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Mystery-Romance & Realism

The DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

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THE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE.

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He drew back the portico curtains and locked the window with a click. *(See "The Voice That Killed.")*

Vol. 2.
No. 23

The Detective Magazine

Sept. 28,
1923.

The Voice That Killed

THERE is a modern touch about this story that stamps it with the brand of originality.

By Gwyn Evans.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO BATES

GEORGE SANFORD twisted the final strands of the piece of copper wire affixed to his five valve radio receiving set, with a vicious twirl of his spatulate finger and thumb.

A vein throbbed dully just below his temple, and his eyes gleamed agate hard. The attachment to his radio phone seemed to afford him some grim satisfaction for, with an almost animal grunt, he sat down on the garish chintz divan and surveyed the instrument moodily.

He gazed at the rather stupid black mouth of the loud-speaker, and gripped the foolish feminine tassels that ornamented an orange and black cushion, until his knuckles shone bone white.

He was waiting—waiting the return of Estelle, his wife. He glanced at the clock that ticked faintly on the mantelpiece of the compact little maisonette. It was nearly seven o'clock.

George Sanford was an electrical engineer. He was as tough as tungsten wire, and his hard, not unhandsome face was reminiscent now with its cold, white intensity, of a piece of quarried quartz.

A light footstep sounded in the corridor outside. Sanford did not move. He heard the faint click of a key in the latch, but he stared sombrely, almost stupidly, at the cavernous mouth of the loud-speaker.

A moment later the door opened and Estelle entered the room. She was humming a gay little tune that broke off suddenly as she saw her husband seated, immobile, on the divan.

"Why, George, you are back early," she said.

"Am I!" His voice was cold, lifeless, almost mechanical as that of the radio phone set.

"What's the matter, George—are you ill?" The woman crossed the soft pile carpet, and would have touched him tenderly on the shoulder, but with a snarl he shook her arm away.

"Where have you been?"

A dull flush crept into her oval, olive face. Her dark, brown eyes looked troubled.

"Why, George," she said, a trifle unsteadily. "It's not late—what ever do you mean?"

With a dainty feminine gesture she removed her hat, disclosing a mass of crisp, black, bobbed hair that glinted in the yellow glow of the electric light with that strange iridescent blue of a raven's wing.

"Sit down!"

She sensed the command of his voice, and with a little half laugh of embarrassment she seated herself daintily on a curiously wrought oaken chair, close to the fireplace. Her long, tapering fingers played a tattoo on the arms of the chair—then ceased abruptly, as with startling suddenness she felt two shining steel bands descend and grip her like bony hands.

She laughed nervously and studied the cold, hard face of her husband. Her voice

grew a little shrewish. Its musical timbre held a discordant note.

"Another of your electrical gadgets, I presume?" Her thick, rather sensual lips curled into a sneer.

Sanford rose to his feet and locked the door. They were alone in the maisonette.

WITH her arms held fast in that vice-like grip, the woman could do nothing but watch in a curious, half-frightened fashion the mechanical way in which he drew back the portico curtains and locked the window with a click.

"If this is a joke, I wish you would tell me where the laugh comes," she said, striving to keep back the look of fear that she felt was reflected in her expressive eyes.

Sanford did not reply. He sat down opposite her on the divan, and opened the evening newspaper ostentatiously.

"You will know in a few minutes, Estelle!" His voice was so coldly polite that she felt she could scream. There was something strange, sinister in his absolute calm. She was reminded forcibly of a machine—unemotional, faultless and deadly, as she studied the harsh outline of his features.

"There is something I wish to read you, Estelle," he said.

She felt that her heart was pounding, pounding, and she wondered if her husband could hear its muffled beat. She strove to appear unconcerned.

For a moment there was silence, save for the crisp rustle of the news sheets. What was in the evening newspaper? She had just returned from town. She strove to remember the newsboys' garish bills. Had there been a murder, a political crisis, or—fear gripped her heart with an icy clutch—had something happened to Evan Pencraig?

She disclosed a mass of bobbed hair.

Her beautifully manicured, shining fingernails dug into the arms of the chair until they scratched the oaken varnish. What was he going to read to her?

He had passed the splash page, the leader page, and was now turning over the long, monotonous columns of advertisements. She forced a little strained laugh.

"Have you discovered the perfect servant, George, or ——" Her attempt at humour seemed pitifully futile. She shuddered as she glimpsed the glint of the steel bands that held her arms to the chair.

Sanford cleared his throat.

"This will interest you, I think," he said. For an instant a note of passion crept into his cold, calm tones. "Tonight's broadcasting programme!"

She giggled nervously. It was too funny, George had gone mad on wireless. That was the explanation, that was—— Frantically her mind began to invent excuses, to weave explanations. She thrust back deep into the subconscious, the dread that she felt, the dread that her husband knew!

"At seven-thirty this evening, Estelle, Mr. Evan Pencraig, the distinguished

He affixed the plug with a slight click.

Welsh tenor will sing that wonderful love song, 'Cariad!' The song which has brought him fame and fortune."

"Ah!" With a little shuddering sigh she closed her eyes. Then it was Evan! How long had George known. What did he know? Again she felt that mad, insane desire to scream, scream. She must humour him. Heaven, how she hated him for his calm, his stolidity. If only her hands were free. She felt she could have hurled herself upon him, and scratched his granite face until the blood came, just to see if he was really human.

Her mouth felt dry and parched, and she moistened her lips with her tongue—it darted like a red snake between the perfect bow of her carmine lips.

Why couldn't she scream? What?

Sanford was speaking again, his voice was icy.

"I have known for two months, Estelle—you are in love with this Welsh vagabond, this wandering tinker with the golden voice. I have said nothing, nothing, though you came to me with your lips still wet from his passionate kisses. I could afford to wait! Don't deny it—I know!"

From his breast pocket Sanford withdrew a packet of letters, tied together with a ridiculous bow of mauve ribbon. His voice cut like a whip-lash. She winced, as if he had struck her as he said contemptuously:

"Why, the fool cannot even spell."

Her bosom heaved, she blinked violently to keep back the tears, scalding hot tears of rage. Her high heels beat a frenzied tattoo on the floor. Heaven, why couldn't she scream? What was he going to do—this machine, this Robot of a husband?

"I DON'T want denials, I don't want to make a scene. I do not blame, nor do I excuse. You called me Oriental," Sanford's voice was level as he spoke in measured sentences. "Maybe, Estelle, I am. The law of the Orient is 'death to the unfaithful.'

"You tried to laugh at my dull, mechanical mind. You tried to cram your pale, passionate poetry down my throat. You strove to interest me in your long-haired, unwashed artist friends—well, you will see whether it is impossible to extract poetry from machines, or art from electricity.

"Your lover is singing to-night—his voice will be heard in ten thousand homes, but it is the electricity and machines that you have laughed at, that line his pockets with extra royalties. It is the dull instrument of clockwork and wax that has enabled him to buy for you those pretty playthings that you love.

"You say I have no poetry in my soul—listen!" His voice almost hissed as he bent nearer. "Estelle, you have called me a machine—you are right. I have no mercy in my nature. I have no feelings, I crush, and maim, and destroy—like a machine, when the hand has left the lever.

"Once, long ago, yours was the hand upon the lever of my life, but you have let it go, and the machine has run amok!"

"George!" Her voice was pleading. She brought back all her feminine weapons of cajolery. Her eyes filled with tears, and she wrenched violently against the steel clamps in the chair. Heaven, if she could only throw herself into his arms, intoxicate him with the fragrance of her hair, subdue him with the lure of her body.

He laughed softly. He was wise to the ways of women. He glanced at the clock again—it was seven-fifteen!

"COME, Estelle, let me tell you of the poetical end I have devised for you. You have pined so often, with your pale poets, for a gentle death. You have sung of being wrapped in the fond embrace of love and kissed by Eros when you die. Let me show you how kind, how considerate I have been."

He crossed over to the radio receiving set. She watched him, her eyes were glazed and dull now. She felt conscious of some terrific elemental force that left her speechless. The air seemed to crackle, shrivel up with some diabolical, electrical power.

"Your lover, I believe, is singing at seven thirty to-night, that Welsh song which has made him famous." His voice could not quite disguise the sneer. "He has probably sung it to you often, Estelle, that wonderful, passionate love song, so beloved of the Welsh, with its minor plaintive key. He has probably held your hand and poured out his golden voice in an ecstasy of passion to you—another man's wife! Well, you shall hear it again. Even we mechanics can be poetical. Look——"

With his cruel, spatulate fingers he unhooked a piece of long flexible wire.

"YOUR pretty head could never understand my technical terms, but perhaps I can explain simply enough. I know that soon your lover is to sing. I have heard him often, and watched you as you listened. The song breaks off on the tenor C, breaks off exhausted with passion. For weeks, while you met him clandestinely I busied myself with my beloved machines, and now all is ready.

"To-night, Estelle, in a few minutes. . . Look!"

The woman gazed in a semi-hypnotised

wonderment as he took the plug in his fingers. The clock registered seven-twenty-five!

"I am inserting this into here."

HE stooped below the table, and she saw there a strange, twisted coil of springs that squirmed and writhed as he touched them, like some horrid serpents of steel. "When your lover sings, I have tuned my machine to catch the top note of his passion, and then—forgive my unromantic terms, I can express myself only in mechanics—the microphone I have affixed to this receiver will change his note of love back to an electrical current again. That current will be amplified ten thousand times, and it will pass into the body he has borrowed—yours.

"I shall intensify his passion, I, with my machines that you have laughed at, and you will die with the ecstasy of his love.

"It is the voice that kills!

"It will be a painless death, my Estelle, as painless as that of the Electric Chair. Is that not poetic?"

He leered at her, his thin lips writhed back from his even, white teeth in an almost vulpine snarl.

The woman felt her brain reeling, a red mist danced before her eyes, studded with strange flashes of amber light.

She bit her lips until the blood came. She would not show him that she was afraid—this machine, this soulless clod. She could have spat in his stone-hard face, but her mouth was parched, and her body numbed.

He affixed the plug with a slight click, that sounded loud as a pistol shot in the deathly silence of the room.

The clock pointed to seven-thirty, then twanged out sharply and distinctly the two notes of the half hour!

From the vulcanite mouth of the loud-speaker a raucous, unearthly voice blared: "Hallo! Hallo! Broadcasting Station speaking."

The woman held her breath in fear.

Sanford stood up, arms folded, an unemotional executioner.

"Hallo!" The voice of the broadcaster was insistent.

The woman felt that she was swooning as she waited for the liquid, golden notes in Welsh, the voice that had thrilled her, filled her with an unforgettable ecstasy during stolen hours of love.

"Hallo! Are you there, my pets? Aunt Judy will now tell you a bed-time story——

"Oh dear me! Little Johnny Jumbo went clip, clop, clippetty clop down the street. Nasty old Peter Porker——"

"Damn!"

Sanford's face seemed to crumple and lose its granite hardness, it became soft, putty-like, ugly.

The woman threw back her head and laughed, laughed hysterically. Her senses reeled, and as her head bent forward her eyes fell upon her wrist-watch. And then she screamed, high-pitched, hysterical screams until the neighbours came—for the clock was half an hour slow!

THE END.

DOUGLAS NEWTON

has written a tense story of sea detection

"RENDEZVOUSED"

for the next number of

THE DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

ON SALE - - - - - - - OCTOBER 12th.

My Bandit-Hunting Experiences

DETECTIVE work in its most dangerous aspect.

By Captain George Ash,

Author of "Captain George Ash: Soldier and Cowboy."

ILLUSTRATED BY THOS. SOMERFIELD.

I had him covered before his gun left the holster.

The Author of this narrative is a famous Canadian cowboy who is now engaged by the War Office to give lassoing and shooting displays to the troops in this country. During a varied career he has served with distinction in the North-Western Mounted Police, the Texas Rangers, and other similar organisations in various parts of the world. He has certainly had more than his share in hunting down rustlers, or cattle thieves, and other bad men of the wilds, and the more thrilling of these experiences he has recorded herewith. He is also the Author of a book on his adventures as a soldier of fortune.

DURING my twenty-five years experiences as a cowboy and soldier of fortune, I have been called upon to hunt bandits and run down wild men in various parts of the world. It is work that is not without its excitement and dash of danger. Then it demands special qualifications. You must know something of the art of scouting, how to handle weapons, and be able to think and act quickly on emergency. In fact, your successful hunter of the bad men of the wilds is a police-officer, detective, and soldier rolled into one.

While serving in the Texas Rangers, I once caught a desperado through an unexpected friend who had turned bad. The Texas Rangers is an organisation similar in many respects to the famous North-West Mounted Police of Canada. A Ranger never gives up his gun, and fights to the last. Before you can become a member of this corps, however, you must be a crack shot, an expert rider, and all-round frontiersman.

I was riding along when I was greeted with the cry: "Hallo, George!" It came from a young, sun-bronzed Texan, who was sitting by a camp-fire cooking a piece of meat on a stick.

"Hallo, pardner!" I replied. "Where

have we met before? I don't seem to remember your face."

"Have a good look and guess again," he replied.

I got off my horse and went to the fire, and to my surprise discovered it was a fellow cowboy, known as Tex, who had worked with me on a ranch in Montana.

Naturally I was pleased to meet him, though I could not understand what he was doing here. He could give no satisfactory answers to my questions, and when he learnt that I was in the Texas Rangers seemed decidedly nervous. My suspicions were aroused, for I felt my friend was not acting square. Then I detected him trying to hide something under his blanket.

When I asked him what it was he replied: "None of your business!" as he made a move to draw his revolver. But I had him covered before his gun left the holster, and pulling the blanket on one side saw it was a pair of branding irons.

"Come on, Tex," I said, "give me the straight goods, and maybe I'll give you a chance."

We had always got on well together, and I knew that at heart he was not really bad.

THEN he told me how he was down and out, and was trying to get ahead of the game by rustling some calves. He confessed how he had captured nine, had branded them with the letter "X," and how they were hidden in a near-by gully. He further told me that they were intended for a man, known as Gun Bill, who was coming that very night for them.

As it happened, he was the very individual we were seeking. He was known to be taking cattle across the border into Mexico, but all attempts to catch him hitherto had failed.

I told Tex that, if he assisted me in catching the outlaw, I would give him a new cowboy outfit and put him on his feet again, to which he readily agreed.

Going to the nearest telegraph post, I scaled it with the help of my climbing spurs, and by means of the telegraph outfit I carried sent a message to Globe for help. Some hours later four of our men came galloping up.

We hid in a near-by ravine, while Tex kept up a bright fire. It was arranged that he should give a coyote howl when Gun Bill and his party arrived.

It was close upon midnight when we heard approaching hoofs, and shortly afterwards the air was rent by a coyote howl. Instantly we dashed from our hiding-place with a six-shooter in each hand.

"Hands up!" I shouted, as I advanced towards the fire. The men swung round in astonishment, and I was surprised to see half a dozen there besides Tex. One made a movement to pull out his revolver. Instantly my gun spoke, and he doubled up like a Jack rabbit.

As I fired, a tall, thin, but evil-looking man, who I learnt afterwards was Gun Bill himself, pulled the trigger of his revolver, the bullet from which went through my gauntlet, slightly grazing my wrist. The next moment, however, he lay dead, having been shot through the heart by one of my men.

"That's two accounted for," I said, turning to the other four, all of whom had their hands up. They made no answer.

"Remove their headwear, Tex!" I shouted.

That done, we tied them on their own horses and took them into Globe, where they were well looked after. Next morning I went and collected the stolen calves, and turned them over to their owner. He wanted to give me a reward, but I told him I was only doing my duty. In the meantime I looked up Tex, gave him a brand new outfit, and he hit the trail for California.

ONE of my most adventurous man hunts occurred in Santo Domingo, an island in the West Indies. The island was at that time under the guardianship of Uncle Sam. He had been called in at the invitation of the better-class Dominicans to establish law and order, but the task was proving a difficult one. Anyhow, Major Ramsey, the Chief Intelligence Officer of the island, asked me if I would assist him in crushing the bandits who were menacing life and property, with the result that no one felt really safe. He warned me of the perilous nature of the task, and cited one particular outlaw, named Evangelista Vicintico, as being the most dangerous in the island.

After a few days in which to prepare my outfit, I set out on the trail of Vicintico.

We moved rather slowly, as I was determined to scout the ground thoroughly so as not to give the bandit a chance to attack me in the rear, as he would have been able to do had he hidden while I rode past, and then followed my trail.

By much hard work, aided by a little luck, I managed to capture several outlaw gangs, but the great bandit Vicintico still eluded me. We had cleared the City of Domingo from outlaws and robbers, but Vicintico had introduced a veritable reign of terror in the bush.

One day we heard of a brutal crime at a place called La Romana, which was no doubt due to Vicintico. At once I started for La Romana, but on my arrival I could not trace any clues. I threatened and bribed the natives, but could get no genuine information.

After thinking the matter over I came to the conclusion that it would be no use to search the country blindly in the hope I might drop across the bandit, for the beggar was so well served by his spies that he would get wind of my movements before I could get within a day's march of him. My experience with outlaws has been that there will be generally one in a band ready to betray his comrades, so I determined to hang around La Romana, in the hope of finding somebody with a grudge against the bandit chief. But I had no luck. Vicintico's spies were as dumb as oysters. I expect it was fear that kept them so loyal.

Getting tired of waiting, I commenced to search the villages around La Romana in an effort to find some trace of the bandit. But all efforts proved fruitless, so I moved my quarters to Seibo, the nearest town.

While I was at Seibo, one of my scouts brought me word that the bandit chief was operating in the district around Macorise. I at once started on the trail with thirty picked marines, for I kept my force fairly small so that I could move rapidly.

Vicintico was a cunning rascal, up to every trick. I remembered what happened to three of my own scouts. They were riding slowly along, not knowing that the bandit was but a short distance ahead of them, and that if they had continued in that direction for a mile or two, they would have stumbled across one of his retreats. As he was not then ready to leave it, and as it was not an ideal place to defend against an attack, he set a cunning trap.

As the scouts rode on they espied a figure lying on the track in front of them and, riding cautiously up, discovered that it was a man, apparently badly hurt. His story was that he had belonged to Vicintico's band for a few days, but had fallen from his horse and fractured his thigh. The bandit, upon whom the man heaped the most horrible curses and threats, had callously commanded his followers to leave him, saying they could not be bothered with men who wanted nursemaids.

He offered to show them the villain's retreat—which really lay but a mile or two farther on—and pointed out a little ravine a few hundred yards away. Promising to come back to him, the three rode on and quietly approached the valley. They were to go down it, the man said, from the top of the stream. They did, but it proved a death-trap.

One of the three managed to escape the murderous fire which was opened on them from behind the rocks on the upper slopes of the ravine, and he nearly fell a victim to a bullet from the supposedly injured man, who was waiting to cut off the retreat of anyone who might escape.

As we marched up country, and I saw the grim look of the marines who bore no love for the bandit, my blood tingled with excitement when I thought of what was before us. On that tramp I am afraid I put the fear of death in a good many people.

My own scouts, of course, were well in advance, and at last it was signalled back that Vicintico was in camp, on the far bank of a small river, about a mile ahead.

I SHALL never forget the first moment I set eyes on the camp. Through my glasses I could actually see the bandit leader himself, and I give you my word my fingers itched for my gun. He was too far away, of course, and I not only wanted him, but his gang as well. In too many cases in the bloodstained history of bandit gangs, the fall of one leader has merely meant the rise of another. They were too tough a lot, these brigands, to stop at the loss of Vicintico, great though his influence was.

The bandits were on the other side of the river. It was not much more than a stream, but it gave them an immense advantage. To cross the stream in the face of their fire would be suicidal; to open the attack from

The others drew their knives, but we were now right upon them.

a distance would mean that Vicintico would fight as long as it suited his purpose, and then retire into the bush at his leisure.

We had two machine-guns with us, and these, we decided, must play the big part. They were not of the present-day portable pattern, but that was a difficulty easily overcome, for all my men were big, strapping fellows, to whom weight was nothing.

With one of my scouts, and two of the marines to work one of the guns, I set off upstream, and about a mile above the bandit's camp crossed under cover of some bushes, and took up a position on a low hill nearly opposite our main force on the other bank. Meanwhile another scout had taken a few marines downstream, had successfully crossed, and in a little while we detected their signal that they were ready.

Our main body, with the other machine-gun, was located close to the spot where I had originally sighted the camp, and naturally some little distance from us. Then the river intervened. I admit my plan was a little daring, for had Vicintico realised that he had only three men on one side and five on the other, machine-gun or no machine-gun, we should have been in for a bad time. He had one hundred and fifty men in his command at this time, and knowing that hanging would be the portion meted out to most of them if taken, they would fight to the last.

At a given signal my machine-gun, trained on the camp, opened fire. At the same time the marines on the other side of the camp let out a fusillade as fast as they could. I was using two guns and two automatics, throwing one down, and letting the other blaze in the general direction of the camp, with no particular desire to kill off the crowd in this attack, for it was only part of a scheme.

The bandits jumped to their guns, and for one anxious moment I thought they were going to charge the hill. Our rapid fire must have convinced them, however, that there was a small army in hiding, and they did not like the ha-ha-ha-ha-ha of the machine-gun.

I saw Vicintico give the order to retreat across the stream, and then we began to concentrate our fire, taking care, for now the fight was really opened. They were retreating right in the direction of the other machine-gun.

My instructions were that they were to be allowed to get halfway up the hill, and then fire was to be opened upon them at full speed. They covered the distance and, to my amazement, nothing happened. I could not know, of course, that the machine-gun was jammed, and that my deputy thought it best—and quite rightly—to reserve his rifle fire till the gun could be got going; otherwise he would disclose the weakness of his force, which, though five times as big as my own, would have a stiff job to tackle one hundred and fifty desperate bandits without the aid of a gun.

At last, the welcome sound of the machine-gun coughed out, and I got my marines on the move. Vicintico, finding himself in a trap, with men falling all round him, ordered them to find their own cover for the moment, till he got the lie of things.

A last burst from my machine-gun—it probably failed to reach him by a quarter of a mile—told him that we were waiting for him on our side. But if he had come across then, he would have found no gun.

I guessed that his next move would be upstream for the cover of the woods, and under the shoulder of the hill, panting and sweating, we rushed the gun half a mile farther up, and closer to the stream.

The reader will see the idea. We opened fire from there the moment he moved, and for a time there was something resembling a panic in his ranks. Two of my scouts on our side of the stream, and two or three marines on the other side, had stolen downstream, and opened fire with rifles and repeaters from there.

I had carefully arranged that my strongest party should do the least firing, so as to mislead Vicintico as to the disposition of our men.

The bandits had by this time decided that they were surrounded, and would have to fight which ever way they went, and, of course, they tackled what they thought was the weakest side. The fire which they met was appalling in its accuracy, and they were swept back.

They retired sullenly to cover, leaving many dead and wounded men on the ground, but I saw through their move. They were going to hold us off till dusk, and then get away under its cover.

This was just what I wanted to avoid. But the moment we showed ourselves in the open, Vicintico would learn our strength, and then it would be a battle against big odds. I knew my men would not care much about that, for their fighting blood was really up, but I had no intention of letting the bandit slip through my hands now. He was mine, and I was going to have him somehow.

We moved the machine-gun swiftly back to its original position, and fired another burst, just to show them that we were still there, and, using every effort, had it back again and firing from up the valley three minutes later. That seemed to decide them. They crept back to cover, and guadually we closed in. It was rifle practice now, on both sides; and we had the disadvantage of having to skip about from spot to spot to keep up the idea that we were in force.

The bandits were now partially, at least, under cover, and they took good care not to unduly expose themselves. The firing grew desultory, and our difficulty now was to locate our quarry. It was useless firing into the thickets at random, but I wanted to capture the outlaws before dusk fell.

Vicintico, I guessed, was in the cover of a very dense clump of bushes near the river bank, and as the bank projected a little here, I thought it might be possible to reach him almost under cover. Taking the machine-gun and one scout, I slid into the stream which, to my surprise, was about five feet deep. It was shallower on the other side, and keeping within the protection of the bank we stole downstream to within fifty yards of the clump, without being spotted.

I put up the gun and, sighting carefully, suddenly blazed a whole belt of cartridges into the bush. The effect was instantaneous.

Up went a white flag! The great Vicintico had surrendered!

One by one the men came in and threw down their guns. When I was satisfied that all who were alive had surrendered, I signalled my very little army to march down the hill. There were about fifteen of them, and when they appeared Vicintico's face grew purple with rage. But when the other

"armies" came in, numbering three and five respectively, I thought he was going to have apoplexy. I don't think I have ever seen a man look so angry in my life. He was mad. He had still nearly fifty men unwounded.

I carry only a scar on my left arm as a memento of my brush with the bandit. Three of my men were killed and two wounded, but the bandit's casualties were nearly a hundred.

WE marched our prisoners back to Macorise, where we were joined by several government officials, who heartily congratulated us on our capture of the bandit chief. I advised them that he was a very slippery customer, and that they could not feel sure about him till he was under lock and key. They barely listened to what I said, and as a result Vicintico was never brought to trial. The very next day he made a desperate attempt to escape, and was shot down by the sergeant of the guard. Seven of his men were condemned to death, and the rest received terms of imprisonment varying from ten to twenty years.

One of the Sikhs was despatched for a bullet cart.

I am told that the extermination of the gang altered the character of Santo Domingo, but I did not stay to verify it. They wanted me to remain there as Captain of the Constabulary, but my mission was fulfilled, and I was anxious to be off.

It was after this adventure that I took a tour in the Far East, giving cowboy exhibitions. While thus engaged, I was occasionally called upon to do some bandit-hunting. While in China, I was approached by the Shanghai police, who informed me they were having a lot of trouble with a couple of outlaws who had been robbing missionaries near Hangchow. A couple of Chinese detectives who spoke very fair English, and knew all the history of the robbers, were placed at my disposal, and we hastened to Hangchow. Here the detectives learnt that the outlaws were hiding in a small city not far away. We went there and, after making inquiries, found their rendezvous, a small, dirty shanty in a very narrow alley.

To my surprise, the detectives feared to arrest them. They declared that if we attempted to do so we should all be murdered as they had many friends. For over a week I had been living in dirty, stuffy, and insanitary inns, eating only Chinese foods, and was feeling sick of the whole business. Besides, I knew I could not hold out much longer.

"Look here," I said, "we'll go right away and arrest them."

"Impossible!" exclaimed one of the detectives. "They have many friends, and we shall all be killed."

"We'll rush them right away," I answered, "so come along and get busy." We placed a couple of rickshaws at the end of the alley, and then ventured down to the place where the robbers were. The detectives knew them, and quietly drawing me on one side, pointed to a couple of men sitting down, Indian fashion, eating rice with chopsticks.

"Quick!" I shouted, as I sprang forward, revolver in hand.

I gave the nearest a tap on the head with the butt end of the weapon, silencing him

for a time, and then covered the other, as one of the detectives slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrist. Meanwhile, my other assistant had handcuffed the other. We then gagged them so that they could not shout for help, and hurried them off to the waiting rickshaws. A few minutes later we were on our way to the station. Here we placed them in a private compartment, and took them to Shanghai.

Shortly afterwards, I found myself in the Malay States. At Taiping I got quite friendly with the police inspector, and it resulted in my assisting in a bandit hunt. I was at the station one morning chatting with the officers, when we heard a sudden commotion. On going out to see what was the matter, we found a couple of Sikh policemen with a stretcher, on which lay the dead body of a white man, the boss of a small tin-mine. The poor fellow's head had been battered in, and he was covered in blood. He had been foully done to death.

MATHEWS, the inspector, at once instituted inquiries, and it was clear that it was the work of Lung Fung, a desperate Chinaman, who had been seen in the neighbourhood of the mine, and had threatened to do away with its white boss. Furthermore, Lung Fung and another outlaw were in hiding in mountains near the mine. They had given it out that the white policeman would not dare to take them.

Mathews determined to go after the murderers, and asked me if I would come with him, to which I readily assented. We took two Sikh policemen with us, both of whom knew Lung Fung by sight. When we reached the mine, we started scouting the country. At last we came upon some tracks, but they were difficult to follow, as the ground was hard and the outlaws, of course, wore no boots. But we kept on, and in due course struck their camp, a disused mining shanty in the hills. We cautiously crept up without being seen, and took shelter behind the building. Falling upon our stomachs, we crawled to the edge and peeped round. I saw four Chinamen, one of whom was evidently an old man with a brutish looking face. The Sikh told me that it was Lung Fung. I itched to cover him with my gun, but Mathews told me that the others were dangerous characters, and wanted by the police.

THE Chinamen were all seated and talking as if nothing was going on, which was encouraging. We agreed to rush them, Mathews and one Sikh was to burst upon them from one side of the building, and the other Sikh and I from the other side. We were to fire our revolvers once in the air as we did so, and call upon them to surrender. If they bolted, we were to fire without hesitation.

Our sudden appearance and the firing proved a dramatic surprise. The Chinamen scrambled to their feet, and then I noticed Lung Fung's hand went down to his gun. Instantly my revolver barked, and he fell over. The others drew their knives, but we were now right upon them. One lifted his knife, and was about to plunge it into the Sikh who was handcuffing one of the gang. But Mathews was too quick, and shot him dead. The actual capture had only taken a few seconds.

One of the Sikhs was despatched for a bullet cart, and when the vehicle arrived we placed the dead Chinaman in it, and also Lung Fung, whom we discovered was badly wounded. He died two days afterwards. The two remaining prisoners received five and ten years' imprisonment respectively for robberies.

GWYN EVANS

IS WRITING ONE OF HIS
:: CLEVEREST STORIES ::

"THE LAUGHING SKULL"

in our Next Issue. On Sale, October 12th.

Anne the Snake

WHAT makes the snake so deadly is the swiftness, sureness, suddenness of its strokes.

By David McLean.

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. T. COOPER.

The Duke sat at a little table . . .

. . . outside the Cafe Florian.

"THE DUKE" received his good news in the great lounge of the Grand Hotel in Rome during Holy Week. He was called "The Duke" because he suggested that ideal contour which criminal circles considered should be the sine qua non of a body whose lineage entitled it to such an appellation. His real name, which he used so rarely that he had almost forgotten it, was Smith—John Smith. But as he lounged, in immaculate tweeds, just the right coloured brown shoes and spats, gazing idly through the monocle that fixed the aristocracy of his clear blue eye, no one was surprised that he was, at the moment, Sir Courtenay Graham.

The Duke was not known at Scotland Yard—yet; he had been too clever, so far, to be found out. "Flash Harry," at the moment the valet of Sir Courtenay Graham, was very well known in several hotels run by His Majesty, and, once, but only once, "Anne the Snake," who was gliding across the lounge to share Sir Courtenay's excellent tea, had been photographed against her will. The Duke had seen her approaching long before she had seen him, and he had, consequently, time to pocket the letter that he had been reading before she caught sight of him. The Duke had no intention of showing such a communication to Anne the Snake, for the moment Lady Courtenay Graham.

THIS letter contained astounding news. It was from a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, addressed to John Smith and sent on, to the effect that his uncle James Smith, of whom he had had no news at all since he was a small boy, had died in a place called Butte, Montana, in the United States of America, and had left him, John Smith, his only surviving relative, such a fortune that, in the future, he could cease from the dangerous game of acting as a whetstone on which Scotland Yard & Co. could sharpen their wits.

The Duke had every qualification for a successful "swell mobsman." His looks were as beyond reproach as his clothes and Oxford accent. His skin had just that tan which suggests the army, with polo, hunting, grouse moors, and Monte Carlo at the right seasons. He had that perfect ease of manner in all circumstances only vouchsafed to

English gentlemen and American bell-boys. He was quite skilful enough not to spoil such an impression by an undue display of the varied knowledge at his command. He could, for instance, speak French, Spanish, Italian, and German fluently, and had a nodding acquaintance with several other languages, but this accomplishment was held so strictly in reserve that no one suspected that he was other than an English gentleman of birth and, consequently, of Eton and Oxford. Such a knowledge of modern languages as he possessed was, before the Great War, as much a perquisite of the German waiter as the lodgers' cast-off dress-suits.

ANNE the Snake was a worthy Lady Graham, of the moment. The sobriquet had a certain aptness, if it unduly emphasized, by its descriptive baldness, the least amiable qualities of the lady. If she did not look quite like a Drian drawing it was no fault of the Rue de la Paix, but entirely the intention of the lady herself. She had no desire to look quite like a Drian drawing. Her dress had that simplicity and cleanness of line, combined with chic, usually to be found only on American women dressed by Paris, or on racehorses dressed near Newmarket.

As she approached The Duke every eye in that crowded lounge was turned towards her. She was magnificent in her entire lack of magnificence, in the controlled sinuosity of her walk, the audacious yet restrained perfection of her clothes and hat. There was not a woman in the lounge who did not know that her clothes must have cost a small fortune; there was hardly a man who did not stare as at some ideal come to life. To the women she was but a figure on which were fitted clothes of a perfection they envied; to the men those clothes seemed but the suitable covering of so lithe and beautiful a body; they did not hide her, they expressed her. Also she shared, to the full, The Duke's power to suggest a gentility to which she had not been born.

She had cultivated the supreme lack of self-consciousness of a child, or of a monkey at its toilet. She turned her head, as she walked, a glint of sunlight catching her coiled, red-gold hair—as she had intended it should. Her deep violet eyes wandered round the lounge, apparently still seeking someone, long after she had spotted The Duke. She knew that, by so doing, many more men would catch that altogether lovely combination, her eyes and her hair. Her skin was almost marble white, but her whole face suggested perfect control, perfect health. When she had dropped into the chair The Duke had been reserving for her there was almost a rush for the adjacent tables. As a tourist, possibly from "The States," had remarked in a tone that he evidently considered to be a whisper:

"T'aint often that Apollo and Venus leave the Vatican to take tea; when they do, get close!"

The Duke looked at her in admiration.

"My dear," he said, "you are looking very lovely to-day."

"Thank you, Courtenay," she had replied, dropping a lump of sugar into her tea. "I am glad you are still proud of me"—she sighed—"but I am tired, a little. I find it rather strenuous to be so holy for so long. Are there many more holy shows?"

"Not many; it is nearly over. To-morrow there is a baptism of converted Jews and heathens in the Baptistery of the Lateran. I think we might miss that—unless the last few days have converted you to the Roman Catholic faith? Also," he looked round quickly to see if anyone could hear, "nothing doin'!"

"Thank Heaven! Will the High Mass at St. Peters to-morrow be profitable to the soul?" She smiled a little.

"Not for us," he replied softly. "We do not collect in crushes—of that sort. Harry will go, of course. I have given him permission—as a good Catholic," he smiled.

Anne the Snake looked at him.

"You are wonderful, Courtenay, wonderful! I fear, I very greatly fear that I am falling in love with you!"

"Heaven forfend!" he replied.

The Duke was indeed wonderful! Had she but known that, while he toyed with his tea and handed her cakes, he had, in the twinkling of an eye, realized almost all his dreams; that, as a matter of course, he intended to disappear from Rome and from her as soon as opportunity offered; that he, the brains and the master of their whole organization was going "to do a bolt," she would have thought him more wonderful still.

He sat as unruffled as a bachelor squire after his third glass of port. He seemed in no particular hurry to do anything in the world but lounge and watch the smoke rings he was sending to the roof, or his fellow guests at the hotel, or her. The seething cauldron of his brain might have been capped by a lava lid.

"I really am rather tired, Courtenay," said Anne, "I think I will lie down until it's time to dress for dinner. Come up with me, dear."

In the part of a dutiful and loving, if very beautiful wife, Anne the Snake had few equals.

Inside the sitting-room of the suite they had taken Flash Harry joined them. The Duke locked the door by force of habit.

"Did you see the fat Yankee woman two tables on your right?" Anne snapped.

"Of course!" The Duke replied.

"See her pearl necklace?"

"Of course! Real fine size, well-matched, and of excellent lustre."

"She is alone, in No. 365 on the third floor; gets a hotel maid to help her dress and unhook; is not going to dress to-night; going to bed early; snores like a hog; leaves her jewels under the corner of the carpet nearest the bed; locks the door, of course; has told the maid to be ready to unhook her at 10 p.m."

