THE ISLE OF STRIFE

BY GEORGE C. SHEDD.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Charles Woodworth inherits his father's estate. Being refused by Elizabeth Moore, daughter of a diplomat to Venezuela, he goes to a ranch in Texas. With Lieutenant William Harrington he proposes to take a vacation in Maine. News of the capture of a Russian spy with plans of a European fortification discloses the fact that Woodworth possesses plans of a supposed German fort, taken from the trunk of an ex-English army officer. Fred Douglass, who, with d'Urville, a Frenchman, were employed at the Forge mine. Jack Maitland, manager, shot Douglass when he learned both were robbing the mine. D'Urville escaped. On the boat from Galveston to New York a coffee planter relates that d'Urville and Del Hervalle, President Castro's right-hand man, are the same. Del Hervalle won the Venezuelan president's favor by betraying Lonagan, a contraband trader.

In New York Woodworth meets Jack Maitland, who has married Ethys Fenton, daughter of the Forge mine owner, who tells him that Mr. Moore and daughter are at Lavouche Island. Maitland tells Woodworth to go in and win Elizabeth. On the train a German demands to know how Woodworth got the map. Woodworth refuses. At night the German attempts to steal the map and a fight results. At Penobscot Woodworth is again confronted by the German. On the walk to Lavouche the German again appears, and, being refused, attempts to assault Woodworth.

Woodworth learns from his man, Andrew, that Elizabeth called at the New York home. She didn't think he'd act foolish on being refused. A raging storm keeps Woodworth indoors for two days. Clad in oilskins he goes to the village. The innkeeper, Mme. Coubeau, informs him that a German named Von Hussman is stopping there.

Woodworth rents a boat from his old friend, Jean Gervaise, who often took Betty Moore out. He is hailed by Betty as Jean. In the boat Betty discovers her mistake. They part as strangers, after Woodworth calls Senor Del Hervalle, who is stopping with the Moores, a scoundrel. At night Woodworth goes to the Moore home. On the grounds he is attacked.

Del Hervalle takes the map and instructs his secretary, Davis, to hide it. Woodworth pursues Davis and recovers the map, but fails to convince Mr. Moore that Del Hervalle is known under several aliases. Del Hervalle visits Woodworth and tries to buy the map.

The German again appears. Baron von Hussan and Del Hervalle bargain for the map without success. The Moore servant tells Betty the true story of the attack on Woodworth. Del Hervalle gains entrance to Woodworth's house and attempts to force his aged servant Andrew at a pistol's mouth to deliver the map. Woodworth appears in time to thwart the plot.

Woodworth goes sailing with Muriel Nesbit, Betty's friend. On return he discovers Davis proposing to Betty. Woodworth learns that Del Hervalle engaged Pilon, Descarte, and Esper, three fishermen, to spread the news in the village that Woodworth possessed the map of a French fort and intends turning it over to Germany. Woodworth sends for Maitland and Mr. Fenton. Betty hears that Woodworth is in danger.

Pilon demands the map. A struggle results, after which Pilon is forced to walk to the village in the water. The mayor and delegation wait upon Woodworth.

The villagers are convinced that Wooodworth intends to sell one of France's war maps and he and the German are put under surveillance. Del Hervalle no longer denies he was at the Forge.

Woodworth learns that Betty's love is his. Disregarding a warning to beware strange doors, he is tricked into Pilon's house and there bound and gagged. During the absence of his captors, who, acting under Del Hervalle's direction, have planned to throw him into the sea that night, he works his way to the window and cries for help. His cry is heard by his friend Billy Harrington, who has just arrived in town at his invitation for a visit.

CHAPTER XIII.

ONE WAY TO ENGAGE A VALET.

