

TELETYPE CONNOR AND THE MASON JEWELS

The robbery of Banker Mason's house was the sensation of the hour. The banker, whose first name was Thomas, lived in Washington Square, north. He was an aristocratic old fellow, and the Mason house was an aristocratic old mansion in an aristocratic old neighborhood.

Taylor had been dead now going on a dozen years. As they walked along Connor noted that Jimmy Taylor was looking very spruce. He wore a new red tie, and the derby hat was new and the kid gloves on his hands were evidently just out of the store.

BY WILLIAM M. CLEMENS AUTHOR OF "DETECTIVE CONNOR'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE"



AND HELD UP A GLOVE FOR CONNOR'S INSPECTION.

On a February morning, very early on a Monday, the butler found a front drawing-room window open. Later the discovery was made that burglars had entered the house during the night and rifled an iron safe which stood in the library on the second floor.

"Cure," replied Taylor, "just got a raise in salary, and I'm laying away dough every week. And by the way, Bill, I was 26 years old last week."

"Foolish," he thought. "It can't be the same. I shouldn't think of such a thing. Why, Jimmy's all to the good."

Jimmy came in with the glow of the Winter wind on his face, and drew the lid off the tin pail. Mrs. Taylor fetched three tumbler glasses from the kitchen.

He breathed fresh air. He half staggered to his feet and picked up his overcoat and hat. Mrs. Taylor called him to get ready for the day.

noise of the street door closing. When Connor's feet struck the pavement, he felt quite sure of himself, he let forth a long, deep sigh, and the color came back to his cheeks.

not thought of the jewels before, and they were worth a fortune. He was in Varick street again. At the Taylor door he stopped. He bit his lip in vexation. He placed his hand on the knob of the door and stopped again.

Headquarters sent out a general alarm and a description of the stolen jewels. The pawnshops were searched and shadowed. Every young knave to be at liberty south of the Harlem was looked up and quizzed. But three days later, the Mason jewelry robbery had passed into oblivion as far as the public was concerned—other sensations coming up in the news—and even the police were figuring out the case as ancient history.

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What did it all mean? Was he accusing 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 hold his own in a room when he had given the lad that one searching glance.

Connor's jaws were set. He said nothing. His face was like a stone. Not a muscle moved.

"SOE LIVE TALKS WITH DEAD ONES" FATHER NOAH DISCUSSES FAMILY PETS, VIVISECTION AND RED ANTS

"WELL, NOW, THAT NATURALLY BRINGS UP A LOT OF INTERESTING THOUGHTS," SAID FATHER NOAH, AS HE CROSSED AN ELDERS' LEG OVER THE OTHER AND HIT A LARGE, RASPED CIGAR.



had all been exterminated through the demand for Thunder Lizard feathers for the millinery trade and so, as I'm telling you, the widow had to flock by herself and called her Big Liz for short, and she died during the trip, mainly from loneliness.

and another, but I can't think of any class on this earth that can turn out more descendants than red ants in a given space of time.