

# THE THRILLER

THE PAPER WITH A THOUSAND THRILLS

2<sup>¢</sup>



Powerful  
New  
Novel by  
**HUGH  
CLEVELY**

**THE  
DEATH  
SQUAD!**

# The DEATH



Selby climbed cautiously on to the ledge and, automatic in hand, peered into the room beyond. Gathered round the table were the chief members of the Hennessy gang, four of Chicago's most deadly gangsters.

Heard a sound of motor engines also approaching the crossroads from the road on his left. A blinding glare of headlights shattered the darkness, and two cars, one just behind the other, both going very fast, passed the crossroads in the direction of Great Kirby. Selby glanced after them with cold curiosity; they seemed to be in a great hurry.

Suddenly he saw a man leap out of the rear car, and heard a short, sharp, vicious "crack, crack, crack." A light of sudden surprise came into Selby's eyes. That was the first sound he had expected to hear on a quiet English country road. It was also a sound that he could not mistake—the sound of a revolver being fired.

Then the front car curved slightly, straightened, divided with a shriek of protesting tyres, scurred across, nose windy, and went into the ditch at the side of the road. The second car passed it and began to pull up sharply. Selby ran to the side of the Great Kirby Road, slipped through a gap in the hedge, and began to run along a path parallel with the road in the direction of the two cars. As he approached the two cars he heard a sudden cry of pain in a woman's voice. It stopped him on.

Within a minute he was almost with the car that had run into the ditch. He stopped for a moment and peered cautiously through the hedge. In the roadway four men, who had been in the pursuing car, were dragging an elderly man and a girl towards

## Chapter 5. AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

Selby was walking home. He had returned by the last train from London to Kingston, and the Cavendish Arms in the village of Little Kirby, where he was staying, is five miles from Kingston, which is the nearest railway station. It was close on midnight of a beautiful autumn night; the air was pleasantly warm, a bright moon

was shining, and Selby strolled along quietly, with long, swinging strides, thoroughly enjoying the walk. The clean, country air was pleasant after the petrol-laden stuffiness of the London streets. Halfway between London and Little Kirby, the Longton-Little Kirby Road crosses the Milton-Great Kirby Road, forming a cross-roads in the shape of an X. As he approached the crossroads, Selby

# SQUAD



A  
SENSATIONAL  
BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

by Hugh Clevely

their eye. The elderly man was going quickly, but the girl was struggling fiercely, as Selby watched her board one of the men and saggedly. "Hit her on the head if she won't come quietly!" At that moment the man went behind a small cloud.

"That was just what Selby wanted. He thrust himself through the lodge, stood poised for a fraction of a second, and then jumped, to land softly on the grass at the roadside. In the act of landing he sprang forward. Before the two men who were struggling with the girl had seen him, he was on them. His right arm, with all his fifteen stone of bone and muscle behind it, came up in a terrific uppercut which caught the negro's man fairly under the chin, lifted him off his feet, and hurled him senseless half-way across the road. With a startled cry the second man released the girl, and in the same instant Selby's left arm came over the second man, flung up his arm, staggered drunkenly, and collapsed into a heap into the ditch.

It had all happened in two or three seconds. The elderly man and his captives were a few yards farther along the road. Without hesitation, without even pausing to see the effect of his last blow, Selby rushed at them.

When quickness was essential, quickness

was Selby's middle name. It was essential now. His opponents were armed, and he was not. For the moment he had the advantage of surprise, and it was up to him to make the fullest use of it. As he reached he saw that already one of the old man's captives had released him, and was searching at something inside his coat.

This time Selby did not let his out. He simply charged straight at the group of men, and such was the fury of his charge that the old man and one of his captives went down like dominoes, while the other man, a large, heavy fellow, staggered backwards, threw off his balance.

It was not a time to be particular about methods of fighting. Selby stamped hard with his left foot on the stomach of the man on the ground, and in the same movement lurched himself forward at the man who had staggered. At the same time the man came out from behind the crowd and showed him his last opponent—a gigantic negro.

As Selby rushed the negro's head came out from inside his coat, and something silver flashed quickly in the moonlight. Selby crouched slightly in his forward spring, and the sharp, pointed knife, aimed in a vicious upward slash at his stomach, did the left above of his coat from the cuff to the elbow, and slightly grazed his arm.

With his left hand Selby grabbed at the wrist of the hand that held the knife; his right he brought round in a short, heavy hook to the negro's body. The negro grunted, retreated with a lurch to Selby's left, and then stopped back slightly, lowered his head, and looked sharply at Selby's chin. His lip got, for there was a lightning uppercut under the jaw that knocked him backwards a full pace. Selby was a trifle surprised; he had expected that punch to put his opponent on his back. Taking advantage of the fact that the negro was slightly off his balance, Selby released his wrist, raised his own right fist, and brought it down in a chopping motion with all his force on the back of the negro's right hand. The knife tumbled in the roadway. Selby kicked it swiftly into the ditch.

The negro staggered back another pace, crouched slightly, and with a head-like snarl sprang forward. Selby met him squarely with a right-hand punch to the face, but did not stop him. With a shock of heavy bodies meeting, the two men came to grips.

For the space of a minute and a half the two men swayed and struggled to free in the roadway. The negro fought bravely and honestly, teasing, hitting, guessing, using every foul trick in the professional

rough-tanned fighter's appearance; his eyes were inflamed and glistening with an almost insane rage, and as he fought he growled hoarsely like some wild animal at bay. Betty fought equally manfully, but more coolly, as he fought there was a little smile about his thin, thin lips, and his grey eyes were watchful and calculating. Suddenly, as the fight was in its fiercest, he struck at Betty's face that missed by a hair's breadth. Betty retaliated with a lefty punch to the negro's solar plexus that brought him up short for a moment gasping. Before he could recover Betty stepped in swiftly, seized the negro's right wrist in both his hands, turned sharply with his back to the negro, bringing the black's arm over his right shoulder, bent forward suddenly, and bowed with all his strength. The negro's huge body described a complete circle in the air over Betty's shoulder, and came down with a heavy thud in the roadway in front of him.

Betty was breathing a little faster than normal; blood was running down his face from cuts on his cheek and forehead on his lip; his collar had been torn from his shirt, and hung down, a tattered ruin, in front of him, and the breast-pocket had been ripped away from his breast coat. These things did not seem to worry him in the least. He bent over the big negro to see if his neck was broken; it was not. One of the other men whom he had knocked over was slowly trying to rise. He knocked him out again, left in his pockets and found an automatic pistol, which he slipped into his own pocket. The girl and the elderly man had retreated a few paces to the road; the elderly man looked very sad and frightened, and the girl's arm was round him. Betty turned towards them.

"We've have to take their car," he said to the girl.

The elderly man, who looked, as he was obviously too frightened to speak. The girl was also frightened, but she was doing her best not to show it.

"Where are you?" she asked, a little uncertainly.

"Don't argue," said Betty. "Get into that car."

He didn't speak impatiently; he spoke calmly (impatiently). For such a large man his voice was extremely low and gentle, and it was always quite calm and matter-of-fact. He was not an excitable nature; when he spoke he simply said what he wanted to say, and that was that. At the moment he saw no sense in hanging about so that went out in a moment to get the keys from it in the car of the man he had knocked out. If the elderly man and the girl wanted a lift, they would have one. If they preferred to stay where they were, they could do so. He didn't care either way.

They evidently didn't care to stay where they were, for without further argument they walked to the car and stepped in. Betty climbed into the driver's seat.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked, his throat a little hoarse, about a mile farther on, along the road," answered the girl.

"Tell me when to get there," said Betty. The engine was ticking over gently. He let in the clutch; the car started.

He drove for a few minutes; then the girl tapped on his shoulder, about a mile farther on, along the road," answered the girl.

"A little way ahead, on the left, you'll see a pile of big gates," she said. "If you'll know those things on your face they'll be opened for you."

"Right!" said Betty.

A little farther on he saw the gates, a pair of big, wrought-iron gates set in a high, stone wall; through the gates he could see a small lodge just inside them.

He blew three blasts on his horn, and the gates slowly swung open. He turned the wheel, then drove about five hundred yards along a drive, and stopped outside the front door of a big house. Now for the first time Betty heard the elderly man speak, and noticed that he had a strong American accent.

"I don't mind going to leave us. You'd come in, too. I'd like a talk with you," he said.

"And I'd like a drink," said Betty. He stepped out of the car, and followed the man and the girl to the white stone steps that led to the front door of the house. As they reached the top step, the front door was opened by a butler—a most unusual butler. To Betty he looked more like an unusually kindly Henry VIII, than a butler. He noticed that because he was in the habit of noticing things, but his curiosity was not greatly stirred. Other people's tastes in butlers were no concern of his.

Inside the hall were two footmen, also Henry VIII, who followed. The elderly man spoke to one of them.

"Please, my gentleman would like a wash, and a clean shirt and collar. Show him into my study here, and see that he has everything in the way."

"He turned to Betty.

"You'll stay the night, of course. If you'll ring when you're ready, I want will bring you down to the study. I shall be waiting for you there."

He spoke that he was inside the lower his voice as he began speaking. He spoke like a man who is accustomed to give orders and expects to have them obeyed.

"Thanks!" said Betty.

He followed the butler to a large, brightly-lit study on the first floor, and washed and changed his shirt and collar. Then he rang, and the butler conducted him to a room of considerable size, and opened the door for him. He entered.

The man and the girl were sitting in a room on either side of the study, and he played, and as he entered the room Betty took his first opportunity of having a good look at them. He was able to examine them the more easily, as both of them turned in his direction as he entered, with the obvious intention of having a good look at him. His impression of them was unfavourable.

The man was about fifty-five years of age, of medium height, and dressed in a brown tweed suit of tweed and a tweed material. He had dark, wavy, rather narrow eyes, silver hair, and his expression, as Betty entered, was genial, but slightly underdone. Betty always judged men carefully. With his first, critical glance of the elderly man he had placed him in the category of people he would not trust farther than he could see them.

"I don't know who you are, young man," said the elderly man, holding out his hand.

"But you've placed me under a great debt of gratitude to you, and I think you'll find that I know how to pay my debt."

The young man took the outstretched hand and shook it cordially.

"My name's Solty," he said, in his calm, low voice. "And you would'st worry about being in my debt."

"I don't mind going to leave us. You'd come in, too. I'd like a talk with you," he said.

"And I'd like a drink," said Betty.

He stepped out of the car, and followed the man and the girl to the white stone steps that led to the front door of the house. As they reached the top step, the front door was opened by a butler—a most unusual butler. To Betty he looked more like an unusually kindly Henry VIII, than a butler. He noticed that because he was in the habit of noticing things, but his curiosity was not greatly stirred. Other people's tastes in butlers were no concern of his.

Inside the hall were two footmen, also Henry VIII, who followed. The elderly man spoke to one of them.

"Please, my gentleman would like a wash, and a clean shirt and collar. Show him into my study here, and see that he has everything in the way."

"He turned to Betty.

"You'll stay the night, of course. If you'll ring when you're ready, I want will bring you down to the study. I shall be waiting for you there."

He spoke that he was inside the lower his voice as he began speaking. He spoke like a man who is accustomed to give orders and expects to have them obeyed.

"Thanks!" said Betty.

He followed the butler to a large, brightly-lit study on the first floor, and washed and changed his shirt and collar. Then he rang, and the butler conducted him to a room of considerable size, and opened the door for him. He entered.

The man and the girl were sitting in a room on either side of the study, and he played, and as he entered the room Betty took his first opportunity of having a good look at them. He was able to examine them the more easily, as both of them turned in his direction as he entered, with the obvious intention of having a good look at him. His impression of them was unfavourable.

The man was about fifty-five years of age, of medium height, and dressed in a brown tweed suit of tweed and a tweed material. He had dark, wavy, rather narrow eyes, silver hair, and his expression, as Betty entered, was genial, but slightly underdone. Betty always judged men carefully. With his first, critical glance of the elderly man he had placed him in the category of people he would not trust farther than he could see them.

"I don't know who you are, young man," said the elderly man, holding out his hand.

"But you've placed me under a great debt of gratitude to you, and I think you'll find that I know how to pay my debt."

The young man took the outstretched hand and shook it cordially.

"My name's Solty," he said, in his calm, low voice. "And you would'st worry about being in my debt."

"Solty," pronounced when they were when the butler had told him that they lived at Great Sissy Manor. He had heard John Stanton, the American millionaire philanthropist, and his English niece, Helen

Stanton, discussed in the Cricketer's Arms.

Helen held out her hand.

"We are awfully grateful to you for the way you came in our rescue tonight. You must be awfully strong," she said, in a tone of the warmest admiration.

Solty was awfully gratified and flattered by her admiration. He glanced at her side, and saw that she had dark, wavy hair and was wearing a dark, wavy hair.

"Oh, that's all right!" he said, in indifferent, almost contemptuous tones.

He disliked women, particularly when they were pretty. His first impression of her had been unfavourable because his impression of all women was unfavourable; it had been particularly unfavourable because she was particularly pretty. At the age of twenty he had been engaged to a particularly pretty girl. Then he had lost his money suddenly; the pretty girl had unceremoniously thrown him over, and in the same day on which he had asked for money she had married a rich brewer's third son other than herself. Solty's attitude to women had been contemptuously indifferent ever since. The fact that Helen had beautiful dark eyes and hair, an excellent figure, rather attractive mouth, and a slim, lively figure, did not dispense him favourably towards her in the least. He noticed that she had them, and remained unimpressed.

Helen flushed slightly. She wasn't accustomed to be treated in that casual manner. Most of the men she had met—and she had met a good many—would have shown the utmost gratification at a word of praise from her. She glanced at Betty, who was sitting on the sofa, and noticed that he looked indifferent. That was the only word she could think of to describe his appearance. There was a look of efficiency in his cool, steady grey eyes, an expression of efficiency, rather than of efficiency, in the firm lines of his mouth and jaw. He had an air of being very cold and self-contained; and she wondered what sort of life he in a temper. She felt almost like to see him in a temper—a real temper.

"Sit down," invited Mr. Stanton. "What will you take?"

"Whisky and milk, please," said Solty.

Mr. Stanton placed a decanter, a tumbler, a glass, and a box of cigars on a small table at Betty's side. Then he smiled at his niece.

"This man was off my chest," he suggested discreetly. "It's getting late, and you're looking a little tired. Besides, you ought to give your nurse a good rest after this evening. Mr. Solty and I are going to stay up for a few minutes and have a chat."

Helen accepted the suggestion. She said good-night to her uncle, and kissed him. But when she had said good-night to Betty, she asked cordially:

"I think you were simply marvellous tonight. I'd be awfully glad if you could be so strong and brave."

Her intention in paying him this somewhat fulsome compliment was to embarrass him. She had an idea that big, strong fighting men were usually modest creatures, who blush and look uncomfortable when their exploits are discussed vigorously in front of their ladies. She was quite wrong so far as Solty was concerned. He was utterly indifferent to what people said about him, either in front of him or behind his back. He was not at all embarrassed when their exploits are discussed vigorously in their presence. With the most perfect indifference he ran from his chair and opened the door for her to pass out, and said

"Good-night." Then he closed the door behind her and went to the stairs.

In the passage outside the room Helen paused for a moment, frowning thoughtfully. She felt a little uneasy. She had not made Selby too embarrassed; he had made her feel embarrassed. Again it occurred to her that she would very much like to see him in a tuxedo. She felt that he was altogether too big and superior and self-important. She was still thinking about him that night when she fell asleep.

"And now, young man," said Mr. Stanton, when Selby had returned to his chair. "I'd like to know exactly who you are and where you came from?"

"My name's Selby, and I'm staying at the Cricketer's Arms, in Little Kirby," answered Selby.

Mr. Stanton made a little gesture of impatience.

"Yes, yes. You told me what your name was before. But who are you? What do you do?"

Selby raised one eyebrow slightly.

"Do you want me to tell you the story of my life?" he asked ironically. "Why?"

Mr. Stanton stared at him with puzzled eyes.

"Don't you understand?" he asked. "You've done me a great service tonight, and I want to repay you."

He leaned forward slightly, with an appearance of great frankness and good nature.

"From what I've seen of you, you're just the kind of man I've been looking for," he stated. "I'd like you to take a job with me."

"Thanks very much, but I don't need a job at present," said Selby.

Mr. Stanton ignored this remark.

"As you've seen for yourself, I've got enemies," he went on. "Of those men had succeeded in carrying me off in that car, my life wouldn't have been worth two cents. You've helped me once, and I can do with your help again, and I don't mind paying for it. What would you say to fifty pounds a week?"

"Who are your enemies?" asked Selby.

"A man named Bennett is the leader of them—a Yankee crook. He tried some funny business with me in America a couple of years back, and I got him put away for two years. Now he's out again, and he's after my blood."

