe from this plunging maroon machine and its awful freight.

City Hall took sudden shape ahead; and the thick-set man once more wrenched his wheel, lurching into Ford Place, sweeping down upon Court Square from behind. The gangsters' bodies tensed.

"Too late— . . . "No, by God—!"

Again, was it premeditated? Who knows the working of a drug-demented brain? Or the mad impulse that spurred the others? In front, the dancing bright beams fell flickering on a cluster of forms that moved across the yard toward the courthouse—a straggling group. First a girl's graceful and slender figure—features and clothes that had become known to all the underworld; then a man, stepping quickly to overtake her; another, gray-haired and dignified; and the forms of two more. Savagely the gunman on the left swung the muzzle of his weapon; his companions at his side leaned outward; and in a second the air was rent and racked by the shattering roar of the machine gun, ricocheting back and forth and from building to building while all the fury and venom of gangdom poured forth in tongues of fire.

Blanche Melvin uttered a single scream of terror and fell forward, fainting. Her collapse alone saved her from instant destruction. Archie Creel and Detective Sergeant Pearson dropped where they stood, the latter rigidly motionless. Justice Brine threw one startled, frightened glance, then broke into a tottering run toward the sidewalk. He lost his footing, went down, half rose, hatless, dropped heavily to his knees in a feeble scramble, claw-like hands reaching for the curb—a ludicrous but macabre spectacle. Earnest Creel, in frantic flight before the withering blast, stumbled, failed to regain balance, and sprawled in a quivering huddle upon the cobblestones.

The murder car swept on. Grim faces peered out as though searching among the fallen forms for one whom they did not see. Crowds that poured from all directions glimpsed only the evil wink of the tail-lamp as the machine turned the corner at the opposite end of the yard and fled northward along the narrow thoroughfare.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The Race and the Finish

OUT over the long stretch of miles between the city and Cumberland, a triangular race was in progress.

In the center, in the lead, ran the

Twilight Express, clicking the measured distance on its level roadbed, powerful drivers and heavy trucks pounding the smooth steel rails, while passengers rested at ease in the lighted coaches and Pullmans. A stop at Salisburyport; a brief wait; and, amidst the puffing barks of the giant locomotive, the Twilight Express was again on its way.

Then, east of the track, hugging the shore, veering diagonally to meet the railroad, sped a long, low touring car of dark maroon, with occupants keen-eyed and rigid, the operator with nervous hands held tight upon the wheel. Through the maze of traffic, to the horrid song of its motor, the machine zoomed wildly, cutting a path between lines of cars with its dazzling glare, while motorists to the right and left swerved frantically to escape wreckage and death. In the dense crowds of the early miles, the maroon automobile was farther outdistanced; but, as open, straight roads beckoned and the speedometer trembled at eighty, it began gradually, steadily gaining—

And from west of the railroad came another, a relic: an odd and antiquated apparition, sharp-lined, angular, whitish-gray, but with modern, high-compression motor and huge wheels geared for an engine of the older type. Not with a hoarse challenge, nor in a blind dash menacing lives, but artfully, craftily, the weird machine shaved through the swarm of vehicles, edging, seeking its way, nosing miraculously into unimaginable spaces—then cutting free with a chortle of its great throat—flitting northward like a winged visitor from another age, a Gray Ghost in truth as in name.

The man in the straight-backed seat bent downward whimsically and tossed an official envelope to the wind.

"McArthur," he murmured, "you'll probably lose your license!"

Through Mildon, through Wentworth, the pale-colored phantom streaked on its breath-taking journey; then over the towering hills to Salisburyport; past Hammond and Hammond Falls. At Holliston, near the State line, a pair of operators, confused and frightened by the white-eyed demon which leaped suddenly upon them, jammed brakes, veered, skidding, blocking the center lane of the highway. To their gaze the bright balls assumed terrifying proportions—whisked sharply sidewise—and with a rush of wind and a prickling whine of tires the big gray car swept on.

McArthur had learned nothing of the horror in Court Square. He wasn't even sure that there was actual danger—he knew only what he had heard from the booth in the waiting-room. His telegram, sent to be delivered on the train at Middletown—would it be delivered, would Basil Reed understand, obey? No; whether or not there was another automobile in the race tonight, he must be at Cumberland before train-time—he felt that the



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responsibility for this emergency was upon his shoulders: this last-minute peril, caused, not by carelessness, but by a secret that had been kept too well!

Harristown! The wink of lights, the shriek of brakes and horns—then, as twice before, a shout, the shrill of a police whistle, the popping exhaust of a motorcycle growing fainter and fainter behind.

