

# THE THRILLER

THE PAPER WITH A THOUSAND THRILLS

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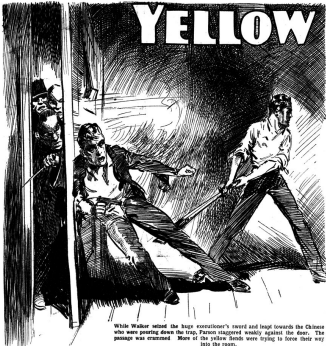


*A Powerful Long Novel  
of Drama and Thrills*

**BY MURDOCK  
DUNCAN**

# YELLOW MENACE

# YELLOW



While Walker seized the huge executioner's sword and leapt towards the Chinese who were pouring down the trap, Parson staggered weakly against the door. The passage was crammed. More of the yellow hordes were trying to force their way into the room.

## Chapter 2. THE GREEN TRIANGLE.

**A** narrow—countersoon on Police Constable D. Parson, generally known as D.D., looked politely amused as he stretched forth a snowy jaw and posed the collaboration. His clerk entered, a stolid member of the Metropolitan Force, singularly devoid of humor.

"What is the devil are these, Jones?" And he flicked the topmost sheet of paper which lay on his desk. "Advertisements for somebody's shoe patch?"

Jones greeted complacently. "Inspector Walker told me to leave 'em on your desk, but if you hadn't been away on an 'oliday you would have recognized them all right."

Without saying so, he conveyed the impression that they had a particular significance. D. D. arose and struck a match.

"Call Inspector Walker." He lifted the sheet of paper in his hand. It was plain as day still. He inhaled it to his tongue and found a minimum of dirt. "Almost like blotting-paper," he told himself.

The ink is the reverse of the sheet was a green

triangle. From his pocket he drew a small pair of calipers and measured the same thoughtfully. He was returning the calipers to his pocket when Walker entered.

"No man ever looked less like a police detective than did John Walker. He was tall, unusually so, and a slight stoop accentuated his thinness. His face was long and sober, and his chin was very blue and square. Few people had ever seen him smile, for he was the most melancholy of men. He extinguished a rifle pipe as he came through the doorway.

"Morning 'Commissioner," he said laconically. "What do you want to know? Beat it, Jones! Two good looks at you give me the jaundice!"

D. D. grinned and waved his increased clerk away.

"I want to know what this means, and what it's doing here?" And he tapped the sheet with a spatulate forefinger.

Walker smiled.

"I'm the closest cop in London," he admitted modestly. "And I don't know what it means—yet. What do you think it is yourself?"

"I'm damned if I know," admitted D. D. candidly. "It looks to me like an advertisement for a moving picture. Where did it come from, and why is it here?"

Walker lit a cigar.

"I bought it this morning—the lunch of them. They're new to you because you have been out of town for a month. How was Paris?" He had a trick of wandering off the subject under discussion.

"Pretty fair, but the weather was infernal."

"It always is," argued the detective. "Well, those bills started to circulate on the day that you left London."

D. D. looked up sharply. Walker was a great believer in cause and effect.

"So they have been in circulation for over a month?"

Walker nodded.

"And that's not all. London has gone Green Triangle mad. Every newspaper has carried a full page advertisement for the past fortnight. I estimate that at least two millions of those handbills have been circulated since you left. Picture houses have flashed Green Triangle slides on the



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THRILLS.

By *Murdoch Duncan*

screen. Aeroplanes have torn the design in the sky. There have been Green Triangle dances; Green Triangle skating clubs; Green Triangle cocktails; Green Triangle sandwiches; and just last week Lady Mona Custain christened her new Billy Green Triangle. At present I should say that seven million people in the vicinity of London are on tip-toe waiting to find out what the Green Triangle really represents."

D. D. frowned, being a more or less suspicious sort of person himself, he hated too deep a mystery.

"And what does it represent?"

Walker shook a puzzled head.

"I'm damned if I know. Maybe I'm getting old, but I've a feeling in my bones that it means a damn of a lot more than most people seem to think. Do you know that I've had more than fifty men working on this matter for three weeks now?"

"And what have you learned?"

"Nothing. We've interviewed newspaper owners, editors, reporters, copy boys. We've talked to movie moguls, managers, operators, and actors, and with it all we've learned just one concrete fact. I don't like that, no! If it were an honest advertisement we would have traced it down long ago." He lit angrily on his cigar. "You may have your own idea, Commissioner, and I'm not saying that you're wrong, but I'm Scotch by birth and breeding, and we Scots have intuition."

D. D. pushed his brows.

"It is damned funny. If it were an advertisement, the sponsors must have spent more money in advertising it than they could easily regain. But if it's not that, what the deuce is it?"

Walker leaned towards him.

"A crime club?"

D. D. did not laugh, for he knew his man. "You know something that you're holding back on me," he said slowly. "Well, that's your own business. But tell me more of this crime club idea."

"Do you remember Paul—Gregory Paul?" Walker asked slowly. "I don't think that you will, because we only had trouble with him once, and that was before your day."

D. D. shook his head and summoned his clerk.

"Jones, lay over to the Recorder's office and bring me a file on a fellow by the name of Paul—Gregory Paul—about the year 1918."

When he came back Walker took the portfolio and opened it. There was quite a shelf of documents, but he turned over until he came to the photograph of a dark, rather portly man with a mop of hair, thick hair. It was one of those stumpy portly

that unscrupulous police officials take, and showed up to advantage every bluish and imperfection of skin in the subject. D. D. checked the pockets in the underwear drawers. Underneath the pair was searched plainly. "John Geoffrey Paul, M.P.S." The M.P.S. was the prison work, and indicated that he had been strictly restricted.

D. D. read with interest the black record. Here in **Masses**, Paul had originated in England in his youth. He had been a chemist, and had taken a degree in a Midlands University. Before conviction, by his last departed. Before he had been deported, he had evaded the police for two years, and when finally detected had served a further term of imprisonment, following which he had again been deported. Since the date of his last deportation, in 1913, nothing further had been heard of him, and there had been no addition made to his record. Walker turned the black over. At the foot was an itemized report, detailing his characteristics, as noted by those members of the Yard who had been brought into contact with him. Together they read close, and at the foot of the column were these words:

"Eloquent; carries firearms; never works with women; is known as biggame; local hatred for British; anarchist (see H.C.P. 242 A)."

"Description of Convicted Person No. 242 A" was a pink, official form. They read it carefully, word by word, Walker taking notes.

"John Geoffrey Paul: (a) Adept listener; (a) Paul Katerfel; (a) Huge Straws." (These followed half a dozen aliases.) "Anarchist, revolutionist, Russian spy (language, service firearms, and will use same on least provocation); bright; five feet six; chest, 30; eyes, black; teeth, black (both jaws); mouth, large; complexion, rufous and pink; clear skin; nose, bridge straight; black moustache; face, post-marked; feet and hands normal; speaks English well, without pretentious; does not smoke; speaks Russian, French, and German with equal fluency; does not drink; anarchist; chemist of ability; studied at Birmingham; no relations; has been known to manufacture bombs; is known as biggame; has been restricted for theft, arson, biggame; deported 1922; deported 1912."

D. D. reviewed the report.

"And how do you connect this Paul with the Green Triangle? Always provided, of course, that the Green Triangle really is a criminal organization."

"I don't," said Walker very emphatically. "But he happens to be in London at present, and that's quite enough for me. There must be something big up."

"Not altogether conclusive," grinned D. D. "The fact that a criminal deportee happens to be in London does not necessarily mean that he is connected in any way with this rather puzzling question."

Walker scented.

"Suppose I tell you that he is running the risk of a seven year penal servitude conviction? Suppose I add that he has been living for several years at Monte Carlo, where he has one of the finest and most luxurious villas? Don't you think that he is rather peculiarly in coming here?"

D. D. admitted.

"You may be right. Let's hear now about the Crime Club idea of yours. What put the idea into your head, anyway?"

"Paul. Just about a week after this Green Triangle stuff started, I saw him in Bond Street. He was slender and grey, but it was Paul all right."

"Well, I happened to be thinking about the Green Triangle at the time, and I just naturally connected the names. And I know

Paul's record. It must have taken something mighty powerful to bring Paul back to London. What could it be? Communism, perhaps, but I didn't think so."

"By which you mean that some criminal purpose has brought Paul back to London?" "Generally." And that purpose has something to do with the Green Triangle. That's my idea. The Americans would call it a "knack."

The telephone rang as he spoke. D. D. stretched forward.

"Assistant-Commissioner Parsons speaking."

The voice which came over the wire to his ears was curiously soft and modulated.

"Listen carefully, Mr. Benson, I will not repeat myself. I am speaking on behalf of the League of the Green Triangle."

D. D. motioned across his desk to Walker, and the shy detective was at the door in a trice. It was locked.

"It would advise you not to attempt to trace this call for approximately five minutes. By this time you must be aware of the wide publicity which we have given towards ourselves. In accordance with this campaign of self-advertisement, I am informing you that at exactly twelve o'clock to-day Mr. Rupert Falconer, the Home Secretary, will be killed." He hung up.

"The door's locked," grunted Walker.

"Ring for help."

D. D. pressed the button, but there was no response. He turned his attention to the phone.

"Operator! This is Scotland Yard. Trace that call immediately. Plug me in to the supervisor's office." It was done in a second.

"There is no record of a call, sir," and D. D. swore and hung up.

"Get the switchboard operator downstairs," grunted Walker. "Otherwise we'll never get out."

He did, and of a sudden, asked a question.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "A gentleman called you up from my desk phone just a minute ago. I was called away from the switchboard myself for an instant."

A key grated in the lock as he hung up. The bellringer Jones swung the door open, and D. D. saw the stranger on his head.

"Gosh!"

The policeman nodded.

"Just two minutes ago."

As he spoke there was a muffled explosion, something from beneath their feet.

"Jones," grunted out Walker, "did you return that portable to 'Records'?"

Jones shook a sorry head.

"No, sir. I filed it downstairs in filing-cabinet C. I thought that maybe you would want 'em again."

They went down together. The room was in confusion. The door hung on its hinges. Every pane of glass in the room was gone. Indeed, every pane of glass in that part of the building was shattered. The alarm-bell was ringing in the corridor, and as they entered the room the fire alarm made their appearance. When the fire was extinguished Walker looked around, D. D. was standing at his desk.

"Good-bye, Geoffrey Paul," said the Commissioner sadly. He blamed himself for not having the records returned to the proper quarter.

On their way upstairs he accompanied Walker with the details of the call. The detective looked at his watch, a massive silver affair.

"Two minutes after twelve," he said dryly.

They heard the "buzz" in the corridor. Jones laid down the receiver as they entered the room.

"Message for you, sir. Sir Rupert Falconer dropped dead at noon exactly. Newsboys just reported."

When he had gone D. D. eyed Walker with grimaces.

"There will be Hanks now. I wish to goodness I had been more particular with those records."

From an inside pocket the thin detective produced the form in question.

"I told you at Scots had initials," he observed, and my intuition told me to hang on to all the information that I could get of Geoffrey Paul."

#### THE HATCHET MEN MEET.

THE room was furnished and decorated in unvarnished black. The walls, like the ceiling, were covered with black silk. The woodwork was black; the portions of black-satin, and the long conference table of ebony. So, too, were the nine chairs which were placed at intervals round it. There was but one light—a lamp of immense proportions—and through its green shade the illumination was ghastly.

To eight of the chairs sat Chinnaman, Olin, Phelan, and Inverstable, their countenances utterly devoid of expression. The occupant of the ninth was a Chinese—a European. He looked around him with interest, for while he stood high in his master's favour, this was the first occasion on which he had been invited to attend a conference of the hatched men of His Ming.

Dr. Lee, presiding over the meeting, was at once host and master of the eight. Blunt and invariable, he might have been carved of old ivory. Mapping on the table was a parcel covered of pure gold, in the days when the world was young, he called the meeting to order. He spoke in Chinese, softly and deliberately. Translated, this is what he said:

"Honourable gentlemen of the Criminal East, I have assembled you here this evening for a specific purpose. After many weary months of scheming, my plans are consummated. We stand on the threshold of a new era. Already we have struck a blow at the heart of these British people. At noon to-day, even as I planned, one of the foremost men of their nation was struck down. Sir Rupert Falconer, the Secretary of State, was the first victim of the League of the Green Triangle."

There was a ripple of applause as he ceased.

"And now, honourable gentlemen, we commence our war. The death of this Cassanian was a mere incident; a method of advertising ourselves to the city of London. However, we made one ally, small and unimportant though it was. Our attempt to destroy the police records of our illustrious companion this evening failed. Yet, I grant you, through my arrangement, but rather through the foresight of one of those Cassanian detectives. Accordingly, I have decided that he must die. Not in the same manner as the others, but rather through the medium of our long. Yes, gentlemen, are the foremost hatched men of His Ming. To you, this work should not be difficult."

Again he ceased, taking time to roll a short-paper cigarette. The faces of his Chinese audience were bland and expressionless. Instead of requesting them to murder a high official of the Yard, he might have been inviting them to dinner, in little concern did they show.

From his pocket he drew a portrait photograph, and laid it on the table face upwards, and directly in the light of the pointed-lamp.

"This, honourable gentlemen, is a photograph of the man you have to kill. You will each rise and examine it carefully."

They rose and filed past, one by one, each registering an indelible mental photograph of the portrait—Inspector Walker. When

They had failed. Dr. Lu replaced the photograph in an inner pocket of his perfectly-tailored evening suit.

"And now, gentlemen, we shall, in accordance with the rules of the Tong, Ho Ming, draw lots to determine the killer. It is essential that the murderer, for his own protection and for mine, should remain secret. I have here, in this bag, eight ordinary Sapa loaves. Seven of these loaves are white, one of them black. Each is wrapped in a tiny square of cloth in order that the colour may not show. You will each draw one loaf from the bag and examine it in secrecy. The honourable gentleman who is fortunate enough to draw this black loaf will find instructions on the cloth which convince it. He will then know when to meet me, and from where to draw his funds. Thus the identity of the killer will remain unknown. Done, gentlemen! May Ho Chien Kwi (God of Chance) favour you!"

They drew in silence, each pocketing the loaf. They would examine it for colour in private, the recipient of the fatal black one making known his selection to Dr. Lu in a certain decisive manner. The bag returned to the chairman empty, and he pocketed it.

"That is all for this evening," he announced. "You may now depart."

Silently they left him, shuffling over the richly carpeted floor. When the last one had gone, Dr. Lu turned towards the remaining occupant of the room—his Caucasian lieutenant.

"And now, my dear Dan, we will discuss other and more important matters. My hatched man will attend to Walker for you." His English was fresh to a degree, his intonation perfect.

The other sighed.

"I hope so. Walker is a pretty tough old stick. I don't think that any one man could handle him."

Dr. Lu laughed, but there was no mirth in his laughter.

"It is fate," he informed pleasantly. "The hatched man drew from a bag of eight loaves, believing seven to be white. Thus the identity of the killer would remain secret. However, in the circumstances, I believed I was justified in my despatch. All eight of the loaves were black. Whereby I violate Tong procedure, but I send eight killers instead of one on the trail of Inspector Walker."

Paul nodded. The arrangement was entirely suitable to him.

"But what of the Commissioner? Parson and Walker work in unison. Whatever the inspector knows, Parson will know, too."

Dr. Lu nodded complacently.

"At present," he informed, "Walker knows nothing. Tomorrow he will be dead.

The lightkeepers of Ho Ming will attend to that."

"And what was the verdict?" Walker filled his pipe, pressing down the tobacco with a fanciful ferrugine.

"Death from natural causes," said Dr. Lu, meaningly. "Don't smoke that damn thing in here. Have a cigar!" And he produced a box from his desk. Walker took two. They were Panatottis.

"Which means that this Green Triangle stuff is what I expected?"

Dr. Lu nodded.

"Have you seen this evening's papers?"

"No," said Walker flatly. "Is it published locally?"

"It is. And I don't know how the papers managed to get the information. There must be a leak somewhere. They have done just exactly what the Green Triangle outfit aimed at to do—given them free advertisement. Every man, woman and child in London knows that the Green Triangle blew up our office and claim to have murdered Sir Rupert."



Silently the sinister figure slipped out of the mist and slunk in the wake of the detective.

Walker leaned over and pressed the bell which summoned Jones.

"Did you give out any information in the reporters?" he queried sharply.

The clerk growled a dissenting answer.

"All right, you can go." He picked up his antique bowler and battered his mustache round his neck. "I'm going for a walk. This weather reminds me of Glasgow. Did I ever tell you of the time Jack McKinnell, of the Birmingham Force, went with me to a house in the Froggats?"

"You did," agreed Dr. Lu. "Several times, in fact. Well, I'm going home. I've a rather heavy date on to-night with a most unscrupulous young blonde."

"More power to your elbow," said Walker, as he unrolled his umbrella. "Where you

lappen to have some time to devote to work, look up Records on one Henry Brock."