"Why don't you ask for police protection?" asked Selby.

Mr. Stanton shook his head.

"I don't cotton on to the idea of police protection," he declared. "I've always fought my own battles before, and I intend to go on fighting them. I don't want the police interfering in this business. If you had a quarrel with anyone, would you go to the police about it? No, you wouldn't! Well, I'm like that, too."

Selby stared at him for five long seconds, smiling a cold, contemptuous smile. Under that iron scrutiny Stanton lost his air of frank gravity; he blinked uncomfortably.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked.

"You've a bad lot, Stanton," answered Selby in a cold, dispassionate tone.

Stanton smiled.

"A bad lot? What the devil do you mean by that?" he demanded harshly.

"I mean that if you don't ask for police protection, it's because you don't," answered Selby calmly. "I don't know what your quarrel is with this man Bennett, but I do know that you're the kind of man who'd get your own justice in a court if it was denied. I suppose Bennett's got something on you that makes you afraid to take your story to the police."

Stanton's face darkened; he glared. It had no effect whatever on Selby. There was

a moment's silence. Stanton seemed about to explode, but checked himself with an effort. Then he spoke.

"By Heaven," he said, "you're a pretty good customer. Am you insinuating that I'm a crook?"

Selby shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"Aren't you?" he asked.

"He was aware that many American millionaires have enemies in their past lives that they would rather were not revealed. He thought it highly probable that Stanton had some such episode in his past life. Hence his unwillingness to call in the police."

In answer to Selby's question, Stanton

The killer stalked away into the shadows, leaving his victim lying, an inert heap, in the gutter.



laughed. But his laughter rang a trifle thin.

"I suppose you expect me to be offended," he suggested. "Well, I'm not. In fact, I'm sure that you're the man I'm looking for. My offer stands—fifty pounds a week if you choose to enter my service and help me to fight Bennett. I don't ask you anything about your past, and I don't expect you to be curious about mine. Is it a go?"

Selby did not seem to take any time to consider this proposal. He had no intention whatever of entering Stanton's service. He was about to say so when a telephone, on a desk near the window of the study,

rang.

"Half a minute," said Stanton. He went across to the instrument and lifted the receiver.

"Hello!" he said.

He listened for a few seconds, frowning; then he turned to Selby.

"The call's for you," he said.

"For me?" asked Selby, in a tone of mild surprise.

He rose, and took the receiver from Stanton's hand.

"Hello!"

"Is your name Selby?" demanded a rough voice over the wire.

"Yes."

"I guess you were the guy who interfered tonight," stated the voice.

"I guess so," agreed Selby.

"We've had our eyes on you for the last day or two," continued the voice.

"We wondered what you were doing snooping around the Cricketer's Arms."

The voice paused, and continued threateningly.

"So, see you in partnership with that slimy bastard Stanton?"

"That's my business," answered Selby.

"Say," said the voice. "Do you remember what happened to Tommy Bourke?"

Selby remembered "very well" what had happened to Tommy Bourke. Tommy had

been a particular friend of his; and Tommy had been found one evening lying in the gutter of a shabby street near the water-side of New Orleans, with a long knife in his back.

"I remember," said Selby.

"Tommy got interlocking where he wasn't wanted," went on the voice. "We found it suddenly. He got lumpy off. See? If you get better in where you're not wanted, you'll get lumpy off. If you're a wise guy, you'll get out and stay out! See?"

"You can go to Hades!" said Selby calmly. "See?"

He hung up the receiver.

"Who was it? What did he want?" asked Stanton.

Most of his secretary had fallen from him. His voice sounded agitated and nervous.

"One of Bennett's gang, I reckon," said Selby. "He threatened to have me lumpy off."

He looked at Stanton, with a trifle absent-mindedly, as if he were thinking of something else. To be precise, he was thinking of Tommy Bourke, lying in a gutter in a shabby street near the water-front of New Orleans, with a long knife in his back.

"I don't want any of your money," he said. "But I'll help you to fight the gang. Now tell me what you know about them."

## ENTER GRABBY CLIFFORD.

Stanton was in the habit of getting up early. When he had any particular work on hand, it was his custom to lie in bed for a while in the morning thinking of it. The morning after his adventure at the crossroads he awakened shortly before nine and lay in bed on some time thinking of Stanton and his deal with the Brown gang.

The name of Stanton was not altogether unfamiliar to him. Four years previously, when he had lived for a time in New Orleans, a man named Frederick Stanton had been very prominent in New Orleans society. A couple of years later, on another visit to New Orleans, Selby had heard that Frederick Stanton had just died, and that his brother, John Stanton, had inherited his millions. Then, he had little doubt, was that same John Stanton.

Various small things struck him as significant. John Stanton had stated that, two years ago, he had had Brown's "gut snap." Two years ago, also, Frederick Stanton had died, and John Stanton had succeeded in his fortune. Was there any connection between these two events?

Another thing that struck him was that Brown had tried to kidnap Stanton. Why? If he was simply out for revenge, it had never been his extreme simple to kill him. But Brown hadn't tried to kill him. Even the three shots which had been fired at Stanton's car had been aimed low, at the tires, and not at the occupants of the car. Was it Stanton's car that Brown had after, or was it, by any chance, his money, or a big share of it?

But these points would have to be investigated later on. Meanwhile, bright sunlight was streaming in through his closed window, and he felt inclined to lie in bed any longer. He rose, shaved and dressed in a leisurely manner, and wandered downstairs to the hall. It had struck him that it would be pleasant to take a little stroll the extensive grounds of the Marston before breakfast.

As he entered the hall, a man who was dusting turned round and looked at him, and then started.

"Well, Mike," said Selby.

"So it is you," exclaimed the man in a low voice. "I wondered, last night, when Fraser told me your name."

"Oh, you, it's not all right," admitted Selby.

He glanced a look keenly at the doctor in the man's hand.

"Nothing you'd demonstrated in your old age, I see," he observed. "I suppose you think that job, dusting and dressing, during one of your visits to King King, and you're turning it to profitable account?"

He smiled slightly.

"I remember that Whitley Burke and Stanton have Melanchole would say if they knew their old pal Mikey the Kat had taken a job as housemaid in an English country house?"

"Yes it is!" exclaimed Mike, in indignant tones. "Say, forget it. Sit on the housemaid. I'm only doing this because the old set upstairs won't have any money in the house. But I'm living easy and drawing good money and keeping out of the way, and that's what I want. The set of the States is a lot sabbatary for my sort now."

"You prefer an ordinary wooden chair, I suppose?" suggested Selby.

Mike glowered at him emphatically.

"What are you getting at?" he demanded.

"To an electric chair," explained Selby. "I was in New York a few weeks ago, and I remember that there was quite a line about some slight disturbance that had

## INTRIGUE!

BY

Harold Wimbury

is the special long  
complete mystery  
Novel in next week's  
issue of

## The THRILLER

taken place in a speakeasy in Fourth Street. A couple of men were bumped off, weren't they—or was it three?"

"Oh, how over," stated Mike comfortably. "These three guys had been waiting for it for months. And any way, I only got two of them. It was Whitley plucked the other. And Billy Hudson, my ward boss, is fixing things at the City Hall, so that it'll be safe for me to go back in a month or two."

He glanced, He was an evildoing little scound, with dark, twinkling eyes, a large, rounded nose, a wide mouth, that seemed almost to split his face in two when he smiled, wild hair, warden-looking features.

"This job's soft," he declared. "The old man, Stanton, is scared to death that there's some guy out wanting for him. It's my belief he's better. Why, they don't know what he's in in this part of the world. It's a good thing you, a guy they'd like it for a while."

"How did you get here and how long have you been here?" asked Selby.

"How did I get here? Well, it was like this. Stanton, the old old operator, used to know my ward boss, Billy Hudson, in little old New York. It seems that a few weeks back he wrote Billy a letter telling him that some gangster was wanting after him, and asking Billy to send along by return mail half a dozen marauded cashiers' tough propositions to act as his bodyguard. I guessed there was money in it, because Billy used off six of us right away. I'd just got into trouble over that Fourth Street shooting, and I was one of them. We've been here three weeks now, and our guys are getting rusty."

"Then your letter about the real old man, Stanton, is addressed Selby, right?" Stanton nodded he was safe till today. "He was wrong. The man who after him looked from the Marston's yesterday afternoon, and made a damned good attempt to get Stanton yesterday evening. He's a hardier, that is, I wonder Stanton didn't put you on your guard last night."

"He's always putting us on our guard," complained Mike. "And this house is so tangled up with burglar alarms and electric wires that it isn't safe to move after dark. On top of that, Stanton sleeps in a room with steel shutters on the windows, and steel plates fixed to the door. Say, what do you think of that guy Stanton, any way? Seems to me he's a hard-bucker."

"What I think of Stanton doesn't matter to you," answered Selby. "But if it's of any interest to you, I've got something after the gang that's after Stanton. He's it. It seems to you to be any double-crossing scound, you'd better remember that you'll be double-crossing me."

Again Mike grinned a wide, evil grin.

"I reckon to be as handy as the next guy," he stated. "But there are some things I just naturally wouldn't take. When-ho-ho in my middle name. If there's going to be any punning, I'm on your side from the word go. Life is sweet, brother!"

Selby smiled. He knew that Mike was a horrible little scound, but he was a cheerful little scound, and Selby rather liked him.

"Right, then! I'll have another talk with you later," he said. "You'd better get a handle on what that standing crew, or Stanton will do, your coming out?"

He nodded briefly, and passed out of the front door of the house. Down was on the grass and beds were slaying; it was a perfect summer morning. Selby stretched slowly across a wide, smooth lawn and through an ornate rose garden to a gate which led from the garden to a field which formed part of the estate. Across the field he could see woods, and beyond the woods he knew there was a river. He walked on with long, even strides.

He straddled through the woods for about ten minutes, by the river bank. Then he came to a point where a small houseboat and a diving-ladder had been built out over the river; on the bank near them was a heavy large, canopy arched, and a couple of rustic seats. Selby sat down on one of the rustic seats, in the shade of a big oak-tree, to smoke a quiet cigarette.

He had not been smoking long when a movement on the other side of the river attracted his attention. A man had come down to the river's bank, and Selby watched, he stopped into a small canoe and pushed off from the shore. A low rapid stroke of his paddle brought him across the river, he had by his canoe to a landing-stage by the bushes, and climbed up the river bank. Then he disappeared.

An expression of sudden dismay came over his face. Then he came forward, breathing.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded abruptly.

"From the way he spoke, Selby might have been a tramp. Perhaps there was some reason for him; Selby's clothes were somewhat ragged as the result of his occupation of the garden evening.

"Smoking," said Selby.

"Well, you'd better make yourself scarce!" said the man in a peremptory tone. "You're trespassing."

There is undoubtedly such a thing as love at first sight. Rapidly and unobtrusively there is in the river, he was dark at first sight. Selby was conscious of it now. He did not like this type, well-to-do young man of twenty-four or five who was standing looting at him. He did not know who he was, but he was a good looking; in fact, he was unusually good looking. His hair was fair and wavy, his eyes were blue, his complexion was tanned, his figure was that of an athlete. But weighing him up swiftly, as he was accustomed to weigh his people, Selby decided that he was made up of mixed with himself, and probably a bit of a baby.

"Is this your ground?" asked Selby mildly.

The man flushed slightly. He seemed on the verge of saying in a low voice, but checked himself. There he put his hand in his pocket and produced a ten-dollar note.

"Show, take this, and get out of it. You're not wanted here," he said.

Selby wondered why the man was so anxious to get rid of him. He decided to stay and had out.

"Put it away," he said. "I'm quite comfortable where I am."

The young man's handsome features were suddenly marred by an expression of

vision of temper. He stepped up to Selby angrily. His face crimsoned.

"You confounded brute!" he said. "Are you going, as am I going to throw you in the river?"

"I wonder?" said Selby.

The young man reached out a heavy hand, seized Selby by the collar, and jerked him off his seat. He seemed quite confident of his ability to throw Selby in the river. But he received a rude shock. There was a struggle which lasted a few seconds. Then the young man's feet suddenly left the ground, he fell himself among the reeds, and next moment, with a mighty splash, his big body struck the water and went under. "The water near the bank was not deep. In a few seconds he was spluttering; and his language was an education, even to Selby, who had heard some pretty hard invectives in his time. But he wasn't interested in the young man's opinion about him, and he turned and began to walk back to the rustic seat.

The light was a little dim in the heavy shade of the willows, and Selby was about to sit down, a rustic in the undergrowth near him attracted his attention. Again he turned. As he did so, the slim figure of Helen Mainwaring emerged through the trees into a patch of sunlight near him, and looked with rather staid eyes in his direction.

"Good-morning, Ernest!" she said, and smiled, a charming smile.

Now Selby knew why the young man had wanted to get rid of him. He had come to that picturesque spot to meet Helen Mainwaring. And rustic people do not usually meet at seven in the morning; they rarely conversely meet at any other time. Selby assumed that he had come there to meet her secretly, without her mother's knowledge.

"Good-morning, Miss Mainwaring?" he said.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in startled surprise, and then blushed vividly, and went on in embarrassed accents: "I—I thought it was somebody else."

From the vines below them came clearly a sudden outbreak of awful profanity. Ernest had stumbled into the thicket, and was telling Selby a few more things about himself before departing. Selby stopped at the edge of the bank.

"Stop that!" he said sternly. "That's not the sort of language to use in front of a lady."

Helen also stopped forthwith, and looked at Ernest with an expression of startled horror in her eyes. He was standing up in the thicket, his wet clothes clinging to him, and on his handsome face was an expression of wildness fit-temper that completely disfigured it. Helen had never seen him look like that before. She hardly recognized him.

"Ernest!" said Selby, and he took a threatening pace forward.

Ernest hesitated for a moment; it seemed that he would show fight. Selby took another pace forward, and a slight smile touched his lips. It was not a pleasant smile, and it conveyed very clearly and unmistakably to Ernest that Selby would be only too glad if he did show fight; and somehow it also managed to convey a grim warning of what would happen in those circumstances. Ernest decided not to show fight. He pushed off, with his paddle, from the landing-place.

"You'll get what's coming to you before I've finished with you!" he said sternly, and paddled across the stream and landed on the other side.

"Not altogether what one might call the perfect gentleman," observed Selby in dis-

passionate tones. "Who is he? A neighbor?"

"His name's Clifford—Ernest Clifford," returned Helen, in a troubled voice. "Whatst were you quarreling about?"

"He seemed to think I didn't show this spot," answered Selby. "So he tried to throw me into the river. Unhappily, during the struggle, he fell in himself."

He looked at her, one eyebrow slightly raised in quizzical inquiry.

"I wonder what he wanted here at this hour of the morning?" he went on.

She blushed.

"I expect he was just going for a walk," she said.

"Like me," agreed Selby. "and if he hadn't happened to meet me first, he'd have met you. What a good thing I chanced to be here, isn't it?"

It occurred, for the first time, to Helen that Selby had guessed that Clifford had come to meet her. It also occurred to her that he was accusing himself at her expense. She left her seat. Her thick eyebrows, and her eyes squinted. But her voice became very cold.

"Are you trying to be funny?" she asked.

"No," said Selby. "I had quite a lot of fun just before you came."

He glanced at her sternly.

"I take it that your mother doesn't know that you meet that young puff-blower here in the early morning?" he went on.

"Young what?" she retorted. She thought she hadn't quite caught what he said.

"Puff-blower," repeated Selby. "It's the name of a very pretentious and bad-tempered snob."

"How dare you!" she said indignantly. "Mr. Clifford's not a puff-blower. He's a friend of mine."

"Then he ought to disown himself," said Selby. "He'd be well advised to get an alibi (probably) furnished to anyone who disdains puff-blowers to stamp on him with both feet. I've even a lot of puff-blowers, and he's exactly like all of them."

"Yes," she said—"yes." It seemed that for the moment she could not find words to express her feelings. Then she found them.

"I think you're the most hateful man I've ever met!" she declared, with intense conviction.

"Never mind," said Selby.

And with that he nodded assent to her, in the most unscrupulous manner, and began to stroll back slowly in the direction of the house. He gave the impression that he was not sufficiently interested in her story to go on quarreling with her. She stared after him a little helplessly. She had never met a man like him before.

When he was out of sight, she moved over to the rustic seat and sat down on it. She had a lot to think about. Without being altogether in love with him, she had after his little hostility, she had never met a man like him before.

But her admiration for him had just received a severe jolt. It was obvious to her that he and Selby had quarreled, and that Selby had thrown him into the river. That struck her as being all wrong. She felt that she ought to have thrown Selby into the river.

Then there was the expression on his face when she had seen him standing in the tall reeds. She couldn't forget that. She tried to tell herself that she exaggerated; that he couldn't really have looked so thoroughly unpleasant as she imagined. A man who was so handsome, who had such a charming smile, and who could talk so entertainingly and amusingly could not change all in a second in that manner. It must have been her imagination that had made her think he looked as horrid. But she could not entirely convince herself.