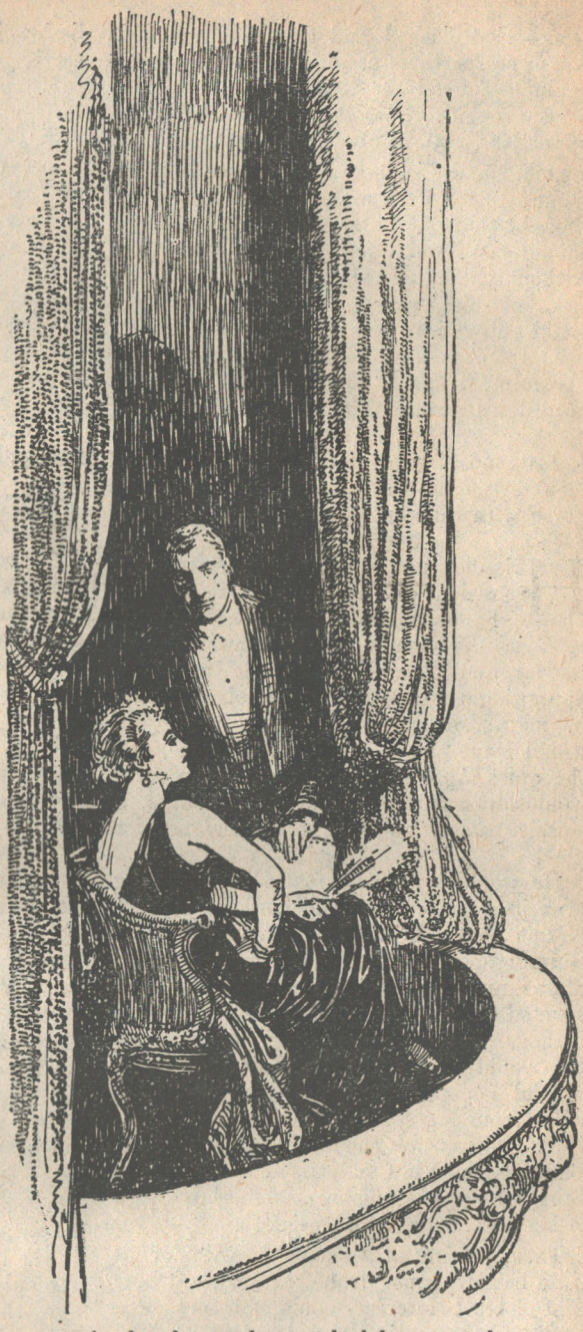
"Some information!" said Flash Harry.

"Shut your mouth!" snapped Anne. "You"—she pointed a finger at Flash Harry—"are going to be outside her room, on the balcony, immediately the maid has done up the room for the night. She does not bolt the window, and if that pearl necklace, plus the other fireworks she lets off, are not in this room by 2 a.m. you can join another circus."

"It's a go," said Flash Harry.

The Duke yawned.

"That's fixed," he said. "I think I'll stretch my legs as far as Peronis and a mixed vermouth. So-long, Anne!"



At the theatre he watched her covertly.

Sitting alone at Peronis he stared into the amber of his drink. None of the

scenes that flashed and dissolved included Anne as participant or spectator. Once again he spread the solicitor's letter—"At a very rough estimation the estate is worth about $400,000, or about £100,000."

One hundred thousand pounds! The Duke's tastes were expensive, but even he thought that one hundred thousand pounds should last him a few years, a few years without the incessant scheming, the daily risk, of his present existence. And he could enjoy it to the full! He would not need then, as now, to keep his body and his mind trained like an athlete's. He gulped his vermouth and ordered a small bottle of asti. As he drank, as the certainty of his good fortune became real to him, he viewed the crowd that jostled along the Corso with different eyes.

HE did not, automatically, seek the region of the women's necks and hands, where the jewels were; he took in the woman, as a woman, rejecting the fat and the ugly and the ungainly, appraising the rest like a connoisseur who, in due season, would take his pick. He would leave this noisy jostling Rome, for the quiet lapping of waters at Venice. He would hire a palace on the Grand Canal, a Gothic palace, no blatant Renaissance for him!

He would lay on its marble floors, hang over its marble balustrades, those rugs of Kermanshah and Feraghan, of Konieh and Ghiordes, of Meshed and Daghestan, of Shiraz and Kayak that he had seen and coveted. He would dine on Spanish mahogany tables, set with Italian lace. He would drink from ancient goblets of playful Venetian glass, and pour Falernian wine from crystal and silver decanters. He would ransack the shops in the Via del Babuino, the Via Condotti, and the Palazzo Borghese—yes—Sangiorgi should give him of his best! God, what would he not do!

Then, peering at him over the rim of his glass he saw Anne—Anne the Snake—whose cold-blooded ferocity could, on occasion, cow the bravest of them; Anne who would, he knew, if occasion warranted, make Lucretia Borgia look like a vestal virgin. And she loved him! Of that he was sure. All her debonair playfulness had not deceived him. She loved him!

Well—he must be rid of her, "do a bolt," lie low in London, the best hiding-place on earth, collect his fortune, and then—back to Rome and Venice; she would not look for him there. She would look for him in Paris, Monte Carlo—the French summer resorts of fashion—not in Rome, from which he had fled from her, nor in the quiet of Venice. Their sort did not haunt Venice.

He walked slowly back to the hotel.

Anne was dressed—he had been away longer than he thought. He did not know much about women's clothes, but he knew, better than most men, when a woman was turned out to perfection. Well as he knew her he could not repress a cry of admiration.

"You are most certainly and most decidedly *it* to-night!" he said.

SHE stood under the full glare of the electric lights which had no power to mar her beauty Her only colour was her coiled, red-gold hair, her deep violet eyes, and her red-gold shoes; the rest was shimmering black, above which rose the living marble of her shoulders, neck, and face. Her only ornaments were a necklace of diamonds in a platinum setting, and a solitaire diamond ring that glinted and flashed above the wedding-ring necessary as Lady Courtenay Graham. She swept him a bow.

"Your humble servant, Sir Courtenay!"

"With the accent on the 'humble.'" He laughed and turned away; he did not like the look in those wonderful eyes. Love was a nuisance; it might ruin all his hopes.

"They're singing 'Butterfly' at the Costanzi to-night. I feel like getting my heart torn. Shall we go?" she asked.

"Of course, if you like. We fiddle while Harry filches, eh? I'll get the office to telephone for seats," he replied.

At the theatre he watched her covertly. She, the cynosure of all eyes, sat as unconscious as in her own room, absorbed in the haunting music. When "Butterfly," the only constant watcher of the long night, saw the dawn dim the lanterns and its grey light fall on the sleeping forms of the maid and the child, he saw two pearls of tears gather in her eyes and roll, unheeded, down her cheeks.

"Heaven!" he thought. "She may have a heart after all!"

He found it difficult to believe that this

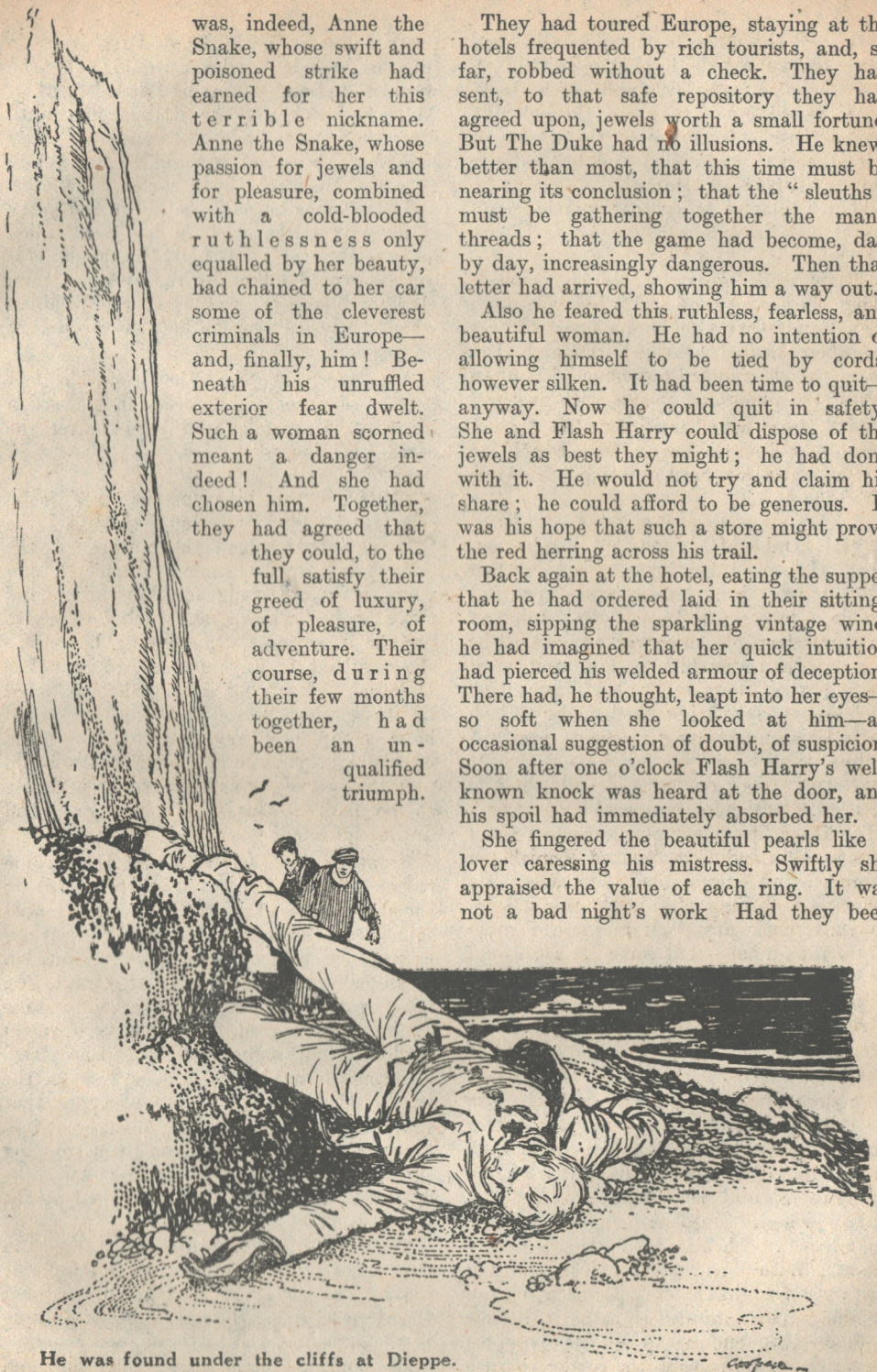
was, indeed, Anne the Snake, whose swift and poisoned strike had earned for her this terrible nickname. Anne the Snake, whose passion for jewels and for pleasure, combined with a cold-blooded ruthlessness only equalled by her beauty, had chained to her car some of the cleverest criminals in Europe—and, finally, him! Beneath his unruffled exterior fear dwelt. Such a woman scorned meant a danger indeed! And she had chosen him. Together, they had agreed that they could, to the full, satisfy their greed of luxury, of pleasure, of adventure. Their course, during their few months together, had been an unqualified triumph.

They had toured Europe, staying at the hotels frequented by rich tourists, and, so far, robbed without a check. They had sent, to that safe repository they had agreed upon, jewels worth a small fortune. But The Duke had no illusions. He knew, better than most, that this time must be nearing its conclusion; that the "sleuths" must be gathering together the many threads; that the game had become, day by day, increasingly dangerous. Then that letter had arrived, showing him a way out.

Also he feared this ruthless, fearless, and beautiful woman. He had no intention of allowing himself to be tied by cords, however silken. It had been time to quit—anyway. Now he could quit in safety. She and Flash Harry could dispose of the jewels as best they might; he had done with it. He would not try and claim his share; he could afford to be generous. It was his hope that such a store might prove the red herring across his trail.

Back again at the hotel, eating the supper that he had ordered laid in their sitting-room, sipping the sparkling vintage wine, he had imagined that her quick intuition had pierced his welded armour of deception. There had, he thought, leapt into her eyes—so soft when she looked at him—an occasional suggestion of doubt, of suspicion. Soon after one o'clock Flash Harry's well-known knock was heard at the door, and his spoil had immediately absorbed her.

She fingered the beautiful pearls like a lover caressing his mistress. Swiftly she appraised the value of each ring. It was not a bad night's work Had they been



He was found under the cliffs at Dieppe.

able to sell the glittering heap in the open market she valued the haul at over £10,000. That meant, probably, and with luck, £3,000 would come to them through the devious route whence flowed the results of their success. She smiled and handed her empty glass to Flash Harry.

"Three glasses—then get outside and deposit. Be back here before 4 a.m.," said The Duke.

"Right ho, governor!" he replied. "Then six glasses more. I'll be glad to see a few Jimmy O'Goblins and a quart of beer somewhere near the Angel, though! I'm fair sick of the ruddy Contenong." And he tackled the remaining viands with gusto.

Flash Harry was back soon after 3 a.m., having deposited the jewels in their cache.

"Sweet dreams, Sir Courtenay!" Anne bowed low to him.

THE Duke had a sudden inspiration. He seized her in his arms, crushed her to him, raised the beautiful laughing face and kissed her full on the lips. Her pleasure was obvious. She broke away, threw him a kiss and sped through the door that led from the sitting-room into her bed-room. Flash Harry let a guffaw, for a moment, interrupt his final supper.

"Gettin' sweet on 'er," he said, shaking his head. "Bad for business!"

The Duke lit a cigar and looked at him; at the tool they used because of his long training and undoubted deftness. He understood nothing of subtlety nor finesse. He could pick any lock and tread more lightly than a cat—that was all. He would not, had he known of it, appreciate the sleeping draught The Duke had just given to Anne the Snake, that potent charm of love to soothe her while he "did his bolt."

When The Duke had locked the sitting-room door after Flash Harry, who had to sleep in one of the kennels reserved for servants, he switched off the lights and went into his room. A door led into it from the sitting-room, and this door was opposite that which led into Anne's room. The Duke locked both his doors. It was nearly 4 a.m. With silent swiftness he packed. There was a train that left Rome at 8 a.m. for Milan. He intended to catch it, lie low in Milan long enough to get his passport vise, and to allow Anne the Snake to rush past in pursuit in the Rome-Paris train de luxe, as he calculated she would; then he would go to London, missing Paris altogether, Anne had not left the sitting-room until after 3 a.m. On such occasions her "little breakfast" was not brought to her before 10 a.m. He would have a clear start.

At the office he paid the bill of the party to date, explaining that he had been called away to Milan and that Lady Graham and his servant would follow by the evening train. He knew that Anne would never go to Milan when she heard that he had left word that he was going there!

Anne the Snake slept the sleep of perfect health, of successful endeavour, and of a heart that lay quiet and happy after the caress of the man it loved.

SPRING sunshine awoke her soon after ten, filtering through the lace that edged the bottom of the linen blind. She smiled, stretched her white arms and rang for that coffee and those rolls which, she felt, were to prelude a happy day. Sipping her coffee she expected, at any moment, to hear The Duke's knock at her door. She wondered if, this perfect spring morning, he would have completely reverted to his usual nonchalant cynicism, or whether he would play the part of the ardent lover as perfectly as he had, so far, the considerate and dutiful husband!

From the Piazza delle Terme there came to her the typical noises of an Italian town; the sharp crack of whips, the curious jerked sounds of the coachmen urging on their horses, a sound that suggested a sudden assault in the region of solar plexus, the noisy rattle of vehicles over the stone streets. She smiled. Life was very good; its joy and its supreme spice! She pitied the English women whom she saw in the hotel—"half-baked," slaves of codes that shut them in like a prison. What spice had life for them? She had seen them trooping through the Vatican, glancing covertly at nude statues of men! She laughed at the recollection.

What was life without danger? What did they know of the supreme thrill of supreme risk? The gay boys who had flown over the German lines, their great birds glinting in the sunshine, the rattle of their machine guns pouring forth death, shooting and

"Get the time-table and your passport!" she ordered.

shot at, had discovered that life is never so full, so "lived," until death is grinning at you round the corner. One mistake and he has you! Well—what of it. Life was a short business anyhow; why not take as full a toll of its joy as one might?

She shuddered a little, remembering her days of poverty, the long hours in a shop, the impossible men, old satyrs and young fools, who had tried to capture her. She had wanted money and jewels, much money and many jewels. She could cheerfully have strangled the women that came to squander money, women who drove off in two thousand guinea motor-cars, and who wore, casually, fortunes in pearl necklaces. Then had come her chance.

A woman had "tried on" late in the afternoon; her necklace had fallen as she bent; she had not noticed it. In a flash Anne had it round her leg, under her stocking, above the knee. The woman had returned just before the shop closed. Anne had been very distressed while searching for it with her. "She had feared," she said, "that she would be suspected of having stolen it." She almost sobbed. The lady had been unsuspicious and kind, and had before she left insisted to Anne's employers that she was convinced Anne "had nothing to do with it—nothing!" She had obtained a promise from them that Anne would not be dismissed.

She had pawned the necklace giving a false name and address for £500 and in a week, had left the shop.

Then had followed that first fervent month of absolute freedom, of the ability to buy the clothes she had formerly but coveted, of her determination to take toll of society and drag from it, willy-nilly, her share of pleasure and of ease. With her unerring instinct for dress, her great beauty and her lack of self-consciousness, she had risen—or fallen—fast. She had found it necessary to haunt fashionable hotels expensive

resorts of pleasure. It was at Ostend, where the daring and chic of the slight covering she donned in which to bathe had attracted as much attention as had her beautiful body, that she had first dived into "Slim James"—literally dived into him! She had come up apologetic and he gasping.

They had lunched together, and he had danced with her at the Casino, after abandoning "the footling games they call gambling at this resort." There was, he had said, "no gambling about a certainty of losing." In some subtle way Slim James had divined that this vision of svelte loveliness was not "on the square." With infinite skill he had dragged from her a half-confession of the crookedness of her ways. Then he had plunged boldly—and suggested a partnership.

It had been her first, and very remunerative to them both. Slim James had introduced her to a select circle of very accomplished rogues, but, at the end of two months, Slim James had proved his nickname, and "done the dirty" on her. Then his associates had been amazed at the swiftness of her stroke. Slim James was found dead, with his neck broken, under the cliffs at Dieppe. Only Anne knew, though all suspected, just how he had fallen.

A few months afterwards "Wise Bertie," her whilom accomplice, had been unaccountably bitten by a Russell viper, and had died in half an hour after that unpleasant experience. How a Russell viper had got into Wise Bertie's warm bed at a hotel at Monte Carlo no one ever discovered. Anne had beaten it to death with a poker, and had escaped from all lack of evidence against her It was that incident that had earned her her sobriquet.

HER coffee finished she was just about to jump out of bed when she heard Flash Harry's well-known knock, not on the door that led into the sitting-room, but on that giving to the corridor. She slipped on a dressing-gown to learn his news.

"Wot's wrong with the governor?" he said. "Cawn't make 'im answer; and all doors locked."

Like a flash she dashed into the sitting-room, and tried The Duke's door—locked from inside

"Go to the office and get the key, quick; you're his valet, aren't you?" she snapped.

When Flash Harry returned with his news she stood tense, thinking. Into those violet eyes had come, once again, that look of deadly injury and revenge that had preceded the deaths of Slim James and Wise Bertie. She did not utter a word but sat down on the nearest chair, staring straight in front of her, thinking swiftly. It never occurred to her to consult Flash Harry; the game had reached a point too subtle for him. His use might come later. She glanced at her jewelled wrist-watch —10.30 a.m.

"Get the train time-table and your own passport, and come back in half an hour," she ordered.

Swiftly she dressed and packed. In half an hour she was ready.

They caught the train de luxe that night for Paris, as The Duke had opined they would.

JUST over a year later, when the April sunshine was flooding La Piazza, lighting up the rich colouring of the mosaics of that exquisite west facade of San Marco, making the bronze horses of Nero glisten like gold, flashing from the rustling wings of the pigeons as they fought for peas scattered by laughing tourists, The Duke sat at a little table outside the Cafe Florian sipping a vermouth.

Formerly clean-shaven, he now wore a moustache and beard, the latter, at the moment, cut almost square. His moustache was curled up and waxed at the ends. His clothes, as irreproachable as ever in cut, were black, not the tweeds of an English tourist. He wore a black hat that no Englishman would have been seen in outside of the realms of comic opera. His white collar was low and broad, and he wore a flowing bow-tie, such as would have been quite impossible to him a short year before. His face had lost its tan. He sat loosely, as though tired. He was tired, although it was but four o' the clock of such a day as youth dreams of. He looked worried; he was worried. Life had lost its savour.

He would have given much to put the clock back, to be, once again, embarked upon one of those enterprises of risk and profit with beautiful Anne. He had now no need to steal, and his only risk, great as

it certainly was, gave him only anxiety and no zest. He knew all about the sudden and inexplicable deaths of Slim James and Wise Bertie. Anne had never confessed to him, nor to anyone else, her share in them; but he had had no doubt at all that Anne the Snake had but struck, with cunning and celerity. He had been too clever for her—so far! He had had no news; such a risk as his would be enhanced by any inquiry. He had lain "doggo," until time and his changed appearance had rendered it fairly safe to return to Italy. Then had followed a time that he looked back upon with delight.

In Venice he had hired a Gothic palace, on the Grand Canal, from a noble but impoverished family. He had added to its sparse but exquisite furnishings as he had always dreamed that, one day, he would. For The Duke had a passion for old furniture, old china, old glass, and, above all, the rich and varied rugs of Persia and its adjacent countries. From a quiet little hotel in Rome, frequented only by Italians, he had, day after day, sallied forth on those fascinating excursions of selection and purchase that had, gradually, afforded him a palace after his own heart.

He would stroll along the Via del Babuino and the Via Condotti for the furniture and bronzes, the fabrics and the glasses that his soul craved. The auction sales at the Palazzo Borghese found in him a constant bidder. Sangiorgi gave him antiquities which he could buy without fear, for he had no intention, then, of exporting them from Italy. Nazini, Boschetti, and Clerici gave him bronze; Berardi and Sestieri, cunningly carved furniture; Eroli, tapestries; and Fratelli, marble sculptures.

AND now this fascinating time was over, and he but awaited the night. For he had lived on excitement for so long that he could not face days bereft of it. At first to beguile the time, then to refill his rapidly diminishing banking account, he had, with a few of the shady continental crowd that float, living few know how, about Europe, started a gambling club in his own palazzo. This club had rapidly increased in membership, and The Duke had dreams of reviving the glories and the excitement of the Ridotto. To add a touch of romance to his experiment he had insisted that every member come masked, as in old Venetian days, the bankers alone being unmasked. He had called the club the Ridotto, and its card of membership was a black mask on a red ground. The Duke himself presided, acting as banker at the centre table.

It was a strange sight for modern eyes. The men, mostly in correct evening dress, the women daringly decollete, in black and rose, green and shimmering silver, all masked, all silent, absorbed in the fall of the cards or the turn of the wheel. The beautiful room, hung with tapestries, its marble floors strewn with all the colours of Ardelan and Daghestan, of Azerbijan and Mosul, lit by electric lights cunningly set in chandeliers of ancient Venetian glass, looked out past the Gothic windows to the still Venetian night.

No sound of traffic broke the silence, only the occasional cry of a gondoliere, "a-o'el!" or "Sia stali!" Footmen, in black and silver, moved silently about carrying wine and cigarettes. From the roulette table the quick "Rien ne va plus!" found the masked faces immobile, expressing neither anxiety nor eagerness, the figures surrounding the table still as though death had suddenly visited the place. Then the click of the ball, the swift flash of the croupier's rake; the repetition of his ritual.

Often it was full day before the last masked figure had stepped into his gondola and stolen as silently away as he had come. The Duke would often stand, his hands on the marble balustrade, looking through the Gothic arches to the awakening life of the canal. Behind him the green tables, the scattered cards, the glasses in which the dregs of wine mocked the glory of the sunlight. His pale face, set in its black moustache and beard, grim and tired, and his eyes looking always into the future and wondering, wondering when and where her blow might fall.

ALL the night the excitement of the game held him, until he flung himself exhausted on to his bed in that bed-room, all white and rose and silver, where the black silk curtains effectively gave him protection from the gay day. But during those few hours before dinner and the game fear found him again, such fear as Scotland Yard had never inculcated. He could not rid

himself of her presence. He could not forget the look of love in those beautiful violet eyes. He could not forget Slim James and Wise Bertie, whose slimness and whose wisdom had been of no avail.

As he toyed with his glass his tired eyes wandered always, noting each female figure that crossed the Piazza. Venice was full to overflowing. Crowds of English and American tourists wondered about, guide-books in hand. Once he had thought she had found him. From San Marco he had seen a sinuous figure gliding towards him. He had sat with fascinated eyes. But it had been a false alarm. But since that day he had taken to smoked eyeglasses.

That night had been more tense than usual; the stakes higher; the risks of ruin or fortune greater. His tables were all crowded. But as he dealt the cards he seemed in a trance, an automaton with no interest in the result of his throws. Ever his eyes turned to the door scanning each visitor. A sense of danger threatened him, but, with it all, a sweet relief. It was as though he saw a jewelled hand cutting the silken thread of that sword of Damocles that had swung, suspended, over him for so long. His glance swept the bodies of the women, the fat, shameless ones, blazing with jewels, those older, that had no thought to cover the attenuation of their shoulders and bosoms whose milk had turned, so long ago, to the gall of greed; the fair in their pride of conquest; the ugly with their clutching fingers!

Always he sought a beautiful svelte body that did not come. What spell had she cast over him? What magic was it that conld instil into his aching brain and empty heart that longing for her, for the woman he had scorned and left, for the one only whose presence he felt so sure meant death? About him, in the silence, broken only by the click of the ball, the low cry of the croupiers, the naming of the cards, he heard her voice, soft as dew on violets; he felt her breath, a spice of flowers; he crushed again in his arms her body, so vital, so instinct with love for him. He had been mad! To reject that full and perfect offering! She must have known, with her cleverness and his organization at her call, where he was! But she had left him, contemptuously, not deigning to trouble to strike, to add him to the list of those worthy even of her vengeance. The silence grew intolerable to him. He could stand no more.

Beckoning to his substitute he left the room, went to the balcony, resting his fevered brow on the cool marble of a Gothic arch. Below him was the blackness of the canal. Opposite an occasional light flickered. Above stars lay on the velvet of the sky. Heaven! When would this suspense end?

He looked back at this gaming house; his work! This twentieth century reconstruction of all the evil passions of the Ridotto. She would have glorified the whole adventure; lent just that touch to redeem its sordidness; spurred him to higher and still higher adventure! Without her it was a diabolic canvas, painted by a fiend, the quintessence of greed! Those women and men, diseased by a common craving. Not one in a hundred felt the beauty of the exquisite setting in which they gambled, that setting that had meant so much to him; would have meant so much to her! He groaned in spirit—staring into the night. From down the canal he saw a gondola stealing; he heard the regular rhythm of the oar. When opposite to him it stopped.

"More of them! Ye great Heavens! More of them!" he groaned.

But the gondola lay still, immediately below him. Then he heard a voice singing.

"I send my heart up to thee, all my heart
In this my singing.
For the stars help me, and the sea bears part;
The very night is clinging,
Closer to Venice streets to leave one space
Above me, whence thy face
May light my joyous heart to thee its dwelling-place."

After it the silence fell like a pall. He could see her, standing in the gondola.

"Anne! Anne!" he cried, stretching out his arms.

. . . .

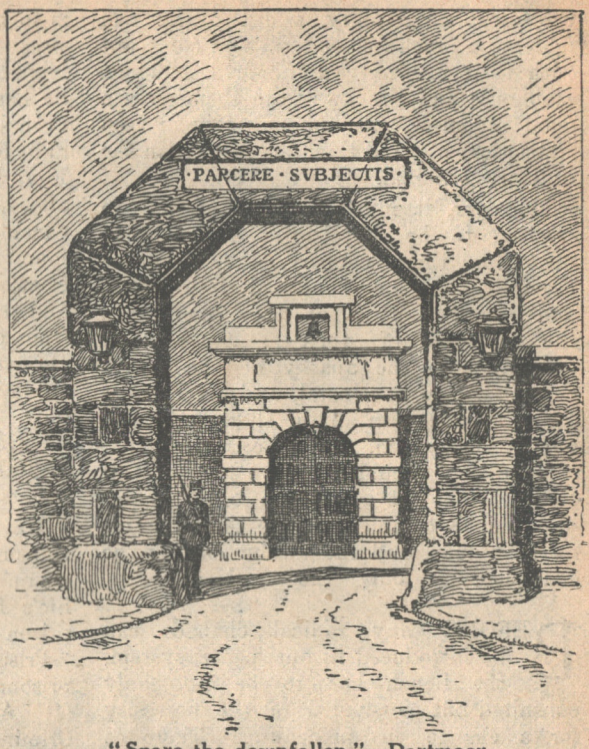
It was only in the morning they found him, lying where he had fallen, Between his shoulder-blades the stiletto first pierced a crimson card on which the black mask was soaked with his blood. Anne the Snake had struck again, a ripost as deadly as his thrust at her in Rome, which, too, had pierced her heart.

English Prisons To-day

"PARCERE SUBJECTIS" is a Latin maxim prison authorities are only just beginning to interpret in its widest sense.

By
Coles Pasha, C.M.G.
(Ex-Director General of Egyptian Prisons and formerly Deputy Inspector-General Egyptian Police).

ILLUSTRATED BY
E. E. BRISCOE.



"Spare the downfallen."—Dartmoor.

UNDER the title of "English Prisons To-day" Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway have, with the assistance of the Labour Research Department and others who consider themselves experts in prison administration, compiled a work of some 700 pages which purports to be a description of the English prison system as it is actually working to-day.

The object of this inquiry is stated to be the discovery of facts and not the proposal of reforms. Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway have both of them undergone sentences of imprisonment, the one for twelve and the other for twenty-four months as conscientious objectors, or as they apparently prefer to be called anti-militarists, and have thus been able to obtain much of the data for their work from direct observation. In some respects this is no small advantage, but at the same time it may prejudice them in the eyes of the public and possibly prevent their conclusions from being accepted at their full worth, even if their evidence is not regarded as tainted and untrustworthy.

The writer has no prejudice on this account, but as he is not in any way connected with the Prisons' Department in England he is unable to say how far the facts recorded are admitted to be correct by the Prison Authorities. But, personally speaking, he accepts Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway's work as a fair description of prison life, and although he cannot endorse all the conclusions which they have arrived at, he agrees with them that the time has come to take stock of the situation and reconsider whether the methods which we in common with other civilised nations have adopted to punish law-breakers cannot be revised to the advantage of all, not forgetting that the rights of the community as distinct from the rights of criminals should be our first consideration.

We must also bear in mind that however careful we may be in drafting laws to protect the public and evil-doers, we cannot get away from the human factor of the problem. There are prisoners whom a comparative short sentence of imprisonment with its silence and discipline will drive to

the verge of insanity, whilst others will undergo a much longer term and come out with their mentality unimpaired. Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway are themselves a good example, as undoubtedly prison restrictions affected them far more than the ordinary criminal.

Moreover, it must be admitted that in electing to be imprisoned rather than fight for their country they showed themselves to be abnormal individuals, and smarting at what they considered the injustice of their sentence they attributed to the apathy of the Police Commissioners in general, and Sir Ruggles Brise in particular, all the shortcomings of our prison system. In apportioning their censure they should not have lost sight of the fact that the administration of justice on criminals commences with the constable on beat duty, and the warder locking the cell door is only the final stage.

BEFORE any radical changes can be introduced in our penal system, the Bench has to be not only consulted but persuaded of the necessity for a change in procedure. There is perhaps no more conservative body in the world than the judiciary, and it would be interesting to learn to what an extent prison reforms have been held up owing to the opposition of the judges. Again, to get bad characters safely under lock and key is a policy which naturally influences most police officials, and they do not trouble themselves much as to the form of confinement.

On the other hand, a prison administrator takes credit if in his reports he can show that his methods have proved so effective that the prison population has been diminished and a prison closed. All these conflicting views have to be considered and reconciled. It is, therefore, not surprising that prison reforms take time to materialise. Further, a study of "English Prisons To-day" leaves one with the impression that Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway have attached undue importance to the views of cranks and disgruntled officials. In short, anyone outside the department has evidently been looked on as more worthy of credit than officers with many years' experience of prison administration.

If evidence obtained from official sources is to be ruled out as biased and untrustworthy, then the writer need not trouble himself further with the present article, as he has spent a long official career serving both as a police officer in India and Egypt, and for some fifteen years head of the Egyptian Prison Department. He may add, however, that years ago he came to the conclusion that about half the prisoners he found within prison walls in Egypt and elsewhere ought never to have been confined and the remaining half should never be free from control of some description or kind. He cannot, therefore, be accused of having studied the problem from the official side only. In fact, in some respects the reforms he would introduce are probably more radical than anything contemplated by even Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway.

Having cleared the ground, as it were, we can proceed with our stock-taking. Let us commence by classifying the criminals and life's failures who together make up our prison population. Dr. Smalley in his "Prison Hospital Nursing" has grouped prisoners into four main divisions: (1) Accidental Criminals. (2) Habitual Criminals. (3) Weak-minded Criminals. (4) Insane Criminals. Dr. Smalley's grouping is based on his observations as a mental expert.

FOR our purpose (to ascertain the most suitable method of prevention and punishment) let us take as a classification five main divisions: (1) Those for whom some form of punishment other than imprisonment should be found. (2) Those for whom a short and severe sentence of imprisonment is likely to prove a deterrent and prevent the repetition of the offence. (3) Those who can only be cured of their evil ways by a long course of reformative treatment. (4) Heinous offenders for whom severe punishment in the shape of penal servitude for life or a long period is called for. (5) Irresponsible offenders.

Class 1 to include drunkards, vagrants, perpetrators of petty offences against the person, contraveners of bye-laws and municipal regulations, first offenders against property, minor offenders against the State recognised as political offences.

Class 2 to include offenders shown in

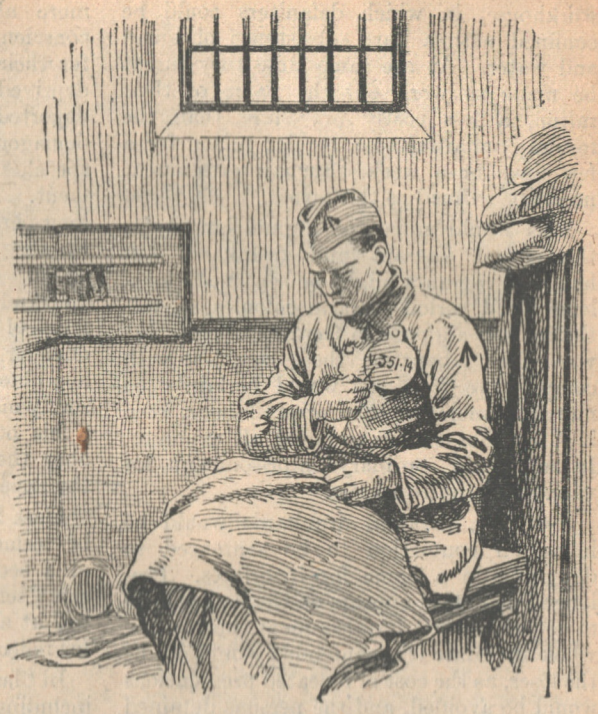
Class 1 who may be guilty of a second offence or for whom a fine is no punishment.

Class 3 to include all recidivists of acquisitive offences. A recidivist being defined as anyone convicted three times or more for such offences.

Class 4 to include offenders guilty of murder, robberies with violence, arson, rape, forgery, and other heinous offences against the person or property.

Class 5 to include insane offenders and others so weak-minded or of such ungovernable passions that perpetual restriction of their liberty in asylums or homes is the sole remedy to protect the community and themselves.

As regards Class 1 a fine, heavy or light according to the offender's ability to pay, is of course the punishment indicated, and is usually though not invariably inflicted. The trouble is that some magistrates look on imprisonment as the best remedy, and though considerable latitude is now given when a fine is inflicted, the money is not always forthcoming, and the offender goes to prison in default.



Making mail bags.