"What's wrong with him?" inquired Dr. Lu.

"He lost the lobe of his right ear," informed Walker, and went downstairs.

The night was dark and misty. A thin drizzle was falling as he walked along the Embankment, whistling flatly. He stopped suddenly and stared into the Thames and heard its waters roaring blankly below. Also, he did not fail to hear the light padding of agile feet in his wake. Then it was that the knife missed his throat, and in a second his attacker was prone on the pavement with a long knee rammed fast in his stomach.

"A Chinaman," he said softly, and dragged the other to his feet. "Well, what have you got to say for yourself, eh?" he snapped angrily. "Quick, or you'll go in the river!" His captives man silently obeyed. "May heaven forgive me for my violence," said Walker, for he was a good Polytechnic, albeit he never attended church. There was no one in sight to see him. No one to hear the splash.

He probed the knife and confirmed his stroll, his conscience clear.

It was eight o'clock when he arrived at his digs. A hasty supper, a change of clothing, and he was away, but in his pocket was an automatic of modern pattern, and Walker was a deadly shot. Possibly that explained his present healthy state.

The colonel Ho Lee, promoter of kung-fu and longevity, and cross-legged on a divan, his arms resting on cushions placed before him, and his eyes wandering listlessly over the luxurious fittings of his room. The furniture was of King Po and rusewood, delicately and artistically carved. The carpet was an Eastern pile. The tapestries of black and gold, depicting in tabular form the life of Kang-foo-tan of the Middle Kingdom. Incense was burning in a brazier.

Silently Ho Lee watched the wisp of smoke. In a neighbouring establishment a Chinese orchestra was playing. The car-strengthened Sillies whined, and the wooden drums beat time. He heard the voice of a woman catch up the refrain, and nodded his ancient head.

"Ho! The grief of a wife upon her husband's absence," he muttered in the recognized ode of Tsun Hui. "The Tao should have provided her with some more profitable occupation," and he thought with pride on the diligence of his own three wives. He slipped his hands and colored his water-pipe. Ah Yuh, his youngest wife, brought it and lit it.

"Woman," he said, "you are slow," and struck her three times. She curled up quietly and covered at his feet. "Tardiness and inefficiency is the wife of a sage," he informed, "and neither desirable nor enforceable. That will be both a lesson and a warning, Ah Yuh." And he crossed his hands complacently across a stomach that was big with wisdom.

Walker came in, shodding mud and rain-drops, and the obedient Ah Yuh crept away.

Ho Lee waggled his ancient chin in greeting, and gazed impassively at the assassin's knife which the detective had left behind him.

"My son, where did you find this?"

"On the Embankment to-night. There was an attempt to murder me. What can you tell me about the man who owns that knife?"

The philosopher puffed complacently at his pipe.

"My son, you have a benevolent liver and a proper respect for your elders. Therefore, since we are friends, I shall help you—shall I not?"

He clasped his hands for tea, and when it was finished and the little rice cakes eaten, he leaned forward.

"Tell me, my son, was the man who attacked you a tall man?"

Walker nodded.

"Strangely enough he was. Just about the best big Chinaman I have ever encountered. Most Chinese are slight of build."

Ho Lee nodded assentively.

"A Mongolian," he observed complacently.

"The Mongolians are one of the foremost races of the world, with regard to physical attributes. You are more familiar with us Chinese from Canton and Southern China. So your attacker was a Mongol? Now that is odd! Also, he was a henchman of Ho Ming. It might be advisable that you take some pains to protect yourself in future, for this is an evil thing. These Ho Ming will arrange their henchmen. Now, I have a mind to call out the Hop Sing. We men of the Hop Sing have some faith in our henchmen," and he purred expectantly.

Walker shook a sober head.

"No Tong wars, Ho Lee. We have quite sufficient trouble at present without that."

His eyes were keen, but he did not see the concealed Ah Yeh, hidden as she was behind a table of covered oval jade. Neither did he hear her about breathing, she he had been more careful of his words.

"I think, Ho Lee, that there is a certain Chinese in this city who works my death, also the deaths of other Great Ones," Walker was ever modest.

Ho Lee nodded a philosophical head.

"That is also my way of thinking; we Chinese fear death. I can tell you of certain strange happenings in three parts."

Behind her table of jade, Ah Yeh fingered a slender knife, slipping it from a sashcase case. This she carried bound against her breast as thick as no one knew of it. She took in Walker's lucky fingers. Six feet three inches in his stockings, and she continued.

"The contract Ho Lee is fat and lazy, also he cannot move quickly, being of an indolent nature. Now, shall I tell this high man of the fat man and also Ho Lee?"

But even as she resumed her chance was gone. For Walker, who had sat with his back towards her all the evening, rose to his feet, and bending over, took the slip of rice paper that the sign had given him.

When he had gone, Ho Lee sat and smoked meditatively, and the woman shivered.

"Ah Yeh!" he called softly, and she came forth. He looked at her. "You have a task?"

She produced it.

"Yes! And with it I am going to kill you, had he said the Ho Ming?"

"Yes!" agreed the philosopher, looking just by to his son who had crept in at her back. "I think that you will now die." And even so he spoke the death over his shoulders. "Ho Ting, my son, this woman need be buried."

Ho Ting nodded his head in obedience.

"This high matter shall be attended to, my head, for I am a thin son, and this woman, my mother, was an evil woman. Thus, the dead may have knowledge of the service we render them, and my duty to her is completed. Tell me, air scholar, will my mother know of my high action?"

"Ayah!" assented Ho Lee. "There is no present urgency about that point. In the future we will know for ourselves," and he settled down to study the "Book of Changes."

#### THE TRIANGLE STRIKES.

WALKER, who was a careful man, slept that night with his automatic at his hand. As he breakfasted he received the newspaper note that Ho Lee had given him. It was written in English, in a fine

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lighted hand. He committed it to memory and burned the paper, lighting a cigar from the same match. Also, he left for the Yard three-quarters of an hour before his usual time. Accordingly, he was in no ways surprised to see a Chinese henchman arrive four minutes after his departure, and the driver settle himself to wait.

Rather positively, D. D. was in his office when he arrived. On his desk lay a pile of forms, records and identification blanks. He looked up as Walker came in.

"I'm taking your tip regarding this Direct person."

"When you get through," the inspector observed, "I'll take them down to Berardo myself."

On his way back he met Jones. The fellow stood up in a complaining mood.

"There's a Chinik downstairs waiting to see you, inspector. I asked him for his message, but he wouldn't tell me."

Walker hurried down, but no one was in sight.

"Yes, sir," replied the desk-boy just in answer to his request. "There was a Chinaman here a few minutes ago. I saw old Jones speaking to him. He said he wouldn't wait, but he left this message for you."

He produced a small bamboo rod, about six inches in length, from the drawer of his desk, and shook it.

Walker took it carefully, having received anonymous parcels in the past. He carried it up to his own room and laid it on his desk, then called D. D. on the desk phone. The Assistant-Commissioner came up immediately.

"Look the door," said Walker, and when it was done, he took a long taper from a drawer.

"What is it?" asked D. D. curiously. "I've seen this before. Is there a message in it?" He was familiar with the Eastern method, having been a Commissioner in Malaya for some time.

"Maybe," said Walker, who was naturally sceptical. "But it may also be a present from the Green Triangle. I'm too valuable a man for the Yard to lose," and he applied the lighted taper to the end of the bamboo rod, which was sealed with wax.

"What do you expect?" queried D. D.

"Anything," granted Walker. "We'll soon see."

As he spoke there was a hiss, and through the dripping was shot a tiny green form, spitting, leaving its minute tail.

"By god! A snake!" roared the detective, and promptly despatched it with a blow of the poker. "That wasn't quite what I expected. Doesn't look very dangerous, does it?" He held the tiny reptile up by its tail, and it was barely four inches in length.

D. D. sucked in his breath.

"Dear Patrick—the green water-snake of Malaya! Walker, you have had a narrow escape. If you had opened that case with your fingers, hooking the seal with your thumb, you would be a dead man now. That little fellow is more deadly than a rattlesnake."

Walker crossed an unshaven jaw.

"So far, the Green Triangle seem to be rather busy."

The handle of the door turned as he spoke. D. D. unlocked it to face his desk.

"The major is downstairs looking for you," he informed. "I thought I'd find you here." He saw the snake, lying as it was on the desk, and moved about to speak. Walker, however, forestalled him.

"A little experiment," he suggested, and Jones, who was accustomed to unusual sights, nodded comprehensively.

Major Waterston, the Chief Commissioner, was a large man with the shoulders of an ox and a face which might have been carved from solid oak. He was fighting a long black shaver as they entered, and he did not speak until his snake was functioning properly.

"Hear'd the latest?" he ground out. "But, of course, you haven't. How would you, huh?" And he bit fiercely into his cigar. "At ten o'clock this morning, Sir Arnold Fairfax dropped dead on his way to court."

D. D. winced at astonishment. Sir Arnold Fairfax was probably the most eminent K.C. in the realm. A diplomat, a silver-tongued orator, a man whose regular and austere mode of life had set him apart on a pedestal. That such a man should be stricken down was a calamity of almost national import. Also, D. D. was under no illusions.

"The Green Triangle, of course?"

Waterston nodded.

"Parson, this thing has gone far enough. It must stop—and stop immediately. At present the public is not aware of this outrage, but once the newspapers get hold of it the city will be completely demoralized. Two of the highest members of the community struck down within forty-eight hours. I tell you if this condition continues there is going to be a Reign of Terror here in London. Any person my offer. I might drop down here myself, even as I am speaking. These finks are diabolically clever, and they have contrived some infernally ingenious method of wholesale murder. Our doctors and chemists are puzzled. Of course, they have not had a great deal of time to devote to the matter as yet, but that fails to obscure the fact that they cannot form a decision. At the present moment only a very few people really appreciate the danger. The deaths of these gentlemen, to the average layman, will come merely as a surprise. It is only to us that the matter means more than a coincidence. But let another half dozen perish, and good-ness knows what may happen."

He was intensely earnest, and D. D. sat his throat tight, instinctively. Walker laughed one long log; he was sitting on the edge of the table. Waterston stood up.

"From now you are in charge of this case. Drop everything else. You can see every man in your department, if you like, and call on me for as many more as you need. But get results. Use your own methods. So about it as you please, but bring in the fiend who is at the root of this trouble. Find him and find the means by which he murders without leaving a trace."

D. D. drummed on the table lightly.

"We'll do it, sir. As a matter of fact, Walker here has a lead already. I won't say a clue, because it's stronger than a clue."

The Commissioner turned to the lady Scot.

"Walker, if you are instrumental in breaking up this gang, I'll have you a 'sugar' in a week."

The detective slid off the table, and, tall as he was, the major had to look up to meet his eyes.

"I'm on that," he said darkly.

That day they dined at Monchelli's, which is to certain people taboo. Walker had never been there before, for a fried strange satisfied his palate. He glanced around with interest. It was a place of white linen and glistening silver. His patrons were distinctive—people of culture, pleasure. Walker eyed the host of a nervous, nervous relief.

"What the dinner might there be?" he queried with naive caution.

"Overs," grinned D. D., "with pleasant stuffing. Try some. I think you'll like 'em. No! You don't see a spoon."

"You get so comfortably many knives and forks here that I don't know which to use," the detective admitted frankly.

"Watch me," suggested D. D. "You'll never learn any younger." He stopped short, for his eyes had rested on the broad back of the figure before him. Vaguely familiar it seemed to him. Leaning forward, he tapped Walker.

The detective nodded.

"I've had my eye on him for a while now. You'll notice I'm facing a mirror."

The diner had turned slightly, and D. D. shrugged his shoulders, for the profile, stress and forbidding, was that of a total stranger. Then he sat up straight, almost with a start, for the right earlobe of the stranger was missing. Walker nodded with an air of satisfaction.

"Excuse me," he said, and, rising to his feet, approached the other with a thin smile on his color face.

"My old friend, Harry Diver," he said, and sat down. The diner looked up in astonishment.

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," he said stiffly.

Walker shook his head solemnly.

"I never make mistakes," he declared modestly. "Last time I saw you was at Fontainebleau. Don't you remember me? I'm Walker."

The man gazed up the ghost.

"I do. Who could ever forget you? Why don't you give a fellow a chance? I've been running straight for years now, and I thought I would have no more trouble with the police."

Walker sighed in sympathy.

"It's our nature," he informed. "What are you doing, anyway? Writing your memoirs or running a chicken farm?"

"Neither. I've had some money left me, and I'm living on it. Not much, you know, but sufficient for my modest needs."

"By an uncle in Australia," said Walker, who was wise in such matters. "Some day I'll come and see you. Drop me your address when you're free."

He stroiled back to D. D. The waiter bowed at his hand.

"Diver" said he fully, and was amazed when D. D. informed him that it was not correct. He looked the wine list over and selected Burgundy.

"Diver" queried the Commissioner, and Walker nodded.

"That was the bird all right. I was rather surprised to see him here. Some damn for an ex-con," and he arose in submission.

"Just exactly where does he fit into the

picture? I'm dazed if I can connect him at all with this."

Walker watched the scarlet as he left.

"You don't know Diver," he explained. "I don't work with Paul. Maybe you never see that in Bluecoats, but I know it's true."

D. D. frowned.

"Why didn't you have him followed?" he queried sharply. "Moran knows we know little enough about the Green Triangle as it is. You ought never to have let him know that he was recognized."

Walker tilted his chin.

"Why should I? He is a perfectly honest and upright member of society. His uncle in Australia left him a million pounds, and he's opened up a chicken farm; also he's written his memoirs."

"He must be kept pretty busy," granted D. D. "What does he do in his spare time?"

"In his spare time," said Walker. "He is probably one of the most important members of the Green Triangle. At least, he must be an executive member of the organization."

"Moran" granted D. D. "Why let him go? I don't know how you found all this, but why let him get away?"

"Because," said Walker plainly, "I've no proof. If I told you all I know about Diver you would think I was mad. Recognizing him here was the cleverest thing I've done in some time. You'll take some whisky." He emptied the glass. "We know more about the Green Triangle now," he observed, "than they know about us. I'm going down town this afternoon to get fitted for a new suit. A superintendent must look the part."

#### GENTLE PERSUASION.

He Leu, the promoter of happiness and longevity, was a philosopher and a sage. Also, he was a head-man of the Hop Sing Tong, so that that which was not made known to him through his great mind penetrated to his ears through certain devious channels of the tong. He was, therefore, a person of great importance, both on account of his high bearing and also of his subterranean power. He was, too, a polyglot of reputation, devoting many hours each day to the instruction of his pupils in the classics. Bring above all respectful, those always addressed him as Ho-foo-tue—Ho, the Philosopher, just as the disciples of the great sage called Confucius Kung-foo-tue.

Accordingly, one morning, when Ah Top, a young Chinese student, sat before him, and addressed him with circumlocution, he was considerably surprised to be seized by the neck by a powerful highlander of the Hop Sing who had crept into the room unnoticed.

"My son," said Ho Leu, "I have heard much evil of you."

"Ajahh!" said the youth, for now he knew the worst. His face was impassive, inscrutable. He saw death staring him in the face, but his features were expressionless. A Caucasian, in a similar position, would have betrayed himself. Not so this youth of the Middle Kingdom.

"Remember Ho Leu," he inquired mildly, "what is to be done?" Yet he knew without the asking.

"Meditate," said the old man. "My son, you have been foolish. You go to join your fathers. First, however, you will tell certain honorable men of the Hop Sing of a strange devil mark, also of an evil Chinese."

"Sir Scholar," agreed the youth, "this I can never do, for I have taken the Sacred Oath of the Children's Head, and to speak would be an evil thing."

Ho Leu nodded complacently.

"Ah-ah! That is true. But the death of a hundred cats is not pleasant. Before you die I think that we will know more, for your stomach is large with wisdom. Be true?"

They bid Ah Top away, and when Ho Leu had finished his evening meal, and his four pigs of tobacco, they brought him certain information before disposing of the body.

Walker was partaking of a grilled chop in the privacy of his own room. It was a dull and cheerless apartment, with little else than the regulating fittings. He laid down his fork with a sigh and answered the phone.

A Chinese was waiting downstairs to see him.

"Well, hi, I'll be down," said Walker. "Lock the doors, and have him searched for weapons." His precautions were unnecessary, for the visitor was Ho Leu's son, Ho Ting.

"How do!" said Walker cordially.

"How is your father?"

Ho Ting bowed.

"The eminent Ho Leu enjoys the grace of God," he professed, "although his noble heart has been saddened by the birth of a pig of a daughter."

