## THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN, PORTLAND, MARCH 20, 1910.

ECTIVE CONNOR AND THE MASON JEWE hey were worth a fortune. He was in Varick street again.

the sensation of the -house As they walked along Connor noted

hour. The banker, whese first that Jimmy Taylor was looking very spruce. He wore a new red tie, and his derby hat was new and the tan name was Thomas, lived in Washington Square, north. His was an aristocratio old family, and the Mason house was old family, and the Mason house was an aristocratic old mansion in an aris-tocratic old neighborhood. Kid gloves on his hands were evidently just out of the store. "You're looking prosperous, Jim!" re-

marked Connor as they neared Varick On a February morning, very early street. of a Monday, the butler found a front "Cure," replied Taylor, "just got a

drawing-room window open. Later the discovery was made that burglars had entered the house during the night and raise in salary, and I'm laying away dough every week. And, by the way, Bill, I was 26 years old last week." rified an iron safe which stood in the library on the second floor. Some money was stolen, which was a matter of small concern to the Ma-Jimmy was taking meters for the gas company now, after having driven a milk wagon for several years. When

accept, as a mere matter of Washing-ton Square hospitality. And Big Bill Connor was the only one of the sextet who was lucky enough to

find a real clew-a very slight clew. In the front area-way, under the draw-ing-room window, Connor picked up an

ing-room window, control picked up an old woolen glove, knitted by hand from gray yarn, and the thumb and fore-finger showed a woman's touch in the careful mending. Connor found the glove half buried in the snow. He kept his own counsel and placed the glove in his pocket. Not even to Benny Wisa did be impart his discovery Any-

news-and even the police were figuring out the case as ancient history. And to them it began to look as if the burghar mystery of Washington square would never be solved. On the Friday evening following the night of the molecular Bull Compare headed

night of the robbery, Bill Connor, headed homeward, was passing through Wash-ington square. He lived at No. 3 Clark-

son street, over on the west side of the big town, in Greenwich village. In a hall bedroom, a few doors from Varick

street, Bill lived the quiet life when his day's work was done, and on those par-ticular nights when he was off duty, one

could always find him at home after 9

plodding along Waverly place, when he overtook a stocky young man, who was walking slowly in order to roll a cigar-

ette. He looked up and recognized Con-

claimed Connor. 'Haven't seen you for a month of Sundays. How's the old

"Fine as silk," replied the young man, as he lighted his cigarette. Connor and Jimmy Taylor were old

how are you, Jimmyl" ex-

"Hello! Bill," he said.

"Why!

mother?

Connor had left the square and was

sense.

they came to Varick street, he turned sons. But the family jewels had been taken, and that was of very serious consequence. The Misses Mason wept Connor.

"Comin' in to see the mother, ain't you, Bill?" he said "Well, I guess I will," answered Bill. "Haven't had a talk with her in a long when they learned that the diamond

heirlooms and their favorite necklaces had disappeared. Banker Mason left his breakfast to time, and it's early yet." Jimmy's mother was 70 years young, and quite the most beloved old lady in telephone the police, which headid in a very business-like manner, and in an and quite the most beloved old lady in Greenwich village. She had nursed everybody's sick folks, had mothered everybody's son, and had made little socks for everybody's baby. You could not say more for old Mrs. Taylor if you put up a monument for her in the park. hour detectives came from three points of the compass. From the sixth pre-cinct came Bill Connor and Benny Wise, Benny was a new man in the district, and Connor took him around at every opportunity to sort of break him to the ropes. the park. Six men in plain clothes proceeded to

the park. On many a pleasant Summer night Bill Connor had sat on the Taylor doorstep, and gossiped with Jimmy's mother, and the old lady had always claimed the big detective as one of her hows of clews. Then they questioned the servants, examined the broken sufe for the second time, made memorands of the stolon jewels, and waddled down the front steps, smoking the cigars that Banker Mason had urged them to

claimed the big detective as one of her boys. Bill sniffed the air as they mounted the steps. He felt quite sure Mrs Tay-lor had been making doughnuts. His guess was not amiss for, when she opened the door, she stood wiping her hands on a flour-stained apron. "Don't mind me looks. Mister Con-nor," she said, smillng. "The fire in the kitchen was nice an' hot, an' the evening as good as any other time to

evening as good as any other time to drop a bit of dough into the fat." Mother Taylor was a little, roly-poly woman, and rosy and spry as a cricket.