The figures given by Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway (Table F, page 30) show that of the persons committed to prison in that particular year nine per cent were for offences against the person, eighteen per cent against property, and seventy-two per cent "other offences." Of the latter we are told "nine-tenths were for drunkenness and vagrancy." It does not follow, of course, that on any given date such a large proportion of our prison inmates consisted of drunkards and vagrants. Nevertheless, as we learn from Table R, page 41, though the average length of simple imprisonment works out at 1.32 months, it would appear that drunkards and vagrants do largely assist to swell our prison population.

What we have to find, therefore, is some form of punishment less costly to the State and less demoralising to the individual as an alternative to imprisonment in default. It is contended that labour in lieu of imprisonment when a fine is not paid is the most suitable alternative. This form of punishment was adopted in Egypt many years ago, and the system was successfully worked, although it was not favoured by either the judicial or police authorities. Many difficulties had at first to be overcome, but the annual statistics showed that of those condemned, only a small percentage failed to report themselves for labour or complete the allotted task. The labour was restricted to four hours each day, so that the offender was left ample time to gain a livelihood whilst paying his debt to the State; the labour being also an alternative to paying a fine, it was not scheduled in the penal code as a punishment, but offenders failing to report themselves for labour were imprisoned without further trial, as is the case when a fine is not paid.

In England this might prove somewhat troublesome to carry out, as it may be argued that drunkards and vagrants would never report themselves and imprisonment would follow, so we should not gain anything. This difficulty might be met by providing local prisons or cells attached to each

workhouse, in which defaulters could be confined with a bare subsistence of bread and water. At the same time they might be made to work out the value of their ration, a less costly procedure than the formal committal to a regular prison for a few days or a week. Such imprisonment might be defined as third-class.

This would suffice as a punishment for the casual vagrant and drunkard, but habitual vagrants might be sentenced for a lengthened period to farm colonies, as was the system adopted in Germany before the war. The labour on these colonies, with comparative freedom, would certainly be more remunerative than prison labour, even if it did not suffice to cover all expenses. In any case, ordinary imprisonment for vagrancy is quite useless.

Similarly, habitual drunkards would be liable on conviction to be sentenced to detention in a home for inebriates. Prolonged detention appears on the face of it as more costly than imprisonment, but on the whole the State it is contended would not be the loser, as the cost of repeated prosecutions would be avoided, and the persons detained would have been given every chance of reform, which is, after all, our main object when dealing with delinquents of this description.

FIRST offenders appear in this class, but they are already amply provided for by law, and it would have been interesting if Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway had included in their tables some figures to show the number of first offenders dealt with by the courts without passing sentence. It is ten years since the writer studied Prison Commissioner's Report, but his recollection is that there were many thousands so released annually.

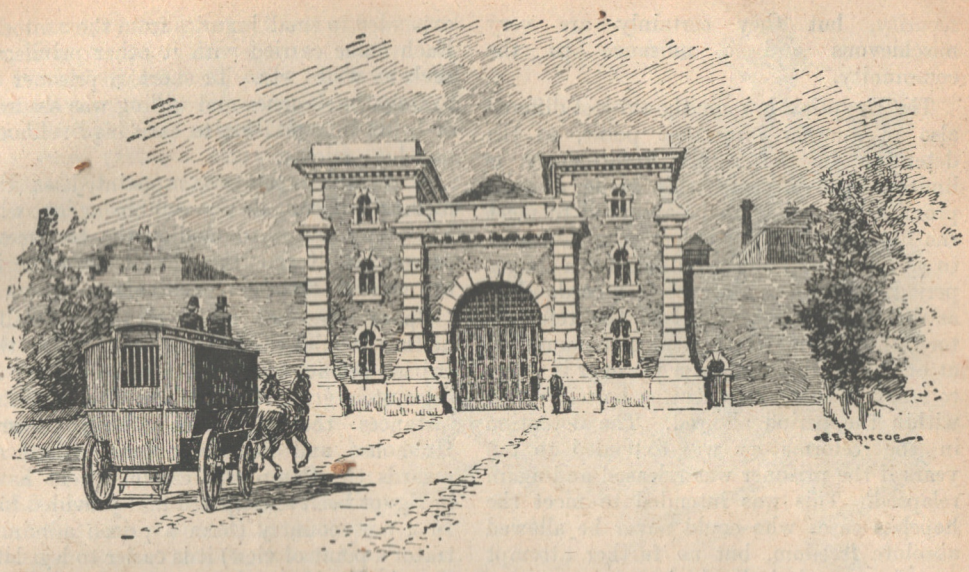
Political offenders have received more attention from Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway than they deserve, and are comparatively speaking few in number, and some are quite harmless as far as the safety of the State is concerned. Those for whom capital punishment or a long term of penal servitude is not called for might be treated as first offenders. A heavy fine, to be followed by expulsion from the country if offence be repeated, is a far more suitable punishment than repeated terms of imprisonment in either division. What could be more absurd than the imprisonment of conscientious objectors who refused to fight for their country. They should have been deprived of all civil rights and forthwith deported. Similarly with the many crazy demagogues who by their writings and speeches stir up strife against the government. They should either be put away for long periods as irresponsibles or warned for the first offence, and then expelled from our shores and prevented from re-entering England for a period of years. Imprisonment of any description merely enables the offender to pose as a martyr, and as often as not obtain release by hunger strike. It is surely more reasonable to expel an individual if his political views do not allow him to obey the laws of the State than be put to the expense of keeping him in prison.

Class 2 provides for offenders who cannot be termed habituals yet have been guilty of a second offence after being fined. A short term of absolute solitary confinement will at all events give them an opportunity for reflection, and may act as a deterrent.

In Class 3 we are providing for recidivists, including professional criminals, weak-minded criminals, and habituals of petty acquisitive misdemeanours. As stated by Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway, the statistics of recidivists are of a scanty nature, and the tables given do not help us very much. It should, however, be noted that more than half the prisoners committed to prison are previous offenders.

MESSRS. HOBHOUSE and BROCKWAY would have us believe that "one of the chief causes of repeated convictions must be sought not in the conditions which ordinarily make for crime outside prison, but in our treatment of criminals, either during imprisonment itself or after discharge." This is true in so far that prior to the present century all our efforts were concentrated on repressive rather than reformative measures, consequently we have still some distance to travel before we reach "prevention," which is the goal we are all striving for, irrespective whether we be judges, police officers, or gaol officials.

But there can be no doubt (Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway do not even question this) that during the past twenty-five years, that is to say, during



Entrance to Wandsworth Prison.

Sir R. Ruggles Brise's tenure of office, all the reforms which have been introduced have been moves in the right direction, though some may consider that we have gone too far on the humanitarian side and prison life has been made too comfortable.

The Probation of Offenders' Act, the Summary Jurisdiction Act, and the Children's Act have all helped to keep thousands out of prison. Further, the facilities granted for the payment of fines have had a most beneficial effect, the total number of males going to prison in default having fallen from 52,286 in 1913 to 8,156 in 1920 (Table L). There is also the Borstal system for youths, and finally the Prevention of Crimes Act with its Preventive Detention, which came into force in 1909 for the better treatment of adult habituals.

In "English Prisons To-day" a whole chapter has been devoted to a description of the working of this Preventive Detention Scheme as exemplified in the Camp Hill establishment adjoining the Parkhurst Convict Prison in the Isle of Wight.

The writer's official career having come to an end he had no occasion to visit this Camp Hill institution, but from its description it would appear to be not unlike an Adult Reformatory which he was the means of creating in Egypt some fourteen years ago whilst employed in that country. The Cairo establishment, however, differed in one important feature, it was not confined to those who had undergone a sentence of penal servitude. On the contrary, it was especially instituted to provide for the habitual delinquent rather than the habitual criminal, as it was found that heinous offences were rarely committed a second time, a sentence of penal servitude sufficed as a deterrent for such offences. This was largely owing to classification, as in Egypt acquisitive offences unless accompanied by violence or other aggravating circumstances are, following the provisions of the French law, dealt with as *delits* for which *travaux forcés* or penal servitude was not at first prescribed. But when a change in the law enabled the courts in Egypt to award a sentence of *travaux forcés* for habitual delinquents this class of imprisonment proved, as in England, of little or no use as a deterrent. Hence the creation of the Adult Reformatory.

In fact, apart from this difference in classification, the problem which the habitual presents is the same all the world over. Moreover, if one may judge from the statistics it will probably be found necessary to extend in England the provision of Preventive Detention so as to include the habituals of petty thefts and other minor acquisitive offences. These lesser criminals may not be the same danger to public

security, but they certainly are very mischievous and a nuisance to the community.

The Egyptian law on the subject differed also in another important point, as the detention in the Adult Reformatory is limited to five years, this being a compromise which had to be accepted to meet the objections of the judges who hesitated to commit the lesser criminals for a longer period, notwithstanding their record. But as the offender went direct to the reformatory, the reformative treatment commenced at once, and in reality if a prisoner is going to respond to such treatment he will do so within the period allowed. The detention in the reformatory was extended to ten years if the prisoner was released and again relapsed. This was intended to meet the hopeless cases who could never be allowed absolute freedom, but no further attempt to reform such individuals was ever contemplated.

It will be observed that in Egypt, unlike England, there was no preliminary penal servitude, at the same time the first year spent at the reformatory was distinctly repressive as the prisoner passed nine months in cellular confinement learning a craft. But of his day one hour was spent in school association and one hour working the pumps, also in association. In his cell, too, he was constantly visited by his craft instructor, and occasionally by his discipline warder, so he had little time to brood in solitude, but the cellular period was cordially disliked, and every effort was made to qualify for the regular shops and association. In short, the scheme worked out according to plan, and it was remarkable the extraordinary progress some absolutely ignorant prisoners made.

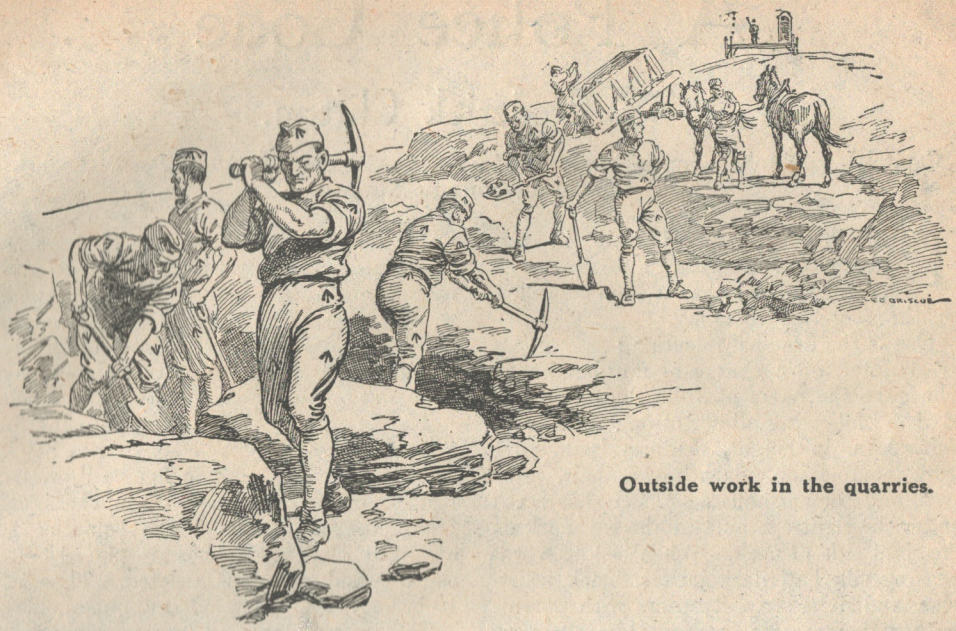
Each prisoner had his own dossier in which his life history prior to his arrest, as far as it could be ascertained, was recorded, his reformatory record, tested by examinations, was written up every six months, and his release, prior to the expiration of his full sentence, depended on the recommendations of a committee especially designated for the purpose. During his detention the prisoner received a small weekly salary, which was increased by stages, special allowances were given for conduct, education, and progress in craftsmanship, and half the pocket-money thus gained was allowed to be expended in small luxuries from the canteen. Each stage carried with it other privileges such as visits, etc. In short, a prisoner of average intelligence and willing was assured of being in a position to earn his livelihood on his release.

A mental expert was appointed as the medical officer of the establishment, who had ample power to modify the treatment prescribed if he thought it desirable in the case of certain individuals.

Space does not allow of fuller details, neither would they be of interest to the British public, but from the brief sketch of the system given it can be seen that in many instances the objections which Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway have raised as regards the Camp Hill establishment have in Egypt been anticipated and provided for. In a new country (from a prison administrator's point of view) it is easier to legislate than in England, where so many prejudices have to be conciliated. One of our greatest difficulties at starting was to sift the human material committed to our charge and ascertain who were and were not capable of being reformed.

IN England similar difficulties would probably prove easier of solution, especially as the one year's penal servitude to be at first undergone acts as a clearing house for Camp Hill, as presumably hopeless cases would not be passed on, and there are in England other establishments not existing in Egypt to which the mentally deficient and physically incapable can be relegated. But in another respect the difficulties in England are far greater, seeing that there are many educated men who are criminals from choice. It is feared that it is too much to hope that such habituals will respond to reformative treatment, and to teach them trades or other means of gaining an honest livelihood is a waste of time; they can, too, but exercise an evil influence in association with the less sophisticated criminal.

To segregate these individuals for thirteen years, the maximum allowed by the English Act, is undoubtedly a great gain to the community, and suitable employment may be found in the clerical work of these establishments. For let us hope that ere long we shall have many Camp Hills scattered throughout England, as the writer



Outside work in the quarries.

is convinced that the indeterminate sentence is the best and only means of combating recidivism.

Cellular confinement is anathema to Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway, but the system has its advantages, especially for prisoners classified as Class 2 previously in this issue, and those who are interested in this form of imprisonment should pay a visit to the Frennes establishment near Paris, where the segregation of the prisoner from all communication with his fellow prisoners is as complete as human ingenuity can make it. Prisoners employed outside their cells are even obliged to pull a hood over their faces so that only the eyes are visible. But the cells in which these prisoners are confined are far superior to our cells, and prisoners are kept fully employed on interesting work which necessitates their entire attention. They are, too, frequently visited by their trade instructors and other prison officials. Cellular confinement counts more (double, speaking from memory) than ordinary imprisonment, and is limited to a few years. And the writer was assured that prisoners not infrequently elected to complete their time of imprisonment at Frennes and left with their mentality unimpaired.

St. Gilles, near Brussels, was a similar establishment, but with these two exceptions, all the prisons visited on the Continent were of the barrack-room type, more like factories than prisons, with every prisoner employed working for contractors, whose supervisors were moving about freely amongst the prisoners, and there can be little doubt that communication with the outer world and trafficking was constant in consequence. With this system of working it is not surprising that when the prisoner's earnings are deducted the cost per man in France is about half what the cost works out in England. In this connection (cost to the State) the Trade Unions are largely responsible. If there were no restrictions on the part of the Unions, prisoners could be employed on more remunerative occupations. Extra mural labour is far more profitable than industrial labour within prison walls, at least it was found so in Egypt; but, unless the prisoners work within a cordon of sentries, discipline is difficult to maintain, and imprisonment ceases to be deterrent.

If we can secure prevention (as in the case of first offenders) without repression so much the better, but failing this repression cannot be altogether divorced from reformation. Let then, "Prevention, Repression, Reformation" be our watchword.

A Police Code

By Frederick Clifton.

Capital-Levite-John Smith-Gurgle-27594-54445-7, 70-Henbane-43154-Poodle-Locust Humdrum-Muriatic-Nutmeg.

THIS is not a secret code in the sense that its use is to preserve secrecy; rather has it been compiled on the score of economy.

This is the decoded telegram:

"Wanted on a charge of murder a man who gave the name of John Smith. He is of the following description: Age 27, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, medium build with fresh complexion, dark-brown hair, grey eyes, and brown moustache. He has a cut under the right eye and an abscess mark on the right side of neck. When last seen was wearing silk hat, dark jacket, black waistcoat, and light stripe trousers with patent-leather boots. He carries himself very erect when walking. May be accompanied by a woman, and may try to emigrate. Please cause railway-stations and outward-bound vessels to be watched, and if found apprehend and wire."

This code is not exactly an official matter. It has been compiled, with very great skill, for the Police and Constabulary Almanac, a publication of special value to police officers. Its primary law is that the message must be sent in a prearranged sequence, which is:

1. Offence or reason of message.
2. Person wanted.
3. Age, height, and build.
4. Complexion, hair, eyes, whiskers, moustache, and shape of face.
5. Peculiarities and distinctive marks.
6. Description of clothing.
7. Where likely to be found.
8. Instructions.
9. Name of station or officer sending message.

The offences for which a person is likely to be urgently required have been each given a code word, and range from murder (capital, code word), to assault with intent to inflict bodily harm (embroil).

In addition, there are words for almost every circumstance in which police action is likely to be necessary, such as "stolen from a jeweller's shop in this city" (gewgaw), "the body appears to have been in the water some time" (humid). The name of the person wanted must, of course, be given in full, and it is when the third particular in the message is reached that ingenuity has been shown in getting into five figures, which for the purposes of Inland telegrams counts as one word, three very definite facts.

The age of the person comprises the first two numbers. Next comes the height. The first of the next two figures represents feet, the second inches. When the inches figure goes to 10 and 11 the compiler has arranged that the inches are placed before the feet and the tens deleted. Thus 5 ft. 10 becomes 05. Now what about his build.

The general build of any person can be usually described under one of four headings: 1, stout; 2, proportionate; 3, slender; and 4, medium.

The description of the head and face, which comes fourth in the order of sequence, is dealt with in much the same way. For police purposes there are nine kinds of complexions, ranging from bloated to swarthy; a similar number of colours in hair, eyes, whiskers, and moustache and face shapes.

The same principle has been followed with regard to distinctive marks and peculiarities and clothing. The compiler has made up one hundred, two and three-figure combinations of marks and peculiarities, basing his arrangement on the marks and peculiarities which experience has shown to be most usual.

The question of clothing has presented a difficulty which has not been satisfactorily overcome for it only specifies that of men. Precisely the same method as that used in the description of the head and face has been adopted. Clothing comes under the five heads in the following order: hat or cap, coat, vest, trousers, boots; each head is again divided into nine kinds.

Items 7,8, and 9 in the general order of sequence are, of course, provided by code words, or, if necessary, must be given in plain English.

Datu Alim appeared in all the splendour of his pilgrim robes of silk.

The Verdict of Datu Alim

A TALE of the grim vengeance of the East.

By Henry Russell Sinclaire,

Author of "Inheritance," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. MILLAR.

JUD HARVEY watched the short procession coming round the corner of the white stucco houses and, as Datu Alim appeared in all the splendour of his pilgrim robes of silk, Jud smiled in satisfaction.

"That is the man, Eddie," he said in a low tone. "That is Datu Alim."

Eddie Marsh fixed his gaze on the Datu and took note. A Datu is an important person in the Philippinos and Datu Alim was an important *pangiran*. He was a Moro, and once a year or so each Moro who is a professed Mohammedan, takes his pilgrimage to the mosque. On this occasion Datu Alim had brought out all his jewellery for the occasion. Behind him came his umbrella-bearer, his buyo (areca nut) box bearer and his bearer of the ink-well. Around Alim's neck hung the finest pearls that had ever come out of the Sulu Sea, and it was the pearls that attracted the attention of Eddie Marsh.

"Take a good look at them, Eddie," said Jud, "for these are the pearls we are going to lift—I mean the pearls you are going to lift—when he returns from the pilgrimage to-night."

"I see them," said Eddie. "It's worth it. A heathen Moro shouldn't have them. They are too good to remain in the Philippines."

"They are," agreed Jud.

They sat on the veranda of the hotel until the small procession passed, then Jud laid down the plan.

THERE had been not a little thought expended on the method of how to take Datu Alim's pearls. Found by poor divers in Bohol Bay, the pearls had been seen only once in the market. From the market they had disappeared to come into the sunlight again as a rope round Alim's neck. Now, Datu Alim was a Moro, and when a Moro desires a thing he mostly gets it. There had been whispers that Alim had become possessor of the large pearls because of his *barong*, the heavy, short chopper, with razor edge and thick back, which is the chief ornament of a Moro's dress; but there was no proof, and the divers who had brought up the pearls were never seen again in Mindanao. Therefore, the pearls belonged to Datu Alim.

"You will have to get into his house, Eddie, but that is a trifle. I shall give you a letter to him. This letter will ask for the loan of one of his schooners, so that we may go fishing. He will receive you in the room on the ground floor, which opens out on to the garden. When you get inside you slip this tablet into his wine glass and the trick's done. Then, putting the pearls into the bag, you hand it out to me. I'll be under the window. You leave by the front door so that the servants will never suspect. Meet me on board the steamer due out to-night. We'll be miles down the Sulu Sea before they discover the Datu. It won't matter then."

Eddie nodded his head. There was no finesse in this affair. It was a simple case of lifting pearls from a Moro, who was a Mohammedan.

"I'll take a little knob-stick with me in case the dope doesn't act quick enough," he grinned. "He's not likely to use that *barong*, is he?"

"By the time he thinks of a *barong* it will be all over, Eddie. Besides, he isn't likely to use that one. It is his official one, kept for special purposes."

Eddie shrugged his shoulders and laughed. He knew what the special purposes were. When Datu Alim presided over his village tribunals he delivered his verdicts generally with the *barong*. It is a law among the Moros that a man who does evil with his hands shall lose his hands, and the razor-edged *barong* of Alim had carried out the sentences swiftly and expeditiously. But the great special purpose of the *barong* is when, perhaps because of a distaste for life, or because of a vow to the Prophet, the *barong* owner runs amok and kills as many heretics as he can before the constabulary shoot him down. Then the *barong* descends to the next of kin who places more ivory decorations upon its handle and takes up the thread of life until he too lays it down in turn. The rule of the *barong* has the merit of antiquity.

JUD Harvey and Eddie Marsh had had their eyes on the pearls ever since they appeared for one day in the bazaar. There were many others who had tried to get them, but the others had approached Datu Alim through his servants, and had met with a curt refusal. The Datu did not like trading with whites. Like many of his tribe he believed that the white traders did not give value for money, nor money for value. They were too smart for the Moros in the bazaars, and for this reason Datu Alim was afraid to trade with them.

It was then that Jud and Eddie had decided on their method. From running shady schemes in Hong Kong they had moved over to Manila, where their harvest was not so good as they had anticipated. From Manila they had come down the islands to Mindanao. For adventurers like Jud and Eddie there is usually good picking in the Far East, where brown men are easily diddled and yellow men are fools.

Out in the roadstead lay the steamer which would take them away from the Philippines that very night. By the time the authorities came to any conclusion they would be well away, and in any case the authorities would never dream that they had taken the pearls. There were too many

thieves among the Moros to be interrogated before white men were suspected. Eddie, too, was the lightest-fingered man who had ever stepped into the Philippines. He was used to the business, and he never left a trail.

He and Jud strolled about the town during the afternoon, idly watching the natives in the bazaars and looking at the fishers who came in to land their catches of sponges and turtles. They saw the procession leaving the mosque and returning through the main street. Datu Alim came slowly, with dignified stride and solemn, brown face. His eyes were on the ground, and his fingers held an ivory-bound copy of the Koran. His silk robes swept the dust as he murmured his prayers, and behind him came his umbrella bearer and his *buyo* box bearer, and his bearer of the ink-well.

Men and women bowed as the Datu passed them, for they wished to keep friendly with the Datu who dealt out justice at the village tribunals.

Jud Harvey and Eddie Marsh watched the procession pass beyond the limits of the town towards the Datu's house; then they went back to the veranda of the hotel.

They saw to the taking of what little baggage they possessed down to the jetty, and Jud went aboard and disposed of it in the cabin he had booked. He brought back the small handbag for Eddie, the handbag in which the jewels were to be placed, and handed out of the window of the Datu's house.

"This will set us on our feet again, Eddie," he said as they sat by the hotel window and ate their dinner that evening. "Our finances are pretty low. Manila isn't what it used to be, and the mail-boats haven't a decent gambler on board these days. I cleaned out our wad in buying passages to Macao."

Eddie sighed. He knew the truth of what his friend had just said.

"I've got the feeling it was a mistake to come over to Manila," he remarked. "It's getting too civilised. We can always get something in Hong Kong, but the pearl men over here are too wise. They don't gamble and they don't drink. All they do is buy pearls and put their money in the bank and go home at night time and sleep. I suppose we'll sell these pearls at Macao?"

He pointed upwards towards a tree.

Jud shook his head and smiled.

"We'll sell one at a time, Eddie. There aren't any pearls like the pearls of the Sulu Sen, and we'll trade them to white men over on the continent. I know a place near the landing-stage in Macao. We'll sell one of the biggest first and scatter the others about the country. That's how to get most money for them. It's getting dark now, shall I write that letter to Datu Alim, and you can get ahead with the job?"

Eddie nodded, smiled and pulled a little knobstick from his sleeve. He tapped it against the gold ring on the little finger of his right hand.

"This right hand has never failed us yet," he laughed, "and I'll only use the stick as a last resort. Your dope is generally strong enough for a knockout."

"I'm giving you special stuff, Eddie. It will keep him quiet for twelve hours. These Moros have sweet teeth and you can tell him it's pure sugar. They'd die for it in their wine. But it's that right hand of yours we must trust. There isn't a lighter set of fingers in the East, Eddie. You get to work with them and the thing's done."

He wrote the letter on the hotel paper. Such a communication would bring a Datu up to the scratch, for the hire of a fishing boat meant a good price for the Datu.

The letter was finished and the two friends went out. Save for the twinkling of the lanterns swinging on rusty hooks above doorways and open bazaars, all was dark and calm. It was a perfect night.

THE breeze was dying down, and in a short time the still heat of the Sulu Sea would spread perfume over the island. The atmosphere was already beginning to quiver with the scent of cinnamon, cloves and wild vanilla.

"We'd better not go aboard the steamer together, Eddie," said Jud. "I'll bring the bag down and you can follow at your leisure. There's always a bunch of watermen who'll bring you out. I'll tell the skipper you'll be along later. But come before midnight. We sail then."

"I'll be, or you'll hear from me," replied Eddie. "When you see the window open on to the garden be ready to grab the bag. Gimme the dope. So long; see you on the boat!"

He took the bag and strolled along the water front, while Jud walked in the opposite direction. In all their careers they had not struck an easier job than this. Everything seemed to fall into their hands.

Datu Alim's house was built of teak in an open space about a mile beyond the town. Its gardens ran for several acres towards the mighty forest, which rose sheer from the hill side. There was no wall, only a wide, wooden fence, bordering the tropical fruits which the Datu grew for his table. But no one ever thought of taking the Datu's fruits, for fruits could be grown by anyone who took the trouble to put the plants in the ground. Next his garden was his private lagoon for his boats.

Jud Harvey took his time. He wanted to give Eddie a chance. There was a lot of circumlocution in entering the house of a *pangiran*, and even after the visitor was in the reception room he might wait long enough before the Moro came to him. All was leisurely done. There was no hurry, excitement, no waste of energy.

AS Harvey passed the hotel he turned in for a last drink. In the bar were gathered a number of the white residents of the town, gossiping over orangeade and limes. They were the pearl merchants with whom Jud and his friend had not been able to do any business in their particular line; but Jud bore them no grudge for that. He smiled to himself as he realised that his presence there would act as a good blind. All these men could see that he was in the hotel, and not out near Datu Alim's house.

As he lifted his glass and drank slowly a voice caught his ear. A trader was speaking to a small group of his fellows.

"If we could only get proof," he was saying, "we could get the pearls out of that Moro's hands. There's no doubt he stole them from the fishers. There is a rumour that he either killed them or shipped them over to Borneo. He's capable of it, the wily ruffian. Did you see how he flashed the stuff as he went to the mosque?"

"Nobody could help noticing," said another. "That is the finest rope of pearls I ever saw east of Ceylon. There's a fortune in any one of them. It seems a pity that a Moro should have them. But he's wily, as you say, and he won't sell. If we could get proof of how he got 'em we could

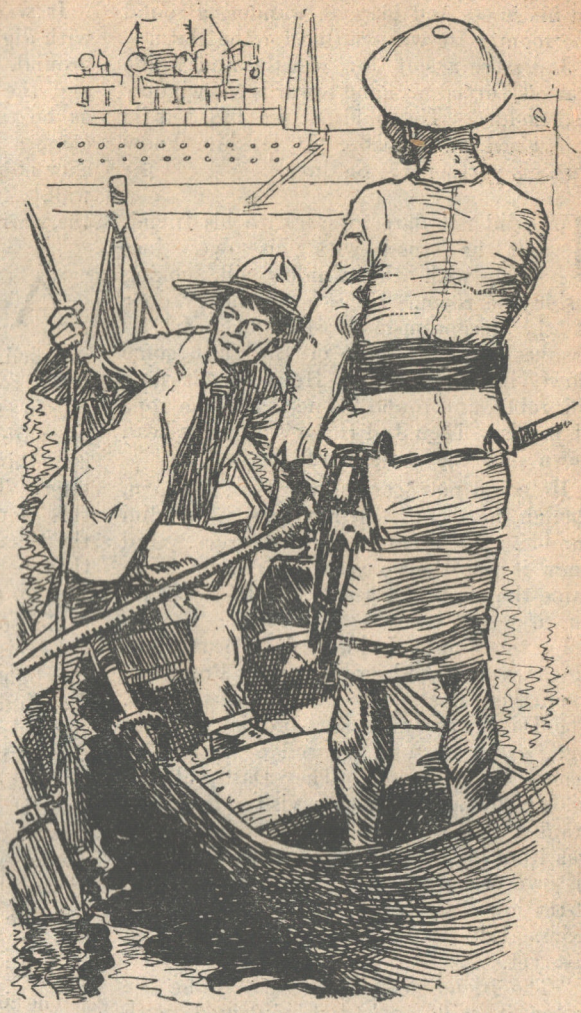
compel him to put 'em on the market to save a scandal."

"The day you get proof against Datu Alim," said a third, "will be the resurrection day. He's a Moro. All the same, I'd like to see him lose them. I'd give a big price myself for that rope, and would ask no questions."

Jud Harvey smiled as he put down his glass. He strolled through the group of merchants, nodding here and there to those he knew slightly. He went upstairs as if going for the last time to his room. The last hesitation he had had about the disposal of the pearls was removed. Eddie and he would get rid of them easily enough and retire on the proceeds.

He looked into his own room casually, then turned and went downstairs again and laid the key of his room ostentatiously on the counter of the office, bidding good-bye to the clerk who knew he was going aboard the steamer which sailed that night. Then he stepped out into the dark street.

Once there he was all action. He walked hurriedly along the street until he reached the end of the thoroughfare. Turning abruptly off the main road, he hurried along a track which brought him to the edge of the jungle. In the gloom, several hundred yards ahead, he saw the large teak house of Datu Alim.



A boatman took him over to the mail-boat that lay in the bay.

A light was burning in the reception-room, and the windows were half closed. There were no blinds, for the Datu had not yet reached that stage of civilisation where he understood the use of blinds. But a large mat of strung beads and fibre hung down from the ceiling. That mat was good protection. Mosquitoes could not penetrate it, an intruder would be entangled in it. Behind it Datu Alim was quite safe.

Not a sound came from the large garden. Not a watchman was in the grounds. A heavy silence hung over the house and the forest. The orange trees were laden with fruit, which gleamed like gold balls in the night, touched as they were by an occasional shaft of silver moonlight.

Harvey entered the garden and crept along among the trees, bending double as he proceeded. He had expected to find a watchman here and there, for watchmen were usually placed round the house of a *pangiran*, but all the luck was on Jud's side. He recollected that this was the evening of the procession to the mosque, and all the servants would be given a holiday from their usual labours. Thus the watchmen were absent. He grinned to himself as he realised the colossal luck which had come to Eddie and himself.

He reached the window of the huge reception-room and peered inside. Eddie Marsh was seated on a large divan, his hat

on his knees and his eyes wandering round the room. He was waiting for the Datu.

Jud gave a soft, low whistle, and Eddie started, turned his hand towards the window and nodded. He could not see Jud, but he recognised the whistle. It let him know that his partner was on duty.

JUD did not dare to speak to his friend, but he stood with his eyes just level with the window sill, looking inside the room. He saw the heavy door of the reception-room slide back in its grooves and the figure of the Datu come slowly into the room. He wore his long silk robes, and round his neck was the rope of pearls. Then Jud Harvey drew his head down into the shadow and waited.

He could not hear the words of the men, though he heard their voices in a dim rumble. Then came a third voice. Jud knew it was the voice of a servant. Then came the clink of glasses, as a tray was set down.

For ten minutes Jud waited. The murmur of the voices had grown soft. From the room there floated the perfume of tobacco. The Datu was smoking. Jud knew every sign, every custom, as well as if he had been in the room. The Datu always smoked for a time with a visitor before he drank a little wine. The tobacco he smoked was from his own fields, and the wine from his own orchards. The native servant, one of the low caste tribes, would still be in the room. Eddie's chance had not arrived just yet.

"The friendlier he gets with Eddie the better it will be," Jud muttered with satisfaction. "Evidently they are bargaining about the price of the fishing boat he thinks we want to hire."

Jud settled himself on the ground under the window. He knew that when a Moro starts bargaining it takes him a long time to come to the end. After all, it was worth waiting for.

As he sat there in the shadow of a large flowering bush he could no longer hear the voices from the room; but a swift gleam of light which suddenly showed round the corner of the house made him start and draw back deeper into the shadow. The light of a lantern was swinging to and fro in a moving circle of yellow. Then round the corner came two men.

It was the Datu who first swept round with dignity, his silken ropes trailing on the ground. On his off side was Eddie Marsh, and the Datu's hand was on Eddie's arm as he talked low and soft. Behind them came a lamp bearer with bowed head and slow step. Jud pressed himself against the wall. The voice of the Datu came through the warm air.

"A BARGAIN is a bargain. You shall choose the boat that suits you, and then you shall be satisfied. I am always glad to lend a boat to white men. What does the Koran say? 'You shall have the just measure of your deeds.' If I give you something now you shall give me something later. The garden is calm, is it not? Yet this is the night that brings the diablots, the thief-birds. They hide in the trees, but they betray themselves. If you catch one it gives away its mate."

He pointed upwards towards a tree, and the lamp-bearer swung the lamp high. As the light touched the bush behind which Jud hid the Datu moved forward. Jud smelled the perfume of his robes and saw the pearls around his neck, and the *barong* in his girdle, sign of his office of *pangiran*. The Datu's eyes swept the bush. They moved over the spot where Jud crouched, stayed a moment on the blot made by Jud's figure, then moved away. His voice spoke.

"The Koran teaches us to be kind but just. After you have chosen the boat we shall drink a glass of wine."

The circle of light passed, and as the thread vanished in the garden, Eddie Marsh's voice replied clearly to the Moro's words.

"I knew it would not be difficult, Datu Alim. My friend said that there would be no difficulty with you."

A thrill passed through Jud Harvey. Eddie was telling him that everything was well.

Ten minutes passed and Jud saw the circle of light returning through the trees. It did not come his way again, but went round the opposite side of the house. He raised himself and stood flattened against the wall beside the window.

He heard the sound of voices in the room. Again came the tinkle of glass and the bubbling of the wine as it was poured out.

Eddie's small black bag was thrust out close to Jud's head.

Then the door rolled in its grooves. The two were alone.

The voice of the Datu came quite loudly through the curtain of beads and fibre.

"Let us now settle our bargaining, white man."

Jud crept near to the window, but he did not look into the room. He knew that Eddie would be watching his opportunity. There was a drone of the Datu's voice, then suddenly a hoarse, stifled cry followed by a blow and a scream that died in a gurgle.

Jud stiffened.

Eddie had had to use his knobstick after all. For a moment Harvey waited. Not a sound came from the room. Then, just as he was about to peer inside, the curtains parted and Eddie's small black bag was thrust out close to Jud's head.

"Go!"

Jud seized the bag and dashed through the bushes. His heart was leaping in exultation. He had the pearls and he and Eddie were safe.

He made straight for the wharf. Not a soul did he meet on the road. A boatman took him over to the mail-boat which lay in the bay.