He pressed a tiny square of rice-paper into



The Inspector found his subordinate sprawled out on the pavement, and the knife which had killed him still protruded from his back.

the detective's hand, and left the room. Walker watched him go. Funny chap, these Chinese. He returned to his room, read the message, and burned it slowly. His fire was low, and as he bent to add coal, his eyes caught the figure of a man running in the street below. Continuously he approached the window, and there was a puff and a tinkle of glass. Carefully he edged nearer the window. There were two figures in full light, and realizing that the trap was sprung, he rose to his feet. From the adjoining court ran a narrow lane. Here, for two days, he had had a detective posted in a position to watch both his own window and that of the Assistant-Commissioner. Even from here, he could see the knif's protruding from the inmate's form of his subordinate.

He called D. D. Together they collected a squad and went down to reconnoitre. After the body had been carried to the morgue, D. D. was in a remaining mood.

"You must be pretty hot on their trail," he said, "otherwise I don't see why they should make such a fuss at it. That's the second attempt, isn't it?"

"Third time's lucky," said Walker. He was looking rather restrained, for he blamed himself for the man's death. "To-night we go on a party."

"Where?" queried D. D. eagerly.

"Lin-chuan. In the street of the Bronze Chrysanthemum."

"Never heard of it. How many men do you want?"

"Ten to cover it. Twenty to aid it. Better send forty in all. Get the Flying Squad; this must be gone about quickly."

"It will be," promised D. D., and settled down to hear the particulars.

In a fantastically furnished room, luxuriant with rich hangings, spacious divans, and illuminated by numerous lamps of porous oil, Dr. Lu sat on a chair of black wood, and addressed his company. It was composed of highlanders of the 86th Ming.

"Honourable gentlemen," he said, and his voice was cultured and melodious, "we have experienced a severe reverse. We have

made two attempts on the life of a certain member of these Chinese Police, and each has been repulsed. I have called you here to-night, in secret, to tell you to desert. The attempts of highlanders are crude, therefore we shall employ the means which were employed in the death of the high one of the natives.

"We have outlined a schedule of deaths for this next month. Two hundred of the foremost men of this land will be stricken in much the same manner as were the high ones we have already killed. And when this has been accomplished you shall have your reward. Money, beyond your most ravenous dreams; wealth untold. You shall all be rewarded in proportion to the service which you have done for the cause."

He ceased to speak, and his eyes glared with fiendish ard.

"Britain will totter. We, of the Celestial East, will return to our own again. Soon more we shall rule the civilized world. We Chinese belong to the greatest nation of the world; the only race which can endure. Our civilization is the most ancient of this earth; when those members of this inferior and infatigable race were yet in slumber, our ancestors revelled in civilized luxury.

In the past we, too, have had our days of greatness in arms. Turkish Maraboutes defeated our forces at the Marne. Our culture spread westward; from our stock came the Tartar race; we laid the foundations of modern Russia. Thus we learned the folly of war. We shall accomplish the subjugation of Britain, not by force of arms, but by circumventing their leaders. When their capitalists, we come into our own, and capitalists they must. It is impossible to fight us unseen for; to ward off the inevitable death."

There was a rattle of applause as he ceased. Paul, at his right hand, stood up, but even as he commenced to speak there was an interruption. A Chinese burst into the room, and a warning bell rang out.

"Fox gun police!" he shouted, and, drawing a revolver, fired into the doorway in which Walker had suddenly appeared. The lights went out, but in five minutes all was over. Walker lined his prisoners up against the wall. They numbered twelve in all, but

neither Paul nor the mysterious chairman was present.

"Bandaged 'em?" growled Walker.

He wanted to think. There must be some sort of a secret passage out of here. He knew better than to attempt to bully his prisoners into making a statement. Blood, impavido, they gave no indication that they had been engaged in a nefarious project. To the inquiries of a sergeant was returned the conventional "No arry!" And Walker turned away in disgust. He knew well that many of his prisoners were more conversant with the English language than he was himself, but in contact with the forces of law and order they invariably pleaded ignorance, both of law and language. Until an interpreter could be arranged for, he would receive no further information. Also, to procure an interpreter would be a matter of no little difficulty. No Chinese, even of an enemy Tong, would be willing to take his life in his hands by testifying against them.

There was a tramp of footsteps on the stairs, and D. D. appeared somewhat breathlessly. With him were two police detectives, and between them the silver Paul.

"We got this fellow crawling out through a tunnel," growled D. D. "There was another of 'em, but he got away. I fired two or three shots at him, but I don't think any of 'em did much damage."

Walker eyed the Russian with anticipation.

"Take 'em all away," he commanded. "This fellow's coming with me. I think that I'm going to know more than enough about the Green Triangle now." And they left the building.

It was ten o'clock when they got back to the Yard. Paul was searched and locked in a separate cell, while Walker detained three constables to watch him. Purposely they kept him waiting. At twelve o'clock Walker came down himself to see him. The Russian was white and shabby, and it was obvious that he had been commencing with himself. Walker let himself into the cell.

"Strip, Paul. Take all your clothes off!"

The Russian seemed about to protest, but the word on the detective's countenance forbade him. He stripped down to the skin. Walker produced a fat parcel from a capacious pocket.

"Put those on."

"These" were a pair of trunks and a thin silk undershirt. When this was done, the detective made a parcel of Paul's clothes, then stood up.

"March," he said. "Go straight ahead of me. That red thing in your back is a revolver. If you make one funny move I'll shoot you."

Under the cold eye of the guard they reached Walker's room. It was brilliantly lighted. The curtains were drawn, and an enormous fire burned in the hearth. There were three men present, none of whom he knew with the exception of Parson. Walker locked the door.

"Make yourself comfortable," he said grimly. Then, raising his voice, he shouted: "James!"

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk from the other side of the door.

"Stand with your back to this door," commended the detective, "and remain in that position until I give you orders to move away. Admit no person at all, and permit no one, not even an officer, to come within gunshot. Do you understand?"

The other growled a curt reply. D. D. grinned.

"How come the costume? This bird looks as though he were going to a track-meet."

"Taking precautions," said Walker calmly. "A man with no clothes on can't

For ten minutes the lucky detective pruned him, until the croak was reduced to a terrified mass of hysteria. "Stop!" he yelled. "I'll tell! I'll tell!"





make an easy getaway, even if he should escape."

"Two negatives—" grinned D. D. "You expect an attempt to be made to remove this man's corpse?" Major Waterman put the question sharply.

Walker nodded.

"He knows too much," he said grimly. "He'll either be helped to escape or someone will make an attempt to kill him. I don't know which it will be. Personally, I think they'll kill him." He turned to the Russian. "Suppose you start talking. I know you don't want to, but I'm going to make you."

The Russian shook his head.

"You can't see any third degree methods here, Walker. This is England. You can't get away with any raw stuff here."

"No?" said Walker. He was politely in-  
 brooding.

"No?" argued Paul with emphasis. The detective laughed.

"Paul, you are an Anarchist, aren't you? A dyed-in-the-wool Anarchist?"

"I am—I admit it—but I fail to see that that makes any difference. The law is the same for every man."

Walker nodded his head assentively.

"You are an Anarchist on your own admission. You preach Anarchism to the law. You appoint constitutionally appointed authority. Now, I am a narrow-minded man. Often I have heard Anarchists encourage the public to attack a military policeman who has appeared on the scene. The position is reversed now, my friend. I am going to attack you!" And he pulled up his sleeve, displaying arms of astonishing thickness.

"When you get ready to talk, just let me know."

The Russian started up.

"Get it out!" he snarled. "You don't land me out any of that stuff, Walker. There are three men in this room to witness you. I'll have the law on you if you start anything."

Walker spat on his hands.

"The three men in this room all represent law," he informed. "That lets you out. Any man who would deliberately commit to murder men as you have shown no mercy. Paul, you go to the cops. But first you'll talk."

E. D. hauled the table to the side of the room.

"Give 'em some air, here, Paul, old timer. I'll be your second. Major, will you go to Walker's corner?"

Watson grinned.

"This is what I like to see," he observed. "Two men who have had a discussion fighting the matter out with their bare fists. Eh, Walker?"

Walker, the third occupant of the room, frowned.

"Either? I'm fed of a soap myself!" Paul looked around wildly. Obviously there was to be no escape. Neither the Commissioner nor the Assistant appeared to be any less inclined to intervening. It was only two minutes a method of torture, Walker would hammer him until he split. He totally forgot that he was a murderer; a man who had deliberately pinned himself against society.

"Time!" said Walker, and Paul reached to the floor as a terrible rick connected with his jaw. He smashed to his feet in time to meet another, and dropped on the ground whimpering.

"Don't have any mistaken notions that I won't hit you when you're down," growled Walker, and the Russian came to life as a monstrous look leaped at his head. For ten minutes the lucky detective pounded him, until he was reduced to a screaming mass of lumps.

"All right! Stop! I'll talk! I'll talk!"

Ho Lee sat impassively on his chin. "I prophesy evil," he said calmly, "also the death of a man." And the next moment his two long-man had sprung on the teacher and hung him to the ground.



Walker slipped on his jacket and datted his hands with a handkerchief.

"Let's hear it, then. All you know. Catch him quick, Parson. He's lainted!"

It was true. The Russian had slumped over as to the floor.

"I must have given him too much," growled the detective. "Four score water over him."

D. D. nodded.

"I think," he said slowly, "that you won't get much out of him before to-morrow. Take him down to the cell, and when he recovers we'll get a written statement."

"All right," granted Walker. "Asking you say. But I've something I want to tell him. Something Walker here knows. If you fellows are going home, tell James to lock the door at your lock."

D. D. and the Major left, and watched the clerk take the key in the lock, then slip it under the door into the room again.

"Good-night, James!"

"Good-night, sir!"

And as they left the building D. D. was whistling.

#### THE DEATH NOTE.

D. D. lo moved with true Colonial stability. The goodness of his escape had not swayed him from his characteristic pose of expressionless blandness. Yet the doors of hate buried in his heart as he led from the lounge in the Street of the Bronze Chrysanthemums. He did not run, even he had left the actual danger zone. Also, it was typical of him that he made no attempt to progress unseen. He walked through the streets, openly and unafraid. In this he was wise, for to the average Chinese, one Chinese is like another, as are two peas from the same pod.

Softly he entered a certain dwelling, rapping three times upon the door in a peculiar manner. Inside, he sniffed cautiously across the floor. There were half a dozen occupants in the room—Chinese like himself. Blunt, expressionless men paid no attention to him on his entry. Instead, they busied themselves with their own games, ignoring him in entirety. Well they knew that he was a man beyond the law, but with true Colonial distinctiveness they preferred to let their eyes rest elsewhere, for they also knew him for a man whose safety depended upon others, and upon his avoidance of attention.

He passed through the room into another, closing the door with caution. On a tapestry which covered an entire wall was an image of the great Kwai-foo-tai. This he pulled

aside, and opened a door, cunningly hidden in the wall. Through this he passed, and the tapestry slid into place again. The passage he entered was as dark as the grave, but he passed along it as silently as a wraith, for he could see in the night as a cat. At the end was a block of white marble, and at the pressure of his arm a section of the wall swung in. His Chinese servant hastily assisted him through the opening, and it closed on his back.

"Heist!" said the latter. "You are only, honorable doctor."

He, too, nodded.

The establishment of the honorable Ho Ming has been visited by certain Chinese police, he informed. "This means that I have been put to a most serious disadvantage. Many of my men, Chinese competitors, have been arrested. Also, the Chinese whom I had chosen as a lieutenant." He paused. "This Chinese will tell certain things," he admitted slowly. "A-pak! He will be much safer dead!"

From a receptacle, fashioned of pure jade, he drew a pinch of tobacco which had been steeped in brandy. To this he added a minute quantity of the finest opium and rolled the mixture in a cigarette-paper of wheat. He clicked a match on his thumbnail, and lighted the cigarette. Silently he smoked, tilting back his low chair, and watching the ceiling. He blew seven smoke rings and watched them rise, his face impassive and expressionless.

Fu Ching, his valet, sat at his side on a small bench. His manner was that of one who is accustomed to awaiting commands patiently and of obeying them with promptitude. He, too, meditated.

"Hai-er! I have been a fool. Some Chinese has betrayed me. No Chinese could otherwise have found out our meeting-place. The thought that a member of an inferior and ignominious race could possibly outwit a gentleman from the Colonial East is unthinkable!"

Fu Ching shook his yellow head, which is the Chinese method of assent.

"Hai! Lord, that is correct. Now it seems to me that your stomach is big with wisdom. There must be certain men who wish your high lordship ill."

He, too, extinguished his glowing cigarette between finger and thumb.

"Go now, Fu Ching, and find for me a man of the Ho Ming who was not present this evening—the honorable Ah Toy, scholar and student."

"Estimable pastor," agreed Fu Ching.

"This I will do immediately." And he vanished into the hidden passage.

He returned in an hour as silently as he had gone.

"Honorable doctor, I have heard evil news."

The eminent Dr. Lo was reading "The Doctrine of the Golden Poisons," and paid no attention to him whatever. Instead, he continued reading his chapter, and then laid down his scroll with an air of finality.

"Hai-tai!" he said softly. "You have news? He is not known to the Yen gate, is he?"

"The honorable Ah Toy," began the servant in a sing-song tone, "has followed the spirit of his ancestors. No one has seen him since yesterday, when he attended for his devotion the class of the eminent Ho Lee, sage and philosopher. Also, the venerable Ho Lee is a Hay Sing. People say that strange things happen at his home."

Dr. Lo rubbed his yellow head in rhythm. "Who is this honorable Ho Lee that he should send his fellows after my nose? Tomorrow I think that he will meet a strange death."

The venerable Ho Lee clasped his hands softly, and his second wife filled his water-pipe two or three times before passing it to him.

"Ho Kee," he said gently, for she was his favorite wife, though she had borne him two daughters, "tell the honorable Ho Ting that his learned old doctor of him." Ho Ting made his appearance, and when they were alone: "My son, what have you learned?"

"Honorable sir," said the young man, "the dog Fa Ching has made many inquiries respecting the ignoble Ah Toy. Also, he has gone to a certain gambling house favoured of the Ho Ming. Now I think, honorable and venerable sir, that certain evil men attempt to compass your death." The philosopher shook his head in assent.

"Hai-tai! That I believe also. Many

men have attempted to take my worthless life, yet I still live."

"That is so," agreed his son steadily. "But, my lord, those men have a certain high passion which sends very mysteriously. Now, I think that I will call on the Ho Sing, so that certain men of those shades and immortal Ho Ming may carry their coffins on their backs. For, lord, I am a very filial son."

"Kai, my son," informed the sage leisurely. "Those things cannot be. However, I am pleased to see that you are a son who will be a comfort to me in my declining years. Instead, you will post certain strong men of the Ho Sing within my house, stopping people who would enter. Having done this, we will watch and wait for such things as may happen. But first you will carry a message to the long jaw poet who is a friend of my house and my top."

It was while Ho Lee was smacking his fat lips greedily over the last moment of his evening meal that they brought Ho Wo to him.

"Lord," said his son, "this man is a pig, and the son of a pig. Also he is a high-binder of Ho Ming. Now he has come here to ask your lordship certain clever questions, paying for this service with his great money. This, in itself, is strange, for I know him to be an evil man who has written respect for his elders and veneration for knowledge. Accordingly, I think he will do your high lordship evil."

"Hai-tai!" granted the philosopher. "Honorable Ho Ting, you are a filial son. Show this evil man it, however, and hide yourself behind these curtains. It may be that he has come as honest business."

And they led in Ho Wo, a tall man and thin, also a notorious hatcher-man. The sage did not speak as he entered. His wife placed before him the dish of hot water and starch, and when he had wiped his greasy fingers, she withdrew.

"Aj-yeh!" he granted, scowling at his visitor. "Am I a dog that I can have no

place in my own house? Speak, Ho Wo, for the illustrious Ho Ting tells me that you are seeking knowledge."

"The thin man shook his head in assent. "Kettanah's grime, this is true. For I have a certain high thought which has been troubling me, and my stomach it aces."

"What weighty matter can you have in mind?" queried the sage.

"Lord, it is of a woman."

"Hai-tai!" said the scholar. "And what do you wish of me?"

"Deliver me scholar."

The highlander spat.

"Tell me, venerable Ho Lee, what would you do if you learned and delayed second wife gambled various months of years and lost them?"

"Hai-tai!" said the sage thoughtfully. "That is a very evil thing. Tell me, honorable Ho Wo, did you give your wife the money which she lost?"

"Aj-yeh!" Am I a fool that I should give money to an honest family?"

"Then," said Ho Lee, "I am very certain of my opinion in the matter. First, I would beat her for stealing the money, to impress upon her that stealing is a very great evil. Then I should beat her for gambling, which is also a vice. Then I would very surely beat her for being, for that is the greatest evil of all. Then, attention, I would smother more heat her to teach her that I am master in my own house."

"Ho Lee," muttered the hatcher-man, "Now that I have asked your advice, sir scholar, I shall walk my way," and he stood up to go.

"First, you will pay me my fee," said the importunate Ho Lee, and watched very eagerly as the man drew certain English banknotes from his pocket. Accordingly he did not mind seeing the thin ruddy glove which Ho Wo wore on his right hand.