She had kindly gray eyes, and combed her scanty gray hair straight back from her forehead. Bill removed his long cost and dropped into a chair in the living room and presently the old lady came in from

Wise did he impart his discovery. Any-way, Benny was young, and, in Bill's opinion, he was not as wise as his name. And then Benny was a lite fellow, and Connor had to look down the kitchen with a platter of doughnuts "A growler of beer will go well with upon him in a physical, if not a mental, these," exclaimed Jimmy; and off he started with a tin pail for the nearest Headquarters sent out a general alarm and a description of the stolen jewels. The pawnshops were searched and shad-

corner. Mrs. Taylor sat down and asked Bill with his mouth filled with doughnut, was making replies as best he could. owed. Every yegg known to be at lib-erty south of the Harlem was locked up and quizzed. But three days later, the Mason jewelry robbery had passed into oblivion as far as the public was con-cerned-other sensations coming up in the

was making replies as best he could. "The son is looking well," he re-marked, after a while, referring, of course, to Jimmy. "Yes, praise to God, doin' fine, an' makin' money." replied the mother. "But he's gettin' to be a reg'lar dude, Jimmy is. And to think, Mister Bill, he's gettin' so proud he won't wear the mittens I knits for him enny more. When he was small I made mittens for him, an' then he wanted them with fingers to them, so I knit the finger him, an then he wanted them with fingers to them, so I knit the finger kind, an' since he lost one of his gloves the other day, he's gone and bought him a pair of kids, an' they'll never keep his hands warm in the world. He says I'm too old to be makin' gloves for him, an' won't let me knit another nalr."

gloves for him, an' won't let me knit another pair." She brought her work-basket of age-yellowed willow, and smillingly held up a glove for Connor's inspection. "Ye can't buy a glove as warm as that now, can ye, Mister Connor?" she want on. "Two years ago I knit that, an' savin' the break in the thumb, it's as good as new. Only Jimmy lost 'tother one somewhere. That's why he bought them kids to freeze his hands

"Why, Bill!" exclaimed Mother Taylor, anxiously, "you're pale; what's the matter? It can't be the dough-nuts?"

bought them kids to freeze his hands nff. Suddenly, Bill Connor gave a start and drew a quick breath. His hand went down to his side. He felt a soft, and he forced a smile to his face-a

Toll in his coat pocket. He eyed closely now the glove that rather sickly smile, so artificial that he was ashamed of it. A step was heard on the stair. Jim-Mrs. Taylor was smoothing on the table. It had a strangely familiar look, not unlike the glove in his pocket—the glove, with the mended thumb and forefinger, picked up under the window A step was heard on the start. The my was returning with the beer. The mother turned to open the door. Bill's hand went out to the table and he took up the glove and shoved it hur-

WILLIAM M. CLEMENS DETECTIVE CONNORS CHRISTMAS



Jimmy came in with the glow of the , a breath of fresh air. He half stagthe same. I shouldn't think of such a Winter wind on his face, and drew the gered to his feet and picked up his thing. Why, Jimmy's all to the good." Then his face clouded and he looked three tumblers from the kitchen. "I must be going now." he said, en-

"None for me, Jimmy," said Bill ner- | deavoring to appear at ease.

at ease. you won't take a sip of the beer!" urged Jimmy. Connor, shook his head. Then he gave the young man a peculiar giance -as if he was making a searching it hat darn oyster fry I had for supper at Bobbie Haven's." He was uncomfortably warm and cold in turn. A fever seemed to burn in-side of him while his hands were frigid. The atmosphere of the room was suffo-cating, and he longed for the open set

ment and he felt quite sure of himself. he let forth a long, deep sigh, and the color came back to his face again. Then be started up Varick street, away from his own home, walking so rapidly that his fat legs wabbled with uncertainty. He kept on, muttering to himself, and growing inwardiy, and not until he reached Sixth avenue did he slacken his pace.

Then he stopped under a lamp post and looked cautiously about him. The night was cold and the nearby streets deserted. Further up the avenue he ley-car coming toward him. Like a guilty one. Connor drew out

Like a guilty one. Connor drew out of his coat pocket first one glove and then another. He compared them for age, for texture, for wear. He meas-ured the finger length, tip for tip. He examined closely the mended thumb of one, and the mended forefinger of the other.

