

Private Investigator

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

IX. WONDERFUL JOHN DORY

MR. JOHN DORY, who had arrived at Cleararvon Court from the nearest railway station, was ushered by the butler to the door of one of the rooms on the ground floor. A policeman was there on guard—a policeman by his attitude and salute, although he was in plain clothes. John Dory nodded, and turned to the butler.

"You see, the man knows me," he said. "Here is my card. I am John Dory from Scotland Yard. I want to have a few words with the sergeant."

The butler turned toward an elderly gentleman in a pink coat and riding breeches, who had just descended into the hall.

"His lordship is here," he said. "There is a gentleman from Scotland Yard, your lordship, who wishes to enter the morning-room to speak with the sergeant."

"Inspector John Dory, at your lordship's service," John Dory said, saluting.

Lord Cleararvon smiled. "I should have thought that, under the circumstances," he said, "two of you would have been enough. Still, pray go in and speak to the sergeant. Rather dull work for him, I'm afraid, and quite unnecessary."

"I am not so sure, your lordship," John Dory answered. "The Cleararvon diamonds are known as a thieves' den in Europe that does not know that they will remain here exposed with your daughter's other jewels."

John Dory was accordingly admitted into the room which was so jealously guarded. The windows had every one of a long chain of electric lights, consequently, fully turned on. A long table stood in the middle of the apartment, serving as support for a long easel on which a picture of a man in a top hat, from end to end, stretched the presents which a large circle of acquaintances were presenting to the most popular young woman in society, on the occasion of her approaching marriage to the Duke of Rochester. In the middle, the wonderful Cleararvon diamonds, set in the form of a tiara, flashed strange lights into the sunbely lit apartment. At the end of the table a police sergeant was sitting.

"Good morning, Saunders," John Dory said. "I see you've got it pretty snug in here."

"Pretty well, thank you, sir," Saunders answered. "Is there anything stirring?"

"Not exactly that, Saunders," he said. "To tell you the truth, I came down here because of that list of guests you sent me up."

Saunders smiled. "I think I can guess the name you singled out, sir," he said.

"It was Peter Ruff, of course," John Dory said. "What is he doing here in the house, under his own name, and as a guest?"

"I have asked no questions, sir," Saunders answered. "The name in the case in which it might seem worth your while to make inquiries."

John Dory went round the boarder Saunders, examining the list carefully until he reached the door.

"I am going to see if I can have a word with his lordship," he said. "He caught Lord Cleararvon in the act of mounting his horse in the great courtyard."

"There is no name, your lordship, among your list of guests, concerning whom I wish to have a word with you," the detective said—"the name of Mr. Peter Ruff."

"Don't know anything about him," Lord Cleararvon said cheerfully. "You must see my daughter, Lady Mary. It was she who sent him his invitation. Seems a decent sort of fellow, and likes to have a word with the best."

John Dory returned into the house to make inquiries respecting Lady Mary. In a few minutes he was shown into her presence.

"Another detective," she exclaimed. "I am sure I ought to feel quite safe now. What can I do for you, Mr. Dory?"

"I have had a list of the guests sent to me," John Dory answered. "In which I notice the name of Mr. Peter Ruff."

"Do you want to know all about Mr. Ruff?" Lady Mary asked smiling.

"If your ladyship will pardon my saying so," John Dory answered, "I think neither you nor anyone else could tell me that. What I wished to say was that I understood that we at Scotland Yard were placed in charge of your jewels until after the wedding."

Mr. Peter Ruff, in fact, as you may be aware, a private detective himself."

"I understand perfectly," Lady Mary said. "I can assure you, Mr. Dory, that Mr. Ruff is here entirely as a personal and very valued friend of my own. On two occasions, he has rendered very signal service to my family—services

which I am quite unable to requite," John Dory bowed.

"In that case, your ladyship," he said, "there is nothing more to be said. I conceive it, however, to be my duty to tell you that in the opinion of Scotland Yard there are things about Peter Ruff which need explanation."

Lady Mary laughed frankly. "My dear Mr. Dory," she said, "this line of the case, then, in which I can assure you that I know more than Scotland Yard. There is no person in the world in whom I have more confidence and with more reason, than Mr. Peter Ruff."

As a matter of fact, this, in some respects the most remarkable of the adventures which had ever befallen Mary, had been told to her by accident.