Of only one thing was she really convinced, and that was that she disliked Selby intensely. She supposed Selby would tell her some about her meeting with Clifford; well, let him. She knew that her mother was in danger from a gang of rascals; but it was unnecessary for her to refuse, as he had done for the last fortnight, to allow any visitors to come to the Manor. After all, they had been friendly with Clifford for some months; he had been a frequent caller; she had concluded to love her mother's favor, and he had been eager to do anything he could to help both her and her mother. But her uncle had refused Clifford's help; he had refused to go to the police for protection; he preferred to rely on those household gnomes whom he had sent for



For a quarter of an hour he worked slowly, carefully transferring his features to resemble those of his bound and helpless prisoner.

from New York. The next month of her staying him to assist Clifford's legs had been to make him clean his trunk and forbid her to see or speak to Clifford.

She walked back slowly to the house for breakfast, fully prepared for a storm of reproaches from her uncle for trying to meet Clifford secretly. But her uncle said nothing about it. Possibly Ray had not told him yet.

All the morning she waited for the storm to burst, and it did not burst. Luncheon came, and passed away peacefully. Then it dived on her that Ray had's letter. There it fell her uncle about her arrangement to meet Clifford.

Obviously enough, the realization that she had been served a raw did not please her. She was not in the least grateful. She felt that Ray's attitude was altogether much too superior and aloof. She decided that he needed taking down a peg.

#### AN INTERVIEW WITH BENNETT.

When Selby and Stanton and Helen were breakfasting in Green's Bakery Monday first, men were also breakfasting in the dining-room of a bright home about a mile away. A long table with a headlight by each end, were busy waiting on them, and there took some waiting on drinks, beer and eggs, fish, thick slices of bread-and-butter, marmalade and coffee seemed to disappear almost as quickly as they were placed on the table. Yet, in spite of their healthy appetites, those five men had not the air of being pleased with life. They ate savagely and voraciously, knowing as if they had a personal grudge against the food.

They were a tough, ugly-looking gang, the least slight, though not the least tough-looking, man the man who sat at the head of the table. He was a big man, about 350 lbs., with a head and with something of Selby's air of unapproachable, impassive calm about him. His grey eyes were hard and calculating, his nose prominent and aquiline, and beneath it his broad, developed mouth was like a hard red smelter. But there was an appearance of nervousness, power and intelligence about him that distinguished him from the other men at the table. If they were beaten, with the cunning and craftiness of horses, the man at the head of the table was their trainer.

In the hall outside the room in which the men were breakfasting a telephone bell rang. The negro went out to answer it. In a few moments he returned.

"Planted on the 'phone, boss," he announced.

The man at the head of the table rose, left the room and went to the telephone.

"Hilder!" he said. His voice was loud, and curt, it came full with his appreciation. "Yes, Bennett speaking."

"There was a sheet passed. Then he went on."

"Oh, it's you, is it, Clifford. What's taking you, man? Don't it suit. And you must be just all right."

"There was another, much longer pass. Then Bennett gave an acknowledgment of it."

"What's taking you into the city—practically in front of her. And you're here! Why, you poor, weak-headed idiot—"

He passed. A jarring note came into his way.

"And only yesterday evening you were rebuking me to be the world's dumbest muddy-headed knave! You explained you had that same just coming out of your hands! You'd only to say the word to lead her to the registry office."

His voice hardened into a sneer. "You want to get lost quickly, and make us just ground-get me! If being driven into the street made that, just think you're a cheap knave. The other stage a quick come back, and I'll talk to you again this afternoon. Hang on or about there."

He hung up, and returned to the breakfast-room, "drinking, and not done, and in a hurry."

"Yes, Sam," he said, "it was you first spotted that guy Selby at the Cricketer's Arms, wasn't it?"

"Sure, boss," said an evil-looking fellow.

"Well, tell me all you know about him. He's a tough proposition, isn't he?"

"That's right," boss. It was him and Tommy Ewark jumped off Ted Webster and about half a dozen of his gang in Tim the Wop's joint back in New Orleans. I seen 'em do it. That was some—some all right all right."

"What else do you know about him?" demanded Bennett. "Where did he come from? What had he done before? What's he doing now?"

"Boss," he replied Sam. "I never seen him before. That's right, and I never seen him since. He's a regular in the Cricketer's Arms. But after our crowd jumped off Tommy Ewark, I heard that Selby would be coming back to New Orleans to get the man who jumped him off and I was glad it wasn't me."

"You heard he'd be coming back. Who told you?" asked Bennett.

"Well, there was that old chik that keeps the eating house on the corner of Dein Street. He told me. And he's no fool."

"Well, he hasn't been back to New Orleans yet, and it's four months since Tommy Ewark was jumped, isn't it, except Bennett, wasn't it?"

"That's right, is it. Does anybody else know anything about him?"

"They call him the Grey-eyed Devil down in New Orleans and the Watermelon" said in an other voice.

"They reckon he's tough all right in those parts, and when they say tough they mean tough."

"Do you know something about him, Hilder?" inquired Bennett.

"The last speaker shook his head.

"None," he replied. "Only what I heard, I never seen 'im, but from what I've heard say, he's like an ironing at me on a foggy night. You don't know nothing about him till you see him, and then you know a darn right too much about him. I know a mean, cold, bloody villain, even him even, and he ain't—"

"Hilder?" interrupted Bennett angrily. "I don't want to know what your mate said to you, your mate's a good fellow, is he?"

"I guess I'll pay a call on Mister Blasted Selby, in the end. Tough he may be, but Selby's, my first boss, and though they say he's jumped off, and even so, I might they are, the harder they bump."

After breakfast Selby smoked a leisurely cigarette. Then, since he had agreed to stay on at Green's Bakery Monday, he borrowed one of Stanton's cars to go to the Cricketer's Arms and talk to him.

But, instead of driving straight to the Cricketer's Arms, he drove a way of several miles, which brought him to the small town of Longport. From there he took a cab to a house in New Orleans, asking for all the talk he had to do. He found a man named Hankish Stanton, his family, and his wife.

From Longport he drove to Little Kirby, packed his car in the courtyard of the Cricketer's Arms, and went on to his room to make his belongings. He had a room in the house was something he had in a simple—a big floor automatic pistol, which he had had locked in a trunk. He carefully opened what he had, and it came out from his pocket.

Then he began to pack his clothes. He had been engaged on this unenviable occupation for about five minutes, when a knock came at the door of his room.

"Come in!" he called, and turned towards the doorway.

"A Mister Ewark would like to see you, sir," said the maid.

"And he's on come up," said Selby.

The maid departed. Footsteps sounded on the stairs. The door of the room opened; Bennett appeared and closed it behind him.

Selby said nothing. He waited for the other to speak first. For a moment the two men stood looking at each other, two big men, muscular one another, and nothing in either of their faces showed what conclusions he had come to. Then Bennett spoke. Characteristically, he came straight to the point, without any preliminaries.

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"

"Ray, where do you come into this deal now?" he demanded. "Tell you just how it comes in, last night, or you're you here on purpose?"



Selby leveled his gun at the fatuous gangster. "Keep still," he snapped, and you'll see one of the streaks had reached for his weapon—"Three your gun on the table."



He looked at Kelly sharply from narrow slits of eyes.

"This business is no best in of yours," he went on. "But I've heard about you, and I'm willing to come to terms to get a clear Kelly. I'm offering you a couple of thousand dollars to get out and stay out.

He slipped a wad of notes down on the dressing-table.

"Take it or leave it," he said.

"I'm leaving it," said Kelly. Ernest was a judge of human nature. He did not argue. He merely picked up the wad of notes and put it back into his pocket.

"Then it's to be war between us from now on," he stated. There was another disappointment met one captain in his time.

"That's right," said Kelly.

And with that he stepped forward smoothly and with the air of lightning that over his right, and with all his form behind it, to the point of Ernest's jaw. It was a lightning-quick punch. Ernest lunged up his arms, helplessly suppressed, and collapsed heavily across Kelly's feet.

Then Kelly got to work seriously. While Ernest was still unconscious, he slipped off his coat, trousers, collar and tie. Then, with a laugh of scorn, he tightly bound his hands and feet, and gagged him.

Leaving Ernest, severely bound and gagged, lying on his bed, Kelly went out of the room and descended the stairs to the ground floor of the inn. At the bottom of the stairs he met the maid who had shown Ernest to his room.

"I'm going out for a bit," he said to her. "You tell Mr. Ernest nothing more unless I'm with him. Don't disturb him. When he's finished he'll be himself out."

"Very well, sir," said the maid.

Kelly glanced over the door above of the inn. Outside was a large closed car, with a very tough-looking chauffeur sitting in the front seat, reading the morning paper. Obviously it was Ernest's car. Kelly looked slightly in a worried manner. He was glad that Ernest had come in a car with a chauffeur.

Kelly went into the smoking-room, nodded good-morning to the proprietor of the inn, and left the smoking-room by a door leading into the road. The chauffeur in the front seat of the big car, absorbed in his morning paper, did not notice him. At the side of the inn was a small vegetable garden. Kelly's intention, on the first floor of the inn, overlooked the vegetable garden, and the back-room window was open.

Kelly walked quickly along the pavement in front of the inn, and turned to the right into the vegetable garden, where he looked south and carefully roused him. No one was passing at the moment. He made a spring, seized a straggler that led up past the back-room window of the inn, and hid in five seconds in his bed-room again.

During his absence Ernest had recovered consciousness, and was lying on the bed twisting and wriggling in an effort to escape from the ropes that held him. As Kelly entered he ceased struggling; the gag in his mouth prevented him from speaking, but his glowing eyes were changed.

They shone dim and not after Kelly. He sat down in a chair, and for the space of a full minute he considered Ernest thoughtfully. Then, from beneath his head, he pulled a notebook and opened it, to disclose a complete smoking outfit.

For a quarter of an hour he worked slowly and carefully, glancing every now and then at the figure on the bed. At the end of that time he had made up his mind. He remembered Ernest's intention to devote a casual observer, though not too close a spy. He sat on Ernest's cot, however, soiled and pulled the cigarette with almost but well drawn over his shoulder. With another drop of soap he tied Ernest's bound figure down to the bed so that he could not roll off



Kelly slammed the door behind him and fired three shots through the panel. A yell of agony told him he had hit one of the imprisoned captives.

it. They left the room and locked the door after him.

He descended the stairs, left the inn, and walked unobtrusively to the big car outside.

"Hurry," he said, indicating Ernest's berth also as well as to the car, and stepped into the back of the car.

The chauffeur started the car, opened the door. He had read, observed, heard nothing. Why should he? He knew his master well enough to see his master every day—the usual glance he had given to Kelly in his approach to the car had been intended to serve him that this was the man for whom he was waiting. And the intention of Ernest's voice had been, if anything, better than the intention of Ernest's face.

A drive of twenty minutes brought them to a pair of big gates on which Kelly could see written "Miss Hines". The chauffeur got out of the car, opened the gates, and drove within three or four miles of about five hundred yards in length, to stop in front of the house.

Kelly had previously passed Miss Hines on a walk, and knew what the report when he got out of the car. Miss Hines, a smiling old Georgian baronetess, stood on the lawn of the house, the small third party which she had through the greenery. Great Miss Hines. The eyes looked under the windows at the back of the house, and it was said in that house that some a couple of silk hats and loudly had been brought in hours from the sea, about a mile distant, and lobbed in through those back windows in the policy days of smuggling.

Kelly stepped out of the car, and the chauffeur took it into a dark lane which acted as a garage. Kelly followed him.

"Are you had a long of wrong party," he said.

"Sure, boss," said the chauffeur.

He left the lawn, to return in a few seconds with a glass of rope which he held out to Kelly.

"This do, boss," he laughed.

"What's do, boss," said Kelly.

"That's he left hand he took the rope, with his right hand he caught the chauffeur in the tremendous punch under the jaw that laid him flat and swayed on the floor. Then he tied the man up with the piece of rope he had so obligingly provided. Kelly gagged him with half a silk handkerchief and then retired early from the hallway of

the car. He also took an automatic pistol the man had been carrying out of his pocket and slipped it into his own.

He left the garage and stood outside it for a moment, looking at the house. A French window looking on to a small lawn was open. With his hands in his pockets he walked through it into a room, where there were some tables at a table playing poker. They glanced casually at him as he entered. They went on with their game watching them. Kelly stood by a window looking down. He took back to the light from the window. He was aware that his impression might be discovered at any moment, and the atmosphere did not trouble him. His nerves were steady; his plan was not leaving a single loose thread; he was alert and ready for anything that might happen.

"What are the others?" he asked.

He had two reasons for asking that question. For one thing, he really wanted to know where the others were; for another, he wanted to know how many men composed Ernest's gang.

One of the players replied.

"Baker and Dick are keeping an eye on the lobby. Jim you noticed. Whitey and Finch are upstairs, checking. Black Jack and his brother are in the kitchen. Why, is there anything else, boss?"

Black, Dick, Whitey, Black, Black Jack and his brother, the chauffeur, and the three men in the room—about seven, ten altogether, not including Ernest himself. And a pretty tough outfit they were, too, judging by the look of the three men in the room.

"There's nothing doing at the moment, but there will be pretty soon," answered Kelly.

"Who was it that was responsible for bumping Tommy Brown off?"

"It was the Dutch," gave the order, and Black Jack that did the bumping off," replied the man who had had spoken in a tone of some surprise.

"And what does the Dutch give that order?" asked Kelly.

"He was blackmacking some society jinx, and Blackie got wise on it," answered the speaker in a tone of great contempt. From his tone Kelly gathered that he regarded blackmacking some society jinx as an abominable, unworthy occupation. Kelly's anger was obviously increased in his mind.

"And when's the Dutch gone?" asked Kelly.

"What's happened to him?"

At this question the gangster really looked away from his rival man," his two companions followed his example. The three of them stood at Kelly with neutral eyes.

"Say, boy, ain't you sold?" asked the gangster who had been answering his questions.

"Then he suddenly sprang up from the table, knocking his chair over behind him, and his hand flashed to his side. But he was not quick enough.

"Keep still," snapped Kelly in a voice that fell like a whip-lash, and as he spoke, as if by magic, an automatic pistol appeared in each of his hands.

The scene for one moment made an unforgettable picture. First inside the window of the room stood Kelly, an erect, dominating figure, his two hands holding the two deadly automatons. On the floor was the overturned chair. Bleeding by it was the gangster who had been answering Kelly's questions, his hand at his side, his pistol half out of the pocket stuck at the table, which was littered with cards and money, were the two other gangsters, stricken into helpless immobility, on the floor, all of these gangsters were an expression of rage and utter stupefaction. For the one, who a moment before, merely meekly made a sound, these three deadly traps.

"Pull that pistol out of your pocket and throw it into the middle of the floor. Keep still, you others."

The man with the pistol half-way out of his pocket pulled it wholly out and threw it to the floor at Kelly's feet. The other two sat quite still, as if rooted.

"Now go and stand over there, with your face to the wall and your hands above your heads. Move to it."

The man who had thrown his pistol on to the floor moved to it. He went and stood facing the wall, with his hands above his head, behind the two men at the table.

"Stand up, you two," ordered Kelly. "But keep your hands up. If they come down I will shoot you."

The two men stood up. Kelly nodded towards one of them.

"You first. Throw your gun into the middle of the floor."

The man had no thought of disobeying. It would not do for him to have people to look in the act of drawing his pistol from his pocket, to take a quick snap shot at Kelly, but he knew better than to risk it. Life is sweet, even to gangsters. His hands came into his pocket and seized his pistol with the intention of throwing it into the middle of the floor.

As he was everything had gone well. Kelly felt fairly safe. He knew roughly where all the gangsters were, and he could deal with them all when it suited him. It was his intention, nevertheless, to look after the three men at the table, to visit the kitchen and deal with Frank Jake and his brother, and then go on upstairs and deal with the sleeping Frank and Whitzky. He hoped to deal with them all as he was dealing with the three gangsters in the room with him. He would naturally walk in on them, but he felt that they could prevent his making up his mind had been over.

His intentions were abruptly frustrated. From outside the window there suddenly arose, various voices at a reproachful tone, almost a cry of anger. Kelly was so busy with the matter of the floor part of his left arm, involuntarily he staggered; the pistol dropped from his left hand to the ground. The gangster who had been in the kitchen was evidently very mistaken in thinking that the remainder of the gang were in the kitchen or upstairs. One, at least, of them was evidently near the door.

As Kelly staggered he heard the report of another shot, and felt the bullet hit his face. The gangster who had been about to throw his pistol in the floor, quickly changed his mind. The gangster beside him made a quick snatch at his pistol. In half a second, with only one gun in his hand, Kelly would be under the fire of three men, one of which, the one outside the window—he could not see.