There was no longer the shadow of a doubt. The gloves were mates. Mother Taylor had knit both of them. One he had found in the area at Banker Mason's house, directly under the draw-Ing-room window, where the burglar had made his entrance and his exit. The other he knew was from the yel-low workbasket of Mother Taylor. They

were Jimmy's gloves. A mist came before Connor's eyes. He uttered an oath, asking in a mo-ment of wild delirium that his soul be damned. He shuddered as he shoved the gloves angrily back into his coat

what did it all mean? Was he ac-

sorrow. then in

then in sorrow. At Tenth street he stopped and gazed in a shop window, his hands deep in his pockets, his brow wrinkled and his heart beating unevenly.

beating unevenly. Supposing it turned out that Jimmy Taylor was a yegg-a common thief: What if the boy confessed to him that he had stolen the Mason jewels? That he even gave up the swag, not having had opportunity to pawn the stuff? What then? Could he take the young What then? Could be take the young man over to the station-house and make a charge sgainst him? Could be do that, with the memory of Jimmy's father and his honest career at Jefferson Market haunting him, and with Mother Taylor's little gray eyes looking into his? Could be ever face that poor old mother again? Could be force blowalf to see the tays Could he force himself to see the tears trickling down her rosy cheeks, her gray head bent with shame, and her body rent

"I can't; I won't!" cried Bill, almost in anguish. "Til forget! I'll destroy the gloves! I'll say nothing!" He braced himself, turned about and went down Sixth avenue, making a dole-ful attempt to whistle.

ful attempt to whistle.

He was headed homeward. Perhaps he could fortify his resolution if he want to bed and slept. In the morning he would feel equal to the task of overlooking and forgetting, and in the morning, too, he would burn the gloves in the pot-bellied little stove in the corner of his room. Mother Toylor would never hence. Not little stove in the corner of his room. Mother Taylor would never know. Nor iet on he knew about the gloves. He might get the boy to go away to some near-by dity. Bill might get him a job, anything to save the old mother, to ward off her great sorrow, to dam the tide off tears, to let a poor old soul end her in he heart. But the jewels! The thief was bound to pawn his swag sooner or later, and

He was shivering with the cold and his fingers trembled. He turned the knob and the door opened. Some tenant, going in late, had forgotten to slip the night latch.

Taylor door he stopped. He bit his Up in vaxation. He placed his hand on the knob of the door and stopped again.

Bill walked up the stairs, slowly, painfully, still uncertain what to do. At the door of the Taylors he knocked softly. Jimmy came to the door in his night-

"What is it, Jimmy?" cslled the moth-er's voice, and the words sank like a hot iron into Bill Connor's very soul. Why had he not gone home? Tomorrow would have done just as well. But he had reached the brink and retreat was immossible. impossible.

'Say, Jimmy!" and Connor's volce roared loudly so that Mother Taylor could not fail to hear. "Jump in your clothes and come along. There's a big

"Sure," replied the young man, yawn-ing and still rubbing his eyes. "I'll come

In a minute, Bill." Connor walked rapidly down the stairs. He was wishing there was a big blaze somewhere near. If he could only hear the clang of an engine gong! What a relief it would be to that awful feeling in his breast. Jimmy came out of the house, wide

in his breast. Jimmy came out of the house, wide awake and smoking a cigarette. Con-nor was standing at the curb and came forward. "We'll go over toward Chris-topher street." he said quietly. At the end of a block Conor stopped and laid his hand on the young man's arm.

What did it all mean? Was he ac-cusing Jimmy Taylor? Was the old mother's boy a thief? He recalled the young man's spruce appearance, his new clothes, his boastfulness of money saved, and then he remembered that Jimmy could not look him in the face, when he had given the lad that one searching glance. "I wanted to get you out of the hourse. I wanted to get you out of the hourse. I wanted to get you out of the hourses. "I wanted to get you out of the hourses. "I wanted to get you out of the hourses. "I wanted to get you out of the hourses. "I wanted to get you out of the hourses. "I wanted to get you out of the hourses. "I wanted to get you out of the hourses. I wanted to get you out of the hourses. "I wanted to get you out of the hourses. "I wanted to get you out of the hourses. I wanted to get you out of the hourses. When he had given the lad that one searching glance. "Do you see these, kid? Do you see what I've got, d-n you? You lost one of these gloves? Where did you lose it?" The cigarette dropped from Jimmy's lips. He staggered. Then he tried to put on a bold front and stammer ex-planations and excuses, to deny any charge that Bill might make. But he get, but an old friend like Bill, never. "D-n you, answer mel" cried Bill "D-n you, answer me!" cried Bill at last, and he seized the other's should-er and shook him.