Lady Mary had insisted upon his coming with his wife to the party which was assembling at Cleararvon Court in the evening of the night of John Dory's appearance. He recognized among a few newly-arrived guests the Marquis de Sogrange. He took the opportunity, as soon as possible, of writing Peter Ruff for several days had thoroughly enjoyed himself. He had, however, a very distinct and disagreeable impression on the night of John Dory's appearance, he recognized among a few newly-arrived guests the Marquis de Sogrange.

"It will be best for you," he said, "not to notice him. Of course, his presence here may be accidental. At the same time, I am uneasy."

"Violent," he said, "don't look behind you." "I recognized him at once," she interrupted. "It is the Marquis de Sogrange."

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confidence with which you have honored me inspires me to make you one request. I am here, indeed, as a friend of the family. You will not ask me to help in any designs you may have against the Cleararvon jewels."

Sogrange leaned back in his chair and laughed softly.

"Oh, Peter Ruff," he said, "we will make no promises. All that I insist upon, for the present, is that you

him, white with horror. Far away in the distance, down the park, one could faintly hear the throbbing of an engine. The room itself—the whole glittering array of presents—seemed untouched, and the great centerpiece—the Cleararvon diamonds—had gone. Even as they stood there, the rest of the guests crowding into the open door, John Dory tore through. Peter Ruff's calm voice penetrated the din of tongues.

"Lord Sogrange," he said, "you have telephoned to the keepers' lodges. There is a motor-car being driven southwards at full speed. Telephone down, and have your gates secured. Dory, I should

the room, followed by the doctor. There remained only Peter Ruff and the man who had been on duty outside. Peter Ruff seated himself where Saunders had been sitting, and seemed to be closely examining the table all round for some moments. Once he took up something from between the pages of the book which the sergeant had apparently been reading, and put it carefully into his own pocketbook. Then he leaned back in the chair, with his hands clasped behind his head and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

"Hastings," he said to the policeman, "I wonder whether you'd step outside and see Mr. Richards, the butler. Ask

him exactly how I stand with you—the 'Double-Four,' that is to say—supposing I range myself for an hour or so on the side of the law?"

"You amuse yourself, Mr. Ruff," Sogrange remarked, genially.

"Not in the least," Peter Ruff answered. "My dear friend," Sogrange said, "I am no amateur at this game. When I choose to play it, I am not afraid of Scotland Yard. I am not afraid," he concluded, "even of you."

"Do you ever bet, Marquis?" Peter Ruff asked.

"Twenty-five thousand francs," Sogrange said, smiling. "That you efforts to aid Mrs. John Dory are unavailing."

"It is a bargain," Peter Ruff declared. "Our bet, I presume, carries immunity for me?"

"By means," Sogrange answered, with a little bow.

The Marquis beckoned to Lord Sogrange, who was crossing the hall. "My dear fellow," he said, "do tell me the name of your hatter in London. Deities failed me at the last moment, and I have not a hat-fit for the ceremony. I'll lend you half-a-dozen, if you can wear them," Lord Sogrange answered, smiling.

Sogrange touched his head with a smile. "Alas!" he said. "My head is small, even for a Frenchman. I'm sure that which came to my ears!"

Lord Sogrange laughed.

"You will do your all right," he said. "You can telephone."

"I shall send my man up," Sogrange determined. "He can bring me back a selection. Tell me, at what hour is the best dress for the morning, and are the places drawn yet?"

"Come into the gunroom and we'll see," Lord Sogrange answered. "But you must make your way to the back quarters of the house. In a little sitting-room he found the man he sought, sitting alone. Peter Ruff closed the door behind him.

"John Dory," he said, "I have come to have a few words with you."

"The detective rose to his feet. "But you don't want to say to me," he asked gruffly.

"I want, if I can," Peter Ruff said earnestly, "to do you a service."

John Dory took a quick step backwards.

"Ruff," he said, "I don't deserve this. I've had bad times lately, though. Especially has some against me."

"Stop!" Peter Ruff insisted. "You have had some bad luck at head-quarters. I know of it. I am going to help you to reinstate yourself brilliantly."

John Dory stared at his visitor.

"Do you mean this?" he asked.

"In an hour time you shall restore the Cleararvon diamonds to Lord Cleararvon. And I promise you that the manner in which you shall recover the jewels shall be so surprising that you will be famous for a long time to come."