As he mounted to the deck he looked across the water for a moment. Eddie would be coming along now. Visitors to the Datu always found their way out of the house by themselves. Only the porter at the door saw to their departure after they left the large reception-room.

"He'll come," muttered Jud gladly, as he ran down to his cabin and flung the bag on the locker.

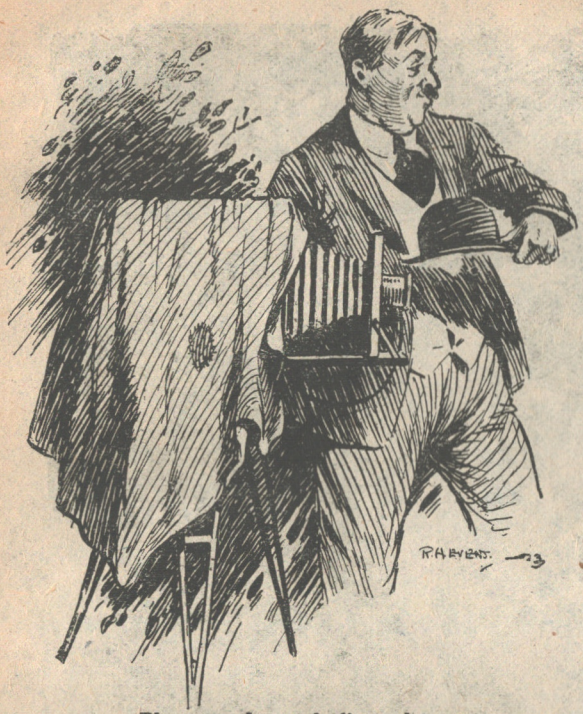
He could not restrain himself. He wanted to see the rope of pearls. Lifting the handbag, he pressed the spring and tilted it to one side.

A small bundle rolled out; a parcel of hastily-wrapped rice paper.

A cry escaped Jud Harvey's lips.

Out of the rice paper there rolled, not the rope of pearls, but the severed right hand of his friend, Eddie Marsh, with the ring on the little finger.

Datu Alim, the important *pangiran*, had delivered his verdict, as usual, with his *barong*.



Photography took first place.

The Hobbies of Detectives

HOBBIES—if anything—are the one touch of nature that makes crooks and detectives—kin.

By Ex-Chief Detective-Inspector E. Haigh.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. EVENS.

WE are all taught quite early in life that all work and no play is not a good policy to pursue, and it follows quite naturally that detectives being but human, should apply the fact to themselves. It is so ordered, however, that the work upon which detectives are engaged renders it very difficult, and at times undesirable, that they should mix up in the games and pleasures of other folk.

Under such conditions other channels of recreation had to be found with the logical sequence that these men living their solitary lives amongst the teeming millions of the population, adopted a wide variety of subjects as hobbies.

Strangely enough, nearly all the hobbies were useful as well as recreative, whilst not a few savoured strongly of the "Busman's Holiday" type.

Photography, I think, took first place, and this particular hobby most certainly developed in certain individual officers a scientific study of possibilities which, in many instances, proved to be the gaining of knowledge of incalculable value. To-day, in the ranks are some remarkably expert photographers who possess a first-hand acquaintance with the effects of light and shade, and the action of chemicals upon treated papers.

During the war this knowledge was made much use of, especially in dealing with the communications of spies. These persons used every conceivable device to convey information to the enemy forces, and so soon as one method failed another was tried, and as soon as a new method of communication was utilized, so soon was the key quickly discovered, and the scheme frustrated.

I remember well seeing one such letter. To my eye there seemed nothing even suspicious but not being versed in the mysteries of photography, I felt it incumbent upon me to show the document to a confrere, who I knew to be thoroughly well up in the subject. Retiring to a secluded room, the paper was subjected to tests that, apparently, had no effect whatever upon it, for most certainly nothing more appeared than was already plain to the eye. But my man had yet other ideas, and proceeded to carry them out.

If anyone wants to know the chemical processes to which that document was subjected I suggest application to

headquarters, because I am not competent to supply the details.

Anyhow, at last the secret was discovered, for after immersing a tiny corner of the paper in a chemical bath, and then drying it by heat the ordinary writing disappeared, and an entirely different thing came to view. It proved to be of outstanding interest to the Allied cause, and led directly to the misleading of the enemy and the subsequent capture and end of the clever spy concerned.

Besides being an expert photographer, my very old friend, ex-Inspector Eustace, had another hobby. It was the cultivation of rare and difficult-to-rear plants. In his anxiety to excel he spent every spare moment in this work.

For some time a certain plant gave much trouble because its attempted propagation seemed to lead to nothing but failure. Now this was one thing "Billy," as my old friend was familiarly known, could not tolerate, so having failed to find the cause of the trouble in his methods of propagation applied himself to master the principles of the chemical analysis of soils.

And he succeeded not only in mastering the new hobby, but in discovering the cause of his failures, inasmuch as the particular plant required some constituent in the soil which was absent from the ground utilized by my friend.

The discovery opened up a wide vista, and to-day, amid the pleasant surroundings of his country home, "Billy" is following up his newly-acquired hobby, and in his quiet way amassing yet more knowledge that will later on be of use to all and sundry, because he intends to publish it in a volume, for which purpose he has a stack of material to hand.

But of all strange hobbies that I've met, I think that adopted by one of my old

At a later date, he afforded me a view of his completed picture.

subordinates, Detective-sergeant Mallett, was the most singular.

THERE must have been some inherent strain of zoology in his make-up, for he had an intense and unquenchable desire to rear white rats and variegated mice, whilst as a side issue his affection for the common British reptile tribes was remarkable. A lizard, a frog, or a creeping slow-worm was to him a thing of life and beauty, whilst they also seemed to cast a kind of spell upon him under which he became a lecturer on natural history which seemed to lift him from the fundamental job of his life, viz: criminal hunting and catching.

His knowledge of these hobbies, which gave him so great a degree of pleasure, was not altogether unprofitable for when other sources dried up I have known learned savants apply to Sergeant Mallett to supply them with rodents and bactrachians for the purposes of scientific research.

For all that I know, Sergeant Mallett may still be the happy possessor of frogs and other creepy things galore, and in the presence of such forget for the moment that the world contains horrors and crimes that usually fill up his working days and nights.

Another old subordinate who desires to remain incognito has adopted art as his hobby. His spare moments and his periodical leave are spent with an easle, palette, and a bunch of brushes.

I discovered the fact by accident in this way. I was taking a short cut from Loughton to High Beech through the lovely glades of Epping Forest, and came upon him at his task. For a moment it seemed that he was rather displeased at my advent, but I hastened to put him at his ease, and then spent a little time watching the deft manner in which he was depicting the lovely scene in view upon his canvas, whilst he was enjoying a pleasant pipe of tobacco and the beauty of the spot he had discovered.

At a late date he afforded me a view of his completed picture, as well as that of many others, for his home was literally filled with the works of his brush. Truly a strange way for a man who, by the nature of his calling in life, might well be expected to be callous to all else.

WHAT is my own hobby? I know such a question is on the lips of many who have read what I have written of others, and I suppose I ought not to refuse to disclose. Well, here it is for what it is worth.

I'm just a handy-man. I love to be performing some task that calls for manual action. To see some article or even erection growing under the efforts of my labour gives me a degree of pleasure quite equal to any I ever experienced when I was running some criminal to earth, and I think I am almost as much interested to-day in the success of my old confreres who are yet in harness and still carrying on the never-ending fight to uphold the law of the land against the criminal community.

MAKING BIRMINGHAM'S POLICE

An account of the creation, organisation, and growth of one of the most efficient forces in the kingdom

By FREDERICK CLIFTON

Watch for it in Our Next Issue - - - Friday, October 12th.

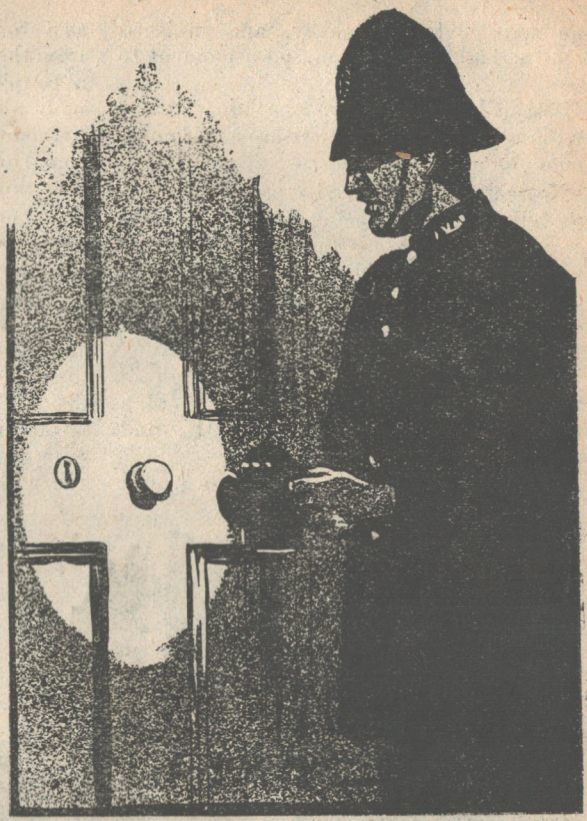
"Justice"

IN which Justice is clearly shown to be a branch of ethics.

By A. Sadler.

Author of "Night Work."

ILLUSTRATED BY E. VERPILLEUX.



The constable flashed his lamp on the doorway of No. 10.

IT was in the sacred inner room of the Fleece that Slim Bradley mentioned, casually, as one talks "shop" among friends, that business would take him on the following night to a mansion of repute in the West.

"What time you making it, Slim?"

The question came from Nosey Jervis, a footpad of no very definite standing, uncommunicative as to his own affairs, and over-inquisitive in the matter of other people's business. Slim's eyes, just visible below drooped lashes, flickered unpleasantly at the livid, pock-marked face of the questioner. "I shall ring the front door bell and hand in my card prompt at 3 a.m. Doing anything yourself?"

"Nothing special. Might drift down to a job at Richmond, but I'm not sure."

"Not being sure is what puts you in choky so often, my son. Good-night everybody."

Slim swallowed the last of his drink and vanished into the street with that feline quietness and speed which made him famous even among his peers.

It has been stated elsewhere that Slim Bradley is an extremely punctual person, planning with care and hating to have his plans disturbed. But his dependence on the fair sex has also been admitted, which means that the best of time-tables must sometimes be broken.

Two almond-shaped brown eyes in a delicate olive-skinned face were responsible for changing his arrangements on this occasion, and it was at two in the morning instead of three that, availing himself effortlessly of every shadow, he followed upon the heels of a large policeman. The constable flashed his lamp on the solidly unpretentious doorway of No. 10 and passed on, humming a dismal tune. Mr. Bradley stepped into the porch. He manipulated the triple burglar-proof catches with greater ease than most men returning at that hour

can manipulate a latchkey, and vanished into the hall, where he paused a moment to listen.

Satisfied, he crept up the broad stairs to the room used by his lordship as a smoke-room.

No sound disturbed the peace except a low hum as of wood being sawn many miles away. Evidently his lordship, a noted reactionary in public life, shared one democratic failing—he snored. Slim pushed open the door of the smoke-room, and was on the instant taut as a stretched bow-string. Close at hand he heard a faint sigh of suppressed breathing, the suggestion of a rustle. He turned the key silently, and went down on his hands and knees.

For fully five minutes he crouched, still as a stone, and then again the breath came—from the middle of the room. Slim advanced a couple of yards and scratched his long nails along the carpet. He was rewarded by something like a cry of alarm, and the sound of a stealthy flank movement in the direction of the door. Quick and silent as a panther he shot back to the door and paused, staring in the darkness towards his invisible companion.

Slim was worried. His lordship was safely asleep. The servants, unless some sudden change had been made, lived in a distant wing of the great house. Who the deuce, then, was this? Somebody who had no desire for publicity, anyhow, thought Slim, and the thought decided him. Judging the position to a hair, he pressed the knob

His lordship appeared . . . . shadowed behind his long candle . . . .

of his torch and shot a thin yellow beam full on the pallid, perspiring face of—Nosey Jervis.

Nosey crouched like a scared toad between the four curiously carved legs of a tall glass-fronted bookcase. Slim's face, invisible in the darkness behind the torch, was devilish for a moment, and then his sense of humour triumphed over a primal desire for Mr. Jervis' life.

"Strange, meeting you like this, Nosey," he whispered. "You've got a long way from Richmond, but now you're here let's see what you've collected."

"I don't know how I got here, Slim, honest I don't. I clean forgot you said——"

"Yes—I know. It's the kind of epilepsy that goes down with juries. You'll get another brand of it next time you show your ugly mug at the Fleece. Hand over."

Reluctantly Mr. Jervis crawled forward and opened a black bag that might have, and probably had once, belonged to a country doctor. He laid out on the floor little golden bowls studded with gems, quaint carved gods with a year's income in each staring eye; pieces of jade, ivory, and ebony cunningly wrought, scarcely one without a precious stone.

Slim put them back and shut the bag. "I'll take this lot," he announced quietly. "You'd better start again; there ought to be something left."

"Fair divides," Nosey snarled, cupidity triumphing over his respect for the other's reputation. "That's the pick of the show."

"Just what I'd have taken myself if you hadn't put your spoke in," Slim retorted.

Now, a man who can't keep his temper should avoid night work, but Nosey Jervis was notorious. As Slim rose to go Nosey seized the bag handle. This was annoying, but in addition his language was scurrilous. For some minutes a ferocious struggle went on in the darkness. Slim twisted and turned, used heels and toes and elbows, but Nosey held on. There was nothing else for it; Slim brought his knee smartly to the pit of his adversary's stomach. Nosey emitted a great cry of pain, but still, with the obstinacy of a weak nature, clung to the bag.

THERE came a patter of slippered feet in the corridor without. It was one of those difficult moments which found Mr. Bradley always at his best. He released the bag and turned the key in the lock, and then stepped aside as the door flew open and his lordship appeared, his white moustached, prominently boned face grotesquely shadowed behind his long candle.

Nosey Jervis, sobbing with pain, but clinging to his booty, sprang at the intruder, but Slim's foot caught his ankle in mid-career and he crashed to the floor.

"I may not be able to stop burglary, but I can stop manslaughter," Mr. Bradley remarked quietly. "Will you call the police, my lord?"

His lordship held a large revolver in a thin but steady hand. He had the chill calm which is the prerogative of the British

. . . Nosey Jervis. . . clinging to his booty, sprang at the intruder.

aristocrat and the thief of international reputation.

"Get up, my man," he commanded Mr. Jervis. "You can leave the bag; and now the pair of you march down to the front door. Don't try anything sharp because I don't mind a little blood and I never miss."

Slim and his kind feel towards a policeman as a cat, to all appearances, feels towards a dog. He had a moment of indecision. It would be so easy to remove the revolver from the old gentleman's hand; a sharp tap on his shiny bald pate would silence him for a quarter of an hour, and Nosey Jervis could be dealt with later. But Slim was blessed with imagination. Shrugging his shoulders he led the way down the stairs and waited patiently till the officer on the beat had whistled up two policemen. His protest against arrest was mild and formal, and the wounding remarks of the men in blue failed to break a martyr's calm.

News travels in the London jungles as rapidly and mysteriously as in the less complicated wilds of Darkest Africa. The denizens of the Fleece conferred and subscribed money, and Slim found himself represented on the day of trial by quite the cleverest of the rising generation of barristers. Nosey, whose face was worth a life sentence before any evidence was taken, was left to fend for himself.

The magistrate was a quiet, white-haired old gentleman with ambitions in the direction of reforming the criminal classes. The police said brutally that he was too old and soft for his job. He heard the evidence of the offended aristocrat, who gave Slim full credit for his interference with Nosey Jervis' attempted assault. He listened coldly to the grim inspector's recital of the more lurid events from Slim Bradley's horrible past. Finally, he listened almost with tears in his eyes to the passionate appeal of counsel, who quoted the Bible and Shakespeare, and demanded the benefit of the doubt for his client.

"His past has been punished and he is struggling to live it down and save others from evil courses," the barrister concluded.

The magistrate wiped his spectacles, and the inspector cursed under his breath. Slim sneezed and swallowed hard as he listened with down-cast eyes to the homily which preluded his own discharge and sent Nosey Jervis "below" for six months.

THAT night the inner room of the Fleece was crowded. A victory for one of that distinguished company was a victory for all, and the bowl flowed freely while song and dance and tales of the darkened streets kept the company roaring with glee till nearly midnight. But the success of the evening came when Slim, seated in solemn state behind the bar, wiped a pair of borrowed spectacles, and delivered in a shaky, benevolent voice, word for word, and quiver for quiver, the morning's homily of his judge.

And while the company still lay helpless with mirth on chairs, benches, and tables, the guest of honour withdrew silently, intent to round off in style a highly diverting episode.

AT noon on the day following the trial of Slim and Nosey, the magistrate and the rising barrister left the court-house together. As they sauntered along the mean streets where East and West merge, the barrister took a heavy silver cigar-case from his pocket, and held it out to his friend.

"They're good, sir. I guarantee them because I didn't buy them."

The magistrate selected a weed and then paused, staring at the case with fascinated eyes.

"My dear fellow—excuse me—I may be wrong——"

He stretched out a trembling hand and took the case, holding it close to his short-sighted old eyes.

"Mine," he cried at last, "and my cigars in it, too. My dear fellow, I know I left it in my study last night, and this morning it was nowhere to be found. However——"

The younger man grinned. "It was with the letters on my breakfast table this morning, sent by 'a well-wisher,'" he chuckled. "I can't say with certainty who my benevolent friend is, but I can guess."

They stared at each other for a full minute in silence. Twice the magistrate seemed on the point of speech, but finally he pocketed his precious case, and walked on without a word.

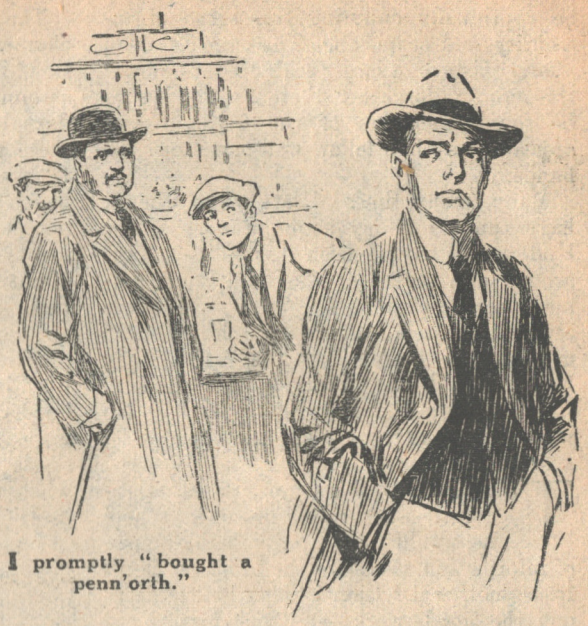
EPISODE V.

The Inside of the Underworld

THE reminiscences of a master crook.

By Charles George Gordon.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. H. ROBINSON.



I promptly "bought a penn'orth."

These are the reminiscences of a man who has for many years been a figurehead of the underworld of London, who has made thousands of pounds by crime, who has served years in prison, and who, like Sophie Lyons, finding that crime does not pay is leaving his old life behind.

IT will readily be understood that there are many incidents in my career which must for ever remain a secret between my late comrades and myself. There are crimes which I have committed singly and in company with others which would be of deep interest to my readers. A great portion of my life, therefore, must remain a sealed book. Although I have ceased to exist as a crook, the Law is still very much alive, and would not allow my future good intentions to wipe out my past misdeeds.

I mention the fact as a prelude to an account of my attitude towards Scotland Yard and the C.I.D. in general.

It took me many years to wake up to the fact that the great forte of the C.I.D. lay in the two words, "information received." A "grass" is the term for "copper's nark" in the Underworld to-day. And there is no doubt that Scotland Yard is greatly indebted to many eminent members of the Underworld for their great reputation as detectors of crime. I give the police all the credit that is due to them on this account; it is their form of "graft," and a very good one, too. But I have an extreme detestation for the "grass."

In my composition there are a multitude of faults and bad points, but I am happy to say that hypocrisy has never existed amongst them. For years I spent my leisure hours amongst criminal communities, but I defy any member of the C.I.D. to testify to the fact that I ever endeavoured to pander to them. To me they were my natural enemies and consequently to be shunned. After the War, when "cliques" of criminals began to assemble in their separate habitual resorts, it became quite a common occurrence to see a dozen notorious crooks entertaining three or four detectives. Whenever any members of the police entered any public house or other place of resort where I made one of the company I promptly "bought a pen'north" (departed). Others would remain and vie with each other in making themselves affable by spending money freely.

This state of things went right against my principles, and I shortly decided to cut myself adrift from all my associates and companions, so that I would not have to

be continually enduring this sense of insecurity and suspicion. The same state of affairs exists on a larger scale to-day. Where the crooks forgather there are always to be found members of the C.I.D. to all appearances hail-fellow-well-met on all hands.

Many, many times of late years when I have run across my acquaintances of the Underworld have I been invited to "come around and see us at the Pump and Potman some evening." "But," I have always inquired, "don't the Johns (C.I.D.) get around there?" "Yes," the reply has always been, "but they are all right, they're pals of ours." Poor boobs. No wonder they are termed "in-and-out boys!"

THE C.I.D. work in concert. If Det.-Sergt. —— arrested one of his school he would close up a valuable source of information, therefore one of his confreres from another Division is deputised to carry out the good work—and on first hand information.

I know I am known to a good many of Scotland Yard's famous Flying Squad. I give them credit for their efficiency. Those that I know have always proved themselves to be sports and have been very fair in their dealings with me. It is true that I have never had the misfortune to fall into their particular hands, but I have the recollection of one occasion when I was cleverly shadowed for hours without my being aware of the fact—a proceeding that I had considered to be practically impossible.

Some time ago, when I was about to take a train on King's Cross Station to the North of England, I was suddenly approached by two prominent members of the "squad." They shook hands with me and asked me if I would come to the buffet and have a drink, as they wished to ask me a question. I consented and discovered that the nature of their inquiry was concerning an acquaintance of mine who was "on the run" for safe-blowing. Did I know where he could be found? I answered immediately that I did not, and emphatically announced that if I did I would not tell them. The senior of the two smiled and remarked that he had not thought for a moment that I would. This was the sole occasion in my career on which I was asked for "information."

The C.I.D. are mostly astute judges of character. Over our drinks, the conversation becoming general, I was presently astounded to learn that I had only a few days before been under the observation of these two men for several hours. At first I "pooh-poohed" the idea, but it suddenly began to dawn upon me that they were not "kidding." They related my movements with such accuracy that I had to admit that they had me "beat." I had been in company with a particularly notorious American grafter on the day in question, and we had first been "picked up" in a jeweller's shop in the neighbourhood of Victoria Station. From there we were shadowed to Selfridges, where we spent about an hour going through the whole store, and ultimately were abandoned in High Street, Kensington.

I figure this would cover a period of about five hours. I am not in the habit of throwing bouquets at police officers, but I am going to do so on this occasion. They must have been wonderfully smart and clever to avoid discovery on our part, but above all they were true sports in every sense of the word. *We were both subject to arrest at any time throughout that day as suspected persons, being both ex-convicts and subject to conviction under the Prevention of Crimes Act.* When I evinced my astonishment at this consideration on their part I was assured in a very sporting manner that they would rather secure a man of my calibre "to rights" (in the act) than take a liberty with me. We parted the best of friends on the understanding that we would always pit our best wits against each other.

I AM privileged to be on friendly terms with another very prominent member of the squad. There is no doubt that if the occasion had ever arisen when he would have had to effect my arrest, our amicable relations would have gone by the board and his duty would have been conscientiously performed. And I should have been the first one to congratulate him on his capture.

I first made his acquaintance some fourteen or fifteen years ago when he was much smaller fry than he is to-day. I met him again some five years ago when I had recently been discharged from penal servitude, and to show his remarkable memory for faces,

The crook who sports a gun is just a vicious fool.

he had, in fact, only seen me about twice before in his life, and that was many years before. Of course he knew my pedigree and all about me. On this occasion I was walking along the Brixton Road on a Sunday morning when I observed a man on the opposite side of the road endeavouring to attract my attention. He must have been at least fifteen yards distant from me, and for the life of me I could not conjure up any recollection of him.

Even when I had approached him and started to talk, I failed to recognise him. I told him that I thought he had made a mistake. Oh, no! I was Gordon of the Treacle Plaster game, and he was So-and-So. Then I remembered him. I met him on many occasions afterwards, and I remember with pleasure an occasion on which he enquired of me "whether I had ever thought of turning the game up and going straight." He said that he thought I was too good for the crooked business, and if I cared he would find me an appointment with a friend of his who was one of the biggest bookmakers in the West of England. I am afraid that then I did not care.

The detective and the crook of fiction are both, to my mind, absolutely impossible. The sleuth who can tell the colour of a person's eyebrows by the texture of the bootlaces he wears, and the crook who is always ready to hold up all and sundry with the small automatic which he is ready to produce on the slightest excuse, are myths. The detective in real life is merely part of a huge machine. Singly, he is just an ordinary personage with power to arrest. Whoever heard of such a thing as a successful private investigator of crime in this country? The nearest approach is the Crime Merchant of the Press—an absolutely unheard-of individual in the Underworld.

There are numerous private enquiry agencies who have their uses in cases of blackmail and divorce, etc., but as detectors of crime in general they have never existed. When a crime has been committed the Government Machine is put into action—and that's all there is to it. The crook who sports a gun is just a vicious fool. He has only to produce the weapon once and he finds himself in the "cold-storage" with a very serious charge pending against him.

The true "gunman" is an American product fast becoming extinct. The gunman in this country is a braggart and would-be desperado. He has read magazine stories about hold-ups and has seen someone successfully held up on every screen

in every cinema he has visited. I have come across one or two of his kind in my career, but the real crook shuns him—he's a "mug." He usually adopts American slang and phrases, and there is nothing natural about him. We have had an epidemic of his kind since the War, but his Dutch courage does not seem to spur him to anything greater than endeavouring to bluster young girls in sub-post offices. He does not dare to present his weapon to men in case it should be taken away from him and he should be hit on the head with it.

A clever thief, burglar, or specialist in any other branch of crime has no use for lethal weapons. He has a brain and a tongue, and knows these as his natural weapons of defence. If these two fail him in a crisis and there is still a chance to "get away" by bringing his physical abilities into play he will do so. But guns, never!

THE clever and astute criminal gets a vast amount of amusement out of the perusal of a detective or crook story. He sees at once that the writer is an "outsider" with a vivid imagination, who, put to the test, couldn't "steal a sprat off a gridiron."

The Bill Sikes type of crook is still in existence, and it is safe to presume will always remain in existence. Of him I do not care to speak—he speaks for himself. But of the intelligent, well-dressed crook I could write volumes.

He does not carry any marks of crime on his countenance. No hangdog looks and furtive glances about him. Just an ordinary open countenanced, steady-eyed individual who would pass anywhere for an everyday man-about-town. He may have been in the hands of the police on several occasions, but when he is clear once more he merely fits into the general surroundings and is "lost the run of" until he makes another mistake.

I remember being in custody at Hastings about four years ago. I was on ticket-of-leave and had failed to notify the police as to my change of address, moreover, and had falsely registered at the hotel wherein I was staying. Apart from these two charges—which were absolutely deadly, being indefensible, I was to be charged in the first place with robbing a money-lender of twenty-eight pounds. On the way to the police-station I realised that all the brain and wit in the world could not get me out of all this trouble, so I made it one of the very few occasions upon which I have requisitioned my physical abilities.

The inspector who was escorting me stood well over six feet, and was a long time reaching the ground after I had toppled him over with a right to his chin. But it was of no avail. I gave them a damned good run for it, and I think the whole town caught me about half an hour afterwards. I had run into the castle gardens thinking it was a park, but it was a veritable cul-de-sac.

I felt sorry for that inspector. When I saw him later, I apologised to him and told him that now that he knew what I had been up against probably he would understand. But I think he was very dull of comprehension, for he called me a coward for striking him unawares. Did his sporting instinct suggest that I should have asked him first if he would mind if I punched him on the chin, I wonder?

HOWEVER, this is not the incident I was about to describe. When the police had discovered, by means of my finger-prints, my previous record—a very unsavoury one—a sergeant of police remarked: "Good Lord! Whoever would have taken *him* for a crook!" The Chief Detective Inspector standing by replied: "I would have recognised him as one anywhere." I said, "Do you remember a gentleman asking you on the railway station yesterday morning to direct him to the Queen's Hotel, and you kindly did so? And you called him 'Sir.' That was me, and you cannot deny it!" He could not deny it, and he looked very sheepish when he drew his horns in.

In concluding this little incident I may add that although my assault on the inspector made my number of charges amount to four, I brought all my wit and eloquence into play when defending them with such a degree of success that I found myself finally committed to serve one month's hard labour and to pay £7 in fines. This will be acknowledged as most extraordinary when one realises that it lay in the power of the Bench to condemn me to imprisonment for a considerable number

of years. But a grafter has never finished grafting.

In the course of my career I have made the acquaintance of many detectives. I am not speaking now of those who know me from previous experience, but those, such as hotel detectives, whom I have imposed upon to such an extent that they would scorn the idea of anything being not above suspicion in my behaviour and general deportment. I have in my mind the recollection of something very much approaching intimate terms as my standing with one old hotel "reeler" in a certain fashionable hotel in Paris.

The inspector was a long time reaching the ground.

As most hotel detectives are, he was an ex-C.I.D. man retired on pension and employed by the hotel company as a sleuth to exclude the crooked element from the visitors' list, etc. I made his acquaintance in the hotel lounge before I had been staying forty-eight hours. I held this advantage over him, that whereas I knew all about him, he had no reason to believe me to be anything but what I represented myself to be: a business man on holiday, getting bored with his own society.

He was an engaging old chap—a little bit conceited, though. Before I had known him a week he had related practically all his past career to me. According to his own account he knew every Continental crook in existence. He knew all their ways and methods, and could pick them out on sight. My acquaintanceship with him became a great asset to me in my "business." Whenever I had a "subject" in tow I would take great pains to steer him to my friend the gendarme. After formally introducing him to Monsieur ——, the old chap being one of the loquacious kind and very vain would quickly enlighten the "subject" as to his present position and past astuteness. This always served to disarm any likelihood of suspicion on the part of the subject. How could the great friend of the ex-member of the Préfecture of Police be anything but what he represented himself to be?

The police of all countries, in my experience, unless given something definite to work upon, are impotent; and the grafter does not take them into consideration at all. If the grafter is known to the police of a certain district he has merely to "push his barrow" to a district wherein he is not known and he starts off the mark without the slightest handicap on their part.

The recent round-up of a gang of Continental crooks in Paris serves to illustrate my point. They had all been "performing" in Paris and other parts of the Continent for months, and in a great many cases for years. But, until they connected with a notorious crook who had been through the hands of the Continental police on numerous occasions, they had been practically immune from arrest.

The personage who was unconsciously responsible for their downfall arrived at Paris from London, and was immediately recognised and "tailed." All the people he met with whom he appeared to be on terms of intimacy were "nailed on spec," and their pasts gone into. On investigation they were all found to have "previous cons." There the police had something to work upon. But it is safe to surmise that had not this fortunate (for them) occurrence come about, all these grafters (whose aggregate amount of spoils appears to run into many thousands of pounds) would still be at large.

Moral to the grafter: "Where birds of a feather flock together, 'buy a pennorth.'"

Jimmy Joins the Lodge

QUITE a common pastime on the other side, but not always with such astonishing results.

By Harold de Polo,

Author of "Checkmated," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY LLOYD.

"Better take it easy," he warned.

HE didn't have time to turn his latchkey. His wife opened the door before Norton had time to let himself in.

"Gee!" he said, stepping in and kissing her and playfully shaking her head. "Here's where a disreputable young husband gets that old rolling-pin I've heard about, eh? Where is it, Vi? Come ahead and let me take my medicine in a gulp!"

His wife, her delicately pretty face prepared to be angry, could not restrain the smile that came to her lips. In fact, there were few people who could help smiling when Jimmy Norton used his infective grin and cajoling voice.

"Some day—some night, rather," she said, "I will follow the tactics of the comic-supplement spouse! And I'll be so severe in my punishment that you'll have to give up these lodge things for good."

"It's a pretty good girl, it is," said her husband, drawing her down to his knees, as he comfortably settled in the big chair before the fire. "Just a last pipe before we turn in. This is certainly the last lodge I'll join—I promise you that!"

"You said that the last time!"

"Nope! Said I hoped it would be! You see, dear, in a town of this sort it's absolutely necessary in a business way. I simply can't refuse, for I'm practically certain to be refusing a customer at the same time. But this has to be the last. I'm in 'em all!"

"I know it. And just think of that initiation fee and those old dues that will be coming in every quarter and always——"

"But it had to be."

"And we'll never get the car!"

Jimmy's eyes twinkled, and he shook a finger at her in mock rage. "There! I knew it! Doesn't care at all if I'm away—doesn't miss me at all—just want a blame old automobile!"

"You know that isn't so; but I've counted so on the runabout, and we're about the only people without one, and everybody must wonder why."

"Vi, I promise they'll not be wondering in three months. I think I cinched that Langler account to-night, and it means quite a lot to me."

"Did you? You dear boy!"

"Meant to tell you," he said, "that we might have a little visit from a burglar one of these nights fairly soon!"

"A—a burglar?" she asked, in astonishment.

"Yep; but what you might call a lodge burglar! It's this way. I got wise by accident, and began to put two and two together. After the initiation, while we were sitting around, I noticed that the talk came to keeping guns in the house. Several men pooh-poohed the idea, and several others came out strong for it, and then they asked me what I thought. I told 'em I never kept one around, that my fists were plenty good enough. I didn't think of it then, of course, but I did later. I overheard Murray and Anderson, out in the coat-room, saying that 'being sure he didn't have a gun made it absolutely safe.' And another fellow, after that, said that they'd get some tough-looking old bum of the town to do the job as soon as they could find him. Of course, I realised at once that they were speaking of me. This is probably the last stunt in the initiation business!"

"Aren't you clever, Jimmy?"

"Tremendously," he agreed gravely. "But I just told you, Vi, so's you wouldn't be frightened if we were awakened some dark night with an electric flash in our faces. Just keep your head, see, and don't let on you know, and let me handle it. We'll have some fun with 'em, eh?"

"We will, Jimmy," she said. "Almost as much fun as we'll have when we get the car!"

JIMMY wasn't awakened by a flash in his face; it was a cough—subdued, but racking—that caused him to open his eyes with a start. Instinctively he sat up with a jerk; then, as his mind cleared, he remembered. A smile came over his lips as there was silence from below. The fake burglar, probably, was waiting to find out whether or not his coughing had disturbed the victim. But Jimmy remained perfectly quiet, and then gently he roused his wife.

"Wake up, Vi," he whispered tensely. "Just heard someone below. Guess the boys have decided to pull the joke to-night. Remember all about it? Good! Keep your head!"

"Don't worry, Jimmy," was her calm answer.

"Then close your eyes and wait," he said.

They had to do this for perhaps two or three minutes, although it seemed about five times that long, lying there in the blackness. Then, although he could not hear him, Jimmy sensed that the intruder was in the doorway. A dazzling ray of light cut through the inkiness, and heavy breathing came to his ears.

"Mm!"

Jimmy Norton turned, twisted, grunted, brushed his hand across his eyes—and then opened them.

"Keep your trap closed tight!"

Staring dazedly, as if brought from a sound sleep, Jimmy looked at the newcomer. He stood there with an electric torch in his left hand and a revolver in his right. Jimmy told himself that the lodge had certainly picked a tough-looking customer. From all he could see, anyway, he was undoubtedly the wickedest in appearance they could find in the town.

"Snap on the lights, now you're awake!" he commanded. "An' wise the wife to keep her bean if she comes to!"

Jimmy clicked on the switch and continued to gaze at his opponent as if highly puzzled.

"What is this?" he asked. "A robbery?"

"Certainly not," said the other sweetly. "My gracious, how could you think so? This here is the pink tea you invites me to, this is!"

"What is it, Jimmy?" asked Vi restlessly. "Time to get up?"