Ho nodded his head.

"Lay down your seat table!" And he indicated a table of his bed, insistently carved, which stood at his head.

"Aj-yeh!" suggested the other in surprise.

"Honorable Ho Lee, are you going to count these, for I am a very evil man, and may have cheated you."

"That I believe," agreed the sage readily.

"Now tell me, Ho Wo, why do you wear that strange covering upon your hand?"

"Venerable Ho Lee, that is a certain remedy for bad lesions which I got from a jaw goat doctor. Also, he told me to wear it at all times, this being the cure."

"And do you consult a Chinese doctor?"

"Venerable sir, that I did. And the Chinese doctor told me that it was the work of certain devils, and that it must make many sacrifices and the swelling would also depart. Also, these sacrifices would cost much money. Being a wise man, I adopted the remedy of the foreign devil doctor, who charged me only five shillings."

Ho Lee nodded his head.

"Then it would be better to count the money, but I have cheated your honorable self."

"Hai-tai!" agreed the scholar. "I am a philosopher, a lover of justice, and a sceptic. What is money to me? And especially foreign devil money! Now I think that if you keep the money I shall be well pleased."

"Aj-yeh!" said the hatcher-man quickly. "That would be unjust, for I am a rich man, and do not seek advice without paying for it. Now do you keep the money, for you are an old man, also you have a large household."

"So to it," agreed Ho Lee. "I shall do as you say. But first I will prepare for you—this in addition to the advice I have already given you. Thus you will receive full value for your money, and neither of us will be cheated."

## HIS FIRST NOVEL.



HERE are some interesting extracts from a letter which I received from Mr. Murdoch Duncan, the winner of our £100 Story Competition, when successful entry appears in this issue. As a first attempt, I am sure you will all agree with me that it is brilliant, and join in congratulating him on his effort.

... When I entered my manuscript, I did so entirely without a hope of receipt, since it was my first attempt at work of this nature. Consequently, I am more than delighted at its success. For several years past I have been deeply interested in the Orient, more especially with regards to the Chinese. Accordingly when I decided to enter your competition, the idea of a Chinese setting immediately occurred to me. Several of my closest friends are connected with the police force,

and through them I have profited to a considerable extent.

... Detective fiction has long been my favourite form of literature, even especially parts of "The Thriller" type. . . . My introduction to THE THRILLER was unique. Last summer I visited London during the week of the R.A.F. Pageant at Windsor. During the display I found a copy of THE THRILLER which some enthusiastic man brought along to read. I promise, while waiting for the events to commence, three that date I have never missed a number. As a matter of fact, the little space time I do have is taken up fully between reading THE THRILLER and playing Pong, which sport happens to be my favourite recreation. Most sincerely,

**MURDOCH DUNCAN.**

For next week I have selected L. C. Bartholomew's "Spot Cash." "Cross Law" is the title, and it is truly an astonishing story. It is Mr. Bartholomew at his best astonishing best, and I can promise you excitement from beginning to end. Don't miss it. Yours sincerely,

*The Editor*

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to: "The Thriller" Office, The Publishing House, Farringham Street, London, E.C.4

"Man! That is a good thought, sir warden," said his W, and settled himself down to listen.

"I prophesy evil," said his Lee calmly. "Also the death of a man."

"Venerable Lord Ho, this is and!"

"There may be sudden things," said the ancient quietly, and motioned to his Ting. Two men of the Hoo Sing snag him down and held him, while the son of the philosopher ran off across over his body.

He, Lee shuddered.

"Take this evil man away, but be sure not to touch the feet your man, which is on the little table, for to do so, as I believe, means a mysterious and terrible death!"

#### MYSTERY AT THE YARD.

THE sergeant on duty watched Walker and his prisoner as they re-entered the cell. The Russian certainly looked the worse for wear. As a matter of fact, the lanky inspector had to half-drag him to the cell. The corridor itself was well lighted, and there were three officers on patrol. Walker was taking no chance. The cell was dim, for there was no light. Originally, it had been a storeroom for maps and books, but its proximity to his office had led to Walker utilizing it as a temporary cell on innumerable occasions. The window was protected with iron bars, and as the corridor was on the third floor, it was practically escape-proof.

Walker tossed in a regulation Army blanket.

"You'll be warm enough without your clothes," he informed gruffly. "And I'll have a nice suit for you tomorrow."

"If this fellow speaks to you," he said to the guard, "don't answer him. No person of all is to see him before tomorrow. Don't let him kid you that someone is outside his window, because I've got two men stationed in the alley watching those windows. I'm going home now!" And he returned to his office for his ancient heater and raincoat.

He trotted downstairs slowly, and as his face was the nearest approach to a smile that he could muster.

According to the desk sergeant, it was precisely thirteen when the face blew out, and the corridor was plunged into darkness. The three men on guard were surprised. Half, the sergeant, took a step forward in the general direction of the cell, for he had no thought other than that the occurrence was accidental. Consequently when a "cosh" rapped smartly on his head, he was quite unprepared for the onslaught, and sank heavily to the floor.

"Strike a match!" commanded one of the officers, for, being on duty in the building, they had no flash lamps on their persons. There was a click of matches and a swirl of sage, and the long form of Walker appeared like a wraith. In his hand was an electric torch, and by its light they distinguished the uniformed figure of Jones hunched to the cell door. Walker bore him to the floor, and he was instantly subdued. They poked up the sergeant, and in a few minutes he had regained consciousness.

"Someone knuckled me on the head," he growled. "Was it Jones?"

"It was," agreed Walker, who was in a facetious mood. "It was F. C. Robert Jones. Have no doubt about that." From his pocket he produced a key. "Open the door and let Walker out. I fancy that he will have had enough of prison for one night."

The officer did as he was commanded, but there was commotion in his face.

"Where did the real prisoner go, then? That Russian fellow. Do you mean to say

that Walker has been masquerading as a prisoner all night?"

"Exactly," agreed the Scot. "And this attempt was expected. The Russian is in my room, handcuffed to the handle of the door, so he won't move far. This affair had better remain quiet, because we don't want to get the reporters on our trail. Well, Walker, it worked, didn't it?"

The detective agreed.

"Tricked them all completely, sir. When they saw you lug me down to the cell they never thought but that I was Paul!" And he handed something to the inspector.

"This was what he tried to slip me." It was a tiny phial. Walker held it up to the light. "Hydrocyanic acid," Walker added placidly.

"That's not what I expected, Walker. I thought it might have been this mysterious poison."

He supervised the searching of Jones, and his pockets turned inside out; the lining of his jacket slit and examined, and his trousers cuffs searched.

"Well, Jones," he said cheerfully, "what about it?"

"Nothing," returned the other dully.

"You think you are mighty clever, don't you, Walker? Well, you're going to get a big shock before long. You think you're got me fixed here, don't you?" He laughed, but there was irony in his laughter.

"Well, you have about as much chance of sending me up as you have of seeing becoming a Commissioner."

"Maybe," agreed Walker calmly, for he was hard to rattle. "But we were clever enough to catch you. Now we're going to be clever enough to keep you. We may not be able to hang you, but you'll get a fiver. I think you'd better talk."

Jones laughed.

"Don't tell me," he grinned smartly, "you don't know me better than that. Harry Divet never split yet. You have nothing against me that I know of."

"If you're asking for information," said Walker severely, "I won't say another word. You are a clever actor, Divet. It is never caught on, but he had his suspicions. When we met you in that swell restaurant I thought he would give the game away. If he had tipped his hand at that stage, you would have made a pretzler. For it's not any crime that I know of for an ex-courier to belong to the Police Force. However, things are different now. When you passed that bottle to Walker, you did yourself a bad turn. Still, if you were willing to talk, I might manage to do something for you yet. Why don't you speak up? A white man doesn't connect with a bunch of chinks."

Divet laughed broadly.

"Don't tell me any more, Walker. You don't know a damned thing. All you are is suspicious, and you'll never prove anything. What's more, you never will know anything."

"No!" queried Walker softly. "Divet, I'll swear it out of Paul, and lots of it. He knows that if he doesn't speak he'll hang!"

Divet grinned.

"Go to it!"

"Lock this man up," snapped Walker. "Sergeant, bring up another four reserves.

Place one man on each side of the cell door, and have the others patrol the corridor. Also, send down for a supply of flash lamps." He turned to Walker. "Now we'll go and see our pet Annerbia. You had better get your clothes on, Walker."

From his pocket he took his key, and turned the lock. The weight of the Russian dragged heavily as he swung the door inwards. On the threshold he stopped, for the body of his captive sagged to the floor, and but for the handcuffed arm would have fallen.

"Dead!" said Walker briefly, and called the surgeon.

Walker struggled into his clothes, for the



Unable to enter the room, Inspector Walker peered through the narrow opening. Sagging heavily against the door, his wrists chained to the handle, was his prisoner. He was dead.

room was chilly, the two having died to a red death.

"How in the deuce could it happen? He was all right when we left him."

Further discussion was prevented by the arrival of the doctor, a thin, grey man who had spent many years of his life in similar scenes.

"He's been dead for a couple of hours now, I should say. Seems to have died a natural death, too. However, that will be decided at the inquest." He rose to go.

Walker plucked his lips severely, and drew out his watch.

"Ten hours, you said, doctor?"

The surgeon nodded.

"Approximately. In a case like this, where there is no criterion of violence or foul play, one can be more or less certain. Yes, I should say ten hours."

Walker tightened his lips.

"That means he died about one o'clock this morning. Now, I wonder?"

Later that morning they held a conference in Walker's bare-looking room, and several important personages were there. Alas Jones, or Divet, as his real name was. Walker was spokesman, and he accused him sharply.

"This is murder, Diest, and you know it. You slipped some of this infernal poison to Paul as I took him into my room. Don't deny it."

Diest shrugged his broad shoulders.

"I'm neither denying nor admitting it. The fact is, Walker, that you are notified, and you're trying to make me the solution to Paul's death. Just remember that you gave him a royal hospitalization in your room, in the presence of witnesses. And Paul had a weak heart." He looked at the detective unconcerningly.

"Take him away," growled Walker, and set down heavily.

D. B. drummed on the desk-top.

"Well, gentlemen, we are in as great a difficulty as ever. We have captured two of the League's most important members, and are still as far from a solution as we were when we first began. Walker, when did you first suspect that Jones was dead?"

"When I saw his right ear lobe was missing. It is not an extremely noticeable characteristic, but it set me thinking. Then, when the filing officer downstairs was blown up, just after you had returned the records, I was certain. The only thing to do was to give him enough rope to hang himself with. It took me a long time before I finally thought of substituting Webber for Paul, but it did the trick without a doubt. We caught Jones in the act, four of us, so that we had all the evidence that we needed. My only disappointment was when I discovered that it was hydrocyanic acid he had slipped to Webber. I had been hoping for this mysterious poison."

"Commendable," Walker, spoke up Waterman. "Just keep this work up and you will have that superintendent's office downstairs yet. But with all that, are we very far ahead yet? Do we know any more about the League of the Green Triangle than we did a day or two ago?"

"Only that it seems to be some form of Chinese society, sir," said D. B. "But we have struck them a rather hard blow. Walker has managed to get quite a lot of useful information through a friend of his—Ho Lee, an old Chinese fortune-teller. Ho Lee owes Walker a debt of gratitude, and he is a veritable mine of information. I think that we are beginning to make some sort of headway now, sir."

They dispersed and went downstairs, and Walker watched them go from the doorway. The corridor was like an armed camp, for there were about a dozen armed guards in attendance. The hunky detective closed the door and sat down.

"I've dawdled three those days. I think I'll have a sleep." He took off his jacket and settled himself down on the tickety couch.

"I'm going to Pentonsville," said D. B., "to make arrangements for the transfer of Diest. No 'phoning in a case like this; you never know what some person might over-hear."

Walker nodded.

"That's right. You'd better take a couple of men with you, and keep a look-out for Chinamen. I think there's going to be trouble." He rolled over, and was asleep in an instant.

D. B. went downstairs, collected three police detectives, and set off in a closed car.

"Keep your eyes peeled, fellows," he advised, "and if you see anything that looks like a Chinaman take a crack at it. We're playing a big game these days, and can't afford to take any chances."

Walker slept an undisturbed, for he was very tired. The soft padding of the guard in the carriage annoyed him not in the least,

so that when the telephone woke him at two o'clock he was instantly on his feet.

"Hello!" he said, and waited.

"Sergeant Fiddlet speaking," came to his ears. "A saloon car with the police registration number has just been in a serious accident here. Commissioner Finson has been brought to the prison hospital at Pentonsville, and asks that you come up."

"Hello!" said Walker plainly. "I'll be there just as soon as I can."

He dashed downstairs and into Whitehall. There were three taxis parked, and he took the second, for he was not too surprised at the turn of events to lose his native caution. It would have been all the same had he taken the first, for as he hurried inside, strong arms seized him and something crashed down on the back of his head. Then he lost consciousness.

The room in which he found himself was dark. There was neither window nor skylight, and the air was murky and dank. Painfully he stretched his limbs and rolled over. There was the clank of metal and a tightening of his waist, and slowly the realization that he was chained to the wall penetrated to his benumbed brain. He felt his scalp gingerly. There was blood on his fingers, and his hair was matted and sticky. By degrees his memory returned to him, and he remembered the message which had sent him post-haste from his tiny office into

this trap. At any rate, it had palpably been false. From that fact he derived a certain amount of consolation. Gradually he felt his head clear, and he leaned against the wall of his prison, for he was yet most from the effects of the blow. He rubbed his tormented head thoughtfully.

"I wonder if they left anything in my pockets?"

He searched them diligently, but his gun had been taken, also his knife, which was a prodigious affair, equipped with marine-grade and corkwood. However, he did come across a bag of matches, his handkerchief, and the pocket flask which he invariably carried. Uncovering the cap, he took a long pull, and felt almost immediately strengthened. He sat down on the floor and ruminated on his position. By now Diest would be in Pentonsville, safely ensconced in a cell, and neither the Green Triangle nor any other human agency could get near him short of a battery of field guns.

The idea stirred him immensely, and he grinned with native detestation. Gingerly he felt his head; he had a skull like a steel plate. Despite this, however, his head ached abominably, and as he wiped it with the handkerchief he could not refrain from growling.

He finished this operation, and sat down for a few moments to regain his strength, and while sitting struck a match and looked around him. He was in a small

cell, grim and foreboding. The door faced him, a heavy affair of iron sheathing.

"Evidently," he observed to himself, "somebody left me here means to keep me. It would take a load of dynamite to open that door."

He felt for the chain which bound him to the wall. The links were large and rusty, but still serviceable. The staple was set deep in the plaster, and resisted his pulling.

"It looks as though John Walker were meant to stay here," he said, and settled down and went to sleep. He slept for hours, and when a rat scampered across him he woke with a start. He took another swig from his flask, smacked his lips, and stood up and stretched.

"And now to dispose of this!" And he pulled with all his might at the chain. It held as firmly as ever, but he knew that while it could resist a constant strain, a sudden jerk might snap a link.

Resolutely he decided, for he heard footsteps approaching, and crouched on the floor just as a boy grunted hardily in the lock, and the huge door swung open. Three Chinamen entered, and by the light of the gasolene lamp the foremost carried the saw them plainly. Two of them were of average size. Careless Chinamen men of slim build and loam. The third was a mountain of a man, fully four inches taller than himself,



Even as the treacherous woman crept towards him, Ho Lee saw certain details. A silent figure slipped through behind the assassin, his knife gripped ready to strike.

and broad and bony is an exceptional degree. He wore a pair of antique trousers, and might also, bring bare from the waist up. His shoulders were enormous, his back and chest prodigious, and at every movement the powerful muscles of his arms rippled.

Walker, who was a heavy man, felt a certain coldness gather round his heart. He had been in many dangerous corners in his adventurous career, and had faced death on many occasions. Yet, at no time had he been so impressed as he was now. There was an eerie stillness about this situation which had been unknown to him before. Grimly he watched the big man swing back the door. For all the effort he used it might have been a piece of ply wood.

One of the Chinese addressed him softly. "Do you have repaired your senses? That is good. Possibly you may feel a little indisposed at present."

"Possibly I do," admitted Walker. "Who are you?"

The Chinese smiled. "I am known," he informed, "as the eminent Dr. Lu, but I do not think that my name can mean much to you. You have

never heard it before." And he smiled complacently.

"What sort of a position do you hold in the League of the Green Triangle?" asked Walker bitterly. "Are you an auditor or an assistant secretary? Speak softly, because I've got a headache."

Dr. Lu smiled warmly. "I am the honorable President of the League," he admitted.

Walker looked up quickly. "I've highly honored. If I had known that I was to be the guest of the president I would have had on my evening suit. What are you going to do with me?"

Dr. Lu tapped his thin lip meditatively with a long, bony finger.

"That rests in the hands of Ts'ung Kwei (God of Chance). Personally, I am for trying out a new prison on you."

