

# MIDNIGHT MYSTERY STORIES

Dec. 2, 1922

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

10¢

*Red Roses  
of Death*

*The Great  
Conspiracy*

*The Face with the  
Three Crosses*



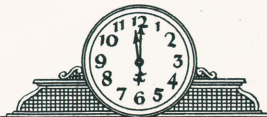
# The Blessed Interval

WOODROW WILSON once remarked—we quote from memory—that among the things he enjoyed most in life was the blessed interval when he could drop his cares of state for a time and lose himself in a rattling good detective yarn, chasing a criminal to the ends of the earth and finally capturing him. That good two-fisted fighter, Theodore Roosevelt, was similarly fond of a swift, adventurous, blood-curdling yarn. These men, each the choice of a great nation, were as far apart as the poles in their tastes and in their characteristics. They had but one thing in common—their humanity. This humanity, this comradeship with the rank and file of Americans, was evidenced by their love for a good, thrilling, fast-moving tale.

It is what we all love. We can talk about literature and the higher grades of culture, but Conan Doyle has a hundred thousand readers to one for Sainte Beuve, Poe and Gaboriau have a million to one for the James boys (Henry and William—not Jesse), and our very own John R. Coryell—did you know that he was the creator of Nick Carter?—has entirely given up estimating the amount of people who have, for a space, found happiness by submerging their problems in the sea of forgetfulness they found in his books.

Art is something for the people—for the masses who walk our streets and crowd our trolleys and till our soil. It is not something so conceived that it is intelligible only to a blessed few. By this standard, the writer who can bring the greatest number of people out of themselves, who can give to the greatest number of troubled human souls that "blessed interval," is the master of them all.

This is treason, of course. It is likely to be sneered at by those who have another conception of art. Let them sneer—we are quite content to have the approval of our readers. And judging by the letters we have received—since the announcement of our change in policy—we certainly have struck a responsive chord in the breast of that great human being, the American.



## Next Week

*Silver Hat*

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*When Thieves  
Fall In*

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*From Beyond  
the Grave*

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MIDNIGHT  
MYSTERY STORIES

VOLUME 1  
NUMBER 16

# Out of the Grave

WINNER OF SECOND PRIZE IN  
GREAT MIDNIGHT THRILL CONTEST

An "invisible approach—"  
Footsteps "terribly familiar—"  
Was it the soldier-husband's ghost?  
Read this story that won a prize of  
**ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS**

By  
**Helen H. Dudley**

MY husband and I were rare "pals" and bound together by an unusually close spiritual sympathy. Before he went away, he said that he would surely come back to me; alive—or otherwise!

I received notification that he had fallen in battle and that his body was being shipped home. . . . I could not be comforted, nor could I find solace in tears, as some women did; my grief was of the stony, dazed variety. I used to sit in his Study, hour after hour, and wonder if he could "come back."

On this particular night, I was holding lonely vigil—as usual. . . . The servants had retired and the house was absolutely silent; I could hear the "Grandfather" clock in the hall ticking solemnly. . . . Suddenly I was conscious of an odd, smothering sensation and decided to go out into the garden, so I was seated on a bench beside the sun-dial when the far-reaching bell-strokes from the distant tower of Big Ben began to mark off twelve sonorous intonations; the clock in our hall echoed more rapidly—but, ere either clock had concluded its announcement of midnight, I sat up, tense in my deep-mourning attire, my heart hammering wildly. . . .

Questing through the strange silence, footsteps sounded around a bend in the road; *terribly familiar footsteps*—despite the fact that they halted a little, as though he who walked was lame! . . . Convinced that my passionate grief and longing had pierced the Border and that my husband had come back to me, as he had promised, I remember wondering if I could see him—or if I would just hear the sound of an *invisible approach* . . . As the footsteps came nearer, I could not breathe for a moment, it seemed; the next, I was assuring myself that it was only some wayfarer going home . . . but when I heard the faint sound of that whistle with which he always announced his arrival at our gate, I was positive that I would behold an apparition! . . . I got to my feet, somehow, and there—standing weirdly in the moonlight—was the familiar figure in officer's uniform; most convincingly *intangible*, because of the swaying shadows of the trees! I must have cried out. . . .

Anyhow, when I "came to" the "ghost" was carrying me upstairs!

My husband had received a wound in one foot and was allowed home-leave. Fearing that a wire would frighten me, he had written—and the letter was delayed in censoring. It arrived the next day!

The death-notification that I received was a mistake.



Questing through the strange silence, footsteps sounded around a bend in the road.



# The Great

by CHARLES

**He had to  
Cut his Throat  
But he caught  
the Thieves**

LOGAN Square might be old-fashioned but it considered Fifth Avenue lightly. Anybody could buy their way into Fifth Avenue but Logan Square was aloof. The names on the door-plates of the dwellings were, many of them, renowned and all of them interwoven with the traditions of early New York. Its residents numbered a United States Supreme Court Justice, the dean of American novelists, an Admiral, an eminent scientist, and so on, the modest appearance of the houses little suggesting the rarity and beauty of the possessions within. The most imposing was on the southwest corner, taller than the others and with turreted windows. In it lived the widow of the greatest American financier of the preceding generation, Repington Logan. She had now come to be an ancient dame, lived in retirement, and was occasionally referred to in the society columns of the press as the "dowager queen of the Four Hundred." Small and narrow beside the big corner house snuggled the Tellenbury home. And if one knew the history of the disaster to the Tellenbury fortunes in the last thirty years, the house with its worn brownstone steps took on a pathetic appearance beside that of its spick and span, opulent neighbor.

It was a morning in June and to the two men arriving in an open touring car with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel the Tellenbury dwelling was further conspicuous because it was the only one on that side of the square whose windows and doors were not boarded up for the summer. The remnant of the Tellenbury fortunes made a slender purse and did not allow Miss Elinor Tellenbury and her orphaned niece, Alice, to follow their neighbors to Bar Harbor, Newport or the White Mountains.

The difference between the men who casually alighted from the motor car and made their way up the Tellenbury steps at the unusual calling hour of ten o'clock in the morning, was as wide as between gray and pink. Gray, in fact, was the harmonious coloring of one of them. He was tall and lean and his thin-featured face was gray, his small eyes very bright and gray, his neatly cropped hair the same color and the light serge that draped itself well upon his thin body was gray. A costly but crumpled ponge silk suit encased the massive body of the man who accompanied him. He had a bulging neck and a rounded face, both very pink. And a heavy mustache and eyebrows, very black. A robust, boisterous person he looked, even as his long, lean, gray companion would have been adjudged quiet and



*The noise of the splitting glass escaped the ears of the gang below*

restrained. A big diamond flashed on the hand of one, a seal gold ring with a simple crest was on the little finger of the other.

FAT Margaret, the lone servant of Miss Tellenbury and her niece, was impressed by both callers and unhesitatingly made wide the door for their entrance, took the cards they offered and hastened to the little garden patch in the rear where Miss Tellenbury and Alice assiduously nursed the growth of roses.

Miss Tellenbury who, by the way, was not in the least a typical old maid, but a plump person, the color of one of her own Bride's Maid buds, stared at the cards Margaret handed her, was plainly puzzled and then read the names to slim, brown-haired Alice.

"Ellery K. Channing, Attorney-at-Law, Wash-

ington, D. C." and "Michael J. Case, Wheeling, West Virginia."

Her reading ended with a look of speculation which evidently drew a blank. She shook her head.

"Very well, Margaret," she said taking off her garden gloves, "tell the gentlemen I will see them."

"Shall I come too, aunty?"

"By all means, if you are as curious about these unknown visitors as I am."

MISS TELLENBURY and her niece entered the cool, shaded drawing room whereat the men arose from their chairs, the tall one suavely, the other abruptly.

"Mr. Channing?" said the discerning Miss Tellenbury toward the lean, gray-haired visitor. He nodded assent and introduced his companion. Miss Tellenbury presented her pretty niece.

"Ah," said Mr. Channing, "Miss Alice Tellenbury here also. That simplifies matters."

"She is concerned in the object of your visit?"

"Quite as much as yourself." A smile flickered over the thin, gray lips of Mr. Channing. "I had intended telling you I was a lawyer from Washington and that my friend here was a natural gas multimillionaire from Wheeling, West Virginia, looking to buy your house, because as your niece is jointly interested in the property, her presence at the conference would be necessary and required—especially if she happened to be at home."

"You had intended telling—I hardly understand. You had meant to tell me something that wasn't true?"

"Yes," said Mr. Channing as his right hand left the side of his coat pocket and came up in front of him.

"But both of you coming in together I am spared the necessity. Yes—that's an automatic pistol in my hand and my friend has one aimed at your niece. Be quiet, both of you. We're not to be trifled with. We'll shoot if you scream. Unless you give us quiet, absolute obedience, you'll both be bound and gagged."

Mills Tellenbury paled and drew a deep breath. But her courage was high-bred and she drew a firm arm around the waist of her niece and stared sternly at her astounding visitors. The huge black eyebrows of the stout, red-faced man frowned fiercely and his eyes glared; the countenance of the gray-faced man was quite serene, but it was the latter that struck the greatest fear into the two women.

The color, nevertheless, surged back into Miss Tellenbury's plump countenance.

"Two very brave men," she said with calm scorn. "If your idea is to rob this house you are poor thieves and your ability seems to lie entirely in the direction of trapping women. It is a matter of public knowledge that the Tellenbury paintings, jewels and plate went to the auction block long ago."

"As you say," replied Channing, "that's been a



# Conspiracy

## SOMERVILLE

matter of public knowledge. We haven't the slightest intention of touching a thing in your house, Miss Tellenbury."

"Then what—"

"That will also become a matter of public knowledge," he smiled agreeably, "by tomorrow morning."

The tall man stepped to the old-fashioned, bronze-handled switch in the wall and pulled it. A servant's bell tinkled below. He nodded sharply to Case who instantly departed down the hallway where he met fat Margaret as she came, breathless, to the top of the stairs. She had evidently been adjudged one who would scream first and think afterwards, for big Case immediately clapped a heavy hand on her panting mouth. The muzzle of his pistol dug against her temple; he pushed her before him into the drawing room—white, perspiring and flabby with fear.

"I think," said Channing, "we will now adjourn to the library. "Where is it?"

Neither Miss Tellenbury or her niece made reply. He turned sharply on Margaret.

"Where's the library?"

"Second floor in the rear, sir."

"Show me. Case, bring the other two."

MARGARET leading, Channing followed and Case growled to the spinster and her niece:

"Go on ahead—step up, unless you want to be shoved along."

In the room of the book-cases, Channing turned back and led Miss Tellenbury by the arm to her writing desk. Alice hurried to a place beside her aunt. Channing disposed his lean frame at ease in a nearby chair.

"The idea," he said, "of your thinking I knew nothing of the Tellenburys. Been making your family a matter of special inquiry as a matter of fact. On the maternal side there are the Dancys of Richmond—a niece, now twenty—Elinor—named for you."

Miss Tellenbury was silent.

"You will have to write a letter for me."

"I will do nothing of the sort."

"The rector of St. Jeremiah's across the square is on a vacation in Europe; the assistant is in bed with tonsillitis. That leaves in charge—" it was noticeable then that a look of high interest came into the eyes of pretty Alice Tellenbury, and a rich deepening of the rose-leaf tint of her cheeks—"the very young but duly ordained Reverend John Crane. I want a letter to him from you on your own stationery."

Miss Tellenbury said:

"I shan't write it."

"I needn't tell you how to word it, but I want you to say in effect that he is to be here at three o'clock this afternoon for the purpose of performing a marriage ceremony—that of your niece, Miss Elinor Dancy to Captain Pollansbee Corkran of the British army who met your niece in Europe and—"

"My niece has never been in Europe."

"It is what you are to say to the Reverend Mr. Crane—who met your niece in Europe. They became engaged on the way to America on a ship that's just come into port. Captain Corkran is proceeding by way of San Francisco to the Orient on military orders and may not delay. An immediate wedding has been decided upon that your niece may accompany him to his distant post. And you have offered your home for the ceremony."

"I will not write the letter," said Miss Tellenbury decisively. "I may have to submit to your unlawful possession of my house but when it comes to any



To be left ignorant of the strange events in the Tellenbury House aroused his wonder

voluntary act to further your criminal plans, whatever they may be, I will not do it—not if you torture me."

"Do you want to be bound and gagged and left that way for the next twenty-four hours?"

"I will not write the letter."

"It's what I ought to do with you," said the gray-faced man, his bright gray eyes the brighter for his anger. "But—let me see." He pushed a brusque arm past her and to the desk and seized Miss Tellenbury's engagement book. He studied the long, angular writing of bygone fashion. "Easy," he smiled, "for me. Change chairs. Case, keep your eye on these two as well as the other. I'll be busy for a few minutes."

POSSESSING himself of stationery embossed with the address of the Tellenbury home at the head, the pen held in the characteristic left hand of the forger, he wrote a letter to the Rev. John Crane with

The Most Thrilling  
Crook Story  
of the Year.

"Hands up!—or  
there'll be some  
shooting!"





an excellence of imitation of the handwriting of Miss Tellenbury that only expert scrutiny might expose. He pressed the envelope similarly, slipped the letter into it and both into an inside pocket of his coat.

His next act was to step to the telephone on the right table in the center of the room, and call for a number in the Orchard exchange. And a minute later said:

"That you, Fitz? O. K. The awning men first—half an hour later the caterer's wagons. Wedding guests at one."

He hung up the receiver to find his companion standing near, his big black mustache pursed forward, heavy black brows contracted and with excited eyes.

"Aw, to hell with that wedding suit."

"What? Are you crazy?"

"But we got the place all to ourselves right now. Why not shoot the lurch in without all that fuss?"

"ut that," said the lean man sharply. "I've'd it be in the Tomlin ten minutes after we tried it. It's the very bull-headness of yours that's kept you locked up more years than you've been free. I went over it all with you. I showed you what a special and particular watch was kept on this place. The wedding party to get your eyes on the caterer's wagon. Suspicion can't start. Awning up, caterer's wagons, the very minister from the church across the Square coming to the house to perform the ceremony, departure of the bride and groom, and the rice, and the bride and groom, and the tall, lean man reappeared. There was large conceit in it too as he said to his beeper fellow, "Now to put on the finishing touch—the one that'll rock 'em fast asleep! Listen to this:"

HE picked up the telephone again.

"Hello, central? Police headquarters, please."

"What the hell began Case."

"Keep your eyes on the women—One of them might blow up and start screaming any minute. Just listen."

Case next heard Channing speaking with a thoroughly plausible Southern accent.

"I'm quarters—y'at you. I just don't know how to go about it, but I want to see about having a detective sent up to a wedding—guard the presents, you know. They are numerous and valuable. The wedding party will be a small one. The caterer's name, caterer's men and the like, you understand. I am John Dancy of Richmond, Virginia. It is my daughter who is being married to Captain Corkran, of England. But the wedding is taking place at the home of her aunt in the Log Square—Logan Square. Miss Elinor Tellenbury, number Twenty-one South. Of course, if it will be inconvenient I can engage a private detective. But they are not always reliable. I shall be glad to make any one you send a suitable present." The Southern gentleman laughed—"well, even if it isn't necessary. I thank you very much, indeed, suh."

He hung up the receiver to find himself in the glow of the burly man's wonder and admiration.

"Do you get it?" grinned Channing.

"Jim, you're a kingpin!"

"That scores another one for the wedding party—yes? How else could I work a reason for awning the place to be sent up to me? And where is anybody going to suspect anything crooked going on here after that—with an invited cop on the premises? What have you got to say now about that wedding party?"

"I left my hat downstairs, Jim, or I'd take it off to you."

"There's a ring—some of the bunch. You wait here and keep looking fierce at these women. I'll go down."

The few passersby in Logan Square at noon of a summer day gave only casual interest to the red and white striped awning they saw being erected from the curb to the portals at the top of the steps of the Tellenbury house or to the silver and black streamer of red carpet crossing the sidewalk beneath the awning and ascending the stoop. They saw a bright, yellow-covered motor truck and smaller wagon from which men were removing large straw hats and deep yellow wooden lawn chairs. They perhaps noted that the name on both wagons was that of Terry, best known of the fashionable caterers.

Two very curious eyes from the outside were studying these things. They were not those of the stout, white mustached "neighborhood cop" on the beat. His curiosity, keen enough at first, had been most pleasantly appeased. A man in a black and white striped waistcoat of livery had beckoned him from the basement and twice poured him an amber drink generously in a tumbler—drinks that

made him smack his lips and refer to "the good old days." The excited man spoke of the wedding, the romance of the ocean engagement, the necessity for the hasty marriage, and then slipped the policeman a twenty-dollar gold piece with the compliments of Colonel Dancy of Virginia "just to keep an eye on the front of the house and see that hoodlums didn't gather about the awning."

The two very curious eyes were stationed in a window on the third floor of St. Jeremiah's rectory across the square. They were in the house of the second assistant rector, John Crane, and the window was in his study. He had chanced to observe the arrival of the two men in the motor car at ten o'clock in the morning and the departure shortly thereafter of the car empty of its occupants. Then the arrival of the caterer's truck and wagon and two motor cars that each discharged about a half dozen men. Some of these immediately disappeared into the basement and were doubtless waiters, others got busy in the erection of the awning.

His curiosity was natural, and that is excusable. It became keen and somewhat irritated and that should be noted. The Tellenbury and the children of the Square. Their intimacy had been from childhood. And since she was seventeen years old and he nineteen—five years back—there had been a half-acknowledged avowal of deeper sentiments. The avowal in the form of a letter, but in the estate for fuller declaration. For John's father had been a famous actor who while acquiring ownership of a house in the fine, old Square had otherwise completely dissipated large earnings, and John's mother had taken "quite" waiters as a means of sending him to college.

To be left ignorant of strange events in the Tellenbury house in spite of his intimacy there aroused reasonably his wonder. The erection of the awning and the coming of the Tellenbury and the children of the Square. Miss Tellenbury secretly engineered an advantageous match for her niece and he been intentionally and deliberately kept in ignorance? That was impossible! But, in the first place, why were the two men in the house and not come out? Once he had arisen to look for his hat with the full intention of going straight to the Tellenbury house and finding out what it all meant. But he checked that impulse when he saw Miss Tellenbury and she had his confidence he had best remain where he was.

But shortly after noon he saw crossing the Square directly toward the rectory, a man in a blue, silver-buttoned livery and a black derby hat, absurd in contrast, perched upon his head. The man threaded the busy street, struck the rectory bell and soon thereafter John Crane was in possession of a letter which smoothed away all the creases of his ruffled waistcoat and left him smiling.

Thereafter he kept his eye with pleased interest on the house across the Square. At one o'clock he saw a motor car arrive—he thought he recognized it as the same that had carried the two men in the morning—and a bevy of five women got out, three slim and young, two stout, middle-aged, all attired in shimmering silks of light summer texture and delicate coloring. They were followed by a stalwart, well-dressed man who stopped to chat with old Leary, the neighborhood policeman, and directly thereafter passed under the awning and up to the Tellenbury steps. The next visitors were obviously Captain Pollansbee Corkran, and a military companion. Both were trim in visored caps and shining jackets, and as they closed their eyes the men caught the gleams of the monocles in their eyes as they turned to take a brief survey of the Square before entering the house.

AT three o'clock precisely the Rev. John Crane, his priestly vestments in a small satchel in his hand, presented himself at the Tellenbury door. It was swung open by a man in blue and silver livery before the young clergyman could touch the bell. He entered the house and was not offered a personal or hurried story of the suddenly arranged event. Still, under the circumstances, it was only natural she and her mother would be giving all their attention to the guests.

A second livery man approached.

"I shall take you to your room, sir."

"If it is any inconvenience I can assume my vestments," said the young clergyman.

"O, no, sir—thank you. The room is in waiting."

But as the young man started to accompany the servant, a bulky form leaped from the dark recesses of the hallway and John Crane's arms were pinioned by the young clergyman's hands. He thrust forward and opened his lips to cry out, a gag was ruthlessly thrust into his mouth. A broad strap was inter-

twined around his legs and buckled before he had a chance to feel his feet in battle. Crane was stout and athletic, but his arms were numbed to helplessness in the tremendous grip of the powerful sinews encircling him and he felt other hands drawing his wrists together and binding them.

"He's a very nice fellow," he'll never get those hands loose. You can let up, Bill. Bill? Where'll we put 'im?"

"Big Mary herded the three women out of the library to the rear of the room. She said," asked "Mr. Case of Wheeling," huskily because of his exertions. "Only the bull in there now?"

"Yes."

"Throw the sky-pilot in with him."

"A right! Give us a lift."

As he was born upstairs the Rev. John Crane heard the popping of corks and the tinkle of feminine laughter from what he knew to be the Tellenbury dining room in the rear of the second floor.

Then he found himself roughly tossed on a chair in the library. At his feet was a prostrate man, and one of his assailants, the heavily built, black mustached stranger, stopped to kick the prone man sharply in the ribs and look mockingly down into the other's sadly upstaring eyes.

"Raimey of Headquarters, hey? The great society sleuth! Got me, didn't you, eight years ago on the Henley job. You poor fish! Wait till the papers come out tomorrow. You'll be kicked off the force. Aw—don't be cumbering at that way with your eyes. You ought to be thankful I'm not kicking your head in. I might, at that, when I've had a few more drinks."

"Drinks," he nodded to the man in livery, "that's an idea. Come on, Joe."

They made their way briskly down the stairs and to the dining room. But they halted in the doorway for they saw the five women in their brightly colored silks, their hair in the livery uniform, and the tall, gray Channing in a tight group at one end of the big, old mahogany table, their heads bent in scrutiny.

"Something doing, eh?" spoke up Case.

All six started toward him.

"Doing! My word!" said the blonde-haired, slender "Captain Pollansbee Corkran" who almost any Scotland Yard man could have told you was best known as "Lord Bertie," a hotel thief. "Come here, Bill, and have a look—see!"

FOLLOWED by his companion "Case" went to the table.

"My good lord gosh!" he gasped, and with bated breath gazed at the faces of the others.

At one side was a heap of leather and plush boxes; brown, black, white, some of them agape showing their satin linings. But toward the center of the table, piled high, spread across on fire with splendid brilliancy in the sunlight that entered the rear windows in broad bands, were old gold and red gold ornaments set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls and turquoise—tiaras, bracelets, watches, rings and brooches.

"Some wedding presents!" finally chortled the big black-mustached Bill.

The bright gray eyes of "Mr. Channing" twinkled at him.

"Some of the first consignment. More to come—much more if my dope's right. But there's a good deal more than a hundred thousand dollars worth right here at that."