Jimmy whimpered and cried. Then he

Jimmy whimpered and cried. Then he begged like a child. "Bill! Bill!" he moaned. "My poor mother, it will kill her!--Yes, I did the Mason trick--I'm a thief--I've been a crook for years-she never knew--you never knew--I had no pals--I played a lone hand, 'cause it was the safest way Two set all the more motion the states. -Fve got all the swag upstairs-it's all there."

Connor's laws were set. He said nothing. His face was like a stone. Not a muscle moved. "Bill," cried the boy. "for God's sake,

"Bill," cried the boy. "for God's sake, square this thing—you can return the stuff—save the old lady. Poor mother, poor mother! What can I do, Bill?" Bill hesitated. His eyes were blinking. There was a glitter there. Something was gnawing at his breast. Would the Summer sun shine, or the Winter wind blow? Would the great wheel stop at black or red? Was duty to be first in the race or the last? Bill hesitated. He saw the tears of the old mother, an angel soul sinking help-less and alone, with outstretched hands. He heard the toiling of the bell and he saw Death pass by, and he heard the echoing words, "dust to dust." Bill weakened. He swayed and bent like an oak in the storm. He placed a

But weakened. He swayed and bent like an oak in the storm. He placed a fatherly arm around the boy's neck and gave a sigh of compassion. There were tears-real tears-in the eyes of the man.

friends. Jimmy lived with his mother in Varick street, just around the cor-ner from Bill's home; and Bill had known the family back in the days when Jimmy's father kept a fish stall in Jefferson Market. And old man

riedly into his coat pocket.

## "SOME LIVE TALKS WITH DEAD ONES"

"Foolish," he thought. "It can's be,

66 W BLL, now, that naturally Now I imagine that an animal so con brings up a lot of interesting structed would do well in a flat. When thoughts," said Father Noah,

as he crossed one elderly leg over the other and lit a large, ragged cigar.

noted navigator's taste in cigars. Like most seafaring persons of the old school, he seemed mainly to go in for area and combustive qualities when purchasing. This one looked as if any moment the

flames might shoot up the airshaft and mushroom on the top floor, as they say in storles of conflagrations in tenement houses. Aircady it was beginning to ravel badly where the insulation had been burned away by the match and it gave off a smell like the bolled cabbage in the next flat scorching. It shed a lot of clinkers, and it smouldered flercely and taken in connection with Father Noah in his long robes and his ancient Hebrew condition is such as an of the second sandals, it put me in mind of cleaning the ashes out of the furnace early in the morning while wearing a nightshirt and bedroom slippers. But I shifted a trifle to windward and the interview went right along.

"I am always glad," said Father Noah, I am siways giad. said Father Noah, smoking at his cigar, "when somebody comes around with a sensible subject to talk about. I do get so sick and thred of hores that have passed through a piking little apring freshet somewhere and think it qualifies them to come and argue with me. There was a damp, mussy party here only last night talking about his experi-

only last night talking about his experi-ence. It seemed he came from a place called Johnstown, Fa. He made me weary. In my day nobody would have given 30 cents for the entire riparian rights of a flood like his. Before long every fellow who's been present when somebody was tapped for the dropsy will think he's entitled to go in my class. "But if you want to discuss the anti-vivisection crusade in its relation to the

vivisection crusade in its relation to the sacrifice of family pets, I'm pleased to give you my views. Indeed, if I may make so bold, I feel that you have come

to the right shop for information. "When it comes to raising a large and varied assortment of family pets in a limited area, I figure that I have consid-erable of an edge even on those devoted lovers of our dumb animal friends who to make a dog happy in a Harlem Yes, I know something about those t housekeeping apartments, having light light housekeeping apartments, having looked into the subject pretty thoroughly from time to time. I understand that the only persons who've ever done light housekeeping on a more confined scale than your New York flat-dwellers are those stage magicians who cook an ome-let in a high hat borrowed from the lo-out undertaker in the sudiance And cal undertaker in the audience. And when, under such circumstances, a flat