"No?" said Walker sceptically, but there was no scepticism in his heart, for he knew only too well that this bland, smiling devil would show him none.

"Quan Hi"—and he indicated the huge Chinese—"would like me to give you over to him. The estimable Quan is torturer to the Ho Ming Tong."

Walker looked at the mountain of brown

and grinned, which was funny, for he felt not in the least like grinning.

"That might be quite an idea," he admitted cheerfully. "You would have some time finding all the pieces of Quan Hi when I get through with him."

"Moi-hi!" said Dr. Lu, and looked amused. "Quan is also a strong man of repute. I have seen him break a steel bar in his two hands. He is a Mongolian, from the far North. The Mongolians are the finest men in the world," he added in explanation. "Physically and mentally they rank higher than any other race in creation."

Walker was not impressed. "I also am a strong man," he admitted. "Possibly not so strong as this Mongolian, but then I am an older man."

"Ag-ghak!" said Dr. Lu. "That is fine. We shall have some fine sport, then, before we kill you."

"Do you mean to kill me?" asked Walker. It was what he had been trying to find out. "Most certainly, if the fat quest police do not surrender the honorable foreign devil first."

"Really?" said Walker, and understood a lot. "Well, I think that you had better start your killing before very long. The police will never hand over bread in exchange for me. The only thing that will happen will be that they will be all the keener to get their hands on you."

Dr. Lu rolled a newspaper cigarette. "If you write to them and tell them so, they may," he observed.

The inference was only too clear. Walker nodded his head.

"I understand. If they refuse to make an exchange of prisoners, you torture me until I write. That sounds interesting, but I don't think that you will have much success. You may kill me, but I can hardly see that anyone benefits from the matter except my brother-in-law—I have my life insurance made out to him," he added in explanation.

"Wry-ghak! We shall see," suggested the Chinese. "After the death of certain high officials of the police I think that the authorities will be pleased to make an exchange of prisoners."

He turned round and blew three smoke rings, which he watched meditatively. "It is late," he said slowly, and the thin lips were tinged with a cruel smile. "My campaign which started so auspiciously has become a mere quarrel with the police. Two of my most trusted confederates have been captured, and one died by his own hand."

"This," thought Walker, "is at least information."

"Moi-hi! We shall see. There is a member of this league and infinitely more who can outwit me. I had decided to put a schedule of death into operation as soon as I had settled with the police. I think that the time is now ripe. Two hundred deaths I had arranged for the month. Instead there shall be two hundred in the week. When you are ready to write, you may tell Quan here. He is to be your goader." And with his custom always he left the room.

Walker scratched himself to the darkness of his cell, and removed his cuffs and the chain. He was a man of low physique, and was perfectly well aware that his chances of ever reaching the outer world of civilized London were mighty slim, but he was also too old a campaigner to give up hope.

His cell was in the vicinity of the river. He knew, for he could hear the creak of the boats, also the incessant swishing of the water. Then it came to him suddenly—the Street of the Bronze Chrysantheum,



Thinking this over, he became more certain of the fact.

He was shortly disturbed again. Quan had returned, bearing a pot of Chien tea and a basket of rice cakes. Walker ate them with avidity, for he was very hungry. He made no attempt to engage the mighty Quan in conversation. Somehow, the teacher of Ho Ming did not look like a man who would prove informative. He eyed the detective with curiosity, and Walker grinned, for it was apparent that Dr. Lu had informed his bodyguard that the detective was a man of means.

His meal over, his gazer left, talking with him his lamp, and once more the cell was plunged in darkness. Walker, who was a less singularly devoid of nerves, settled down to a long, dreamless sleep.

#### HO LEE'S WISDOM.

D. D. was wroth. He had returned from Peorville two hours ago, and had called on Walker immediately.

There was no sign of the lanky Scot, and he was not in the building, for his hat and coat were gone. D. D. waited an hour, smoking innumerable cigarettes, then two cigarettes. Truth to tell, Walker's disappearance puzzled him. Under normal conditions he would have thought little of it, for the inspector was by no means regular in his habits. He had, upon occasion, been in his office only the requisite length of time. Often he had never appeared at all in the course of a day. "Regularities," he said, "were made to be broken."

However, his regularity and custom since he had been placed on this Green Triangle case had impressed the Assistant-Commissioner. Walker had worked hand-in-hand with him throughout, and the fact that he had disappeared without leaving word on the eve of an important session alarmed

him. And the transfer of Henry Diver from police headquarters to Peorville was a matter of supreme importance. D. D. had never imagined otherwise.

He inquired of the desk sergeant. "No," he was told, "I didn't see Inspector Walker leave, but then I've only been on duty a couple of hours. If he left before that the chances are that Marshall saw him."

"Where does Marshall live?" granted D. D.

"Hampden, Heathmore Road."

"Has he got a phone?"

"I don't think so, sir."

"All right, I'll wait," and he continued on his way in silence.

He dined on a grilled chop, drank two glasses of beer, and came back to find Walker still absent. His mind was made up.

Walker lived in Heaton in a little semi-detached villa. There was no phone, but D. D. knew that his landlady would be at home. On the way he would call on Marshall and make inquiries. If Marshall had seen the detective leave, he might know something else.

He took a 24 bus, and it landed him almost at the very door, for Heathmore Road was almost at the terminus.

Marshall was a large young man with a shock of black curly hair, and an accent which rooted of the North. He remembered Walker taking his departure quite clearly.

"Looked as though he were in a hurry," he informed, "because he was pulling on his overcoat when he left the building. It was just about two o'clock, because I was finishing checking up the finished report sheet at the time."

D. D. left him in no manner reassured. He went by Underground to Heaton Central, took a bus to the General Omnibus Garage, and alighted. Walker lived in the vicinity of St. Mary's Church, and in a few moments D. D. was sorted in the comfortable parlour.

"No, sir, Mr. Walker has not come home yet," informed Mrs. Katta. She was a spare, elderly lady, with a face like a trap and a heart of velvet. "But I never worry about that, sir, for the inspector isn't what you would call a man of regular hours. Many a time his dinner has not been until it rained waiting for him."

"I believe you," said D. D., and smiled.

He did not wait for the cup of tea which the good lady would have prepared for him, but returned post-haste to the Yard. Still no sign of the missing detective.

He looked at his wrist-watch. Ten minutes after nine. And, with a puzzled air, set off for his flat.

"If Walker gets back," he soliloquized, "he'll ring me up. Something fresh must have broken or he wouldn't have left as he did. What is the chance on it?"

Finally he gave it up, and sat before a comfortable fire, a German novel on his knee, for he was an accomplished linguist. By two o'clock he had received no message. Walker was evidently in trouble of some description, or had nothing to report, so he went to bed.

He was awake at seven in the morning, and after a hurried shower, left for the Yard. Walker had not put in an appearance, and D. D. knew definitely that something had transpired, and something out of the ordinary.

However, he put his troubles aside. Walker must ask for the time being. This was the morning set for the transfer of Diver to Peorville, and the matter was of sufficient importance as to completely occupy his whole mind. At eleven o'clock a police patrol wagon turned into Whitehall. Few would have guessed that it was filled

with officers, for the Yard was taking no chances.

Twenty yards behind it came a charabanc, apparently filled with city sightseers, noisy revellers who dozed and laughed, pointing as they went along. D. D. rode with them, for they were Central Office men, and under cover of their companions was a machine-gun, ready for action. D. D., who was something of an organizer, had left nothing to chance. His men had their instructions, and they would carry them out to the letter.

"Open season on Chianan," he had growled, and they needed no further warning.

It seemed, however, that his precautions were needless, for the charabanc and the noisy coaches passed Peorville without any untoward happening. D. D. alighted, and there was a peculiar look on his face as he hurried off to the Governor's office.

"They ought to have had plenty of time to reach Holloway by now," he murmured.

Ten minutes after the departure of the police van that morning, a closed car had left Whitehall for Holloway Road. And in it had been four Central Office men and Henry Diver.

He rang Holloway, but there was no response.

"Operator?" he asked quickly. "Call the supervisor." He was plugged in to the office of the supervisor. "This is Commissioner Farson, of Scotland Yard, speaking from Peorville. Will you please close the line and give me a connection with Holloway Road immediately?"

"At once, sir," came to his ears. "Just hold the line for a second."

There was a humming and a confused mumble of voices, then another loud humming, and the voice of the supervisor was again heard.

"Sorry, sir, but we can make no connection. The line seems to be out of order. Hang up and please give our best regards, will you, please?"

D. D. swore, and complied, but there was no response.

"The line is out of order, sir. If your message is an important one, and you care to send it, we will relay it on to your party."

"No, thank you," said D. D. "I know what I wanted to know without getting any party." And he hung up bitterly.

He was a man of singularly few illusions, and was therefore not in the least surprised when he returned to the Yard to find a certain familiar ball from awaiting him:

"Police bearing one wounded one mile from Holloway Road. Three officers killed and one severely injured. No sign of prisoner. Presumably escaped."

"And that," he said grimly, "is that. Walker has gone, Heaven knows where. Diver lived right under our noses. I rather think the Green Triangle wins this round!"

The eminent Ho Lee, sage and philosopher, placed the tips of his long finger-nails together and looked at the Chinese who confronted him.

"Worthy Wu Sun," he said, and there was a wealth of meaning in his gentle intonation, "you have been very bright and incognito, and have offended the gods greatly. This is a very difficult thing you would have no do."

"Hai-er!" said his countryman. "Venerable Ho Lee, I have been a dog, and the son of a dog. Unless you help me, estimable genius, these few quiet pills will take me and put me in a straiter prison."

Ho Lee shook his head wisely.

"I can do nothing for you except with the permission of the gods. I shall have to make large sacrifices and propitiatory offerings at the temple, and this will cost you one hundred (or two) pounds. Do this and

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I will help you; also, since you are a good Ho Sing, I will tell you a secret." And for some considerable time they spoke in whispers.

When they had finished speaking they looked for a long time into each other's eyes, to make sure there was no misunderstanding. Finally, Wu Sam hurried away, and his stomach was tight with joy, for the advice of Ho Lee had been good.

Before he went, however, he swore a certain terrible oath not to speak of certain happenings.

When he had gone the promoter of happiness smoked his opium pipe and read from the "Book of Changes." At twelve o'clock he laid down his sword and gazed long and steadily through his horn-rimmed glasses at each of his wives in turn.

"Be sure to fax me incessantly that my rest may be undisturbed," he commanded, for the sun was high and the heat of the day excessive.

At the first breath of the middle-wood fans, his eyelids closed and he grunted with contentment, for he had done a very clever thing.

It was two hours later that he awoke, for the afternoon sun had colored his low window and was beating with some intensity on the back of his neck, which was unprotected. He grunted and sat up, looking around for his wives, who had taken advantage of his slumber to steal a few minutes' repose. Silently he shuffled into his kitchen, where they sat at tea.

"Fai-to" is good. "Insistent women, this is an evil thing you have done, for my repose has been disturbed." And he searched for a pleasant adjectival which he kept at his hand.

Whomsoever he beat then with severity, dealing most harshly with his second wife, who was his favourite.

"Ap-ah" he said, when his arm was sore. "Do not let this thing happen again, for, although I am a mild man and slow to anger, I am not so mild or far gone in shame as to let my women neglect their proper duties." And he returned to his couch in a trancelike mood.

When his son came to him he was almost joyful.

"Worthy Ho Ting, have you news?" "Honorable father, I have. The long An squad policeman is gone. Now this is bad, and I think that the Ho Ming have taken him, for certain racket-men were missing yesterday."

"Fai-to" that is bad," said the sage wisely. "However, that I know, being a prophet, and a son of vipers. Also, it is where he has been taken. It is of the other matter that I would warn you well me. Of the few men missing with the evil police. Tell me of this quickly!"

"That, sir scholar, I left with the man called Farnen, for he is also a very high one, moreover he is worried over the disappearance of the long foreign devil, for he asked me many questions."

"Ap-ah" said the old man delightedly. "That is good. Now I will give you a certain letter, and this you will carry to him. And then I shall stop." And calling his first wife to him, he instructed her with regards to fanning him, afterwards sleeping soundly.

#### THE TOWN'S SECOND VICTIM.

Wu Sam yawned prodigiously and stretched himself to his fullest extent. He had awakened fully refreshed, and felt in flying trim. Tremorily he patted the back of his head, perceiving the abrasion gently with his fingers. The swelling had subsided considerably, but the bruise was still sore to the touch. How-

ever, the Chinaman had departed entirely, and he felt like a new man.

"The first thing to do," he colloquiated, "is to get rid of this infernal chain. I feel more like a cow than a man."

He uncoiled his flank and finished the liquor, feeling considerably refreshed in the fiery beverage trickled down his throat, sending a glow of heat through him. And gathering all his mightly strength, he gave one terrific jerk. The chain snapped, as he had imagined it would, leaving a two-foot length dangling from his waist. He eyed it glumly, for he had hoped that it would part higher up, and thus leave him sufficient to use as a weapon. As it was, the chain would place him at a decided disadvantage if he had to resort to fighting, for by means of it an antagonist could drag him down, or at least maintain a firm hold. Of an inspiration, he collected the length in his hand, and, twisting it upwards, slipped it into his trousers at the waist. Then he sat down to wait.

He had no proper strategical plan thought out. So long had he been incognito that he knew not whether it were night or day. He imagined it was night, without having any particular reason for doing so. However, he had but one idea—to get outside of his prison. The means that were accomplished the better. Accordingly, his mind was made up. When Quan brought his next meal he would attack him. The subtleness of the attack would consist, and Walker had high hopes. He felt his own muscular arms with grimaces. If the huge Chinese should get the better of him, there would be only one end to it all.

He had waited an hour before any movement was heard, but finally he heard the soft shuffling of the huge Mongolian. There was no squeaking of boards as he moved—so loose planks to trounce on. Walker had noticed that, in Chinese houses, even the most dilapidated of boards, and the most miserable of sholes, were so quiet underneath a tomb. The Chinese do not like noise; death seems to be their byword.

The door opened slowly, and the head of the Chinese intruder appeared. Walker stood still, still, his back against the broken chain, but he was awaiting for a spring. First, he would let Quan close the door. The noise of the disturbance might otherwise penetrate to the other inmates of the house, and bring a horrid's note about his ears. The Chinaman always closed the door before giving him his meal. To this Walker was accustomed, and so it he was depending.

Quan had no suspicion, that was evident, for he turned his back, putting his shoulder to the door. It was then that Walker sprang. Right on the broad shoulder he landed, and with his left hand secured a grip on his opponent's throat which would



Catching the powerful Chinaman by surprise, Walker sprang. Right on the broad shoulder he landed, his hands grasping fiercely at the other's thick neck.

have broken the neck of any ordinary man. With his right he pushed the Chinaman, raising him after him upon his adversary.

The Chinese rolled over, almost crushing him, but he still maintained a paralyzing three-grip. And then began a battle of giants. For half an hour they rolled and tumbled. Twice Walker believed he was gone, but each time he rallied. He pondered right and left to his opponent's body. Luckily the room was practically sound-proof, and now that the door was what they seemed to be free from interruption.

Walker felt the sweat stream down his face. His shirt was in ribbons, and his shoulders streaked with blood where the long talons of Quan had gashed him. The Chinese art of wrestling in Judo, the Chinese art of wrestling by paralyzing nerve jabs. His strength was waning. Twice he lifted the detective from the floor to dash him against the walls of the cell, and twice Walker saved himself only by succeeding a fatal hold. He felt himself growing gradually weaker, but powered with the strength of desperation on the ugly face, felt fatal breath hot on his cheek, and landed one with both feet. Here he was at a decided advantage, for the Chinese was bare-footed, while he himself was heavily shod.

Then it was that he got the grip he had been seeking. Further and further he bent back the cruel back, his fingers sinking into the leathery neck until it seemed that it must snap. The giant's face was horrible, purple, and blotted. He stretched a futile arm backwards, and Walker avoided it with an oath. Again it came, gripping, alluring across his face in the direction of his eyes. The detective growled and sank his teeth in it deeply. A sudden jerk—



Peering by the heavy curtains, Walker peered cautiously through. At what he saw his heart stopped, and for the first time he felt fear.

wing of the shoulder, and Quam catapulted across the room, striking his head against the door. He dropped to the floor like a sack of coal, shaking the room. Walker flung himself on him feverishly, but he had no use now. The spirit of the torturer of Ho Ming had departed to join those of his fathers.

The detective struggled to his feet. He felt suddenly weak and foolish. He struggled over in the direction of the door and then collapsed.

How long he lay there, conscious, he never knew. It seemed hours later to him when he came round again. Quam had brought a pot of tea and six pipes and laid them by the door. He seized on them eagerly. The tea was tepid, almost cold, yet to his parched throat it was sweeter than anything he had ever tasted. There were still a few drops in his flask, the drops which had collected on the rim on the last occasion he had used it. He licked them greedily, then reconsidered his position.