THEREAFTER I had a guard. While Pilon and Esper went down into the inn for their supper, Descarte remained, a man who by nature was surly, sullen, silent, lowering and begrimed. He sat on a stool in the middle of the room, smoking a short, black clay pipe and between puffs spat on the floor. Now and again he would turn his eyes on me indifferently; and the only emotion he displayed was towards the last, when he was overtaken by impatience to have his supper. Growling and muttering through his beard he heaped imprecations upon Esper, who was to relieve him. Half past seven had, however, passed before the latter came; Descarte, shoving his pipe into a jacket pocket, disappeared without a word.

Esper was one of those alert little fellows to whom talk was as essential as food or air, so, drawing forward the stool which his mate had just relinquished, he proceeded to engage in conversation.

"That was a good trick, that, eh?" he remarked, nodding backward over his shoulder. "You nearly sewed up the sow's ear that time, monsieur, and your little servant Esper found it necessary to invent a tale for the stranger who wished to know who was calling his name along the street.

"A very impertinent gentleman, that, even to the shaking of my shoulder. But the noise was only made by the drunken dog of a Pilon," I explained, "bellowing in his drunkenness. Hein, the stranger departed not well satisfied and without giving a pourboire for the information. Not a jolly, liberal gentleman like you, my master." And he grinned facetiously.

"My liberality is about to be cut off," I returned.

"That is true." He became thoughtful.

"You might have squeezed many a dollar out of me, you little rogue."

"Ah, yes." He grew even more thoughtful.

"We could have had pleasant days together, you and I, Esper."

"It is that Pilon, mon Dieu, who would throw away the orange," he remarked in an impatient tone.

Of the three scoundrels who were my keepers it was easy to perceive that Esper had the brains. That I was to be dumped into the sea without being drained of more money vexed him, that was plain; it was folly thus to cast a pleasant source of revenue away; perhaps for a week, two weeks, I might, according to his calculations, have been played upon to yield up some dollars each day. How much more sensible! I put his own thoughts to him and inquired if it were not so.

"But yes," he said shortly.

"Well, Pilon is probably satisfied with the gain of my watch," I continued. "It will bring him considerable money, furnish him with more than one keg of brandy."

The flickering smile came and went over his face, but his eyes were angry. He knew and I knew that he should share in none of the proceeds, though Pilon might condescend to dole Descarte a recompense for his loyalty and assistance.

"Pilon cries loudly to divide," I said. "Does he ever divide when he finds an orange?"

"He would divide a dead herring, no more."

"That watch was worth a good bit of money." He looked up with interest. "How much do you think, Esper?"

He considered. "Fifty dollars—possibly seventy-five."

"You had but a glance before Pilon shut his fingers on it. Your figure is low."

"If it is not impolite to make inquiry, monsieur, what was the cost of the instrument?"

"Five hundred dollars."

The furtive smile froze on his lips. For a minute he sat immovable, one corner of his mouth higher than the other, his nose twisted around; his face might have been a caricature. Then he sprang up.

"Nom d'un chien de la cochon—oh, that damned Pilon, may he burn on needles in hell!" And he poured out a stream of vehement, biting oaths and curses, scum of the gutter, filth of the sewer, terrible in their foulness and horrible in their conception.

"Ah, that! I have been a collector of watches," he said with a flash of wit, "but of such watches as this, no indeed, but only of poor watches, which it was necessary to present to le oncle when I was thirsty. But yours, master, is a grand watch, a famous watch. Will you have need of a quick and faithful valet hereafter?"

"Not unless he be a good swimmer."

Esper received the jest smiling. "I had forgotten that affair."

"How much are you to receive as your share of tonight's work?" I asked.

"Peste! Ten dollars. It is little."

At last a brilliant thought struck him. He swung about to face me.

"Fool that I am, you are a gentleman, you have money."

"I have some money," I admitted.

"Perhaps you could buy such another watch?"

"It is not unlikely."

"Probably you are wealthy."

"Possibly."

"I have been a valet, monsieur."

"Eh?"