"If she yaps I'm shootin'," said the stranger.

"Don't get excited, dear," soothed Jimmy. "It's a burglar, dear, and he's not going to do anything if you just keep quiet. Don't scream—just keep your head!"

"A—a—a burglar?" she asked.

"Keep her easy," warned that personage.

"Yes, Vi; better not even speak!"

"Oh!" she said. "I—I suppose he'll take all my rings and trinkets and things."

"Put me hep to where they are, lady, quick!"

"You're really not going to take them, are you?"

"Listen, mister," replied the burglar,

"I think you savvy. Tell the wife to come across with the info an' do no talkin', neither. I'm in a hurry, an' my gun finger's itchin'!"

Still Vi seemed unwilling; but Jimmy, after a second or two, apparently was able to do the convincing.

"In the left-hand side of the left-hand drawer, far back," she said, as if the words pained her.

Backing carefully to the bureau, he pulled open the drawer, slid in his hand and brought it forth. His eyes gleamed with avidity, and he pushed some rings and trinkets into his pocket.

"An' listen," he continued hastily, "I'm warnin' youse two not to turn in any alarm when I blow. I'm messy when I'm mad, an' I'm liable to come back an'——"

He didn't finish. Again came that cough—this time a hacking series of them that that caused him much annoyance.

"Gee!" said Jimmy, "you certainly shouldn't be out on a chilly night like this with that cough. Bad for your chest!"

"Cough be hanged!" chuckled the burglar reminiscently. "It's that powerful liquor o' your'n I seen on the sideboard. I just took one, but she sure went down the wrong——"

Mentally Jimmy shrieked his glee. He was visited by what he told himself was nothing less than a flash of genius. Here was his big chance to put one over on the boys from the lodge—the chance he had been hoping would come to him when they sent their pseudo-thief into his home.

"My—*my what?*" he demanded.

"Say, mister, I had a heart. I on'y took——"

"From the sideboard—from the bottle on the sideboard?"

"Sure," answered the other, a frown coming to his forehead.

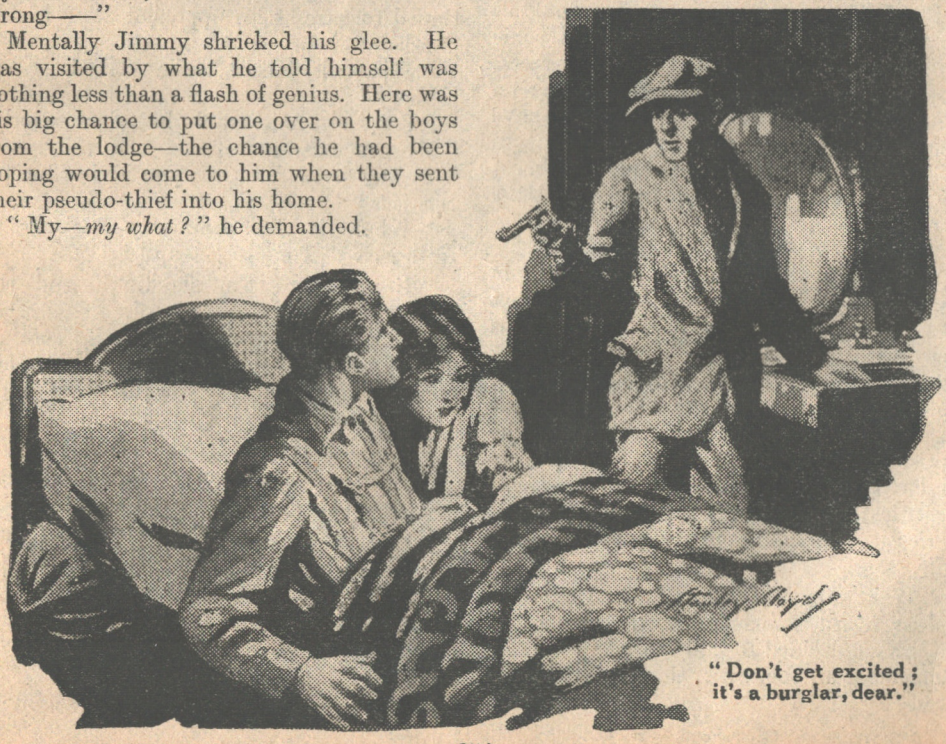
"Heaven help you!" said Jimmy sepulchrally.

"What do you mean?"

"We've got to do something, man," said Jimmy, putting one foot out of bed. "We've got to act quick. That wasn't liquor—that was wood alcohol! I had a chill the other night and couldn't get hold of the doctor for a prescription. One of the town loafers said he could get me some bootleg stuff, and I let him. Fortunately, just as I got home, I met the doc getting back from a country call, and it was lucky for me I did. I told him about it, and he said he'd test it. He did and discovered that it was made of wood alcohol. Say, you do look funny!"

The tough-seeming customer did. His eyes were wide, and his face was white, and he had that seasick air of nausea.

"An'—an'—an' I feel it," he declared. In a high-pitched quaver he demanded: "But what am I to do?"



"Don't get excited; it's a burglar, dear."

"There's only one way," said Jimmy, in a business-like manner, "and that's to use a stomach-pump. Naturally I haven't got one, but Doc Owens has. Want me to call him?"

"Friend," replied the intruder moaningly, "you can get the doc or the warden or the hangman—on'y get him here with that pump! Gee! Didn't I see poor ol' Slim Rausman go blind with this here wood-alcohol liquor? Grab on to the 'phone, will you?"

Jimmy left the room, unheeded. Downstairs, holding-back his laughter, he called up the medico.

"Doctor Owens? Good! Hurry right over. A burglar—poor devil—drank some stuff he found here he thought was whisky, and it's wood alcohol. I guess you'd better bring the pump! What? Yes, only one drink, so there may be time if you hurry!"

When Jimmy Norton returned upstairs he was sure that the man would now divulge the truth as to his identity, but apparently he did not wish to let out the joke. He put back the jewellery and threw his weapon on the bureau, and begged Jimmy to give him another chance after the doctor had done his work. Jimmy gave him credit for playing his part well. He almost went into hysterics as the burglar over and over again vowed that from now on he would go straight.

He was cut short presently by a hurried ring at the bell, and Jimmy went to answer it. Bustling upstairs in Jimmy's wake came the physician. He already had his pump out, but then, as he stepped close to his prospective patient, a whistle escaped his lips.

"You have done well, Norton," he said. "I recognize this scoundrel from the bills posted in the post office. He's 'Frank the Brute,' and there's a thousand dollars reward offered for his capture!"

Jimmy Norton was an unusually quick-thinking young man in a crisis. For an instant, it is true, he was somewhat stunned, but only for an instant. Then, suddenly, he made a dive for the bureau. When he had recovered his balance, the discarded revolver was in his hand, and it was levelled at the intruder.

"Are you sure, doctor?" he asked.

"Are you guys going to stand there arguin' while I'm dyin'?" demanded the stranger. "Sure he's sure, but hurry up an' use that pump. I'd rather hit the pen than the grave, bo!"

"Then if that's the case, doctor," said Jimmy, "there's no use exercising that pump. The whisky he drank was perfectly good stuff—the same bottle I got on your prescription a couple of weeks ago. I—I thought that he was someone else. But I'll tell you that later. Anyway, I put one over on him by making him think it was wood alcohol, and——"

But Jimmy and the doctor suddenly stepped back. Vi gave a little scream. The Brute was demonstrating the wherefore of his nickname, and he certainly deserved it. His face looked like that of a mad thing, and a bellow of thunderous rage came from his lips as he charged forward.

But Jimmy again had used his brain. His foot had gone out, catching the crook neatly, and he went sprawling on the floor. It served to bring him to his senses, for Jimmy stood over him with a levelled and loaded weapon and spoke crisply.

"Better take it easy," he warned. "You're covered right, and one more move like the last, and I shoot to kill! Doctor, do you mind just stepping down to the 'phone and calling the police?"

YOU can't blame Jimmy and Vi for not going to sleep after it was all over. When the two policeman had departed with the prisoner they sat talking over the thing for a good hour or more. A great and constant grin was on Jimmy's lips, and presently he let his wife know the main reason for it.

"Well, Vi," he said, "I'm betting you're not going to kick at my joining any more lodges, eh?"

She looked innocent enough, and carried it right through with her surprised question:

"What has that got to do with it?"

Jimmy appeared to think deeply. After a moment he rose and patted her on the head.

"That's right, Vi, I guess we'd better not. Of course, Doc Owens and I will split that reward, and I thought, before you'd changed your mind, that we might go down and pick out that runabout in the morning. Still, seeing that you feel like——"

"Jimmy boy," she declared happily, "you can join a lodge every single night in the week, if you want to!"

Hiding the Booty

GIVEN half-an-hour's grace, how would you dispose of stolen goods?

By E. Dubois.

THE essence of successful thief catching, any Scotland Yard officer will tell you, is to link up the stolen property with the suspected person. The clever thief is well aware of that. Hence the most ingenious hiding-places are adopted in which to cache the plunder until the hue and cry for it has died down and there is a chance of selling it without its being identified.

There is one such place which fulfils all these requirements, and it is so extensively used that it has been called the Thieves Safe Deposit. It is the Tube or railway-station cloak-room.

The Tube cloak-rooms of London, it is computed, are full of stolen property. In one recent case detectives traced the proceeds of twenty-nine robberies by a lucky capture of a man with cloak-room tickets on him. He had suit-cases filled with stolen silver and plate in over a dozen cloak-rooms in various parts of the West End of London. His plan was to rob a nice house in the afternoon, walk out with the owner's suit-case packed with his plunder, and go straight to a Tube and deposit the haul in the cloak-room.

There it remained for months, until the police circulation of the missing property had been forgotten by more recent burglaries. Then he claimed the bag and sold it.

To the cloak-room clerk it was just one of many bags, and although the police know full well the use to which cloak-rooms are put, they cannot watch every cloak-room, nor the bags, unless they have very good reason to suspect any one article. Sometimes they do know that a particular case has been dumped by a thief; but even then they are frequently baffled, for the cautious criminal does not do anything so foolish as to claim the bag personally. He finds a likely-looking youth, and promises him a shilling if he will go and get the bag for him. The thief gives him the ticket and arranges to meet him at a convenient street corner.

Not only is stolen property thus stored, but men engaged in long firm swindles also use the London cloak-rooms as convenient safe deposits for incriminating documents which they cannot destroy for the moment, but which would be fatal in their office.

THE safest safe deposit of all, however, is a man's club, and only after very strong protest and interminable formalities will a really good West End club allow any stranger to overhaul the correspondence of its members. The swell mobsmen of the West End are fully aware of this, and the annals of Scotland Yard hold more than one instance of the baffling use made of this privilege by a criminal who has calmly posted to himself some valuable piece of stolen jewellery. There it remains in the letter rack, or in the care of the secretary, while the hue and cry fruitlessly proceeds outside. Only the other day jewellery worth a thousand pounds was recovered from the letter rack of a good West End club, where it had been lying for over six months, and it was by the merest fluke of the sender ceasing to be a member of that particular club and not having had the chance to reclaim his letter that the police were able to get their hands on it and return it to the owner.

The officer stretched out his other arm, and said: "I arrest you also!"

Making London's Police

AN intimate historical survey of the growth of the Metropolitan Police system.

By George Dilnot,
Author of "The Secret Service Man," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY THOS. SOMERFIELD.

SWIFTLY though the Metropolitan Police had sprung up it was ten years before it finally shaped itself. In that time all the rough corners were being smoothed off the machine, all the loose ends were being tucked in.

In their first year of office the title of the heads of the force was changed from "Justices" to "Commissioners," a change only of title which had no effect on their duties. To this day the Commissioners and the four Assistant Commissioners at Scotland Yard are ex-officio justices of the peace, but their functions in that capacity are not exercisable on the Bench.

The need of properly organised police forces in the provinces was becoming urgent, for they had to meet the exodus of

criminals from the metropolis who were seeking spots where law and order were less rigorously enforced. The proportion of bad characters in London in 1837 was placed at 1 in 89 as against 1 in 45 in Liverpool, 1 in 31 in Bristol, and 1 in 27 in Newcastle. A periodical—the "Police Gazette"—which was first published in 1828, had been continued with description of crimes and criminals. Its remodelled successor is still a potent factor in the fight against crime.

Among the Acts passed had been the Special Constables Act, 1831, and the Municipal Corporations Act, 1835. The latter Act, among other things, empowered a "Watch Committee," formed of mayors and councillors, to appoint police officers and make regulations for their management. Both the Acts dealt with special constables, who were to be appointed by justices when "tumult, riot, or felony" were feared.

A testimonial to the efficiency of the London police arrangements was given by a prisoner who gave evidence before a Royal Commission in 1839. "In London or Liverpool, or such places as have got the new police, there is little to be done, unless it is picking pockets; people think that they are safe under the eye of the new police, and will take large sums of money in their pockets."

THE first of many expeditions which the Metropolitan Police have since made to help outside authorities was sent to Sevenoaks in Kent. A number of journeymen papermakers had ignored the blandishments and threats employed to induce them to pay their poor rates. Distress warrants were issued, but when the local constables went to execute them, they were driven away. They were no match for the malcontents, who entirely dominated the situation.

Aid was besought from the metropolis, and a small body of the police was detached to go to Sevenoaks. The papermakers fought the newcomers furiously, but victory was with law and order, and several arrests were made. It was proposed to take one of the local constables to identify the prisoners when they returned. But the stalwart defender of the peace turned pale when the suggestion was made to him. He was afraid that he would incur the vengeance of the prisoners and their friends. When the Metropolitan officers persisted he actually tried to escape, and only the counter-threats of personal violence made by the London officers kept him to their purpose.

In May, 1836, the Bow Street Horse Patrol had been absorbed by the Metropolitan Police. There still, however, remained various independent bodies of police. They were the City of London force, the Thames Police, and the officers attached to the police offices or courts.

A Select Committee urged Parliament in 1838 to consolidate these constabulary forces (including the City) under one authority. The abolition of executive power over police by magistrates was recommended, and the advantages of police courts with purely judicial functions were pointed out.

The Committee dwelt upon the obstacles in the way of the police by reason of their restricted powers of arrest without warrant, and also suggested larger powers for magistrates to detain a person for examination.

The following year the Metropolitan Police Act and the Metropolitan Police Courts Act were passed, carrying out to a large extent the suggestions of the Committee. The former Act made it possible by an Order in Council to enlarge the police district. Officers of the Metropolitan Police were empowered to act in certain places outside their area. They were entitled to carry out their office on all navigable parts of the River Thames, the City of London, and any place within ten miles of a Royal Palace.

BUT the City of London, jealous of its prerogatives, had not relished the idea of surrendering any iota of them. It made a determined and successful stand for the right to manage its own police, and in the same year the City of London Police Act was passed. The City as proudly refused all subsidies as it resented Government control. It would pay for its own police.

Daniel Whittle Harvey, an attorney and Member of Parliament for Colchester, was the leading spirit in bringing about the City Police as a distinct body. A man of vitriolic tongue, a clever public speaker, and a consummate politician, he was far from popular. He was appointed the first Commissioner of the City Police.

It has been hinted that the clause in the Act which forbade the head of the City of London Police from holding a seat in the House of Commons was a cunning device of the Government to rid themselves of a dangerous political opponent. Harvey was later refused admission to the Bar. He was, however, an able administrator and modelled the force upon the lines of the Metropolitan Police. There can be little doubt that had not the City Police proved itself so efficient it would ultimately have been swallowed up by its big neighbour outside Temple Bar.

For many years after this, while the new police forces were being raised all over the country on the pattern of the Metropolitan Police, London officers were in continual requisition either temporarily or permanently to assist in the development and organisation of the new bodies. They were the only persons who had any experience and they ably laid the foundations of many of the best of our provincial forces. It is an interesting fact that to this day many of the chief constables of provincial and colonial forces have been selected from men who once wore the uniform of ordinary constables in London.

Long time, however, was to elapse before the police outside the metropolis were in any degree generally effective, particularly in the rural districts, and the lack of any uniformity was a grave defect.

Various systems were at work down to 1856, when an Act was passed compelling some measure of standardisation throughout the country. A criminal driven out of London was no longer able to take complete advantage of the broken links in the chain of police throughout the country.

But London was, as it has always been, *the* national force of England. It was to London that other districts turned when ever riot or disorder which could not be dealt with was locally feared.

The practice arose of lending Metropolitan police to quell disturbances outside London.

"I have seen a female of that class place upon a window-sill a piece of money."

IN 1839 the Chartist agitation was menacing the public peace. Included in the ranks of the Chartists were great numbers of the working population artisans and mechanics in the great towns. They sought through political reforms an alleviation of social evils, and their leaders —the most prominent being an Irishman, one Feargus O'Connor—had drawn up a "People's Charter" containing six points of reform which Parliament refused to grant. It is a matter of history that practically all the reforms they asked are now in operation.

It was almost entirely a working man's agitation, and its leaders were unwilling and incapable of keeping their followers out of mischief. A virulent class hatred existed, for the working men believed

that they had been thrown over when the Reform Act had been passed. There was a vague idea in the minds of thousands that the aristocrats and capitalists were combined to prevent the working man from improving his wretched condition.

The Chartists were to cause much trouble to the Metropolitan Police ere they died out. One of the first collisions occurred in Birmingham where a "National Convention" was in progress. Ninety of the London police had been sent down in the expectation that the mobs incited by their orators might proceed to lengths of violence. The fear was justified.

The police arrived while a meeting was taking place at the Bull Ring. There was much noise, confusion, and loud talk, but up to the moment an open act of violence had not occurred.

It is possible that the tact and good humour of the modern policeman in dealing with excitable crowds was not so conspicuous in his forbears of that day. The superintendent commanding the police gave a peremptory order to the people to disperse. He probably had little expectation that they would do so, and, in fact, the order was disregarded.

Almost immediately afterwards the first blows were struck and the angry mob pressed the police back. There have been few occasions on which force once resorted to, the Metropolitan Police have been defeated. This was one of these occasions. They were outnumbered and overwhelmed. At a critical moment they received military assistance which saved the situation.

SO began the great Birmingham riots in the course of which fifty thousand pounds' worth of damage was done. Another collision between a mob and the London police took place on the following Monday. This time the police had the best of matters, but the bitterness and ill-feeling on both sides was strongly intensified.

For some reason or other, fifty of the police were withdrawn from Birmingham, and forty left to maintain order in the now thoroughly disturbed town. Public meetings were forbidden, but the Chartists took no notice of prohibition. A few days later the forty made an attempt to hold up a meeting.

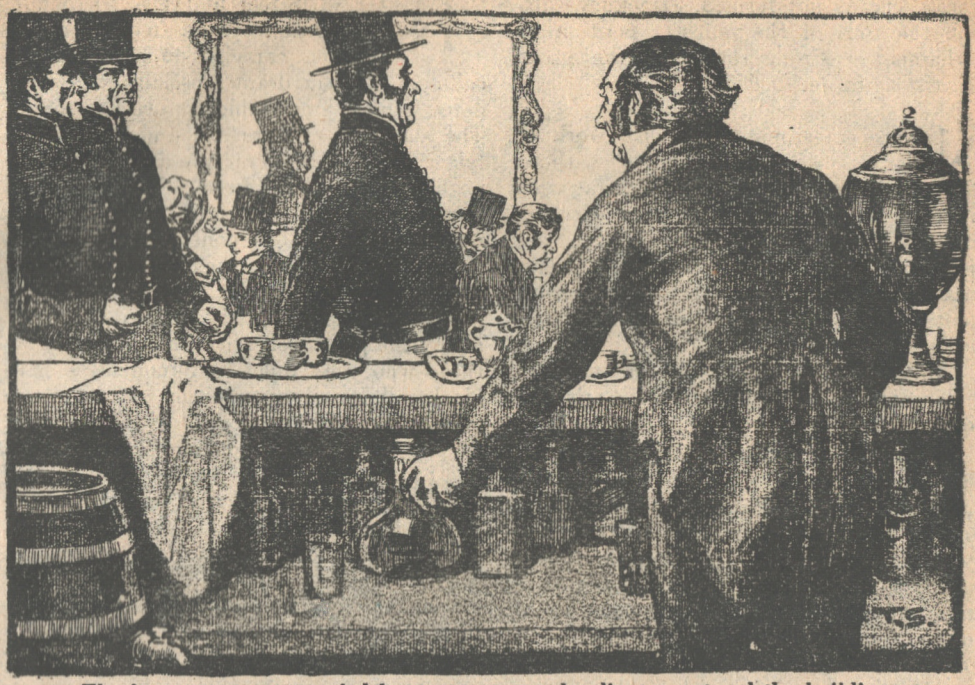
Disaster followed. The task was found beyond their strength. Desperate and infuriated, the mob tore down the iron railings which encircled the Nelson Monument, and using the bars as clubs drove the tiny body of police back to the shelter of the police yard. Imprisoned there, the officers had the chagrin of seeing the main body of the rioters surge into the town ripe for any mischief. For an hour and a half mob law reigned. Beginning with mere wanton damage—the smashing of lamps and windows, the crowd, finding no check upon its operations, began to loot among shops and business premises whenever opportunity offered.

PRESENTLY the police recovered themselves. Armed with cutlasses and with mounted troops as allies, they charged once more upon the rioters, and ultimately peace was once more restored to the town.

Following this the remaining detachment of London police was withdrawn and the protection of the town entrusted to a large number of special constables. It cannot be said that the Metropolitan men came out of the affair with any great credit. A little tolerance and tact might have gone far to minimize the consequences that occurred. On the other hand must be placed the fact that they were in strange surroundings, dealing with strange people, and faced with extraordinary difficulties in carrying out their duties. There was in those days little appreciation of the science of managing a crowd beyond brute force. The development of that tact in which the Metropolitan Police are now so adept came later.

It came as a surprise in 1886 when a Departmental Committee found that, though there were standing orders to regulate the conduct of constables at peaceable meetings, there had never been issued any definite regulations of the management of disorderly mobs.

FOR years the Chartist agitation went on, but with its progress we have little to do until 1848. That was a year when revolution blazed high on the Continent, and when examples of what maddened mobs could do were patent in the proudest capitals of Europe. Judge, then, of the consternation of the peaceful citizens of London when it was announced



The inspector, accompanied by one or two subordinates, entered the building.

that 200,000 Chartists proposed to assemble on Kennington Common and march in military order to the House of Commons, there to present a mammoth petition.

There was apprehension everywhere. This seemed more like an affair of civil war than a matter of police. The Government declared the procession illegal, and warned all peaceable and loyal subjects to refrain from countenancing it. The whole of the regular police force would be outnumbered by forty to one. An appeal was made for volunteers as special constables, and thousands upon thousands flocked to be sworn in. Among them was Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Napoleon III., then living in London.

NO less person than the Duke of Wellington had charge of the general arrangements for the protection of the metropolis. The Bank and public buildings were guarded by military. Mr. Justin McCarthy has given a vivid impression of the old officer. "He acted with extreme caution and told several influential persons that troops were in readiness everywhere, but that they would not be seen unless an occasion actually arose for the calling of their services. The coolness and presence of mind of the stern old soldier are well illustrated in the fact that to several persons of influence and authority who came to him with suggestions for the defence of this place or that, his answer almost invariably was, 'Done already,' or 'Done two hours ago,' or something of that kind."

It was inevitable that if it came to the clash of arms the Metropolitan Police would be the first to be embroiled. London woke to alarm on April 10th—the date fixed. Rumours of riots and bloodshed spread to the farthest quarters. Bloody conflicts between police, military, and Chartists had taken place according to report, and always the forces of law and order had been defeated.

As a matter of fact, the great procession was a ludicrous farce. Instead of the formidable array of stalwarts which was to have formed, there gathered at Kennington Common a few thousand men, "not a larger concourse than a temperance demonstration had often drawn together on the same spot."

Only here and there was there a slight altercation with the police. The great Feargus O'Connor himself counselled obedience to the orders of the authorities. The

procession was not formed. Hackney cabs took the rolls of the monster petition to Parliament. From that day the great Chartist agitation died out.

NO proper estimate of police work of any period is possible without taking into consideration a wide range of facts. The facilities for carrying out the duties of preventive police are dependent upon a number of factors outside the force itself—legislative enactments, public opinion, social custom and outlook, and lastly the progress of invention. It will be easily understood, for instance, that material difficulties would arise in policing a badly lit district.

Nor can but the roughest reliance be placed upon figures. The crimes of one day may be the virtues of another. There was a time when trade unionists were punished by transportation, while cock-fighting, bear-baiting, and other cruelties were regarded as manly sports. Crime, from the statistical point of view, is entirely a matter of legislation. The more laws there are to break the more will be broken, the greater the knowledge and vigilance required by the police.

The police force was created in an era of social reform when we were beginning to realise that prevention of crime was a greater deterrent than punishment, and that the hangman's rope and vindictive laws were not absolutely necessary to the salvation of society. The punishment of death was abolished for a large number of offences; regulations were improved; children were handed over to private reformatories rather than herded in gaol with criminals; the pillory was entirely abolished; sweeps were prohibited from the employment of boys.

All this reacted on crime, and consequently on the police. By 1840, too, they had reached a stage at which most of the obstacles that only experience could overcome were broken down. The machinery was running fairly smoothly.

There have been pictures left of that time by men of keen observation and high intelligence that have deliberately conveyed the impression that the police were corrupt and apathetic, particularly in the West End of London. Here is one by Serjeant Ballantine apropos of the C Division.

"REGENT Street and the surrounding localities were frequented by women carrying on a miserable calling. The Quadrant especially was rendered almost impossible for decent people. The shopkeepers were up in arms, and bitter complaints were raised against the negligence of the officers. The inquiries, however, set on foot fully explained the reason of this. The constables upon the beat were in the pay of the most troublesome of those who infested the streets in consideration for which they allowed them to annoy the passengers with impunity; while those who were quiet and inoffensive had blackmail levied upon them by the most tyrannical and cruel means. If they refused to pay they were taken into custody and had to pass the night in a wretched cell, and were next morning charged with annoying people and obstructing the footway; and although I know that Mr. Knox, having grave suspicions of the motives of the officers, threw what protection he could over the accused, a fine was often imposed and further imprisonment followed in consequence of non-payment.

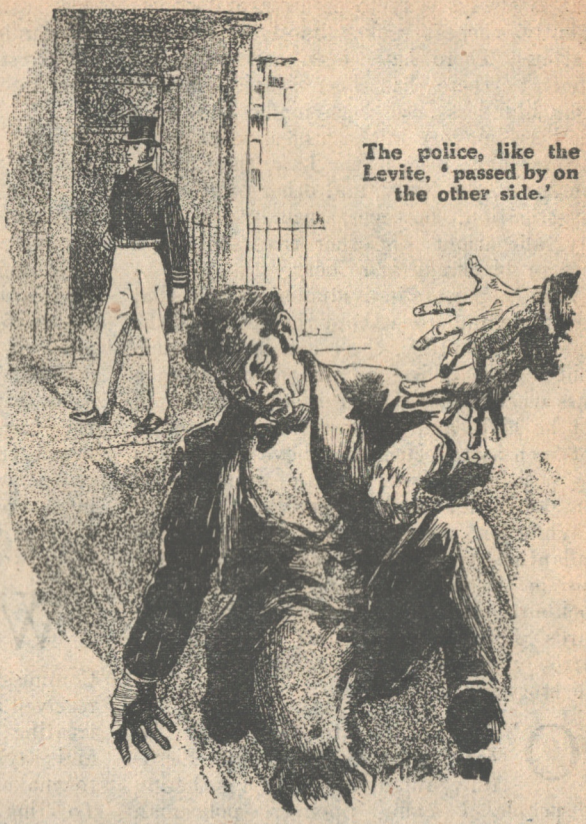
"The wretched victims learned prudence and obtained the necessary licence to pursue their unhappy trade. I have seen upon several occasions a female of that class alluded to place upon a post or window-sill a piece of money, and a policeman come up and remove it. . . . I have had many conversations with him—Mr. Knox, the Marlborough Street Magistrate—on the subject . . . and I believe he fully shared the opinion I have expressed as to the necessity of great caution in dealing with police testimony."

Serjeant Ballantine was a man of strong prejudices who had never concealed his dislike of the Metropolitan Police, though even he was constrained to admit that they were an improvement on their forerunners. Although there was undoubtedly a shameful condition of affairs existing round about the Haymarket, Regent Street, and other places, his strictures on the police must be received with caution.

THE position of the police in regard to prostitution and its attendant evils has always been one of extreme delicacy down to the present day. A policeman arrests a woman and she has

refused him blackmail; he does not arrest another woman and he is in her pay. It is a dilemma that might puzzle greater men than the average constable. In any other class of offence for which he has made an arrest, conviction or acquittal of the prisoner matters little to him, as a personal matter. But let a prisoner be acquitted on some charge of prostitution, and a vindictive woman, backed by unscrupulous friends to swear to her respectability, can go far to ruining a police officer's career.

For that reason alone police would be very careful in effecting an arrest not to act without reasonable confidence. The Police Code now lays it down: "The greatest care is necessary in dealing with prostitutes. Women arrested under the most compromising circumstances often stoutly protest their innocence, and any appearance of arbitrary action is rightly resented by the public. It is therefore essential for the police to be quite sure of their facts . . . before arresting."



The police, like the Levite, 'passed by on the other side.'

THE accusation levelled by Mr. Serjeant Ballantine against the C Division has been many times repeated since. Let us now examine the evidence of a witness who held an unrivalled acquaintance with the underworld of London, and who blamed fearlessly when blame was merited—the late James Greenwood.

"The public generally were quite satisfied with the gradual and successful working of the plans adopted for extinction of the infamous 'oyster shops' and cafés and wine shops that in olden times made night hideous from St. James Street to Piccadilly. Suddenly, however, the good work has received a serious check. According to the usual custom, the keeper of the refreshment house on being summoned before the magistrate (Mr. Knox) for an infringement of the Act was fined for the offence, and nothing else was expected but that fine would be paid, and except for its salutary effect there was an end to it.

"But it would seem that the fined 'night house' keeper had cunning advisers who assured him that the conviction was bad, and that he had only to appeal to a superior court to ensure its being set aside. The course suggested was adopted and crowned with success. Mr. Knox's decision was reversed, it not being clearly shown that the loose women discovered on the premises were really assembled for immoral purposes.

"The result was what might have been expected. Three similar cases come before Mr. Knox later. He pointed out certain technical difficulties in the way of getting the law fixed. There was no help for it; the night house keepers must go on in their own way; the police might give up their supervision and refrain from taking out summonses, as he should certainly decline to convict. . . . He was powerless. Mr. Knox then requested Mr. Superintendent Dunlop to communicate what had occurred to the Comissioners of Police."

It is always easy to confuse, and consequently suspect police motives on any matter. There have been corrupt police officers; there has been stupid officers; gross blunders have been made, and there has been knavery in the profession of police as there have been in the Law, the Church, the Army, the Navy, and other professions. Investigation, however, usually confutes any allegations of other than individual uses of blackmail or bribery.

That there were individual cases, and that they were numerous about the middle of the nineteenth century, there can not be much doubt. The policeman was picked from a class where the standard of education could not be high, and his wages were certainly not such as to place him above temptation his position offered. Little wonder that some of them should succumb.

While on the subject of Mr. Serjeant Ballantine one may recall the amusing episode in which he and Sir Alexander Cockburn, then Attorney-General, and afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England, narrowly escaped arrest. Ballantine tells the story:

"ONE night late—it might be early morning—I was in Piccadilly, and attracted by a gathering of people I came upon a policeman struggling with a drunken, powerful woman. She had either fallen or had been thrown down, and he had fallen upon her. There were expressions of indignation being uttered by the persons around, and a row seemed imminent. I touched the officer lightly upon the shoulder, saying: 'Why do you not spring your rattle? You will hurt the woman.' He jumped up, and seizing me by the collar, said: 'I take you into custody for obstructing me in the execution of my duty!' I remained perfectly passive, and in the meanwhile another constable had come up and seized the woman, whom he was handling very roughly.

"AT this moment Sir Alexander Cockburn, then Attorney-General, who was returning from the House of Commons, appeared upon the scene, and seeing a woman, as he thought, ill-used, remonstrated in indignant language with the officer, upon which the constable who had hold of me stretched out his other arm—whether reaching Sir Alexander or not I could not see—and said: 'I arrest you also.' 'Arrest me!' exclaimed the astonished Attorney-General. 'What for?' 'Oh,' said my captor, 'for many things! You are well known to the police!'

"I cannot surmise what would have become of us. Possibly we should have spent the night in company with the very objectionable female on whose behalf we had interfered. Some people, however, fortunately recognised us, and we were released. I took the numbers of the officers, and being determined to see the end of the affair, went next morning to the court where the charge ought to have been made, and heard that the woman had effected her escape, which, considering that I had left her in charge of half a dozen officers, and that she was very drunk, was a remarkable act of prowess.

"WITH the concurrence of Sir Alexander Cockburn, I wrote a full account to Mr. Mayne (the Commissioner), and after a day or two received an answer from some subordinate treating my letter with great coolness, and saying that if I had any complaint to make I might go before a magistrate. To this communciation I replied by private note to the Commissioner to the effect that I should select my own mode of ventilating the matter. A very courteous reply, promising thorough inquiry, resulted from this further step.

"I never heard anything more about it, and am sorry to say was not patriotic enough to take any further trouble in the matter."

Even on the face of Serjeant Ballantine's story, it appears probable that a harassed policeman struggling with a drunken prisoner might have some reason to resent interference by a stranger and might misapprehend his motives.

It may be interesting to recall the narrow escape of another eminent lawyer—Charles Russell—then a young barrister with scarcely a friend in London, who was to become Lord Chief Justice of England. The story is from the biography by Barry O'Brien.

"ONE evening Russell was at the Haymarket Theatre. On the fall of the curtain he stood in the corner of the pit to have a look at the

house. Two men were near him. Suddenly someone cried out, 'I am robbed! I have lost my watch, and these three men have it!'

"The idea struck Russell: If one of these men has the watch, he may slip it into my pocket. He put his hand behind, pressed his pocket, and exclaimed: 'Good heavens! They have done it—there is the watch!' The police arrived upon the scene; the two men and Russell were walked out. 'What am I to do?' thought Russell. 'No explanation I can give will get rid of the fact that the stolen watch is in my pocket.' Characteristically, he came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to take out the watch, hand it boldly to the police, and trust to fortune and truth.

"He put his hand in his pocket and found —his snuff-box! One of the other men had the watch."

MORE convincing than Mr. Serjeant Ballantine is Mr. Montagu Williams, who as a barrister and police magistrate achieved a great reputation. His impressions cast a still more vivid light on the night houses of the West End.

"In the Haymarket," he says, "was the Piccadilly Saloon. It had no licence whatever. . . . The fun there would commence about 12.30. Someone stood at the outer door, and half-way up the passage was the man who took the entrance money. There was a regular drinking bar on the left-hand side as you entered, but at the end of the room were three musicians.

"The police were supposed to visit such houses at least once every night, and what used to take place—for I have seen it with my own eyes—was simply a farce. A knock was given at the outer door by the waiting inspector, where upon the word was passed, 'Police!' Some two or three minutes were allowed to elapse, and then the inspector, accompanied by one or two subordinates, entered the building, lantern in hand.

"The interval of time had been sufficient to enable all the bottles and glasses to be whipped off the counter and placed on the shelves underneath, innocent coffee cups being substituted in their stead.

"Sufficient time had also been given to enable these musicians to vanish through a doorway. Here they remained until the police, having gone through the usual sham of walking round the room, had taken their departure."

SIR HENRY SMITH, a late Commissioner of the City of London Police, has endorsed the statements of both Serjeant Ballantine and Mr. Williams. "Both show good taste in not alluding to '67'—the 'sixante-sept,' as we used to call the house—where a constable—whose salary, I imagine, must have exceeded the Home Secretary's—stood nightly at the door.

"Coney's," adds Sir Henry, "was the only dangerous establishment in the neighbourhood.

"Old Count Considine says: 'A cut-glass decanter, well aimed and low, I have seen do effective service.' I never saw such a weapon used at Coney's, but tumblers and soda-water bottles used to be hurled across the room more frequently than was conducive to comfort.