Obviously Quam had not been killed. The giant Chinese had been, perhaps, a favored member of the band. At any rate, his failure to return from the cell had evidently failed to arouse any suspicion as yet. However, doubtless an investigation would soon be made, and for him to be caught in the cell would certainly mean death. Much better to meet death half-way. He looked round, dragged the bulky figure of Quam in the corner in which it would be least noticeable—beyond the chain in the very spot he himself had been snared. Any person taking a cursory glance into the room would be of the opinion that the detective was asleep on the floor. To

hear out the illumines further, he cast his jacket over the mighty shoulders. Then, silently opening the door, he slipped out into the passageway, glancing cautiously to left and right.

There was no one in sight. The corridor was completely deserted. Silently he moved downwards, but there was no welcome gleam of light to greet his eyes. This passage was evidently an underground one. The floor was covered with a mat of rushes. Consequently his footsteps were muffled.

On the right was a small room, the door partly opened. Through it fell a dim, sickly artificial light. Cautiously he approached, his eyes and ears on the alert. One slight slip now and he would never see the light of day again.

He applied his eye to the slit in the door, and saw a room, small and furnished in the native fashion—for there were neither tables nor chairs. On the floor was a mat of native grass, similar to that in the corridor.

Against the wall were four beds, and from the deep, stereotyped breathing he concluded that the inmates were sleeping. In the centre of the room was a lamp burning peanut oil. By its feeble glow,

he could make out three inanimate forms covered with native rugs.

Cautiously he ventured inside. Then smiled with the aid of the true effort of the law. From his pocket he drew one of the few remaining matches and struck it. Then he approached the bank, and by its light examined the black, closed eyes of his occupants. The dark pupils were reduced to pin-points.

"Thought so," he said shortly, and in a semi-whisper. "Those fellows are all dead." But being a cautious man, he examined them individually. The examination was successful in so far as he was concerned, for they were all in the throes of an opium dream and were totally unaware of his presence.

He tiptoed back into the passage, again closing the door behind him. Softly he progressed along the passage to find it ended in a blind alley. He shook his head with a puzzled air. Obviously there must be some means of egress. Probably a trap-door, or a sliding panel. He retraced his steps, feeling down the opposite side of the wall. Something brushed lightly against his face, and he grasped it quickly. A few seconds' investigation served to acquaint him with its nature. It was a rope ladder, made of thick-twisted rope spliced and woven by Chinese sailors. Walker had seen the staff before, and recognized it immediately. The policeman in his queue to the fore, he, despite his predicament, he found time to be pleased that his earlier theory had been correct. They were, very obviously, in the neighborhood of the river.

He tested it carefully, though he had

little doubt but that it would bear his weight. Cautiously he ascended. He was on the third rung when he heard a movement from above, and a trap in the floor opened, a beam of light shining down.

Clearly the detective felt to the ground and stared upwards. A pair of booted legs made their appearance. Someone was descending. Quickly Walker moved into darkness. Two points of light were descending, for he heard voices. On signs he retreated to the room he had vacated, opened the door, and glided in like a shadow. Cautiously he approached a bank and prepared to step into it. He had just slid one long leg over the top when the sleeping Chinese waked him by the throat and a knife flashed in the air.

"Fen gao!" issued a roar in his ear. Walker was a man of strength, and the man's thin neck snapped like a dry twig. He crawled into the bank, drawing the cover over his head just as the door opened and the two men entered the room.

D. D. grunted and banged the telephone down with such severity as to knock his pen to the floor. Waterson picked it up, for it had rolled under his chair.

"No luck?" he queried, but his own voice was hapless.

"No," growled the assistant. "Not a word. Nobody seems to have noticed Walker from the moment he stopped outside the Yard. Seems to have melted into thin air."

"What about the taxi?"

"I've checked them all up. No one has picked up anybody who even remotely resembles Walker. If they had we would have heard of it by now."

Waterson plucked at his lip thoughtfully, for the safety of his subordinates meant much to him.

"We'll find him, Parson," he snarled. "Supposing it takes twenty thousand policemen to do it. Even if I have to tear China apart, I'll have so many officers in Lanchow as to have an Chinaman. We'll find Walker or we'll find out what happened to him." He rose, in preparation to go. "Don't worry about losing Doot. That was not your fault. You have done all any man could. Even Walker could not have prevented that."

D. D. went with him to the door.

"Good-bye, sir. I'll find out what they've done to Walker, if it takes me a year."

"Take care of yourself," admonished his superior. "Bad enough being the inspector without losing you. I only hope that these fellows don't start on their campaign of murder again."

"Have you had any reports from the analysts yet, sir, regarding those dope notes Ho Lee sent?"

The major shook his head.

"Not yet. I think that they seem to be giving them some trouble. Why don't you see Ho Lee?" he asked. "Perhaps he knows more of Walker's movements than you do yourself."

D. D. flushed.

"Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go at once. Even if Ho Lee doesn't know where he is he may be able to find something out with regards to his abductee. That old fellow works as much power in Lanchow as the Prime Minister does at Downing Street."

He left almost immediately, and in his pocket was an automatic with an extra clip of cartridges.

Ho Lee, the Reverend, was sleeping when he arrived, but one of his wives awakened him from his slumber.

"Here! woman," he growled, as she gently shook him. "What evil is this?"

"Lord," she said, "this is no evil, for a



high official of the tea quest wishes to ask your advice."

Ho Lee knew D. D., for he was wise in the ways of the country.

"You come to me," he informed, "regarding the matter of the long foreign devil, Walker, who has mysteriously disappeared.

D. D. had lived too long to exhibit the surprise he felt.

"That is certainly correct," he said. "How did you know?"

The sage shook an admonitory finger in his direction.

"I am a wise man and a seer of visions," he said impressively. "Also I know many things regarding this long tea quest."

"The device you do," exclaimed D. D.

"Tell me, Ho Lee, do you know where Walker is?"

The sage nodded his head with finality.

"I do. But at present I may not disclose my information."

D. D. groaned. He knew the ancient Chinese so well to suppose that he would prove informative if he did not wish to do so.

"Is he alive?"

"Ah-yah!" granted the old man. "He most certainly is. However, I do not know how he may be rescued, for that is a very difficult thing to do. He is in the headquarters of the Ho Ming Tong, in the Street of the House Chay-suan-tsun."

"Is that correct?" gasped D. D. "I'll have the place raided within the hour."

Ho Lee shook his head sadly.

"Lord, that would be a foolish thing, for very certainly he would die. Also the body would never be recovered." He puffed at his waterpipe calmly.

"Well, what is there to do then?" queried D. D. "We can't leave him there indefinitely. They may kill him at any moment, and we may never find a trace of him."

"I have a certain man working for me," said the sage quietly. "Wa Sun, who is a very high Ho Ming."

"How does that help me?" groaned the Commissioner. "He can't depend on one man in a room like this."

"Wa Sun is also a Ho Ming," informed Ho Lee pleasantly. "For two days he has kept watch upon this high man, for he is a very cunning one. When the proper time comes, he will inform me."

"Yes, mean you have planned a man of your Tong with the Ho Ming?" gasped

D. D. It was rather hard for him to realize the full value of the action.

"He has!" asserted the sage. "This I have done. Wa Sun is a most cunning man. Also I will have to pay him much money," he added unthinkingly, "for this is a very fearful thing that he does."

D. D. stood up.

"Ho Lee! The day that Walker comes back in the Yard I will give you five hundred pounds out of my own pocket."

"With which I shall make proprietary assertions to the gods," said Ho Lee solemnly.

There was little more to be learned, and D. D. rose to depart.

"Remember," admonished the sage, "that you make no more against those Ho Ming, for if you do, the long one will very surely die, for they are very evil men. Also, the river runs near their headquarters, and these nights are black."

The significance of the warning was not lost on the Commissioner.

"Have no fear, Ho Lee. I leave this matter entirely in your hands, for I know you to be an honest man and a friend of the police."

"Wait!" That is correct. We Chinese are an honest race, and wish to have no trouble with the officials. These dogs of Ho Ming, however, are evil men, and do the honest merchants of this district much harm.

D. D. nodded. He knew this to be true. The Chinese are a proverbially honest race. Their integrity is unquestionable. However, as Ho Lee said, the misdeeds of a few bad men lead to the belief that they are potential hardiness and law-breakers.

He stepped outside, and it was coming heavily. Blotting his vision up and putting his stomach out over his eyes, he strode along cautiously, for he realized that he was in a rather dangerous quarter. The headquarters of the Ho Ming might not be content with the abduction of Walker.

The streets were deserted, and, save for the patter of raindrops on the cobblestones and the splashing of water in the gutters, there was no sound to break the stillness of the night. Obviously his precautions were needless. He strode along at a moderate pace, his mind dwelling on the puzzling elements of the case in hand. Ho Lee was a queer old stick, with his Eastern ways and manners, and his unquestionable knowledge of others. Precious few these Chinese know

as much. And they were such queer, conservative devils.

Ho Lee still retained his pig-tail. Somehow or other it added to his appearance. Gave him a sort of air of dignity and exaltation. So impressed was he that he did not notice the two pedestrians until they were upon him. They were Chinese, slight, slim men, and talking softly in their own tongue as they came to meet him. The pavement was narrow, and they parted to let him pass. And D. D. walked into the trap, for, as he passed between them, a blackjack snapped upon his head with sickening force. He tumbled to his knees, groping for his automatic, but before his nervous fingers could clutch it, the blackjack again descended, and he fell on his face on the wet pavement. Hastily he was dragged into a neighboring doorway, and the street was again deserted but for a solitary figure.

A hunched party behind Ho Tong peered cautiously from behind a friendly lamp-post. He had been too far distant to lend any aid to the Commissioner, and was too sensible a man to plan a counter-attack on the attackers, for he was warned. Instead he watched the proceedings with a careful eye.

"I see they have taken him into the establishment of Ho Joo," he said to himself softly, and marked that man down for an acquaintance end.

Stealthy as a wraith he stole away, returning to the house of his father, for it was no chance which had brought him on the trail of the Commissioner.

"My son," the sage had said, "follow this high foreign devil official until he returns to his home, for he will give me much money on a certain day. Also I have no mind to see him close to death by the Ho Ming, for they are evil men."

Ho Lee now received the news blandly. "This is best," he informed, "for I should have prevented it. You say they took him to the establishment of Ho Joo?"

"A-yah!" agreed his son. "Ho Joo is a pig, and the son of a pig. Now, venerable father, I have a great thought in my stomach regarding this man, and he shall very surely die."

Ho Lee shook his heavy head in assent.

"Ho Joo is an evil man, for I have done him several kind services, and this is my repayment. Since he is lacking in gratitude, which is the greatest of all virtues, he must die."

"A-yah, sir scholar, so that I will attend."

"But not," informed his father gravely, "with the knife, for that would be a great evil. Also, if he dies in another manner, his relatives will come to me in order that I may offer sacrifices, paying me large sums of money that his soul may not rest in Hell."

He fanned himself languidly with his sandalwood fan, for he was thinking very deeply.

"Ho Ting," he said finally, "this high matter must be decided, for now I think that those Ho Ming will kill both this long foreign devil and the long foreign devil whose name is Walker. There is but one thing to do, my son. We must call out the Ho Joo."

"Wait! Wait!" agreed Ho Ting, for he was a very shrewd man.



Gripping his gun, the captive cautiously turned back the sheet and peered into the room. Two Chinamen stood in the centre, barring his only means of escape.

#### THE DIMSTER HOUSE.

POLICE-COMMISSIONER BUNCE was a conscientious man, and had served regularly on this particular beat for years.

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Consequently he did not fail to read the signs. At the end of his beat he met McGregor, his sergeant, and communicated his surmise and suspicions.

McGregor was a dour and uncompromising Scot. He listened carefully, for though he was new to this district he knew Bolton well enough to be aware that he was not a man who would be easily alarmed. Bolton was a man from Yorkshire, broad and brawny, and to the hard-headed Scot he considered his frater.

"Chinatown is like a boiling kettle. Heaven only knows what's wrong, for I've seen no hint of trouble during the week. Usually when we have trouble down here you can read it in advance. These Tong men are bad, but this can't be a Tong war, or we would have heard something about it before this. They seem to be sitting tight, waiting for something. There is a sort of furtive air of restlessness. Personally, I shouldn't be surprised if something breaks before long, and when it does there will be blood. There's been bad blood between the Ho Sing and the Ho Ming for a long time now, and this district is simply swarming with Tongmen. These fellows are devils when they start.

McGregor nodded grimly.

"I've seen them before when they have broken out. This is going to be a bad night. Stick it out, Bolton, I'm going to call out the reserves and have them in readiness."

The atmosphere was palpably strained.

He turned with an abrupt nod and moved in the direction of the nearest call-box. His hand was on the door when he heard Bolton's whistle ring out clearly. He turned and went down to meet him, for the constable was hurrying in his direction, and behind him trailed a Chinese youth, in native smock and trousers. Bolton swung his lantern in his right hand lightly.

"Something has broken," he said gravely.

"This fellow says there's a man dead in that shop over there."

The sergeant eyed the Chinese wearily.

"Where is this, son?"

"Acker Road," returned the youth, and pointed to the shop which was almost facing them. They crossed the street quickly, Bolton clanking his lantern in a capacious bag.

McGregor stopped outside and read the name which was painted in dingy, faded letters on the window. Time and age had almost rendered them unreadable, but he was able to decipher the name. "Hop Joe, Tom Merchant," he read.

He Ting had followed his path.

They went inside. The shop was small and dark, and smelled curiously of the East, spicy and aromatic. It was living with rats. In the back room they found the body, and the work had been artistically broken.

"Don't look like a Tong killing," said Bolton in a pained voice. "They always use the knife."

McGregor nodded without speaking, for he was troubled. He retraced his footsteps to the telephone, leaving the constable to guard the body, and to keep an eye on the young Chinaman. And, as he put through his call, he felt again the nothing unaccountable with which the district abounded.

The air was tense, electric. There was no outward sign of trouble, yet the streets were instinctively deserted, and that he knew for a bad sign. Trouble was brewing in some mysterious, intangible manner. Hard-headed and unimaginative as he was, he sensed the turbulence of the atmosphere. The neighbourhood was like a boiling kettle, a nothing accident which at any moment might boil over. Underlying the passive dormancy was a fierce smouldering which at once might break into flame.

He put through his call and hung up. Bolton was waiting almost nervously, and gave a sign of relief as he made his appearance.

"This place gives me the creeps," he admitted frankly. "I'll be a happy man if we get the night through without trouble."

McGregor tightened his belt.

"Some here!" He was a man of few words, singularly direct. But Bolton knew, as he glanced at the square jaw, that the sergeant was worried.

The clang of the police ambulance broke the silence. The surgeon alighted and stepped inside. He was a young man with gold-rimmed spectacles and a ravenous air, but his inspection of the body was methodical and efficient enough.

As they carried the body out on a stretcher he turned to the sergeant and observed:

"Heaven! But there certainly is an eerie sort of feeling around this quarter. Just as if we were sitting on a stick of dynamite."

McGregor nodded shortly.

"If I'm not very much mistaken, doctor, dynamite is safe compared with this place-to-night." What, for him, was a remarkably long speech.

Gripping his gun, Walker slipped back the door that covered him and glanced around with a cautious eye. The two Chinese had entered the room. Evidently they had heard the exclamation of the man whose neck he had broken. They were talking in Chinese, or he could not know what they said, but it was evident that their suspicions had been aroused.

He saw one turn and walk down the passageway, and for a second his heart stopped beating. Obviously the Chinese had gone to investigate the non-appearance of Quan, and in a few seconds the dead body of the Chinese torturer would be found.

The other had advanced somewhat and was staring at something which glittered on the floor. Walker took a careful step, and for all his lack of nerves a thrill of apprehension shot through him. On the rug mat lay the knife of the opium smoker, and the Chinaman was regarding it impassively.

"Hair!" he exclaimed, and stooped to retrieve it. Walker acted on the instant, flinging the light blanket over his head to smother his cries. With one sinewy hand he felt for the star's thin throat, and compressed it horribly. He had not the slightest compunction in his act. His life lay in the balance. Should this man arouse the suspicions of his companions, by even so much as a groan, the lanky detective foreman a quick death. Of what use were brains and muscles against a crew of murderous ruffians armed with knives and revolvers?

The man's neck snapped like a match, and Walker held him until his spasmodic twitching ceased. Then he grunted as the armour of the situation struck him. This was the third man he had killed within the hour, and the other Chinese was retreating.

He heard the man's quick footsteps and a hurried jabber of Chinese. His escape was discovered. Silently he took possession of the knife, for it was at least a weapon—a glowing Malayian affair with a six-inch blade. The Chinese had returned the room.

He started back, his eyes betraying his astonishment, his mouth opening in a cry of warning. But the cry was never given. A capacious pair engulfed his throat so that no sound was heard, and six inches of steel pierced his heart. He died at once, and in so pleasant a manner, Walker holding him by the throat so that the sound of his falling body might not disturb the silence.