"Of a truth—to a gentleman in Bardeaux. I could present you with excellent references were Monsieur Cardinac living, but unfortunately he is dead. He died suddenly without the thoughtfulness to provide me with them."

I did not inquire into the nature of Monsieur Cardinac's sudden demise, nor did I wish a valet, least of all such a one as Esper. But the idea had taken hold upon his mind; he went into details of his service and described the manner in which his former employer was shaved, clothed and fed.

"Which would you prefer," I asked, "to be a valet, or have $500 cash?"

"Both," he answered without hesitation.

"There are good pickings, I suppose, in service?"

"Eh? Sometimes."

"I will give you $500 to free me."

His eyes flashed, then narrowed. "It is a risk—five hundred is little."

"It is much."

"Something but not equal to the position of valet."

"I don't want you for a servant."

Surprise grew on his dirty face. "But yes. Did I not please you yesterday?"

I laughed. Villainous as I knew him to be, conscienceless as he was, his impudence was captivating.

"You were well enough," I answered. "What you want to be my valet for, I can't imagine."

"Monsieur, observe. I am weary of Pilon and Descarte, who are sons of pigs without wit. You are a good master. You will buy a new watch; you are wealthy. We shall live comfortably together, away from the smell of fish."

"I'll give you $500 to free me—no more."

"Five hundred and the valetship, Monsieur."

"No."

"I will make it a thousand," I offered.

For an instant he hesitated. But imagination had poured its magic fluid into his mind; he beheld splendid visions of purloined stickpins, coins, cigars, wines, even jewels; he had caught a vision of Aladdin's cave.

"No, the five hundred and the other."

"You little shrimp, you wry-faced scoundrel!" I exclaimed.

"Ha, that is like Monsieur Cardinac now," he answered with admiration. "Monsieur Cardinac was a witty gentleman—you, too, will be a pleasant master to serve."

Such imperturbability was beyond further attack. As for him he had gone off on another line of thought.

"That Pilon, what a joke on Pilon it will be! He will twirl his mustache and bawl oaths. Let him. You agree, monsieur?" A hand without pushed the door. "You agree?" he repeated again, anxiously.

Pilon and Descarte entered and conversation was cut off. Presently Senor Del Hervalle, too, put in an appearance. He bade me good evening, then turned to the three men and plunged into a discussion of the night's plan, which though carried on without mention of my name was sufficiently clear to convey understanding to my mind.

Senor Del Hervalle advanced to the place where I sat.

"It's extremely sad that so promising a young man must die, and you will possibly find it inconvenient, but, alas, such is the world!" He lifted his eyebrows philosophically. "I have just learned that Pilon failed to provide you with either dinner or supper; Pilon is a ruffian; he does not understand the little courtesies which make existence endurable, and which are customary among gentlemen. Accept my profound regrets, monsieur; it shall never occur again, I assure you." And his eyes twinkled.

"It's not yet too late for me to eat," said I.

"Perhaps, no. But the inn woman has washed her pans and kettles; she will not cook again until morning. Moreover, we are advised by physicians that it is injudicious to enter water immediately after a meal. Now, my dear Monsieur Charles, if there is anything you wish to say, I am at your service. At the boat we shall be busy; besides, one finds it difficult to listen attentively while shivering with chill of the fog."

I considered for a moment.

"You're very confident," said I gravely, "but when you murder me you're but adding another strand to the rope that will hang you. You think that you'll go to France and become a great man—bah! You'll decorate a gallows beam. You'll not even get out of America."

He removed his long, amber cigarette holder, flicked an ash, and pursed his lips.

"I am an envoy. Your government will conform to the usages of international custom and courtesy. You speak unadvisedly."

"I speak the truth," I said. "There are five men who know that Senor Del Hervalle was the mechanic D'Urville of Forge. Five men, I say, any one of whom can and will rip off your mask and hang you."