"Coney originally kept a 'hell' in San Francisco, where he amassed a considerable sum of money, and his ambition was to conduct his London house on the same lines. When a man was chucked out into the street the chances were he would lie there till picked up by the milkman in the morning. Provided no one was actually murdered, the police to a man, like the Levite, 'passed by on the other side.'"

AS we have said, it is impossible not to believe that there was some foundation for a belief so widespread that some men of the C Division were corrupt. There never was any public inquiry at this time into matters, and it is therefore impossible to say how widespread the evil was.

But ultimately the men of the division were transferred to other districts where probably temptation was less strong and opportunities more restricted.

The responsibility of the police for the scandalous state of the West End in this respect, however, cannot be considered proved.

Action on the part of an officer in these matters is always difficult, and it may be more dangerous to arrest a prostitute than a hooligan.

A figure leapt into the bright aurora of light.

The Gamble

WHEN brawn meets brains, there is little doubt of the result.

By J. Swift.

ILLUSTRATED BY INDER BURNS.

THE small, neat blue racer snorted and throbbed its way through the night, its powerful engines eating up the miles of impenetrable blackness through which two long shafts of vivid light, thrown out from the headlamps, cut their way.

The driver, a woman, crouched low over the wheel, her eyes straining to pierce the wall of gloom which sprang up where the headlights ceased. She was a beautiful woman, judging from the little of her face that could be seen from beneath a small, close-fitting hat.

The dull roar of the engine filled the air. Soft air, fragrant with the balmy scent of honeysuckle and wild roses, and fanned into a sharp breeze as the racer tore by the fields and hedgerows at breakneck pace. But the most reckless of drivers cannot take "hairpin" corners at high speed and in pitch-black darkness, and she was compelled to slow down considerably as she neared a sharp, treacherous bend in the road.

At the very turn of the corner, just as the powerful lamps swung around to cleave a

path into the night, a figure, gesticulating wildly, leapt into the bright aurora of light. With a muttered exclamation, the woman jammed on a brake, and the roar of the engine died down to a sullen, throbbing murmur. The figure—it was a man—stepped on to the footboard and leaned over until his face almost touched that of the woman, who drew back in momentary amazement as he flashed a brilliant torch into her eyes, revealing the fact that he was masked.

Her eyes narrowed, and buried in the warm depth of a fur collar, her pretty chin set hard and firm.

"Good-evening!" she said abruptly.

He ignored the salutation, but said, in a thick, husky voice:

"Come along, lady, yer purse, please."

The woman raised her brows slightly.

"My dear, good man——" she began, in an arrogant tone.

"Cut it!" he interrupted roughly, seizing her wrist. "I want yer money or yer jools!"

She made an attempt to shake him off, and smiled faintly.

"Really, this is too thrilling. Do you really expect me to give up my purse to you? How *too* funny!"

He gripped her wrist tighter until she was forced to give vent to a slight cry.

"'And 'em over, I say. I got a nice little bit of iron 'ere, miss, which is a bit 'eavy!"

"Iron usually is!" she returned swiftly. "Just a habit, I suppose."

HE snarled, and with a sudden movement, produced a dangerous-looking heavy bar of iron and held it up menacingly. She winced perceptibly. Her nerve was admirable, but the thought of having one's skull cracked by a bar of iron is not pleasant.

"Climb in," she commanded peremptorily, with a beckoning movement. "I have something to say to you."

He hesitated, and gazed at her suspiciously for a moment. She laughed a little—not very mirthfully.

"It's quite safe, I assure you," she said. "I'm not going to shoot you."

Still with some hesitation he clambered over the low door, and seated himself awkwardly upon the edge of the seat, clutching his

"My dear Dicky, that was a brilliant idea of yours!"

formidable weapon tightly. He looked ludicrous. Obviously a novice at the game.

"You're not used to this, are you?" she questioned, taking the torch from his hand calmly and flashing it upon his face. The dark eyes dropped beneath her steady gaze, and he shifted his feet; slowly but surely his menacing demeanour was dropping from him.

"I—no—it's the first time I've done done—this," he admitted uncertainly, somewhat unbalanced by the cool, strange behaviour of the woman. "But, I served time, you see, for pinchin'."

She nodded as if she understood.

"Admirable qualifications," she observed. She wanted to laugh. What an unbelievable occurrence, what an ideal catch-penny story for the papers. The most notorious woman crook of two continents held up by an amateur highwayman whose courage literally oozed from his finger-tips at the slightest resistance on the part of his victims. What a joke!

She smiled slightly. Everything was plain sailing now. The man could be disposed of in two minutes.

Suddenly, and quite unbidden, an idea flitted across her mind. Acting on the impulse of the moment she asked: "And now, I suppose, you're absolutely down and out, without a brass farthing?"

He nodded in a hopeless fashion. For a moment she hesitated. It was absurd, dangerous, an enormous risk, this thing that her mind was telling her to do. She wavered for a second longer. He looked so dejected, with his mask all awry.

"Look here," she began quickly. "I'm going to make you a sporting offer."

He looked at her in amazement. The woman was quite beyond him.

"In here"—she tapped her right hand pocket—"I have a case of jewels. They're valuable. Worth a fortune."

His eyes glinted in the glare of the torch.

She went on.

"I've also got another case of jewels, the exact replica of the first lot, box and all."

Slowly light dawned upon him. He muttered in a strained undertone:

"Fakes?"

"Exactly!"

"But—but, who—— Let me see 'em!"

She put her hand to her pocket.

"Before I bring them out," she said evenly, "I'll tell you my proposal. These cases are exactly alike, and the gems inside them. There is not one atom of difference. There are some diamonds, a ruby ring, some pearls. The Morny jewels."

She held up her left hand as he opened his mouth to speak.

"Don't ask me any questions. Now I'm going to take an even chance with you. I'm going to put the two cases on the seat between us, and you may select whichever of the two you wish."

She produced the cases as she spoke, two flat leather boxes, each the exact replica of the other. Placed them on the seat, and flashed the torch upon them.

He was speechless for a moment, and gazed at her with an expression of mingled doubt and fear.

He stretched out a hand mechanically. Drew it back, and rubbed his unshaven chin. He looked grotesque, with his mask drooping down at one side and that incredulous, half-fearful air about his movements. Again he put forth a hand. Held it waveringly in mid-air, a few inches above the cases; his fingers closed over one.

The strain was over. Her fingers relaxed upon the wheel, and with a quick movement she caught up the remaining case and pushed it into her pocket again. Made a gesture of dismissal that could not be mistaken. The man, too, seemed to awake from a stupor, and clasping his bounty, climbed from the car, and without a word scuttled into the night.

The woman laughed once more.

"Good-luck!" she called softly. "If you've got the real goods and a cool head, you've a fortune. If I've got 'em, ditto me. But if I've got the fakes——"

Sped off into the enshrouding gloom.

. . . . .

The Countess Morny passed a delicate hand over a still more delicate brow.

"My dear Dicky," she addressed her aristocratic husband, who was fingering a magnificent ruby ring which lay among some milky pearls, and diamonds which glinted like white fire. "That really was a brilliant idea of yours, you know. Those two sets. But the thieves will be fearfully disappointed, won't they, poor creatures, to discover they are *both* fakes."

Palmer— the Rugeley Poisoner

AFTER this case Rugeley village petitioned Palmerston to have its name changed. "Why not re-name it after me?" said the Prime Minister. Rugeley is on the map to-day.

By
R. Storry Deans
(Barrister-at-Law).
Author of "Notable Trials," etc.

THE ONLY AUTHENTIC LIKENESS OF WILLIAM PALMER.
(*From an old print.*)

SOMEONE has called Charles Peace the king of burglars. William Palmer might well be called the prince of poisoners. He furnishes an interesting psychological study.

A poisoner is always looked upon with special reprobation by mankind because he is one who combines treachery with crime. He who in a moment of passion uses the knife or pistol may be regarded sometimes with a lenient eye because anyone who is worked up to anger may lose control of himself on occasion and, without being a really bad man, may kill the object of his anger. A poisoner is always a man who goes deliberately to work, and who, moreover, is one with whom the victim is in some kind of more or less intimate relationship. So we read of a husband poisoning a wife, a wife a husband, or a servant a master, or a host a guest. I think it is partly this which gives mankind such a horror of the poisoner above all other murderers. And there is also the consideration felt sub-consciously that the victim of the poisoner has no chance to defend himself as the object of a crude assault has.

William Palmer's name will live in legal history because, owing to the horror excited in his own locality by the crime he was charged with, it was thought that he would stand no chance at all before a jury of his county, and so an Act of Parliament was passed, by virtue of which the Court of King's Bench is empowered to remove a prisoner for trial from any county in England up to the Central Criminal Court in London, if it be shown to the satisfaction

of the Court that the prisoner is likely not to have a fair trial in the county where the crime was committed. Trial by men of the county is as old as the Common Law itself, and it may be imagined that the circumstances were very unusual to cause Parliament to pass such a statute. The Act is even now called "Palmer's Act," and is occasionally, though very rarely, used.

William Palmer, when he stood his trial on May 14th, 1856, before the Lord Chief Justice Campbell, Mr. Justice Cresswell and Mr. Baron Alderson, was between thirty-one and thirty-two years of age. He had been educated for the medical profession. His father was a man who had left a certain amount of money, and his mother, who was still living, was a woman of very considerable means. Palmer had qualified for the medical profession in about 1850, and had practised at Rugeley, in Staffordshire, until about 1853. He had always been addicted to horse racing and to betting on horse races, and there is not the slightest doubt that he was well known to the more raffish part of the crowd which is connected in one way or another with the Turf. In about 1852 or 1853 he abandoned medicine altogether and sold his practice to a gentleman named Thirlby.

IF William Palmer hoped to make a fortune out of racing, he was very soon disappointed. He bought a horse or two, and spent a great deal more money than he could afford in having them trained. He made bets of considerable amount, and was on the whole a heavy loser. Then he began the devious means of raising money which finally led him to the scaffold. For there was nothing in the least romantic about Palmer's poisoning. It was the most sordid thing imaginable. In 1853 he was in very considerable pecuniary difficulties. By way of getting deeper into the mire he resorted to moneylenders, and particularly to a man named Pratt, who combined the vocations of moneylender and bookmaker. To Pratt he gave certain bills of exchange which purported to be accepted by Mrs. Palmer, senior. In fact, Palmer had forged his mother's name to these bills. The acceptances were becoming due. Pratt would have presented them to Mrs. Palmer, senr., for payment, and inevitably almost the fact would have come out that they were forged. Palmer made no bones whatever about insuring his wife's life—that is to say, he procured her to insure her own life—for no less a sum than £13,000. Then his wife died. There was no post-mortem examination, and no inquest; but after the subsequent events which occurred, nobody had the least doubt that the unfortunate woman had been poisoned by her husband. Palmer drew the money from the insurance office and paid it over to Pratt, and so redeemed certain of the bills. But this did not exhaust his indebtedness, and further money had to be raised.

NOW William Palmer had a brother, a weak and unpleasant specimen of humanity, whose name was Walter. Walter was a drunkard and a man of dissipated life. Him, William Palmer, procured to insure his own life for £13,000 at the end of 1854. The policy was effected through one Smith, a solicitor, not the kind of solicitor to whom anybody of the least repute would confide any business, but a drunken fellow, a boon companion of Walter Palmer, and a betting friend of William. Smith cheerfully attested a proposal for the Universal Life Office upon the life of Walter, whom he perfectly well knew to be a bankrupt and a drunkard, and as soon as the policy was effected, he prepared an assignment of it to William. After this Walter Palmer had not long to live. The £13,000 was urgently required to pay off Mr. Pratt, who held some more bills which fell due in the summer of 1855. Indeed, the policy had been assigned to Pratt to cover his loans, and when the moneylender began to be nasty and threaten proceedings, Walter suddenly died. In his case, again, there was no inquest and no post-mortem examination, but the insurance company, on being applied to for the money, and thinking it strange that the mortality in Palmer's immediate family was so great, made inquiries, and on discovering that the man who had been represented to them in the proposal form as a man of sober habits was really a notorious drunkard and a person of evil life, they declined to pay.

Finding the company adamant on the point, William Palmer turned his attention elsewhere. He put forward a proposal to

TALBOT ARMS, RUGELEY, THE SCENE OF COOK'S DEATH.
(From an old print.)

insure the life of one, Bates. He procured Jeremiah Smith, the solicitor, to get himself appointed agent for the Midland Counties Insurance Office, in October, 1855. Bates was a groom in Palmer's employ, a man receiving a few shillings a week. On his life it was proposed to insure the sum of £10,000, but Bates' star was in the ascendant, and the insurance office refused to accept the proposal.

It will be seen, therefore, that Palmer had poisoned his wife and made £13,000; had poisoned his brother and narrowly missed making another £13,000, and had tried to insure Bates, his servant, for the express purpose of poisoning him and making £10,000.

Foiled in his attempt on Bates' life, Palmer cast his eyes elsewhere. On November 6th, 1855, Pratt issued a writ against Palmer and his mother for £4,000 on one of the forged acceptances. Palmer besought him not to serve the writ on his mother, not, of course, giving the ground that the mother's name was a forgery, but alleging that if the writ was served on the old lady and she had to pay such a lot of money, she might disinherit her son.

I have my own suspicions Pratt, the money-lender, knew perfectly well that Mrs. Palmer's signature was a forgery. However this may be, he consented to delay the service of the writ to enable Palmer to raise the money by instalments.

It was in the raising of this money that Palmer met his Waterloo. Having made away with his wife and brother and warned by the insurance office's refusal to pay on the second occasion, that it was no good attempting the lives of any more of his immediate relations, he turned his attention to a friend.

There was a man named John Parsons Cook, a young man whose tastes, except in the matter of poisoning, were singularly like those of Palmer himself. Cook had been brought up to be a solicitor, but the law was much too quiet and respectable for him,

and, having inherited about £12,000, he turned his attention to the racecourse. Here he had the misfortune to become acquainted with Palmer, and the two soon became as thick as thieves. They even owned racehorses in common, and they used to attend race meetings together, and became intimately acquainted with each other's financial state, particularly with regard to betting.

On the 13th November, a week after the issue of the writ by Pratt, Cook and Palmer went together to Shrewsbury Races, where Cook had a mare named Polestar entered for the Shrewsbury Handicap. She won, and so Cook became entitled to stakes of £350. He picked up on the racecourse in bets nearly £800, and had also backed his mare to the tune of another thousand, which was to be paid on the Monday following, at Tattersall's.

It goes without saying that Palmer, who had tried to raise money for Pratt at Shrewsbury, by betting, and had lost to the extent of denuding himself almost of his last shilling, cast envious eyes on Cook's winnings, the more so as a horse of his own called Chicken, was beaten at the same meeting. On November 1st, Palmer and Cook were staying at the Raven Hotel, Shrewsbury, along with a good many other racing people, and in the evening, when the drink began to circulate freely, somewhere between eleven and twelve o'clock, Cook asked Palmer to have some more brandy and water.

THERE was at the time an untasted glass of that beverage standing in front of Cook, and Palmer replied: "I sha'n't drink any more till you have drunk yours." "Very well, then," said Cook, "I'll drink mine." He proceeded to do so, and in a few minutes said: "There's something in it; it burns my throat dreadfully." Cook had pretty well finished his glass, but Palmer picked it up and drank the few remaining drops. "There's nothing the matter with it," said Palmer, and he handed the empty glass to a man named Reid, a wine merchant, who had just come in. To Reid he said: "Taste this; he says there's something in it." "What's the use of handing me a glass when it is empty?" replied Reid. Immediately after this incident Cook said he felt very ill, and retired from the room. He was very sick, vomiting violently, and a man who was with him went for a doctor. The doctor sent some soothing medicine, and Cook seemed to recover, though the next day he was looking rather ill.

It is not, of course, absolutely certain that Palmer had doctored the brandy and water, but a woman named Brooks, who knew Palmer well, happened to be going upstairs to Palmer's room at the Raven, when she saw Palmer standing at a small table in the passage. In his hand he held a glass tumbler in which there was a small quantity of colourless liquid. This liquid Palmer was shaking up as though to mix it. It is fair to say that he was doing this quite openly in a passage where he could easily be seen, and he made no attempt to hide what he was doing, but conversed with Mrs. Brooks while he was shaking the glass and occasionally holding it up to the light.

At the conclusion of the meeting, on November 15th, Cook and Palmer returned to Rugeley, where Cook, as was his wont on his visits to that town, put up at the Talbot Inn, which was just opposite to Palmer's house. The two dined together, at Palmer's house, having as their guest Jeremiah Smith, the solicitor, and as far as anybody could see, Cook was in his usual health. The next morning, which was a Saturday, Cook was very ill. Palmer came across to see him and ordered a cup of strong coffee, which was brought by the chambermaid, Elizabeth Mills. The chambermaid did not see Cook drink it, but went out of the room leaving the coffee in the cup. Half an hour afterwards she returned and found that it had been vomited. Later in the day Cook received a basin of broth from his friend, and not long after it was sent over, Palmer came and asked if Cook had drunk it. In point of fact, Cook had not had any of it, but Palmer pressed it on him, and he then drank it, and in about an hour's time vomited it again. That afternoon Palmer called in a doctor, and it is perhaps a little singular that the attendant he brought for his friend was a very old gentleman of eighty years of age, a man named Bamford, who was probably not, at his time of life, a very acute observer. Smith slept in the same room with Cook on the Saturday night, and the patient had a fair night's rest.

ON the Sunday morning some more broth arrived from Palmer's house in a cup. It was given to Elizabeth Mills to carry upstairs and she had the curiosity to taste it. About half an hour afterwards she felt very sick, and vomited so violently all the afternoon that she had to go to bed. It may have been a mere coincidence, but under the circumstances it was an odd one. Cook had a certain amount of sickness on the Sunday, but on the Monday morning, when Mills took up some coffee at an early hour, he said he felt better, and drank the coffee without any harm. He also took some arrow-root made in the hotel and served by Mills.

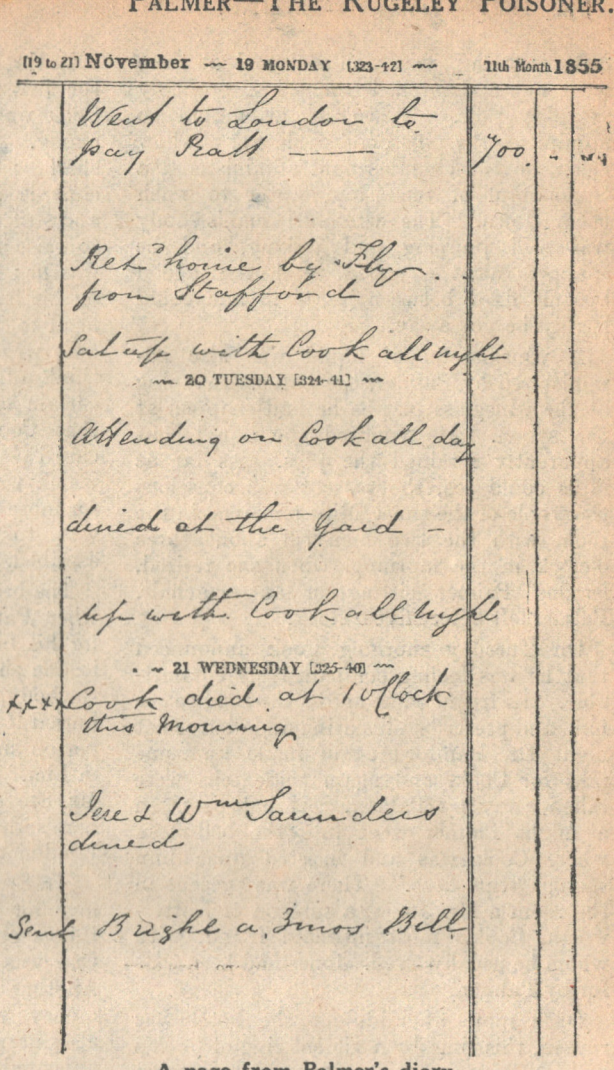
That night, at about eight o'clock, there arrived at the hotel a box of pills for Mr. Cook. These came from Dr. Bamford, but they had been brought from Palmer's by Palmer himself. Cook went to bed very early that night, and when he had retired his friend Palmer came across to see him, and insisted upon him having some pills for the good of his health.

That night, just before midnight, the whole of the hotel was aroused by violent screams proceeding from Cook's room. Mills, whose bed-room was up above, hurried downstairs and found the man sitting up in bed. His pillow was on the floor, and he was beating the bedclothes with both his arms, and his hands were stretched out. The kind-hearted chamber-maid attempted to soothe him, put the pillow again into position, and asked him to lie down. He replied: "I can't lie down; I shall suffocate if I do. Oh, fetch Mr. Palmer!"

It is important to notice the symptoms, because upon these turned a great deal of the evidence in the case. They were thus described by Mills:

"His body, his hands and neck, were moving—sort of jumping or jerking—his head was back. Sometimes he would throw his head upon the pillow, and then he would raise himself up again. This jumping and jerking was all over his body. He appeared to have great difficulty in breathing. It was difficult for him to speak, he was so short of breath. The balls of his eyes were much projected. Sometimes—three or four times—while I was in the room, *he asked me to rub one hand.* I found the left hand stiff. It appeared to be stretched out as though the fingers were something like paralysed."

Palmer had run across immediately he was summoned, and Cook called out continuously in great agony: "Oh, doctor, I shall die!" To which Palmer replied:


[19 to 21] November — 19 MONDAY [323-42] — 11th Month 1855

Went to London to pay Pratt — 700

Ret[d] home by Fly from Stafford

Sat up with Cook all night

— 20 TUESDAY [324-41] —

Attending on Cook all day

dined at the Yard —

up with Cook all night

— 21 WEDNESDAY [325-40] —

xxxx Cook died at 10 o'clock this morning

Jere[h] Wm Saunders dined

Sent Bright a Mrs Bell

A page from Palmer's diary.

"Oh, my lad, you won't!" and at once went out and fetched something, probably morphia pills. When he attempted to administer the pills Cook could not swallow them, so the chambermaid administered a teaspoonful of toast and water to wash them down. The wretched man's body was still jumping and jerking, and he snapped at the spoon, and the spoon became fixed between his teeth and could hardly be got away.

A wineglassful of liquid was also administered by Palmer, the patient snapping at the wineglass just as he had snapped at the spoon. He vomited the liquid, but apparently retained the pills. As far as Mills could see, the patient was conscious the whole of the time. Mills remained in the room with the two men till about three o'clock in the morning, when she retired, leaving Palmer sitting in an armchair. Palmer left before five o'clock.

On Tuesday morning Cook announced that he was feeling comparatively comfortable. His friend came across the road to see him, and prescribed his drink and diet. That night Dr. Bamford again made up some pills for Cook, and again these pills were taken away by Palmer. At half-past ten at night Palmer went into the bed-room where Cook was and insisted upon him taking "this dose." There was present in the room a Mr. Jones, a surgeon of Lutterworth, Cook's most intimate friend, with whom he usually lived. Jones had been sent for by Palmer.

Once more at midnight the hotel was roused, this time by a violent ring of Cook's bell. Mills ran upstairs, for on this occasion she had not gone to bed, and again found Cook sitting up in bed in great pain, with Mr. Jones supporting him. Cook called out: "Oh, Mary, fetch Mr. Palmer directly!"

Mills at once went over to Palmer's and rang the surgery bell. Hardly had she pulled it before Palmer came to the bed-room window, and in response to the message said he would be over soon. He was across the road in less than three minutes. This circumstance was used by the prosecution to show that he had expected to be called, and was waiting there ready dressed. He himself tried to give the opposite impression, for as soon as he was in Cook's bed-room he said: "I never dressed so quickly in my life!"

In three-quarters of an hour from the time the bell rang to summon Elizabeth Mills, Cook was dead. He died in a convulsive agony. "Raise me up," he cried, "or I shall be suffocated!" Every muscle was convulsed; there was a violent contraction and stiffening of the limbs. It was impossible to raise him to a sitting posture, so rigid was he; and when he died and was placed on his back his body formed an arch from head to heels.

It was the opinion of Mr. Jones, and I think of every other medical man, with certain exceptions which shall be noticed, that Cook died from tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, and the whole question, which was fought with tremendous ability for more than a fortnight at the Old Bailey, was to what the tetanus could be ascribed.

The breath was hardly out of Cook's body when Palmer began to make arrangements for his funeral. He ordered a coffin and a leaden shell, into which he proposed to put the body, and Cook might possibly have been buried if it had not been that there was one person in the world who took an interest in him. That person was his stepfather, a Mr. Stevens, who, on hearing of the young man's death, went down post haste from London to Rugeley.

Mr. Stevens had apparently no very great love for the racing fraternity, and several things combined to make him suspicious. One was the hasty ordering of the coffin. Another was the fact that his stepson's money, which he was known to have won at Shrewsbury, had practically all disappeared and there was no way of accounting for it. A third circumstance of suspicion was that Cook's betting book had also gone, and that ought to have shown a balance in his favour after his success with Polestar.

Mr. Stevens began to make inquiries; and by the help of an able solicitor whom he employed he discovered that in the few days before the deceased was taken ill, and during his illness, William Palmer had procured strychnia in two places, in one case three grains, and in the other case a smaller quantity. Mr. Stevens also was enabled to discover that the money due to his stepson at Tattersall's had been collected by an agent of Palmer, and had been applied for Palmer's purposes, that is to say, to pay off money to Pratt.

The trial of Palmer at the Old Bailey. (*From an old print.*)

A POST-MORTEM examination was at once held, and the services of Professor Taylor, the most eminent authority of his time in forensic medicine, were called in. An analysis of the remains was made, but no strychnia was discovered by the chemists. Nevertheless, Professor Taylor and certain other great surgeons gave it as their considered opinion that the tetanic symptoms shown by the deceased were symptoms of strychnine tetanus, that is to say, of tetanus caused by strychnia poisoning.

I do not quite know why, but Palmer was allowed to be present when the post-mortem was held, and when the jars containing certain parts of the body were sealed up. His conduct was, to say the least of it, suspicious. He pushed somebody into the man who was holding one of the jars, obviously with the intention of spilling the contents. He was also allowed to take hold of two of the jars himself. They were tied up with parchment; and, on looking at them again, the doctor who had tied them up discovered that the parchment covers had been slit with a knife.

The absence of any trace of strychnia was accounted for by Professor Taylor and others who assisted the prosecution, on the theory that it had been absorbed. Professor Taylor sent his report to Mr. Stevens' solicitor on December 5th, and here again Palmer did a very daring thing. He procured the postmaster at Rugeley to open the professor's letter; and was overjoyed to find that it said that no trace of strychnia or other poison, with the exception of traces of antimony, had been found.

AN inquest was opened on December 14th, and Professor Taylor gave evidence in which he expressed his strong opinion that the deceased had died by strychnia poisoning, and the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder. Immediately an outcry arose in the locality. People recollected the death of Palmer's wife and brother. They also recollected that an illegitimate child of Palmer's, whom he had found an inconvenient appendage, had also died; that Palmer's mother-in-law, who had gone to live at his house soon after his marriage, had also died suddenly after having been in robust health, and that through her Palmer had come into property.

Again, it was noticed that a certain

betting acquaintance to whom Palmer owed a considerable sum of money had been enticed down to Rugeley, and there died with symptoms exceedingly like those of which Cook had perished. These things were talked about openly, and the feeling against the prisoner was so intense that the Act of Parliament previously referred to was passed to remove the trial to London.

The prosecution of Palmer, fortunately for the ends of justice, was in the hands of Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Attorney-General. Cockburn was a man not only of very great eloquence both at the Bar and in Parliament, and not only a man of great force of character, but one who was determined to do his work thoroughly. He spent, therefore, many weeks studying the science of toxicology; and also reading everything he could lay his hands on upon the subject of tetanus. The result of his researches and the knowledge acquired by him were such that when he had to deal with the doctors who were called for the defence he was never at a loss.

Palmer's defence may be described as one of throwing doubt upon the cause of death. He could not effectively deny that he had strychnia in his possession at the material time, but he produced about a dozen doctors, some of a certain eminence in the profession, to show that the symptoms described by the chambermaid and by Dr. Jones were not the symptoms of strychnine tetanus, but rather of idiopathic tetanus. It should be said that the ordinary lockjaw is what the doctors call "traumatic," that is to say, is brought about by an accident, such as a cut, or treading on a nail. But there is an exceedingly rare kind of tetanus which is not brought on by accident, but is produced by something which the profession do not, I believe, yet understand.

THE most formidable expert for the defence was Dr. Nunnerley, of Leeds, who had, very shortly before the Palmer trial, given evidence for the Crown in the case of a Dr. Dove, who was convicted on Nunnerley's evidence of poisoning his wife by strychnine at Leeds. Nunnerley pointed out what he said were differences between Mrs. Dove's case and Cook's case, but here the Attorney-General's newly acquired knowledge came in. Of course, the Leeds doctor was asked what he said Cook died of if not of tetanus caused by poison, and he said "it might have been general convulsions," which he had known to assume a tetanic character.

Mr. Attorney promptly asked him if he had ever known a single case in which death arising from general convulsions accompanied with tetanic symptoms had not ended in the unconsciousness of the patient before death. The doctor had to admit he had never heard of such a case. The worthy gentleman from Leeds also said that Cook might have developed idiopathic tetanus from a cold or from some remains of a certain dreadful disease. But it turned out that Cook had no cold at the time, and had never suffered from the disease in question. In fact, Dr. Nunnerley was pretty severely riddled. His "sophistical and unwarranted conclusions" were held up to ridicule and scorn. Another expert from Scotland set up that this was epileptic tetanus. But he had to admit, also, that in such a case the patient would lose consciousness. The reader will remember that Cook was conscious to the end.

The real strength of the defence was that no strychnia was found in the remains, and it was given in evidence in court that as much as one-fifty thousandth part of a grain could be detected. But the principal chemist who appeared to give evidence for the defence, a Mr. Herapath, had unfortunately written to the newspapers stating that this was undoubtedly a case of strychnia poisoning, but that Professor Taylor had not known how to find it out. It may be imagined that Mr. Herapath had some difficulty in explaining away a statement of that kind. The argument of Professor Taylor and the chemists and doctors called for the prosecution was that first of all Cook had been weakened by continuous doses of antimony, which had caused the violent vomiting spoken of by Elizabeth Mills and other witnesses, and that when the unfortunate man had been weakened by a course of this treatment, Palmer had administered to him the minimum fatal dose of strychnia. They said that a small dose, acting upon a weakened system, would kill a man, but might so easily be absorbed into the blood and from the blood pass away in excreta and by the kidneys that it might all get away before death.

Personally, I am not convinced that this is very sound, and I do not know that any scientific man of these days would support such a theory. Palmer to the very end asserted, "I did not poison Cook by strychnia." He did not say "I did not poison Cook," and it is quite possible that his statement may have been literally true, that he did not employ strychnia as the deadly agent. If he had, I think that skilful chemists must have found traces in the body. It is quite likely that he bought the strychnia as a blind, knowing that if there should be a post-mortem and an analysis, the chemists would look for strychnia. But really he used some more subtle poison which produced much the same effect and was just as fatal.

The jury, however, were not expected to know this. All they knew was that Cook had died what was obviously not a natural death, because the surgeons who made the autopsy were unanimous that all the organs were quite healthy and that there was no disease which would account for the symptoms or for the death. They knew that Palmer had been seen mixing something in a glass at Shrewsbury, and that soon afterwards Cook had been taken very ill. They knew that Cook had, while staying at the Talbot Inn, received both food and medicine at Palmer's hands. They knew that some of this food, tasted by a third person, had caused that person to have the same sort of symptoms as Cook had had. They knew that Palmer had purchased strychnia about this time. They knew that Palmer was in the most dire financial straits and was at the risk of being prosecuted for forgery unless he raised money speedily. And they also knew that Palmer had robbed Cook of his bets before his death and of his ready cash after his death. They also had been informed on oath by the Rugeley postmaster (who at the time was in prison for complying with Palmer's request to open the letter from Professor Taylor) not only the fact about the opened letter, but also that a couple of days after Cook's death, Palmer had asked the postmaster to put his name as witness to a document purporting to have been signed by Cook, in which Cook was made to acknowledge that £4,000 of the Pratt bills of exchange had been negotiated by Palmer for Cook. Chester, the postmaster, was too frightened to comply with the request, but he must have been a pretty considerable scoundrel, or may be he was in Palmer's power for some reason or other.

THE jury thus had motive in a very high degree. They had traced to the prisoner the possession of poison which would cause such symptoms as the deceased died of. He had the opportunity of administering that poison, and at least one strong piece of evidence —the broth tasted by Elizabeth Mills— was that poison had been administered. Such a concatenation might have been resisted by a man of blameless character and antecedents, but Palmer could not call any evidence to show that he was a blameless man, and, indeed, everything the jury heard about him, even from his own witnesses, showed that he was an utter scoundrel. Of course, they did not know anything about the previous poisonings. I think that, under the doctrine laid down by the Court of Criminal Appeal, both in the "Brides in the Bath" case and the Armstrong case in recent years, it would have been open to the prosecution to prove the poisoning of Walter Palmer and of Mrs. Palmer, also of the mother-in-law, the baby and the betting friend, as showing that Palmer was a man who, whenever anybody's death would be convenient to him in a pecuniary sense, did not hesitate to make away with them, and always did it by poison. But in 1856 the doctrine of "system" as it is called had not been invented, or at any rate, had never been applied to capital cases.

Still there was plenty of evidence to prejudice Palmer in the eyes of the jury, besides the direct testimony which far removed the case from one of circumstantial evidence.

But the thing that hanged Palmer most certainly was the terrible cross-examination of his medical witnesses by Sir Alexander Cockburn. There is a story to the effect that, after Palmer was convicted, he paid a reluctant tribute to the great man who had brought about his conviction in the words: "It was the riding that did it."

MANY men, callous and blood-stained, have stood in the dock at the Old Bailey, but on the whole I think that William Palmer was the very worst who ever faced judge and jury in that celebrated court.

The Assistant Commissioner exploded with rage.

The Master Cracksman

HE was a master before his death. But death is only the beginning of things.

By Adam Black

ILLUSTRATED BY LENDON.

INSPECTOR COX believed in system, and despised amateurs. It is the system which counts, not the man, he would say.

"It was the Carberry diamonds last week; this week Van Speer's emeralds have been stolen. What little treat have you got for us next week, inspector?"

Major Jephson, D.S.O., was cross, and made no attempt to conceal his feelings. The inspector smiled his calm and confident smile; no man living could teach him anything about burglars, and he did not care who knew it. He was the one acknowledged expert on high class burglary.

The Assistant Commissioner beat his fist angrily upon the oak table. He was an irritable man and a soldier. The professional calm annoyed him.

"You must wake up, inspector," he cried. "These burglaries are getting serious. Five big jewel robberies in four weeks, and no one arrested! The Home Office telephoned last night. The Chief is furious. What are you doing about it? You are the head of the burglary branch."

Inspector Cox sat, burly and confident, in the big armchair, but his cheek was flushed. He also was annoyed. To him, Major Jephson was "an amateur," and he had no use for amateurs. However, one must be civil to official superiors, and he was a man who wanted promotion.

"This is no ordinary case, sir," he replied in his blandest tones. "You know our system in the Yard, sir. We have every burglar and his methods indexed and docketed. They all repeat themselves. Show me a burglary anywhere in London, and in nine cases out of ten I can tell you the name of the criminal straight off, in the tenth case I may have to look at my books before answering. It is easy enough when you have our system."

The Assistant Commissioner exploded with rage.

"Always your damned system! These are not ordinary burglaries. Why can't you spot the man?"

"But I can, sir." The inspector spoke with dignity. "There is only one man in it, and I know his work."

"The devil you can! Then whose work is it?"

"This is very fine high-class work, sir. There is only one man in England who could do it. It is Watty de Freece, the South African."

"Watty de Freece! Man alive! Watty de Freece is dead."

"Just so, sir. That is the trouble. The only man in all England who could do

this work is dead, and I attended his funeral myself. If Watty were alive I should have arrested him long ago. But he isn't!"

The big Inspector leaned back in his chair, calm and confident. In actual fact he was utterly at sea, but he did not look it.

Major Jephson swore again.