"Gee, Jim! And this is only a half portion?"

"A good deal less than that."

"Well, I know the estate on Long Island I'll buy. Here you dames, don't be getting too close. You're all pretty clever with your fingers. What? Oh, of course not, you wouldn't. How dare I think of such a thing."

"Let 'em alone," said "Channing." He suddenly laughed cracklingly. "I'm thinking of that other dame—that classy old maid upstairs. Remember that she said she'd never let her money go to the poor house? She wasn't wise to this stuff at that. Nor anybody else in the neighborhood. But I was—eh, Bill?"

"I'll say so! How long do you figure it will take to clean 'em up?"

"In half an hour, Bill, the bride and groom will be participating in a shower of rice and an old shoe or two."

"And a million dollars worth of stuff."

"Just about!"

The burly man kissed his fat fingers to the ceiling.

"Some of 'em!"

In half an hour the entire surface of the huge family dining table standing in the sunlight was covered by a magnificent array of blazing jewels.

(Continued on page 28)



# The Cup of Vengeance

by BENJAMIN VAUGHAN

THE little pearly clouds were all gathered round the setting sun just over the wood of Hautmont. Above the sea the sky was quite clear, a tranquil blue growing slowly darker. Gulls were chorusing noisily from the cliffs and the abrupt grey rock islets which studded the bay.

Renee Barbelte sat crouched near the edge of the cliff, her back to the sun, her face to the growing darkness of the sky, her hands clasped around her knee. She had sea-green eyes, beautiful, magnetic, melancholy, and they seemed held by the mystery of the deepening purple dusk. Her heavy brown hair falling around her shoulders left her face in shadow. Sitting hunched and still she suggested Fate brooding over the world.

A man coming quietly over the grass of the uneven plateau that crowned the cliff, paused when he saw her. The pause was undramatic. It was evident that he expected to see her. He had at once looked in her direction when he had breathed the last yards of the hill that led to the plateau.

His thin lips smiled at the sight of Renee, his eyes softened. He walked forward to her side with quiet, quick movements, a tall, lithe, thin man. It was unusual that a man should move so quietly in heavy sea-boots. His approach suggested subtly the stalking of a feline animal.

Renee heard him when he was some yards away, but she made no movement. She sat crouched and impassive, staring at the sea. She spoke without moving her head or her hands.

"The sea is very still tonight," she said. She had a low full voice that held a hint of mystery in its cadence. She frequently spoke long sentences on one note, but her voice never grew monotonous. "There is hardly a ripple out there where the sky darkens, Jacques."

The man's face changed suddenly. At the first sound of her caressing voice his smile had grown. Now he frowned, and an angry light showed in his eyes. He clinched his thin hands, and his lips parted a little, showing a gleam of white teeth.

"It is I . . . Paul," he said. "Not Jacques."  
Renee sat quite still for a moment without speaking.

"You, Paul Verdeau?" she asked slowly. "I thought you were still at sea . . ."

"The Saint Joseph made the harbor on the top of the tide this morning. You might have known easily, Renee. They knew on the quay, in the markets. Just a question, Renee . . . but it was not worth while, eh?" He spoke slowly, as though he had some difficulty in containing himself. Again she was silent for a few moments before she spoke.

"Why should I inquire?" she asked at length.

"Why? Because you are affianced to me."

"That is not so, Paul Verdeau." She had no hesitation now.

"All but affianced to me, Renee. You have led me to expect it. All my life is bound up in you. It is your mother's wish, it is my desire. Last week, I went aboard the St. Joseph happy. You had promised when I returned—"

"To give you an answer," Renee interposed hurriedly.

"An answer . . . you smiled. I could not doubt what your answer would be. I could not. I was in a transport. The winds blew fair. It was an omen. We had a big catch. It was an omen. We carried to Cherbourg and sold at big prices. It was an omen. I never had such luck. And every moment I thought of you and happiness, Renee; and when I sold the fish, . . . Ma foi! The wind carried us back to Cardeaux nearly as fast as my heart wished. It was an omen. . . . And that on the quay, there is no Renee. I ask. She is on the cliff, I am told. She looks out at the sea—she looks for me, I whisper to myself, and climb joyously up the long, dry, white road. . . . And you call me Jacques!" He used his hands in graceful gesticulation; he was caressing, dramatic, severe in

turn. He spoke earnestly, pleadingly, but there was an undertone that menaced.

"You have fooled yourself," she answered. "It has not been my work."

"You smiled at me, Renee. It must have meant something."

"You were, you are my friend."

"THAT is not so. I may love you, I may hate—but friendship . . . bah! I have come for my answer, Renee." He tried to look into her eyes, stooping over her, but she gazed steadily out into the darkening purple dusk. "For your mother's sake, for mine—" He paused, and continued in a lower tone. "For your own."  
Something in his voice prompted her, quick, alarmed question.

"What do you mean, Paul?"

"For your own sake," he repeated.

Paul—the sailor  
Jacques—the chemist  
Renee—the girl  
She chose—  
And then—



I may love—I may hate—But friendship—"Bah! You have cheated me!"

"I do not love you," she answered at length. "I will not marry you."

"Jacques Bourmais!" he cried. "The chemist, the pill-maker, the pallid, white-blooded chemist! Mon Dieu! he can blast, he can wear Paris clothes at Mass, he has dandified airs . . . and you like that! I spit on him, Renee! Look out then, Renee! The night is coming. Do you see it—the night, purple, mysterious? And whisper to your soul the night is coming!"

"Paul, do you think I fear you?" she asked contemptuously. "You have always tried to bully me—and my mother. But I am a Breton too. I love where I love, and hate where I hate . . . it is nothing to you."

"It is everything to me!" he cried passionately. "You have cheated me!"

"I have not. You know you have really never hoped," she answered.

"Before Jacques came—"

"Your Friend, Paul," she interrupted.

"My friend! I told him my hopes. He sympathized. See how great a scoundrel he is! Renee, you cannot love him."

"I do," she answered steadily.

"You do!" he shouted.

"He has spoken—we are to be married," she said gravely.

"Ah!" The exclamation was like the cry of a wounded animal. "You were waiting for him!"

"He comes sometimes—when he can. It is too late now."

"He comes here—where I have found you so often!"

"It is my favorite spot."

"I know—I know," he answered. Then he drew himself up and looked round at the wood of Haumont, blood-red now from the wounds of the dying sun.

"It is a red sunset," he said.

"That means a good day tomorrow."

"Who knows?" he answered. Something in his voice made her turn quickly towards him. She could not see him very well from her crouching position upon the grass. She rose to her feet in her usual unhurried manner, and gazed at him intently with her curious sea-green eyes. Standing back from her, his face turned to the sunset, Paul Verdeau was bathed in red light. It lavished him, his long, slim hands, like a sea of blood. And then suddenly the last rays dropped behind the curtain of the wood, and he was in shadow.

Still staring away from her, still speaking in the strained, hard voice of one who holds himself in leash with that undercurrent of something infinitely menacing, he continued, "You have decided—nothing will change your mind? Nothing that I can say, or your mother say? No consideration?"

"I have decided. Why do you ask?"

"I must be quite sure—quite sure. There must be no doubt."

"There is no doubt," she answered. "It is Jacques I love. Nothing can alter my love for him."

"There is one thing—death."

She shuddered; the pupils of her eyes dilated. "Is that a threat?" she cried. "You are a coward, a mean coward, to threaten a woman."

"It is no

answer, slowly.

"I am a fisher-

man, and death

is always a near

and familiar

thing to us . . .

. . . Jacques is

my friend."

"He is— he

is!" she protested

vehemently.

"I know that;

I have come to

know that."

"You speak

bitterly."

"I am not consci-

ous of it."

There is nothing

more to be said."

He moved slowly

away from her.

She watched him

go, and shud-

ded again.

Then in a few

quick steps she

was beside him

with outstretched

hands.

"Paul, if I

have given you

cause to think hardly

of me, think it only of

me. I have gone too

much in fear of my

mother, perhaps, to be

honest with you."

"That is all done

with."

He did not appear to see her out-

stretched hands. He pushed on

his slow way. Watching him go

over to the white road that was

now almost indefinite in the twi-

light, his deliberate, heavy steps

suggesting to her the odd fancy that he was being

led—that (so different they were to his ordinary

quick, silent movements) he was half reluctant to be so led.

In a few minutes she ran to the edge of the plateau in a sort of panic, and peered after him. The white road ran into darkness, and some way down it a darker shadow moved slowly from her.

In the main street of Cardeaux was a little chemist's shop. Paul Verdeau came towards it slowly, but less heavily, and paused outside. His eyes were bright with some purpose; the rest of his bronzed face was impassive, a mask. His long, thin hands moved nervously, were never still—suggested, indeed, the tentacles of some marine animal seeking its prey. Standing inert before the little shop, he passed his tongue over his thin lips as though they were dry.

It was quite dusk now, and the powdered stars showed clearly in the sky. A little wind moaned quietly up the street. It sounded like the cry of a wandering spirit, low, complaining, lost. Paul suddenly turned and stared back over the road he had come. Then slowly he looked at the shops, the cobbled road, the sky overhead, a lingering, comprehensive, dispassionate look. His eyes shone with a red light, baleful, disconcerting. He slipped one long, twitching hand into his pocket, dragged out a handkerchief, and wiped his lips. Then he opened the little door of the shop and entered.

Jacques Bourais, behind the counter, stood with his back to the door, searching among the bottles.

He looked around at the click of the latch. A big, fair man, a man who must have descended from Norman sea-rovers, the lineal successor of one who might have sailed with Rollo, he seemed out of place in the low-ceilinged shop, and the smug, rather ornate clothes he wore. He stared uneasily at Paul and forced a smile.

"I heard that the Saint Joseph was in, Paul," he said. "You had a fair run and a big catch."

"Yes."

"As owner that will mean something to you."

Jacques spoke heartily, but watched his friend in a curious, wondering manner.

"Yes. . . ." Paul blinked at the shining bottles.

His eyes—he was conscious of their strangeness—were turned away from Jacques.

"You look ill, my friend," the chemist said—

"restless, grey, what is the matter?"

*"Mon Dieu! I feel—I feel sleepy. This room is hot—and you unusually strong— coffee smells unusually strong."*

"There is nothing the matter," Paul answered dully.

"But you look as though you had not slept for nights!" Jacques spoke with some sympathy in his voice.

"I am tired," Paul replied. He stared at those fascinated by the brightness of the bottles. Then a sudden intelligence crept into his face; his eyes shone, if Jacques could only have seen them. He had had toothache. It has been bad, very bad. It is better now. But there is still pain.

"I am sorry, Paul," Jacques answered.

"If I had a little laudanum—to rub outside . . . the pain is not bad, but it is better to be without altogether." He tried to smile.

"The very thing!" cried Jacques. "Mon Dieu! You must have suffered," he added, staring at his friend.

"I have suffered," his friend replied grimly. "I have indeed suffered—as I thought no one could suffer. . . . Pain creeps into the brain, Jacques, and one sees and thinks—if I might ask you—Oh! thanks."

Jacques reached down a bottle and poured a little of its contents into a medicine glass and handed it to Paul, who rubbed the liquid into his jaws with twitching fingers. Jacques stared at the other man. In taking the glass his hand had trembled.

"This is dangerous stuff," the chemist said, leaning over the counter.

"YES, yes, I know. How much could a man take? Now, for the sake of curiosity, what would be a fatal dose?"

The chemist told him.

"Ah, so little. . . . Do I hear a kettle boiling over, Jacques? I should like some coffee."

Jacques smiled broadly. He was proud of his coffee, and Paul often shared it with him in the inner parlor when the shop was shut.

"I am glad. It will do you good, my Paul. You have not sat with me for weeks. It is time to close. Will you shut up, as usual, while I see to the brew?"

Paul nodded. He had counted upon that. Fate was playing into his hands.

When Jacques had disappeared into the parlor, Paul jumped lightly over the counter and dragged the bottle of laudanum from its place on the shelf. Into the medicine glass he poured very carefully the amount Jacques had said would be fatal. His hands shook, and he had to pause once or twice. The light beating upon his forehead glistened upon beads of perspiration. He opened a drawer very carefully, took from it a small, slim phial, and poured the dose into it. This corked, he placed it in a breast pocket.

"Are you ready, you lazy sailor?" cried Jacques.

"Very soon, very soon," answered Paul. He closed

the door, locked it, turned out

the lights and entered the inner

parlor.

Jacques was busy with the

steaming coffee. He filled two

big cups, and

pushed one across the table

to Paul.

"Sit down," he

cried, and he

lighting a cigar-

ette. "Ma foi, but you look

bad, but you

shall be

better soon,"

Paul answered

slowly. "I have

no doubt, I shall

be better soon. Name of

a pipe, I have no cigar-

ette!"

Jacques turned his back

to search for a box. He

looked for a few moments

only—quite a minute frac-

tion of time—but it was

enough for Paul's pur-

pose. He plucked out the

phial and returned it to

his pocket empty.

"I have something to

say to you, Jacques," he

said suddenly. "Sit

down."

(Continued on Page 28)





# Red Roses of Death

by ALLAN HAGGARD

*Can the revengeful hand of a man executed for a murder he did not commit guide the hand of a murderer ten years later to commit a series of horrible and baffling crimes? A blood-freezing story, in which the worlds of the real and the unreal seem to meet in death-dealing currents.*

MICHAEL MORAN, Commissioner of Police of the greatest city in the world, sat before the library table in his home staring unseeingly before him while his clenched teeth macerated the unlighted cigar between. His heavy jaw was thrust out in beleaguered lines of determination; his hands gripped the arms of his chair with the crushing power which, ten years before, had won Lieutenant "Spud" Moran fame as the strongest, heaviest-handed, hardest-hitting and most successful commander New York's famous strong-arm squad ever had. Those long-past days were gone but as Moran climbed on up the ladder of police preferment until he reached the Commissioner's exalted desk, success followed him. Within the past month the Mayor had laid an approving hand upon Michael Moran's shoulder and publicly called him, "The best commissioner of police any city in the world ever had." And Moran was proud of this tribute, proud of his record, proud of the marvellously intuitive detective ability which had solved a hundred mysteries and made him the most feared police chief in the United States to the world of crookdom.

But now as he sat before his desk in the seclusion of his home, it required no physiognomist to read on Commissioner Moran's face the desperate, bull-dog determination of a big man who, for the first time in his life, finds himself baffled in an unbroken career of success. Moran's gritted teeth ground his perfect to pulp; in his intense concentration upon the greatest problem of his life, his narrowed eyes were blinded to their surroundings. As if in involuntary answer to his thoughts, the Commissioner's hand stole to the inner pocket of his coat and drew out a letter—a letter addressed to him at police headquarters and written, in an odd, cramped hand, upon sheets of plain note paper. As he had a hundred times before, Moran spread open the letter and read:

"Ten years ago tonight Blacky Gilhooley died in the death chair at Sing Sing. As the death-cap slipped over his head he cried out, 'From the grave, I'll dog 'Spud' Moran until I break him.' Tonight, Gilhooley commands my hand and I shall kill wantonly. You will not catch me and you will be criticized. Later as the dead Blacky commands, I shall kill again and when you fall again to take me the city will ask, as it reads its papers, 'What's the matter with Moran. He must be slipping.' Again and again I shall commit brute murder until you are driven in disgrace from the commissioner-ship. This is Blacky Gilhooley's revenge. As a token of my disregard for you and your detectives, I shall send you a red rose. My warning that I shall kill on the streets of New York within twenty-four hours. When you see the red rose of death you will know what to expect. This is a living man's fulfillment of a dead man's revenge. "The Killer."

COMMISSIONER Moran's teeth ground, molar upon molar, in furious anger as his eyes followed the cramped lines of writing. The mysterious "Killer" had fulfilled his promise. When he first received the letter Moran had cast it aside, with a sigh, as the emanation of a vindictive but harmless

crank. But three days later, a second letter addressed as the first had been, reached Moran. It, folded in a blank sheet of note paper, was a blood-red rose. That night, Preckles, a one-armed newsboy, whose cheery smile and freckle-studded face had won the friendship of a thousand important Wall Street men who nightly bought their papers from him, had been found murdered in an alleyway within a half block of his news-stand. The lad's body had been ripped and slashed by demonic knife thrusts and on his breast, when a policeman stumbled across his huddled form, was a red rose.

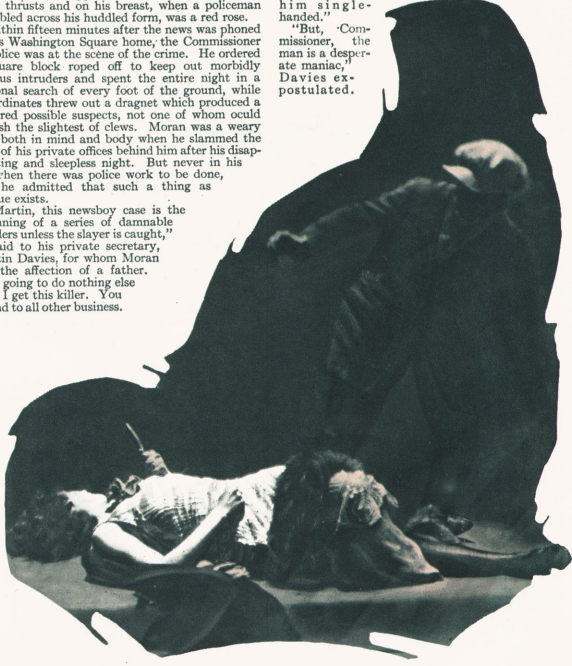
Within fifteen minutes after the news was phoned to his Washington Square home, the Commissioner of Police was at the scene of the crime. He ordered a square block roped off to keep out morbidly curious intruders and spent the entire night in a personal search of every foot of the ground, while subordinates threw out a dragnet which produced a hundred possible suspects, not one of whom could furnish the slightest of clues. Moran was a weary man both in mind and body when he slammed the door of his private offices behind him after his disappointing and sleepless night. But never in his life when there was police work to be done, had he admitted that such a thing as fatigue exists.

"Martin, this newsboy case is the beginning of a series of damnable murders unless the slayer is caught," he said to his private secretary, Martin Davies, for whom Moran had the affection of a father.

"I'm going to do nothing else until I get this killer. You attend to all other business.

I've ordered every available detective I have on the case. They will report to Boylan. Keep in touch with him and report to me what develops, if anything, when I phone you when and where to meet me. I'm going out myself—secretly, Martin. No one but you is to know this. That "death rose" note that came the other day is a personal challenge to me. I'm going to get the man and I'll get him single-handed."

"But, Commissioner, the man is a desperate maniac. Davies expostulated.



Her two slender hands were clutched upon the hilt of a thin-bladed dagger

"Think of the risks. Take one man, at least, with you. Let me go." The Commissioner of Police doubled up a fist, brawny as a champion pugilist's and his eyes narrowed grimly until his heavy brows were drawn down to a straight line of implacable determination.

"Single-handed I'll get him and that's the single hand I mean," he snapped, bringing his fist down upon the table with a crashing blow. "The man is a friend of Gilhooly—someone who knows we made a mistake when we sent him to the chair. I don't mind admitting to you now that we did make a mistake in that case. I didn't know it until long afterward, but Gilhooly wasn't guilty of the particular crime of which we convicted him, though he was guilty of a hundred others as bad or worse. And now this revenge-mad crook who signs himself 'The Killer' and defies me to take him rakes up a ten-year-old past and asks for a personal fight—cunning against cunning, wit against wit, hand against hand—with me. Martin, my boy, he's going to get what he wants."

Michael Moran sprang to his feet.

"I'm going back to the past, too," he announced from between his clenched teeth. "I'm going to disguise myself as a crook just out of prison, as I used to do in the old days, and I'm going down into crookdom's East-side strongholds and out, sleep and live there as one of them until I find the man who killed Freckles."

"If another red rose should come! What shall I do? How shall I let you know?" the secretary questioned.

"Run an 'ad' in the personal column of the Evening Star saying, 'Say it with flowers.' I'll watch the paper."

The Commissioner laid a friendly arm about the younger man's shoulders.

"Martin," he said almost huskily, "there is something else you must do. Take care of my daughter,

Dorothy. This fiend might try to strike at me through my girl and, boy, I'd be blind if I didn't."

"Oh, sir, I will," Martin interrupted. "You know, you must have seen—"

"That you love her, eh, boy?" Moran supplied with a smile of understanding. "I'd be blind if I hadn't. Perhaps I've seen, too, that she loves you. Some day, I hope—but never mind that now. I say just this to you. Take care of her."

"Trust me," Davies cried as they clasped hands. The Commissioner of Police drove directly to his home, one of those severely old-fashioned houses which face Washington Square with rear entrances upon quiet and Bohemianly desirable Washington Mews. He dismissed his chauffeur, hurried into the house and then, with his foot upon the stairway that let to his own upstairs apartments, he turned back and softly opened the door of the breakfast room.

The girl at the table did not see him in the intensity of her interest in the morning paper—a girl whose dark loveliness so perfectly duplicated the Irish beauty of the mother she had never known that Michael Moran sometimes wondered whether the bride of a year he had lost twenty winters before did not still live, body and soul, to comfort him in the daughter for whom she had given her life.

"Dorothy," the Commissioner whispered more to himself than to the girl for that had been her mother's name, also.

At the sound of his voice the girl turned, saw him, and sprang into his arms.

"Oh, daddy, I'm so glad you're back," she cried. "I've been reading about that awful murder and, daddy, for the first time in my life I'm frightened. Moran felt the slender form in his arms shudder convulsively.

"Frightened!" ejaculated the man amazedly, for never before had he heard such a confession from his girl. "Why are you frightened, colleen?" he questioned with an underlying trace of uneasiness.

"The girl raised her head and looked into his face. "I don't know. I can't tell, but I am. I suppose it's terribly silly, daddy," she added after a pause, "but somehow I know—something I can't explain tells me—that this murder means hurting to you and to me. It's going to hurt me here," she clasped trembling hands across her breast.

The cold, practical police official who never in his life had known a tremor of fear, felt a prescient chill of foreboding at his daughter's words. The same intuitive warning had swept over him the previous night when he was told "The Killer" had kept his threat and left his red rose of death upon the breast

of an innocent newsboy victim. "Gilhooly commands my hand," the living murderer had written and Gilhooly was ten years dead. Could a dead man think, hate, plot? Moran shook off this superstitious train of thought by sheer will-power.

"Nonsense, Dorothy girl," he reproved cheerily. "You're a bit nervous, but that hasn't come to us through a mad murderer? Anyway he'll be behind bars on his way to The Chair before the week's out. I'm going out alone to get him."