That my scornful statement impressed him was evident. For a time he said nothing, while I could imagine his brain clicking busily away like a delicate machine, sorting facts, questions, possibilities.

"Monsieur Maitland—Fenton——" he considered.

"And they're not all. There's a well-known war correspondent who has heard all about you and will look you up—good reading for the public your career will make, senor. After him there's an American army officer who knows everything that I know and, further, he is aware that you are here on the Island of Lavouche. What will be his inference when I disappear? He has friends, high friends in the American govrnment. Explanations will be required. There is a fifth wealthy gentleman of New York, who has a finger on the strings of half a dozen of your pretty republics. You do not know him, but he knows you. He has already, without your learning the fact, of course, turned his eye in your direction, because it chanced that you had a man shot against a wall whom he had employed on a certain matter. When he turns his attention upon an individual, it is not without a purpose in mind; and when I informed him of the events of Forge and of your identity he was immensely pleased."

"Ah!" said he.

My remarks were certainly interesting him.

"And go back to Messrs. Fenton and Maitland; they have been placed in possession of the facts—that you are Senor Del Hervalle, that you are here, and, last and most important, that you have already threatened my life. You are aware that they have millions, and, now that they have track of you again, they will spend them if necessary to bring you to justice. An envoy of Venezuela! How much do the nations of the world respect that cutthroat Castro? They will reach a hand forth and drag you by the hair from his little kingdom. A great man of Europe! You will be a little man suspended from a gibbet."

I had told him some news, that was a satisfaction at any rate, news which would engage his mind for some time to come. The fingers with which he held his cigarette holder were shaking.

"These are matters I shall meditate," said he finally.

"You'll have much need to."

For a while longer he stood, then made a gesture as if to dismiss the unpleasant topic from his mind.

"We are far away from our immediate business," he addressed me. And, falling again into his suave irony, "Your appearance is not prepossessing, Monsieur Charles, to enact the chief role which is assigned to you."

"It matters little after one is dead whether he dies clean or dirty, in rags or broadcloth."

His three hirelings, who all the while had stood silent, listening to what they could but half understand, were in their own depth again; and it was at this point that Esper, pert and impudent, advanced a pace.

"Possibly monsieur, since his apparel is awry, would wish to employ a valet?" he inquired.

Bursting into a roar of laughter, Pilon smote the speaker on the back with his palm. It was a fine jest! Descarte, too, grinned his savage grin; even Senor Del Hervalle condescended to beam. Esper, on his part, was smiling his strange, furtive, flickering smile; the candle rays fell on his face and brought out in strong relief of light and shadow the man's lean cheeks, long bent nose, crooked, twitching mouth. But he did something more than smile—he made of me a silent, eager, final demand.

I answered him:

"My need for a valet is at present exceeding great. I employ you, Esper."

(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)

WOMEN WHOSE VOTES WILL COUNT FOR PRESIDENT---Continued from the First Page of This Section

remain with pioneer Wyoming, there seems to be little doubt that its earlier opportunity alone gave it the advantage over Utah.

There has ever been a large, a perfect democracy in the west, especially in the west which took on the settlers of these later years, which did not hesitate to acknowledge woman's moral superiority as full compensation for any lack of political acumen she might betray.

Colorado, by a vote which evidenced a heavy majority of its men in favor of the change, in 1893 struck out from its constitution the limiting word "male," and so swept aside every bar to the full right of the franchise on the part of its women. Three years afterward, Idaho, having looked upon the work of Colorado, and found it exceedingly good, did likewise. So there were four full grown states, within half a dozen years, unhesitatingly intrusting their destinies as freely to the women within their borders as they did to their men when they came of age.

The campaign most recently won for the full suffrage was that of California, still the open minded west, still sufficiently reminiscent of its pioneer past to recall how strong a part its women played in making the commonwealth what it is.

Washington Inspires California.

