

GEM CASE OF THE WORDS' GREAT DETECTIVES

BY GEORGE BARTON

No. IV. Inspector Sweeney and the Stolen Gems



THE HART GETS WERE GONE!

John Sweeney, for many years an inspector-detective at Scotland Yard, long ago won a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. He had been a member of the British police when quite young and soon earned a transfer to the Bureau of Criminal Investigation, London. He is better known to the American public as "Scotland Yard," the name of the Hart gems to which he was assigned in 1896. He was a member of the House of Commons, and his name is an example of the methods pursued by English detectives. He was a member of the House of Commons, and his name is an example of the methods pursued by English detectives.

Lady Sutherland was in raptures over the new gown. It would surely make a sensation. Lady Hart, delighted, returned to her room. She went to the door and closed it. The next moment every one in the vicinity was startled by a series of piercing screams. Several ladies who were present at the time explained the cause of her agitation in a few disjointed sentences: "The Hart gems were gone!"

SIR WILLIAM and Lady Hart had the reputation of being the most hospitable pair in all of Great Britain—and that is saying a good deal. They had a beautiful country seat just outside of London, where they entertained on a palatial scale. House parties were of frequent occurrence, and the guests on such occasions included the best people in England. Titled were the rule and coronets were very much in evidence. Sir William was the ruling spirit and his constant desire was to make everyone happy. During the day outdoor sports had precedence, but in the evening there was music and cards in the various drawing-rooms, with the noble host acting as master of the revels.

As the result of that, John Sweeney, detective-inspector of Scotland Yard, appeared on the scene. Sir William looked at him in the library and the two men went over all of the facts in the case. The first order of the detective was that no one should leave the house that night—it was then about 10 o'clock—without the permission of the host. Sir William was inclined to demur at this suggestion. He seemed to think that it might reflect upon his hospitality. He was finally persuaded that it was necessary, and two servants were dispatched to give the gatekeepers the orders.

On the occasion to which the present story refers Sir William and Lady Hart gave a particularly elaborate affair. It was a seven-day house party, concluding with a brilliant ball. There were some 40 guests in all, and four of them at least were related to the royal family. Probably eight or 10 of the gentlemen were accompanied by their personal valets and nearly all of the ladies were attended by their own maids. Such were the characteristics of the various drawing-rooms, in which the exceptional entertainment was planned. The seven days' programme was carried out without a hitch. On the first day the guests were polo game in which the guests who had brought their own smart ponies participated. On each succeeding day there was some different form of entertainment.

Finally the servants were brought in and cross-questioned. They exhibited all sorts of queer mental traits from gross stupidity to imbecile indignation. The only testimony that had the slightest value was given by a pert maid who said John Martin had been seen in the corridor leading to Lady Hart's room about the time of the robbery.

On the evening of the final day—it must have been a Friday—there was a great auto over the preparations for the ball. No one was particularly excited, but Lady Hart herself. And well might she be, for on that occasion she was to wear for the first time a magnificent creation from Paris. It was a gown she was to deck herself out in the Hart gems. Anyone who has ever had the pleasure of seeing these rare old family heirlooms need not be told that they are both unique and costly. My lady had been busily engaged in her boudoir with her maid for over an hour. She was all ready for the ball. Everything was in place except the gems—they lay on the dressing-table ready to be fastened in Lady Hart's corsage. The clock on the mantel pealed out seven o'clock. Lady Hart looked at her maid. She was a compassionate woman. She said: "My child, you look thoroughly exhausted. I'm afraid you won't be fit for the present. I can attach the jewels to my dress without your aid. Go to your room and rest and report to me again at midnight."

Detective Sweeney's face fell. But he was pugnacious. "How can you prove that?" Sir William looked up with a surprised glance. "I don't have to be proven. It's a fact. I accompanied Sir Archibald to his carriage and saw him drive off, and his man was with him. "That's too bad." The host smiled. "It's good—for Sir Archibald's man."

The girl thanked her mistress and left the room. Lady Hart gave a final survey of herself in the long pier mirror. It was satisfactory. But the feminine desire to get the jewels out of someone else took possession of her mind. She picked up the jewels and was about to put them on. The large one was magnificent. It was a great ruby surrounded with a glittering framework of the purest diamonds. Two others, in the form of crescents, were made of diamonds, and they represented a modest fortune. Lady Hart hesitated for a moment. She wanted to know what another woman would think of her Parisian gown by herself. She laid the jewels on the dressing-table and tripped out of the room. She was gone less than five minutes.

After some further talk, Sir William and the detective took a walk about the premises and made an examination of locks and bolts. They stroled into the grounds and interviewed the two gatekeepers. The gatekeeper at the south entrance said one of the servants had been seen to get into the house that night. The servant, whom he did not recognize, then volunteered to stay in the house until he could be identified. The gatekeeper at the north entrance. He was gone but a few minutes, but on his return the servant was nowhere to be seen.

Detective Sweeney let out an exclamation of impatience. "What's the matter?" asked the host. "This man has no right to leave his post. Don't you see that a regiment of thieves could escape while he was away?"

"But my dear sir," replied Sir William, "don't you understand that the servant remained here while the man went to warn the other gate-keeper?" "And was gone when he returned." "Oh," said the baronet, easily, "I don't attach any significance to that. Simply the dereliction of a careless servant. I doubt whether anyone has left the premises tonight."

The cabman hurried up his vehicle and followed the detective to the station. "Stop—stop at that," was the angry retort; "if you find it necessary to dis-

pect my guests your work shall stop at once."

The detective smiled grimly. He had met with similar experiences before. After a moment's silence, he said: "I propose that the credentials of every one of your servants be carefully investigated—and that the antecedents of every servant belonging to your guests be probed."