"Four," said he grimly, and passed for forgiveness.

The passage was still in silence. Evidently the domes of the two Chinese had not as yet awakened any suspicions. Walker's mind was made up. In a few moments the non-return of the Chinese might bring the other occupants of the house to a realization that something was seriously wrong, and in that event there might easily be an investigation on foot. There was but one thing to do—seize the ladies and meet trouble half way.

He was half-way in the trap when he had another thought, but he brushed it aside. Better to die in an attempt to regain his freedom than to succumb in a comfortable transit. Continuously he slid upwards. The floor was just a few inches above his head. He placed his ear to the floorboards and listened. There was no sound whatsoever. He eased it up, and to his great relief there was neither speaking nor rasping. The trap-door swung on well-oiled hinges, and he thrust his head through the opening. The room was deserted, and he quickly scrambled to his feet, for he had no need to be caught at a disadvantage.

There was no window, the illumination being artificial, and it a sense he was disappointed. One sight of the outer world would have backed him up wonderfully. This was evidently an inner chamber, and obviously one favoured by men of importance, for it was furnished with a luxury which amazed him. The carpets were of deep crimson and gold; gorgeous tapestries covered the walls; on a dais, decorated in an ornate manner, with golden dragons, were cushions of silk. Walker stroked them softly.

"This stuff must be worth thousands!" he soliloquized, picking up an ornament of solid jade carved with Eastern designs. "I guess this must be the hang-out of the Lord High Admiral."

At his arm was a long-necked bottle. He lifted it and smelled the contents carefully.

"Now I wonder!" For he was sadly in need of a refreshment. The bottle might possibly contain some weird Eastern concoction, but the temptation was too great. He raised it to his lips and took a long pull. Then, with a gasp, he laid it down, the foam streaming from his eyes, and his throat aflame. "Liquid fire!" he cursed softly. It was brandy, distilled from worm-wood, and was of terrible potency. A favourite beverage of the East, it is made too strong for consumption by white men.

At the same time, it killed him, for he had been feeling weak. His consciousness had slipped his natural energy, and the stimulant revived him rapidly, coming through his veins like a red-hot stream.

He approached the curtained doorway. The room was about as the grave. Somehow or other it got on his already ragged nerves. He would have welcomed the appearance of a hatchet-man; action of some sort was what he needed. He passed through. The adjoining room was dark as the grave, and he stood listening carefully for an instant. The only sound was the beating of his own heart, and his subdued breathing. The curtain was of some heavy material, and he passed before passing through. Still no sound, no movement.

Softly he pushed it open and entered. A Chinese was staring at him with wide-open eyes, and in his hand was an automatic, and the sound was trained unerringly on Walker's heart.

He felt his throat go dry. After all his efforts he was to perish like this. He dropped the knife to the floor. A bullet was quicker than a knife, and he knew he had no chance.

"Wai-ai!" said the Chinese. "You are the foreign devil Walker, the hang one of

whom Ho Lee spoke." And he surrendered the gun.

Walker took it in amazement, and turned to speak, but the man had vanished. Who was he? Why had he acted as he had? The detective took heart. Evidently he had a friend in this den of iniquity.

He tightened his grip on the butt of his automatic, and it felt strangely comfortable. He examined it, and it was loaded.

"So far so good," he thought, and advanced. Somewhere near he could hear voices raised in conversation. Now his services would be put to the test, for while he was content to stand his way out, if needs be, it would be much more convenient and infinitely safer to win out by stealth. A single shot might bring a score of men on top of him.



or Jones, as he had called himself. The surprise was mutual.

It was at that moment that a certain word was flung to the door!

#### A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Dr. Lu advanced and attempted to slip up, which, since he was unshod, he did not do, and he fell, with something of an oink. A bright beam of light was playing on his eyes, and he heard distant voices rasping in his ears.

"Dude!" said Dr. Lu complacently. "You have regained consciousness. That is good, for I have a great deal to say to you."

He came to himself suddenly, and, as his mind cleared, realized where he was, for there was no mistaking the nature of the place.

"Ye gods!" he said, and shook a throbbing

Inspector Walker stood in the doorway, his automatic leveled steadily at Dr. Lu. "Before I leave this room," he started, "I am going to kill you."

There was another corridor, somewhat similar to that of the underground cellar, but with a sigh of thankfulness he saw a gleam of street lamps. He was at last within striking distance of the street. There might yet be some chance of escape. At any rate, the shooting would doubtless be heard outside, and might possibly attract aid.

He marveled at his good fortune. The house must evidently be deserted. Possibly he had already dispatched the guards. However, he could take no chances. The voices sounded clear, and by a process of elimination he picked on the room. A tiny flicker of light showed beneath the door—a mere flicker. A glance served to tell him that to must pass it. Stooping, he wedged his shoe loose and kicked his feet free, placing the shoe in his trouser pockets. He would most certainly have a use for them should he ever gain the street.

Then the old window, and the door was flung open. Someone was coming out. The voices were plain. He could hear the perfect English of Dr. Lu, and a reply in a strangely familiar voice. He crept back to the room just vacated. Footsteps sounded, and a tall figure approached. The detective covered that against the wall as the man came nearer. He saw the silhouette in the doorway, a click, and the room was flooded with light.

And Walker gasped in amazement, for he was looking into the startled face of the man he believed to be now in prison—Dred,

head. Then he started, for being him and Dred, a smile on his rough features.

"Good-evening, Commissioner! Things are a trifle changed from our last meeting, aren't they?"

D. D. did not answer, for he had never felt free like conversation in his life.

"Possibly," said Dr. Lu, "our friend of the police would appreciate something to drink, and he peered out a liberal portion of wormwood brandy. D. D. gulped it down with a cough.

"Heaven! That stuff is strong. Just about burns you up. What do you call that?"

"By a jingo brandy," professed the Chinese, "distilled from wormwood. There is no more potent leverage in the world."

D. D. believed him, for his body seemed to be consumed with a great heat. Nevertheless, he felt greatly strengthened, and his head had cleared rapidly.

"And now," intoned Dr. Lu, "we will have our conversation. I trust, Mr. Fanson, that you will proffer it as much as possible, for at its conclusion you will very surely die. You, and your co-worker, Inspector Walker, who is at present detained."

"You have Walker here?" queried Fanson. Now he knew where he was. The local quarters of the Ho Ming in the Street of the Bronze Christadelphians, Ho Lee had said. He wondered if Ho Lee knew of his capture. He had said that he had a man here. D. D. took heart.

The Chinese nodded.

"I have. However, I think that he can

pass out of this world about the same time as your honorable self. Yes, Mr. Farnon, you will have the knowledge that you are dying in the best of company." There was no movement in his voice. Walker was worthy of his steel, and he knew it.

D. B. shed a glance at Dret, but his red-lick ignored it completely. Certainly he had little hope of obtaining success in that quarter. The Chinese interpreted his glance correctly, and there was a cruel smile at his lips.

"You are thinking," he informed pleasantly, "that our mutual friend Dret may aid you to escape. Dismiss yourself of that idea at once. No one will be more pleased when you meet your death, Mr. Farnon. As a special favor, Mr. Dret has requested that I delegate the destruction of Walker to him, and to his request I have agreed. It should be a slight work saving, for Walker is a brave man. However, the death of a Hundred Cats is not pleasant, and I believe that Walker will suffer some before he passes."

D. B. blanched, for he had seen a victim of the terrible Tong death before.

"And then, of course, you shall accompany him."

D. B. nodded his head eagerly.

"After which," he remarked apacely, "you will have a clear field, so to speak, for the League of the Green Triangle."

"But?" that is correct. You have caused no undue inconvenience, Mr. Farnon. Really, I was surprised. It is very rarely that one discovers such intelligence in a Canadian. In fact, I am almost tempted to spare you, for I have a good human. However, the wishes of the League are paramount and must be obeyed, and accordingly you shall die."

D. B. strained at his ropes, but the Chinese laughed.

"I should advise you not to weary yourself, Mr. Farnon. You were bound by a certain Malayan under who is an expert in the art. I doubt if any man alive could free himself after his effort." And D. B. appreciated the fact, for he was so severely bound as though he were in a straight-jacket.

"Had you not proved yourself an exceedingly diligent," said Dr. Lu, "you might still have been free. That also applies to Walker. What a loss to the Yard! Two of their most highly honored officials dead. However," he added darkly, "they shall have more mysterious things to worry about. Within the next few weeks several hundred of the greatest men in the land will have perished."

"You dead?" burst out D. B. He was unable to contain himself in his anger. He felt he might have managed a checkmate in this Chinese had he not allowed himself to fall victim to a well-known form of ambush.

Dr. Lu smiled.

"I think," he informed quietly, "that we shall have Walker brought up. Possibly you would like to exchange a few words with him before your wigs part."

"Have you harmed him?" asked D. B., and was relieved when the other shook his head.

"No. At least, not radically. He has, of course, received the same sort of treatment as you did yourself. However, I do not believe that he has suffered from it. I had a little conversation with him a day or two ago, and he was most abusive."

D. B. grinned. He knew his subordinate. "I hope he gave it to you strong," he muttered, and the Chinese smiled deprecatingly.

"He is a stubborn man. It was our original intention to keep him as a hostage to ensure the safe return of Mr. Dret. In point of fact, we should have killed him

instantly had not Dret been in danger. Now, thanks to the power of our organization, we have both Dret and Walker, not to mention your honorable self. I think, Mr. Farnon, that we hold the trials. Dret assures me that with your death all evidence of the League of the Green Triangle will be obliterated, and I have sufficient faith in him to believe him implicitly."

He clasped his hands three times. There was no movement.

"Baited?" he exclaimed wrathfully. "Is the pig sleeping? For this great negligence I shall beat him until the ribs of his feet are flesh."

Dret stood up.

"If you wanted Walker brought up," he said gruffly, "I'll go down for him. I just want to use the old fox roped up there."

The doctor nodded.

"As you say. You will get the key of the cell from Quan, whom you will find playing far-tan. He is an inveterate gambler." He paused. "I should advise you to handle Walker carefully, for he is a formidable man."

Dret grinned acutely and patted his pocket complacently.

"I am a formidable man, too, doctor, and I have a rather persuasive way with a gun." He opened the door and went out.

"Prepare yourself for death, my friend," said the Chinese blandly. "But first you shall see Walker die. As for yourself, I think I shall give you your choice of death. Fumes of the sword? Which?"

His words were pleasant, but D. B. knew that death was at hand. Despite his air of pedantry and sophistication, this man was as cruel and inhuman as a tiger.

"Either?" he replied. "Death is death in any form." And as he spoke he laughed softly, for the word "poison" had brought him a memory which he cherished. "Your poison," he intoned, "is known to the Yard. You may murder both Walker and myself, but you cannot escape the hands of Justice. Certain baskets which you treated came into the hands of one of our men, and were brought to the Yard. By this time the analysts and experts will have analyzed them and discovered your secret."

His exclamation was cut short by a snick from the Chinese.

"Our poison, Mr. Farnon, is a vegetable product; analysts can tell you nothing. To my knowledge I am the only man in England who is aware of the formula. And, of course, you can hardly expect me to broadcast it."

D. B. long his head hopefully. He had believed that even in death they might succeed. It would at least have been comforting to know that they had been the means of discovering the mysterious poison before passing out.

"Tell me," he asked, though he had little hope of receiving an answer, "what is the nature of this poison? Since I am about to die, the information cannot be passed along. And I am most extraordinarily curious."

Dr. Lu looked at him strangely.

"Very well, I shall. You are a brave man, Mr. Farnon, and I admire you. The secret will be well kept with you." And he chuckled grimly.

"You have heard, I dare say, of that famous Western poison called Constatella. The preparation made famous by the Begonia family?"

D. B. nodded shakily. Now he knew something tangible the knowledge would do him little good.

"The notorious Begonia!" said the Chinese severely. "Truly the most remarkable family which ever lived. Alas, my dear Mr. Farnon, the only Caucasian family in history to receive my respect.

They should have belonged to the Middle Kingdom. Baited!"

"Well, for many years I have expatiated with a Chinese poison, the name of which I am going to withhold even from you. It would not in the least prove informative," he explained. "Usually, I reserved myself that this poison was identical to all poisons with Gouton, and this led me to my suggestions that Gouton's name to Rome and the Vatican from the East, possibly in the days of Constantine and Mark Antony. However, of this I am not certain, and since it has no bearing on the matter, need not interest you."

"Incidentally with the poison produced death is one hour and ten minutes exactly, leaving no trace by which the means employed could be discovered. This, you must admit, was quite a feat of biological genius, and a decided improvement over the notorious Constatella, which produces death in two hours. Self-incubation by the victim I had worked out for destruction was the method which I adopted, and which has so far worked out in perfection. And I have little doubt but that I shall be equally successful in the future. Unfortunately, you will be neither in a position to congratulate me on my success nor to mourn with your friends in their bereavement."

"You callous devil!" interjected D. B., and strained at his bonds in an effort to free himself.

"Come, Mr. Farnon," said the Chinese smilingly, "please pay a little more attention to my explanation. I assure you that you are highly honored, for to no other man would I commit myself."

"All that is necessary in the administration of the poison is a collar or a glove, a coin which will be handled, a handkerchief, or something of that nature. Something which is coming in direct contact with the skin of the subject. The handkerchiefs were rather a long stroke, but in a pinch would do admirably. The article is used to take and pointed with my poison, and then replaced. A very little of it is sufficient, and, in order to protect myself from possible treachery at the hands of my collaborators, I manufacture only a small quantity of the poison at a time. The formula I have never committed to paper, carrying it in my brain."

"The process of the poison is simple. In an article of clothing, when worn, it produces an intense irritation on the body. An article such as a coin will have the same effect on the hand of the subject. An eruption appears on the skin which, if untreated even so slightly, is sufficient to permit the poison to enter into the system of the subject."

"Sir Rupert Fabrener, the Home Secretary, to be absolutely technical, died at his own hand. The rim of his hat was painted with the poison, and the irritation produced was excruciating. This alone was sufficient to bring about his death. The death of Sir Arnold Purdie was substantially the same, save that in his case a different medium was used. His scarf was painted in the same manner as was the hat rim of the Secretary of State."

He looked over at his companion.

"And that, my dear gentleman, is all that I may tell you. The League of the Green Triangle is a name within a name. We are pledged to the Middle Kingdom. Chinese democracy! Chinese influence! And through the medium of my illustrious China will regain her place among the nations, taking the place of Britain. You great men, statesmen, diplomats, scientists, men of letters and of law, your profane and dictatorial thrones shall be stricken down until the country submits to Russian influence, for Russia is of the East. Though Russia, China shall regain her

breast gravities—and not by force of arms. That, Mr. Parson, is a fallacy of the Caucasian race. You have won your colonies by the strength of your arms—by the strength of your arms you held them. We Chinese do not believe in war. China is at heart the most pacifist nation in the world. We will remain our best greatness through strategy, for war is unchristian."

He ceased to speak, and looked at D. D. meaningly.

"Our mutual friend is rather tardy in returning. I trust he is not leaving Walker."

D. D. looked hopeful for a second. It flashed to his brain that perhaps the foot had turned the tables on the cynicism. Dr. Lu interpreted his thought correctly. "You are thinking, Mr. Parson, that Walker has managed to subdue Dret in some manner. Let your mind be at ease. That is rather impossible, for he is chained to the wall."

D. D.'s heart sank. "What?" said the Chinese, and clasped his hands softly. There was no response.

Approaching the door, he whispered shrilly. Instantly the hall was alive with Chinese.

"Honorable brethren," said the doctor lightly, "two of you go down to where the long low gate is and have him brought before me." They departed instantly, and he re-entered the room.

"A little delay, Mr. Parson," he smiled. "We shall have Walker here in a minute." He never spoke a truer word.

From behind an ornate wrought-iron, fashioned after the Chinese fashion, and decorated with golden dragons, came a long leg, then an arm, and the door was gently drawn shut.

"Put up your hands!" rasped an unpleasant voice in his ear, and the estimable Dr. Lu stared down the black bore of a most surprising automatic. Steady as a rock, it was aimed truly at his heart, and grim and impressive as he was, he was not a whit more grim than the man who held the gun. "Back up against the wall!"

The command was short, and snapped out like a bullet. Dr. Lu was a man who knew men. He complied instantly.

"The estimable Walker? I think that I understand you, my friend. Tell me, did you kill the Russian?"

"Was Dret a Russian?" queried D. D., and the information made things clearer to him.

"Next time, my friend," said the doctor to Walker, "I shall kill you first and ask questions afterwards, for I see you are a man of resources."

"Next time?" repeated Walker—and there was that in his eye which showed he was speaking truthfully. "There will be no next time! Before I leave this room, doctor, I am going to kill you!"

"Ap-pah!" said the Chinese bluntly. "It is Fate."