The fight there was largely inspired by the victory in Washington, which was regarded by leading suffragists as being the beginning of the second wave of suffrage. So far as its effect on national elections is concerned, California's admission of women to the ballot has been actually the most weighty factor interjected into the situation, for at the time it meant 400,000 new voters, and this year brings in those who vote on age.

Perhaps it was the evidence the Washington women to promptly gave of their fitness to face any local questions which made California feel it must have women as full fledged citizens, whether or no. California has realized the value of voters whose sole guides are their conscience and their discernment.

The women of Washington, for a period of five years, while it was still a territory, had enjoyed full suffrage; they fought the gambling and liquor elements in the pride of their citizenship, and lost the citizenship. When it was restored to them, they hadn't changed; but their state had. There was no danger now of forfeiting that priceless possession, or of finding men enough within the state's boundaries to want to take it away. They waded right in. The men of Seattle had been talking about applying the recall to their "wide open" mayor; but they hadn't been able to make it work. The women, within three months after they had their votes, had him ousted. They didn't stop. They went right after the councilmen who had supported him; and they got 18 of them at the primary elections. Then they rejoiced at the opera house, under the auspices of two bunches of brooms, which typified the clean sweep they were celebrating.

It took only a couple of months more for the women of Tacoma to bring about the recall of the Tacoma mayor. In the legislature, they forced the passage of the bills for free kindergartens and an eight hour working day for women. The women of Washington became very shining lights in the way of examples.

The California fight for suffrage was one of the utmost vigor, with weekly meetings, touring squads of automobiles, votes for women clubs, and all the machinery of publicity, argument and persuasion in which the suffrage cause in the United States has become so expert. They had the help, too, of the Political Equality league, composed of men organized by J. H. Braly, a Pasadena millionaire. The Political Equality league began business in a manner that accorded with the finest old traditions of practical politics—gave a swell banquet to the state officers and the members of the legislature. What with the era of good feeling inaugurated by the digestion of good viands—and where in the world can any such viands be produced better than in California?—and with the other influences that were brought to bear, the women won very handily. It was no surprise, for the California house of representatives had produced only an unlucky bunch of 13 members to vote against the overwhelming 65 who favored giving the question on referendum to the people; and the senate voted for its referendum, 33 to 3.

This faith in the second wave of suffrage sustained a painful shock when it tried to sweep east as far as Ohio. There is no Ohio woman vote to be estimated for this presidential election.

But there is no dismay as to the future. Farther west, in Wisconsin, Kansas, Oregon and Arizona, the women campaigners in charge of the local fights for suffrage unhesitatingly went behind the Ohio returns as being any index at all to the trend of popular opinion; and they kept right on in their automobile tours, their lectures, their meetings, their publicity methods. Ada L. James, who is president of the Political Equality league of Wisconsin, pointed out that the Ohio campaign for the franchise was very short—only three months in duration; Wisconsin's has been under way for five times the period; the foreign born voters and their sons, in Wisconsin, are not only more favorably disposed by bias of interests and sentiment, but they have had a much more thorough education in the principles of suffrage. She charges, too, that more than $300,000 was used by various trade interests in Ohio in defeating suffrage there, largely because Ohio has no corrupt practices act.

"They distributed anonymous leaflets," she says, "that purported to come from the suffrage leagues, and averred that, when women should vote in Ohio, the state would go so dry that the people would be spitting cotton. Those very interests look, in Wisconsin, to the women for proper regulation of the saloons and expect to gain by it in stability and standing. The very farmers are on our side in Wisconsin. Our optimism is not mere bravado."