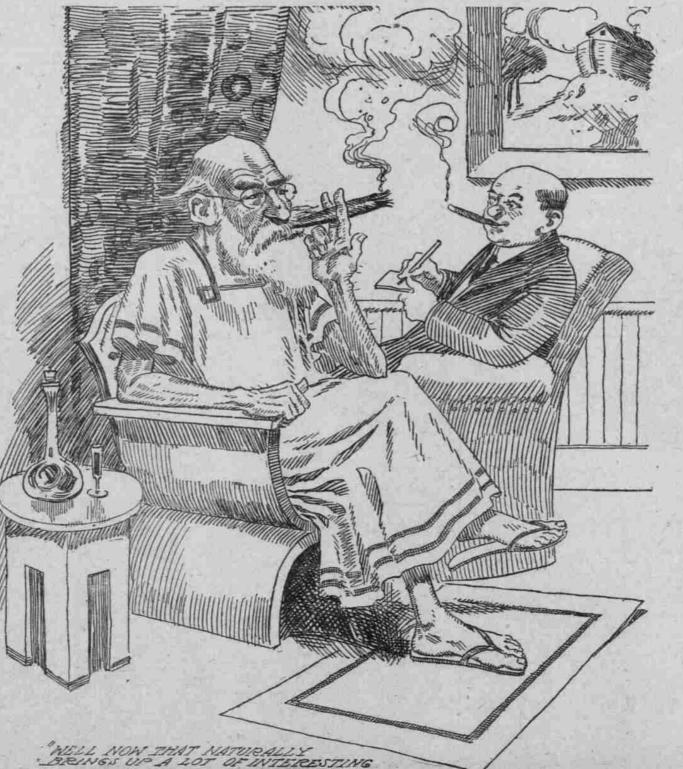
wet it could be placed on end in the umbralla rack to drain and then dried by ther and lit a large, ragged cigar. I must say I didn't much admire the had two of them in the ark. Nice, companionable little creatures they were, that mainly associated with the caterpilthat mainly associated with the caterpli-lars and Pekin ducks. Their principal drawback, as I remember, was that they suffered from malaria through being built so close to the ground. "But if medical science really demands a line of dog martyrs for vivisection pur-poses, it seems to me the bloodhound could be spared much easier than any other. I never thought very highly of the

could be spared much easier than any other. I never thought very highly of the bloodhound. He doesn't come up to his advance notices. More than a thousand times I've heard of him chasing a hunt-ed fugitive, but I never heard of him catching him. Personally I never knew a bloodhound that I thought could trail an iddoform gauze across a billiard table without getting lost in a side pocket. The bloodhound, as you will remember, has long ears that droop like Elbert Hub-bard's neckties, and wistful eyes like a sick poet, but otherwise he does not seem to be highly attractive. The ones we had with us on the trip used to spend their days storing up harsh, reverberating echoes in their systems and their nights getting rid of the accumulation by the baying process. They were not what you would exactly call popular with the other passengers.

passengers. "But I don't think it ought to be necessary to offer up even the blood hound on the dissecting table, nor yet hound on the dissecting table, nor yet the guinea pigs nor the white rats. The guinea pig is not highly intelli-gent. I admit, but he never keeps you awake nights barking at the moon, and he's a strictly family person and has but few vices. And the white rat, with a reddish light out of his eyes one second and a green light the next, like a corner drug store window and like a corner drug store window, and his fluffy gray side-whiskers like a retired bank president, has a lot to commend him in my opinion. If one of them should ever run up your leg, as happened to me once, you'll notice right away that his toes need manicuring and the circulation in his tail is defective, making it cold not to say clammy, to the touch, but he has his "The ordinary red ant of commerce.

There isn't a country hotel anywhere that couldn't spare a million right out of its icebox without noticing the loss. The supply is practically inexhaustible

cal undertaker in the audience. And when, under such circumstances, a flat dweller is heroic and self-sacrificing enough to try to take a dog in with him, my sympathies go out to all concerned-to the dog as well as his owner. Both of them undoubtedly have to put up with good deal, especially these times when it's so hard for a well-bred dog to eat the sort of beefsteak that the average family can afford to buy. "For flat purposes I would recommend that interesting German creature that looks like a cross between an earwig and a carpet sweeper-the one with the German name, that you purchase by the running foot-yes, that's it-daobshund