"You are a wonderful man," John Dory said, hoarsely. "Do you mean those men in the motor-car?"

"Of course not!" Peter Ruff answered. "At 10:30 that morning a motor-car, the dark-faced Parisian, the Marquis de Sogrange, as the car left the avenue and struck into the main road, it was hailed by Peter Ruff and John Dory, who were walking together along the lane."

"Say, my man," Peter Ruff said, addressing the chauffeur, "are you going to the station?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered. "I am taking down the Marquis de Sogrange's servant to catch the 11 o'clock train to town."

"You don't mind giving us a lift?" Peter Ruff asked.

"Certainly not, sir."

Peter Ruff and John Dory stepped into the motor-car. The man, who was civilly lifted from the hat-box from the seat and made room for his enforced companions.

"The plenty of room here for three," Peter Ruff said, cheerfully, as they sat on either side of him. "Now, Mr. Lempre, we will trouble you for a moment."

"What do you mean?" the man called out, suddenly pale as death.

He was, however, in a vise. Apart from that, the muzzle of a revolver was pressed to his forehead.

"On second thoughts," Peter Ruff said, "I think we will keep you like a driver." He called out, "please return to the court at once."

The man hesitated.

"The gentleman who is with me," Peter Ruff said, "is the detective from Scotland Yard. Please do as I say."

The man was backed and turned, the Frenchman struggling all the way like a wildcat. So they drove up to the front door of the court, to the wagon, and were met by the Marquis de Sogrange and Peter Ruff, who were just starting. Peter Ruff touched the hatbox with his foot.

"If we could trouble your Lordship," he said, "I should like to

keep every one out of the room. Some one must telephone for a doctor. I suppose your man has been hurt."

Unwillingly, the people were led away. A doctor, who had been among the guests, was examining Saunders.

"The poor fellow has been shot in the back of the head with some peculiar implement," he said. "The bullet is very long—almost like a needle—and it seems to have penetrated very nearly to the base of the brain. An inch higher or up and he must have died at once. I want some of the men servants to help me carry him to the bedroom."

John Dory turned to the man whom they had found standing over him.

"Tell us exactly what happened."

"I was standing outside the door," the man answered. "I heard no sound inside—there was nothing to excite suspicion in any way. Suddenly there was an explosion, it took me perhaps 20 or 30 seconds to get the key out of my pocket and unlock the door. When I entered, the side of the room was blown in like a pane of glass, and the man was leaning forward just in the position he is in now, and there wasn't another soul in sight. Then you and the others came."

John Dory rushed from the room; they had brought him word that the car was waiting.

A few seconds later, the pursuit was started. Saunders was carried out of

the room, followed by the doctor. There remained only Peter Ruff and the man who had been on duty outside. Peter Ruff seated himself where Saunders had been sitting, and seemed to be closely examining the table all round for some moments. Once he took up something from between the pages of the book which the sergeant had apparently been reading, and put it carefully into his own pocketbook. Then he leaned back in the chair, with his hands clasped behind his head and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

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"DRIVER, PLEASE RETURN TO THE COURT AT ONCE."

THE ALL-SCHOOL PREVENT TUBERCULOSIS

BY PHILIP F. JACOBS, Ph. D.
NOT long ago a doctor in a Western city was making his first round of inspection of the children in one of the public schools, when he found a girl of 16 with well developed symptoms of tuberculosis. She was the same girl who had been in the hospital with her mother, a girl of 11, who evidenced the first signs of the same disease.

Under the law of the state, the doctor promptly forbade both girls to attend the public schools as long as they were in a tuberculous condition. He was sending them home, however, he questioned each child about her home surroundings. The father of the older girl was an habitual drunkard, and her mother had died of consumption. She was living with an aunt, whose son also had the same disease. The source from which the little girl had been infected was easily traceable. The younger child came from a family in moderate circumstances, none of whose members had ever had tuberculosis. It was, therefore, taken for granted that she had contracted the disease from her set mate.

No Provision for Children.
While both children were excluded from school, the city made no preparation for their education. They were in the anomalous position of being compelled by the compulsory education law to go to school until they were 14, and of being forbidden school privileges because they had tuberculosis.