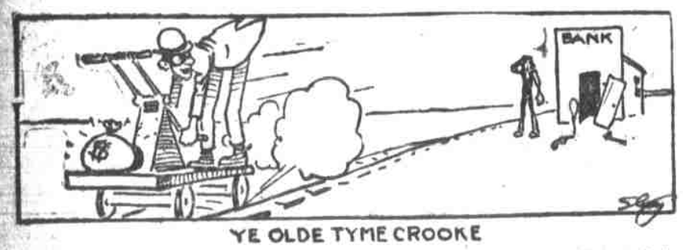
That is the feeling of the women of Kansas, Oregon and Arizona. And they say there, as Wisconsin's champion said of her own state, that if they don't win at once, they will do just what the women of Ohio did the day after election—start right in fighting some more.

WHY GRAFTERS FLOCK TO NEW YORK

[This article is written by one of the best special writers in this country from material supplied by one of the greatest confidence men and gamblers of his time, who "retired" only last July. For reasons which bear on the present far-reaching investigation of the relations between the criminals and the police in New York city neither will consent to the use of his name. The articles, however, are absolutely reliable; they give, for the first time, exact information on the underworld and the methods employed in the operations of its various crimes.]

IT WOULD be foolish, and a lie besides, to say New York city during the past year was wider open to graft than it ever was, because there have been times when for wide-openness it was only to be compared to a split watermelon.

Nevertheless, New York was fairly well ajar, and in spots it was split across and folded back like a half-shell clam. In the words of the grafters themselves, "the graft was good on the main stem." Right here, at the outset, it is due the reader to explain that the word graft as it will be used in this article has no reference to any phase of political crookedness. It will be used in the sense for which it was originally coined by the crooks themselves to express generally almost any form of thievery short of crimes of actual violence.



YE OLDE TYME CROOKE

Today the aristocrat of the crime world, the dukes and deans of the kingdom of Crookedness, are the grafters—the sure-thing gamblers and the coil men. Thanks to the Pinkertons and to W. J. Burns and certain other agencies, the old time bank robber has been wiped out. He doesn't exist any more. He was a skilled mechanic and a daring operator, who played his game for stakes that ran into the hundreds of thousands. He cracked safes, daintily and deftly, like a good waiter opening a soft boiled egg. His successor is a yeggman, a murdering tramp who probably learned the use of crude explosives while doing quarry work in a state prison. This persons robs a country bank or a suburban postoffice, stands off the marshal and a posse of startled citizens in startling costumes, shoots up the town and a few people, and escapes on a stolen handcar or in a borrowed buggy. He bears as little resemblance to the crapshman of the Jimmy Hope school as a catfish would to a speckled trout.

The old-time bank sneak has also been wiped out by the march of progress and the Bankers' Protective Association, mainly the latter. He's as scarce almost as the great auk. Uncle Sam has made the really expert counterfeiter, of the class of Miles Ogle and the Rittenhouse family, an extinct species also. The really class professional burglar of other days is gone, too, as is the pickpocket who could take the fillings out of your teeth and you'd never know it. In the stead of all these we have the loft robber, who is apt to be a truckman gone wrong; the cheap holdup man of the city back streets, with a head as blunt and dull as his own gas pipe; and the city raised pickpocket, a Jew or an Italian most likely, and a dope fiend besides, who has to stope up his nerve with cocaine or "the hop" before he dares steal working women's pocketbooks on crowded crosstown cars. Members of gangs are not reckoned by grafters as worthy to be even the bottom stratum of the thieving profession.

"So, with the high grade vault blowers and coiners forgotten, all but their names and yellowing photographs in old rogues' galleries, the con man stands today at the head of the elite directory of crime. The front page of the underworld blue book is his. And of the grafts open today to the con man the wire tapping and card playing on the big steamships are away yonder the best. For a variety of reasons New York is the best town in the country to work these two "joints"—any graft, in the vernacular of the craft, being a joint of some sort, either a flat joint, a big joint, or just a plain joint. These grafts being the best and New York being the best place to work them, the western grafters began coming into New York early in the summer.

Why Rosenthal Died.