"So this is the result of your damned system, is it? The only man who could have committed these burglaries is dead. Therefore there have been no burglaries, I suppose?"

The Inspector flushed again. It is not right that any amateur should scoff at a professional.

"No, sir, that is not it. This is Watty's style, but Watty is dead. It must be Jim Stewart."

"Who the devil is Jim Stewart, man? I never heard of him."

THE official was exasperated and annoyed. Now, an Assistant Commissioner of Police, who is only a Major and a D.S.O., has no business to show irritation towards real police officers, who have walked their lonely beats and risen by sheer merit from the ranks. But no man alive could irritate Inspector Cox; he remained dignified and confident.

"Watty de Freece had a pupil, sir—Jim Stewart. He taught him all he knew, and Watty knew a lot—he was the finest cracksman I ever saw. I thought we were finished with him when he died, but it was not to be. I have never set eyes on Jim Stewart, but I know this style at a glance."

"How can you be sure if you never saw him?"

"This man works alone, sir—that was always Watty's way. He works in rubber gloves, and in rubber shoes. So does Jim. He can open a tumbler lock by touch alone—there are not a dozen men in the world who can do that, but Watty could, and Jim can. This man can make a skeleton key for almost any lock into which he can once peep, and he never uses force. A wonderful craftsman, sir! There is no man living who could follow Watty's style as this man does, except Jim Stewart. I doubt if Watty at his very best was quite so fine a workman as Jim."

The Inspector rubbed his big hands in slow appreciation. But police exist to catch criminals, not to admire them. Surely the Inspector was carrying his love of art too far; anyway the Assistant Commissioner interrupted curtly:

"Look here, Inspector, if you know this fellow so well, why don't you arrest him? Doesn't your system tell you where he is to be found?"

The big head shook sadly.

"I never saw Jim Stewart in my life, sir. That is the trouble. I thought I could get him any time I wanted him, as he was Watty's friend, but now Watty is dead, his wife has quarrelled with Jim and we can't find him. It is not for want of looking."

"Why did Watty de Freece kill himself? I never expected to hear of him again."

Inspector Cox chuckled. He was not used to being abused, but now he was being asked for information, and who so competent to give information about a burglar as himself. He told the story with grave unction.

"POOR WATTY!" he said. "He was a great man, and when he was deported from South Africa during the war, he joined up in the army. He got a commission after a time, for he was a smart man. Then, by evil chance, he married Polly Vullamy, a nice little woman and a friend of my wife. She had no idea who he was, but she learned later. Poor little woman, she was very loyal to her man. He had to quit the army at last, and then he wanted to run straight. There was Polly to please—she was a dressmaker off Baker Street, and very respectable. He was an officer and a gentleman now, but had been a dozen times in gaol. Not an easy man to place, sir. He got through his money and became desperate. Polly said it was my fault. Very unfair! I never stood in his way. Then Jim Stewart appeared and tried to get Watty to go on the crook again—he was Watty's best pupil and had learned all Watty's tricks. Polly was very angry and wanted me to arrest Jim, but I couldn't; he never done anything, and I have never even seen him. Poor Watty grew morbid as the money ran out, and often threatened to blow his brains out. He did it at last, and it was a good riddance, but Polly took on something awful. His body was found in the river,

and I was at the inquest with his wife. A nasty messy business, sir. I helped to identify the man—a fine big fellow he was. I took poor Polly to the funeral—there were several of us there, in fact, for we were glad to see the last of Watty de Freece. Now Jim is giving as much trouble as Watty ever did. One down, t'other comes on. We shall get him one day soon, sir; then we shall ticket him, and index him, ready for next time. Every criminal must have a little rope at first, sir, or there would not be any criminals."

Inspector Cox pondered deeply as he left the Yard. He did not feel nearly as confident as he looked. He had no idea how to lay hands on Jim Stewart; he did not know the man's haunts, nor where to look for him. He had to deal with a super-criminal who was not in the index. Moreover the only person who knew him was the unfortunate widow, who blamed the police for hunting her soldier husband to his death, and who had quarrelled with his pupil. Well, the big inspector had wheedled women before, and he must needs do it again. He would go straight off to Polly. After all, he had been kind to her in the past, and she had no real cause of offence.

Mrs. de Freece was a pretty little woman, but she had a nasty tongue; she blamed the police for her husband's death, and did not hesitate to say so.

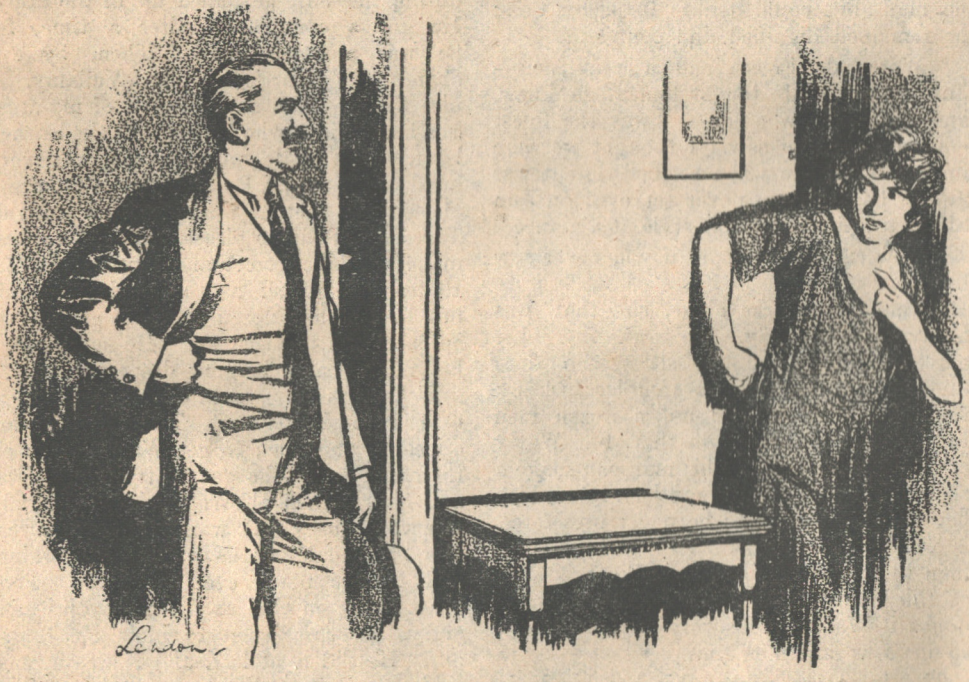
"What do you want here, Mr. Cox?" she snapped, when he knocked at the shop door in Baker Street. "I don't want the police round here, and that's flat. Business is beginning to look up, and the class of customer I get is not the class that wants to see policemen about. You have done too much mischief already."

Black suited the little woman, and her eyes were bright blue. The big inspector was no match for her, but he had to get some information, and he tried to mollify her.

"Don't be hard on us, Mrs. de Freece. We are all very sorry for what happened. I did try to help you when your poor husband's body was found, and I think you might try to help me. Have you seen any more of Jim?"

The blue eyes flashed, and the foot stamped.

"What do I know of Jim? He has not



"Polly," he said. "Naughty, naughty!"

been here since poor Walter died. What have I to do with thieves? Go away, Mr. Cox, and don't come back again. Your wife is a dear, or I should get angry with you. Go back to your nasty police-court. Oh, you clumsy creature, you!"

Poor Mr. Cox had stumbled in trying to get away, and had fallen right on to a tray of cups and glasses on a side table. The table crashed to the floor. He stooped to pick them up, muttering apologies, only to find himself swept out of the way by the indignant little woman.

"There's nothing broken—no thanks to you, though, you clumsy man, or I'd have made you pay for it. Now go away, or I'll tell your wife about you."

The angry widow had a smile and a handshake for the dejected man whom she pushed into the street. After all, he was kind and helpful sometimes, and she was fond of his wife. The great oaf!

Inspector Cox went down the street ruminating. His back looked dejected, but there was a gleam in his eye as he paced slowly back into Baker Street.

"Polly has brains," he muttered. "I never thought of that. There was beer in that glass, and a thumb-mark. I'm fond of thumb-marks. A right hand whorl, too. I should like to see Polly's visitor."

The Inspector walked slowly along and never looked round, but he knew that he was not followed. Inspector Cox was not an easy man to follow. He saw nothing, but he relaxed no precautions till he had slipped into Marylebone Lane to use the police telephone. He wanted to ring up Sergeant Green of the Flying Squadron, and he had no use for a public telephone box just then.

The shops were all shut that evening when there came a resounding rap at the dressmaker's door off Baker Street. Mrs. de Freece showed no pleasure at the sight of the smiling inspector who

A tall, handsome man with handcuffs on his wrists.

stood without. Her instant burst of indignation would have blown a smaller man away, but the burly officer had slipped through the neat little hall into the neat little sitting-room before the pretty widow could draw her breath. He stood and looked and smiled, where she protested, until it seemed to her that his broad shoulders filled the neat little house. Her workwomen had gone home, and there was no one to interrupt.

There was something positively frightening in the quiet, confident bulk of the man. The words died away on her lips.

His manner was less deferential than she was used to find in him, and he was at no loss for words.

"Polly!" he said. "Naughty, naughty!" And he shook his big smiling head. He had never before called her Polly to her face. In truth, he was very confident.

"To think that you were so clever, Polly! What will my poor, dear wife say? It was damned clever of you to make me go and give evidence at the inquest. I think I see how it was done."

The burly inspector kept his watchful eyes on the stairs, and on the bristling figure of the pretty little dressmaker.

"So you waited and watched for dead bodies in the river, till you found one which looked like enough to Watty. Tut! Tut! Is Jim Stewart upstairs now, Polly? I know that you have a lodger, so I thought I should like to meet him."

The woman ran into the corner of the room, and seemed to touch something in the wall. The inspector burst into a laugh.

"So that's the danger signal, is it? I guessed there would be one, but I did not know where it was. The place is full of my men, and Jim will run right into them—take your hand out of that drawer, my dear, firearms are nasty dangerous things."

THE big inspector stood with laughing face and tense muscles, watching, listening, and waiting. He seemed to expect a fight, and to welcome it. The poor woman collapsed into trembling silence. This was a different man from the big easy-going booby she had known, and she knew the meaning of fear at last. A moment later there came from above the sound of a shout, then the noise of conflict, and the voices of men in anger.

"That will be Jim, I'm thinking," laughed the inspector. "I fancy he has met Sergeant Green. I hope Jim won't shoot. The sergeant might hurt him."

The shouting and crashing upstairs grew quiet, and was followed by heavy footsteps on the stairs. The inspector drew back into the room, and watched smiling as a crowd of men came down towards him.

"Got him, Green? That's right. I knew you would not miss your hold. Hand him in here."

A tall, handsome man, with bleeding face and dishevelled clothes, was pushed into the room, with handcuffs on his wrists. The widow screamed as she saw the man surrounded by panting police constables.

THE burly inspector laughed aloud, and patted the prisoner affectionately on the shoulder.

"Happy to meet you again, old man. What a silly old fool I've been. Sergeant, you will be glad to know that there is no such person as Jim Stewart. We seem to have buried the wrong body; this is Watty de Freece himself, come back from the dead."

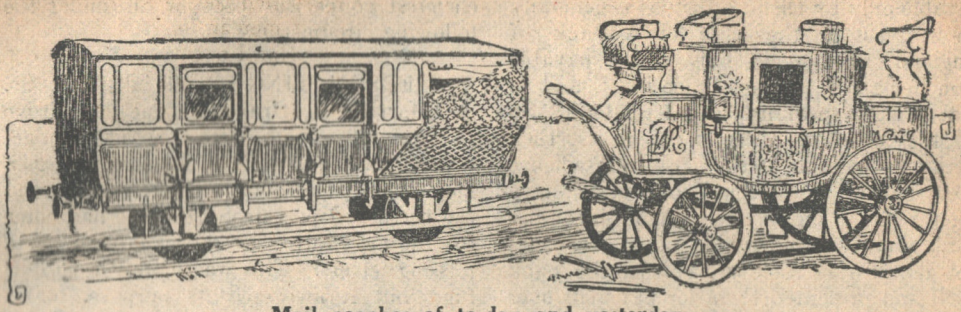
"Damn you, Cox!" growled the burglar.

"Bless you, Watty!" laughed the triumphant inspector. "You should not leave beer glasses about in a lady's house. I spotted the lodger, and have had the place watched all day."

This was hardly an accurate account, but Inspector Cox was on the top of the wave, and inclined to brag.

There was kindliness, as well as shrewdness, in his voice as he turned to the scared little dressmaker.

"Cheer up, Polly; you're not a widow after all, but a very clever little woman. I do not bear any malice, but I'm afraid you'll have to show me round the house. I want the Carberry diamonds, Van Speer's emeralds, and a few other things as well. Don't tell me that you don't know where they are, for I shouldn't believe you. I don't want to arrest you, Polly, and I don't want to pull the house down, so come along and be good, my dear. What a nice little story for the wife! The system has come out right after all."



Mail coaches of to-day and yesterday.

Mail Robbers

MODERN variations of an old theme.

By Hargrave L. Adam,

Author of "The Story of Crime," etc.

IT is pretty safe to say that there is no greater "specialist" than the professional crook. There are many departments in crime, and each department has its own particular "operatives." Once a coiner always a coiner. A burglar would no more think of committing forgery (supposing he were able to) than a forger would think of "cracking a crib" or picking a pocket. So it is with the mail robber. He specialises in preying upon the Post Office. Mail bags have a particular fascination for him, and in the task of investigating their contents he displays remarkable skill and daring.

I know one such crook who spent the best part of a long life in the pursuit of no other form of crime. He had himself, in fact, been a postal official early in his career, and the inside knowledge he gained during that period served him in good stead in planning and pulling off many a postal robbery.

His initial essay in crime, although it landed him in prison, lacked nothing in enterprise and daring. It was carried out under the following circumstances.

For some time he had closely watched the operations at a provincial sub-post-office during the task of making up the daily mail bag. He had noticed that the bag always left the office at a certain time, that it was conveyed straight to the local railway station, where it was left on the platform in charge of a postman to be placed upon a certain train. He further remarked that the bag was invariably deposited on the same spot, that this spot was within easy reach of the edge of the platform, and that the postman was in the habit of lighting a cigarette and walking up and down the platform while awaiting the arrival of the train.

One night, under cover of darkness, he got on to the line and crept along the track until he had arrived immediately opposite where the bag rested, being himself concealed beneath the ledge of the platform. Watching his opportunity when the postman's back was turned, he stretched his hand across the platform, took hold of the bag, and quietly drew it off and underneath, getting clean away with it. So far, so good. But having thus cleverly stolen the bag, he made a most foolish mistake.

Among the contents of the bag were some banknotes issued by a certain provincial bank. They were what were called "local notes," that is to say they were issued by the bank in question and

payable only by them. Just, as is generally known, as in the case of a Bank of England note, it is only really payable "on demand" at the Bank itself, and is not strictly speaking "legal tender." So in the case of these local notes, they were only payable at the bank from whence they issued. They could, of course, have been realised on by being paid into any bank, but this the robber of course could not do. So he boldly went to the bank itself and presented them for payment over the counter! Of course, the news of the robbery having preceded him, he was at once arrested.

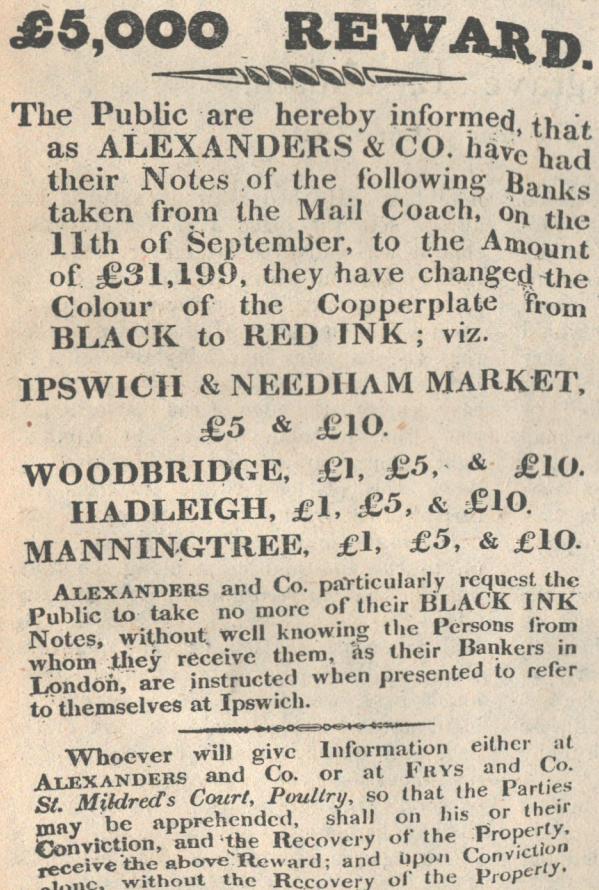
That was his first mistake, and he profited by it, for it was many years before he got caught again, during which period he had many hauls to his credit. One of his cleverest coups was brought off under the following circumstances.

IMPERSONATING an official from St. Martin's le Grand, he one day drove up to a sub-post-office at Bridgewater, walked into the shop carrying a little handbag, and brusquely informed the perturbed postmaster that he had come to inquire into several complaints of missing letters. This was merely a subterfuge, but it answered its purpose, for it took the postmaster completely off his guard. He then proceeded to the real business of his visit. He informed the postmaster that it had been decided to make certain alterations in money order forms, that in fact there was to be an entirely new issue of them.

In the meantime he (the postmaster) was to hand over all the money order forms he had in stock, retaining only so many as he judged he should require for the day's business. This the complaisant and apprehensive postmaster did. Promptly the messenger took these, and having previously armed himself with a date stamp, took his departure for the time being, first informing the postmaster that he should return later for the purpose of himself personally inspecting the making-up of the mail bag.

He then drove away. He made his way straight to an inn, situated a mile or two away, and bearing the curious and alluring sign of the "Castle of Comfort." Here he engaged a room, in which he locked himself and got busy on the money order forms. Having dated them with the official stamp, he proceeded to make many of them payable at various post-offices in fictitious names.

Then he drove back to the post-office at Bridgewater, saw that these particular money orders were placed in the mail-bag, and followed the van that subsequently called for the latter until it had got well upon its journey. Subsequently



An announcement of the days of the "High Toby."

he called at the various offices where the orders had been made payable, impersonated the persons whose names they bore, and drew the money. Altogether he netted a considerable sum of money. Suspicion first became aroused by the discovery that all these orders were made out for the maximum sum allowed thus to be remitted, but he was never taken for this most elaborately planned and skilfully executed robbery.

To give his whole career in detail would be to make a book. During the whole of his career he was taken only two or three times, between whiles he was enjoying the lavish "hospitality" of the Government. Every now and again the officials at headquarters recognised his handiwork in many a "mysterious" robbery. Eventually the welcome news of his death arrived. It can be well understood that there were no flowers at the funeral from the Government.

Another remarkable mail robbery was that which occurred some years ago at the Hatton Garden Post Office (not the present office, but the one that used to be on the other and the western side of the thoroughfare). This also was a very carefully and elaborately planned robbery, and most expeditiously and skilfully carried out. It is the essence of this class of exploit that it shall be done swiftly and surely and strictly according to "programme." The moment for the robbery was well chosen, being the busiest time of the afternoon, when the bags were being made up, or rather had just been made up and were awaiting the arrival of the van to collect them. It was dark and all the lights (gas) were on.

ONE of the bags was a "registered" bag and contained many valuable consignments of precious stones. Of course, the thieves knew this, for this was the bag they were after. It was hanging on a hook, ready to be lifted off and placed in the van. Suddenly the whole of the lights went out and the place was plunged into darkness. Immediately consternation reigned supreme, women screamed, people rushed hither and thither, and everybody wondered what it all meant. It was soon discovered that the gas had been turned off at the meter! It was at once turned on again and relighted, but it was too late—the mail bag containing the registered packages was gone!

Nobody was ever taken for this very daring and completely successful robbery. It has from time to time been attributed to various well-known crooks, but there has never been any evidence forthcoming to confirm any of these stories. The plunder was carried off in a cab which, at the psychological moment, drove up to the door of the post-office. The driver, of course, was a confederate.

But the cleverest and most daring of all mail robberies are those which are carried out on the various railways. These entail, in addition to much exceptional skill and patience, not a little risk to the lives of the perpetrators. For instance, it requires much pluck and adroitness to climb out of one carriage and into another, after having travelled some distance along the footboard, while the train is in full motion. That is how most of these robberies have been accomplished. Let me give the details of one or two recorded cases.

Some years ago a masterpiece of this kind (so far as the conception of it was concerned) was brought off on the Great Western system. The gang that carried out this conceived the idea of rifling the mail bags of two trains on the same night—the up and the down mails—and they did it. Fortunately for the law, however, although unfortunately for them, they got captured almost immediately after, in flagrante delicto.

£10 REWARD,

MISSING, SUPPOSED TO BE LOST,

TWO LETTERS

Posted at the Wakefield Post-Office, on the 10th and 11th of September last, both addressed to Mr. JOHN CLARK, FELLMONGER, BRIGG, *each containing* the *Halves* of a *Bank of England Note*, and *one* of the *West-Riding Bank*, of which the following are copies, viz.:

§ 75263 Bank of England, Leeds, July 26th, 1852, £50 0 0 J. Luson.

N 2395 West-Riding Bank, Wakfd., May 14th, 1849, £10 0 0 W. Henry Leatham

Whoever has found the same and will take them to Mr. John Clark, Fellmonger, Brigg, or to Messrs. WILLIAM BARFF & SONS, *Wakefield*, shall receive the above Reward; and whoever detains them after this Notice will be liable to a charge of Felony.

N.B. Payment of the Notes was stopped at the time, and they have not yet been presented,

Wakefield, 6th December, 1853.

ROWLAND HURST, PRINTER, POST-OFFICE BUILDINGS, WAKEFIELD.

A Victorian Poster.

Probably the job was a bit too ambitious. This is what happened.

At 6.35 p.m. the up mail left Plymouth, was due at Exeter at 9, and Bridgewater at 10.30, there being no stop between this place and Bristol. When the train arrived at the latter place it was discovered that the mail bags had been cut open and rifled. For the time being it remained a mystery. At 8.55 the same evening the down mail left London, stopped at Bristol on the way, and eventually arrived at Bridgewater. At the latter place it was found that the mail bags of this train also had been tampered with.

Then a very remarkable thing happened, which led to speedy discovery and capture. It so happened that two post-office clerks who travelled with the up mail from Bridgewater to Bristol also went back by the down mail from Bristol to Bridgewater. Therefore they knew of the robbery which had already taken place on the up mail. Also, strangely enough, there happened to be travelling in the down train a director of the company, who, being advised by the two clerks in question as to what had occurred on the up mail, jumped to the conclusion that the robbers were still on the train. Immediately he gave orders that all carriage doors were to be made fast and nobody allowed to leave the train. Then a systematic search of the train took place, from end to end, and sure enough the robbers were found—two in number—in a first class carriage.

A modern mail-coach watch to time journeys.

THERE was evidence enough in their possession to connect them with the robbery. They were duly put on trial, convicted, and sent to prison. It will be clearly seen how they worked. Having robbed the up mail, they left the train at Bristol and boarded the down mail when that arrived on its way to Bridgewater. Probably had they satisfied themselves—for that occasion, at all events—with the exploit on the up mail, they might not have been caught. Greed was their undoing.

Another remarkable mail robbery occurred under the following circumstances.

On a certain night, a few years ago, a train left Cannon Street Station carrying mails for the Continent. There was a registered bag, which had been placed inside another bag containing ordinary letters and packages. In the registered bag was a packet of notes which had been despatched by the London branch of a foreign bank. The van in which the bags were concealed had doors on each side which were divided in the middle, and secured on the outside by a hasp and pin, on the inside by a bolt. The van was also lighted by a couple of lamps, but, as in the case of the previous robbery, nobody was in charge of the bags.

Probably they were thought to be safe enough without that precaution being taken. The train ran through from London to Dover, where, after but a few minutes' delay, the bags were placed on trollies and run alongside the mail-boat Louise Marie. At 3 the following morning the boat arrived at Ostend, where the mails were transferred to a post-office van, being sealed with leaden seals by both the Custom House and the railway officials. At Cologne the bags were transferred to another post-van, and so, via Hanover and Elberfeld, Berlin was at length reached, when, to the astonishment of everybody, the registered bag was found to have been tampered with! It was seen that a slit had been made in the bag and sewn up again. How, nobody has ever found out.

The Green Archer

MANY people fight shy of serials. But this synopsis will tell you all you want to know—So start it to-day!

By Edgar Wallace,

Author of "The Four Just Men," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK REYNOLDS.

At the far end of the vault he stopped and pulled up a stone trap.

THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

SPIKE HOLLAND, a reporter on the "Daily Globe," is sent by Mr. SYME, his editor, to investigate the mystery of the reappearance of the ghost of the Green Archer at Garre Castle, now owned by ABE BELLAMY, a millionaire American of brutal character.

At the Carlton, where he has a previous appointment with another American, JOHN WOOD, interested in child-welfare, he interviews Bellamy, who denies the whole story of the Green Archer, and gives the finishing touch to a piquant interview by pitching out of his rooms neck and crop a man called CREAGER, who in his rage makes an appointment with Spike in order to give him damaging information about Bellamy. John Wood has witnessed the scene, and during his lunch with Spike he shows that he also knows something of Bellamy's past. He introduces Spike during the lunch to some friends of his, WALTER and VALERIE HOWETT, father and daughter, and an Englishman named FEATHERSTONE.

Spike, very excited, goes to keep his appointment with Creager at his house in North London, but finds him dead on his lawn, pierced to the heart by a green arrow. He summons the police and forces an interview on Bellamy, who declares that his only relations with Creager are those of gratitude for having saved his life.

When Spike has gone, Bellamy turns on his downtrodden secretary, JULIUS SAVINI, and accuses him of having given away the story of the Archer and of Creager. Savini says nothing, but goes to the woman to whom he is secretly married, FAY CLAYTON, and tells her that since Garre Castle obviously has a secret, it must be worth finding out, and that he is going to do so.

The day after Creager's murder Featherstone calls on Valerie Howett, and during a walk in the park he tells her that he is a detective from Scotland Yard commissioned specially by her father to watch her. For her inquiries into the whereabouts of a certain Mrs. HELD, who disappeared years ago, lead her into dangerous places, such as COLDHARBOUR SMITH'S public-house in the East End. He tells her that he knows she was near Creager's house when he was murdered, but he agrees to allow her to prosecute her search without such strict supervision in future.

In order to prevent her presence at the scene of the murder getting into the papers, he summons Spike Holland and gives him his theory as to the identity of Creager's murderer.

He deduces that the assailant was a man whom Creager had flogged during his period of warder-ship at Pentonville Gaol. Spike goes away satisfied, and later Featherstone meets Fay Clayton, whom he knows as an ex-convict, who admits she is Savini's wife. He then goes to the Carlton to look for Savini, but he has already gone down to Garre with Bellamy.

That very night Bellamy's room is entered by the Green Archer, at whom the old man fires, but brings no result. In the search immediately following, however, Savini and he discover a handkerchief marked "V. H." Savini ponders. "V. H. ?" Valerie Howett!

Savini goes up to London the next day to make inquiries about Valerie. He finds that she was in London the previous night, and that she has sprained her ankle and cannot see him. Featherstone however, sees her, and tells her he knows that she got the sprained ankle during a rough-and-tumble fight in Coldharbour Smith's den in the East End. "Who is this woman you are seeking ?" he asks. "That is my secret!" she replies.

Meanwhile Spike, scenting a first-class mystery, goes to Belgium and interviews JOHN WOOD to get more information about Bellamy. But the latter refuses to be drawn, and Spike goes to Garre.

There he finds that Bellamy has installed police dogs, and announces the fact in the "Daily Globe." Bellamy, angry already at the fact that Lady's Manor, the dower-house of Garre, has been rented by strangers under his very nose, is furious when Spike calls. He decides to humour him and put him off the scent regarding Creager and the Green Archer. He fails, however.

Spike lunches in the village inn, where there presently arrives Bellamy's butler, Wilks, whom Bellamy has just discharged.

"All over a gas bill," he says. "The company charged him for twenty-five thousand feet, when we've actually used none, and when I pointed it out, instead of being grateful, he treated me like a dog. I wasn't going to stand for that."

Spike returns to London and tells Featherstone about the discharge of the butler, and the gas bill.

"The gas bill is the most important thing we've learnt from Garre Castle yet," said Featherstone.

The next day Bellamy discovers through the local papers that it is Valerie Howett and her father who have leased Lady's Manor. He is much upset by the news, and orders Savini to cable to a New York hotel to find out whether she stayed there on a certain date in 1914. Further, he instructs Savini to find out whether the bloodstained handkerchief he picked up belongs to her. He then summons Spike Holland and cross-questions him about the Howetts. Spike is not to be drawn, even by a proferred bribe. Abe then settles down to wait for Coldharbour Smith, whom he has summoned by phone from London.

Savini, in the meantime, visits Valerie. On his way he encounters Mr. Howett, wandering about in the dark, who asks him not to tell Valerie he is out of bed. Valerie is astonished at the news of the discovery of her handkerchief in Garre Castle. She determines to enter Garre that night through an old water gate. Whilst she is waiting for the suitable hour she fancies she hears a noise in the kitchen. She goes to inspect its cause and finds a pan knocked down, but on the floor lies a long green arrow. The Green Archer has been there that night! Unperturbed by this, she sallies forth on her expedition.

Bellamy has, in the meantime, interviewed Coldharbour Smith, whom he informs of a job which will earn him enough to live on for the rest of his life and also get him out of the country. On Coldharbour Smith's departure he sends the new butler to bed and waits up at a window with his dogs, on the look-out for the Green Archer.

But the new butler does not go to bed. Instead, he lets himself down the castle wall by a rope and proceeds to insert thermometers into the ground. He loses one in the dark, but before he can find it Bellamy's voice and the cry of the dogs interrupt him. Across the moonlit terraces a woman is running, the dogs in full pursuit. The butler chases after them in the direction of Lady's Manor.

It is Valerie, with the dogs nearly on top of her. She now encounters another terror, for, suddenly she sees the Green Archer, with bow taut. And then she saw the bow come up, heard the twang of a loosened string. She had a momentary glimpse of a great hound stretched in death, and then she fainted.

The Link.

"MR. HOWETT wishes to know whether you are coming to breakfast, madam?"

Valerie sat up in bed and passed her hand over her eyes. Her head was throbbing.

"Breakfast?" she said dully. "Yes, yes. Will you please tell him I will come down?"

Had she been dreaming? She shivered at the recollection. It had been no dream. Her golf skirt, stained with dust, lay thrown across the back of the chair, and she remembered coming up to bed. Where had she been? When she had recovered consciousness she was in the drawing-room at Lady's Manor. But how had she got there? The Green Archer! Had he carried her across the wall? She must find —— The ladders would betray her, she remembered with a start, and got out of bed.

"You need not have come down, my dear," said Mr. Howett, lifting his head to kiss her as she came into the dining-room. He put on his glasses and peered at her. "You're not looking particularly bright this morning, Val. Didn't you sleep well?"

"Very well," she said.

"Then you went to bed too late."

Breakfast was a mockery of a meal. She could eat nothing, and made an early excuse to go out and interview the servants.

"The garden door, miss? No, it was closed and bolted from the inside."

"Bolted? I thought I'd left it open," she faltered.

Of one thing she was certain—she had not reached the drawing-room unaided. She must have been carried over the wall. How, then, could the garden door be bolted from the inside of the house?

She hurried into the garden and made for the wall. The first things she saw were the two ladders, reposing on their sides. Then the unknown archer must have pulled up the ladders, too.

She returned to the house and went into the drawing-room, hoping that there she would find something that would give her an idea of how she had reached there. The room had been dusted, and the few odds and ends that the servants had found had, as usual, been placed upon one of the small tables. The first thing she saw was her handkerchief. It was smeared brown. Somebody had used it to wipe her face. She had no recollection of using it herself. By its side was a broken sleeve-link. She looked at the link. It was of gold, with a tiny enamelled monogram. Valerie rang the bell for the maid.

"Thank you for putting these things together," she said. "Where did this come from?"

"I found it on the floor, miss, near the sofa. I thought it was Mr. Howett's. But he says he hasn't lost one."

"But this is only a half," said Valerie.

The three tiny little links of the connecting chain had been broken in the middle.

"Have you found the other?"

"No, miss."

"Will you please help me look? They belong to a friend of mine."

They searched the room, and after a while the maid said:

"Here it is, miss."

It was under the edge of the carpet, and was the exact fellow of the other.

"There was an awful lot of matches on the floor when I came to tidy up this morning, miss. One of them has left a burn."

She pointed to a black stain on the brand new Brussels carpet.

"Yes, I did it last night. I couldn't find the lamp. That will do, thank you," said Valerie.

She carried the link to the window and traced the monogram again.

"J. L. F." James Lamotte Featherstone! It couldn't be. It was impossible, she told herself. She slipped the link into the pocket of her sports coat as the maid came in to announce a visitor. It was Spike Holland, and he was full of news.

"YOU didn't hear the Green Archer last night, did you? Well, he was arching for old man Bellamy, and got one of his dogs. Bellamy is raising cain. It appears he saw the archer in the grounds—the first time he's ever been seen outside the castle—and loosed his police dogs at him. Result, one perfectly dead dog—happily, the one that Julius was most afraid of, so there's compensation in that. And, Miss Howett, I'm the bearer of an invitation from Abe Bellamy, Esquire, Lord of the Castle of Garre, and High Executioner of Berkshire."

"An invitation for me?" she said in amazement.

Spike nodded.

"Abe has suddenly become intensely ordinary," he said. "He wants to show people his castle—or at least, he wants to show you. It appears he saw your name in the paper—didn't know you were staying around here—and he has asked you to come and see the home of the ancient Bellamys, he being the most ancient of them all."

"That is very remarkable of him," she said.

Spike nodded.

"The invitation doesn't extend to Mr. Howett, though I guess he wouldn't object to him going along. And it doesn't extend to me, either. But if you're going, Miss Howett, and you'll let me know the time, I've got the excuse I want for seeing over the castle. He can't very well turn me back if I appear as your escort."

She thought rapidly.

"Yes, I will go—this afternoon, after lunch. Will that suit Mr. Bellamy?"

"I'll phone him and find out. But I should say any old time would suit him."

"Mr. Holland," she asked, "do you know where Captain Featherstone is at this moment?"

"He was in London yesterday," replied Spike. "Julius saw him there."

"He's not in the village?"

Spike shook his head.

"Why, do you want him?"

"No, no," she said hastily. "I was curious, that is all."

What could be the explanation? she wondered, when she was alone. It was Jim Featherstone who had carried her into the house, of that she was sure. There was no mystery about the bolted garden door. He must have passed through the front door and out of the house. And then she remembered the sound she had heard—the unlocking of the door, the swish of footsteps in the hall of Lady's Manor, the broken plates, and the green arrow.

"It isn't true," she said aloud. "It can't be true."

She was trying very hard to be convinced

against her better judgment that Jim Featherstone, Commissioner of Police, was not the Green Archer of Garre Castle.

Valerie at Garre.

THE servants of Lady's Manor excused the presence in the kitchen of their young mistress at such frequent intervals to the fact that the house was something of a new toy.

"That's the third time the young lady's asked why the cellar door was locked last night," said the cook, "and the cellar door doesn't lock."

"She found a bolt on the inside, and I've never seen that before," said the kitchen maid.

"As you've only been in the house five minutes," said the superior cook, "it isn't surprising that there are lots of things you haven't seen. Now, I saw that bolt the first day I came."

Valerie came back at that moment.

"Don't think I'm fussing, cook, but I want to see that coal cellar," she said. She had an electric torch in her hand.

"You'll get yourself very dusty, miss," warned the servant; but Valerie was not to be scared by the possibility of griminess.