Before that he had second could pass, he got it. It was no good thing, before he could fire three shots in the face, three guns changed him mind and got him to the fire to get him. In one instant Kelly was surrounded by three almost armless, half-dead men, who had moved to the door on the other side of the room. Under the impact of that tremendous kick, the table stood up sideways, on two legs,

and fell over, knocking the two men behind it to the floor. When they could no longer cover themselves and aim their pistols, Kelly was through the slit of the door and had closed it behind him.

He advanced to the three gangsters who had aimed falling over one another to get out of the door after him. So far a moment he passed outside the door, and his pistol spoke freely three times, firing through the door into the room. A yell and a loud crash from inside the room indicated that one of his shots had struck one of them.

The room he had just entered was on the left-hand side of the entrance hall of the house. Opposite to it was another room, with the door closed to the right of it was the front door, and to the left of the back of the hall, a staircase leading to the upper floor. With a gangster outside the door, making it not plain if he appeared, the front door would be fatal, there was no point in going into the room opposite to the one he had just come out of, so Kelly made up his mind for the staircase.

As Kelly stepped up the last half-dozen steps, he heard a yell which announced that the two remaining gangsters had been set out of the room and were after him. This yell was mingled with the report of a shot, and a loud crash, a parang at the side of the room. Frank Jake, the big negro, and his equally big brother, almost by the corner of the door, had arrived with the bullet.

Kelly simply continued up those stairs in record time. Luckily for him, they had a good grip to them halfway up. Upon the last step the corner of a curtain, part of the trunk of a chair, a bottle struck Kelly's elbow at the shoulder, and plucked into the wall. There he was round the bend in the stairs, and descending.

In another couple of seconds he gained the top of the stairs to find himself on a small landing with corridors running from it to the right and left. At the end of the landing was a table, and on it a hairbrush pinned in a large perforated with nails.

"After him!" yelled someone at the bottom of the stair.

There came a row of feet on the steps. Kelly bent down swiftly, seized the table by two legs, and raised it, and the heavy pain over the stairs. With a crash it fell right into the middle of the landing, and the feet of the man in the bottom of the stairs and another and another soon speaking back against the landing. Again Kelly lunged softly. There he moved quickly towards the corridor on the right.

From a room at the end of the corridor a man had appeared, half-dressed, a revolver in his hand. He had his shot at once it might have been up to him with Kelly. Luckily, however, he hesitated. For the moment it seemed to him that Kelly was coming down the stairs, and he could make up his mind Kelly's right hand was shown up suddenly. There was a spit of flame, and the man's revolver rattled out of his hand. Kelly stepped forward, drove the column of the shot had done to the spot. Kelly fairly hurled himself along the corridor, and his right hand came up to his forehead. The gangster who had been in the ground.

Again Kelly turned quickly. The man, delayed by the falling table, had now reached the top of the stairs. Twice more Kelly's revolver rattled out, with some shooting almost at once, and a man fell sprawling, having that his leg was broken. Kelly made a dive for the nearest door, and went through it looking to see if any door and heard a yell.

He found himself in a small bedroom at the back of the house. The window of the room was open, seven feet below it the water of the river glistened with some shining. Instead, past the head of the house. In the corridor came the rattling of feet, and there again the harsh rattling of shots. A couple of heavy bullets tore through the door and landed there where in the wall of the room.

It was not a happy place to stay in. Kelly hung his legs over the window-sill, closed the window with a sudden movement, dropped into the river.

The current against him was strong, but he was an extremely strong swimmer. In a few seconds he had reached the opposite bank of

### PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT



**F**OR next week's last-length novel, I have secured a new story from Martin Winthrop. His last yarn, "Babe of the Yard," was such a success that I have been writing him for another year since, and at that my asking has been well rewarded with a story which I know will give all of you the biggest thrill you have experienced for a long time.

"Inlay," as the yarn is entitled, is a story of international plotting and counter-plots, of industrial upstarts, of wit and a gem of a woman, Miss Pearl South, attracted by terrible accident in the world, with all the financial tricks and stratagems of a gambler. It seemed that war was inevitable, a war of brains to become the world's commander. This was a problem in which only the cleverest solution might almost stand.

"Inlay" is a most unusual story—planned in its theme and telling, and

intensely exciting in its improved action and splendid thrills.

But you have been asking me—"What has become of Louis Charles?" Well, I am about as usually out in blame for the fact that there has not been a story from him for some time in the *THRILLER*. You see, Mr. Charles's habit was to get an excellent picture, and his only job is to receive. From the moment I heard that he was dead, I have been hunting round and round, but without success. I have never heard of him, and he has been in your hands in the course of a week or so.

It was, "Lash of Chicago," our regular serial, is nearing its conclusion, and I have been looking round for its successor. I have decided on something different—and quite as nice—a story of mystery and suspense, built on the little rascal of the West, Inspector Davis, who is as expert in these things, his willer Marked Hunter's qualities for you, and I can assure you it's the best. Look out for a further announcement next week.

Yours sincerely,

The Editor

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to:—  
 "The Thriller," 110, The Strand, N.Y.  
 P.O. Box 110, New York City.

the river. He climbed up it, and made off quickly.

When he had gone a little way he heard a faint sound of feet coming from the house behind him; the gangster had evidently broken into the room he had just left. He smiled; that wouldn't catch him now.

Half an hour later, he slipped quietly into the Convent's Annex, a damp, despicable figure. First of all he went to the back room, washed off his make-up and washed and bandaged the wound in his left ear. It was a nasty little wound, but it would heal up in a week.

Then he went into his bedroom. Bennett was still lying, tightly bound, across the bed. Kelly took off the suit of Bennett's that he was wearing and changed into dry clothes. After that he undressed Bennett and bandaged him the same and clamping what he had just taken off.

"I don't think I need detain you any longer just now," he said. "You can take your things, and go."

"But they've got through? I can't go home in those things," protested Bennett.

"Why not? I gave you in them," said Kelly. "Of course, if you'd prefer to go home in your own, in your shirt and pants—"

Bennett agreed, he swore, he threatened, without success. The idea of walking in in wet clothes did not appeal to him; the idea of appearing before his gang in such a ridiculous guise appealed to him still less, but there was nothing else for it, he had to do as Kelly told him.

He had an uncomfortable walk home in that wet suit, and a still more uncomfortable time when he arrived. The first gangster who saw him coming up the drive made an enthusiastic attempt to shake him, and only just failed. Having recognized him that gangster by looking into a glimpse of moon, he was told another gangster, who told him up at the great point, and made him march lampposts into the house with his hands above his head. There in the lounge he quickly established his identity, and his language was forceful and to the point.

"You let that guy Mull run that he was not some in house and get everybody of my strength, ping Whiskey in the shoulder, and Hook in the ankle, and sock Brown in the jaw, and get away with it," he demanded indignantly. "And you call yourselves gangsters? Why you—"

The rest of his words are unprintable.

Kelly finished his packing, and drove back to Great Kildy Manor. He arrived there just before lunch-time. Stanton greeted him a little oddly.

"You said you were only going to bring your things, and you've been away pretty nearly all the morning," he pointed out.

Kelly looked at him oddly.

"That's so, he agreed. "Do you mind?"

That odd glance brightened Stanton. He backed down hastily.

"No, no, of course not. But I was getting anxious about you and your fellow," he said in a friendly tone of voice.

"Thank you. It was very kind of you," said Kelly dryly.

He passed, and went on.

"I was longer than I expected to be this morning because I happened to see a very impressive about Bennett's gang. I've gathered that there are at least five of them, and that they include Muller and Hook, and Whiskey and Hank and Black Jack, and I'd better see some place. But there's a little under full strength at present, because one or two of them have not yet returned."

"But here did you meet and these things about them?" asked Stanton.

"I met them," said Kelly.

He looked at Stanton heavily.

"I met them on the way out Black Jack who answered Tommy Burke's, a friend of mine, and that it was the Duke who gave the order for the murder. Was it the Duke? What's his real name? Do you know anything about him?"

"Never heard of him," denied Stanton, and shook his head vigorously. "He must have joined the gang after—"

He broke off abruptly. Kelly finished the sentence for him.

"He must have joined the gang after you served your sentence and a few years ago," he said.

"I never belonged to the gang. I never had anything to do with it. I never did," protested Stanton hotly.

Kelly did not bother to tell him that he was a liar.

#### DRAMATICAL INCIDENTS.

THE afternoon passed uneventfully. In the middle of a five lunch, Kelly drove into Langston in the car and went off another mile. After that he returned to the Annex, and spent the remainder of the afternoon lolling lazily in a deep chair in his room, reading. At a quarter to four a gang landed, and then he descended to the hall to afternoon tea.

Stanton was already there. Helen had not yet arrived. She came in ten minutes later, looking very flushed and excited, and with her arm round Cliff. Her hair was somewhat disarranged, but she was smiling. She had looked very nervous, and there was an air of rather self-consciousness about her.

"I was attacked by two burly men in the wood at the bottom of the park," announced Helen, a note of breathlessness. "One of them had a revolver. Mr. Clifford rescued me."

"He was nothing," declared Clifford modestly. Helen evidently disagreed with him.

"He knocked one of them down, and the other ran at him and missed, and then he knocked him down and took his revolver away from him, he was all in all—"

"Then they both got up and ran away."

"They look's worth more for real fighting," said Clifford. "By the way, Kelly I happened to be passing."

"It was, and I'm very glad to see you," said Stanton in a tone of great gratitude.

He looked at Clifford sharply.

"By the way, how was it that you happened to be passing? he inquired. "Do you often walk in my woods in the afternoon?"

Helen flushed and looked indignant. Clifford smiled.

"No, I wasn't in the woods. I was in a boat on the river," he replied. "I saw a couple of suspicious-looking characters in the woods, so I went down in the shade of some trees and watched them for a bit. I saw them, and then I heard Helen—Miss Mattingley—cry out, and I rushed and came to the rescue."

"I see. Well, I'm very grateful to you. You'll stay and have a cup of tea. This is Mr. Kelly—Mr. Clifford, a neighbour of mine," said Stanton.

The words were close behind him. Quickly he swung his legs over the window-sill, pointed for a moment, then dropped quickly into the river.



Mr. Kelly.

Kelly and Clifford shook hands as strangers meeting for the first time. Stanton met the same two and an additional cup and saucer.

It was not a cheerful tea party. Stanton's attitude to his guest was not without being actually rude; Helen manifested an indignant silence; Clifford said little, but in his eyes there was a look of deep satisfaction. He did not seem in the least troubled by his host's rudeness. Kelly watched the three of them with some interest.

After the tea, Clifford took his leave. When he had gone, Stanton turned to Helen.

"What were you doing walking in the woods alone?" he asked. "I thought I asked you not to go out unaccompanied."



"She searched him for a moment, making a quick motion, and then I think you know," she stated.

"You won't," said Selby quietly. "Oh, yes, I shall—Horse," she said. "What are you going to do about it?" she asked impatiently.

Selby frowned. What could he do about it? How could he stop her from calling him by a name he loathed? He had to think of something which she would think even more than he did that being called Horse. An inspiration came to him.

"Damn!" said Selby.

He looked very serious. He felt very nervous and uncomfortable. He thought that he was going to have a lot of trouble with Selby.

"Hedge!" he said bravely. What an idea he had now to agree with her. He might as well ignore her comments on his unfortunate Platonic name. By allowing her that he didn't like them, he'd put a weapon into her hands which he was sure they'd that she would use against him. He took the book which had been the

about four hundred yards from Kenneth's house. He walked slowly through the woods, climbed a tree on the very edge of the woods, and lay along a thick branch, the rifle rattled into his shoulder, waiting the moment. Presently a negro came along, made an awkward entry into the yard that surrounded the house on three sides, and set down on an empty box. Showing a man very careful aim, and missed the trigger. The negro threw a tremendous blow, heard about three feet in the air, came down to a sitting position on the ground, and looked angrily at his left side. Immediately a couple of men came rushing from the house, revolvers in their hands. Again Selby took careful aim and fired, and again. The leading man dropped his revolver, staggered, and slumped at his right side; the second man simply turned and bolted for the house. Ten seconds later the yard was deserted.

Selby laughed softly. The chance up the tree had opened up the wind in his ears, so that it had begun to blow again, but he did not heed it. For the next couple of minutes he waited, patiently, for the bullet to hit through all the windows of the house that he could see. The chances were against him hitting anyone, but that didn't worry him. He was not exactly in give the gun as uncomfortable a time as possible.

His activities were suddenly cut short by a sharp rattling sound from one of the windows he had been aiming at. At the same time he heard the high-pitched cry of bullets going past him uncomfortably close. Again came that rattling sound, the bullet, straightly, struck a Thomson gun, another flight of bullets whizzed by, and one of them struck a splinter from a branch near his head.

Then came another, longer burst of firing from the Thomson gun, and the air round him seemed to be full of whizzing bullets.

It was certain death to stay up in that tree, and he situated rapidly down the trunk on the side farthest from the house. The Thomson gun had been a bit of a surprise to him, though he had long expected it. The machine gun was very popular with American gangsters. For a while he remained hiding crouched behind the thick trunk of the tree; then he cautiously crept away through the woods in the direction of the Maney. He was not dissatisfied with his evening's work. He collected his gun with satisfaction, then thrust a handkerchief under his overalls, the currency ward of a Chicago hospital on decision night.

As he approached the Maney he quick-ly heard the rattle of a successful bullet among the trees. He blew into a snuff-box, the Winchester ready in his hand, watching. A man, Negro passed near him, slipping quickly between the trees and disappeared. He then threw in his hat without that stopping. It was Selby, and in his hand he carried a small white square—a overcoat. At the top of the small clearing he took a look, just by the loghouse, the stopped for a moment and peered out. Then he carefully crossed the clearing, descended to the river bank, and stood the revolvers in his hands, in the position between two of the windows of the loghouse. Again the glassed round eye, as if afraid of being seen. Then he slipped and hid in the river bank.

"Just putting a letter!" asked Selby quietly.

She turned quickly, as if a trap had sprung for her, and the man standing there. Her face showed concern.

"What you've been saying on me," she said accusingly.

"Saying on you?" said Selby. It is a name which indicated that that would be the last thing in the world which he would think of doing.

He shook his head. "You been for a walk in the woods. I'm on idea that you were suspicious how long would be wrong again."

"Oh!" she said.

She looked at him deviously.

"That letter's to Mr. Clifford," she announced.



"Every time you call me Horse I shall kiss you," he said confidently.

She looked at him indignantly. She didn't think he'd dare.

"Horse!" she said. "You late the evidence that he would dare. She half-smiled in reply; then she was seized in a grip that held her steadily powerless; then she was kissed. Selby released her and stepped away.

"Oh!" she gasped, motion with indignation.

She looked round her wildly, as if searching for something that she could throw at him. There was nothing handy.

"You pig!" she exclaimed, in a tone of intense resentment. "You pig—Horse!"

This time she was too quick for him. He too he could reach her, she was out of the door and had slammed a bolted door.

Some of all the trouble back to his bedroom, and replaced it in his trunk. An urge to action came over him; he felt he wanted to do something vigorous and preferably risky. Among the weapons which Maxson had provided for his own defense he had noticed a beautiful Winchester repeating rifle. He decided to take it out and do a little shooting.

#### HENRY IN LUCK.

Ten minutes later he left his house with the gun under his arm, and made his way cautiously, with all the skill of a trained woodsman, through the woods that fringed the river on the opposite of the house where Kenneth's gun was lying. It was a lonely district, nearly woods and trees; the only house within the circumference of a mile was, Henry's and Augustin's, and Clifford's, small loghouse. The point of attack would not attract attention.

"Is it?" said Kelly, in an uninterested tone which indicated that when she wrote it was no concern of his.

"Are you going to tell my uncle?" she demanded.

"Tell your uncle?" repeated Kelly, in a tone of mild astonishment. "Why on earth should I? I'm not your secretary anymore."

Again she had the impression that he couldn't be bothered to report her to her uncle because he wasn't sufficiently interested in what she did. The thought disappeared, however, before she looked at him. Instead, there, as she moved slightly, a little hurried explanation leaped from her.

"Your hand? What have you done to it?" Kelly raised his left hand, which was considerably bloodstained, and looked at it.

"Oh, that," he said. "That's nothing. I shall stick a bandage round it as soon as I get in."

To his surprise the normal quite departed.

"But you must have it attended to at once," she said urgently.

"When I get back to the house will do," said Kelly, equably.

They walked back to the house together in silence. Kelly put the gun away, and then went to his room with the intention of bandaging his arm. Before he had time to start a bandage came in his door.

"Come in," he called.

Helen entered, with her was Micky the flat, carrying a basin full of steaming water.

"I've come to bandage your hand," Helen said.