The conditions which begot the murder of the gambler Rosenthal, for whose killing Police Lieutenant Becker went on trial this week, are to be ascribed to different causes. Stopping the racing around New York turned loose upon the east side a horde of famished touts, bookmakers' helpers, and hangers-on of the racing game. These men naturally gravitated into indoor gambling and some of them opened petty gambling houses. As a result the east side become overcrowded with gambling establishments and the business suffered. So a few ambitious east side gamblers undertook to break into the swell districts uptown where the pay was better. This influx irked the gambling fraternity already resident in the Tenderloin and a feud followed. Certain crooked members of the police force, becoming involved, a group of professional gun men of a downtown gang were hired to kill Rosenthal, one of the invaders from the east side, and the man who was threatening to reveal the whole intrigue. The killing started an underworld upheaval which killed gambling for awhile, drove the gamblers to cover and incidentally greatly disturbed the real grafters—the con men—who were, however, not directly concerned in the quarrel, and in no event would do murder, even by hired assassins, to win their point. Your true grafter shies away from crimes of violence always, and unlike the gamblers there has never been any working offiliation in New York between the con men and the gangs.

Circus Grafting Is Dying Out.

The grafter from other parts gravitates toward the city these times, anyhow. Circus grafting is dying out. With one exception not a single circus of any size or importance in this country tolerates and protects grafting or carries with it organized "mobs" of grafters. Besides, the farmer is getting wiser. The trolley lines which gridiron most of the country like the lines in a human palm take him to town often and give him better chance to rub the green fuzz off himself; the rural free mail carrier brings him the city paper daily, whereas once he was satisfied with a farmers' monthly or a country weekly with patent insides.

In certain of the biggest summer resorts around New York, notably Coney Island and two of the beach places on the Jersey shore, grafters actually "worked the nuts," which is to say they worked that old, hoary, lichengrown mossback, the shell game, night after night all last summer. It has only been a few months, too, since a smart east side pawn broker bought for $5000—in cash at that—a bag of gold fillings that turned out to be pure brass. It was merely that grandfather of graft games, the gold brick, in a slightly modified form. The man who engineered this deal in brass filings was one of a mob of three veteran Pacific coast grafters, who, after spending several years in the Klondike country, came to New York to find that the graft was very much better there than in Alaska, and they were soon operating a Big Mitt joint for the benefit of Harlem.

YE MODERNE CON MAN

Giving the Office.

If you are in the company of a grafter, as I have been, you will pass plenty of men who will recognize your companion for a crook like themselves. There will be no visible sign of recognition, but a peculiar way of lifting the hat, a stroking of the coat lapel, a queer, strained fashion of clearing the throat, or, commonest of all, a sharp little clucking sound of the tongue against the roof of the mouth carries the signal. "Giving the office" is what all grafters call this method of secret communication. Every "mob" of grafters has its own private code, but there are also certain common signs which every grafter knows as a part of his business. The cluck is universal. According to its inflection and the vehemence with which it is uttered it is a warning, an invitation, a signal to draw near, a signal to go away and a half dozen other things. The sudden gripping of the coat collar means one thing to all crooks, "Be careful—a policeman is near." The genesis of this signal is easy to trace. In old English thieves' jargon a collar was a police officer. So to this day the hand flies to the collar to give the warning of policeman or detective.

You have read many a time, no doubt, that a thief cannot look an honest man squarely in the face. Shifty and furtive are the adjectives most commonly used to describe his eye. Forget it. Also you will probably remember that the typical gambler of magazine stories has always long, slim, nervous, deft, white fingers. Likewise forget that. You are merely cluttering the storage department of your mind with rubbish. The smartest three card monte man that ever worked a day coach—he's retired now and living straight on a farm in the west—has short, stumpy hands and broad, blunt, awkward-looking fingers. With those stubby palms to hide the shift and the seemingly clumsy fingers to work the changes, this man can do things with the cards that would make your eyes bulge out. And a grafter can look you or me straight in the face—as straight as any minister of the Gospel could look you. The biggest part of his business is to study your emotions and to figure out your mental makeup as it shows in your face. There is nothing about the average grafter's way of looking at other men or about his appearance to single him out and make him different from his fellow men. If there was he'd have to quit grafting and turn honest to make a living.