Alert, but at ease, manipulating the wheel with practised hands, his foot pressed hard against the floorboard, McArthur raced through Saunders, blinking, a strange exultation in his heart. He was at home at last, in his element—he would have his night despite registrar and police and all of gangdom! With bright eyes he watched the face of his speedometer, chuckling—a speedometer which told only half of the truth—while dips and turns of the road sprang into shape before him, and objects took blurred outline and rushed to meet him and were gone. Six thirty-five at Blue Harbor—a half hour to bring him to Wasnie—fifteen minutes after that to seven-twenty—

Then, into the last stretch, through Wasnie, his winking gaze found a puzzling phenomenon: a red speck far ahead—it vanished—he cut screeching around a curve, saw it again—then again—but still distant. Another car traveling almost as fast as his own—

Settling lower in his seat, he bent to the effort. Wind whistled past the dashboard, taking his breath, and wrenching at the bagging top in fierce abandon. On the sweep of lonely road ahead the speck of light grew larger—a touring car, low-built, pitching wildly, swaying. Perhaps a party of joy-riders, choosing the quiet supper hour—but he would soon learn! The fringe of his pale, skipping rays touched the back of the car, the registration plate, the dark maroon body.

With incredible velocity the Gray Ghost plunged closer. He gave a warning touch to his horn, cut slightly to the left—

A trio of faces, pallid and strained in the radiance, peered out at him, seeking his form behind the headlights. A screamed oath rang above the roar of motors. One man leaned farther backward; a gun, badly aimed, spat flame.

McArthur blinked and yanked his car inward, slicing within inches of the back of the maroon machine. He gave a laugh, loud and jubilant. Little doubt now that there was another car in the race! Foot poised, he hung close behind the dark-painted body, weaving, twisting from left to right, keeping his adversaries in doubt as to which side he would attempt to pass. He laughed again, heartily. It reminded him of hockey—

Yes; it was his night; but it was a grimmer game this time! The inventor knew at that instant what he must do—knew and shrank from it. There was no alternative, no

other hope; the thought of a youth and his sister, of bystanders at the depot, leaped before him, drawing his lips to a hard, straight line.

Sharply there came a tinkle of glass. The rear window of the maroon touring car fell outward in pieces. Through the opening an ugly blue-gray snout protruded. McArthur pulled his foot from the accelerator and threw it hard upon the brakes. His car skidded. From the muzzle in the rear window leaped a continuous, purple-yellow stab of color. At the front of the Gray Ghost there was a wicked, metallic *thrum* in answer. The fiery snout jerked higher—and with a crash the windshield tumbled in ruins about McArthur, startling him, galvanizing him to action.

Crouching, he shot one hand to the dashboard, extinguished his lights. As the target disappeared, the outpouring of blue-yellow flame ceased. The inventor struck his foot again to the accelerator, his chuckle a trifle less spontaneous. Indeed, he knew what he must do—if he could! In total darkness the big gray car dashed on, clinging to the road, following the lead of the red tail-lamp.

But this wouldn't do! This wouldn't help Basil Reed or Priscilla—What was that?

Borne by the breath-smothering gusts that drove through the shattered windshield, a sound reached McArthur's ears amidst the snarl of his engine—from a cleft in the hills at the left and still ahead—the piercing scream of a locomotive whistle, two long and two short for a crossing blow. Steadily his foot once again sought the floorboard; the dark hulk of his car gathered speed.

The building was old and delapidated. Clapboards cracked and blistered, many times repainted, presented a drab and unattractive exterior. Aldermen in successive numbers, seeking election, had promised influence to obtain for the fast-growing community a new depot. But the railroad had not acted.

The man was of large stature, big-framed and capable, a trifle stooped—not aged, but showing the advance of years. His light overcoat, tightly buttoned, was worn shiny, the frayed cuffs touching ungloved wrists.

The woman was small, slight, and emaciated, white with the effect of recent illness, except her hands, which were reddened and curiously large. Her clothing was plain and severe.

The man looked at a ponderous gold watch.

"Five minutes more, Sue—" he said with a smile of delight.

The woman was silent.

"Most likely she'll be on time. She always is.

"I hope so. It's been a long wait. A long wait—" the man repeated, sobering. He drew a breath. "But it's over, I guess—and a blessing."

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She laid her hand quickly on his arm. "Listen—!"

From the distance, both heard it—the long, high shriek of an engine whistle. It came again.

"That'll be Filbert's crossing," said the man.