"A H, no, no, father, please don't," Dorothy cried in a frenzy of alarm. "There is some ill omen for us about this terrible creature and his roses which mean death. Don't go yourself."

"What's the matter with you?" cried Moran, dropping unconsciously into the Irish idiom of his youth. "Many's the time your mother—God rest her—kissed me with never a bit of fear in eye or lip, and sent me out on message duty then."

Something of his own intrepid spirit overshadowed the girlish dread that had been in the eyes which looked up at Michael Moran.

"You're right, daddy," she agreed with a last, half-fellied sigh. "Go out and get him. You can do it."

"I can and I will," Moran exclaimed with conviction. "And, little one, until I do get him, remember this: I'm a personal fight between a mad killer and myself. It may be that I'm trying to drive out of the Commissionership when he killed that poor lad last night. The scheming maniac might think to strike at me through my girl. Don't go out in answer to any sort of a message or phone or anything else that might be suspicious. I've told Marty to keep an eye on you and—"

"I can take care of myself without his aid," the girl interrupted with a half-angry shake of her head. I suppose he's going to stick safe indoors at his desk."

"Because I told him to," her father interjected. "Don't think that boy hasn't the nerve to go where he's told and to what he's told. If anything else should happen to me, remember you can trust Marty Davies, daughter."

"But nothing is going to happen to my dad," the girl protested almost retreating into her former alarm.

"Of course not. And now I'm going to change myself into a crook and wander down among the dives where the man I want is most likely to be hiding. You'll stick close to the house, Dorothy?"

"Yes, daddy," the girl answered as she kissed him and let him go.

A half hour later a man dressed in a suit of prison-made clothes and whose face bore the stamp of everything that the police attribute to incorrigible criminals, let himself out of the rear entrance of the commissioner's home and wandered litherly through the Mews in the direction of the secret purlieus of the unregenerate.

During the six days which followed, Commissioner of Police Moran lived with and in the underworld against which he warred. In dress, appearance and manner of speech he was perfectly what he wished to seem—a discharged convict hiding himself away from police surveillance which he had laid his plans for new degradations against society. Night after night behind barred doors and closely shuttered windows, he drank solitary glasses of illicit "bootch" in crook-world gathering places and listened for a chance remark, a stray word, an unguarded comment on the murder of Freckles, the newsboy, which would betray the speaker's interest in, or special knowledge of, the crime. And each night he was disappointed. Not once did he hear the murder mentioned.

If there had been a bank robbery in New York, a big jewel burglary, any important crime in which the underworld and its denizens were interested, Moran knew with surety he would have heard a hundred whispers of laudation, comment, speculation. But as far as the murder was concerned it might never have happened for all the interest it evinced.

ONE by one, Moran checked up the list of the known pals and intimates of the dead Blacky Gilhooly. Most of them were either dead or in prison. Of the few who remained after this double elimination, the crook world seemed to have lost sight. Gilhooly belonged to a dead past; the names of his friends were no longer upon men's lips behind doors where once their names were synonyms of celebrity.

Moran tried the drug dens, for from the first he realized that the murderer he sought must be a man deranged by hatred or something more temporary but equally potent. He lay, simulating

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He drew out the "killer's" letter and re-read it



# The Mummy's Motion

## By Addison Lewis

PART II

PRESTON laughed. "Thought I was planning hari-kari, did you? Well, hardly. Do you know, I've got a notion we aren't so far from clearing up this tangle." He came back to the car.

"We'll push on to that first house," he said to the driver, pointing to a tiny light several hundred yards beyond the further end of the bridge. The car started and in a moment stopped in the doorway of a small bungalow. Preston struck a match and glanced at his watch.

"It's eight-thirty now," he said. "We've a full hour till my friend Besser returns. Let's go on to the Roy Royal Inn, a road house about a mile down this road, and get some supper."

The meal was eaten in silence, for there was a tenseness in the air unconsciously reflected in all three. Something momentous seemed about to happen. Joan and the detective felt it, and Joan was convinced Preston was quietly sure of it. They ate hurriedly, and as soon as the check was brought, Joan and Gray were anxious to start back. But Preston insisted on waiting until it was after nine-thirty, the appointed time for Besser's return. It was about nine-thirty-five when the driver, at Preston's order, stopped the cab a full block from the house. They got out and walked the remainder of the distance.

THERE appeared to be more lights about the house than when they had first seen it—lights and movement. Several people were sitting in the front room or "parlor," and a young girl was playing the piano.

Preston rang the bell. A woman with gray hair and a pleasant face, who just got back.

"Is Mr. Besser here?" he asked.

"You mean George. Yes, he is just going," she answered. "Won't you step in?"

The three entered the tiny hall. There was some confusion in the "parlor," as its occupants vacated for the back part of the house, scenting "company."

"Oh, George, some folks to see you," called the woman, evidently his mother.

A slim young man with light, thin hair, a large nose and a receding chin, stepped from the inner room. With a start, Joan recognized him. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and without his uniform, but he was unmistakably the starter at Layton's.

Preston extended his hand. "Perhaps you don't remember me, Mr. Besser."

"The other hesitated.

"Why—I—I— Suddenly he burst out, "You're the boy they jugged for Thorne's murder."

"Correct," said Preston. "Detective Smith, Miss Woodman, and myself came into this evening to have a little talk with you."

"Glad you came," said the starter in a loud voice. "Have a chair."

Preston glanced toward the inner room.

"Oh, that's all right," said the starter. "They're just my folks, my mother, brother and sister. They won't spill anything."

"All right," said Preston. "It doesn't matter much anyhow." He sat down deliberately, and there was a moment of silence.

"The first thing we want to establish," Preston began, "is this, they tell us that when your operator on No. Three car, Tony Luigo, disappeared, he ran away with your uniform coat. Is that true, Mr. Besser?"

"Who said so?" exclaimed the starter. "It's a lie. I've got the coat right here in the house."

"Let's see it," demanded Preston. The starter went to the hall and brought back a neatly pressed and freshly dry-cleaned blue uniform coat. Preston took it from him and examined it critically. He sniffed.

"Freshly dry-cleaned, eh?"

"Yes, the store is so full of dust and dirt, I have to send it to the cleaners every two or three weeks."

Jimmie was turning the coat over in his hands.

CECIL THORNE, County Attorney, has been murdered while in a cross department store elevator, with his fiancée, Joan Woodman. A blood-marked dagger-pointed paper cutter is found in the pocket of James Preston, editor of The Star, and former suitor of Miss Woodman. Joan believes him innocent and he secures permission to leave prison, accompanied by "Gray" Smith, detective, and Joan, to make an investigation. Thorne had secured the conviction for murder of a member of a secret Italian society, and Preston suspects Luigo, operator of the car in which he, Thorne and Joan had been standing when the lawyer was killed. They find that Luigo, too, has been murdered. Preston searches his room and the ground beneath his window. He directs Smith to take him into the suburbs to see a man named Besser. Preston makes a quick move and Smith thinks he is trying to escape.

"The cleaners lost a button for you. Careless of 'em."

"They do that nearly every time. Mighty careless outfit."

Preston reached in his pocket and held out a tiny object for the starter's scrutiny.

"Looks like half of a metal button from one of the operator's coats."

"Ever see this, then?" he continued, handing him another small object.

"That's half of the same button. Where'd you get it?"

Preston picked up a small bundle he had placed on the floor. "Here is Tony Luigo's coat. You will notice it is in good order with no buttons missing. But your coat is shot one button, although it is freshly cleaned and pressed." He paused. "By the way, had you heard that Tony Luigo was stabbed to death?"

"What?" The starter's eyes widened incredulously. "Stabbed? Who said so?"

"A man by the name of Prascati told me. He was a friend of Luigo's. I went to Luigo's lodgings to verify what he said—and—"

"You did?" interrupted the starter. "There was a trace of a sneer at his thin lips. 'I thought you were in jail waiting trial for murder.'"

Preston waved his hand good-naturedly.

"My friend, 'Gray' Smith, here, insisted that I take a little airing, incidentally with the idea that I might help clear up Luigo's disappearance. You see, I belong to the same branch of the Mafia as Prascati. That's how I learned about Luigo's death from him." Preston paused and his next sentence was delivered slowly, while his eyes watched the starter's face narrowly.

CECIL THORNE was killed at the instigation of "A" Italians in revenge for his sending one of their number to the galows—for murder."

The starter wagged his head excitedly.

"Aren't you dead?" asked Preston. "Dick here, the day I called you over to the store, didn't I, Mr. Smith?" He looked to the detective for approval, but the latter maintained a stony silence.

"We have that information from a member of that band," continued Preston. "But the peculiar thing about the affair is that while these Italians caused Thorne to be killed, he was not killed by an Italian."

"The starter curled his lip scornfully. "Don't let those wops kid you. The man that killed Mr. Thorne was the dirty little dog that worked for me. That's been my hunt all along."

"Aren't you dead?" said Preston.

"A good riddance," growled the starter.

"But let me ask you this?" Preston pointed his finger, lawyer fashion. "Why did these Italians kill Luigo after he had done this thing for them?"

"That's easy—so he wouldn't tell. Luigo was the gabbiest man I ever had work on a car. He'd

try to talk to every woman who rode with him."

"Luigo acted as the fixer, the go-between, who paid over the money, you mean?" said Preston. "And this other man, knowing Luigo was gabby, feared he'd give him away? So first he tried to fasten suspicion on Luigo, then when that didn't work fast enough, he added a second crime to his record, killed the Italian and hid his body?"

"Sounds like a story you read out of a book. Who told you this fine yarn?" demanded the starter.

"It wasn't a little bird," said Preston dryly.

"Well, what's the idea of coming out here tonight to tell me all this?"

"The starter fidgeted a bit in his chair. "I've got a hard day's work ahead of me tomorrow."

"I'm coming to that," said Preston. "I haven't finished—not quite. Remember, I said that the killer hid Luigo's body, thinking apparently the police would figure he was guilty and had run away?"

Preston paused.

Then he continued, evenly. "With part of the money that had been paid him, he bought a brand new car. It was easy then, apparently, to stab near Luigo at night in his room, lose his body out the window, load it in the car waiting in an alley and take it to the country. Then the problem was, what to do with it?"

"Not far from where the killer lived in the suburbs is a small lake with a bridge over it which he crossed every night on his way home. So he tied a rock to the body and threw it from the bridge—and since then he's been trying to forget all about it."

During this recital Joan watched Besser's face carefully. At first it had an insolent expression, but gradually this gave place to frightened surprise and the muscles about the large, rather weak, mouth, tightened. When Preston spoke of the bridge, the face suddenly grew deadly pale, and the starter moistened his dry lips.

"Well, what of all this stuff you've been telling me," he demanded.

Preston took the two bright halves of the brass button from his pocket.

"I picked up one of these on the floor of Luigo's room, the other on the ground below his window. They're off your uniform coat, Besser."

As he spoke, he stood up. His face was ashen.

"You lie, you damned— Before I'll let you lay that on me, I'll see you in hell!"

He leaped to his feet, jerked a revolver from his hip-pocket and fired blindly. The shot went wild, and the next instant the detective had pinioned his arms and Preston had wrenched the gun from him.

When he saw it was no use to struggle, Besser broke down completely. He said the money temptation had been too great for him. He had practiced for nights with a stiletto on a pillow for the stroke that would kill instantly. It had been an inspiration of Luigo to use pgsr Thorne's own paper knife, which it was easy for the Italian to get, as a page at his club. Then it was simply a matter of waiting for the opportune moment, as Cecil ate luncheon almost every noon at Layton's tea room.

Luigo had given Besser the tip and the latter had found some excuse to go to the fourth floor. He said he had mingled with the crowd and stabbed Cecil just as he stepped across the threshold, slipping the knife into the pocket of the man next to him, who, it happened, was James Preston.

The detective took Besser to the station in the new car purchased with his murder money, while Preston and Joan drove back to get his formal release in the cab.

In the words of Joan's second note to Mrs. Preston—

"Of course we talked about one or two other things which Besser on this memorable journey to town, but I think we ought to wait until you arrive to make them quite clear to you. Now I must go to bed, as it is far past midnight. Please don't tell Jimmie, as he thinks I'm wonderfully plucky all right, but I'm going to have a good old-fashioned cry."

# The Face With the

By PAUL



*I turned, but  
a strong hand  
tore at my  
wrist and  
checked me*

**I** SAY to you, you will know the man if you ever see him. You will not need to hear his name, Guthrie, in order to know him. This man made a great mistake. He called me a tiger, in a way of joke, of sarcasm.

I had told him I was descended from the brave men who came from Old Spain; who fought and tramped and explored in the New Spain of our American Southwest. But he could not realize the fire that burned in that blood. He should not have come back, after that night. You will know the man, I say, if you see him.

My mission to the great New York City had failed. It was late. The crowds, always hurrying, the lights that blinded my eyes, the sounds that roared like shots in deep canons, bewildered me.

My last fifty cents had gone to buy the bottle of poison that lay in a pocket of my jacket. And then, there in the big Central railroad station, when I had just decided to live no more, I saw this man, this Guthrie.

His back was turned. On the baggage counter lay his pocketbook. The man behind the counter

was searching for a

As the man at the counter came forward with a leather bag, this Guthrie let go my wrist for a moment. He tossed a coin, took the bag and guided me back to the darkened corridor.

*Ay de mí!* He was handsome. His face was clear and good. But he was grim. He lighted a cigarette.

"You're a thief," he told me. "But you are clumsy. I ought to turn you over to the police." I shivered.

"You wouldn't have any chance," he said, very sternly. "The judge would give you a jail sentence—two to six months. The man at the counter saw you."

What could I say? My breath seemed as if it would never come again. The man, this Guthrie, peered at me.

"Say, what are you, anyhow? French? Spanish, I guess," he said, and he seemed interested. "Why, you're a beauty! Oh, you needn't be afraid to talk. I won't bite. We might as well be friendly. My

**Three crosses on his forehead!**

**Why?**

**The Spanish girl tells you why,  
Smiling, as she talks.**

name is Guthrie—Bob Guthrie. And your name is what?" I told him that my name was what it is—and that name is not the name I give to you—Peptita Ortiz—though it is a great deal like it. He came closer, grasped my arm softly.

"You're a beauty," he said again. And he kissed me.

I fought him. My clawing fingers left a blazing trail down one of his cheeks. He staggered back. "You little tiger cat!" he burst out. "But wait. I'll show you!"

**H**E grabbed my arm again. He forced me out into the middle of the corridor.

"Now," he mock-d, pointing toward a big policeman who stood under the green glare just beyond the corridor, "you may see the law. All I have to do is to call him—and then—"

"And then," I panted, "then I will kill myself!" I meant it. It was the Spanish blood boiling to desperate heat. The man looked at me. He seemed thoughtful. A queer expression flitted across his face.

"Poor kid," he said at last, his voice gentle and persuasive. "You're no common thief. I want to apologize. Poor kid! You're in trouble. What is it?"

He led me over to a darkened bench in the corner. His words came softly, gently. I felt myself being bewitched by his tone, his words, his manner. No, I told myself, gratefully, he was not a beast. He would only try to help me.

And I told him about myself. I told him how in my native Southwest I had been born of the pure, sparkling, warm Spanish blood. I told him how I had learned to dance when I was a little girl, while music from the violin and the *acordina* and the twelve-stringed Mexican guitar led me on. It was the Spanish dances I danced, with the castanets clicking with the motion of my body, of my flying feet. I told him how my friends had applauded.

Ah, it is the New Mexican people who love dancing. You should go to the towns about Albuquerque if you should see them dance. You should go to that old Spanish town in a cañon nearby, where sheep and goats move and flutter in a monotonous mass, where low houses of adobe cluster into a cool settlement—brown earth and a deep arroyo and huge green cottonwoods and always the blue of sky above. . . . It is here that I danced, and sometimes at the home of Felix and Juan and Ambrosio would fight each other, so jealous were they of my favor. Never had anyone danced as I did, they vowed, and I believed them.

I told this Guthrie all of this. I told him about



**[Page 13 is missing]**

**[Page 14 is missing]**



# The Man With the Indigo Eyes

## By ROBIN STAGE

Dr. Antonio Blitz, head of the Society for Psychic Research, has been thrown into panic by three warnings that had come to pass. He had broken his thumb. He had suffered an inexplicable, excruciating pain in his ear. His hair had suddenly turned gray. All these things had been foretold by a hideous, witch-like hag, who dogged his steps.

These terrifying events had been followed by a death-threat, written in a note embodied in his breakfast orange. Aged beyond endurance, the doctor engaged the services of Greer, a famous detective, who tells the story.

Greer directs his best operative, Barnard, to mount guard over Dr. Blitz, while he visits the offices of the society. He finds that Edgar Lesser, Blitz's assistant, suspects the doctor to be insane—a suspicion which Estella Jackson brands as a lie. By a ruse Greer discovers that Miss Jackson is an expert chemist, which accounts for the chemicals in the doctor's hat, that had changed the color of his hair. He rings up the doctor, who tells him in a terror-stricken voice that Barnard has dropped dead and that a black shadow is coming through his window.

AS Doctor Antonio Blitz uttered these terrifying words, the telephone line went suddenly dead.

All my desperate flashing of the hook availed me nothing. I was sweating and furious in the hot little booth. My mind was filled with nameless dread, approaching despair. My man Barnard was dead! Barnard was a new operative; I did not know him very well, but I had learned to rely on his discretion and his courage. That he should be attacked and slain upset all my calculations on the Blitz case. It was the last thing in the world which I had anticipated.

Perhaps I had been too cock sure. But I had reasoned out the problem to my satisfaction. I thought I had discovered the guilty person and the motive. But that the one I suspected would actually stoop to murder surpassed all my calculations. By no effort could I restore the connection with Doctor Blitz on the telephone. It was only after great difficulty that I got an operator to answer me. Whatever might be happening to Doctor Blitz, I knew that no taxicab could get me there in time to help him. But I was filled with even graver misgivings when the operator finally informed me: "The line is out of order!"

I had been in order until Doctor Blitz had told me that my man Barnard had been slain, and that a great shadow was coming through his window.

Then had come that fatal silence.

There was but one course left for me to pursue. I called a taxi and ordered the driver to break all the speed laws in reaching Doctor Blitz's apartment, which was somewhere in the neighborhood of

Washington Square, and thus, fortunately not far from where I was.

When I reached the old-fashioned, brown-stone front in which he dwelt, I was relieved to find no external evidences of tragedy. Evidently the police had not been summoned. There was no crowd. Everything was quiet and serene.

The quiet-faced, middle-aged woman with a dirty child tugging at her skirts, who answered the door bell betrayed no agitation. Plainly she had seen or heard nothing alarming. Whatever had been done had been done swiftly and silently.



I leaped across the shrubbery—  
with drawn revolver

"I want to see Doctor Blitz," I announced, as calmly as I might.

"You can go right up to his door," she replied. "It is the one at the end of the hall on the second floor."

When I rapped on the door, there was no reply. I rapped again, with my knuckles loudly, calling to Blitz to open the door at once, before I broke it down.

I heard a startled, furtive movement, and then the sound of light, quick footsteps across the floor. An instant later the door was flung open.

Dr. Blitz stood there, rubbing his eyes and gaping.

"Where's the body?" I cried. "What happened?"

"Eh?" he answered testily. "What's the matter with you?"

"Where's Barnard?" I demanded.

"Your strong-arm fellow? I sent him home!"

"Home? Sent him home dead?"

"No! I sent him home alive! What's the matter with you, I say?" exclaimed Doctor Blitz, plainly irritated at me.

First of a Great Series  
of the  
**DR. BLITZ MYSTERIES**  
Told by Greer, Master  
Detective  
Written by a Master of  
Mystery Fiction

"Then he wasn't dead?"  
"Dead? Dead? What's all this talk about dead? Come inside here, before my landlady, who listens to everything, gets the idea that you are an undertaker!"

I walked in, thoroughly angry, and faced Doctor Blitz as he closed the door.

"Didn't you inform me over the telephone fifteen minutes ago that Barnard had been killed?"

Doctor Blitz looked at me as if he seriously doubted my sanity.

"I did nothing of the kind!" he denied stoutly.

"Didn't you tell me that a shadow was coming through that window after you?"

"I didn't tell you anything after I left your office this morning. And I am beginning to be sorry that I told you anything then!"

"I sat down on a chair and looked at Doctor Blitz in a foggy haze of perplexity. The whole matter had suddenly become much more intricate than I had imagined it to be.

"Why did you send me in?" I told you to guard yourself every instant. You are taking desperate chances with your life!"

"POOH! Poo!" he cried, his characteristic little squeak creeping into his voice. "Nothing of the kind. You can't imagine how foolish I felt, sitting here with that big ox standing guard over me. I regretted the whole arrangement. I am a man. I will not be an infant, I will not be made an infant of, Mr. Greer. When I got to thinking this matter over, I decided to chase him away and I did chase him away. I'll take my chances with God, man or devil, without a prize-fighter to protect me!"

"I admire your courage," I replied, "but not your common sense!"

"Hmph!" was his reply.

I was beginning to believe that Lesser was right in his conviction that Doctor Blitz was mentally unbalanced. Perhaps the old investigator had deceived me after all. He had seemed so sane that I had been completely taken in. But he had told

(Continued on Page 27)

# One Exciting



*A stalking figure of a sinister dark man introduces itself into Mitchell's boardroom. This is a tense moment in the new Griffith picture.*

**A**ROUND the disappearance of half a dozen murders, and a whole troupe of appetizing phantoms, D. W. Griffith's *One Exciting Night*, which is now being given at the Apollo Theatre.

One is asked on the program not to tell the tale. It is not divulging too much, however, with a young man named Fairfax who owns an old house that has been unoccupied for years. He is, incidentally, to fall in love with a girl who is betrothed to a rather disreputable rake of a man. She is, however, tempted by her poverty, once tried by her mother, and observed and detected by the rake. Her daughter dies in love with young Fairfax. He invites a man to the house and her fiancé, to spend some time with him. Two murders are committed; a half of the estate proceeds from bootlegging, which has been used as a headquarters for liquor. The estate is left with haggard and forbidding eyes, a giant man, and figures wrapped in black cloaks, tall and gaunt. Other chill-producing phenomena stalk the people in the play with terror. Suspicion is cast on the well-to-do as well as the creators of the play, more than one colored and romantic gentleman, adds to the terror. More ghosts than should fall to the lot of a man.

The long series of plots and counterplots, tracings, suits and pursuits reach an astounding scene in which the struggling forces of nature meet in an exciting situation.

Like every good mystery play, the solution will come some day soon, and if you like to be surprised, go to see the play and be assured.