The Happy Man.

Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, the novelist, said at a tea in Metuchen, apropos of a very conceited actor:

"When I look at a person like that, I am tempted to revise Kipling's question so that it reads:

"Who is the happy man? 'The happy man is he who has a broad chest and a pretty girl weeping on it.'"

"It's a commercial age," said H. K. Adair, the detective, apropos of an octogenarian who had been bunkoed out of $9000 by a girl crook of Baltimore.

"It's a commercial age," the detective repeated. "In the good old days a man would draw his sword for his love's sake, but now he draws a check."

HOO'S HOO--FAME FONDLED IN RHYME

BY JOHN W. CAREY

WHO dishes up the dope sheets in the Monthly Ladies' Aid and each and every problem solves for the widow, wife, and maid?

Who tells the anxious mother what her tootsie ought to take to cure the pesky whooping cough or ease the tummy-ache?

Who neps the lass who fears her swain's inclined to be a flirt, if he be true to her alone or totes some other skirt?

Who takes a humble dry goods box that's sadly out of gear and shows us how to make of it a dainty chiffonier?

Who holds the dames should stay at home, the baby's crib to rock, instead of chasing to the polls? Ye editor, Ed Bok.

WHO spots the gink from foreign parts with mischief in his eye, who comes to look our bombshells o'er—and nabs him as a spy?

Who cops the guy who undertakes his dollar bills to print—who sees a chance for easy coin and starts a private mint?

Who trails the gent who doesn't care to pay that liquor tax and runs a still in Devil's Gap and guards it with an axe?

Who knows 'em all, from Hank, the 'Bo, who'd lift the White House gate, to Mr. Higherup, who's keen to grab the ship of state?

Who's there to see that no one gets our old U. S.'s nan? J. Secret Service Wilkie—Uncle Sam'l's gumshoe man.

WHO'S Palestinic monaker does not suggest the Turk, although his pedigree runs back to Kelly, Shea and Burke?

Who fixed it so he'd hit the sphere the fourth day of July, so history would know him as the Yankee Doodle guy?

Who gave us "So Long, Mary," and again "The Grand Old Rag"?

("Not music," but they put the hooks to Handel, Bach and Wag.)

Who's strong for spangled banner stuff that stirs the G. A. R.? Who dopes the music and the words and twinkles as the star?

Who builds the house and runs the show and keeps it on its toes? Why, Georgie Cohan—he's the lad who warbles through his nose.

WHO'S married nearly ev'ry girl in this old U. S. A.? (The few he's missed should not despair—he'll get around their way.)

Who puts it over Hen the Eighth and Solomon the Wise as masters of the gentle art of making goo-goo eyes?

Who swore his heart was lost for fair to raven-locked Maxine? Who forthwith smiled on Edna when he longed for change of scene?

Who once again by Reno's grace is heart and fancy free, and longs to cuddle some one, for he's lonesome as can be?

Who's sure a good progressive, eh, and not for standing pat in Cupid's game of politics? Why, Goodwin—fickle Nat.

WHO knows the dope from A to Z—a shark on legal lore (and sports a fierce mustachio like German emperor)?

Who hauled John D. before the bar, in spite of all his kale, and warned him he must mend his ways or forthwith go to jail?

Who told the great tobacco trust just what it had to do, though wise ones said he'd bit off more than ever he could chew?

Who's not to blame, perhaps, that oil still has the wanderlust and Battle Axe keeps going up, although he smashed the trust?

Who's out to get the geezers that get gay with Uncle Sam—to soak the ginks that break the laws? Now meet George Wickersham.

Bananas are immune from insect attacks and from most of the diseases which affect fruit.