The detective produced a knife, and the blade was stained with blood. The gun never wavered as he cut the bonds which held his superior, and Dr. Lu nodded calmly.

"You have done well, Walker. But there is yet Quin to reckon with. No one leaves this house without his knowledge. Dret you may have overpowered, but I rather imagine that you will find Quin to be a tougher proposition. I have seen his tactics lay strong men, and master them with ease." His conversation had the ring of the drawing-room. Instead of looking down the bore of an automatic, he might have been entertaining them at lunch, as facile were his words, and so charming his manner.

Walker shook his head grimly. "Quin dead," he informed softly. "Wain-in?" exclaimed the doctor. And

far once he was started out of his equanimity. "Tell me, in what manner did he die? The knife or the gun?"

"He died," said Walker slowly, "of a broken neck."

"Ap-pah! And you did it?"

The detective nodded.

"I had the pleasure."

Dr. Lu looked at him with new respect.

"You are truly a man," he said slowly.

"I am sorry that I shall have to kill you."

D. D., rubbing his eyes, laughed shortly.

"Doctor, you will never kill another man. Before we leave here you will be dead, and your secret will be dead."

He started with a cry, for above on his head dropped a Chinaman from a trap in the ceiling, and a "cock" descended on his head with astonishing force.

In a red mist he heard Walker curse as another three forms bounded on top of him. Bound as in a dream the crash of a bullet, and saw the eminent Dr. Lu fall in a heap. Then he heard Walker's yell:

"The doctor! Man! Get out!"

He struggled to his feet. His attacker had been laid low by a terrific blow from the inspector. Twice his automatic barked, and they were very suddenly alone. The clattering at the door was terrific. D. D. put his feet down to it.

"Take the gun and watch the trap."

D. D. complied, wiping the blood from his eyes with the back of his hand. A pair of trousersed legs appeared; he waited coolly, and with self-possession. The man dropped and came at him like a tiger, whipping a huge executioner's sword.

He died very quickly.

The door was searched almost to atoms. An axe splintered through, and D. D. seized it and banged it out. The hinges

had gone. He saw the blue notes in Walker's hand stand out.

A bullet tore through the shattered oak and buried itself in the wall. There came a louder sound, a scream from the passage outside, and a yell of terror.

"What's happening outside?" gasped D. D. He was too weak to stand on his feet.

"Sounds like gunfire," gasped Walker. "I hope to Heaven that it is help!"

There came a rush of feet from above. D. D. fired wildly. Two men dropped into the room. Then another. They were upon him in a trice, and he tattered back against the wall, a man at his throat. Above him another with a knife. He shut his eyes as it descended, and with the strength of desperation flung himself to one side. He felt a scorching jab in his shoulder, and tried to draw away.

He was impaled to the floor.

Walker cursed and kicked the man off his chest, drew away the knife, and D. D. heard the heavy creak as the heavy leather mat above and under; heard the scream of the man as he crashed against the wall. Somehow he staggered to the door. He saw Walker stoop and retrieve the executioner's sword dropped by one of the Chinese. It was a huge, two-handed affair.

The inspector struck at the first man to attack him, clearing him to the shoulders.

Mad! Stark, raving mad, he fought on, striking right and left. Three falling blows which felled men as wheat falls at the sickle. He was wounded in a dozen places. D. D. is a quiet man this.

Then, as the inspector tottered beneath the force of numbers, came a shout from the doorway, and a fresh rush of Chinese.

(Continued on page 164.)

## SILENT MENACE!

THE PAPER WITH A THOUSAND THRILLS

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Acquired of murder: Five to go back to his notorious schemes again. Potomac stepped from the gate, a pompous, radiant figure and inspired by the proximity of the coast. Yet he got on better than the other. Inspector Parson, watching his strutting figure, saw him suddenly stiffen, the whole of his great frame freeze to a terrible rigidity, then, with scarcely a sound, the body dropped to the ground. He was dead. Yet no one knew how. There was not a soul near him; he had not been shot. He had just died—silently, mysteriously. Others followed. Criminals whose cunning aided them in evading the law were bound dead, without a sign as to how they had met their end. And honoring like a great shadow over these strange mysteries was the marvellous smiling Mr. Sneider. Prolonging thrills, action and excitement follow thick and fast throughout this gripping yarn. Don't miss reading

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# "LOOK AT CHICAGO!"



## FOREWORD

STARTING as an expert safe-blower, Dick O'Banion was one of Chicago's earliest highjerkers and rose to fame under the wing of Johnny Torrio, Al Capone's former boss. But even as a gang-chief, O'Banion's highjacking tendencies got the better of him, and eventually led to his sudden and dramatic demise in his own bed-sleep. With O'Banion out of the way, Capone and Torrio held sway in Chicago until Hymie Weiss, O'Banion's lieutenant, set out on a campaign of renaissance. So hot did he make things for Torrio that that gentleman found he had had enough, and decided to clear. He headed over the gang leadership and all that accompanied it to Al Capone, and left post haste for Italy.

It was not long after this that Weiss died—suddenly—his body full of mediocrity slugs.

It took Big Jim Colosimo a long time to rise from street cleaner to a power in the Underworld. His stands had been hard, and thus his confidence and respect for human feeling on life almost equalled that of the detestable Johnny Torrio. But then all the boys involved in the Chicago booze racket are tough. They live to be.

Three of the Green Brothers led Chicago after their three brothers were slain in three months. Of the six O'Donnell Brothers, South Side beer runners, four have been removed by gang deaths. Both survivors have been fired upon repeatedly.

All Capone's scars are on the left side of his face. One explanation is that he received them in a knife fight in one of his resorts, 2222, South Wabash Avenue, the "Flea Brokers." He spent eight months in France, was a member of the Lost Battalion of the Seventy-seventh Division, and claims that the scars were made by shrapnel.

Louis Aheiss, since his retirement to Colorado following the death of O'Banion, has returned to Chicago twice. He was formerly an officer in a janitors' union, one of the earliest rackets. When he returned from exile on the two occasions he wore a wide Stetson hat and many diamonds. He

refused to be even talking with any detectives. When they would approach him with a friendly greeting he would call: "Hallo! But get away. I don't know anything. Just passing through."

Big Tim Murphy originated the term "make him for a ride," but Weiss is said to have been the first one to utilize that method of obtaining silence or revenge is gangland.

Commence, the star killer, could never be induced to say a word about a rival gangster. "Sure, he's nice fellow. He's got good feet size," was his usual answer to all "ribbing"—this, even though Commence had been assigned to put the subject of the conversation out of the way within days.

Incidentally, cold and dependable killers of the Commence type are at a premium. The killer who returns from a job and is all unscathed and upset is frequently "given a ride" himself just to be sure that he won't "fall apart" and talk in his delirium.

## THE RACKETS.

RECENTLY cost Chicago about one hundred and thirty-six million dollars in the year 1928, and brought about the removal from the city of industrial plants, the potential coverings of which could be estimated in the hundreds of millions. So active, bold and unscrupulous did the racketeers grow that it became necessary early in 1929 to establish a "Racket Court" where cases involving rackets are exclusively considered.

During 1927-1928 more than two hundred rackets came to the attention of the authorities, and in many instances where the ideal racketeering trio of a "fido" labour union, a crooked politician and crooked business men were involved there was very little chance to get legal leverage on the situation or to blast it out of being. More than fifty bonds were utilized by Chicago racketeers last year, and despite every pressure brought against the rackets, there existed sixty-four in full operation with the opening of the Racket Court.

Nothing is too low nor too high for a racketeer to muscle into. The principle is this, for the purpose of simplicity: Suppose ten chestnut vendors are selling their wares

The real authentic history of the gang wars and racketeering in the world's most crime-ridden city, dramatically told by

EDWARD D.  
SULLIVAN

on various corners. All of a sudden a fellow tougher than all ten of them put together—a veritable Pythonsaurus in blue serge and towel cap—comes up to one, looks at him steadily as if about to jump on him, and says:

"I want to know just one thing—are y' in or are y' out?" No one in the world would know what the tough bomber is talking about—least of all a chestnut chel, but anyone would immediately recognize from the expression on the impassable map of the questioner that the matter is not only important, but probably fatal.

The chestnut man wants to know what's it all about. What can he do? What has he done? Who's doing which?

He is then told that a union has been formed which will reduce the price of chestnut, being about steady improvement in the coasting machine, prevent pollution from giving the chestnut man the boss's cash, reduce the cost of new chestnuts, bring suit against the grower where worms are evident and look after the chestnut roaster himself in every way with the goal of a mother.

All that, the tough one requires in an initiation fee of two dollars down and one dollar a month, and from that time on business will pick up, protection will be assured, nobody will be allowed, and everything will be irretrievably okay.

Just as the unhappy roaster is about to state that he won't surrender those two dollars until death doth part, the gangster gets postmastered and tells him, sure that he is going to be a member, about a fellow who failed to come into the union only the night before. What they did to him? It's a pity the roaster couldn't have been there to see it. He would have laughed himself sick. They nearly killed the guy.

The roaster pays his two dollars and the next roaster is twice as easy, because the racketeer can refer to the first one as a member. So it goes. It's tough from the beginning, and it's bound to get tougher as the pickings increase and the tough racketeers get to know their weak victims personally.

The camouflage is that it is a protective measure, but in reality it is the exploitation



## "YELLOW MENACE"

(Continued from page 122.)

The commissioner sank into oblivion; his last memory was the sight of a fairly youthful divinity in the familiar line, and a dome, grim-faced exponent of police who shot with care and meticulous McEvoy knew was the reason for the tension, and he covers as only a Scotsman can.

## RECOMPENSE.

As an exponent of happiness and longevity, he looked his kind wisely.

"Welcome! This is a great day for the Ho Sing gang, for we see quiet men, who do not care to fight."

Walker coughed loudly.

"Quite correct, Ho Lee. I suppose that you will be satisfied now? He had arrived with news of the arrest and subsequent deportation of forty-four members of the Ho Sing."

"Appah! This is good, for these men were all evil men, and now we can live at peace." And in his voice there was great pleasure. "Also, no more of the Ho Sing was engaged in this war, being subservient to certain wicked which post-registered me with some time ago, in a certain night that you first caught my aid, in the matter of the Ho Sing last."

"I remember," agreed Walker grimly.

"Also," intoned the sage, "if any evil person should say that a Ho Sing participated in the matter, you will know this to be a lie, for at the time we were all at our houses, as our lives were well tested."

Walker nodded his head.

"Now, Ho Lee, if I tell you that as I stood against the Ho Sing, fighting, I saw many, many henchmen of the Ho Sing, what would you say?"

"None! I would say that you were very greatly mistaken."

"And if I said that among these men was one Ho Ting, the son of my friend, how then?" His voice was very gentle.

"Appah!" said the old man agitatedly.

"You were very greatly mistaken indeed, for the illustrations Ho Ting was in my own household. Now, I think that probably you had been drinking Sam Oa, which is very potent, and which makes men do strange things, also devil."

Walker inclined his head in assent.

"That is correct, Ho Lee. I had been drinking Sam Oa." And he rose to leave.

After he had gone, the promoter of happiness and longevity sat for a long time, staring through his beam-rimmed glasses.

"Bitter!" he said at length. "This is a very good man, also Ho Ting should have been more careful, for I do not want it known that the Ho Sing were out, for that would hurt him greatly."

"Ho Lee!" he called, softly, and his lips and eyes came to him. "Fetch me my water-pipe. Also tell my other pipe of wipers to fix me, but my repose be disturbed."

"Ho Lee!" he accented.

When he had smoked for a few moments he lay down. The breath of the smould'ring pipe beat softly on his brow, and his eyelids fluttered and closed. With a great satisfaction he rolled over, but his mind was working behind his mask of lethargy.

"Blessed!" he murmured, "these pipe of wipers will drain from their labours, as much as I wish slavery. Yes, I am a very clever man, as I shall bring sleep. Then, when I find these wipers, too, I shall get them each a fair hearing."

Having done upon this matter at some length, he went to sleep.

D. D., looking very fit and bronzed, lit a cigarette. He had just returned from three months' holiday at Algiers.

"And three got the works, I suppose?"

Walker nodded.

"I was at the reception. He banged me nearly six weeks."

"And Ho Lee is dead," supplemented D. D. "I think that that very suitably terminates the Green Triangle."

The detective passed his lips thoughtfully.

Association, went into a North Clark Street garage and began to load up every attendant there. The men attacked were all hard at work. They did not know why the boss had failed to submit to the thinking demands of this racketeering outfit. But to show the boss where he stood, these innocent and hard-working men were viciously attacked.

Policeman Walter Foster, of the Chicago Central station, a young officer with an excellent record and two commendations for bravery, passed the garage, saw a man suspicious of the floor, and quickly ran in to verify being hidden about, and rushed into the garage. He was shot five times. This, one might suppose, would be about as brown an act as gangsters could perpetrate. Not so!

Edward Sperry, an employee of the garage, was cowering in the office of the garage during the beatings and shooting. He had been told that if he tried to get away he would die. He was awaiting his beating. But the gangsters, with a policeman close to death and three men massacred on the garage floor, fled.

They subsequently recalled Sperry. They had forgotten him in their haste after the brutal activities in the garage. With the whole town talking about the attack, they returned to the garage the following night, looking for the witness who could testify against them. Sperry had quit his work

"I'm not so sure. The body was never recovered. More important than that, the son, Ho Lee's man, was found stabbed about a month ago. The Ho Sing had their revenge. But for him I should never have escaped."

D. D. leaned toward and traced a pattern on the polished top of his desk with a well-tanned finger.

"The police just arrived in time to help us, Walker. Another minute, and they would have been too late!"

Walker laughed.

"The police were just about two minutes too late," he admitted. "The Ho Sing raided the place first. They practically wiped out every man on the premises with me Ho Ting, the son of Ho Lee, who arrived in time of course, need go on further."

D. D. winked understandingly.

"What does Ho Lee say in that?"

"The old scoundrel thinks I've been drinking. At least, that is what he told me."

D. D. laughed.

"I'll have to go down and see him one of these days. I have a present for him," and he took of his glasses.

"Five hundred pounds!" said Walker with a whistle. "The old scound!"

D. D. grinned.

"Well, I got a three months' holiday out of it," he admitted laughingly. "Ho Lee gets the satisfaction of having cleaned up the Ho Sing, and five hundred pounds, or less. "What did you get out of it?"

Walker produced a card-case with pride, and laid the slip of post-board on the desk. D. D. turned it and read:

SCOTTISHMAN JOHN WALKER, G.E.R. Scotland Yard.

And he laughed loud and long, for he was vice in the days of Mainwaring.

THE END.

(How, that for a first effort. Pretty good, eh? Be sure to read L. C. Smith, writer's latest novel, "Cross Lead," and next in The Tarragon. It is a really powerful piece with theme and excitement all the way.)

## "LOOK AT CHICAGO"

(Continued from previous page.)

Type Workers' Union, but was killed by injunction. He was attempting to form the Type, Printers' and Battery Workers' Union when he was shot down in front of his home in 1925. His prison record had interfered with his getting together with injunction had failed, gasoline dealers, candy peddlers, and jelly manufacturers racketeering unions he had brought to prominence.

One of the last vestiges of the reconstructed Murphy was to get Nicky Aronson, noted confidence man and former husband of Fannie Brice, into a gambling enterprise. He got Aronson while both were in Lawrenceville, and with Aronson's aid Murphy established a most creative gambling place in the Edgewater section of Sherman Road. It was raided and wrecked by police in ten days. Murphy's power to protect had vanished. And ideas without the right back-up men rotting in the field of rackets.

To give further insight into the neat and nifty methods of racketeering in Chicago, a case will be cited which ended with what seems to be an utterly entirely satisfactory result. On September 24, 1926, William Clifford and Michael Kelly, gangsters and strong arm men of the Garage Owners'

permanently. They found Albert Pease, who looked not unlike Sperry, working on the hosts in the office. They killed him.

These two previous rascals were arrested with a man named Barber, who was identified as a look-out on both nights of violence. But they were acquitted.

There was the usual tactics of racketeering. Heber, with a record of violence, dared not testify against the two. It was so obvious that he was held for perjury. Immediately afterwards, David Adkin, who had founded this racketeering garage outfit, was kidnapped, robbed, and shot. After two months wandering between life and death he came out of the hospital to find Clifford, Kelly, and Raymond at the head of the man, as called. He resigned, by telephone.

But, aside on the law process, as usual gangsters could be depended upon to get results. On April 1925, a American pulled into an alley in Cicero. Two men spring from it and kill. A policeman, seeing their hands, approached the machine and saw two men in the rear seats, slumped on the floor, legs tangled on the seats. They had been dead several hours. They were William Clifford and Michael Kelly.

Newsweek.

(Just as things happen in Chicago! But, naturally, on these occasions, Edward B. Sullivan has even more interesting revelations to make you. Don't wait next week's gripping instalment.)



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