"But that's all right. I can quite easily do it myself," said Kelly, a little awkwardly.

"It's got to be bandaged and done properly," said Helen in a determined tone.

Helen put the basin down on a table, and laid out bandages, antiseptic cream, and a bottle of Jeyes' fluid. Kelly saw that there was nothing else for it, so he submitted with a good grace, and took his coat off. Helen set the bandage on his arm from which the

blood had run down, as to his hand, and looked at her severely.

"So you didn't do this this evening?" she said.

"No," admitted Kelly. "I did it this morning."

"And bandaged it yourself; that's why it started bleeding again," she said.

Kelly did not manage to tell her that he had bandaged scores of better wounds in his time; for he got on with it. With soft fingers she wiped the bandage, and looked at the wound. Then she looked at him with flushed eyes.

"How did you do this?" she asked.

"Looks to me like it was done by a 20 automatic," put in Micky the flat with the air of one who knows.

"How do you know?" asked Kelly.

"Because you have a gun, don't you?" asked Micky in a quiet tone.

"Naturally," said Kelly. "But nobody it was only a small bullet, and it didn't go anywhere," said Kelly.

"And how many of them did you get, boss?" queried Micky, in a deeply interested tone.

"Two, I think," said Kelly cheerfully.

"I bet those guys will have better next time than to speak out of their ears," he observed, with huge content.

"You saw two men?" demanded Helen.

"That was it," answered Kelly, and then his evening," answered Kelly, in a matter of fact manner.

Again Micky the flat chorused triumphantly. Helen said nothing, she went on bandaging Kelly's wound. She had the opportunity of being a little deaf.

The bandaging was some finished. Micky the flat took out the basin of water. Kelly put on his coat. Helen picked up the remains of the plastic gloves and the bundle of disinfectant and walked to the door. At the door she paused and looked back. It seemed that she wanted to say something, but she never could bring her tongue to say it. Then she spoke, and that was a mere bit of acid tangling in her veins.

"Please don't take too many sides," she said.

The door closed behind her. For a long few seconds Kelly stared at it, listening to a perfunctory noise. Then, with a perfunctory air, he sat down in a chair and lit a cigarette.

At eleven that night Bennett made his way cautiously to the back door of Clifford's bungalow and tapped. The door was immediately opened by Clifford's maid, and Bennett entered. She made his way along a passage to the sitting-room of the bungalow.

Clifford was there, sitting in a deep armchair, smoking a tall whisky and soda at the table. He looked far from his usual handsome features were twisted in an expression of ill-temper mingled with uneasiness.

Bennett walked quickly to him and spoke to the attention and asked himself a drink.

"Well," he demanded, "did it go off all right?"

Clifford shrugged his shoulders nervously.

"The attack and the rescue went off all right," he replied in a curt tone.

Bennett glanced at him slowly. It was evident that there was something wrong.

"And how?" he asked.

"Goodness knows. I asked her to run away with me, and she had held a pistol to do it. I could see that. She said she'd let me know. She took me back to tea, and Stanton wasn't too nervous, and that alone, naturally, Micky was there. He didn't see anything, it seemed to me he was just watching. I wonder whether he guessed anything, and made her suspicious. In any case, something must have happened a couple of hours before the last time she came here. She said she hadn't made up her mind whether she'd marry me until she had the job she ought to stick to. She was rather in a fix, so I decided to suggest to her not to try to see her again till I heard from her."

Bennet gave an impatient, snorting laugh, and then continued to be a little more to be explained. "What you mean, eh? The whole you've brought to me about your success with women? And then to get thrown down by a girl and a man? That's hardly a success, is it? You're hardly more a man in love than the others. You're losing your touch. That's what it is. You're losing your touch."

"That fellow Kelly's got something to do with it," said Bennett, with a snorting laugh. "I had her all right till he looked in."

"Sure, he's got something to do with it," agreed Bennett. "He's not you, not. He covered by Stanton, you see, and it was never his; he's got your job. You're just a wit. No matter what you tell me the Kelly's."

Clifford shook his head.

"And what about you?" he asked, and then turned down his eyes, though presently he looked back at her with a frowning brow in front of your gaze.

Bennet's eyes narrowed. He thrust out his lower lip progressively. He had come to his point.

"Say, quit that," he said in a harsh, grating voice. "I know what Kelly's done to me, and I know what I'm going to do to him. And I know what any of your bright conclusions get me."

Clifford stared back at his chair. Bennett's attitude relaxed.

"So, how," he went on, "I'm not inclined to hang about any longer. Stanton owes me a million dollars, and I want to get my hands on it quick. If we bump him off now, the money's his; it all goes to the girl. Right, we get hold of Stanton and have him run away, or you marry the girl and we bump Stanton off, and you hand over the money owing. That's all the plan we formed, and you to me I haven't been particularly one for a long time. You can run out the girl, and you'll have three months while I was still in the bag on the other side to do it in. And you better do it. The girl's not in it."

"But," said Clifford, "I'm not interested."

"But," said Clifford, "I've refused to get hold of Stanton last night, and I didn't do that either. And it's going to be difficult to get hold of him now. Stanton might never think there it would be to bump him off, especially as he's down's think we're not to bump him off with his hand the quick way."

"Yes," said Clifford, wondering what the other was driving at.

Bennet leaned forward. A warning look appeared in his small eyes.

"But it wouldn't be so difficult to get hold of the girl. She takes what she wants your time, and things like that."

"That what good would it do if we did get hold of her? She hasn't got the money, and you don't suppose Stanton would ransom her for a million dollars, would he?"

"No, I don't. But if she married you—"

"There are other ways of making a woman marry besides love. I know a villa in an out-of-the-way spot in Brittany that I can know for a month or two. You can go on to marry me if I had her to myself for a fortnight."

He smoothed his fair hair back with a conspicuous gesture.

"I'm sure I could," he said approvingly. "Apart from any question of having her, I believe I could make her very well to marry me if I had her to myself for a fortnight."

He smoothed his fair hair back with a conspicuous gesture.

"I'm sure I could," he said approvingly. "Apart from any question of having her, I believe I could make her very well to marry me if I had her to myself for a fortnight."

He smoothed his fair hair back with a conspicuous gesture.

"I'm sure I could," he said approvingly. "Apart from any question of having her, I believe I could make her very well to marry me if I had her to myself for a fortnight."

He smoothed his fair hair back with a conspicuous gesture.

"I'm sure I could," he said approvingly. "Apart from any question of having her, I believe I could make her very well to marry me if I had her to myself for a fortnight."

He smoothed his fair hair back with a conspicuous gesture.

"I'm sure I could," he said approvingly. "Apart from any question of having her, I believe I could make her very well to marry me if I had her to myself for a fortnight."

He smoothed his fair hair back with a conspicuous gesture.

"I'm sure I could," he said approvingly. "Apart from any question of having her, I believe I could make her very well to marry me if I had her to myself for a fortnight."

He smoothed his fair hair back with a conspicuous gesture.

"I'm sure I could," he said approvingly. "Apart from any question of having her, I believe I could make her very well to marry me if I had her to myself for a fortnight."

He smoothed his fair hair back with a conspicuous gesture.

## Picking 'em up all round the dial

Can you get them all on your three-valve? London Regional, Midland Regional, Cardiff, Swansea, Radio-Pain, Pauque, Rome, Stockholm, Stuttgart, Vienna, Barcelona, and Geneva? Merit and the rest—Are they all waiting on your speaker? It can be jolly amusing to know that the folk next door are enjoying a raffish good programme which no amount of tuning will bring in to you. How you set up to receive. POPULAR WIRELESS will show you how to get all the long-wave stations with perfect clarity. This excellent paper has a staff of expert contributors who will give you work by work particulars of the newest and latest developments in the world of Radio. Let POPULAR WIRELESS help you.

# POPULAR WIRELESS

Buy a Copy Today.

### HELEN SPEARS

TIM following morning Helen returned home. Lillian was collected by the cable which he had dispatched to America the previous day. It was a long

appear, and contained plenty of information under various headings. He read:

**For His Brother's Stripes**—Edwin son of James Stanton, of Manchester, England. Landed in America in 1823 with his two brothers, John and Philip. Made a big fortune in shipping. Died in 1858, aged 51, leaving two millions.

In his will, Frederick Stanton left one million for his brother John Stanton, absolutely, and one million for his son during his lifetime, this second million to be divided on John Stanton's death among the children of his sister Helen, resident in England. But should John Stanton die unmarried, the whole of the fortune was to go at his death to the children of his sister Helen.

**John Stanton**—Landed in America in 1825. Sailed for South America, 1826. Remained in Lima on a business trip, and returned to New Orleans in 1828. He had a job, but he left America, 1829. He joined the British Army, December, 1833. Officer in Jamaica, January, 1834, to 1835. Returned to U.S.A., 1835. Stayed almost nine months in New Orleans, then returned to Charleston, and lived very quietly till 1838, when he succeeded at his brother's fortune. Left U.S.A., December, 1838, for England. Present address, 11, Kirby Street, Essex, Age 55.

**Philip Stanton**—Landed in America, 1826. Undertaker of board, Mississippi, Aug. 1826, and continued to travel years in post-office, between 1831 and 1833. Lived in various places, including gambler and confidence man. Awarded in New Orleans, August, 1833, on charge of fraud. While locked up by Frederick Stanton's influence, but he did not leave country. Lived with his brother John in Charleston, 1833-1835. In 1835 returned to 14 months imprisonment in Charleston, remaining constant, 1837. Present whereabouts unknown. Age 55.

**Helen Stanton**, sister to Frederick, John, and Philip. Married Robert Mansfield, of London, England, July, 1821. Killed in rail accident with her husband, 1827. One child, Helen Mansfield, now here in Boston millions, believed to be living in England. Age about 12.

**"The Duke"**—alias Mr. Sidney Forester, alias Lord Rowland, alias the Hon. Ernest Clifford. Confidence man and stockbroker imprisoned. Landed in America, 1825. Imprisoned New York State prison, Feb. 22, 1825, in Feb., 1825. Came to New Orleans, Feb., 1826, and became friendly with Robert Hester, partner of William Kelly's partner in New Orleans game business. Left New Orleans, May, 1828. Present whereabouts unknown.

Silly read through this interesting and impressive catalogue carefully, and absorbed all the information it contained. Then he tore it up. It had told him a lot that he wanted to know. In particular, it had told him who the Duke was, and where he was to be found. At the thought of the Duke, Silly smiled unpleasantly. So it was that simple thorn who had robbed Tommy Hunter to be hanged off, and it was Billy Kelly who had carried out the order. And it had saved him the trouble of going back to New Orleans to search them out by going to stay in England and make a few million of his. So Silly's unpleasant smile became even more grimly unpleasant. If he had any luck at all, neither of these two would ever return to New Orleans.

He told Stanton nothing of what could be had received, but by hanging back he put a casual question to him.

"You told me Hester was put away for two



From his perch in the tree, the watcher took careful note of the leading gangster and Fred. With a cry the croak leapt into the air, then pitched heading to the ground.

years. Do you know what prison he was in?"

"Yes, New York State prison. But why?"

"I only wondered," said Silly.

He was sure that prisoners with any money to spend are allowed considerably better conditions in American prisons. It was probable in that prison that Clifford and Hester had first met. That was one small point cleared up. There still remained the question—what did the Duke do with Hester in the past? But Silly did not worry about that until the answer to that question. His principal preoccupation was to arrange the death of Tommy Hunter.

The afternoon and early evening passed quietly and uneventfully. Silly made no further advances against the gang, since he wanted to give the wind in his own chance to lead a little, he spent most of the time in his own room, reading. At six-thirty he descended to the dining-room to dinner. Stanton was already there, but Helen was late. They waited ten minutes for her. Still she did not come. Stanton began to look a little uneasy.

"Have you seen anything of Miss Mansfield?" he asked the complaining waiters who was waiting on him.

"No, your honor. I haven't seen her," replied the man.

"Hester never had a look round her face. I should think," said Silly.

He spoke unconsciously, but he also was uneasy. Something had happened in Helen's room. He found the idea suspiciously unpleasant to contemplate.

He, Stanton, and a couple of the men began by searching in the room. They had hardly been searching a couple of minutes when Silly heard Stanton telling him from the study. He went to him.

Stanton was sitting, leaning on a desk, a letter in his hand, an expression of extreme agitation on his face. He held out the letter to Silly in fingers that trembled slightly.

"Read that," he said.

"Dear Duke," Silly read—"I'm looking with always being watched and followed, and never being allowed to do anything that I want. I'm going away with Mr. Hester. You needn't bother to try to follow us, because you won't find us. We shall find a sanctuary and get married tomorrow."

"Hester don't worry about me. I know I'm going to be very busy."

Love.

—Hester."

"She asks me not to worry about her, going off with a croak like that!" exclaimed Stanton bitterly.

He made a distressed gesture. His next speech was possible. But he was beside himself with anxiety.

"Nobody could call me under-hearted. I've never stuck at anything to get what I wanted. But I'd cover anything had happened then this. I've got really had of Helen while she's been with me. And to think that somebody could—"

Silly had been studying the letter thoughtfully. Now he interrupted.

"Has your sister ever been in America?" he asked curiously.

"Yes—why?"

"When I wonder why she was the word 'minister'! Most English people are clergy-men or persons. Have you got a specimen of your sister's handwriting?"

"Yes—why? Do you think—?"

"Fetch it," snapped Silly brusquely.

Within a couple of minutes he had a specimen of Helen's handwriting. Stanton studied him intently as he compared it with the letter. The two were written in what looked to be exactly the same hand. But Silly was an expert on handwriting.

"They're not the same," he announced definitely, after a careful scrutiny. "The loops of the 'f's and 'i's are different, and the 's's are dotted at a different height. That letter's a forgery."

"Then—" began Stanton, but Silly cut him short.

"I want Mikey the Rat and three other good men," he announced. "I'm going to read Hester's handwriting and see if there's any sign of her there."

"But why you think Clifford's in league with Hester?" queried Stanton.

"You and I want those men, of course," said Silly, and he reached into a desk and took a letter. The tough-looking letter remained.

"You can stop searching. And send Mikey the Rat and two other good gamblers to me at once," ordered Silly.

Had a minute later a couple of Stanton's hand things appeared in the room. But Mikey did not come. Five minutes passed. Then the letter remained.

"Some like Mikey's suit," he announced shortly. "There's no sign of him in the letter."

Silly's eyes narrowed. Was it possible that Mikey had double-crossed him—had a hand in the kidnapping of Helen? Obviously some



In the act of striking, the negro gave a sudden choking gasp and staggered backward. From his throat protruded the bill of a small knife.

one in the house must have had a hand in it. Someone must have left that false letter from him on the study table. But there was no time to go into that now.

"If Mick comes back, hold him till I've seen him," he said, and then to the two men: "Are you fellows going to tie a scrap or a real wrap?"

One of them grinned, a wide, evil grin across his jagged mouth. It seemed that he answered for both of them.

"You said it, boss," he said sheepily. "Good!" said Selby.

He knew that an open attack, in daylight, on Bennett's headquarters was out of the question. Surprise was essential if the attack was to be successful. He also knew that the house was being watched, so that a party of men leaving it would certainly be seen and reported to Bennett. In the circumstances it would, of course, have been better to wait a couple of hours, till daylight, before he attempted to find Helen. But he was not in a mood to be wise. He was impatient to find out as soon as possible the truth about that lie in the hands of that crook gang.

He fetched a car from the garage, and brought it to the front door of the house. There he made his men follow one another down on the floorboards in the back of it, so that it would appear to a watcher that only one man was in the car leaving the Manor. He drove to the big garage at the entrance to the park, and there, instead of turning right along the road which would take him to Bennett's headquarters, he turned to the left in a direction which meant taking a way from them.

For eight miles he drove in a big circle, halting at a point about a mile before Bennett's headquarters, on the other bank of the river. There he got the car and followed by his two henchmen, made his way cautiously through the woods towards the river bank at the back of the house. About three hundred yards from the river, he left his men following in the woods and crept forward to reconnoitre on his own.

Few men were his equal at moving silently and steadily in wooded country, and his wraith traced out the desired admirably wide surroundings. Lark lay back, soundlessly as a rat, he crept forward to the river almost to the very bank. On the other side he looked the big back of the house, with the river curling past it, forming a little whirlpool where the current struck a projecting corner of stone-work. A high tide was just on the lunge, and the lower windows of the house, those which doors through which, in the good old smuggling days, so many barrels of silk and opium of

brandy had been passed, were only about five feet above the level of the water. At the back of the river, just above the house, a small boat was moored. The back windows of the house were blank and empty, nothing seemed to be moving inside. Evidently the boatmen were not expecting an attack from the river.

Selby crept quietly back to his followers.

"Come along," he said. "Follow me, and don't make a sound."

He led them to the spot from which he had just been watching. They lay back on their stomachs, and handed it to one of them.