Far down the straight stretch of track, a yellow glow appeared, deepening, throwing odd patterns among the tree-tops, causing telegraph wires to shine. From around a curve, still at a distance, a gleaming circle fastened its radiance upon them, flooding the roadbed.

Yet there remained a shimmer on the hillside—a moving silver finger that touched the rocks and ledges and tinged the autumn leaves. Into the flat mile of highway parallel to the railroad crept a pair of bright lamps, growing larger, growing brighter and more dazzling each instant, more dazzling than the train.

"Oh, by golly," cried the man, "look-a-there!"

It was white light that encircled them now, far stronger than the yellow; white light on their features, on their clothes, on the cracked clapboards of the building where it danced and played.

"Sue! D'you see that?" he gasped. "D'ever you see the like—the automobile—plumb running away from the Twilight Express—!"

"My soul and body!" said the woman.

There was no doubt of it—a race against the flyer. The car on the road, hurtling closer, burst into the area lit by the street-lamps. Came a bouncing jolt as it struck the tracks of a trolley line; then it was upon them, slithering crazily into the drive—such a vehicle as the man and woman had never seen or dreamed of—stiff-jointed, antique yet ultra-modern, pale gray, with monstrous radiator spurting streams of water and clouds of steam, half concealing the jagged windshield and the running-board hanging in wreckage.

From the seat a stylish gentleman of thirty-two jumped down, doffing his hat, bowing with old-fashioned courtesy.

"Mr. and Mrs. Reed, I think?" The man, agape, thrust out a heavy hand.

"My name's Reed, sir," he replied, raising his voice above the hiss and clatter of the coming train. "I—I don't just seem to place you—but I'm right glad to see you—just a minute, would you?—I'm waiting for my son and daughter—"

The newcomer shook his head pleasantly but firmly.

"Your son and daughter are waiting for you," said he. "I sent them a telegram. They're going through to Whitefields—where your son has spent the last few days—so why don't you go with them, for the week-end—?"

The train had stopped. Two figures appeared in a vestibule.

"Pa! And Ma!"
"Basil!" exclaimed both parents.
"But what's the idea, Mr Mac? This telegram—"

FRECKLES



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Do you know how easy it is to fade out homely, rusty-brown freckles so that no one will ever again call you Freckle-Face? Do you know how to protect your sensitive complexion from the damage caused by Spring sun and wind?

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"You weren't going to follow its instructions, I see," returned the inventor, smiling and pushing a suitcase back in the vestibule. "Well, listen, Bud—" he added, blinking, "—just as a favor to me, I want you to. For a day or two—you understand—till our friends have cooled down a little, till they see that they're beaten anyway. And until people wake up to the real truth about this kind of business and take steps to put the lid on. Allow me, Mrs. Reed—"

With a grinding lurch the car was tugged forward. The coughing blasts of the locomotive echoed sharply, quickening. The long line of bright windows moved on.

BACK on the highway? The gangsters tell that best. Not Slug Williams, for his battered form was found at the side of a fence below the curving road, and weeks elapsed before he spoke a syllable. Not Big Bill Connor, for his bloody footprints led away from the spot that night, and he has not been located. But Charles "Dopey" Jann, who lay with limbs crushed beneath the weight of the touring car amidst the ruin of a machine-gun—and Wally Ziegler, pinned behind a twisted steering-gear that had all but penetrated the wall of his chest.

They told of it—Jann to friends and Ziegler to the authorities—of the chase, of their alarm, of the volley from the machine gun and the snuffed-out lights, leading them to believe that the pursuing car had been crippled or wrecked—then of a great whitish shape that plunged upon them out of darkness, striking a terrific sidelong impact, blotting their machine from the highway, hurling it downward, end over end, to destruction.

Ziegler, believing that he was at death's door, told all—named his associates in the crime at the courthouse, named also the professional bondsman and "fixer" who had been accessory before the fact, and revealed at last that the same group of killers had planned and staged the murder of Jimmie Cameron. District Attorney Brady, wisely decided not to run for re-election, hoping to avert a disastrous investigation; but Detective Sergeant Pearson, demoted while incapacitated, flew into a rage and denounced many men high in political circles, precipitating a scandal which wrecked the party.

Pearson had not been severely wounded, having had the quick wit to throw himself to the ground and remain motionless. Assistant District Attorney Creel's two young brothers, however, had been riddled by bullets. Justice Brine, suffering with wounds from which a younger man might have recovered, lay for many weeks in desperate condition, slowly sinking.

Five months after he had sat in judgment upon Jack Bradford and Frisco, Justice Brine was dead.