*Who is this phantom of the storm? Nobody is able to answer this question until the last one hundred feet of "One Exciting Night."*

*The eyes of youth glow mistily under the tender touch of romance—for what picture would be complete without lovers and their wooing?*





# Night by SVENGALI

a million dollars, two mysterious  
aring and vanishing spectres, apparitions  
has built his latest moving picture,  
even its Broadway presentation at the

the secret of the plot.

to tell that the story concerns itself  
as a large Southern estate with a fine  
ars. He returns home to open up his  
a very beautiful girl who is already  
man with a lot of money. The girl's  
id to steal a diamond brooch. In this  
é who made the price of his silence  
espises him and falls quite promptly  
umber of people, including the young  
at his estate. Then things begin to  
alf million dollars in bank notes—the  
d been received while the abandoned  
or—vanishes. A mysterious stranger  
egro with a murderous face, uncanny  
astly ghosts with gleaming eyes, and  
rough the scenes filling the innocent  
pens definitely fixed by the audience,  
an once, while Romeo Washington, a  
he gaiety of the evening by meeting  
any normal human being

s, hidings and seekings, chasings and  
ding climax in a most thrilling storm  
ere and of man combine into a truly

on is a surprise. It will come to your  
ared, to be thrilled, to be shocked, to  
ured of "one exciting night."



*The bookcase  
opens like pon-  
derous jaws and  
out of it comes a  
singular figure,  
whose clutching  
hand kidnaps an  
innocent by-  
stander. Ugh!!*



*Is this a ghost?  
The colored gentle-  
man, Romeo Wash-  
ington, by name,  
would very much  
like to know, but  
doesn't stay to find  
out.*



# The Dragon's Eye

by JOHN R. CORYE

**T**WENTY years before the opening of the story, Bob Somers, a captain in the American army on duty at Peking, during the Boxer uprising, had tried to rescue a jewel casket from a Lama priest who had been attacked and wounded by a German soldier. A precious jewel, "The Dragon's Eye," had been abstracted from the casket and the priest was commissioned to devote his life to its recovery. Somer's son is now assistant to George W. Black, a Wall Street magnate. He and Black's secretary, Miss Carter, have discovered and report a forgery which Black knows was committed by his daughter, Gertrude. She has been plumping at roulette under the guidance of a false friend, Sadie Walcott, in league with Andreas Whitmore, to whose account the forged check was drawn. Gertrude is rescued from a gull-troubled sleep to find a burglar prowling near her bed. She had drawn an automatic from beneath her pillow, but the intruder taunts her for her trembling hands and adds to her terror by reminding her of the \$50,000 forged check. In the morning she discovered chloroformed and her jewels missing. An envelope addressed to George Wolfgang Schwartz, is pinned to her covert. Mr. Black reads the letter: "Is the address on the envelope correct? Or is your name really George Washington Black? What I want to tell you is that I came here to look for certain jewels. I didn't find them, particularly a beautiful star ruby. What have you done with it? You know the one I mean. The day following Black is the victim of a financial coup, involving a huge loss, and all he is able to learn is that a wealthy Chinaman is at the bottom of it.

**B**LACK stood for a few moments in the middle of the room after the departure of his secretary to usher in the caller. There was a sense of relief in the thought that this Chinaman was coming to make clear the nature of the fight against him; but overshadowing the relief was apprehension.

With the vague feeling of its being more dignified to be at his desk, he seated himself there and waited. Presently the door opened, and a tall Chinese was ushered in by Miss Carter. He had a grave, impassive face, and he was dressed in full Chinese costume.

He bowed ceremoniously as he entered, and the magnate in a hoarse voice bade him be seated. He took the indicated chair and sat there in silence till Black's nerves could endure it no longer and forced him to cry out, "Well?"

"Yes, sir," responded the visitor suavely in good English. "I was told you were a collector of porcelain. I have a magnificent vase of the early Ming period, and—"

"What?" almost screamed the tortured financier, "you want to sell me something? That's what you came for."

"If you please sir."

"And that's all?" in a roar of increasing volume as if a weight had been lifted from his chest.

"This is a wonderful specimen, sir," expostulated the visitor deprecatingly. "It was obtained—"

"Get out, you fool!" broke in Black, at once renewed and furious. "Get out! Go, I tell you!"

The visitor stood up in surprise, and backed away, bowing in his courteous way. "I am very sorry," he said; "it was told—"

"Never mind what you were told! Get out!"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir. But there is my card, sir, if you should reconsider about the vase." He threw his card on the desk, and walked with dignity to the door. Opening it, he faced Black. "This vase," he began when Black roared out, "Go! go!"

"This vase," the Chinaman went on imperturbably, "was found in the Summer Palace near Peking when the Germans looted it."

"He closed the door as he said this, leaving the financier in a stupor of surprise. He knew the reference of the looting of Peking was not accidental. He leaned forward and picked up the card. It was perfectly blank, but it was redolent of sandalwood.

"Gott!" he cried, "it was one of them."



He hesitated, went to the door, opened it, and looked out at his secretary.

He rang for his secretary, and when she came, he told her to go after the Chinaman and bring him back. She returned before many minutes and told him that the man had refused to return, but had sent the message that if he wished to communicate with him, his address was Peking, China. The street Mr. Black knew now.

He let his secretary go without a word. It was quite certain now that his foes were Chinese, and that they knew of the occurrence back in Peking on that hot day of June, 1900.

Again he took to pacing the floor, going over and over the circumstances surrounding his obtaining of the jewels. He couldn't see how it was possible for them to know anything. Or even if they knew, what could they prove? But, after all, the reasoning didn't satisfy him. They did know and they were carrying on a successful, secret campaign against him. Events had proved that he was powerless against them. What could he do? He must fight subtlety with subtlety. But how?

He could do nothing, himself, but Somers was clever; suppose he confided in him? He need not tell him about crushing the skull of the American

captain. And no, Bob was such a straight-laced chap he wouldn't want to tell him about the looting and deserting. And no one knew either of his being German and having once been in the army. To have that come out now, after the recent war, wouldn't do him any good. But here a new thought came: how long would his enemies be content with private notes for his eye alone? How long would it be before they were spreading rumors about him?

**S**UDDENLY he flung himself into his chair and caught up his telephone. He asked for his lawyer and soon had him on the wire. "See here Slade," he said, "I need a good, reliable detective for an important piece of work. Do you know one?"

"Why, yes, I happen to know a particularly clever one. The only thing is he's a German or an Austrian—something of that sort. Perhaps you have a prejudice against—"

"Well, of course I'd rather he'd be anything else, but if he's clever—, What do you know about him?"

"His name is Sheffield, and he is one of those scientific chaps. He makes no fuss, but they say that when he once gets on a man's trail, it's all up with him. He asks big prices though, so unless it's a big case it wouldn't be worth while to employ him."

"Can you get in communication with him and send him around?"

"Sure! When do you want to see him?"

"Right away."

So it happened that in about an hour a heavily built man, with slightly stooped shoulders, was ushered into the private office. He had grey hair and wore a pair of thick glasses over his prominent eyes.

"Your name is Sheffield, a detective?" queried Black.

The man studied him carefully for several seconds before responding. "Yes, I am Sheffield and a detective, and I warn you that my prices are high and that it will not pay you to retain me unless it is an important case." He spoke with a faint German accent.

"It is important, and I am willing to pay a good price for your services. Here are the facts."

"One moment! Do you retain me?"

"Certainly."

"My retaining fee is five thousand dollars, if you please."

Ordinarily George W. Black would have been angry at the interruption, but there was something in the imperturbability and the brusqueness of this man that impressed him. And he was at his wit's end. So without a word he drew his own private check book from his pocket and made out the check for the required amount.

The other took it, scanned it carefully and put it in his wallet. "Now," he said, "go on."

"As briefly as possible the facts are these: I have an enemy who in some way acquaints himself with my plans and then thwarts them. He has made me lose large sums of money in this way. I have reason to believe it is a Chinaman who is at the bottom of it. I want you to discover who the man is so that I can fight back."

"A Chinaman?" repeated Sheffield. "It doesn't seem like the kind of thing a Chinaman would do. Do you speak of operations on the Street?"

"Yes."

"Why do you suspect a Chinese?"

"Because every note smells of sandalwood."

Sheffield leaned back in his chair and studied the other for a few seconds. "Mr. Black," he said finally, "you are not telling me everything. Of course I can guess a great deal from what you told me, but believe me, if you want good service you'd better tell me everything without reserve. You don't want me to know the whole story, naturally, but before I have gone far I shall know it anyhow, so—"



"How will you know it?" demanded the startled man.

"I shall put two and two together. For instance, I know already that once in the past you injured a Chinaman to such a degree that you have reason to fear his efforts at revenge."

"Why do you say so?" demanded Black, disturbed.

"It is childishly simple. No Chinaman would act in the way you describe unless he had a very strong motive. Nor is that all. I know of no Chinaman in a position to do what you tell me has been done. If affairs are as you describe, then you have a powerful organization to fight and not one man. You'd better trust me or not use me. I always tell my readers that."

"But—but," stammered Black, "I don't see why you need to know—"

"You mean," broke in Sheffield quietly, "you don't want to reveal to me the wrong you did. You are foolish. I shall know everything in a very little while, anyhow. Why already I know that you are German and that you have been in China. Probably at the time of the Boxer uprising, when you were in the ranks."

"Good God!" ejaculated Black.

SHEFFEL was watching him keenly, and went on. "At the bottom of the affair is some loot. You brought away something of religious significance—jewels, probably. Am I right?"

"Sweet," broke out all over the terrified man. He felt as one might who had evoked a spirit he could not control. And yet he could not dismiss him now. He knew too much.

"I will tell you everything," he said desperately. "It will be better if you wish me to help you."

"Remember," insisted Black, "I did only what everybody was doing." He studied the other. "I can see you are clever; I believe you can help me. You will keep your own counsel?"

"Certainly. Why should I do anything else? How would I profit by telling your secrets to anyone?"

"No one knows anything about my being a German. My parents were German, but I was born in Wisconsin and learned English before I did German. My parents took me to Germany when I was about sixteen. It was natural that I should come to this country when I deserted."

"Quite so. But your story, please."

Even though he was sure it was the wisest thing for him to do, the ex-private in the German army was reluctant to reveal that chapter in his life. He hesitated, he went to the door and opened it and looked at his secretary busily engaged at her desk, he closed the door and tried it to be sure it was tightly closed. He returned to his desk mopping his brow. And all the while Sheffield, with a faint smile, compounded of contempt and amusement on his thick lips, followed his movements.

Finally Black spoke, and gathering confidence as he went on, though with many interpolations exoneratory of himself, told the story of that June day in Peking, revealing everything he knew but one, and that his listener drew from him.

"This officer who you brained—"

"I stunned him; that was all."

"Well, stunned then. You leave the impression that he was a German officer. Was he?"

"N—no!" the other stammered, "he was an American. But he had no business looting; the American soldiers were forbidden to loot."

Sheffel laughed. "Yes, I remember that. They were very proud of it. Was he looting? Oh, you'd better tell the truth about it. It makes no difference to me, but it may to you. Was he looting?"

"No," was the sudden response, "he had just driven off two American soldiers who were robbing the priest; and he was helping the priest when I came up."

Sheffel shrugged his heavy shoulders. "You see! you did not tell me before that it was a priest. Now describe the jewels."

"There were many diamonds and one big star ruby, the finest I ever saw."

"And where is that now?"

"In my box in the safety deposit."

Sheffel nodded his head slowly. "It is all quite plain now. That ruby is wanted for its religious significance, and you have been terrorized for the purpose of getting it to you."

"Yes, yes! Do you advise me to give it up?"

"To those damned yellow heathens? No," answered Sheffield, contemptuously. "Now that we understand the meaning of the attack on you, we can beat them. It may cost you much, much money."

"I don't care how much it costs."

"You will have to pay me much money, also."

"You shall make your own price."

"Then we understand each other. Pay no attention to these notes, and undertake no deals. Just mark time until you hear from me."

VIII

IT was a week later that Black was holding another interview with Sheffield, only this time it was in his library at the special request of the detective.

Black was haggard and nervous. In spite of any confidence he had in Sheffield he had been affected by the daily notes he had been receiving from his enemies. "Have you made any progress?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Much. But before I begin my story tell me if that beautiful secretary of yours is your daughter."

"Gott! no! My daughter is—"

"I am not speaking of your legitimate daughter. Is that girl an illegitimate child of yours?"

"Certainly not. I have no such child. Why do you ask such a preposterous question?"

"Have you wronged her in any way? Have you wronged her mother?"

"I have wronged no woman. Why do you ask?"

"I ask because that girl resembles you and because she has German blood in her. I am not deceived about such things. Go back in your memory. It is important."

"Naturally she knows much, but nothing of great importance. At any rate nothing much until it is an accomplished fact."

"But if she were to tell all she knows from day to day, it might help your enemies in their attack on you?"

"Does she tell? Damn her! I'll soon settle her."

"Every night she has been going to Chinatown, probably to make a report. She has undoubtedly been spying on you."

Black fairly panted in his fury. The girl he had bullied and brow-beaten, a spy! "I'll—I'll—he began.

"You'll do nothing until I give the word and we will beat those yellow devils. Now listen! But first tell me two things: When did your secretary first come into your employ? And why have you never made a public display of the ruby?"

"She came to me about a year ago. As for the ruby, I never needed to sell it and I have done nothing with it because it is so magnificent that I knew I would have to account for it in some way."

"Good! that means that it was not known until about a year ago that you had the ruby. Now for what I have learned. That ruby, which is one of the finest in the world, belongs in the head of a god in the form of a dragon, and is known as the dragon's eye. It is the most precious symbol of the lamas, a powerful priesthood with headquarters in Tibet. So it has a religious significance. But also it is a symbol of temporal power and is held in the highest reverence by a great, secret political society, whose aim it is to rule all the yellow men of Asia."

"Gott!" gasped Black. "I'll give it up."

"You will be a fool if you do. It has enormous value as a jewel, alone, and still more in its religious and political aspects. They must be made to pay millions for it. Besides there is more."

"What more?" He moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue.

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"I—small scandalous," Black panted. Sheffield sniffed the air. "So do I—and leaped to the barred door."

"There is no need to search my memory. I have never had an affair with a woman. You are wrong in thinking there is any resemblance. Or, even if there be some resemblance it can mean nothing. My own daughter does not look like me."

"I know that; I have seen her. She does not look as if she had even a drop of German blood in her veins. But this other girl! You are sure you have not injured her in some way. She is very beautiful. Have you made love to her? Oh, do not flare up; such things are done by rich men."

"I have never even thought of her in that way. I remember that I objected to her beauty. I took her in spite of it because she came so well recommended. But never mind her! Tell me what you have found out."

"I am coming to that. Does your secretary know much about your business affairs?"

# The Mystery of the Ten Mummies

by FULTON OURSLER

*Fancy falling feet first into an Egyptian tomb. Fancy finding a fellow American down there, surrounded by ten mummies! And what the Yankee did with the two-thousand-year-old mummies you couldn't guess in another two thousand years*

At the mention of the word "mummies," I saw Jeremiah Buffum's eyelids flutter

WHEN Jeremiah Buffum came back to Hopkinsville, after a trip in foreign parts, he brought with him ten mummies.

There were astute citizens of Hopkinsville who regarded these anhydrous, arescent relics with deep suspicion. They knew Jeremiah's business and they knew Jeremiah.

Jeremiah was in the ukulele business. His factory was in Hopkinsville; the wood from which the brown little thrum-te-tums were turned grew in the forests of that grand old State of New Hampshire, and the wires were made in Pittsburgh. Jeremiah took the rough elements of strings and wood and in his one-story factory evolved the ukuleles. Then, to secure local color, he shipped them to Hawaii, where the natives on Waikiki beach wondered what on earth they were.

In another month or so they came back to Jeremiah with a

hula hula flavor that sold them up and down this sophisticated land.

Not many people knew this, but certain astute citizens of Hopkinsville were fully informed. In consequence, they were abysmally mistrustful when they learned, after some sharp detective work on the part of the curious station agent, that there were mummies in the big crates on the red-painted railroad platform. Jeremiah only looked soulful and mysterious when questioned about it. The inhabitants of Hopkinsville were certain of one of two things—either there were not genuine mummies in the packing cases, or else Jeremiah had some deep money-making design upon them.

But that was as far as the inhabitants ever got to knowing the amazing truth. The days and months went on; the ten packing cases, after wetting in the hot New England sun and being drenched in the soulless down-East rain, were finally removed. They were shipped to Bangor. From that time on, nobody in Hopkinsville ever heard of them again.

Now, I was with Jeremiah Buffum in Egypt. I know all about those ten mummies, and I purpose to tell all that I know, here and now. The silence so often and so earnestly enjoined on me by Jeremiah Buffum from that never-to-be-forgotten morning on the desert east of Cairo, until our parting at the New York dock, is now to be broken. Believing his protestations about abominating publicity and the limelight of notoriety, I held back the story. But no more.

Irrefutable evidence has driven me to this step. When I learned absolutely that Jeremiah Buffum had, in spite of all that we had learned from the old man with the two noses, violated the sanctity of those vitrified "tenements of clay"—then, without more ado, I resolved to out with it.

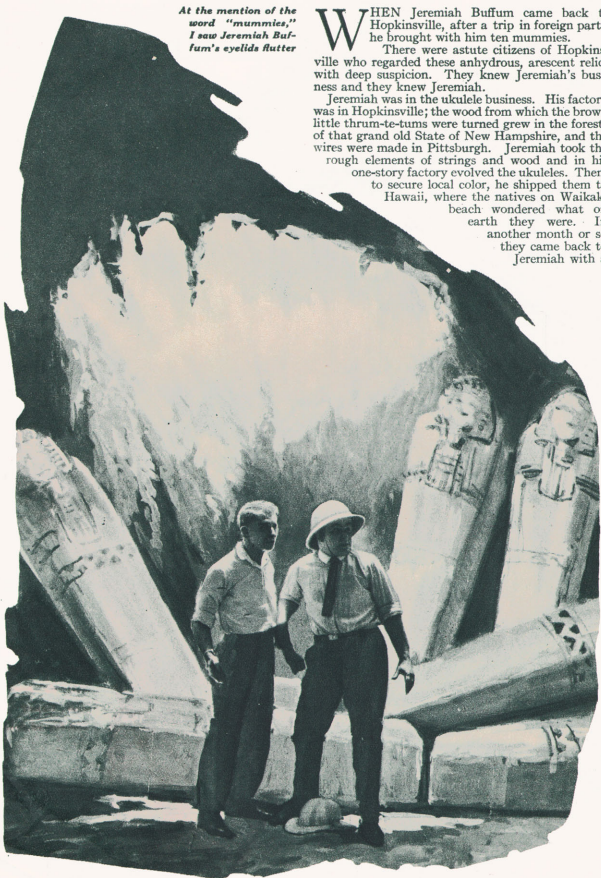
I met Jeremiah in Cairo—in the Musky, in the old Cairo, to be exact, where there are the real bazaars and the real rug merchants, and where story-men still relate the Arabian Nights to fascinated natives, gathered in wide circles in the cafes. One glance at Jeremiah's pudgy figure, his round owlish eyes and puffy red face told me much. I saw him wave a fat, red hand at a veiled creature, and I understood much more.

"That follow." I told myself confidently, "is a New England deacon, who thinks he's having a devil of a time. At some reckless period in his career, I'll bet he was at a carnival show and paid ten cents to go in the "Streets of Cairo" tent. He's never gotten over the hoochie-koochie women he saw there. He's over here now, looking for the real thing!"

Which, as you shall see, was only half the truth. Jeremiah was flirting—but that was not the great urge which sent him from Hopkinsville to Cairo. That purpose I myself did not fully understand until this morning. As delicately as I could, now, I hailed him and explained some of the rudimentary ideas of barbaric chivalry. He smiled a little pathetically, agreed to desist and proposed walking back to the hotel with me.

"Do you know where I can buy, steal or beg any mummies?" he asked me abruptly, on the way.

I told him they were now very difficult to secure; he assured me he had already found that out—





"but, gosh, I've got to get 'em!" he wound up. But when I asked him gently what he would do with the mummies after he got hold of them, he set his fat, red little head to one side, cocked his eye knowingly, winked, and chuckled, and said it was a nice day if it didn't rain.

Our acquaintance, thus begun, continued through various trips to famous spots, and came to the altogether astounding climax of the mummies a few days before I had planned to leave Cairo. Some of the old-timers at our hotel had been telling us of the legend of the City of Burnished Gold—a mythological metropolis, believed by many superstitious natives to exist out on the desert—an ancient place, made of gold that glisters so that it can be seen for miles in the glow of the evening sun.

An Englishman in the party volunteered the information that on the desert to the east of us there was an ancient Sun Temple which could be seen for miles in the sun, and which some people believed had given rise to the legend.

"It is rarely visited by tourists, you see," he concluded, "because it is a wearying journey to get to it, and savage bandits roam near it. In fact, old fellow, it has even been hinted to me that this crumbling cathedral of the pagans was used as a treasure chest by the robbers."

Any mummies there?" put in Jeremiah anxiously. Quite to our surprise, the Englishman said he wouldn't be at all surprised if there were; it was seldom visited, and mummies were often found in such places.

Excitedly, deliciously, Jeremiah proposed to me that we go. It was not hard to persuade me. My own interest in the place sprang entirely from my love of adventure and my passion for the old and the picturesque.

On the seventeenth of September, Jeremiah Buffum and I mounted camels. We were accompanied by a non except a surly, sullen guide, who had been induced to go with us only by enormous bribes. Our destination lay three hours jogging from Cairo, a wearying prospect, which the evident timidity of our guide did little to soothe. He was afraid the bandits would cut off his head and eat it.

But we encountered no thieves throughout those dreadful, hot three hours. On the horizon, long before we reached it, we could see the temple, magnificently preserved, its pillars gleaming against the desert sand. It was like a vision of praise to the Sun God raised by the wilderness. As we approached near to it, I made out that it was built much after the style of the Temple of Ceres at Paestum, except that its columns were not so tall, and the front approach was wider and much more magnificent. Of course, the roof had fallen in long before. It was simply a shell of marble shafts, with a portion of the front of the roof poised pensively over the entrance. Piled about it in picturesque profusion were great blocks that once were part of the roof and walls. It looked as if children of the giants had torn down the house and tossed the blocks like toys.

"Gosh! It looks like the Bangor bank broke up!" ejaculated Jeremiah.