"Keep that for me for a minute," he said.

Again he glanced at the house. Everything was quiet. He took off his coat and shoes, and crouched down in a splash of sludge, close into the water and swam across the stream to the boat. In a moment he had reversed it, in another fifteen seconds he had reversed the stream in his followers.

"Quietly! Jump in!" he ordered in a curt whisper.

They slipped, with the aid of their strong wills he crossed the stream safely, bringing the boat up under one of the back windows of the house. The oar was brand, with plenty of purchase for a climbing man. He sprang up on to it, took the oar of the window and showed below with his pistol held, cleared the window open, and sprang into the room inside. His two men followed him. The room was empty. Dripping with water, he ran across it, through the door, and across a passage in the dimly smoky room in which he found the ending of a line. With one sweep he flung the door wide open and stepped inside.

"Hush up," he said curtly.

Bennet, Clifford, a man with his arm in a sling, and Black Jake were in the room, talking. At Selby's entrance they all ceased abruptly, their heads went high above their heads, Selby stood in the doorway for a moment, he looked at each of the men in his hands, his followers raised him. A looking of honest indignation welled up in him. Here were Clifford and Jake, the murderers of Young Bennett. And since Clifford was here, it was certain that Helen was also in the house.

"To start with, I've come for Miss Malinsworth," he said.

"Have you?" asked Bennett indignantly.

"And do you really expect to take her away with you?"

And then, to Selby's surprise, he laughed, a harsh, triumphant laugh. That laugh was

the last sound Selby heard for some considerable time. Something dropped with a rattling fall upon his head. He attempted to get to the ground and knew no more.

#### KNIFE WORK.

Selby woke up some time later to find himself still in darkness. His wrists and ankles were bound with painful tightness, and his head was throbbing violently. He several minutes after recovering consciousness, his mind was clouded; he had no idea where he was, nor how he had got there.

Shortly recollection came to him. He was a prisoner, in a room named Helen Bennett's bedroom he had failed to reach Helen. Then she was somewhere in the house he did not doubt, Clifford's presence was sufficient evidence of that.

"Damn!" he said aloud.

In spite of a splitting headache, he was already feeling a little better; his strength was returning to him. For a while he lay listless, wondering vaguely what had happened. He had been standing in the doorway of a room with Bennett apparently at his mercy, and then—what? In some way he had sustained a blow, but how? And what had happened in his two followers?

After a short while he began tentatively to try the strength of the cords that bound him. He felt a little of the conviction that he was only waiting for his escape. The cords were strong and efficiently tied; it would be far beyond his power to break them so wriggle he was bound.

For a good half-hour after he incurred considerable pain by the darkness. Then there was the sound of a key turning in a lock and a hurried door opened and he caught a glimpse of light. Through the door came two big, dark figures, one of them limping painfully. They were the two negroes, Black Jake and the other.

"What, boss," said one of them. "How you feeling, eh?"

He stretched, and threw the top of his head brutally into Selby's ribs.

"You're no more good," he went on in a tone of indifference. "You're as good as dead as the devil's finished with you. He's going to give you to me, to do as I like with."

He nodded to his companion.

"Take his first one," he ordered.

The negro who was limping bent down and seized one of Selby's ankles in a passive hand, the other held his fingers inside the front of Selby's collar. In that manner they lifted him and carried him out of the dark room, up a short flight of steps, and into another room where Bennett, Clifford, and two other men were gathered. Through the window of the room they could see the setting, which meant that it was round about seven o'clock. He must have known down in that dark room for forty years that Selby was on the floor, and left the room.

Bennet looked at him for a moment, his eyes narrowed and glimmering with hate and cruelty. Then he laughed, a malicious, sinister laugh.

"And how's the patient?" he asked in a tone of mock politeness. "Feeling a bit better?"

"Fine, thanks!" said Selby. "And how are all your patients?"

"With the exception of Black Jake, whose wound doesn't bother him any, they're all been cleared out," answered Bennett. "The rest of us will be having in about a couple of hours, except after we've had Bennett. You'll be having with us, but you'll only be coming part of the way—about a mile out in the park."

"Is that all?" said Selby.

"That's all," and you needn't be afraid of being waked, because you won't know you're coming. You'll be in a nick—of kind, what's left of you will be, when Black Jake finished with you."

"How interesting!" said Selby. "Perhaps, since you've got everything so nicely set and dried, you won't mind telling me what it was



hat banged me on the head a few minutes ago."

Rennet's evil smile broadened.

"Why, you poor wretch," he said placidly, one of his eyes twinkling, "I replied triumphantly. 'Yes, that was about the brightest thing I've struck to come sailing this place with your motor-boat. You ought to be very particular. It cost me a thousand dollars to get that guy, and it was worth every cent of it.'

"I mean to have been satisfied," observed Betty mildly. "I suppose he was one of the ones who helped the Miss Mainwaring. Where is she now?"

Though his position appeared hopeless, he had not given up hope. In a couple of occasions previously during his stay he had been in positions that had seemed hopeless, and a little luck and his nerve would lead him out of them. He might get out of this one had it to do, the more information he had at his disposal, the better, or he went on asking questions.

Rennet was not at all reluctant to answer his questions. He was glad to relate Betty the full extent of his knowledge.

"Miss Mainwaring's aboard the Mary Ryan, about half a mile out to sea, sleeping soundly," Rennet answered. "About mid-afternoon, when we're out of Sturgeon, she and I and Clifford and the rest of the boys will be sailing for foreign parts. Stanton's going to commit suicide. There will be a small funeral later in the morning, and in a fortnight or three weeks there will be a great wedding, and after that Mr. and Mrs. Clifford will sail for America in either the Sturgeon millinery that's a steady subscriber."

Betty glanced at Clifford, then he laughed contemptuously.

"You may have kidnaped Miss Mainwaring, but you can't kidnap the Sturgeon. You made her too heavy that!" he added in biting tones.

Clifford smiled and answered, and made an ugly movement towards Betty, but Rennet held him back.

"That's worry about him now; he'll get all that's coming to him when little Jake starts spitting on him," he observed smugly. "He'll murder it. You'll see."

"And don't you worry about her not waking Clifford. She'll marry him all right. Even if she doesn't fall for his curly hair, she'll fall for something else I've got in mind. Do you know what that is?"

He leaned forward eagerly, his lips parted in a smug smile. Betty gave no sign; he waited. Rennet went on.

"Well, I'll tell you. The morning coming she'll have a little injection of cocaine, and in the afternoon another one, and in the evening another, and the next day she'll have some more and in a fortnight or three weeks she won't be fit to live without it. She'll be as stout with all right. By the time they've married she'll be sitting out of his head."

For the first time Betty's right eye started gray. They were going deliberately to make Helen, that sweet, delicate, miserable creature without a will or mind of her own, something heavier even than the lowest animal.

"My heaven!" he said, in accents of utmost feeling. "You're bound! You utter villain!"

Rennet laughed scornfully.

"You don't have to worry; you won't be there to see her," he remarked, and reached out and smug a lock of Betty's hair around the corner.

"Take him away," said Rennet. "I've finished with him. You can have him now, he long as he's dead within the next hour and a half. I don't care what you do with him."

The big negro boat crew, gave a tremendous heave, and along Betty's body across his shoulder. Without a word, he left the room, and carried Betty along a passage to the kitchen, where he put her down, lying on his back, on a big kitchen table. The other negro was there, waiting, the two of them stood for a few seconds looking down at Betty, an expression of horrible anticipation in their eyes.

The negro called Jake bent over, and with

his big, black fingers delicately unbuttoned Betty's coat and shirt, exposing his chest.

"You poor, white trash," he muttered softly. "You're going to be very unhappy in a minute."

Betty felt quite still. His face was expressionless. Hope had left him now, but he was not so far from his mind that he was not going to give the negroes the satisfaction of seeing him show any signs of fear or pain. Through the open kitchen window he could just see the last traces of the sunset. That was the last moment he would ever see. From somewhere on the street came the rumbling purr of a motor-boat; it came on and stopped just outside Betty's table and took for a moment, and returned to it, a long, sleep-kissed in his hand, and stood for a long moment, an immense smile on his face, the teeth gleamed above Betty's chest. Then the boat faded down the street.

In a moment of death Betty's mind went retrospectively quickly. Even as the boat was fading down the street, Betty had a brief vision of Helen Mainwaring, standing looking at him, a little teasing, challenging smile on her lips, saying "Hello!" He was conscious only of regret that he had not been able to repeat her; dying would not have mattered nearly so much had he known she was safe. He felt a sudden quick pain in his chest. He tried to rise, but he never touched the floor, and he felt the knife about his neck, he felt his body jerked.

"That's just a little taste of what's coming to you," he said in his dream, half wakened. "You'd going to get a lot of little tastes like that. The thing gives me an hour and a half to kill you too."

Betty made no sign that he had heard a word. He was locked into his open mouth, ready for a long moment, and could read signs of emotion in them. It indicated pain. He wanted Betty to cry out, and plead for mercy.

"I'll make you talk before I've done with you," he muttered softly.

Again the knife flashed down the

throat, in the act of cutting, the negro called Mike was on his feet, and he gave Betty's chest, and left to the table beside him. There was the sound of a tangled, scuffling pair of immense feet, and then that of a man's feet, and then an expression of intense anger on his face, both hands clanking at his throat. Then he stretched to the floor, and lay there.

The negro who apart from him he thought was protruding the bill of a snail's head.

Black Joe, his brother, stood looking round him, with wide-open, flattened eyes. Where had that small knife come from? Where was the rest of a powerful little boat of bay, he searched at the table and in the act of searching he, too, clanked suddenly at his throat and staggered. Then he also crumpled to the floor.

A shy, nervous, girl of 14 or 15, wearing broadly, pressed in at the open kitchen window, her eyes fixed on Betty's body, and then she turned quickly up on to the window-sill, and dropped lightly into the consciousness of "that little figure" was in his hand. He writhed out Betty's body, then he recovered his senses. He turned Helen Mainwaring and Black Joe, wiped them carefully, thrust them into his warehouse.

"Pretty neat work that, but though I say it," he observed in a confidential tone, "I

know, 'Naw, we'd best best it while the negro's good."

Betty stretched his cramped limbs heavily.

"Where in Heaven did you come from?" he

asked.

"I just blew in to see Rennet on a matter of business," answered Mike. "How you looking, boy? It's a treat!"

"I'm all right," said Betty, and looked out. The kitchen window was at the side of the house; from it could be seen the distant woods and the river; sheltered by a small landing stage was a motor-boat with a man leaning on it.

"That's just not quickly and make a look for the woods," suggested Mike. "If we can reach the motor of the boat, without being plugged, we ought to make our getaway all right."

"No! I want that motor-boat," said Betty. "Follow me!"

He sprang from the window, and sprang lightly across the strip of ground that separated it from the small landing-stage. The man in the motor-boat was reclining in an easy attitude, smoking, his thoughts far away. Before he realized what was happening, Betty was on him, thrusting his smoking pipe, and the motor was over. The boat was there.

Betty hurriedly searched the man's pockets, and found what he was looking for—a gun. He seized the rope by which the boat was moored, and it began to drift with the current past the house in the direction of the sea. Mike tapped at his elbow.

"For a couple of minutes here, we're going the wrong way," he whispered softly.

"We're all right," said Betty. "We're making a little trip out to sea."

For a couple of minutes he let the boat drift with the strong current, till it was well clear of the house; he did not want the occupants of the house to discover his lone savior; then was absolutely necessary. Then with a clear of the house he started the engine, and the boat made rapid progress along the widening river mouth towards the sea.

"I'm glad you're here," Betty said. "How did you happen to be in that boat last evening, Mike?"

"It's a long story," said Mike. "This afternoon I happened to come with a proposition for double-crossing you and Stanton. We went for a little while in the woods to talk it over. We talked it over, and I found



Leaving the man sprawled senseless on the floor, Betty seized the living form of the girl and, clinging her across his shoulder, mounted swiftly to the deck.

"SEE here, KID, we've come for that motion," cried Vinford, "and we'll get it even if it means shooting you fast and ransacking the room afterwards."

"You wouldn't have the nerve to shoot me here, my lad," grunted Kild.

"Nerve? Oh, I've got the nerve all right. Haven't that proved? You'll have noticed this gun is working a charm?"

"See," grunted Kild again. "I'm going to sit down, anyway."

He plunged himself into a chair. The Vinfords stood watching him like the pair of sharks they were—and the little dark circle of the muzzle of the automatic was unwaveringly followed his heart.

"We've no time to waste!" snipped the Brooklyn Bell.

A male appeared on Mr. Bellamy Kild's tiny cot. A woman.

"Let's talk some," he suggested. "Surely you two don't imagine I've had enough to have that motion here!"

"He's bluffing! He's got a loose conscience!"

"Bluffing?" ejaculated Mr. Kild. "If I cared to give the alarm—to do what even if you dared to shoot me, which you wouldn't, you'd never have this hotel opened in the hands of the police."

"The police? Ah, cut out that talk! You no more want the police brought into this than we do, and you know it. You don't want the hotel people to know who you are—Captain Kild, is that?"

From—

## ATONEMENT!

Think, dream, and trace situations over! This outstanding page, and through it all in the dramatic work of States Rights. Don't forget—short story exp. 87's non-stop action page. Free trial to last. 47¢. FRANKLIN HARRISON, an old hand at thrill. Free on sale at the nearest newspaper, 5¢.



cut that Bennett had squared Simmons and Bartlett, and aimed to kidnap the girl, bump Stanton off, and make a getaway tonight. I pretended I'd got cold feet—and I didn't like the way it was being handled. Then I made up my mind to go on myself—and a gun under my ribs, and brought me to Bennett. I let on to Bennett that I didn't mind Simmonds—Bartlett, and I was scared stiff of you. Then they took me up for a—"

"Presumably they brought me back to Bennett again, and told me that they'd got the girl and got you, was it worth a thousand pounds to me to go on myself? I said yes. Then he said it was you. I let on I was mighty pleased they'd got you, that if it had's been for you, I'd have placed them like a bird when they first got you presented to me. Then, I saw things would happen. I let Bennett think he'd got just four hundred—"

"He told me that my main job would be to plug the kidneys of Stanton's great-grand sons, so that the door wouldn't be opened. He gave me five hundred pounds on account, and there was to be another five hundred and a free getaway with the job well done. I really went off on the whole thing tonight, and to be gone away with all his gang by midnight."

"He asked,

"What's your big scheme, boss?" he inquired.

"To stay with 'M. I'm going to the Mary Ryan to catch 'M. She's mine."

"Really? Active that—well, I guess you've what happens."

He glanced at Micky curiously.

"If I had been out of the way, did you imagine every bit that scheme of Bennett's and damn that second five hundred?" he asked.

"Sure!" said Micky.

"What's that—the devil made you scarce me?" asked Micky.

"I never did like negroes, and I reckon, if you come back, you'd make up that five hundred per cent interest."

"Answered Micky, and he grinned.

"You've a good little mind," said Micky.

"Yes," said Micky cheerfully.

### THE LAST FLARE UP.

At the point where the river finally merged into the sea, Selby landed the row where he had knocked out in order to gain possession of the motor-boat. May as he was, it would take him some considerable time to find his way through the marshes and woods back to Bennett's headquarters.

The current had faded now, but about a mile out at sea the lights of a small ship were shining through the grey dusk. Selby headed the motor-boat in that direction. He counted on the fact that the motor-boat was known to the people on the ship to enable him to gain the dock without being suspected. Once there, he knew he need be no ostentatious, but he would have the advantage of surprise.

Things went on better than he had anticipated. A man on the ship looked him when he was about a hundred yards away; an officer the last one, a second officer was dropped. Selby climbed up at and gained the dock; Micky followed him. The man approached them.

"What is it?" he asked. "Anything wrong?"

Selby stopped swiftly up to him, and thrust his pistol into the man's ribs.

"I want to know where Miss Mainwaring is," he said in curt, quiet tones. "Don't raise your voice."

The man looked, with an expression of blank astonishment, into Selby's face. What he saw there decided him not to argue.

"Miss's in the first cabin on the right—where that hatch," he answered.

"Take me to her," said Micky, and then, in the same quiet tone, he said, "You stay on deck. If anybody starts anything, deal with them."

"Here, here," replied Micky readily. Already he had hidden in the galley all his hand and his pistol. Kild, drawing knives. In his hands there knives were as accurate and deadly as any pistol. But for the moment

there was no use for them. The dock was deserted.

Selby descended the hatch, his pistol gripped in his pocket, increasing the man in front of him. At the door he saw a man in a white coat—same with shoes on either side. The man being upon the first door on the right, and Selby followed him into a small cabin, strewn out on a bunk, had asleep, was Helen Mainwaring.