Then one afternoon Kendall McArthur received a peculiar message. "Can you be at Felton Street in an hour?" it read. No signature—but the writing was vaguely familiar. McArthur went. On Felton Street he found an automobile packed for traveling, and hung with various odd objects, some of which he obligingly removed.

"We—made plans very suddenly—" Ruth contrived.

"Had to," added Jack Bradford. "I must be back in ten days—I've passed the bar, and have been offered a position with Mr. Messenger. By the way, Mac, when and



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how did you first suspect Ziegler?"

"When I heard the testimony of the car-owner at the trial," the inventor replied, "I knew that the murder car had been driven by a man who had ruined a good clutch in eight days, slipping it, 'riding' it. Drivers who have been accustomed to planetary transmission are the habitual clutch-riders. I went to the registrar's office, found a list of the men who recently had taken examination for removal of planetary-transmission restrictions. Among fifty-eight such drivers, only one was a known gangster. Only one answered Miss Trevor's description."

He turned to her. "I beg your pardon! Mrs. Bradford—"

"Mac," said Jack Bradford, huskily, gripping his hand, "I—I'm the happiest man in the world—"

McArthur waited ten minutes to watch their departure.

"The happiest man in the world—" he repeated, judicially. "Yes; I guess so."

He let in the clutch—and with scarcely a sound the Gray Ghost slipped away.

THE END

Unsolved

(Continued from page 106)

that incriminating note-book which was to be used in Burdick's divorce suit against his wife? Though the fashionable world suspected, none knew positively of those liaisons.

And the publication of them in the press would ruin that brilliant attorney, who was the legal confidant of many wealthy Buffalo families.

"Get Pennell," the district attorney demanded.

The police went to his home, a drizzling, rainy day in early March. A servant told them:

"Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have gone riding in their new automobile."

"Funny day to go on an automobile ride," the police admitted to themselves, while they waited at the house. For that was in the days before the advent of closed cars. The Pennell's machine had only a buggy top.

Night came. Still the Pennells did not return.

Finally word was flashed to police headquarters:

"An automobile just ran off the roadway and fell down into the quarry to the left of Kensington Avenue."

Men rushed to the spot, a sparsely settled section in Northeast Buffalo. There, at the bottom of an eighty-foot stone quarry, lay the smashed automobile. Beneath it was the body of Pennell, killed in the fall. Beside him, clasped in his arms was the unconscious form of Mrs. Pennell, terribly lacerated. She was taken to a hospital, where she died the next day without having spoken a word.

Was it an accident? Or had Pennell deliberately steered his car over

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the cliff's edge, taking his wife into eternity with him?

The police at first said, accident.

Then witnesses loomed on the scene. Before reaching Kensington Avenue, Pennell had stopped at a grogery; he had tossed down a fiery brandy, and had taken a flask out to his wife. Two boys told of having seen her drinking from that flask as the car drove by. That was in the days of few automobiles, and the passage of one was the subject of observation and comment.

Workmen said that Pennell had driven that car, with its top down despite the rain, back and forth on Kensington Avenue before the crash.

"Trying to get up nerve for the deed," police said.

Then the inquest into Burdick's death—delayed eleven days—was called immediately:

Calm and cool, majestic in her bearing, Mrs. Burdick took the stand. What a story she told! It was one which rocked the foundations of the social world.

Yes, she had loved Arthur R. Pennell, she admitted, while District Attorney Coatsworth plied her with questions for hours. She had loved him, worshiped him! But—and here she smiled archly—only in a platonic manner!

She had met him in New York, in Atlantic City, in many rendezvous in Buffalo.

"But only to consult Arthur on legal matters," she added.

"Platonic love, eh?" The District Attorney remarked, sarcastically as he produced a bunch of letters from his brief-case.

"Now I'm going to read you a love-letter, written to you by Fennell and we'll see whether that was merely platonic love," he said, taking up the first missive.

Mrs. Burdick's face blanched an instant. Then she regained her composure, and smiled.

The letter, a fiery, passionate one, in which Pennell had spoken of "the Paradise of you in my arms," was read in full.

She admitted having received it; but was annoyed that it had passed from her hands.

"Did you love your husband?"

"Of course not!" she answered, scornfully. "But wait, you mustn't blame the dead Arthur Pennell for the crime; he was not brutal in his nature. He was high-strung, nervous and sensitive, but in no way vicious or depraved."

"What about that church incident?"

"I beg your pardon?" she exclaimed, as though she did not understand Mr. Coatsworth's question.

"Must I go into details—or would you rather tell it yourself?" the official answered, icily.