Our guide would not mount the steps, so securing the camels close by, we made our way cautiously up the steps. Hot though it was, and for all my weariness, I enjoyed the place. My own love for this gloried land with its marvelous history made this old temple very appealing. What priests, I asked myself, had swung their smoking censers over these stones where now with big and profane feet Jeremiah Buffum? His feet, I was sure of it, were sure of it. I turned to confirm my belief—and he had disappeared.

If one of those mighty monoliths had opened itself, and taken him in and closed again, he could not have gone more utterly, more completely. Jeremiah Buffum had vanished. He was gone. There was his camel, rubbing its nose against my camel. There was the temple, the stones, the sky, and the desert—but Jeremiah Buffum had vanished.

I stood as straight, as rigid, as silent as one of those pillars of stone, such was my dismay. And to my ears, came a slight, distant sound—like a wail. It was Jeremiah; I was sure of that. It was Jeremiah Buffum in distress, but where?

Repeatedly I heard him calling to me for help. "Get me out! Help! This is an awful place! Quick! Help! Get me out!"

THUS Buffum, wherever he was, and meanwhile I was trying to find him. And presently I came upon the truth.

Jeremiah had put his foot on some hinge, or

spring bolt, or some sort of mechanical contrivance of ancient cleverness, that held in place one of the flagstones, which wasn't a flagstone at all, but a trapdoor. As was natural under the circumstances, Jeremiah had gone on down. He was at the bottom of a big black hole, immediately behind one of the big marble shafts.

I ventured as near the hole in the floor as I dared and peered over.

Beneath me was darkness, with a musty, cellar-like smell fuming up at my nose insultingly. Mingled with this smell was another—an aroma, dimly reminiscent of museums and that brought back to my head stories of the days before the Jewish captivity, of Ptolemies and Pharaohs and of many legends of the Nile.

"Are you hurt, Buffum?" I inquired. "I don't know, but my God! I'm scared!" he groaned back. "Get me out of here; please get me out of here!"

I assured him I would do my best and my voice must have expressed my confidence for a plan had already entered my mind. Going back to our camels, I jerked the nose reins from them, quickly knotted them together and carried the line back to the hole in the floor.

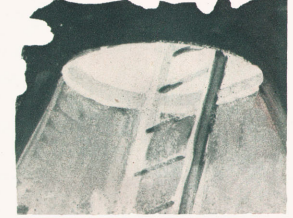
"I am going to drop these reins down to you, Buffum," I called. "Catch hold, and don't let go, and I'll pull you out."

My strength was quite equal to the task. Buffum grabbed those reins and held on like a drowning man, and I started to pull him up. Of a sudden, however, there was a sudden and unaccountable jerk on the line as if I had caught something. It jerked into a steady pull I could not resist. I slipped to the brink; I tried to catch myself, I missed, I went over and pitched forward into the gloom.

I fell on top of Jeremiah Buffum, eleven feet under the floor of the Sun Temple.

Between grunts and groans Jeremiah cursed me for seven kinds of a fool as we got straight on our feet again. He threw the reins repeatedly up against the circle of light, high over our heads, with some hairy idea, I suppose of lassoing a monolith and climbing out that way.

For myself, I did not appreciate the real danger of our situation in the keen pleasure, the romance,



the adventure of our predicament. Undoubtedly we were in one of the secret corridors of the Helios; no one could tell what new marvel might confront us at any moment.

"Look here, Buffum!" I exclaimed. "There's some other way out of here. There must be. Let's go exploring and see what we can find."

Jeremiah had no time to answer. "That is quite unnecessary, gentlemen. I will conduct you."

Out of the black shadows behind us had come the sudden, sepulchral voice. It was a voice with a ghost-like melancholy and gloom about it I disliked at once. Buffum's mind sought mine.

"Who in the world are you?" I managed to quaver.

My eyes were searching the darkness, and now, having grown more accustomed to the place, they made out a singular figure standing close to us. It was an old man, with long and tangled beard. He was attired in a very light pair of trousers, a short-waisted, exceedingly old-fashioned coat, a flowing tie and a hat the like of which I had seen my father wear when I was a boy. He carried a walking stick.

"I have waited so long for someone to come!" he croaked gleefully. "I'm so glad to have company now!"

Determined to make the best of the fantastic situation in which I found myself, I walked up to the patriarchal stranger,

prepared to offer my hand, but one look at his face halted me with a surging

The old fellow had two noses, one nostril for each and one turned to each side. He saw and understood my expression.

"From the fall," he explained dismally. "Thirty years ago I fell down that hole. I've never been able to get out. I am a Yale graduate; I am from Illinois. I broke my nose when I fell down that hole. It must look pretty bad, the way you look at it. I've never seen it. No, I'm from Illinois. I've found lots of things down in this place, but no mirror yet."

I couldn't talk to him then. I wondered if Jeremiah and I were doomed to keep him company for another thirty years. It made me dizzy just to look at him.

"Say!" cluttered in Jeremiah fearfully. "What do you get to eat down here?"

"Lizards! Lizards and snails, and a few frogs on Sundays. I've kept track of the time since I've been down here—every day. This is the seventeenth of September and a Wednesday, isn't it? Eh?" Buffum gulped, and I groaned inwardly, but the old man went on:

"I was a Yale graduate and a tourist, I tell you. I'm from Illinois; I fell down that hole. There's no way to get out of here."

No way at all. I spent twenty years looking. The last ten years I've gotten kind of resigned to it. You gentlemen will have to stay.

There's lizards and snails come down here to feed an army, but the frogs are mine. I'm going to show you around in a minute. I certainly was glad when I saw you fall through there like I did. When the thin fellow tried to pull you out I pulled you both down again. Come on, now, and let me show you around!"

(Continued on Page 30)

# SHANGHA



by  
Paul Hervey  
Fox

As a New York gunman and political heel for nearly twenty years I could tell things that wouldn't stand the printing. But the thing I'm going to tell here was my last job. I'm through. I'm putting this down on a ranch out West, and it isn't likely I'll ever go East again, or want to for that matter.

I wasn't the usual gangster by a long shot. Raised in the gutter, I mean, and bred right up to it. Not me. I came from an upstate town and was as quiet a boy as you'd want to see. My sister and I were kids together and my mother was a widow. There wasn't any too much money lying around, but we were happy, the three of us.

My sister was a big tall girl, as pretty as she was good. It was when she was eighteen and I was two years younger that my mother fell sick. She had to have all sorts of things, and we hadn't a cent. My sister had a job, and I was working too, but we were way behind in the ledger.

Then the night came when my mother had to have some oxygen to keep life in her, and we hadn't the ten dollars necessary or a chance of getting it. I won't forget that night. I think we were pretty nearly crazy. I put on my cap and went out. I came back in about two hours, white and scared, with a purse I'd stolen. I found it wasn't needed. My mother had the oxygen tanks all right, but my sister wasn't to be seen. She didn't come home again.

It was a couple of months after that that my mother died, and meanwhile I was hunting everywhere in a wild sort of way to find my sister. All I could find was that she'd left town. I knew what she'd done, and kid that I was, I wanted to tear the throat out of the man that had started her. She'd gotten that oxygen at the price of her body and her life.

It was a year later I found her—in Albany, and the Gat. She was painted and a wreck. I broke down and sobbed like a baby when I saw her. I got her up to the place where I was staying. But it was too late. She didn't say anything much, just looked at me with her big sad eyes. And in a couple of months, like my mother, she was dead.

That was the beginning. I hadn't stolen since that first night, but now I hadn't anyone or anything to stop me. I hated the whole world, and there wasn't a thing I wouldn't do to show it. I drifted along to New York, got into a gang, and pretty soon had earned my place.

I played the game right, I'll say that for myself. I didn't get my fool neck in trouble by trying to work without protection. I made connections with politicians who could help me as much as I helped them. Then I did their dirty work, and I saw a lot. I gloried in it, too, for most of the time I was yegging slaves or taking away money from the kind of people I hated—people who had always had money,

never knew what it meant to be without it, people who had killed my mother and my sister.

It was around my fortieth birthday when I woke up one morning in a hangout called Benny's. I went downstairs to the bar and had a drink. I was doing some tall thinking. That morning a letter had reached me from my Uncle Bill in Nevada. He was my father's brother, and had never attempted to keep in touch with the family when we were kids. But now he had written to me, and somehow that letter had been forwarded around until it reached me.

What he wanted was for me to come out and work his ranch with him. He was getting to be an old man, he said. I knew he was a bachelor, and I figured he was pretty lonely. He hinted it would be worth while if I'd come out.

I was forty years old and I hadn't a nickel. Right at that moment I was in one of my busted spells, waiting for a job to break for me. This is all right when you're young, under thirty, say, but after thirty you grouch harder when you see nothing ahead of you in the way of security.

I told myself that though my life had satisfied all the bitterness in me, it hadn't paid very well. I knew what would be the end of me, when I wasn't serviceable any more. I wouldn't have a chance. The people that used me were as hard as nails.

It sounded mighty tempting, that offer of my uncle's. But I figured I'd lived an exciting life too long to settle down among a bunch of cattle with a lot of open space to look at, and your only amusement being to roll your own cigarettes. Still I weighed the chances. And then the chance was decided for me. A young fellow I knew, a pug, came into Benny's.

"Hello, Jimmy O'Brien," said he. "I'm looking for you. The big boss sent me."

"Burke," I asked. "What's he say?"

That was enough. That meant a job for me, and a black one if I knew Boss Burke. But he paid real iron men, and as I said, I needed money.

The man I call Burke here was boss of a downtown ward that had to be handled with gloves. He was big chalk-faced man, very fat and soft-voiced. He wore high collars, and his fat neck seemed to ooze around them. I can still hear that purring voice of his—it was like oil—and see his greenish looking eyes. He did pretty much as he wanted. He wasn't well-known in the newspaper sense of the word. He liked to lie quiet. But Steve Burke had political pull as big as any man in New York. I was safe, all right, in working for him. There wasn't a cop that would dare touch me, or a judge for that matter.

I FOUND Burke in his office on a side street. It was a dingy looking affair. A second story suite with Real Estate printed on a dirty plate glass window. You'd never think that the man who worked there was pretty near a millionaire. You wouldn't think it anyway when you went in past a swing gate and found yourself in a room with a lot of tired-looking stenographers and clerks working away in a sort of dreary and hopeless spirit. The place looked as if it hadn't been cleaned for a year. It was dusty, like a business that is run badly.

But when you got inside in the private room where I went, what a change! There was a big soft Turkey-red carpet, and a big mahogany desk, with soft chairs like an uptown club, and there was Burke, sitting behind his desk, with his hands folded across his chest, looking at me gently.

"Morning, Jimmy," he said. "Sit down. Help yourself to a cigar. Now then! You need any money, Jimmy?"

I grinned for answer. "Well," he said, "I'll tell you how you can get it." He pulled out a drawer, and took out a long yellow envelope, neatly fastened with a rubber band. "There's two hundred and fifty inside of this. This



is advance payment. You get the other two hundred and fifty when the job's done."

"That suits me, Mr. Burke," I answered. "All I want to know is what you want done."

"I'll look at it with those greenish eyes of his, and his fat neck seemed almost to swell."

"Jimmy, this business is a delicate one. That's why I picked you. There's a boy I want shipped away, a fresh, nervy kid."

"Shanghaied?" I said.

"Anything," said Steve Burke quietly.

"Where does he hang out?" I asked.

"He gave me the address, a place way over on Sixteenth Street in a block of apartments that he owned, and added: 'He doesn't live there, but he'll be there most of the time. He hangs around a girl. Her name's Jean Davis. The boy's is Arthur Drew.'"

I got the information straight, and Boss Burke leaned over and patted me on the back.

"Now, Jimmy," he said in the same soft voice of his, "work fast. I want results by Thursday night."

"I watch me," I answered, and I left the office.

Well, I went to Sixteenth Street the same day. It was falling dark when I got there, but nevertheless I could get a look at that Arthur Drew, and make a rough plan to go ahead on. The boss's business didn't interest me much, that was I'm curious. When I saw the neighborhood, I merely figured out that he was after someone who had double-crossed him. Certainly no one who lived in a tumble-down place like that could be a political enemy or anything like that.

I pushed open the door and climbed up a dirty stairway. A starved looking kid of about seven stared at me in the hallway. I chuckled him a dime.

"There's Miss Jean Davis live?" I asked.

He took his thumb out of his mouth and pointed to a door. I knocked a couple of times, and presently it was opened. You could have knocked me over with a feather. One of the prettiest girls I ever saw in my life looked out at me. She was in a sailor blouse and it was all white, and she was clean and sweet looking. She had big, soft eyes—they seemed to glow in the dimness—and a mouth you'd like to kiss.

IT was so astonishing coming upon anyone like that, all of a sudden, in that broke-down apartment house, that for about a minute I guess I just stared at her and my mind was open like a yep. I took me pretty nearly that long anyway before I saw her lip was actually trembling a little, and her eyes almost wild-looking. She was in trouble, I could bet on that.

"What is it?" she said at last, in a very gentle, low voice.

"I want to see a man by the name of Drew. Can I find him here?"

"You want to see him?" she said. "But he's sick. He's here now. I—I've been trying to nurse him. You're a friend of his?"

The door was wide, and I stepped in. I was curious now, and I wondered where the girl came in. All at once I had a suspicion. Boss Burke liked women. He'd had his pick, too. It came over me, like a hunch, that I was playing a sort of cat's paw for the boss in some way that concerned this girl.

I walked soon as I got inside, led me down the hall, and opened the door of a room in the rear of the apartment. It was clean inside, but bare as a box. There was a cot in one corner, and a young fellow lying there. He was dead white, and I could see he was a pretty sick man.

He looked at me out of haggard eyes, and moistened his lips and tried to speak. But he couldn't say anything. I wanted the facts of the case, so I decided to get them bluntly.

"I come from Mr. Burke," I said coolly.

The girl, Jean Davis, turned on me like a little whirlwind, and I knew in a second I had guessed right about things.

"How dare you come inside," she said. "I—I haven't got the rent, and he knows it. I haven't anything. I told him so. But you can't put me out—not like this! Arthur would die. He haven't any place we could go."

"Yes?" I said in a hard voice.

She put out her hands in a pleading kind of way. "Oh, please, won't you ask Mr. Burke to leave me alone. I haven't done anything. He's managed to get Arthur fixed from two places just because—because we like each other. And now Arthur's sick. And we haven't any money of anyone we can go to."

"That's your lookout," I said. I was staring at her, and it seemed to me somehow she looked like someone I knew once. Then I guessed who it was. She was a little like my sister. I felt a lump in my

throat. I knew I had to get out of there, and get out quick before I had a fool of myself. I'd been hard in my life, and always used my head. The people I'd been set against were the kind I didn't care what happened to. But this Jean Davis was different. All of a sudden I thought of Steve Burke, and his greenish eyes, with his pudgy arms pawing her, and I felt mad clear through.

I let out a sort of curse, and beat it down the hallway, the girl just behind me. I went outside and shut the door. I felt confused. All at once the door opened and Jean Davis came out.

"Don't go," she said softly, in a queer, muffled sort of voice. "I want to speak to you."

I turned around, and she came up to me slowly. Then she moved nearer, and slowly lifted those big, dark eyes.

"Do you think I'm pretty?" she asked, awfully low.

"Pretty?" I said. "What do you mean?"

She was closer to me now, almost touching me. I was so surprised, I nearly fell over. But I didn't touch her. I just told myself I'd been a fool. The girl was a bad one, all right, and I had let myself think she was an angel!

"Maybe, you'd like to love me," she said after that, in something that was almost a whisper. And while she was looking at her, all at once she began to sob, and I heard her trying to speak through her sobs. "Oh, God, forgive me, but he'll die. I've got to get money for food and medicines—we haven't anything to eat. And I don't care what happens to me, if he'll only live!"

"What are you talking about?" I asked. But I didn't need to ask. I saw it all in a flash. The poor kid was on her uppers. This boy she liked was next to dying in the other room. And she had decided to save him at the price

of her own goodness. It hurt me so it sickened me.

I thought of my sister, and I saw red. And then for the first time in my life I fell down on a job.

"How much money do you want?" I asked. "I suppose there's grub and doctors to begin with. And then there's this rent. How long do you owe on that?"

"Three months," she faltered.

I whistled. "I guess you'd like to pay Burke, too."

I looked at her again. She seemed so weak and frightened standing there in the darkness, that I'd have hurt a baby quicker. I put my hand in my pocket, and pulled out the wad Boss Burke had given me. I took it in half, and handed one of the halves to her. She took it from me in a sort of dazed way, and held it, without saying a word. Her head was bent over it, just looking at it as if she were stupid or something.

I turned like a shot. I didn't want any thanks—from her. And I ran down stairs as if I were scared of something. When I got outside I felt better. I'd saved her anyway from going on the streets like my poorer sister.

## A Girl—Her Lover A Ward Boss, who wants Her A Gangster—

But the Boss didn't know  
the Gangster had had a Sister

However, I won't say I didn't feel cheap the next morning at Benny's. It looked to me then like a dream. Here I was on a job to get rid of this boy, Arthur Drew, and what must I do but go and see that he gets the best of everything in the way of foods and medicines and treatment.

I thought of what Boss Burke would do if he ever heard what happened, and I felt uncomfortable. I knew I'd have to stall on this job, and I couldn't figure out what to tell him. Then the next morning I had a message from Burke's office, telling me to report there, and I went around wondering what had happened.

The boss was sitting at his desk just as quiet as ever with his smile not the least changed. I felt easy then. He couldn't have learned anything anyway, as I'd told myself fifty times. But his first words shook me up.

"Jimmy O'Brien," he said in his purring voice, "you dirty scab, you! So you double-crossed me the other night, did you?"

He slapped open a drawer, whipped out an envelope with some bills inside of it, and shoved it across towards me. I looked at it, and realized what a blunder I had made. It was the envelope containing the money I'd slipped to Jean Davis a couple of nights before. It was also the envelope that Boss Burke had given me my advance in! Without thinking I'd turned it over to the girl, and it had turned up like a witness against me. I knew there was no use denying anything.

BURKE continued smiling at me. You'd have thought I was his best friend.

"I'm going to send you up, Jimmy," he said. "I can fix that, I guess. And I'll get someone with real guts to finish this job for me. But before I



put the cops on you, I thought I'd call you over, just out of curiosity, and find out what you meant by it."

I felt pretty down in the mouth. I knew he meant what he said. He could get me sent up for as long as he liked. And if I could say against him, he would stand about as much chance of being heard as a whisper in a cyclone. I felt low about it all right. Going to jail at forty isn't any easier than going there at thirty. I came back gotten me in the end, and funnily enough, it was the one time when I'd done a decent act, too.

"But I was sore, and I felt like speaking my mind. 'Sure I gave her the money,' I said. 'If I had he'd shed his zone on the streets for it. And I'd do it again, too.'"

Burke lifted his eyebrows. He looked surprised. "I didn't know about that," he said. "What happened?"

"Well, I told him about her, and how I had come to do the thing, and when I was through I realized I had saved myself by speaking.

"Jimmy," he said, "you did me a turn without knowing it. I'm glad you did. I could see, and I'm going to let you off. However, I want proof that you're on the level with me. I'll give you another chance at the same job. You can keep away from the girl. Just get rid of Drew. I'll take care of him."

He smiled at me more than ever. I did some quick thinking. After all, I couldn't fight Boss Burke. If he had his eye on this Davis girl, she was done. I might just as well save my own skin. As any cop could probably take care of herself. I'd get rid of Arthur Drew just as I'd promised. You see, I hadn't any love for a long stretch at hard labor, and I'd lived too long for myself to start any sacrifice stunts.

"Burke and I had a long talk, and I mapped out a kind of plan that struck him as all right. That afternoon I went down to West Street and looked up a longshoreman I knew. I told him what I wanted."

Half an hour later I was talking in the cabin of a tramp schooner to her captain. He was a hard-bitten old man with a scar down his cheek, and ugly eyes like a weasel. I could see, I could see, I think he'd have done what I asked just for the pleasure of doing it. When in addition I showed him the roll that Burke had given me for the purpose, and planked down part of it, his face lit up and he smiled.

"We was sailing that night with the out tide, and was to be at sea for nearly two months before he made port again. And that was in Africa."

All right, Captain. And that's the money I'll give you. All right. The rest of the money will arrive with me, too."

"I'll wait for you," he said, and poured out a couple of drinks before I shook hands and left.

Then I called up the boss, and told him what I'd done. Meanwhile I'd got a taxicab driver, who was a friend of mine, all signed up, and everything geared right. Burke was pleased.

"Jimmy, you've done a good job," he said. "After all, I told him I'd bring the rest of your pay with me when I come around. Also I'll call up headquarters and have the cops fixed all along your route so you won't have any trouble."

When I'd finished I didn't feel cheerful somehow. I was gloomy the rest of the afternoon, and I was half hoping that the evening wouldn't come. For I'd settled, you see, to shanghai this girl, Arthur Drew, on that tramp schooner, and get him out of the way for the boss. With the kid gone, Jean Davis wouldn't have a chance. Sick as he was, he kept up her courage. The boss had told me a few things about him in the morning, and I could see why he wanted to get rid of him badly. Burke had hounded him in his jobs, put all sorts of obstacles in his way, and yet, without money or any kind of pull, the kid just kept bobbing up each time like Indiana Jones. He had spunk all right. But now he was done for.

It was about nine o'clock that I met the boss at his club. We went into a cab and went down to Sixteenth Street. Burke was in good humor, though he didn't say much. He had a new pipe in his cigar, and kept looking out of the window as if he couldn't wait until we got there.

The plan we'd hit upon was so simple it didn't deserve to be called a plan. I was to go to the apartment, grab young Drew, and carry him down to the taxi I had waiting. The next he knew he would be on board the tramp, nosing out into the bay, and I would have my two-fifty and the boss would be glad to see me. I'd had my share of money, and I supposed he had some private idea

afterwards, though if so, he didn't tell me about it. All I could attend to was getting straight with him, and getting the rest of the money. After that I had a notion of my own.

"When we arrived at the apartment I went upstairs with the boss just behind me. He told me he would wait in the hallway a second while I went inside and got the boy. He stepped back into the shadows and I knocked."

"This day came to the door. She looked at me for a second without recognizing me. Then she saw who I was. Well, you'd have thought I was Santa Claus."

"Come in!" she said, "oh, come in! I want you to see him. He's getting along wonderfully. He has a wonderful constitution. I guess nothing can hold him back," she ended proudly.

I didn't say anything. I just gripped my teeth for what I was about to do, and myself the job would be all over in half an hour. When I got inside I found Arthur Drew sitting up in a chair in the room down the corridor. He was white still, but he was certainly looking better. He stuck out his hand to me.