THOUGHTS, SAID, FATHER NOAH

## FATHER NOAH DISCUSSES FAMILY PETS, VIVI-SECTION AND RED ANTS

short, and she died during the trip, mainly from loneliness. There wasn't anybody of her own family to associate with, and owing to her size and general awkwardness and our being so crowded on board, any time she wanted to be sociable with any of the others there was liable to be a sudden fatality. She'd try to cuddle down where the leopard was playing solitaire dominoes, matching spots on ffinself, or the fe-made chetah was studying bridge whist hands-that was where the chea-tah first got its name-and there'd be a low, despatring, muffied scream and a funeral to follow.

a funeral to follow. "But as I was telling you, here they came marching in two by two, the lion, and the Gila monster, and the Siberian and the Gila monster, and the Siberian Yak—a lovable nature but inclined to be untidy in his personal habits—and the blesbock, the wildebock, the langer-buck, and those other African animals with names that sound as if they'd been conferred on 'em by a Milwaukee brewing concern, and all the rest. And away back at the tail end of the pro-cession, between the fever worms and the measie-microbes, and closely foi-lowed by the Camembert cheese-mites lowed by the Camembert cheese-m came the red ants, male and wife. mites, "T'll not deny that most of us were

favorable inclined toward the red ants at the outset. They didn't take up much room and flew kind of light in the matter of baggage and seemed will-ing to bunk in almost anywhere, with almost anybody. The first night out from land was rough and there was considerable seasickness on board. That was the night when the Blood-Sweating Behomoth had excuse for that habit of his. I was in a cold perspiration sev-eral times myself and I only had one stomach to keep soothed down, while the hippo, if you remember your natur-al history, is divided off inside into almost as many water-tight compart-ments as an ocean liner. And the py-thon kinked up and gave a magnificent imitation of a despairing pretzel. But the red ants were fluttering around, chipper as a couple of Saratoga chips, offering to hold heads or hands for the sufferers and advising everybody to cheer up because the worst was yet to come, and pulling all those other old

come, and putting all those other old seasickness quips. "I think it was the next morning when things had got sort of calmed down and normal that my boy Shem came to me, saying he'd just heard Mrs. Augusta Red Ant was the mother of six of the cutest little red ants anybody ever saw. Sixi-he meant six hun-dred. There were six thousand by the time I got there. By the afternoon all talk of a christening party had been dropped, and I was asking the proud parents if they didn't think a good thing parents if they didn't think a good thing could be overdone, seeing how crowded we were already. But kind words didn't seem to have any effect on that establishment. As I remarked at the time, it's all right for a couple to mul-tiply and replenish the earth, but when I built that ark I hadn't figured on any lightning calculators. I've seen a good deal of the animal kingdom one way

shook his head.

"Belgian hares?" I hazarded again. "No, worse still." "Persons who came over on the May-

flower," I said desperately as a last resort.

"Yes, even as numerous as that," said Noah, "and I understand that May-flower descendants constitute your largest unemployed class. Why, son, on the eighteenth day out, when everybody gave up trying and lost count altogether, it was conservatively esti-mated by Shem that we had eleven billion red ants on board, mother and children doing well, and fresh arrivals due almost any minute. Mrs. Noah used to clean 'em out of the kitchen sink a wash boller full at a time. If the elephant carelessly went to sleep with his trunk open, he'd be awakened by a tickling sensation in the bottom tray to find a million red ants parad-ing his catacombs and other ramifi-cations on sightseeing trips. The kangaroo tried putting insect powder and moth balls in her pouch, but she had a pocket full of ants constantly. The ark looked like a cinnamon cake, only the cinnamon was all crawly. It was something frightful.

'Mount Ararat wasn't a particularly "Mount Ararat wasn't a particularly attractive looking spot the morning we landed there. Something like an Ar-kansas leves town after the Spring riss in the Mississippi River and something like a real estate addition on the New Jersey coast when the tide has just started out, but the J. Henry Noah family would have landed if there hadn't been any land to land on. I'd already decided that I'd rather drown along than like on the same ark any alone than live on the same ark any longer with a growing red ant family. Death had lost its sting, which where the ants had it on death-hadn't. WAS

"You tell your friends, the vivisectionists, to just fall back on the red ants for material and to spare not," he concluded. "Tell 'em with my compliments that the Red Ant constitutes one commodity where the demand will never in this world catch up with the supply.

When Fish Is Dangerous.

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Fish is a dangerous food when kept for a long period. Cold storage fish, when the process of thawing out begins, often becomes absolutely poison-ous. In Germany all the hotels and higher class restaurants have tanks filled with live fish where the guest makes his selection from the fish as they swim about in tanks or fish boxes,