With his left hand Selby closed the door of the cabin behind him. Almost in the same movement he took his right hand from his pocket, and pressed it over his own forehead, which he pushed to the jaw of the man in front of him. The man did not stir; Selby caught him before he reached the ground; he did not want any unnecessary noise. He covered the man's eyes man guided to the ground, seized Helen, along her across his shoulder, and mounted swiftly to the deck. He ran quickly across the deck, and began to descend the ladder leading to the motor-boat.

Micky followed him. The whole business, from the time Selby closed the repeater-door of the dock, had taken less than a minute. Thanks to the fact that he had a wide knowledge of the motor-boat engine was well known to the crew of the ship, nobody had suspected them as huddled in ash what they wanted, except the man on the dock. By this afternoon, all the dock had certainly been with them.

"What's the next item?" asked Micky as the man's head passed away from the ship towards the land.

"I'm going to take a chance on running right on the coast to the Maine," answered Micky. "I'll be in a hurry to get home, and Miss Mainwaring would never forgive me if I let those get him without trying to do something about it. The nearest village, it takes miles along the coast, and I'll be in a hurry to get into a quiet country village without having to answer a lot of awkward questions. She wouldn't like that, and, anyway, it would take me too long to do it. I'll be in a hurry to get to the mouth of the river. Selby moved the motor-boat forward to the falling current, getting every inch of speed possible out of the boat. It was quite a hot boat; it steamed up the river, and it was every five knots, cutting the water like a knife. Slipping the water back he knew in a huge wave that swamped the banks on either side.

In a few minutes, Bennett's headquarters, dim and hazy in the darkness, loomed up on the right bank in front of them. Selby set the motor-boat in a gear, and he and Micky, one hand on the tiller, the other holding his gun, he anticipated trouble there. But the men remained dumb and silent while the motor-boat sped past. Selby gave a hard rattle of relief. For Helen's sake he had not wanted trouble.

The remainder of the journey to the Manor house was uneventful. Selby stopped the boat at the river bank, and carried Helen up to the house. Stanton met him, white-faced and agitated.

"Thank Heaven you found her!" he exclaimed. "Is she all right?"

"Sleeping, that's all," answered Selby curtly. "She remains quiet, but she's all right. I'll stand her on a sofa. Then he turned to Micky.

"I want some strong black coffee, as strong as possible. Make it yourself, and see that it's all right," he ordered.

"Sure," said Micky, and departed.

In a few minutes he returned with the coffee. Selby landed it to Stanton.

"Give her this," he said. "I'm going to interview your man."

With Micky's help, he roused up all of Stanton's men, save Simmons and Bartlett, who were not to be trusted. Having ascertained their positions he addressed them curtly:

"If any of you gets wind to boat in and join Bennett, you can go now. I'm not stopping you. And he can do with some more now. I've got a word about three-quarters of his gang today. Anybody going?"

There were four of them there, including Micky, four or five hundred, all staring-looking things as they rose from the floor. None of them spoke.

There was a moment's silence. Then the gun broke spoke.

"I guess we'll stick by you, boss," he announced.

"All right, then," said Kelly. "You won't lose by it. I am personal about that. Look yourself ready in case there's any more trouble; there probably will be. Mind, you see that all the longer, please are not mad in proper working order."

He returned to Stanton and Helen. The hot steam coffee was beginning to take its effect; a little rubber had come back into her pale cheeks as he looked down at her but her eyes opened slightly. A faint smile touched the corners of her lips.

"What, Helen?" she said.

"What?"

"Your hat—Helen?" asked Stanton in a puzzled voice. "What does she mean?"

"She's flushed slightly, but did not answer the question."

"She has opened into the steel paneled room," he said. "Whoever happens to-night, she's got to be kept safe."

While these things were going on at the house, Kestell and Stannard were hastening towards Kestell's headquarters. On their arrival they were shown straight into Kestell's room.

"I suppose you've come to tell me you've heard it from the Mann before Kelly's back?" he asked.

"I was that little rat Mack got for making noise?"

He changed his shoulders.

"A lot of it, good that will do him," he went on. "I'd we've done Mack's of night will do it tomorrow. And we've got to get the girl."

"But you know, Kelly brought her back with him," said the man named Stannard.

"What?" exclaimed Kestell.

His face became suffused with passion. He rose and strode over to the door, and opened it.

"Clifford?" he bellowed. "Clifford?"

"Clifford came hurrying to him.

"You were right about that motor-bus passing the house," said an Kestell. "Kelly's the girl—though what those girls on the Mary Ryan were doing to let him get those leads on, I guess they must have been asleep. She's back at the Mann."

"There was a woman's name, too, Clifford digested this news. Then Kestell arose slowly.

"Get all the men together at once," he ordered, in a hoarse, excited voice. "Get back, I said I'd get the girl and make my getaway tonight, and I'm going to do it, on the land in my shoes. Get it, you white-haired brat, and get the men together—and the Thompson gun. Jump to it, you scoundrel! I mean now!"

Clifford jumped to it. When Kestell was in that mood, it was rare not to agree with him. Five minutes later a big car set out from the house.

Helen was lying on a long, low couch. Captain Jones of the army, black coffee had awakened her from her dreamy sleep, and she felt very tired, and her head ached slightly. Through half-closed eyes she was studying Kelly, who was sitting calmly reading Stanton's note in the room, passing impatiently up and down. Every now and then he stopped, and asked nervously:

"What do you think will happen? Do you think they'll try to raid the house to-night?"

Kelly did not bother to answer him.

Then Kelly looked up suddenly, and put his back down. Stanton stopped his pacing up and down, and stood quiet still, in an attitude of listening. Nick got his head in at the door of the room.

"Big car, coming full of leather up the drive," he announced.

Kelly nodded. He had heard the sound of the car's engine.

"All right. Get to your post," he said. The word came in a hoarse, excited voice, and he ran to the door, and turned the key. He saw a big car, its headlights flashing, draw up suddenly with a harsh screech of its brakes in front of the house. When someone there inside saw the sound of a motor-



Agonizing the girl, Kestell drew his knife, his teeth bared in a snarl of hate. Cringing in his corner, Stannard gave a yell of terror as the gangster approached.

door rattled and the air was full of the light, white of bodies lying dead, the roar of two hundred shots a minute. Something banged methodically against the steel shutter of the window, just by his head. There was the sound of breaking glass and splintering wood, and from somewhere below, in the house, a loud cry of pain.

For nearly a minute that Thompson gun continued operating a succession of bullets along the whole front of the house, traversing from side to side, from floor to floor, in both with a concentrated force against the big front window, and on reaching its limit of influence, the only thing to do was to take cover and wait till it was over. Kelly knew that when it was finished there would be a crash. He heard it from the room, where when it was over had been done. One of his men had been killed by the first burst of fire, the rest were all unscathed. But the girl had been practically shot away from the front door of the house.

The sound of the machine gun stopped suddenly; there followed a loud rattle stopped in a deep, harsh note. Through the front doorway some charging groups of men, their pistols bulking under and above.

For half a minute there was indescribable pandemonium in the hall. In the heart of a dim quarter revolver light, the toughest gang was up to the wally, without aiming; indeed, there is no time to aim. Headly had Kestell's gang here from the house, when a strong light, shed in the heart of excitement by some working-up gangster, struck the hidden way public that opened the electric current to the cluster of lights in the big hall, and that in the hall, Kestell's darkness fell. He only by the light flashes of pistol light saw the girls.

Kelly had pulled himself half-way up the stairs. When five men were rushing into the middle of it, a crash, suddenly, he took aim at him, and pressed the release of his automatic. Nothing happened. Somehow the pistol had got jammed.

The rush of the gangster had reached the middle of the hall. Kelly had a clear view of his intended prey. He considered slightly, and sprang with the suddenness of a tiger, straight into the middle of the bunch of charging men. In the middle of his spring the light went out.

His body, with all the momentum of that terrific spring behind it, crashed wildly into that of one of the attacking group of three. They both were down, with Kelly on top. As they fell there was an extraordinary explosion close to Kelly's head, and a fiery bonfire blossomed in his face, striking his eyes and nose. In the act of falling, the gangster with whom Kelly had collided had fired; the bullet, missing Kelly's head by three-quarters of an inch, had got upwards into the ceiling.

With a soft, instinctive movement Kelly

knocked the pistol from the man's hand. Then his two hands were on the man's throat.

His opponent struggled and fought desperately, pushing upwards with frenzied fists as Kelly's face, Kelly's gun only tightened. Again and again the man's head cracked and cracked in terror; it was gasping against gangster, and in the darkness they fought silently, like wild animals, striving not to show any sign of weakness or pain.

Kelly felt his opponent's efforts slacken. He smiled grimly. In his mind was the thought of Tommy Hunter, lying in the gutter of a dimly lit street, the center of New Orleans, with a long knife in his back. He was fairly certain it was Clifford who he was holding by the throat, and he intended to kill him on the spot.

Then, from somewhere upstairs came a sudden, loud cry of fear. Kelly recognized the voice; it was Stanton's. He had left Stanton and the man named Stannard somewhere one of the gangster must have got into that room, in a moment his vigilance against Clifford was loosened. He recognized the man's face.

He rose, and made as full speed for the stairs. Once he stepped into a pair of struggling men, someone sprang suddenly at him with pistol held, bringing blood to his lips; but he did not heed it. After what seemed like minutes, but was only seconds, he gained the stairs, and stood up there. A light was burning in the corridor, and he saw that the door of the steel-paneled room was slightly open.

He went in, he gained the door and stepped back. An extraordinary picture met his eyes. He stood back in a corner of the room as Stanton, his face pale with fear, his eyes staring, was bending forward, and as if to steady him, was Helen. Kelly had just entered the room, in a half-frenzied attitude, his teeth bared in a snarl of hate, was throwing in his hands to have them kept. An opponent was at his throat, was in front of him that he did not even notice Kelly's entry.

"I'll get you, anyway, Philip Stanton, you double-crossing scab," Kelly heard him say in a voice thick with hate.

And with those words he raised the knife and swung it. Stanton gave a shrill scream of terror. Helen shrieked slightly, but she stood her ground, raising her left hand as if to ward off the blow of the knife. Kelly started himself forward. For a moment the knife was poised above Helen, then, as it was coming down, Kelly succeeded at the hand that held it, pulling it sideways, so that the blow was averted.

Kestell sprang quickly, he and Kelly came to grips. When they had met previously, in the Pickering's Arms. Kelly had nearly knocked Kestell down. But this was a different Kestell. Mad with rage and hate he

he was, his strength seemed to be doubled, while Kelly was still a little weak from the blow on the head which he had received earlier in the evening. Struggling desperately, the two men fought across the room, knocking over a small table laden with books and papers, which fell with a crash to the floor. Still locked in one another's arms, they tumbled out through the doorway into the corridor. There Kelly made his desperate effort. With a tremendous shove, he pushed Bennett away from him. The gang leader staggered, recovered his balance, and raised the knife on high. With the speed of lightning Kelly sprang clear of the path of the descending blade, and in the same movement brought his right leg up in a terrific uprush to his opponent's jaw. Bennett staggered, the knife dropped from his paralytic hand. For a moment he stood reeling at the top of the stairs. Then he fell, and soon falling over and over, from side to side, into the hall below.

Kelly staggered back, and leaned against the wall of the corridor, taking great breaths of air. He felt utterly done. Just below of the level from Bennett's point, but had taken more out of him than he had realized.

"Are you all right?" said an anxious voice.

Helen had followed him out into the passage. He made a little impatient movement with his hands.

"Get back into that room," he ordered, "and lock the door. I'll tell you when it's safe to come out."

With that he took her gently by the arm and thrust her into the room, fastened the door, and then returned to the threshold to look back and forth sharply. Then he saw why.

Stanley was lying on the ground, quite still. His arm across his face. Kelly hastened for half a moment. Then he made up his mind what he had to do.

"You look after him," he said, "I must get back into the fight. I'll never chase those rascals out of the house."

He left the room, shutting the door after him. But the light, unobscured now, from as he descended to the hall, he saw the movement of the powerful man outside the house accelerating down the drive. The Bennett gang had had enough. As many as were left of them were closing up.

"I guess they got their medicine all right," came Mark's voice from the darkness.

"Get a light, somebody!" ordered Kelly. By the light of an oil lamp he surveyed the damage. The hall was wrecked. One of his own men had been killed outright; another had a broken rib, sustained in the scuffle in the darkness. In the middle of the hall was lying Clifford. There were dark finger-marks on his throat, but it was a stray bullet through the hand which had caused his death. Another of Bennett's gang was lying dead in the doorway, and another in the pass, just outside the house. Bennett himself had evidently recovered sufficiently to make his get-away; there was no sign of him.

"We'd better have a drink of sound, and then go about straightening things up a bit," said Kelly to his men. "I'll be down again in a minute."

Mark that he hurried back to the stool, grunted twice in his own mind, and then returned. He was still bending over Stanley, trying to loose loosely between his legs. He was quite successful, but his hands were awfully rigid, and his eyes were fixed in a glassy stare. His right hand brought on a paralytic stroke.

"All right, I'll see to his care," said Kelly quietly.

He looked up at him, and there was a strained, agonized expression in his eyes. But, too, had been through a terrible ordeal that evening, and now, at last, his overworked nerves gave way. Suddenly, lurching far forward, he fell into one room.

Kelly raised her, and with his arm round her, led her gently to her own room.

"You see he does the two minutes," he said. "After that I shall want you to lock

after your uncle till the doctor comes. You won't let me down, will you?"

"I'll try to do my best," she gasped.

Between them Mark and Kelly got Stanley undressed and into bed. His eyes were still fixed in that vacant stare, but he was breathing faintly. When they had just finished putting him into bed, Helen entered the room. Her face was very pale, but her eyes were lively.

"I'm all right again now," she said in a steady voice. "I'm sorry I was so silly."

"Kelly gave her a smile of appreciation.

"I'm going to fetch the doctor now," he said. "You, Miss, and the others, I want you to sit the place so that he won't be able to guess anything of what's been going on here tonight. You've got about half an hour to do it in. Is that clear?"

"That will be all right, boss," said Miss confidently.

Kelly swiftly washed and tidied himself, and took a car to fetch the famous doctor, who lived about three miles away. He left an hour or so returned. During that time Miss had wrangled matters. The hall had been tidied and the furniture in it—wrecked pieces taken from the room—restored and in keeping. An oil lamp was burning, showing a molten flame. Eight-hole in the walls had been covered over by posters.

The doctor examined Stanley and shook his head. His diagnosis suited with Kelly's.

"A paralytic stroke. I'm afraid there's not much I can do for him," he told Kelly reluctantly.

"He'll probably recover conscious some before he dies."

His prognosis proved correct. Towards four in the morning Kelly, who had insisted on sitting by the sick man himself, heard his name uttered softly. He leaned over the bed.

"The dying man smiled at him a little absently.

"You know who I am now, I suppose?" he asked Kelly.

"You're Philip Stanton," answered Kelly. "But don't worry about that now. Is there anything you want?"

"That's right—I'm Philip Stanton, not John," he murmured to the dying man. "They called John Stanton in your mind—and I took his place. We were always very much alike, you know; it wasn't difficult. And that Bennett expected half the money—but I cheated him, I got him put away for two years instead."

A gleam of a chuckle escaped from him. Then he looked at Kelly intently.

"Does Helen know?" he asked.

Kelly shook his head.

"Don't tell her," said the dying man, "she'll get the money anyway, now. I shouldn't like her to know that I was."

"His voice faded off, but Kelly understood him.

"I won't tell her," he said. "Would you like me to come in and see you?"

"Please don't do that."

"No. Let her sleep."

He passed, and added with difficulty: "Look after her when I am gone." Then he closed his eyes.

Kelly recognized that the end was at hand, and went out of the room to fetch the doctor, who was lying on a sofa in the next room. In the passage, by now, Miss, who looked very pleased with herself.

"I guess there won't be any wicked inquiries round this quarter, nor no hellin' done," said the little gangster. "I've taken them all out and to me in the motor-bus, and made 'em with their pockets full of money. And who's left of Bennett's gang's best is in the Mary Ryan. They've had their brains boiled down; I guess there won't be nothing worth found about them. They made 'em last day of the gang me, I reckon."

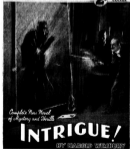
#### CONCLUSIONS.

Miss's prophetic presentiment, Bennett's leading her to the motor-bus to the ground long before the others, village life, the police could get to it; the disappearance of (Continued on page 284.)

## A SECRET OF DEATH

THE THRILLER

THE INFER WITH A THOUSAND THRILLS



Professor Secret possessed a secret which in its fearfulness and magnitude drew the agents of foreign powers almost into a frenzy to obtain. His own invention, it was a weapon which in wrong hands would spell disaster and war. Several determined attempts were made to steal his vital formula, but it was when the professor went to the desolate little island off the Welsh coast known as Rack Island, under the supposed protection of his friend, Sir James Dunning, that strange and terrible tragedy overtook him and the house party gathered there. "Guns drawn, smoking excitement and nerve thrills follow thick and fast in this amazing yarn. Get right along now and order your copy. You must read

"Intrigue!"