"I know what you did the other night," he said in a whispering voice. "And I'm not forgetting it either. Someday I'll do you just as big a favor."

I looked at him, and wished the thing was done. To me about that time the favors he was going to do me some day, and to look at him, sitting there so pale and weak, took the spirit out of me for the job. I knew I'd have to act quick before I made a fool of myself again.

As that was what the girl do but her soft fingers around my hand, and begin to cry.

"You saved his life the other night," she said. "And mine, too. I think you're the best man that ever lived!"

At that I knew I had to get to work right away. I shook her off, and went over to Drew. I picked him up in my arms like a feather. He was too weak to stand, and though I had a handkerchief all ready, I didn't stop to shove it into his mouth. I didn't trust myself to speak. I walked straight out down the corridor, and pushed open the door to the room. I laid so Boss Burke slipped past me.

"Good work, Jimmy," he said in his low voice, and went inside into the apartment. I started for the stairs, but I must have gone pretty slow. For I wasn't far away when I heard Jean Davis scream. I didn't stop to cry out and though I had a handkerchief I just couldn't do it, not without taking one more look at her before I went.

With Drew in my arms, and his head fallen over on one side from astonishment or exhaustion or both, I went on to the room. In the room of the corridor I saw the girl. Burke had her in his fat arms, and she was trying to get away, and not succeeding.

Everything went dizzy for me. All I could think of was my poor kid sister. But I couldn't stop. I told myself I was cutting my throat, but I didn't care. I was going to do something—I didn't know what—if I was sent for life for it.

Everything went into the apartment like a shot. I put the Drew boy into a chair. And then I went up to Boss Burke, and touched him on the shoulder.

"What's you want?" he snapped at me suddenly. Across his thick neck I could see Jean Davis with her terrified and bewildered eyes. Then I had my big idea.

I gripped Burke so quick he didn't know what struck him. Then I shoved the big ball of a handkerchief into his mouth, and grasped his two wrists with one hand. I lifted him in my arms. I want you to see him."

"Want?" I said, and I was so mad I felt I'd like to choke the life out of him, "why, Steve Burke, I want you."

I went out of the doorway, and this time I didn't wait. I carried him downstairs on the run. I suppose I was pretty careless, for when I got into the street, he jerked himself free, tugged out the handkerchief, and let out one frightened bleat. Two saw a policeman on the corner turn, even as I clamped my hand over Burke's mouth. I told myself the game was up already. Then all of a sudden the cop turned his back and walked away!

It was over. I was on my feet. The men Burke had had fixed. He was greasing his own shute now, and I could have laughed when I thought of it. I punched that handkerchief in good and hard to get it so it wouldn't come out again, and I carried Burke to the taxi that I had got fixed for me, and whose driver was an old pal of mine.

I shoved Burke inside, and my pal smoked it for West Street. Meanwhile I tied up Burke's hands, and his feet, and I got him up so he couldn't move, or squelch, or wiggle a finger. It took me back some

to realize how weak he was physically. He couldn't have fought a cat. He was rotten with soft living.

BEFORE I knew it, we had arrived at the docks. I carried Burke out of the cab, and went straight down to the pier where the tramp schooner was lying. There wasn't a cop in sight, everything had been fixed. Then I put my hand in the Boss's pocket. Sure enough there was an envelope stuffed with bills, just as he'd promised me.

"I guess this is the other half of my pay, Mr. Burke," I said; "you know, the half you promised me when the job was done. I'll take it now, thank you. I felt him squirm. But that was all he could do. Presently there were voices aboard the tramp, and the skipper and a couple of men came out and walked down the gang-plank. The skipper saw who I was.

"I was just waiting for you," he said. "We sail right away. Is this the man you want me to take care of for a while?"

"Right, Captain," I said. "And look out for him. Lock him up till you are well out of port. And don't pay any attention to his ravings. He'd tell you he was Napoleon, if you'd let him. Don't let him try to send any messages or anything."

The skipper shoved his mug forward, and the light of a lantern he was carrying fell upon it.

"Yes," he said in a nasty voice, "and do you think he'll get much chance to back talk with me?"

I knew the answer to that, and I paid him what I'd agreed, and watched him have Burke carried aboard. The last I saw of the boss was his head and shoulders disappearing down a hatchway carried in a sailor's arms. I stuck around a little, and pretty soon I heard the rattle of the gang-plank being shoved aboard. Then a tug came alongside, and gently pushed the schooner down stream. I stood watching it go down the harbor until it disappeared in a bunch of tiny lights of water traffic. I thought of the talk his disappearance would stir up, and grinned. I felt satisfied with everything.

Then I turned, found my pal, the cab driver, and went back to the apartment on Sixteenth Street.

I went inside, and saw Jean Davis and the sick boy. They looked at me as if for an explanation. I told them.

"The boss wanted me to shanghai you, Drew," I said, "but I shanghaied him instead. He won't be back for a long while. You've got time enough to get well, get a new job, and get married. If I were you, I'd beat it out of the city with your girl. Burke will be back from Africa someday, and though he can't do much if you're all fixed up, he might show a little gratitude."

Jean Davis looked at me with her dark eyes.

"But you," she said, "what's going to become of you? Won't he try to pay you off, after all you've done for Arthur and me? It's twice you saved us now! Aren't you in danger?"

"Me?" I repeated. "Not much! I'm bound for my Uncle Bill's ranch in Nevada!"

The Best Bunch of

Mystery Tales

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will be found in

Next week's issue of

Midnight Mystery Stories



# The Heart of a "Impanner"

A Serial by W. Carey Wonderly

CHAPTER XVI

What Kit Really Wanted

A HURRIED scud revealed the fact that they had taken the motor-car; Leinster said he supposed this was their privilege, since it belonged to Forrest Moberley. But certainly it didn't move Olive to laughter, nor help along the case of Gina Sevensing. Once it occurred to Olive that they had wanted to get rid of her and Kit, and the moment they had gone for a breath of air, Moberley and Gina had run off together. A second later, however, she was ashamed of this thought, and certainly could reason pointed to little impatience on the runaways' part to be alone together.

"Why, we weren't gone any time!" she kept saying, as she waited with Leinster for the starter to get them a taxicab.

"That's right, 'cuss' 'em out—I don't blame you for being mad," Kit said, standing with his shoulder brushing hers.

"I'm not exactly mad, but—"

"But they've ruined the evening, queered the party."

"They haven't ruined my evening."

"Do you want to look them up at the theatre?"

"No. No, they don't deserve it," Olive declared. "If they think we're going to follow them half over New York; if that's their idea of a practical joke, well, it isn't mine. You're not keen for the party; neither am I, now."

"Well chuck it!" Leinster proposed, as they went towards the cab.

"Yes."

"Good." He handed her into the cab, and spoke to the chauffeur. Then, seated beside Olive, he said, "I've told him around the Park. Would you like to come to my rooms later on, and look 'em over? I've brought half of France home with me, and set it up there," he added slyly. "What say?"

"Another time, Kit—and I'm awfully interested in your souvenirs, of course."

The words were lightly spoken, but Olive kept her eyes steadily ahead, and through the pane in front she could see the narrow ribbon of Broadway, then Columbus Circle, and to the right the cool darkness of the Park. Probably he sensed that she was waiting, almost breathlessly, for his next words, and a full moment elapsed before he found the ones he wanted.

"There's some embroidery which you and Gina would go mad about, I guess."

"You must remember to let us see it," Olive nodded, with an easing of nerves.

The cab cut through the Circle, and entered the Park, disappearing down a winding roadway where the mauve light from the arc lamps overhead came glaring through the leafless branches. There was a chill to the air which made the alleys nearly deserted tonight, but Leinster admittedly loved the briskness, while Olive was unconscious of the cold. Indeed, in that moment Olive was insensible to everything and everybody but the hour and the man beside her, and as a child waits in the dark, so she waited, impassive as to what, and knowing only that she waited. She had been alone with Leinster before; she had come in from the club that evening with him, and without the chaperonage of a third person, a chauffeur. But

OLIVE ADAMS, a young poet, meets Christopher Leinster, a good-looking young man of the upper classes, and is rapidly falling in love with him. She herself is loved by Dick Thurston, a newspaperman, who warns her against Leinster—he tells her that men of that class don't marry women of hers, but she laughs at his warnings. She goes out a great deal with Leinster, and is just beginning to discover that she is little else to him than a plaything—a companion of his idle moments. She finds her clothes are not good enough to warrant her going out so often with a man of Leinster's class, but Gina Steevensing, a girl of the "impanner" type, promises to take her to a shop where she can buy clothes on credit. Olive gets an engagement to tour with Edwardy, a famous musician with a bad reputation as regards women. Dick proposes to her and is rejected. Olive accidentally overhears an affair between Edwardy and Miss Bellwood, whom Leinster is engaged to. Olive calls on Edwardy to warn him not to let Miss Bellwood enter his apartment, as she will be seen by the newspaper reporters. Dick Thurston finds Olive in Edwardy's rooms and she tries to make him believe that she is Edwardy's mistress, and not Miss Bellwood. A few nights later Olive and Gina dine with Kit Leinster and a friend, Moberley. Before starting to the theatre Kit and Olive go down to the door for a breath of air, and returning to the dining room find that Gina and Moberley have disappeared.

that was different—or tonight was. Now she was conscious of Kit beside her every single second. That for a while they said nothing, scarcely moved in the cab, had nothing to do with it. He was here, and she was here, and man and girl scarcely breathed.

WHEN his hand sought and found hers, the act wasn't unexpected, and for the little Olive made no attempt to withdraw it. His words, too, found her apathetic; or perhaps she waited further, with dulled senses.

"This can't go on, dear." His voice was hot and hoarse. "I've got to say these things or choke. I look around, and I don't know what . . . some people are made of—not flesh and blood, surely! It's a farce they're playing, a farce, I'm incapable of. Olive, I love you! I can't pretend a friendship which I don't feel; I love you, and want you."

The words were spoken; she drew her cool fingers from his warm, damp clasp.

"Is that fair, Kit?" she asked, as if to ourselves, to the best in us! I love you—surely you care a little in return! And if you care, what else have we to consider? Olive, I want you so, dear!" She sat very still and straight, and her very attitude seemed to erect a barrier between them.

"How can that be?" she asked at last from dry lips. "Kit, you musn't. There is someone—"

"Someone?"

"The girl you are going to marry, yes." "She—"

"It's your friendship or nothing, Kit, I guess, for us."

He laughed loudly, unpleasantly. "Friendship! I tell you, I can't—I won't—play that white livered game. Good heavens, dear, be reasonable! What octogenarian are you quoting anyway? If you will only trust me, Olive—!"

"I've always trusted you, Kit," she told him. "I trust you now, even. You say you love me. Then, what of Miss Bellwood?"

"What has she got to do with us?" he demanded.

"You mean you aren't engaged to her? Kit, you either are or aren't, and if you are—"

She stopped significantly; in the violet glare of an arc-lamp their glances met.

"Good Lord, Olive, you don't mean to say you're an old-fashioned as all that?" he growled.

"Listen, dear; there are some things which a man in my position just has to do. It isn't what we want, always; but what we've got to take—nolesse oblige, you know. If a chap need only follow the dictates of his heart, why, you've got to do it."

"Yes, I—and not Miss Bellwood. Is that what you mean, Kit?"

He muttered savagely. "I wish you'd leave her name out of it, Olive. What has she got to do with us?"

"If you're going to marry her—"

"I expect to marry her, yes. Lord, a man's got to marry sometime or other. But what's that's got to do with us—"

"Everything."

"I mean it, Kit. I shouldn't have come with you tonight, for I saw the announcement in the papers of your engagement to Miss Bellwood. But it seemed as if . . . friendship—"

"Friendship?—bah!"

"You don't want me just for a friend, Kit."

"Olive! What rot you're talking, dear. Good Lord! As if there can ever be friendship between man and woman! I don't love me—that's it."

"Probably it is. I think I'll go home, please." He leaned forward and caught her by the wrist, indifferent to the fact that he was hurting her, bruising the delicate flesh.

"You can't leave me like this—you shan't do it! Do you take me for a papier-mâché man? How can you be so heartless!"

"What is it you want me to do?" she asked quietly.

"Love me! Olive, if you'll only trust me—Hush!—Wait! You'll never regret it, I swear it! There's nothing you can't have. Don't turn away; listen—You care, you must care a little."

She sat quietly, looking straight ahead of her.

"I deserve it; I deserve it all, of course."

Leinster flared up angrily. "What do you mean? I don't understand that high and mighty air at all. I tell you I'm mad about you—there's nothing I won't do, and nothing you can't have! Why, you'd think I was poison! Of course, I can't pound out stuff for the newspapers—"

"What?"

"I know all about the flat in the hundreds, where the Johnsons live!" he told her with a short, ugly laugh. "I've been a fool, and let you pull the wool over my eyes long enough, my dear. In the beginning Forrest Moberley

told me you girls were different—on the level; but anybody can put it over on that poor chap. And, by God! a writing-fellow put it over on me! I watched, and saw you come out of the Johnsons' flat with that fellow down in Thirty-fourth Street. I had had an anonymous communication—I was told to go there and watch and I'd find out something to my interest. I went, and I saw with my own eyes, by George! While I sat across the street in a taxicab I got just about enough to show me which way the wind was blowing. I recognized this 'Johnson' immediately—I had seen you with him at the theatre, one afternoon. I suppose I've furnished you with many a good laugh, but maybe the last one belongs to me. You can't come that high and mighty air over me, Olive. I know what you are, and all about you."

OLIVE heard him through to the end without interruption, and then it seemed as if the words weren't meant for her. They didn't touch her; they were less real actually than a scene from a play. It was strange, but she was neither very angry, nor very hurt—that would come later. It is true that her lips formed mechanically the words, "I deserve it all," but even then she was outside of the picture.

The car had circled the reservoir, and was coming back down-town; Olive could see the huge apartment-buildings on Central Park West. She began to count the lights in the windows, the windows in a row; it kept her fairly well occupied. By the time they had reached Forty-ninth Street it seemed to her that she must have counted thousands.

Leinster stirred restlessly.

"I suppose you'll be wanting to go home now?"

"I think I'd like to go home, thanks," Olive answered.

"If you'd only be reasonable—"

"She didn't reply to this, and he added, "I'm sorry if I hurt your feelings. Only . . . it's ridiculous to pretend when I know—when I saw—"

Olive turned aside, impatiently. "I wish you'd keep quiet—just say nothing more, please. I'm trying to forget you're there beside me. I shall be gone in a minute, and . . . I don't want to hear anything else."

## CHAPTER XVII

### Cured At Last!

GINA was waiting for Olive when she got home, although it was only ten o'clock. That meant there had been no party. Olive unlocked her door and Gina followed her into her room without invitation or ceremony. For the next moment or two there was a poignant silence, during which Olive moved about, deliberately divesting herself of her street clothes, and Gina sat on the side of the bed, watching her. It was quite evident that something had happened, and while Gina Sevening was anxious to hear the details, she had learned the wisdom of patience, and so it was Olive who had to speak first.

"You and Mr. Moberley ran away and left us!" It was an accusation from Olive.

Gina nodded. "Yes, I made the excuse that I didn't care to go to the theatre, and neither did he, of course. So while you were out stargazing, we paid the check and ran. I've been home for nearly an hour."

"You deliberately ran away, Gina."

"Probably I did."

"Why?"

Gina shifted her position, so that she could see Olive's face.

"Something has happened," she said, on the spur of the moment.

"Yes. The usual thing, I suppose." Olive's words were slightly cryptic. "Why didn't you tell me you were going home? Then this wouldn't have happened. Why, Gina?"

"Because it had to happen," cried Miss Sevening, impatiently. "It had to be settled, Olive. All evening I had been watching Kit Leinster, and—and I knew the signs. The man is wild about you! It was in his eyes, in his voice, in his touch. I knew, given the opportunity, you would either come home his affianced wife, or—"

"Or what?"

"Or completely cured," Gina said gently. "There seemed to me to be a chance that he cared so very much that position, money, Miss Bellwood counted for nothing beside you. I hoped for that, Olive. But failing that, then complete disillusion is best. My dear, I believe—I'm

believe—I'm

learn something to his advantage by going there, and he went, and he saw me and— and Dick."

"You and Dick? But what—?"

"He thinks Dick is the— the other half of the household. He saw him go in, and then saw us come out together. That gave him the right to say the things he said to me. I can't begin to repeat the awful things, but Dick—! I can't believe it yet, that Kit would say such things! It's like a dream, or a book, I can't just realize that it has happened to me!"

"I know; it's like old age and death," Gina Sevening nodded grimly. "I'm sorry, Olive, that I let you in for this, but it's better— better that you understood perfectly. I'm not surprised, and yet . . . all the time I kept saying to myself 'How can any man resist Olive?' Well, I'm answered. Let me get you some warm milk, dear, and then go to bed."

"Yes, I think I'll go to bed," Olive answered. And then—

"Who do you think could have sent him to watch the Johnson flat?"

"Heavens knows. And Thurston! Thurston would kill him, if he knew what Leinster'd said."

Olive turned from the mirror and regarded Gina with round, wonderful eyes.

"I guess I'm very wicked," she ventured; "but, Gina, do you know I don't hate him? Why? I don't hate Kit; I'm just sorry and ashamed."

In spite of what had happened Olive spent a comfortable night, sleeping clear through until a resounding rap on her door made her open her eyes, at nine o'clock. Then, expecting Minnie she called "Come!" but instead of the maid, Gina Sevening walked in. Gina was dressed for the office, even to hat and coat, and she had come straight from the table, where each morning she perused the paper, to Olive's room.

Striking the paper significantly with her forefinger, Gina said, "Well, she's done it."

Olive struggled to a sitting posture. "I'm not good at riddles so early in the morning. What has happened, Gina?"

"The Johnsons have disappeared."

"What?"

"Emily and Edward went to Connecticut last night and were married. It's all in the paper this morning. I didn't think she could bring him to it; I suppose it's another instance of where a woman wills, eh? I've got to run along but I thought you'd be interested. Au revoir."

She was away, and Olive sat there staring after her, with the newspaper clutched in her hands.

(Continued next week)

afraid—He's hurt you! He's not worth it! He's! Don't cry! I deserve it all."

"I told you, Olive—thoroughly selfish! You were just a toy, something for his amusement. I suppose he asked you to go with him to the 'blue Mediterranean' or the 'golden Pacific.' Now you know the breed."

"Somehow, I didn't think that Kit—"

"I didn't think it of him! Gina, it was terrible! I don't see how I am alive now. It's a wonder I didn't kill him, only—"

"Only what?"

"I knew the fault was mine. I blame myself. He knows about the Johnsons' flat."

"What?"

"Only—he thinks I am Mrs. Johnson. Gina, he watched. Someone sent him word that he'd



## NEXT WEEK!

When Thieves  
Fall In



# The Man with the Indigo Eyes

(Continued from Page 15)

me those things which he now denied. He was either a liar, or he had forgotten that he said them to me.

"Where were you during the last half hour?" I asked.

"I took a walk through the Square, and fed the pigeons," he answered. "And that's my own business. Those pigeons would miss me, if I didn't show up."

A great relief came to me with his words. I was beginning to see more clearly. Without a word, I got up and went over to Doctor Plutz's telephone.

The cord had been severed by a sharp knife or scissors.

"Did you know your teleph is 'vare cut?' I asked him.

"No!" he cried aghast. "What the devil—?"

"Steady!" I counseled him. "You see, there is something behind all this, after all. We lie you were out in the park's someone was in this room. That someone impersonated you over the telephone. They knew you well enough to imitate your voice, and the mannerisms of your speech perfectly—although I remember now that the voice was far away from the telephone. It could have been a man or a woman, Doctor Blutz. But it had to be someone who could slip up here unobserved—who knew the key to fit your door. You see, that's all."

"Yes," he agreed haggardly. "It's a bad business. A bad business. What shall we do now?"

"If you do just what I tell you to do, we can settle this matter within two hours. Is there anyone in your office at this time?"

Dr. Blutz consulted his watch.

"Yes, Estella—er—that is Miss Jackson will not be leaving for another ten minutes; in fact, it is likely that both she and Lesser will be here."

"Telephone them," I said, "but first let me ask you a question. Does Miss Jackson know that you have employed me in this matter?"

"Are you trying to implicate Miss Jackson?" he asked me suspiciously.

"By no means," I replied, "but she may be an innocent tool. At all events, does she know?"

"Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "I telephoned her this morning and told her that I had come to see you. Later I telephoned her again and explained to her that I was acting on your advice."

"You are a damned old fool," was my mental comment, but outwardly I merely smiled.

"Telephone Miss Jackson," I said, "and explain to her that you have dismissed me. Say that you are tired of the whole business and intend to take no more steps in the matter. Then add casually that you are going to take a long walk in Central Park this evening after dark. Tell her that you are going to walk in the vicinity of the obelisk in back of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. If she asks you why you are going to take a walk in the park simply explain that you feel the need of exercise and seduction. Don't give her any other information."

"Why should I do such damned foolishness?" demanded Dr. Blutz.

"If I told you why, you would not believe me," I answered. "But if my reputation as a detective counts with you in any particular whatever, you must put in one thing during his absence which you had better do just as I told you to. Just now you are the prize in a gigantic conspiracy which you have not even sensed."

Dr. Blutz looked at me fully a minute, then he said, "All right, I'll do it. I'll have to telephone from downstairs since someone has cut my own wire. Just wait here for a moment."

He left me alone; an opportunity for which I was thankful. I did one thing during his absence which helped me clear the mystery. The solution of the riddle was clear in my mind again. I wanted only to review the steps by which I had come to this conclusion and to determine the best method of capturing the guilty one. I had practically settled this in my own mind when Dr. Blutz came back.

"I did what you said," he informed me curiously.

"I must say that Miss Jackson seemed very much surprised and I want you to understand something else, Greer. That young woman has nothing to do with all this and if you try to make out a case against her, I'll not be responsible for what I do to you."

"I'm not a police officer," I replied. "I'm a private detective. What I am going to do is to solve this mystery for you. If you care to let the guilty

one escape afterward, that is your business. Now, let us go to dinner."

That dinner in a little Italian table d'hote was a quiet, almost truceful affair. Dr. Blutz had plainly lost confidence in me. Perhaps it was because he suspected that I should show him an unwelcome truth.

Finally we boarded a Fifth Avenue bus and, still maintaining silence, drove northward up Fifth Avenue. Not until we had passed the Plaza Hotel and the southeastern entrance to the park did I speak to the Doctor, and then I said:

"Doctor, do you remember the death note which you showed me?"

"Well, what about it?" he grunted.

"Didn't you notice any similarity in the handwriting?"