While these things were happening in the West, another case, similar in some respects, came to the writer's attention from a New Jersey town. The father in a family of eight children had just died after a lingering sickness

of consumption, leaving the mother and children in practically destitute circumstances. Shortly after the father's death the mother was in bed in the last stages of consumption. She died in less than two months. A few weeks later the oldest daughter, aged 16, developed a racking cough and was found to be a well advanced case of tuberculosis. She is now dead, and three of the little children are infected with the same dread disease, but there is some chance of their recovery. Before the father died every effort was made to place him in a hospital, but there was no institution that would receive him. An attempt was made also to segregate the mother, but it met with failure. There was no hospital that would accept her, even if her care were paid for. The oldest daughter was, after much difficulty, placed in a sanatorium, but the mother prevented further infection of the other members of the family. From this one advanced case of tuberculosis, however, the infection of at least three more was caused.

In these two stories, both of which might be duplicated in most of their essential details many thousands of times, are two of the most important problems of the anti-tuberculous campaign—the care of the tuberculous child in some sort of special school or institution, and the segregation of the dangerous advanced case of tuberculosis from those whom he is liable to infect.

School Children Infected.
Based on a careful study of all of the available statistics, it is estimated that there are 100,000 children now in the public schools of the United States who will surely die of tuberculosis unless the needs of the tuberculous children are met and the dangers to which they are exposing their classmates.

Open-Air School Established.
Obviously, these boys and girls need something more than books, blackboards and the "Three R's." They need food, clean air and medical attendance in addition to the school routine. To give such sickly children this additional equipment for life's work, the open air school was established in Providence in 1907 by Dr. Ellen A. Stone. Dr. Stone, as medical inspector in the schools of Providence, realized the needs of the tuberculous children she met and the dangers to which they were exposing their classmates.

mates. A schoolroom, three of whose sides were open, and where, exposed to sun and rain, frost and snow, 25 boys and girls have since kept up with their school work, and gained health and strength besides. So successful was Dr. Stone's experiment that within six months Pittsburgh had established a school, and in another year Boston, Boston and Washington have been opened for all the children in a given grade, both the open windows, both Summer and Winter, are conducive to good health and that every one is helped by the fresh air.

Routine of Open-Air Schools.
But some one may wonder what the children do at an open air school. The practice varies in different schools, but in most cases on entering the school for the first time each child is assigned his desk or chair, and is furnished besides his books, with a reclining chair, a sleeping bag, a warm overcoat, mittens, hood, overshoes, individual drinking cup, tooth brush and toilet articles. The children usually arrive before 9 o'clock and have breakfast before school begins. Every half hour or oftener there is a rest or exercise. At noon dinner is served to all, and then for an hour or more each child lies down on a cot or in his reclining chair and rests or sleeps. After the "rest hour" there is more school work, sometimes followed by a game or some manual training. In some schools supper is also served to the children before they go home, generally about 4

o'clock. The day is not one of drudgery and the boys and girls look forward to this sort of work with delight. They are given frequent physical examinations and are checked very carefully to note the effect of the food, fresh air and rest.

There had been some such school at the beginning of this article, one of the little girls would probably never have been infected, and the other might have been restored to health. In these days of economy in allowing children to die when their lives can be saved at comparatively little expense. In these days of economy in spending millions in educating boys and girls, who will die of tuberculosis, when they might be saved by the soundest investments in health and in dollars and cents saved and drawn interest for years after the children whom it has healed are grown to manhood and womanhood, when they are increasing by their earnings the wealth of the country, it is especially the knowledge they acquire at school keeping their children from contracting tuberculosis.

One Million Consumptives.
There are probably 1,000,000 consumptives in the United States today! Who seems to care?

There are probably 300,000 of them so poor that they cannot pay for their medical treatment in tuberculosis sanatoria and hospitals. Probably one-half of this 300,000 are in advanced stages of their disease, when the virulence of their disease, due to the lack of knowledge they acquired at school keeping their children from contracting tuberculosis.

The erection of hospitals and sanatoria is, then, a sound investment which means the saving of lives and the prevention of much unnecessary suffering.

To Be Discussed in Churches.
During the next two weeks the subject of tuberculosis will be presented in thousands of churches in the United States, in connection with the Tuberculosis day movement. Tuberculosis day is any day on or about April 30, when the individual church or community will consider how to prevent tuberculosis. The churches are among the world's greatest educational agencies. If every pulpit in the next two weeks should bring

to the people the gospel of health, how many thousands of lives might be saved? The country needs the religious message of the churches. It needs the preaching of morals and right living, but the ignorant how to ward off death and disease. It needs a gospel which will preach open windows, fresh air, cleanliness, sanitation, and most of all—the prevention of preventable disease.