By HAROLD WINBURY

in next week's issue of

On Sale Next Saturday.

The THRILLER

Sensational Happenings Occur in this week's Gripping Instalment of—

# "LOOK AT CHICAGO!"



## THE GAMBLING GAME.

IN 1920 gambling in Chicago, never having been halted for any period at any time, had increased 5,000 per cent, over any situation against which Chief Whipple made his brave fight. All politicians and police will not show a willingness to take tribute from vice. But somehow through the years gambling has been regarded as almost class as a source of tribute. There has always been a lion, even if Justice, interest in it — on the part of a majority of those situated for a "split."

In the annals of Chicago vice-gaming gambling for many years was the main feature. At regular intervals competition would get keen and bands would be utilized to discourage whatever group was "gambling." There again there was the point of peculiar significance in the fact that any new feature facing themselves into the gambling situation in Chicago would be raised at once and reported by the police, while the established group, advisedly "in demand" would take their money—would proceed without the slightest disturbance. Many righteous people wondered at this. Question was people didn't.

As far back as 1910 Maude Tamm, owner of the General News Bureau, principal distributor of race results in this country, had a monopoly on gambling in Chicago. Bands were beating in air while this monopoly was established, but for many years Herivelor Tamm was the man. At that time he accepted heavy handbills and general gambling establishments in the city of Chicago, and in the course of time this number and the number of his events increased.

As far back as 1911 an Assistant Chief of Police, Herman Schuetler, knowing that Mayor Stone was being disturbed by a grand public outcry about gambling following a series of bomb explosions, went right out and knocked out eleven of Tamm's best places. He was not taking—he raided the places.

Shortly after this somewhat startling action the Chicago "Tribune" printed the news:

"The control of gambling has been taken from Assistant Chief Schuetler. It takes shelter of the vice-making police inspectors and captains responsible for conditions in their districts, gambling has been revived immediately and openly. Officers are revealing in widespread ignorance of gambling, although it has long carried on under the nose of the unfortunated police."

"Recently Maude Tamm was held enough to tempt the police official regarding Tamm's success in nullifying the laudable efforts of the raiding squad."

"Haha, there," chuckled Tamm, "what's become of the raiding brigade!"

During this year, a controversy between the Tamm General News Bureau and the Payne News Service of O'Connell's became so bitter that a national investigation was instituted to determine the legality of transmitting racing results over interstate wires. It was finally declared legal by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. In this famous representation of the Payne service had this to say regarding Tamm's effort at a national race news monopoly:



Earl "Hynds" Weiss, the notorious successor of Dick O'Hendon, who was killed in the gang war of 1924.

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

**EDWARD D. SULLIVAN**

"It is incorrect, he will change every handbook and the names of the country a correlative price for information from the tracks of America and Mexico. Every day places which get information through and officers are visited by police, 'tipped off' by agents of Tamm. We see lightning Tamm fairly, but instead of having the whole thing, and seems to want a renewal of the gambling war."

Tamm kept raising the cost of race information. He finally had three hundred gambling bookies in Chicago, and was the biggest single factor in national gambling in the country. The gangs had not got to him yet. Prohibition was not to break this situation when—through indirectly.

Let's jump sixteen years—progress came for Tamm—in 1927. After all, what in time when we are talking about money? On July 26th of the later year the Empire News Company was in court seeking a Federal injunction to prevent anyone from using its property and offices. It was attempting to distribute race news. Regularly the police arrived and smashed everything in their elaborate headquarters.

The Empire News Company contended that Tamm, inspired those raids. It was granted a Federal injunction.

Let us step back to the entry of Robert E. Coyne into the position of State's Attorney for Chicago in 1925. Soon after his election the Chicago "Daily News" published an article showing the tremendous activity of the handbook gambling forces in Chicago, and asserted: "Since the advent of the Thompson administration it has been freely whispered that Maude Tamm has been forced to surrender a large interest in his General News Bureau to the politicians."

Whether that was true or not, something obviously broke under cover. "Maude Tamm's" places were raided and finally smashed in pieces by the police raiders. Tamm was indicted with many aids, one of the most important of whom, Ephraim Harding, ended his life at this time. The



The end of a gangster. Police and detectives gathered round the body of Giuseppe Pinasco after he had been shot by rival gangsters.

shirts were fired in 1922, and the men against them dropped because the prosecution had not been able to prove its case before.

The following year Mayor Dwyer was elected, and wide-scale and state-organized raids on all gambling in Chicago were instituted. And at this juncture the gangsters came into control of the hand-book and gambling situation.

They put the final squeeze on the Tenen business operations. Excessive gambling receipts had been accompanied with license and implied raids. Now the gangsters began systematically to "work up" the gambling syndicates piece by piece. In a single raid on one of Tenen's locations they seized up thirty-five slot-machines, bookmakers, clubs, and customers in broad daylight and washed off with 10,000 dollars.

Those rubbed could not get any serious police action, for the police were anxious to hide the fact that such places existed. Right then the gambling syndicate of Chicago began to look around for places where one might take a chance and actually lose one. Capone's resorts, just outside the city, and others conducted by the Ariois gang, allied with the Bugs Moran gang, which was early active in gambling, gave the gambling customers a protected play.

Tenen gave up the hand-book field and attended in the General News Bureau alone. As this is written he has the National News Service in growing competition with him, and the latter's daily paper, the "Evening Herald," is running a strike of heady derogatory articles on the life and works of Monte Tenen.

As has been stated before in this book, the move became the outstanding factor in Chicago gambling when William Blake Thompson came into office after the death of William K. Dwyer in 1927. He had carte blanche except for the restriction of the Ariois and Bugs Moran groups.

All of the gangsters had discovered that the power of Tenen, arrested slot-games, and the threat of being "taken for a ride" could exert power far beyond the home and racket field. They had the contact with the stock-market politicians on one hand, and they put the fear of death into the small gambler on the other. They automatically increased their "piece" in the piece above and took their slice direct from every gambling place which they protect or permit to run.

They mainly "swayed in" for forty per cent. of the "take" of three independent gambling places. That takes care of everybody so far as the gambling-license-keeper is concerned. It leaves the "muck" and the Law.

Under this arrangement the North Side remained under the domination of Bugs Moran and his Ariois allies. Capone continued to hold sway in the more lucrative South Side. But the Ariois, instead upon getting control of the Sullivan Union, hoped in that way to capture great swaths of the foreign "rolling" gangs, aside from all other advantages.

It was just another item in the hatred between the Capone and Bugs Moran-Ariois group.

#### THE MESSAGE.

On the morning of St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1933, the most brutal and horrifying crime in the history of prohibition crime activities took place in the North Side crime headquarters of the Bugs Moran bootlegging, hijacking and racketeering gang in Chicago.

Just before eleven o'clock four men, two wearing police uniforms, were seen to enter

the garage at 2127, North Clark Street, used as the central headquarters plant of the gang. These men left what apparently was a police squad car outside the garage a big open touring-car with a blacked bell on its running-board.

One or two curious people, seeing the police enter a small door of the garage, stopped for a moment, and subsequently noticed the lines of the entrance of the four men. Others remembered hearing what they believed to be laughing from the garage. Still others saw four men come out of the garage eight minutes after their entrance had been noted, and drive away in what seemed to be a police car. Some of the early curious watched the police established the time by the testimony of two different groups.

There is no clue to just how the tragic horror within the garage was accomplished, as was more than an hour before a truck man, entering the garage, found seven men lying in a thirty-foot pool of blood; they were riddled from head to foot with machine-gun bullets. Five of them had been the principal muscle men of the Bugs Moran gang. The other two had died as they there would be no witness against the killers.

This within a mile of the Chicago City Hall.

Bugs Moran alone had carried the complete slaughter of his "big shots," and one of the most powerful gangs that Chicago ever knew had ceased to exist.

When the police reached the scene one of the Ariois lying in the water of blood was found to be breathing—Frank Gustenberg. He was still alive when he reached the Altonian Brothers Hospital—Sandy breathing and proved by doctors machine-gun shot.

An old sergeant of police when he knew well loved over him.

"They never gave you a chance, Finck. Who shot you?"

True to gangster code Gustenberg waggled his head weakly.

"Nobody," he whispered.

With six of his pals dead—one of them his brother—he could not speak.

"Which gang was it, Finck?" asked the sergeant after a while, as Gustenberg gasped away his life in the darkest room. Gustenberg's head shook a negative.

There was a short few minutes, then:

"It's getting dark, sir, as long," and Gustenberg was dead.

Some time the following day Moran,



Catching a bootlegger on the "hop." The faith of a thrilling chase between police and gangsters.



In this as well as three men are held in connection with Chicago's most apocalyptic crime—Judy Mottson, known to the police as a simple chigger for Sagan, known as a Twenty-first Ward gangster closely to the Sagan mistress and John Barker, whom you may remember as the Sigma Kappa's chief attorney.

Perhaps seven men have done that a thousand leading citizens have failed to do for nearly a generation.

Chicago is accused. The manner crystallized the spirit which was first and mainly shown in the political north-west of April, 1933.

The reform movement is under way in Chicago with a driving force it has never known before.

**LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD.**

In the period following the death of Miss O'Hanlon there have been more than seventy "big shots" killed in street encounters with cops, bars, gambling, and vice joints in Chicago. Hundreds of lesser lights have lost their lives in the turmoil, but a study of all of the shootings describing important features in organized crime clearly indicates the futility of police efforts. The crime basically is pre-arranged to the last detail, executed with the greatest precision and followed under pain of going death-by-wire either on the part of all involved.

It will be noted that in all the important killings, here set forth, there is only one instance in which the alleged slayers were brought to trial. In that single case the Attorney State's Attorney, who consistently fully prosecuted the two defendants, was subsequently found dead beside one of them in a gang slaying.

Here is the record:

- John J. Brennan, November 19, 1931, loose war, slayer not caught.
- Edna Powell shot Joe Kinard, shot in Chicago, November 23, 1931, loose war, Myles O'Hanlon and James Donaghy tried and acquitted.
- Joseph Arsons, "taken for a ride," April 7, 1932, loose war, slayer not caught.
- Joseph Francis, shot and killed in automobile, May 26, 1932, loose war, slayer not caught.
- Harry J. O'Hanlon, killed, June 8, 1932, loose war, slayer not caught.
- Michael Garcia, killed by police, June 13, 1932.
- Anthony Gomez, shot dead, July 8, 1932, loose war, slayer not caught.
- Anthony Gomez, shot, July 15, 1932, loose war, slayer not caught.
- James Egan and Washington Joe Clements, July 26, 1932, loose war, slayer not caught.
- Morgan ("Big") Ford, "taken for a ride," July 25, 1932, loose war, slayer not caught.
- Living Kibby, airplane, Koenigsberg, and Harry Newman, "taken for a ride," August 28, 1932, loose war, slayer not caught.
- William Padden, September, 1932; loose war, slayer not caught.
- William Padden, "taken for a ride," September 8, 1932; loose war, slayer not caught.
- William J. Bennett's daughter, shot in back-of-the-chair, November 16, 1932; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Alvin Karp, November 18, 1932; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Perkins, Edward A. Bernawoy, and Joseph M. Brooks, "taken for a ride," December 12, 1932; loose and gambling war, slayer not caught.
- Harry Spangola, January 10, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.

- Benny ("Schubman") Zelenko, "taken for a ride," January 18, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Ignacio and Stefano Merini, brothers, January 23, 1933; slayer was: slayer not caught.
- Freddy Egan, January 28, 1933; loose and gambling war, slayer not caught.
- Constantin H. Kluge, February 24, 1933; loose war—Freddy Latsinger awaiting trial.
- Georgie Topor, shot from auto, February 15, 1933; gang defence bond collector, slayer not caught.
- Edward Hagedorn ("The Eagle"), "taken for a ride," February 28, 1933; gang defence bond collector, slayer not caught.
- Joe Blumenthal, "taken for a ride," February 28, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- David Feinberg, "taken for a ride," March 1, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Joseph Flanagan and Arthur Marks, killed March 12, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- George ("Dove") Stover, killed in cabaret, March 23, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- George Tullio and Francisco de Laurentis, "taken for a ride," April 18, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- William ("Egg") Byrne, killed April 22, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- William W. McWhorter, Assistant State Attorney, James J. Humphrey, gang chief, Thomas Griffin, columnist, killed in Chicago, April 27, 1933; gang war, slayer not caught.
- Frank Conroy, "taken for a ride," May 11, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- James Kestler and James Pincus, shot and tried in Chicago, columnist, killed in Chicago, April 27, 1933; gang war, slayer not caught.
- Frank Conroy, "taken for a ride," May 11, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Joseph ("Red") Brown for "a ride," June 3, 1933; M.P.'s for interfering police, slayer not caught.
- Charles Garson, shot from auto, June 25, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- John Probstman, "taken for a ride," July 14, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Philip Lewis, killed in automobile, July 22, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- John Gordon, shot in cabaret, July 25, 1933; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Thomas Ross, kidnapped, tortured, and drowned in the sea, August 3, 1933; gang war, slayer not caught.
- John J. McIlroy ("Felix"), shot in automobile, August 6, 1933; loose war, Joe Kibby and slayer suspected.
- Leads ("Red") Smith, killed from auto, August 10, 1933; loose and gambling war, slayer not caught.
- Earl ("Felix") Butler and Percival Morgan, killed October 11, 1933; gang and loose war, slayer not caught.
- Frank ("Bully") Kowal, March 12, 1932; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Harold Paul, "taken for a ride," March 15, 1937; loose war, slayer not caught.
- Frank ("Harold") Bremer, killed in detoured highway squad car, April 8, 1937.

And there were and others of whom you will find these men have fallen before the spear of Chicago's gang war, and the terrible war of crime which has reaped the city of sudden death. Mr. Sullivan has told his story with a precision of detail and balance unheard of and now we have considered the end. Earl Kelly's issue of The Tribune will contain this concluding statement of "Lead of Chicago" (Don's) who is the dominant element.

**THE DEATH SQUAD.**  
(Continued from page 283.)

the occupants provided a three-day's notice for the occupants. Naturally the Mary Ryan had been sent by legal authorities, but it was never even under that name by anyone else. Helford's disappearance from his hospital also provided a mystery which the police found themselves unable to solve. Some of the slayers for miles around terrified by having heard stories which mentioned heavy shooting on the night of the fire and it was recognized that the corporation of Helford's former head-bought among themselves and afterwards chosen to set fire to the house and champagne. The village above made an attempt to arrest a death certificate for the woman. It had been the result of a crime.

"On the day after Helford's funeral, Helld and Helld were sitting having tea in the library of the Mary Ryan. The fire had been sent to be laid out, the tough body and Mary, who had remained for a few days, were to return to America. Helld was to go to London for a few days before she sailed for America to see her father."

"And where will you go, Mr. Helld?" she asked.

"I don't know. I shall probably stay on at the Victorian Arms for a few days," he answered.

"I suppose you'll be frightfully glad when you're all home, and you'll be left in peace again," she suggested.

"Not at all," said Helld gently.

"I must have been a great worry to you."

"Not a bit," said Helld, "it is to be sure of course."

Helld had realized that she had been a great worry to him. He also realized that he wanted nothing so much as that she should go on being a great worry to him. The country she would never come without her.

"How happy to see you, and things like that," she went on, "you must have hated it."

"Yes," said Helld.

"You're being awfully polite, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes," said Helld.

She looked at him quickly; then she smiled. "I didn't expect you to say that," she admitted. "You're rather unexpected, aren't you, Helld?"

It was the first time she had called him Helld since the night of the attack on the house. For a moment Helld was surprised, then he looked at her thoughtfully.

"How could you think I'll have a girl call me by that name," he warned her.

"Are you?" she said impulsively and lightly.

It was the laugh that did it. Helld smiled, but she and he had her in his arms and kissed her. Then he stopped again.

"For my wife she did not look in the least surprised. On the contrary, she was smiling slightly."

It occurred to Helld then she was smiling toward him.

"With you," he said, earnestly, "you have probably said that I'm in love with you."

"Well, I hoped you were," she said. "The man I loved."

"What?" exclaimed Helld. "Do you mean that you—"

For a moment he stood in front of her, but he saw deep into her eyes. Then she stepped the hand and caught her in his arms again.

After a little while she gave a happy sigh. "Honey—honey," she said.

Printed and published twice a week by The Tribune, Inc., 144 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. Telephone: 333-3333. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to THE TRIBUNE, 144 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. 60602.



# AMAZING STORIES

APRIL  
25 Cents



**A  
COSMIC  
JUKEBOX  
SCAN**