"No, of course not! And whose handwriting do you think it resembles?"

"I smiled at him wickedly.

"It was a very bad attempt to disguise your own handwriting," I said.

"My Lord God Almighty! Do you think I wrote that note myself?" he demanded apologetically.

"Not at all," I replied. "I know that you didn't write it, but the person who did write it would very much like to have it understood that you did write it."

"I think you are talking damned nonsense!" said Dr. Blutz.

"By no means! I am going to explain this enigma to you, Doctor. You remember that you told me that there was discussion in the society of which you were president?"

"Yes."

"You remember also that you told me that the election was near at hand and that there was opposition to your re-election?"

"Yes."

## NEXT

# The Silver Hat

## WEEK

"Isn't it a fact that you are going to be re-elected?"

"Yes, there is no way that they can beat me."

"There, Dr. Blutz, you are mistaken. There is one way in which they can beat you and they are on their way to do it. That is to create a general suspicion that you are insane."

"Don't shout. I mean exactly what I said. This whole grotesque practical joke that has been played upon you has been done with a devilish desire, the person who is responsible for it did so to make you tell your friends about it, with the certain hope that your friends would disbelieve you and think you crazy. That is the reason behind the whole business, Dr. Blutz. I am surprised that you did not see it in the first instance."

"But why, why should anyone resort to such mad folly, such elaborate preparation for the simple purpose of driving me out of office?" he asked.

"After all, the presidency of our society is not such a knightly dignity! With all modesty, I can claim to be the best fitted man in New York for the position. What is the great motive behind it all? Who is so tremendously interested in being elected president and of getting me out?"

"It is a person very close to you, Doctor," I said solemnly. "Someone in whom you repose implicit confidence, someone whom you are reluctant to hear a word against. I don't want to break your heart, Doctor, but I am going to show you the truth. I have been able to put my finger everywhere through this whole episode on the guilty party."

"That broken thumb of yours was the hardest of all. Yet after all it was simple. When I went up to your room just now I saw the shadow on your clothes chest. It had been broken recently. When I lifted it while you went downstairs I nearly broke my own thumb as it came crashing down upon it.

"Your hair turned gray because of a chemical preparation that was put in the lining of your hat. Someone who knew a good deal about chemistry did that, Dr. Blutz. Who gave you oranges the other night?"

He looked at me, his face turning a grayish pallor.

"Estelle Jackson gave me oranges," he said.

"And you found a death note in your breakfast orange," I said mockingly. "You shall see, Dr. Blutz. You shall see."

He turned away to hide from me the tears that glittered in his eyes. Suddenly he turned upon me fiercely.

"I have got to show me a motive for all this!" he cried. "And I want to tell you that I don't believe Estelle Jackson is guilty of this thing!"

"Not so loud," I said, "you are attracting attention. Remember, we are in a bus. The motive is very simple. Your society has just had left to it a bequest of \$200,000. The person who is elected as your successor will have the disposal of those funds. Your enemy will control the next president if you are defeated, and is going to skip with that \$200,000."

"My God!" he cried, "why didn't I think of that?"

"That is my business," I said grimly. "to think of things just like that. Now, you listen to me. You are at the next corner. I will ride one block farther. You are to walk over slowly to the Egyptian Obelisk in the back of the museum. I will not be far behind. Then wait for developments."

Five minutes later I crossed behind the northern extremity of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and, clamoring over a hill, crept behind a long line of shadows. Nearer and nearer I crept and then, drawing a revolver, I waited.

The night was dark. Behind a great drifting mass of clouds the moon was hidden. The wind crackled a dreary dirge through the branches of the trembling trees.

From the avenue came the occasional raucous chant of the auto horns and now and then a burst of noisy laughter. And then suddenly I heard a new sound. It was a mewling, whining sound and it rose from the playing whir of the wind, sharply, clearly with murderous distinctness.

"I've spared your life, I've spared your life. But you'll have more pain and much more strife because I love you very well."

"I am going to make you wish for a hell."

Waiting for no more, I leaped across the shrubbery with drawn revolver.

But I was one second too late.

Dr. Blutz crawling backward, his face covered with his hands, while there beside him stood Estelle Jackson, her hands held out clutching in her trembling fingers a long gray wig of hair, which covered in the black cloud behind a bench, stood the shaking, crestfallen figure of Edger Lesser.

He threw up his hands as he saw my revolver.

"Take down your hands and look, Dr. Blutz!" I cried. "Here is your watch. This is the former Professor of Chemistry of a western university! Here is the man who has been your closest confidant in your office, the man who was quietly campaigning to be your successor and grab that \$200,000."

"I've been a good man," cried Dr. Blutz aghast.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" sneered Lesser. "I have not committed any crime."

"Go, go, and never let me see you again!" cried Dr. Blutz, and as I lowered my revolver, the skulking figure vanished into the shadows of the night. We never saw him again.

Estelle, worried about Dr. Blutz, had followed him there and she was the one who got the glory of pulling the wig off Lesser instead of myself. Of course, Estelle was innocent of anything—even of suspecting Lesser.

I turned around to see Dr. Blutz gazing very tenderly into her eyes. If he kissed her or no, I do not know. It is none of my business anyway. I liked Estelle from the very first and I had known Lesser was guilty almost from the start. Even the orange and the watch gave Dr. Blutz had been bought for her by Lesser.

It was over the supper table that night that Dr. Blutz, Estelle and I made the arrangements for our professional relations, which later resulted in some of the astounding adventures which I intend to relate in these memoirs.



## The Great Conspiracy

(Continued from Page 6)

"The five women, Captain Corkran and his 'best man,' Channing and Case and the thin man in ivory were augmented by two deep-chested men in sleeveless undershirts, their faces and sturdy arms bearded with a heavy dust that perspiration had turned to clay. And one of these was grinningly declaring to the tall, gray man:

"Stripped bare, Chief. Not a thing overlooked. Some of you women get busy and pour a few drinks—now!"

Bottles and glasses there were aplenty standing amid the jewels and on the floor. And when "Captain Corkran" saw that they were all filled he winked to the prettiest of three young women and called:

"I say—I think it's in order to drink to the bride! She's a lucky kid—that you are, Daisy! It's why I chose you for this occasion.

"Now, the bride," said Channing. And when the glasses were set down. "Now, to the packing of the bride's bags. No one delaying your getaway another second. Besides it won't look right for the caterer's wagons to come up for the heavier stuff until after the happy couple have departed."

Channing stepped to the wall, picked up a large, flexible pig skin bag, returned to the table, stood for an instant finally glowing over the flaming brilliance of the sparkler he had packed in the bag, and back at him in the sunlight, then opened the capacious mouth of the bag and with the cupped palm of his hand began sweeping into it the flashing treasure as if it were a dress. The action amused him and looked up at the fascinated eyes of the others and said:

"Feels great, handling this stuff as if I was filling a bag of beans."

But once in a while he would pause to lift one of the largest ornaments and stare at its rich cluster of shining stones. When the table was about half bereft of jewels, he turned abruptly to Case.

"Bill, you and Maguire beat it upstairs now and give Mary a hand. It's time to go up and gag those women. Can't leave them here yelling their heads off to start a chase of us before the trail cools."

"To this Bill nodded full and prompt assent and he and Maguire departed.

Channing stepped the mouth of the bag together and the table was bare of jewels.

"There you are and, now, bless you, my children, to start you on life's journey," he grinned. "Get your bundles, there. Come on, all the rest of the bags of rice are stacked on the line in the hall. I'll throw the shoes. No let down—line right up the wedding idea to the finish. Now—what's the matter with Freddie out there in the car? He's getting pretty nervous."

FOR the horn of the automobile outside had sounded a series of curiously spasmodic, shrill blasts as if the hand directing them were in a panic. Then, as the tall gray man spoke in question of it, immediately following, came the ponderous, crashing descent on the stairs outside accompanied by a general, half-stified cry of "Go!"

Channing leaped for the doorway. He came to an abrupt stand there for he faced the big man of the pink face and black mustach. But his countenance was no longer pinched. His hands were green and the thick lips under the heavy mustach were livid.

"My God, Jim!" he gasped. "Somebody's squealed—the bulls—out in front—a gang—"

He had chance to say no more. The front door was forced in with so great an impact that its glass was shattered and one after another the bulky bodies of blue uniformed men hurtled within.

"The back windows," said the big man, and made a desperate lunge toward his accomplice, who succeeded. The other whipped about to follow but found in the dining room a group huddled in despair. A single glance out of the back windows gave the reason. Half a dozen policemen were already there, each with a revolver drawn.

The tall, gray man faced about at the cry of "Hands up or there'll be some killing."

Channing was looking into the face of Captain Hughes of the precinct, and recognition flashed in the eyes of both.

"Whitey Baily, eh? Up with your hands—quick!"

But the bright gray eyes of the other man flared with a further realization of the danger. He felt in his pocket and there was the sharp report of a pistol. But it was the weapon of Captain Hughes that had been discharged and "Whitey" Baily fell back against the wall, clutching his stomach. Fore-arms, his lips streaming invectives at the man who rushed

forward and disarmed him, until his mouth grew more ghastly gray than ever and he crumpled against the wall with sagging head, and swooned.

From below came the deadened sound of two shots, a crash of turning and scattering chairs and the thud of blows. Then all became suddenly quiet. Ten minutes later a yellow truck and smaller motor wagon both bearing the fashionable name of Terry drove up, the yellow truck stopping at the door. The driver of the huge crowd that had been drawn to the front of the Tellenbury house. And when they caught sight in it of the glint of the shields and buttons of policemen they leaped to their feet and with an exchange of scarce glances fled.

UNDER stalwart black head-lines that crossed the width of its front page a one of New York's leading newspapers next day announced:

"A try for stupendous loot that missed only by a hair—an all but successful attempt was made yesterday to plunder the private vault in the cellar of the home of Mrs. Repeatington Logan, widow of the world-famous financier, at No. 23 Logan Square.

"By daring and successful ruses which will be described, the gang of criminals under the leadership of 'Whitey' Baily, 'notorious forger and bank robber' of the previous session, and Miss Elinor Tellenbury, next door to that of the Logan mansion, put a force of men into the cellar, ripped away a large section of intervening wall and bored the rear of the Logan vault. This they attacked with acetylene torches, removed a large section of the steel barrier and had access to the vault itself. They gutted and plundered it of jewels and gold and silver plate to the value of fully \$1,500,000."

"The police descended upon the gang at the very minute that they were making ready to depart with their tremendous haul. The famous Logan jewels had been discovered in a tangled mass into a big, big, big—box to form part of the luggage of a fake bride-and-groom about to start on their "honeymoon" in an expensive motor car awaiting them outside the Tellenbury home, and the gold and silver plate had been packed in the trunk of a hansom and trays awaiting removal by two motor wagons painted in correct imitation of those of Terry, the fashionable caterer.

In the Tellenbury home was the ruse worked to enable the conspirators to introduce a gang of men into the cellar under guise of caterer's assistants, chefs and waiters. And the whole scheme for the stupendous loot must have succeeded but for the heroic and desperate counter-strategy of the Rev. John Crane, second assistant rector of St. Jeremiah Episcopal church on Logan Square.

In arranging details to convince the corner policeman that a legitimate wedding was in progress, 'Whitey' Baily had the audacity to forge a letter in the name of Miss Tellenbury summoning the young clergyman to her home to perform the wedding ceremony of the rice and 'Captain' Pollanabee, the bride of 'England,' at three o'clock that afternoon. The forgery of Miss Tellenbury's handwriting was excellent and the Rev. Mr. Crane all unsuspectingly entered the house at the appointed hour only to be abruptly bound and gagged and thrown into the library of the house where, stretched on the floor, was Detective Fred Rainey of Headquarters. In further and consummate effort to make the wedding appear a case of glass and silver was taken to ask headquarters to send a man to the Tellenbury home to guard the wedding gifts. And, of course, when Rainey arrived he met with the same treatment as that later accorded to the other policeman.

But "Whitey" Baily lay prostrate and completely yielded to despair, the thoroughly aroused young clergyman used his wits, and most courageously. He rolled his body to a nearby rear window, and deliberately forced out a pane of glass with his head. He applied a slow pressure of his head and while there was, of course, some sound when the glass split, there was nothing approaching a crash of the pane, and the noise escaped the ears of the policeman who had been fervently howling. Then with cool nerve he inserted his head within the broken pane and rubbed and worked the tape binding the glass in his mouth as it passed his neck just in front of his eyes. He worked until the glass adhered closely to the frame. And although he slashed his face deeply and severely in the process he finally succeeded in cutting the tape and thus freed his mouth from the gag. He rolled back and forth on the floor, rolled back in the room toward the center library table.

On this stood a telephone. He removed the receiver with his teeth, got Central, called police headquarters and ten minutes later a reserve force of thirty men from the Fourteenth precinct station had surrounded the Tellenbury house, and the daring gang of thieves—hopelessly entrapped. The police later found the plucky young clergyman unconscious from the loss of blood, but he was soon revived.

THE reader may find interest in an incident which occurred in Logan Square the following October when the stately old trees that ornament it had taken on their vivid dress of scarlet and amber. For this time the wedding in the Tellenbury house and the principals were Miss Alice Tellenbury and the Rev. John Crane. And although no detective was sent for to guard them, the gifts were costly and numerous. The smallest of these was from Mrs. Repeatington Logan. Some weeks back, she had summoned Miss Elinor Tellenbury, and the beak-nosed "dowager queen of the Four Hundred" then said, with her famous dry smile:

"Of course, I owe Johnny Crane something. At my age and with my wealth the value of the jewels does not figure so much but the memories they are ours are precious. And why would become of an old woman like me without her memories?" So owe Johnny Crane something, but most of all I am sick and tired of seeing him and little Alice making hopeless, moon eyes at each other in church and everywhere I come upon them. So at the moment your wedding is announced I'll write a check for the bride for fifty thousand dollars. I've been wanting to do it all along—they are both lovable children—but I had no excuse. But Johnny Crane went to work and cut his throat all up and saved my jewels and it gives me just the excuse I've been wanting. Elinor Tellenbury I shall depend on you to arrange matters."

The "queen" having spoken, that settled it.

## The Cup of Vengeance

(Continued from Page 8)

There was something strange in the man's manner. He sat with a hand shading his eyes. The fingers were restless—always restless.

"I had better go down the Haumont road," Paul said. "I have seen Renee. No, say nothing, Jacques—nothing. There is nothing for you to say—it is for me to speak. I congratulate you as you are at ease, his fingers twitches; and as you know, as you knew very well, I had hopes. I told you of my hopes; you shared them. You were my friend, Jacques—my very good friend. You know, you know very well, how I thought of Renee when I was at sea—how I worked for her. Well, well . . . and you made her love you. How very strange the world is. My friend! . . . That is where the strangeness comes. My friend . . . No, say nothing, Jacques—nothing. You are married. And, if Renee will not marry me, who better to succeed me than my friend?"

Jacques sat paralyzed by the man and his mood—nervously sipping his coffee. Paul fingered his cup from time to time, his fingers twitches; but he did not carry it to his lips.

"I was angry with you. I confess that now. Mon Dieu! I came down the road with heavy hatred in my heart. . . . I saw Monsieur le Curé and I spoke to him . . . and then to others. I talked to many—choosing them judiciously. I have been busy, very busy, Jacques, my friend. I have to tell you that."

"Feared me!" cried Jacques, half rising.

"Sit down!" shouted Paul, and gulped at his coffee. The sudden shout, the sudden fury startled Jacques. He sat down, staring across the table with growing horror in his eyes.

"Sit down! . . . My fear of you, Jacques. I said that you had stolen my love from me, from me, your friend. And that you knew I had made a will in favor of my friend."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Jacques.

"Oh, I died that very clear. . . . I said that I had read murder in your eyes."

"It is a lie. . . . I know it, I acknowledge it. . . . I have no fear of you. But that is what I told them. I said that I would burn the will so there would be no temptation. . . . I burnt it. . . . It came to you, Jacques. . . . I told them all that I should go to Renee tomorrow and tell her that



I was afraid to speak to you. That was a clever idea—didn't you think it clever?" He finished the coffee in one gulp, and sat up, his lips twitching, his eyes horrible.

"What do you mean?" whispered Jacques. "You shall have it. I have been a fool . . . but you shall judge how little of a fool I am now. Mon Dieu! I feel—feel sleepy—this room is hot . . . and your coffee is unusually strong . . . listen, I will tell you . . . you, my friend, I have stolen—that is the word—stolen landau and—and put it in—my cup of coffee. . . Do you see? The executioner shall average—shall average—"

Jacques stared and stared. He was nervous. The horror of his position burst upon him. He showed. And Paul lay back, growling greyer, in his chair.

## The Dragon's Eye

(Continued from Page 19)

"You have not only the Chinese to deal with, but others; and that jewel will have to be the means of calling off your enemies. The Chinese want only the jewel and will be content."

"Who are the others?"

"They are under the care of the Chinese owners of the jewel."

"I know of no one who should have any part with them."

"Perhaps you will know presently. I have had time only for the Chinese end of it so far. But in the course of my investigations I discovered that some days after that time of the looting of Peking an American officer was found in the compound of the American legation. He was unconscious, under the influence of opiate. His skull had been crushed by just such a blow as might have been dealt by the butt of a rifle. He had been trephined, but it was written in a note found on his coat that he would probably be paralyzed as long as he lived."

"My God!"

He was brought to this country, and a thorough examination showed that nothing could be done for him. He lived in terrible mental suffering until about five years ago."

"You learned his name?"

"At the moment." He had not been a rich man, though he had come to a family of social standing. In some unknown way, however, on his return to this country, his wife became possessed of very great wealth. She took her place in society, and her son went to every advantage of education and travel."

"The name! the name!" groaned Black.

"Somers; Captain Somers."

"Good God!" gasped the financier. "And Bob Somers—"

"Is the son."

Black fell back in his chair, ghastly pale, his eyes starting from his head. "Bob Somers!" he breathed.

"He knows every item of my business; and he is the nearest man to the Street."

"Well," said Sheff, eyeing the suffering man coolly, "you can see that giving up the jewel without terms won't rid you of the man who is, after all, the one most to be feared."

IX

THE financier stared helplessly at the detective who had revealed to him the wretched situation he was in. "What am I to do? Give me some advice! I am worth millions and with them I could get an ordinary combination of enemies, but these men are richer than I; and I suppose Bob Somers is directing their campaign against me."

"Frankly, you are in a terrible mess. The law can do nothing for you. You must extricate yourself."

"You will help me? I will make you rich."

"I do not want to be rich, but for a million I will undertake to pilot you through to safety."

"You shall have it," Black groaned.

"I must have it before I move a step."

"But how can I be sure—"

"You can't. Trust me, or pay my present small bill and let me go. You can trust me as much as I can trust you."

"It shall be as you say. Now what is your plan?"

"We must beat these people at their own game. They know they can do nothing through the law or they would have done it long ago. They can do nothing to you excepting in the way they are doing now. What the Chinese want is the ruby; what

Somers wants undoubtedly is revenge for what you did to his father. But this is the dead, now, and there is no way of fastening his death on you. He lived until five years ago anyhow. They evidently know you are the man, but they can have no way of fastening it really responsibly, since they have made no effort to do so. We have only to get rid of the Chinese; Somers can do nothing by himself."

"Why not return the ruby and end the matter at once?"

"I don't know to whom to return the ruby. You may be sure I have not come near the principals. We must find them and deal with them."

"Why not send word through those you do know. That girl, my secretary, could carry a message."

"I don't know you on the position of your Somers. No, the best plan is to seem to defy them. They have dared you to have your daughter wear the ruby at her party. Take the dare and give it out in the society columns that she will wear a wonderful ruby at her coming out."

"And risk harm to her? No."

"There will be no danger to her. Their intention is to steal it from her. What they want is the ruby. My wife will know the truth."

"I will engage a force of clever men to be present as guests, whose business it will be to keep near her, to watch every person who goes near her, and to be prepared to seize anyone who makes the first move."

"With that person in our power, even though it should be young Somers, himself, we shall be in a position to negotiate."

"They are so powerful and so clever!" Black moaned.

"I, too, am clever," the detective responded quietly. "You know what I have already discovered. You must proceed in my way. Do you not wish to recover all that has been taken from you? Millions! Do you not wish to render Somers harmless? You must do so. Then let me capture one of these men red-handed; let me negotiate. I will make those yellow devils disgorge more millions than they can count. They will give you the ruby for the remainder of your life."

"Have you any way. My nerve is gone."

"YES, that is your cunning intention. They do not want to frighten you up the ruby, leaving you at the mercy of Somers. And you would do it but for me. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, it is so," he agreed miserably.

Sheff laughed softly. "You are not even sure that I shall be in the pay?"

Black's flush was answer enough, and Sheff laughed outright. "Well, I'm not. I hate the Chinese and I hate these Americans. You may trust me, but I trust me."

"Very well, I do."

"Yes, well, have you ever had the ruby set?"

"No, I have always been afraid to do anything with it. I don't know why, but I have been."

"Then it must be set, of course."

"Take it out of the vault!" almost screamed Black. "After what you have told me? My life wouldn't be safe a minute. And what jeweller could I trust with such a stone?"

"The subtle devils! they have got your nerve! But I have thought of that, too. A ruby is an easy stone to set. We will go together to look at the stones, and when we take it out, the day of the party it shall be under guard of half a dozen sure men. Oh, they cannot get it from me."

"Arrange it as you will; I do not know what to do."

"Good! I will take care of it. I suppose Somers will be ready for the ruby?"

"He is certain to be. I—I have looked upon him as my future son-in-law, though nothing has been settled."

"And you will also have your secretary there. You can think of some plan. Have her go down the morning of the day on the pretence that you need to work there. But have her there. We may need her. A girl is easily frightened." He smiled in a way that sheerly terrified Black.

"I will see that she is right," he agreed.

"Let her know only a day before. And start the rumor about the ruby as soon as possible; you will know how to get the society reporters. Your wife, perhaps?"

"My wife has very little part in my life. My daughter will look after the social end of the affair. She will be delighted with the thought of the ruby."

"The ruby will be set in a gold band, with a plain gold band about the forehead, with the stone

in the center. It will be very effective that way." "Yes, was the dull assent. "Anyhow it doesn't matter."

"Let us go at once to see this ruby. I suppose you will leave the details of the band to me?"

"Yes, I will."

An hour later Black and Sheff were in the safety deposit vault. Black removed the box in which he kept the jewel from its place, and together they went into one of the steel cages. Looking to see that they were not observed, Black took out the ruby, unwrapped it and handed it to Sheff.