She glanced at him quickly, blushed, and said she would tell it. With a half-smile on her face she began her recital, a story as brazen as ever fell from the lips of a woman who was an acknowledged social leader:

She and Pennell had been in a room together. Her husband surprised them.

"I—I escaped by a window. He really didn't see me," she explained. "I went down to the ground, and around the corner was a church. I went in."

"Yes, go on," Mr. Coatsworth directed.

"Now what does one do in church?" she asked, archly. "I joined in the service, of course."

"What happened when you returned home?"

Edwin, my husband, started to upbraid me. He accused me of being with Pennell—because Arthur was so long in opening the door. I told him I was in church. I established an alibi by friends who saw me in church.

"Edwin was quite humble then. He apologized sincerely."

"But you had been in that room behind that locked door, hadn't you?" Mr. Coatsworth, one of Buffalo's fearless officials, demanded.

"Oh, yes," she answered demurely, with hands in her lap.

"Now Mrs. Burdick, isn't it true you admitted to your husband that you had been *in discreet* with Pennell? That you asked his forgiveness? That Burdick, for the sake of his children, at first refused to sue for divorce? Isn't it all true?"

"He said so. I denied it all in my counter divorce suit, didn't I?"

"Answer, please! Didn't Pennell enter your home as a friend, and depart as a despoiler?"

"Oh, Mr. Burdick liked Mr. Pennell—at first," she countered.

Finally she admitted Burdick had gone to Pennell, and asked him to leave Buffalo for all time. That Pennell, to avoid exposure which would have ruined his practice, had agreed.

"But you see, we were drawn irresistibly to each other," she answered, with a toss of her blond locks. "We just couldn't stay apart, so—so Arthur, Mr. Pennell, stayed. Anyway, he was my legal adviser, you remember."

Suddenly the officials produced a bar-tender and an insurance agent from New York who admitted that two days before Burdick's death Pennell had threatened, in their presence, "to kill Burdick." He was drinking heavily at the time.

"Did you love Pennell at the time your husband was killed?" the question was asked suddenly.

"He was just a friend," she responded quietly.

Having cast aside her honor, her husband, her children, her home and her happiness for Pennell, she calmly implied that that love—for which she paid this price—was dead.

Police Chief Cusack, vainly searching for at least one clue, announced:

"Pennell couldn't have killed Burdick. He was a physical coward, a betrayer of friends, and they are too cowardly to kill."

Yet Justice Murphy, in his findings based on the inquest, indicated that Pennell was the man with a motive: the woman's love for him had cooled, and he faced disgrace in the divorce suit which her husband had started, despite his pleas; he had threatened to kill Burdick more than once. But the justice added:

"To the dead there must be given the same justice as to the living. He is innocent until he is found guilty."

Then came a shocking surprise, which shifted the blame for murder partly from Pennell's shoulders:

He was discovered to have been a defaulter, to have embezzled hundreds of thousands of dollars of trust funds placed in his care! High living, wine, women—one woman in particular—and a bit of song, all these had cost thousands and hundreds of thousands. And he had paid with the gold of others, entrusted to him.

"He used vast sums for his own pleasures and follies. He paid for it with his life," Wallace Thayer, his intimate friend, told the press. Then Pennell had not dashed over that cliff-top to avoid arrest for murder—he did not know how tightly the noose was gathering about him—but to avoid exposure as a defaulter!

It was a mere coincidence that he had run through the trust funds just when Burdick was murdered. So said the public.

Still another surprise!

Delia Leary, the maid, went to the police station and told a strange story: how, on the night of the murder, she had seen a mysterious woman in black skulking about the rear of the house, trying to see in the windows.

"I didn't tell it then, I didn't want to be messed up in this," Delia said. Her words corroborated the statement of the policeman on the beat, who had seen that woman in black at the front of the house.

Were the whiskey, the chocolate éclairs and the tarts brought out for this woman?

Who was she? All women friends of the murdered man had excellent alibis. And nothing derogatory to his character had been discovered against Burdick. He had been revealed as a modest, home-loving man fighting for the protection of his children while his passionate mate danced on the primrose path.

How to account for the strange, calm attitude of Mrs. Hull, the mother-in-law? Why weren't the police notified until an hour and a half after the murder was discovered?

Finally the police threw up their hands and admitted failure. Too deep a mystery to solve: too tangled a skein to unravel—a skein in which the red thread of the woman's passion was strangely intertwined with the pure-white one of a father's love for his children.

"Unsolved," reads the police report, twenty-seven years later.



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