The suggestion met with so much opposition that it was abandoned. The detective remained in the library until midnight. He seemed to have run up against a dead wall. But he had been doing a lot of thinking. As he started to leave one of the servants tapped on the door. "What is it?" cried Sir William impatiently. "A telegram for Lord Mortimer," was the answer.

Lord Mortimer was the impetuous earl. The host was instantly all attention. He took the telegram and excused himself to the detective. "Pardon me a moment until I give this to Mortimer."

He left the room and was gone ten or 15 minutes. He returned with a perplexed look. "What is it?" asked the detective. "Mortimer's not in his room, and I can't locate him anywhere else."

The reply had escaped him almost unconsciously. The next moment he bit his lip in vexation. He was sorry he had spoken. "Of course," he said almost rudely, "there's no significance in his absence from his room. He's about somewhere."

"Of course," assented Sweeney, tactfully. The detective remained at the house all night. When he departed for Scotland Yard in the morning he carried with him a dirty glass that looked as if it might have contained stale ale the night before. He had picked it up in one of the rooms of the house and he had been upon it almost immediately on the ludicrous. He seemed particularly anxious not to permit the glass to rub against anything.

A visit to the office of the railroad company resulted in finding the conductor who had charge of that particular train. He remembered that one passenger had boarded the train at the station. "Did he go on to London?" he was asked. "No," was the response. "He alighted at the first station west of London."

The trail was becoming interesting. It was followed until it led to the station this side of London. The only cabman at that station was weakened from his slumbers to answer the questions of the detective. He was a typical "night hawk."

There were five distinct spots on the dirty cab door and they were the imprints of four fingers and a thick thumb. Most startling of all, the prints on the cab door and those on the unwashed glass were identical.

The conclusion was obvious. The man who drank the glass of ale at Sir William Hart's that night was the same man who had traveled on the 9 o'clock train that night and had taken the cab to the station just outside of London.

Why Admiral Evans' Men Will Not Desert

Even the Rawest Recruit Knows Better Than to Take Chances in a South American Port.

"BOB EVANS—it makes him light as a feather to be called 'Fighting Bob'—means to put me down for a blue-rummed dingo in a crack team," remarked a man who knows a lot about the American Navy. "Granting him his aggressiveness, he ought really to be called 'Lucky Bob.' He always gets a break. Things have a way of coming his way.

"Take this stunt he's just embarking upon—guiding the battleship fleet around the West Coast. That in itself is the swiftest assignment ever pulled down by an American Admiral in a time of peace. Of course, the job belongs to him. He's the man in line for it. But doesn't that fact in itself help to brace up my assertion—and don't imagine that I'm alone in making the assertion—that Evans is one of the luckiest heavy-weather men we ever had?"

well be for any lift he'll get, except maybe the lift at the toe of a boot. There are too many busted, beach-combing greasers, anyhow, to nick up an occasional crumb to leave any room for ship-jumping Yankee man-o-war's men to lam for those beaches—even if the greasers that have got something possessed or ever did possess the slightest inclination to lend an assistful hand to a down and out seaman. And they never did possess any "don't" position any, feeling toward United Statesians of any class.

"But I didn't start to talk about his luck in being in line for the fat assignment. That's being pretty well fanned over already. What I'm thinking about particularly as an element of his unfalling luck is the soft time he's going to have of it with his ships' crews on the way round to San Francisco.

Man-o-war's men know these things, and that's what gives Bob Evans his fine, close haired, roused over, battered down such on his heap his wise cruise he's starting on. He'll carry his ships' companies into California's chief port with him. They'll stick along with him just like little birds that've got clipped wings.

"The fellows who ship are not such softies as to suppose that they're going to have a snap in the Navy; nothing like that. But they rarely have the slightest advance understanding of the meanness and devilishness of coaling a man-o-war, and their first experience at that hasn't gets them on the raw and causes many of them quickly to make up their minds to make the forget-it jump at the very first decent opportunity. Their point of view is that they've been conned, as they usually call it. They say that they never understood that they'd have to poke through such meanly bedinged labor as coaling ship comes to for all hands, or that they'd never have shipped. And so away they go.

An Easy Way by Which to Cure the Blues

The Portal Vein Seems to Cause Melancholy—Remedies Both Quick and Simple.

If you have the blues, if your brain suddenly feels "lovelit with emptiness," try this: put both hands, one over the other, on your abdomen just below the navel and press as hard as you can without causing pain. Then push your hands upward till they touch the ribs. Repeat this movement fifteen or twenty times.

Stuck's. New York Sun. Jim Smith's the most contrariest man I ever heard of. He was ever hitched. Can't say I know him, but what's he's bound to be. He'll contradict. He won't dispute ye out'n out. But snorts ye back an answer 'bout jest 'Stuck's'.

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thing mournful for Robley to contemplate. "It's all the coaling. That's the main thing that gets 'em. Coaling ship is the stunt that makes it hard for all of the schemes and devices framed up by crafty recruiting officers to keep the Navy up to its full or anything like its full enlisted strength.

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It is pretty certain that the end of the experiment your view of the world will have grown brighter. There are several ways similar in nature to produce the same result, but this one is the easiest and quickest. All it does is to restore to general circulation a surplus of blood accumulated by the portal vein at the expense of the rest of the organism.

For in such congestion some doctors have discovered a cause of brain-rag and melancholy not even dreamed of by the gentle Robert Burton when he wrote his "Anatomy of Melancholy." In that work six non-natural—that is, not inbred—causes of mental depression are mentioned—namely, faulty diet, digestion, air exercise, sleep and perturbation of mind.