"*God in Himmel!*" gasped Sheff, "What a ruby! what a ruby! It is a shame to let those yellow devils have it."

"What do we must, we must," cried Black in a sort of panic.

"Oh yes, we must," sighed Sheff, deftly and rapidly modelling a bit of prepared wax to the exact shape and size of the stone. "It is a pity, though."

He had finished his model and was gazing over the ruby, when with a hoarse cry, Black snatched it from him and thrust it into the box.

Sheff looked up in surprise to see Black, ghastly and trembling like a leaf. "What is the matter?" he demanded.

"I—I smell sandalwood," Black panted.

Sheff sniffed the air. "So do I," and leaped to the barred door.

To be continued

## The Face with Three Crosses

(Continued from Page 13)

later; perhaps then you can understand why I write about it now.

This was the letter:

"Dear Mr. Sheff, we think we will be able to manage the divorce case without any trouble. Since Mrs. Guthrie's parents have taken her into their home rather than suffer the notoriety that would come from sending her to an asylum, we feel pretty sure that we will welcome a quiet settlement and not fight the divorce. However, to provide for all eventualities, it might be well for you to send us any distinctive letters or notes you have received from her since anything that would be evidence of her sailing mind."

"About the other matter: Miss Tillman's attorney offers to compromise, and we strongly advise it, as we have been unable to find a single thing against her character prior to the time she began work as your stenographer. In fact, you will be lucky to get out of the mess so easily, after incriminating yourself as you did . . ."

Ah, that letter! The poor wife—the poor Miss Tillman!

This house—it was his own. And the wife—had he beaten her? The house, it was far away from others. No one could have heard her screams. He had done it here now, with this wife who had become crazy. He had thrown her aside. He would soon be done with me. He would soon throw me aside. He would not marry me. He had lied to me.

And, as I stood there thinking, suffering, my heart became like red-hot steel. I thought of this cross of sin that I must bear. I would have to bear it alone. This man, this Guthrie, would not help me bear it.

And then I remembered the savage Penitentes, of whom you have heard maybe. They live in the wild districts of my own state. They do penance by whipping themselves with braided yucca baccata. They stagger under the burden of huge crosses made of tree trunks. No, I could not bear my cross, but I knew one who would bear it for me.

AND so, that is how this man, this Guthrie, bears three crosses. The large one in the center is for me. The two others are for his wife and the Miss Tillman.

That night, while he slept, I struck him with the same yucca whip, I saw in opening the bars. It was the boiling Spanish blood in me that gave strength and direction to my blow. From his pockets I took enough money to pay my carfare home.

I bought a bottle of poison. When he became conscious, I took from my jacket the bottle of poison. It was a strong poison. It is called carbolic acid. He screamed as the acid burned.

And that is how he bears the three crosses—on his forehead. I say to you, you will know this man, this Guthrie, if ever you see him.



## The mystery of the ten mummies

(Continued from Page 21)

the patriarchal stranger, prepared to offer my hand, but one look at his face halted me with a surprise.

The old fellow had two noses, one nostril for each and one turned to each cheek. He saw and understood my expression.

"I doomed to be explained dismally. "Thirty years ago I fell down that hole. I've never been able to get out. I am a Yale graduate; I am from Illinois. I broke my nose when I fell down that hole. It must look pretty bad, but they say I look all right."

"I never see you here. No, I'm from Illinois. I've found lots of things down in this place, but no mirror yet."

"I couldn't talk to him then. I wondered if Jeremiah and I were doomed to keep him company for another thirty years. It made me dizzy just to look at him."

"Say!" clattered in Jeremiah fearfully. "What do you get to eat down here?"

"Lizards! Lizards and snails, and a few frogs on Sundays. I've kept track of the time since I've been down here—every day. This is the seventeenth of September and a Wednesday, isn't it?" Eh?

"Buffum gulped, and I groaned inwardly, but the old man went on:

"I was a Yale graduate and a tourist, I tell you. I'm from Illinois. I fell down that hole. There's no way to get out of here. No way at all. I spent twenty years looking. The last ten years I've gotten kind of resigned to it. You gentlemen will have to stay. There's lizards and snails enough down there to feed an army, but the frogs are mine. I'm going to show you around in a minute. The hole is just as good when we say fall through there like I did. When the thin fellow tried to pull you out I pulled you both down again. Come on, now, and let me show you around!"

"I utter silence we followed him. What else was there to do? Dazed at the enormity of our misfortune, we let him lead us down the ladders. It opened into a majestic hall, of heroic dimensions, in the center of which was a most astonishing arrangement.

On the floor, in a large semi-circle, were ten marble slabs. On each slab was a mummy case, magnificent and ancient and of a rich air was heavy with the perfume of spices, and the low penetrating odor of that secret fluid of the ancients which held the bodies of their dead intact against the time, and which itself held the odor against the stenches and secret smells of ages.

"Be seated, gentlemen," urged our ancient friend. "On the floor. There are no chairs down here. Be seated and behold! Here are the mortal remains, the mummies, gentlemen, of the ten nobles of Sarat!"

"At the mention of the word mummies I saw a feeble flutter of Jeremiah's eyelids—but that was all. Whatever had been his purpose, it was now forgotten."

"The ten nobles of Sarat!" repeated the old man. "In the last thirty years I have put my knowledge of hieroglyphics to good purpose. I have read the inscriptions of the mummies cases, and I will tell you the strange story there recorded. After you know all about that; when you know all the secrets of this place, we can have dinner."

"Dinner! Lizards!"

"From what I can gather," confided the old man softly, as if he were afraid the sleeping ten would overhear him, "these fellows lived about twenty-five hundred years ago. Just about. I believe I can almost reproduce the language of their inscriptions. They say these fellows were the ten biggest hypocrites who ever lived. They were the nobles of the court of Ep To Bah, the third ruler of the third dynasty in the land of Sarat, now this desert. Ep To Bah was a man as noble as in the Heliopolitan philosophy, a righteous man after the manner of his religion, who viewed with severe distress the unholiness into which his frivolous, lustful, avaricious subjects were plunged. And he spent years and years in meditation, and finally inspiration illumined his thoughts; he got an idea, and he used to say in the States.

"As his court Ep To Bah called these ten nobles: Osephus, the Stout; Leophilus the Lean; and their eight comrades, under whose leadership marched the ten legions of the land of Sarat. He confided to them his grief because the ten ancient laws laid down for the observance of the worshippers of the sun were in dispute, and, my friends, he confided to them his scheme.

"I n brief it was this: He wished each of his ten nobles—whose mummies are here with us now, after all these centuries—to select one of the ancient laws and especially exemplify it. He wanted each to obey it in the laws, courts, and in the world; and that—but he desired one to be noted for this, another for that, and so on, that a living example and inspiration for each great law of the scriptures should be had to the glory of the king. To their own agreement—unwise man—the left the choice of the laws!

"The ten nobles went into conference, a conference which lasted long. At the end of the time they gathered in the council chamber, where they had been looked up like a jury, with happy, but sleepy faces. Osephus the Stout was the first to speak. He told King Ep To Bah the selections had all been agreeably made. He—Osephus the Stout—had elected to the most chaotic of all men. The young bucks of the land of Sarat would see in him a constant exhortation against the wild women. Leophilus the Lean announced he had taken for his law the one which required a son to maintain as magnificent a household for his parents as his purse would permit. Muhah, the Morose, promised never to gamble, and the rest of them, one by one, told the delighted king the law which he would seek to perform."

"Much happy, Ep To Bah bade them to depart, with the injunction that they return at the end of the year and relate in council how their plan was working. But ere my friends had the satisfaction of having hardly had a month passed, and word of the king's new organization spread through the land of Sarat, but strange, disturbing rumors reached the ears of the king. At first he sneered at them; but as they multiplied together, and all the Saratite monarchs when peevish, and again he ruminated.

"And again inspiration came to him. He summoned old Herlockus the Homely, sleuth by trade, and Herlockus he sent forth to find out what was wrong."

"Now, Herlockus was efficient. In a day he was back with a strange light in his beady little eyes and a few words to his nostrils.

"Bring those nobles in here! Is all that the hieroglyphics report him as remarking. "Arranged in a line, just as you see their mummies now before you, they stood in front of the throne of the king. Herlockus the curious king waited patiently to hear what fell from the lips of Herlockus. He did not wait long.

"Behold a clique of hypocrites!" announced the sleuth in a low, accusing tone. "Were in brief, O King, you have committed the offense against the letter of your commands, Sir. Their scheme has the diabolical ingenuity of the tribes beyond the desert, O King! Behold them; survey them, one by one. Look at Muhah, the Morose! You heard him swear he would never gamble! Not he, O King! He is the worst miser in the whole land of Sarat; he hoards every shekel that comes to his fingers. Gamble! Ho! Ho! O King! O King, gaze upon the tall, gaunt, portly beside him, Leophilus the Lean. O King! He promised, and you heard him, to exemplify the law which requires children to care for the welfare of their parents. Sure, he has no parents. They are deader than you, O King! O King! O King!"

"And focus, now, O King, on the short oleaginous noble, Osephus the Stout! His was a brave, worthy choice. He would be so chaste, so pure—no gambling, no women, no women, no women, no women, O King! He's a eunuch!"

"We were never to learn the extent of the deception of the remaining seven mummies. At this interesting point in the old man's narrative we were interrupted by a great hollering and shouting, coming, it seemed, from the hole down which we had tumbled. With precipitous haste we scrambled up from our postures on the floor and looked up inquiringly at the opening."

"And there, looking down at us, was our guide, squawking out a welcome stream of unintelligible Cairo gibberish. He had missed us; he had found us, and now he had found, of all impossible things, a ladder among the rocks. He added a very gently he lowered it down, and when it reached the bottom Jeremiah gave me a push that almost sent me sprawling as he struggled to be the first up the ladder."

"I LOOKED back. Our host—always I think of him as the man with the two noses and the old-fashioned clothes—was at the bottom of the ladder. We were in the hole with him, and he was looking up."

"But he shook his head mysteriously. "If you wouldn't mind the ladder—leaving it

there—I would appreciate it," he croaked. "But just now—I couldn't leave just now."

Glad indeed to be free, I stepped out. But no sooner was I out than Jeremiah beseeching me not to go away, hunched down the ladder and he was deep in conversation with the old man for five minutes or more. Then he came out again, with elation plain in his eyes. We left the old man his last farewell, but the ladder was closed and began the long journey back to Cairo.

I had no idea then of the sinister project formed in the kennels of Jeremiah Buffum's mind. For my own part my thoughts were concerned mostly with the sad fate of the man with the two noses and lived in the temple cellar, principally on lizards. I resolved to get him away from there.

What was my surprise, then, the next morning, to see the old fellow in company with Jeremiah Buffum on our hotel porch. They were deep in conference. I did not intrude. Jeremiah came running up to me and burst into in a whisper:

"I've arranged to get those mummies from him. Know why he wouldn't come with us yesterday? His pants are worn in the back and he was ashamed to come out. Yep! Walked clear across the desert in the moonlight last night. Yep! Oh, I'm going to take care of him, all right."

"An hour or so later I chanced that I saw the old man with the two noses, with a new suit of clothes covering his old bones, boarding a train for Alexandria. I have never looked on him again. He is probably a food expert now."

"But Jeremiah! He had turned a pretty trick. He secured those mummies, after a little difficulty with the government, and had them boxed and crated and shipped to Hopkinsville, where he kept them until all his other arrangements were completed."

"For what purpose, indeed? Stimulated by what had happened, I began to study the subject of mummies. I found that, under certain processes, these sad relics of a bygone age could be resolved back to elemental fluids, one drop of which, added to a hoghead of water, gave it a greenish tinge and a laxative value."

"Here Jeremiah had ten mummies, enough to dope the world with his stuff. I began to suspect the man who makes ukuleles and exports them to Hawaii for local color. I looked him up in the commercial agencies and found he was the principal stockholder in the Egyptian Balsam Corporation, manufacturing the most popular patent medicine the country ever swallowed."

All America drinking the distilled perfidy of the land of Sarat—it was too much! I had to tell it.

## Red Roses of Death

(Continued from Page 10)

slumber in "joints" where pallid-faced men and women babbled interminably while the "Coke" that loosened their tongues went round and round the circle. He dozed in "hop joints" heavy with the sweet pungent odor of Egyptian Balsam Corporation, against himself and his men which were his companions' tribute to a successful raid upon another such resort. But no one spoke the name of Preckler, the murdered news lad; no one rejected that Blacky Gilbooth's pungent odor. The "Killer" of the "Spud" Moran's finish was in sight.

As bitterly disappointing nights, Moran found the specter of defeat lurking ever more insistently in his mind. In his sleep he saw "The Killer" grinning mockingly at him. Awake, he found himself obsessed by a growing dread against which he fought with all the strength of his reason—the dread that "The Killer" had written the truth; that somehow, in a way beyond human conception, the dead Gilbooth did direct and guide and protect his living avenger.

EACH day Moran eagerly read the long columns of comment and discussion of the newsboy murder in the papers in the hope of finding that his detectives, working along the usual police lines, had taken or were using the trail of the "Killer" in the publicity bonanza of Inspector Boylan who predicted an "early arrest" and promised "developments of importance within forty-eight hours at the most." Moran recognized the time-old police cliche when confronted with the usual wall of unsolvable mystery. His men had not even been able to trace the common calf knife found beside the boy's body



MIDNIGHT MYSTERY STORIES  
ALL STAR CAST

The illustrations in this issue were posed by the following cast:

Miss Alice Weaver

of

"The Greenwich Village Follies"

Miss Bobby Breslaw

and

Miss Bernice Goesling

of

"The Gingham Girl"

Miss Florence Brooks

Miss Dorothy Knapp

Miss Madelaine Starhill

Mr. Charles A. Hancock

Mr. Ralph Moreau

Mr. Allan Simpson

Mr. Reginald Simpson

Mr. Louis DeKlade

Mr. Arthur Gowin

to whom grateful acknowledgment is made.

Note: Miss Knapp, who posed for the illustration on Page 3, was adjudged the winner in the American Venus Contest recently held at the Physical Culture Show, Madison Square Garden, New York.

to its place of purchase. Never in the annals of New York crime, had so atrocious a slaying been so long without a clew. And yet "The Killer," in defiance of all precedent, had led no clew—none except the gratuitously, insolently offered letter of which none but Moran and his secretary knew. And, working upon this letter clew with the intensity of determination which never before had failed him, Commissioner of Police Michael Moran on the sixth day of his man-hunt, was grudgingly forced to the decision that he must return to his home, temporarily beaten, and revise his theories, while he made new plans on new lines for the discovery of the phantom killer.

During all these days the police chief was buoyed by one slender thread of comfort. The "ad" "Say it with flowers," notifying him of the appearance of a second death rose had not appeared. For this he was sincerely thankful for he realized that a second unsolved rose murder spelled the ruination of his police career.

So fagged were his mind and nerves in his super-normal mental concentration upon his perplexities that he did not realize the definiteness of his decision to return to his home and begin work upon the case over again until he looked up through the driving rain mist which had been soaking him to the skin since nightfall and saw that he was before his own

door. He was chilled to the bone and shivered as if from an ague.

"I'll slip in and change my clothes after a hot bath and then I'll be myself again," he thought as he slunk around the dark and quiet Mews and let himself in to his home through the rear door. He looked at his watch. It was just midnight.

He saw no one as he went through the dimly lighted house to his rooms. He hurried through his bath and shave and then descended to the library where he slumped down upon a chair, an unlighted cigar between his clenched teeth, and once again lost all recognition of his surroundings as his mind grappled ceaselessly with its problem. He drew out "The Killer's" letter and re-read.

"There is a clew only I can hit on it," he muttered. "No man who ever lived, killed without leaving a clew. This man didn't—if he's human."

He felt a creepy, shuddery sensation flow up his spine as he wondered again if the man he sought was human. There was a step behind him and Michael Moran sprang to his feet. In the doorway stood his daughter, Dorothy—a pale, haggard Dorothy with eyes dulled by great fear. In her hand was a package.

"Daddy! Oh, I'm so glad," she cried and sprang into his arms with a sob of relief.

"What's wrong, little one?" queried Moran anxiously. "What has frightened you again?" "This," she answered, laying the package in his hands. "It may be nothing. I hope it isn't but, oh, daddy dear, there's something mysterious about it. Last night I sat here at your table reading after Mar—Mr. Davies left me. I couldn't sleep. I was oppressed by the same strange sort of a library danger I felt on the day you left. I seemed to feel someone or something watching me. At last when I couldn't stand it any longer, I switched off the lights and ran upstairs to bed."

"The girl's eyes grew very wide and very grave as she paused and took her father's hands in hers.

"Daddy, when I went to bed there was NOTHING on your table. I know. I am absolutely sure. This morning the maid found this package there. No one in the house knows how it got there. Oh, daddy, tell me what all this means? What is this thing that is threatening us. There is something. I can feel it NOW."

Michael Moran did not make any reply. With hands which were dirty and unsteady as they ever had been in his lifetime he carefully untied the string that held brown paper covering the package. Just as carefully he unfolded the wrappings. Inside was a card pinned to a blood-red rose, and on the card, in the same odd, cramped cigraphy in which "The Killer's" letter was written, was inscribed: "For 'Spud' Moran from Blacky Gilhooley."

Commissioner of Police Moran ripped out a furious oath and reached for his desk phone.

"When did this come? Quick, quick," he demanded of Dorothy.

"Sometime during the night. I was here when the maid came down this morning," she replied.

"And he kills within twenty-four hours after this is delivered?" Moran cried, as the time's up.

He seized his phone but before he could raise the ear-piece it began to ring furiously.

"This is Commissioner Moran speaking," Moran informed the voice on the wire. "Yes—Boylan. Another! Good God, where's—When? Within an hour, you say? Who is it? Do you know?" Not Rita La Verne, the Broadway star. Great God, Boylan, if this is a red rose murder I'll have to get "The Killer" or resign. Yes, I'll be over in three minutes.

Michael Moran's eyes were deep-sunken and his usually ruddy face was a pasty gray as he turned to his daughter.

"There has been another murder—a girl, Rita La Verne, an actress—stabbed to death within two blocks of this house and within the last hour. I'm going over and after receiving this," he motioned toward the crumpled red rose on his desk. "I know I'll find a rose pinned on her breast."

Moran caught up his coat and hat but Dorothy clutched frantically at his arm.

"Father, father, don't leave me in this house. The murderer—someone, something—was here in this room to leave that rose last night. He is close by now, he's waiting for you to say he has killed a girl. Daddy, I'm afraid to be in the house. Let me go with you."

"Come and be quick," Moran agreed.

Rita La Verne, danseuse Parisienne, as she was styled in Broadway's glaring electric signs was the reigning vogue of New York's theatrical season. She lived in a studio apartment on Ninth Street just off of Fifth Avenue—scarcely two blocks from Moran's home. As he and Dorothy hurried into

Ninth Street from the Avenue they saw first a curious, gaping crowd away by what lay silent and motionless, on the sidewalk under their eyes.

The Commissioner, with Dorothy at his side slung about the crowd through her heart—clutched above the body of a girl, beautiful even in death, who lay in a dull, red pool of blood almost on the threshold of her home. Her two slender hands were clutched upon the hilt of the thin-bladed dagger which had been driven through her heart—clutched on its hilt as if, even in death, she was striving to drive out the cruel steel which had ended her life. Pinned to her evening gown, where it lay brightly crimson against her white breast, was a red rose.

(To Be Continued)

## Ask Madame Pythagoras

(Continued from Page 14)

have intelligence and ability but not much imagination or versatility. Your judgment is good and your executive ability excellent.

SARA ROSE, Pittsburgh.—Individuality is your dominant trait. You have a keen sense of humor and you like gaiety and cheerfulness. You are a bit given to moods but on the whole make the best of every situation.

M. BROOKS, St. Louis.—Your greatest lack is application, order, practical ideas. You are romantic and impressionable, lack ambition and initiative but will do well what you are directed to do. Cultivate a practical sense—order and system.

JAS. L., Phil.—Your dominant trait is broad-mindedness. You are interested in all big problems—especially those that affect humanity. Your need is a sense of caution, and frugality—otherwise you would be over-generous.

EDWARD J. E., St. Louis.—You have a combination that makes you a sort of "happy-go-lucky" person. You like to enjoy life and you especially love the artistic and temperamental. You have sufficient desire for ease and luxury to urge you to attainment, if you will cultivate business ability.

MADELYN, Chicago.—You are artistic and temperamental; intuitive and thoughtful. You have not, however, enough energy to give you the urge you to very great stress in the artistic field. I would, therefore, suggest that you cultivate the practical side of life—otherwise you can not "cash in" on your artistic ability.

NETA FLOOD.—You are ambitious, capable and plenty of stick-to-it-iveness characterize your vibrations. You have tenacity and hate to give up so that you turn defeat into victory. A good executive.

HERMAN F., S. F.—You are inclined to start more than you can finish. You could not work for others. You must plan and think for yourself in all ways. If you have some one to carry out your ideas you would succeed best.

MARGARETTA.—No matter how you spell it, Margarett, in all its variations, sums up to a severe, intuitive, romantic, loving, thoughtful and sensitive to a fault. In your case, there is a love of a laugh, so that you always come back smiling when Fate, which you think rules you—gives you a blow. Just smile, you say.

JOHN FRASER.—The sum of all your vibrations is eight—which is a good number for you as you have cheerfulness and initiative and are practical. A bit stubborn, but in all, agreeable.

IRMA.—You are very versatile, and originality. Have an agreeable magnetic personality and the power to succeed in whatever you undertake, within your development.

ANITA FLOOD.—You are cheerful, intellectual and rather dramatic in your likes and dislikes—that is, all or nothing. Your need is more balance—more stability and application, and concentration.

PAUL C. M.—Your Path of Life shows the romantic, the artistic type. Your vibration is that of the dependable, business-like, rather plodding type. You are always between two desires, but the practical rules your life. You will do better working for others.

JACK, Oklahoma City.—Your motto is "Try anything once." You like new faces, new scenes and new experiences. You are romantic, and sentimental and fond of the theatre and of activity in all directions. Still, you are not dissipated or over-gone by your dominant trait. You have good judgment, thoughtfulness and intelligence. You lack a certain application, and determination to stick to the practical—too roving in disposition to succeed unless you bring your judgment to your aid and make up your mind.

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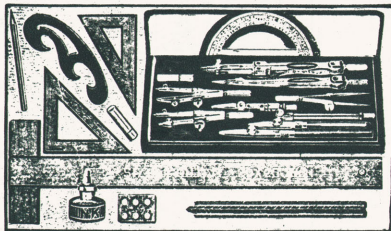


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