"A Tuberculosis Day" Text.
A few years ago it was commonly believed that to contract tuberculosis meant certain death, while at the same time few people knew that the disease was infectious and communicable, or that it could be prevented. After years of education, however, even the most ignorant people are beginning to learn that consumption can be cured, and that, better still, it can be prevented. What is needed at the present time is more education and more knowledge. Men, women and children must learn that fresh air, rest and good food, will cure tuberculosis, and that clean living and proper sanitation will prevent it. Let us have a text, then, for Tuberculosis day: "Don't let others give consumption to you."

Really Up to Date.
"How'll you get off for the opening game?" You killed your grandmother off last season?"

"I'll get off to go to grandfather's wedding. What's the matter with the old gentleman getting married again?"—Washington Herald.

Modern House Construction.
Investor—Do you think that new house will hold together in a hard wind?
Contractor—Yes, I think it will after it's painted.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

he said, "to open that hatbox, you will find something that will interest you. Mr. Dory has planned a little surprise for you, in which I have been permitted to help."

They all crowded round Lord Cleararvon, who was cutting through the leather strap of the hatbox. Inside the silk hat which reposed there, were the Cleararvon diamonds. Monsieur le Marquis de Sogrange was one of the foremost to give vent to an exclamation of delight.

"Monsieur le Marquis," Peter Ruff said, "this should be a lesson to you. I hope, to have the character of your servants more rigidly verified. Mr. Dory tells me that this man came into your employ at the last moment, with a forged recommendation. He is, in effect, a dangerous thief."

"You amaze me," Sogrange exclaimed. "We are all interested in this affair." Peter Ruff said, "and my friend John Dory here is, perhaps, too modest to properly explain the matter. If you care to come with me, we can reconstruct, in a minute, the theft."

John Dory and Peter Ruff first of all handed over their captive to the two policemen who were still on duty. Peter Ruff led the way up one flight of stairs, and turned the handle of the door of an apartment exactly over the door which had been the bedroom of the Marquis de Sogrange.

"Mr. Dory's chase in the motor-car," he said, "has been a most successful gathering of these, near the fire-escape, Peter Ruff brushed aside. The seventh square of hardwood from the mantelpiece had evidently been perched with, with very little difficulty, he removed it.

"You see," he explained, "the ceiling of the room below is also of painted wood. Having removed this, it was easy to lift the board one, especially as light screws had been driven in and string threaded about them. Then here you will see through which you can see into the room below. Has Dory returned? Ah, here he is!"

The detective came hurrying into the room, bearing a small, round, peculiarly shaped weapon, a handful of little darts like those which had been found in the wounded man's hand, and an ordinary fishing-rod. "There is the weapon," Peter Ruff said, "which it was easy enough to fire from here over the man who was leaning forward exactly below. Then here you will see a somewhat peculiar instrument, which shows a great deal of ingenuity in its details."

He opened the iron case and drew out what was in appearance an ordinary fishing-rod, fitted at the end with something that looked like an iron hand. Peter Ruff held it through the hole until it reached the table, moved it backwards and forwards, and turned round with a smile.

"You see," he said, "it is a very simple, but I must admit that it took me a great deal of surprise, but my friend Mr. Dory has been on the right track from the first."

Dory was a little overcome. Lady Mary shook his heartily by the hand, but as they trooped into the room, he trooped and whispered in Peter Ruff's ear.

"I wonder how much of this was John Dory's?" he said, smiling. Sogrange sought Lord Cleararvon, and walked him, arm-in-arm, down the stairs.

"I cannot tell you, Cleararvon," he said, "how sorry I am that I should have been the means of introducing a person like this to the house. I had the most excellent reference from the Prince of Sicily. No doubt they were forged."

"My dear Sogrange," Lord Cleararvon said, "don't think I can lose a day's sport because the diamonds have been recovered. You are keen, I know, Sogrange."

"Rather," the Marquis answered. "I am glad to see you here. There is Mrs. Peter Ruff looking charming in the corner. I must have just a word with her."

He crossed the room and bowed before Violet.

"My dear lady," he said, "I have come to congratulate you on having a clever husband. A little cleverer, even than I thought. I have just had the misfortune to lose to him a bet of 2