A dozen stairs led to a large cellar, in the corner of which was a heap of coal that had been brought to the cellar through an outside shoot. Leading from the vault were three doors, which had the appearance of cells. One of these had been fitted as a wine cellar by a previous tenant; the second was littered with empty bottles and packing-cases; the third was locked, and Valerie saw that the lock was new. A small grating gave a view into the interior, and she flashed her lamp inside and tried to see what treasure the locked cell held. She could see nothing except a large black trunk. Returning to collect all the keys she could find or borrow, she made an attempt to open the door, but without success. It did not seem worth while forcing the door for the satisfaction of examining an old trunk which had evidently been left by the former tenant.

When she came back to the kitchen, she heard the sound of uproarious laughter, which her sudden appearance checked.

"I'm very sorry, miss," said the cook, "but I was just telling Kate the funny name our cellar has got in the neighbourhood. You see, miss," she said apologetically, "we're old-fashioned people round here, and we use old-fashioned phrases. We always call the Castle 'Curcy,' after the gentleman who owned it hundreds of years ago."

"And what is your funny name for the cellar?" smiled Valerie.

"The people call it 'Loffy,' but I believe the proper name is 'Loveway.'"

"Why on earth do they call it that?" asked Valerie.

But the antiquarian researches of the cook had not gone very far.

KNOWING what she knew, Valerie was looking forward to her visit to Garre Castle with mixed feelings. She had never spoken to Abel Bellamy, though she had seen him often enough, and she wondered whether she would be able to disguise from his keen eyes the loathing she felt for him. She had had many opportunities of meeting him, but it was the fear that she would betray herself which had kept her from a closer acquaintance. She dreaded the meeting less, because her mind was so completely absorbed by the discovery she had made that morning about Jim Featherstone. Every time he came back to her mind she grew more and more bewildered. What object could he have? She searched vainly for a reason. If Bellamy were under the suspicion of the police, there were scores of ways by which they could keep him under observation. She was well enough acquainted with police methods to know that they would not hesitate to make an open search of Garre Castle if they had the slightest suspicion of the man. Why should he masquerade as the Green Archer? She shook her head hopelessly, and was glad when Spike arrived to escort her.

They found Julius Savini waiting at the lodge gates.

"Bellamy said nothing about you, Holland," he said. "You'd better let me phone up."

"Phone nothing," said Spike. "I'm not going to allow Miss Howett to go into Garre Castle unless I am with her. I have a responsibility," he said virtuously, "which I do not intend to delegate to anybody else, Savini."

Eventually, without consulting his employer, Julius allowed the reporter to accompany the girl, and apparently the old man had expected his arrival, for he showed no sign of annoyance when Spike put in an appearance.

He came out of the hall to greet her and she braced herself for the meeting. She looked up at him almost awe-stricken by his gigantic ugliness. The big, puffed, red face, his height, the suggestion of tremendous strength in the broad shoulders—for a moment she could not loathe him. There was something superhuman about him, something that explained his excesses, his immense hate, his wickedness. So, for the first time, Valerie met Abel Bellamy.

The Dungeons.

"GLAD to have you come to the castle, Miss Howett."

Her little hand was lost in the big paw that grasped it. Never once did his pale eyes leave her face.

"I kind of felt that I ought to be civil to a neighbour," he said. "If I had known you were here, I'd have asked you to come up before."

In the east wing of the castle, that in which the unused dining-room was situated, was a long picture gallery filled with works of the old masters. This was a side of his character that Spike had never suspected.

"I didn't know you were a collector, Mr. Bellamy.

For a second the old man dropped his cold eyes to the reporter.

"I have collected nothing in my life except money," he said laconically. "I bought these with the castle. They cost half a million dollars, and I'm told they're worth twice that amount. I want you to see this picture, Miss Howett," he said. "It is called 'The Woman with the Scar.'"

The portrait was an example of the Flemish school. It showed a beautiful woman with a bare arm, on which was the faintest indication of a cicatrix.

"Most ladies wouldn't like to have their scars painted," he said, "but from what I've heard of this painter, who was a Dutchman, he always drew what he saw. A young lady in these days wouldn't stand for that, miss?"

It was a challenge, and she accepted it instantly.

"I'm not so sure that I should object," she said coolly. "I have a scar on my left elbow which is not at all unsightly. I fell when a baby and cut the skin."

She had no sooner said the words than she regretted them. But the regret was short-lived.

"You have a scar on your left elbow where you fell when you were a baby," repeated Abe Bellamy slowly, and she knew why she had been invited to come. Abe Bellamy wanted to be absolutely sure. She could and would have saved him the trouble.

Abe escorted his visitors back to the library. Of a sudden it seemed that his interest in the castle as a show-place had evaporated, and he hinted there was little more to be seen.

"You haven't shown us your dungeons yet, Mr. Bellamy," said Spike.

"Why, no," said Bellamy slowly. "But I don't think Miss Howett would like to see those gloomy places; would you, young lady?"

"I should."

Her voice shook, in spite of her efforts to keep control.

"Well, you shall see them, though they're less gloomy now than they used to be," said Abe.

He led the way again to the hall, and kept them waiting for a second while he went into Savini's room to get the keys. Julius tentatively joined the party, expecting to be sent back. But apparently Abe was oblivious to his presence.

They went again through the picture gallery, out through a small door to a square stone room, which the old man explained had been the guard-room of the castle. In ancient times it had opened into the park, but the door was now a fixture. From the stone chamber a circular stone staircase took them to a vaulted basement.

"I'll put on the lights," said Bellamy. He turned a switch, and they saw they were in a great chamber, the roof of which was supported by three stout pillars. "This was the main prison," said the old man. "All kinds of people were kept here. Those rings you see in the pillars, Miss Howett, were used for attaching chains."

"How horrible!" she said, and he laughed heartily.

"It is a paradise to the little dungeons," he said.

At the far end of the vault he stooped and pulled up a stone trap.

"If you want to go down there you'll see the less pleasant apartments. But I shouldn't advise you to. The stairs are very steep, and you'll have to carry a light."

"I should like to go," she said, and Savini was sent back for a lantern.

THE dungeons of the lower level consisted of four rooms, two of which were very large and two extraordinarily small. They were little better than kennels, not being high enough for a man to stand in or long enough for one to stretch himself in comfort. Yet in those narrow tombs men and women had lived for years, he told them, and showed them letters of a strange character cut into the stone walls.

"They call these places Little Ease," said Mr. Bellamy complacently. "That stone bench was their bed, and if you'll look you'll see it is worn smooth by people who have slept there year after year, until the stone is about the shape of their bodies."

Valerie gazed in horror.

"What kind of beasts were they that treated human beings like that?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know," drawled the old man. "There was something to it."

"Why not kill them outright?"

"And lose them?" he said in astonishment. "What is the good of that? Suppose you hate a man, what's the use of killing him? He just escapes you. You want to keep him in some place where you can go and see him and know he's there."

She made no reply.

"And that, I think, is about all the castle has to show you, unless you're interested in gas-cookers," he said, "or towers and empty stone rooms."

"What is that?"

She pointed to a deep, ragged hole in the ground. The jagged sides showed the raw rock through which it had been blasted. He looked up with a smile, and she followed his eyes. Above, fixed firmly into the wall, was a replica of the beam she had seen in Sanctuary Keep, and she closed her eyes tight.

"They hanged a few people outside, but they hanged a whole lot inside," said Abe cheerfully.

She was glad to get back to the daylight.

"Well, I guess there's nothing more to show you," said Abe for the second time, as they got back to the hall.

"Mr. Bellamy, can I see you alone?"

She acted on the impulse of the moment. A second before she had no other desire than to leave this place of gloom and flee out into God's sunlight and breathe an air that was untainted with sorrow and suffering.

He shot a suspicious glance at her.

"Certainly, Miss Howett," he answered slowly. His gaze fell upon the two men. "I told 'em to serve tea in the library. Maybe after tea, young lady?"

She nodded. What a fool she was, she thought, everlastingly leaping at the call of impulse, everlastingly regretting her folly. And she was regretting now, and trying to hunt up some excuse for a private interview.

A trim maid was in attendance.

"Where's Philip?" growled the old man.

"It is his afternoon off, sir," replied Julius.

"How many afternoons off does he have a week?" began Bellamy, and then arrested a choler which was not in keeping with his normal role of genial host.

Valerie wandered to the window to look out upon the peaceful close, with its vivid green lawn and its trim trees and background of grey stone. And seeing her stand by one of the windows and noting her position, Abe Bellamy was seized with a desire to break into raucous laughter.

SPIKE saw the smile in his eyes and wondered what secret thought had tickled the old man. The reporter's active mind never ceased absorbing all the details of the room. Though it was called the library, there were very few books in evidence, one tall case near the door at the farther end being all he could see. Yet it was a noble room, and modern hands had done nothing to improve it out of its character. The polished wood floor was uncarpeted, a number of big rugs relieving its bareness, and even the rugs were in keeping with the tone of the room.

Bellamy, following his eyes, said:

"The floor of this room is stone. You'd never guess it. I had the parquet floor fitted over. Stone is a little too chilly for a man of my age."

That was the only comment he made upon the library, and soon after Spike and Julius, who had been granted the unaccustomed honour of an invitation, rose.

"Savini will amuse you, Holland, whilst Miss Howett is talking to me," said Abe Bellamy. "I don't suppose you'll be with me very long, Miss Howett?"

"Not very long," she said.

Her courage was oozing away. She wanted to leave with the others, and the prospect of facing this man alone turned her blood to ice. Coward, coward! she said inwardly, and hated herself for her weakness. Presently the door closed on the two men, and Bellamy came back, his hands in his pockets, his powerful shoulders hunched, and he stood, his legs apart, and his back to the fireplace, looking down at her.

"Now, Miss Howett," he said, and his voice was harsh and held a threat, "what is it you want to see me about?"

It needed only that hint of antagonism to give her the strength she needed.

"Mr. Bellamy," she said quietly, "I want you to tell me something."

"I'll tell you anything that it is good you should know," he said, and again the savage in him peeped forth.

"Then tell me this," she said, speaking deliberately. "Where is my mother?"

Not a muscle of his face moved; his eyelids did not so much as blink. Only he stared down at her, immovable.

"Where is my mother?" she said again.

His great frame was shaking; his face had gone a duller red; the mouth was curled up a little more. Slowly, as if it were moving against his will, his hand came out towards her, and she shrank back before the fury of him. And then:

"Would you like another log on the fire, sir?"

The old man glared round at the intruder. It was the new butler—suave, deferential, remarkably unemotional.

The effort the old man made to control his fury was superhuman. The veins stood out on his forehead, and he shivered in his rage, but by his own amazing will he mastered himself.

"I will ring for you if I want you, Philip," he said gratingly. "I thought you had a holiday."

"I came back early, sir."

"Get out!"

The words came like the shot of a gun, and the butler bowed and went, closing the door behind him. Abe Bellamy turned to the white-faced girl.

"YOUR mother, I think you remarked?" he said huskily. "I guess you gave me a start. I never met your mother, Miss Howett. No, ma'am, I've never met your mother, and I've never met you. You had a room in the same hotel as me in London, and I guess you had a room in the same hotel as me in New York, round about July, 1914. A whole lot of letters used to come for me, though I was in England. People wrote who thought I was in New York, and round about July 14th a packet of letters was stolen, ma'am. Perhaps the thief who took those letters saw something in one of them that made her think that I knew where her mother was. That's likely; I can't help how thieves think, whether they're male thieves or female thieves. I don't know where your mother is," he went on in a monotone, in which every syllable was emphasised. "I don't know where your mother is, if she isn't dead and in her grave. And if I knew where your mother was, why, it would be no business of mine to tell you, Miss Howett. I guess she's dead all right. Most people you lose trace of are dead. There's no hiding-place like the grave—it keeps you safe and snug."

"Where is my mother?" Her voice sounded hollow and faint.

"Where's your mammy?" he repeated. "Didn't I tell you? You've got fool ideas in your head, Valerie Howett. That comes of reading letters that have been stolen. If you saw a letter of hers that she sent to me, why, it would be surely easy to find her."

With a sideways jerk of his head he dismissed her as though she had been some scullery wench, and she walked unsteadily to the door. Once she looked back and saw him glaring at her, and the malignity in his eyes was terrible to see.

"Why, what's the matter?"

Spike came to the swaying girl and caught her by the arm.

"Nothing, only I feel a little faint. Will you take me outside, Mr. Holland?"

She looked round for the butler. He was nowhere to be seen.

"Did he do anything?" said the indignant Spike. "If he's as big as a house, I'll go in and——"

"No, no, no," she stopped him. "Will you take me home, please, and walk very slowly? And if I get hysterical, will you please shake me?"

Whilst they were walking slowly down the path, Mr. Julius Savini was hurrying in search of the new butler.

"The old man wants you," he said in a low voice, "and he's raving mad."

"I'm a little mad myself," said the butler, and went with a light step to meet the wrath of Abel Bellamy.

"What's your name?" the old man bellowed at him as he came in.

"Philip, sir—Philip Jones."

"How many times have I told you not to come into this room unless I send for you?"

"I thought the party was here, sir."

"You thought that, did you? Did you hear what that girl was saying?"

"The lady was saying nothing when I came in. I thought you were showing her some parlour tricks, sir."

Not a muscle of the butler's face moved.

"You thought *what*?" shouted Bellamy.

"I thought, sir, from the position of your hands, you were showing her a parlour trick. Gentlemen even in the best families are fond of showing visitors parlour tricks," said the butler, mechanically picking a crumb from the hearth-rug. "I am extremely sorry that I was de trop."

"I don't get that," said Abe, completely taken aback.

"It was a French expression."

"Well, damn you, don't use French expressions to me," roared Bellamy. "And if you come here again without being sent for, you're fired. Do you get that?"

"Quite, sir. What would you like for dinner?"

The speechless man could only point to the door.

Once she looked back and saw him glaring at her.

The Story.

WALKING in her garden in the dusk, revolving in her chaotic mind the events of the past twenty-four hours, Valerie saw something white flutter over the wall and hurried to pick up the note. She opened it and read the scrawled lines, and put the letter away in her handbag.

At ten o'clock came a visitor in the shape of James Featherstone. For his advent Mr. Howett was not unprepared. Valerie was waiting for him in the passage.

"I'm glad you've come," she said quickly. "I am going to tell you the story of Mrs. Held." They were alone together in the drawing-room. "First, let me give you something of yours. The maid found it here this morning." She took a little paper package from her writing table.

"My sleeve-link, I think. I looked for it, but I hadn't a great deal of time. I wanted to get out before you recovered."

"You brought me here? No, no, don't tell me." She held up her hand. "I don't want to know any more. You have been wonderfully good to me, Captain Featherstone, and I should have saved myself a great deal of trouble and prevented myself looking very foolish," she added, with a faint smile, "if I had told you before what I am going to tell you now. You do not know, though you may guess—for there seems to be no limit to your cleverness—that dear Mr. Howett is not my father."

Obviously, from the look on his face, she saw this was news to him.

"Mr. Howett, twenty-three years ago, was a very poor man," she said. "He lived on a very

old and very poor farm in Montgomery, at a place called Trainor, and he eked out just a bare existence by the sale of garden truck. In those days he suffered from a terrible affliction of the eyes, which made him nearly blind. He and my dear foster-mother lived alone. They had no children, although they had been married many years, and difficult as it was to feed and keep themselves, they advertised their willingness to adopt a child. You understand, Captain Featherstone, that I am not going to give you any information about the subsequent career of Mr. Howett, or the wonderful fortune he had when he took another farm in another part of the state, and oil was discovered on his property.

"There were many replies to the advertisement, none of which was entirely satisfactory. One day Mrs. Howett, who naturally carried on all the correspondence, received a letter. Here it is."

She took a paper from the desk and handed it to the detective. It was addressed from an hotel on Seventh Avenue, New York, and ran:

"Dear Friend,—In answer to your advertisement, I should be glad if you would adopt a little girl, aged twelve months, whose parents have recently died. I am willing to pay one thousand dollars for this service."

"AT that time," continued the girl, "Mr. Howett was being hard pressed by a man who had a mortgage on the farm, and I think, fond as he was of children and anxious as he undoubtedly was to have a little child in the house, the offer of money settled the matter in my favour, for I was the baby. He wrote and accepted. A few days later a man drove up to the farm in a buggy, got down and lifted out a bundle, which he placed in the hands of Mrs. Howett. There used to be a hired boy on the farm in those days, whose hobby was photography. Somebody had given him a snapshot camera, and the first picture he took with it was the buggy standing at the door, with the strange man just on the point of getting out. That picture might have been lost for ever and with it all hope of tracing my parents but for the accident that the company which manufactured the camera offered a monthly prize for the best snapshot. And the hired boy sent up this very picture, which took a prize and was reproduced in a magazine. I have since seen the original and, indeed, I have an enlargement."

She took a thick roll of paper from her writing-desk.

"You see, I have all my data here, if I may use one of daddy's favourite words."

She unrolled the photograph and put it under the lamp on the table, and Featherstone joined her.

"There is no doubt about that," he said, after a glimpse at the picture. "The man is Abe Bellamy. There's no mistaking the face."

"The curious thing is," said the girl, "that Mrs. Howett did not see anything remarkable about him, for she was almost as short-sighted as Mr. Howett. I was brought up as the Howetts' child, as in law I am, for the deed of adoption was drawn up by an attorney, and legally I have no father but Mr. Howett. It was after the death of my foster-mother that I learnt the truth. I was not greatly interested in the discovery of my true parents. I was young, and college was wholly absorbing. It was later, when I began to think for myself, that it occurred to me that, now I was rich—I have my share in Mr. Howett's wells, and his dear wife left me a whole lot of money—I might at least discover who they were.

"And then it was that the illustration of the man getting out of the buggy became really valuable. I had the negative looked up and an enlargement made, and instantly Abe Bellamy was recognised. Nobody knew why I wanted the photograph, of course, and I did not tell them. I had heard of him—he was one of the bad men whose reputation was common property—and the more I learnt of him the more I was certain that I was in no way related to him, and that he had not brought me to the Howetts' farm and given a thousand dollars with a desire to help anybody but himself. I set detectives to work, and they found that the only relation he had was a brother who had died nearly eighteen years ago. They had had two children, who were also dead. This line of inquiry did not seem very profitable, because very early on the detectives found that Abe Bellamy and his brother were bad friends, and had always been bad friends, and he would be hardly likely to take trouble to help his brother.

"I said nothing to Mr. Howett, but I concentrated all my attention upon Abe Bellamy. I was only seventeen, but every day that passed made me more and more determined to unveil the mystery. Unknown to Mr. Howett, I employed men to examine Bellamy's correspondence. He was a great deal in Europe and scarcely spent three months of the year in New York. To Chicago he never went at all. Then one day my agents—looking back, it seems so absurd that anybody could have accepted a commission from a girl of seventeen, but they did—discovered a letter. I have the original."

She brought the paper to the light of the lamp. The ink was faded, the hand straggling. It ran:

"Little Bethel Street,
"London, N.W.

"You have beaten me. Give me back the child you have taken from me, and I will agree to all your demands. I am broken—broken in heart and spirit by your never-ending persecution. You are a devil, a fiend beyond human understanding. You have taken everything I have—robbed me of all that is dear, and I have no desire to live.—ELAINE HELD."

Beneath were some words which even Featherstone, who was an expert in these matters, found it difficult to decipher.

He held up the pugilistic Jerry at the point of a gun, and turned him out of the flat.

"Won't you be generous and tell me . . . little Valerie . . . It is seventeen years ago last April . . ."

"It was in April twenty-four years ago that I was taken to Mr. Howett," said the girl quietly. "Bellamy made a slip. He told Mrs. Howett my name, Valerie, and then pretended that it wasn't, and asked her to call me Jane. But Mrs. Howett was struck with the name Valerie, and I have been called by it all my life."

Featherstone paced the drawing-room slowly, his hands behind him, his chin on his breast.

"Do you think your mother is still alive?" he asked at last.

She nodded her head, her lips quivering.

"I'm sure," she breathed.

"And you think he knows where she is?"

"Yes. I thought she was at the castle. I don't know what wild dreams I had of finding her."

Featherstone returned to his silent pacing.

"You had an interview with the old man. Tell me what passed," he said eventually. And when she had given him a faithful account of the talk, he nodded. "You have faith. I don't want to raise your hopes, Miss Howett——"

"You called me Valerie the other day. I think it was almost as much a slip of the tongue as Bellamy's. Won't you please go on calling me Valerie? Perhaps when I know you better, I will call you by your name. William, isn't it?"

"It is Jim," he said solemnly, and even in her pain she was secretly amused to see the colour rising in his face, "and you know it is Jim. Well, Valerie, you're not to go to the castle again, or to do anything that involves the slightest risk on your part."

"You don't want to raise my hopes, you were saying, but you did not finish your sentence."

"I was going to say that I have a faint share

of your faith, and I am doing what I warned you against; I am making a building of hope on the sandiest of foundations. In a day or two I shall be able to tell you how solid that foundation is. By the way, have you that old plan of the castle? Will you let me have it? I think I can put it to a better use than you," he said quizzically.

She walked with him to the front gate.

"You're going to behave," he said warningly.

She nodded in the darkness; there was just enough light to see her face.

"Good-night," he said, and taking her hand, held it a little longer than was necessary.

"Good-night—Jim!"

James Lamotte Featherstone walked back through the village with a light step and a heart that was even lighter.

The New Butler Shows his Teeth.

JULIUS SAVINI was a very unhappy man. His source of additional revenue had unexpectedly and provokingly dried up. He was too fond of the woman he had married to be angry with her, although she was partly the cause. A nimble-minded man, he began to look round for some new fountain of supply, and his mind vacillated between Valerie Howett and Abe himself. Abe would be a mighty difficult proposition, he realised, but in certain circumstances it was quite possible that he might surprise a secret which would bring him an income at any rate equal to that which went forth with monotonous regularity to Coldharbour Smith.

More than a year he had spent in the service of the Chicago man, without discovering any secret that was worth twopence, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to investigate. The coming of the Green Archer, with its sequel of ubiquitous police dogs, precluded any examination at leisure of Mr. Bellamy's effects by night, and in the daytime he never had a chance. Sooner or later he must make a getaway, find a less exacting occupation in another land, and although Bellamy kept his ready money in the house behind steel doors, there were other ways.

A SHREWD man of business, Julius had curtailed his wife's allowance, explaining to her why this was necessary. He had received an immediate reply, demanding his return to town. Her brother had joined a crowd that was working the cross-Atlantic boats, and there was an opening for a man of his capacity and skill. Only for a moment Julius was tempted. The risk was small—but so were the rewards. He could not afford to go after little money. There was big money here, even if the risk was correspondingly large.

He had spoken no more than the truth when he said that in certain circumstances he would arrange the early demise of Abe Bellamy. Given the certainty of escape, he would have killed the old man with as little compunction as he would have killed a rat. He might have shivered for himself in the act, for Julius was very fearful of his own future.

He declined his wife's offer, peremptorily demanding that she dismiss from her mind her half-formed plan for joining in the crowd. When to this he received a defiant answer, he himself went to town, held up the pugilistic Jerry at the point of a gun incontinently, and turned him out of the flat.

"You be a good girl, Fay, and do as you're told," he said in his silkiest voice. "You got me rattled the other day, and I allowed you to call me a fool, but I haven't forgotten it."

"You little coward!" she whimpered.

"Maybe I am," said Julius Savini. "I get frightened of some things, but I'm not frightened of you or the mob you run with. I live with a wild beast, and I'm entitled to shake in my shoes, but I'm not scared of rabbits. I tell you, you'll stay here, because I want you. If you go with that crowd, I'll follow you to the end of the world and I'll kill you. I've given you my name, and maybe it is the name of a first-class crook, but all the mud that's coming to it is the mud I'll stir myself."

He left her. She stayed. He never expected she would do anything else. For the moment she felt very sore, and there was an excuse for her, because Savini was a Eurasian, and by all known codes a man to be despised.

All this happened within a few days of the tea-party. Events were moving very swiftly, though there was no alteration in the routine of the castle, unless it was that Abe Bellamy was more silent than ever, and less easy to get on with.

On the third night, Coldharbour Smith arrived unexpectedly, and was closeted with his employer for the greater part of the evening. Mr. Smith was completely sober; and when Coldharbour Smith was sober, he was even more unpleasant of appearance than he was when drunk. He was a loose-framed man with a dead-white face, short upper lip and a huge jaw, which the scientists call prognathic—which means no more than that his underlip extended beyond his upper lip. He may have shaved some time, but he had the misfortune to appear as though the "some time" was the day before yesterday. His eyes were deep-set and small, and he was slightly bald.

The new butler heard he was coming and asked Julius to let him in.

"Can't you let him in yourself?" complained the secretary.

"I don't like his face, it makes me dream," was the unsatisfactory reply.

AND then followed the day of tremendous happenings. It began eventfully enough soon after breakfast. Abe had gone to the kennels and had released the three remaining dogs for a run in the park. It happened that his way led past the entrance hall, and the new butler was standing there, instructing one of the

younger servants in the art of black-leading a mud-scraper. Suddenly, without any warning, one of the dogs left Bellamy's side and leapt at the girl. She screamed and fell back, the dog on her, worrying her shoulder. At that moment the butler stooped, lifted the hound without an effort, and flung him a dozen yards down the grassy slope. With a yelp of fury the dog came back straight at the man.

Bellamy made no attempt to interfere. He watched, fascinated, the tiger leap of the great hound. And then he saw an amazing thing happen. As the dog left the ground for his leap, the butler stooped and jerked up his arm so that it struck the underside of the snapping jaw and closed it. There was a thud as he struck with the other fist—the dog was shot half a dozen yards away and fell exhausted.

"What have you done to that dog?" demanded Abe angrily. "If you've killed it——"

"He's not killed, he's winded," said the new butler. "I could have killed him just as easily."

Abe looked the man up and down.

"You've got a deuce of a nerve to beat my dog," he said.

"You've got a nerve to complain about it being beaten, after the attack it made upon that unfortunate girl," said the butler. "If you had whistled the dog, he wouldn't have jumped."

Abe listened, aghast.

"Do you know who you're talking to?"

"I'm talking to Mr. Bellamy, I think," said the butler. "You employed me to look after your staff, not to feed your dogs," and he turned on his heel and walked into the hall to comfort the frightened and weeping girl.

The butler stooped, lifted the hound without an effort, and flung him a dozen yards down the grassy slope.

Abe made to follow him, but, changing his mind, continued his walk. He came back looking for trouble, and sent for Savini.

"Where's Philip?"

"He's with the girl that was bitten by the dog, sir; she's hysterical."

"Fire her!" roared Bellamy. "And tell that dude butler that I don't pay him to go fooling around with the girls. Send him here!"

Presently Philip, the butler, came.

"Now see here, whatever your name is, you can pack your grip and get out, and you can take your girl with you."

"I haven't any particular girl," said the butler pleasantly, "but if there was any woman in this place for whom I was in any way responsible, I assure you she wouldn't be here at this moment. Wait, Mr. Bellamy," he said, as the other jumped up in his rage, "you're not dealing with Valerie Howett now, and you're not dealing with her mother."

He saw the colour fade from Bellamy's face. It was not fear, it was blind, insane rage that was possessing him.

"You can't threaten me as you threatened them—that is my point."

"You—you——"

"Keep your distance. You're an old man and I don't want to hurt you. That is outside my duty."

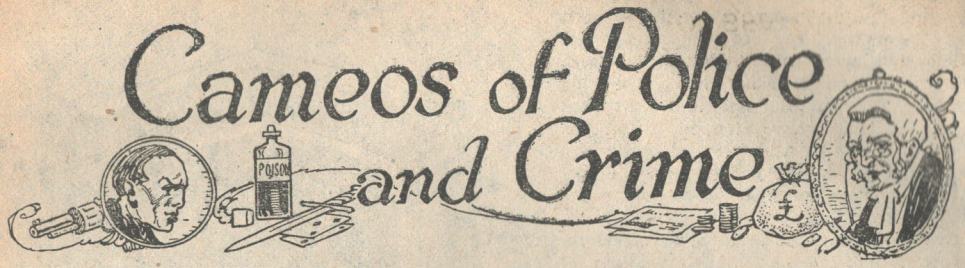
"Your—duty?" almost whispered Abe Bellamy.

The butler nodded.

"My name is Captain James Featherstone. I am a Commissioner of Scotland Yard, and I hold a warrant to search Garre Castle and, if necessary, to take you into custody for the illegal detention of a woman known as Elaine Held."

(The question now arises—Is Captain Featherstone the Green Archer as well as the butler? Look out for another exciting instalment in the next issue.)

Cameos of Police and Crime



The Policeman's Face.

EVERY Tuesday recruits for the Metropolitan Police are being examined at Scotland Yard. It is said—possibly it is an exaggeration—that the face is one of the first qualifications considered. It must, without necessarily being that of an Adonis, have a certain dignity and not arouse the wit of small boys or drunken men.

Recruiting is being responded to admirably according to a Scotland Yard official.

"Men come from all parts of the country after a preliminary examination in their own area," he said. "The difficulty is that so few of them conform to the necessary standards. They may be the requisite 5 ft. 9 in. in height, but in intelligence and in rudimentary education they may be lacking.

"They are set a simple examination, and many of them literally tremble and perspire at the simplest question asked by the examiners.

"I think on the whole the countryman makes a better officer. His physique is usually superior and his powers of observation more acute.

"We are getting on an average from fifty to one hundred selected men being examined at Scotland Yard every Tuesday, and usually no more than about fifteen are selected to undergo a course of instruction for two months at Peel House.

"Of these men there is usually a considerable percentage struck off after various tests and examinations, as unlikely to become police officers.

"We are now endeavouring merely to replace the wastage in the Metropolitan Force which runs to about fifteen to twenty per cent, and as the Commissioner pointed out in his report, we are giving preference to all single men."

The Clue that Wasn't.

ALTHOUGH apparently trivial things sometimes become important clues in a criminal investigation, occasionally the reverse happens and a seemingly significant clue merely becomes misleading.

Mr. George S. Dougherty, former chief of the detective service of New York, tells an interesting story in this connection. The widow of a bishop had been robbed of jewels worth thousands of pounds. A suspect who had been seen in the vicinity of the house late on several nights was rounded up.

Now, the rifled jewel-box which had been in a safe was covered with blood, but curiously enough, there was no trace of a cut or wound on the prisoner. Dougherty mentioned this discrepancy to the grand jury, who decided that the evidence was unsatisfactory and the prisoner was released.

Still Dougherty hung on to the case. He ordered the suspect to be shadowed, and a little later he was observed to dig in a lonely spot off a country road. When he had gone, the detectives discovered buried there the jewels in an old tin can covered with a soiled bloodstained cloth.

Forthwith the man was brought before Dougherty again. Having been once discharged, he was in no fear of punishment, and admitted that he was the burglar.

"But," said Dougherty, "now that it is all finished, tell me how this blood came about."

"I'll tell you," said the suspect. "I was the man who waited for eight days looking for a chance at that house. You had everything right the first time I was arrested. Now as to the blood it's very simple. I worked so doggone hard at that job that just as I got the sparklers out of the box my nose started to bleed. So that's where the blood came from."

A Congress of Police.

FOR a week the police chiefs of the world have discussed crime and its prevention at Vienna. The congress was convened by Police-President Schöber, who is anxious to draw closer the bonds of co-operation between the police services of the world.

Part of the scheme of the conference is to initiate a system of international police supervision of forgers, hotel thieves, smugglers, white-slave dealers, and other criminals whose practise it is to travel from country to country and to move on to fresh fields as each place gets too hot. The police of every nation would exchange certain records at frequent intervals.

As botanists of all countries use Latin as a universal language, so Herr Schöber considers the police should have an agreed international language—either English or German—to simplify and accelerate police control of travelling criminals. There should be no cumbrous formalities in communication between responsible police officers in different countries.

Traffic in cocaine and other drugs would become almost impossible, Herr Schöber believes, if the police of all countries could work together on a properly-organised basis. A detective "university" he also wishes to be set up.

A Shaking Vigil.

DETECTIVES have used some quaint ruses while trying to effect an arrest, but one of the most extraordinary has fallen to the lot of Viennese detectives. A thief recently robbed Lady Cunninghame, wife of a former British military attache in Vienna of her jewels by climbing to her window and hooking the gems from her dressing-table through a grating.

Jewellers who bought the stolen gems were able to afford a description. A man of this description was reputed to be shaved daily at a little barber's shop in a Vienna suburb. To watch for the suspect it was arranged that the entire detective force of this district should take it in turns to be shaved by this barber, so that there should always be at least one in the shop. This went on for two whole days. At last the man appeared, was arrested on suspicion, and confessed.

An Echo of Tyburn.

WORKMEN laying a water-main at the site of Tyburn, have found human remains including eight skulls, which are assumed to be the remains of malefactors executed there in olden days.

On the triangular gallows which held eight victims on each side, many famous and infamous persons were executed, and most of them were buried near the gallows site. Jack Sheppard, William Wallace, the Scottish hero, Claude Duval, and Jonathan Wild were all hanged here. The body of Oliver Cromwell was hung on the gibbet by order of Charles II. But they were not all notable criminals who suffered at this spot. On the contrary, the majority were poor people hung for trivial offences. One girl was hanged at Tyburn for stealing a piece of material valued at five shillings, and thousands of similar cases occurred.

The first known execution took place at Tyburn in 1196; the last occurred in 1783. It is estimated that 50,000 people suffered death there.

A Philanthropic Pickpocket.

A STRAIN on credulity is put by a recent cable from Budapest, but if true, it is a singular episode in criminal history. The police of the town (the story runs) had been surprised at a number of people who surrendered themselves as kleptomaniacs.

One of these, Herr Wilhelm Forvanys, a journalist, while riding in a tramcar, suddenly found a heavy gold chain dangling from his waistcoat pocket, and in the pocket a gold watch. He knew he possessed neither of the articles when he entered the car, and afraid he would be accused of theft, he went to the police.

This led to a close investigation of the seeming outbreak of kleptomania. It was learned that a former notorious pickpocket, Dror Wolff, having successfully speculated on the Stock Exchange, was reviewing his methods. As reparation for his previous thefts he was now presenting watches and banknotes to unsuspecting strangers.

These things, alas, do not happen in England.

Tool Thieves.

ONE of the meanest of all thefts has been gaining ground of recent years—that of workmen's tools. According to a solicitor at Marylebone Police Court one society alone had paid £20,800 as compensation for stolen tools in the course of the last two years.

The Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police is thinking of calling a special conference on the subject. Many of these thefts occur from houses undergoing repair.

In a case of this sort at Hull a shipwright claimed that he could identify his own tools merely by touch with his eyes shut.

He unhesitatingly accepted a challenge to do so by a solicitor who told him to close his eyes, and handed him a collection of tools alike in character.

The witness selected by touch the tools which belonged to him, such as augers, screwdrivers, bits, and braces, and rejected those not his property.

Asphyxiating Burglars.

BURGLARY will become an even more dangerous calling if the device of a New York theatrical man comes into general use.

He has invented a simple mechanism which can be attached to the doors and windows of any building to be protected. Directly this mechanism is tampered with it fires a shell containing salts that are instantly ignited and fill the room with choking fumes of sufficient power to lay out a burglar if he has managed to get inside, or to scare him off if he is still trying to enter.

At the same time the device sets off a series of rockets held in a bracket on the outside of the building.

The loud explosions and showers of stars are calculated to attract the attention of even the most languid policeman, and by examining an indicator in the burglar-proof building he will be shown at which room on which floor he will find the senseless body of the culprit.

Dick Turpin's Grave.

THE churchyard of St. George's, York, which is to be converted into a modern rest garden, contains the body of the famous highwayman, Dick Turpin, who was hanged in York Castle in April, 1739.

His body was carried off by "resurrection men," but the people ransacked the city, found it at a surgeon's, and reburied it in lime.

No stone marks the "hightoby man's" resting-place, but the rector is going to put up a small tablet in the graveyard.

It will not, of course, repeat the fiction that Turpin rode from London to York in one day on Black Bess.

A Close Shave.

ONE of the best known American judges tells a dramatic story of a tense moment in an Atlantic City barber's shop.

The operator, an immense negro, had lathered the judge and stropped the razor. Then he stood over the customer with razor poised.

"You," he observed, "was the man who sentenced my brother Bill to the electric chair."

The fascinated judge gazed in horror at the shining steel. There was no chance of escape. The razor descended.

"Well," observed the operator, as he commenced a particularly smooth shave, "Bill was no good, anyway."

REMEMBER!

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