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A Detective's Singular Experience

He Located His Quarry, but Lost the Game

By HELEN ATWATER

"Mr. Hawkins," said my chief, "you have the name of being the slickest detective on the staff. I wish you to try to catch the slickest adventuress the country has ever been troubled with. She has called herself Mrs. Wainwright, Miss Thorpe, Margaret Vane, and it is suspected that she has masqueraded as a man calling herself Edgar Martin also."

"What crimes has she committed?"

"That's a secret. We are employed to produce her by a private party who agrees as soon as she is in our power to furnish the necessary papers to hold her. What we are expected to do is to catch her, and there is a good \$15,000 for doing it. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you snare her I'll give you the lion's share, \$10,000."

"I suppose you have located her?"

"I have. A telegram has come from an agency in Chicago stating that she was seen in that city yesterday, and by my order a shadower has been put on the case with instructions to keep her in sight till we can send a man there to pounce upon her. I wouldn't trust one of their men, for I believe she would be too sharp for him. Besides, it will require one to whose judgment we can trust not to put us in a position antagonistic to the law."

"I see," I replied, and after some more talk as to details I left the office and that evening was speeding on a train to Chicago.

I will call my quarry Margaret Vane, since that is the most attractive of her various aliases. The morning I reached Chicago I reported at the detective agency that had put the shadower on her, and a man was sent with me to the house where she was staying, a family hotel, where on looking over the register I found her entered as Mrs. Thorpe. I asked the clerk if a Mr. Howland was staying at his house, and when he said no I told him that I had come there to meet him and that I presumed he would appear either that day or the next. That gave me an excuse to go to the hotel frequently and after about there if I found it expedient to do so.

There was no photograph of the lady to be had, and my first work must be to locate her among the guests. I didn't care to make an arrest. In fact, I could not well do so without requisition papers, which I had not. I must proceed very differently. Indeed, I could form no plan, but must be guided by circumstances. I had a description of the woman I was after, and the first one I spotted turned out to be the lady herself. I call her the lady because to look at her and on hearing the well-bred modulated tones of her voice no one would take her for anything else. She was about twenty-two years old, comely and either to the manner born or had the faculty of personating one who was. It occurred to me that the work I was engaged in might be dangerous. I couldn't get it out of my head that she was not an adventuress, but a typical lady. I did not wonder that the chief had admonished me to exercise caution.

I kept Miss Vane under my eye except in the middle of the night by putting a woman in the hotel to post me at the slightest sign of any intended move. The day after my arrival my watcher told me that my quarry had been visited during the day by a gentleman of a professional cut. She had followed him when he went away, and he had gone to a law office. Inquiry about him there resulted in discovering that he was the junior partner of the firm of Whitney, Johnston & Gregory. I lost no time in finding out the standing of the firm and learned that they were not criminal lawyers, but did a general law business of the most respectable kind. What they could have to do professionally or otherwise with a woman whom I had understood was wanted for some heinous offense I was at a loss to imagine. Mr. Gregory, who had visited her, was a good looking young man, and I thought it possible, even probable, that she had got him under her thumb, as I inferred she had got other men under her thumb, and despite the fact that he was a lawyer would relieve him of his surplus cash.

My spy reported a day or two after I reached Chicago that Miss Vane had called for her bill. Where she was going was not known, but I felt it necessary to remain at her hotel that night till the last train had left for any where and be there in the morning in time to take the first. The lady did not depart that night, but about 8 in the morning, carrying only a light suit case,

she took a carriage. I called another and followed her to the Union station. I was next in line behind her when she bought a ticket, which was for Philadelphia, and I purchased one for the same place. I was delighted at the change, for it would be beneficial to get her nearer home. Shortly before the train started a young man came into the car where she was and where I had followed her and up to the time the train left they were engaged in earnest conversation. I had not seen Gregory, but he had been minutely described to me, and I was sure this person was he and that he was giving her instructions on legal matters in which she was deeply interested.

When he left her I saw their hands linger in a clasp and believed that the woman was playing him. She nodded another goodbye to him from the window, and he turned just before they lost sight of each other and threw her a kiss. From the moment of his departure her face took on a troubled look, but it was nothing compared with the agonized expression that came over it when her glance lighted on me. The start she gave led me to believe that, having seen me at the hotel and being constantly hunted, she had at once assumed that I was after her. At any rate I did not believe that she had been warned against me, though as to this I was by no means certain.

I was sorry to be the cause of so much dread in an attractive girl who, for all I surely knew to the contrary, might be perfectly innocent of any wrongdoing. But I remembered how deceptive criminals are, what nerve they have, and I was puzzled to understand why this one gave herself away so plainly at the sight of a detective. Perhaps it was this that affected me. Not that I had much pity. The \$10,000 I was to receive for her capture consoled me. But somehow every once in awhile it came over me that something was wrong in the case, and remembering that my chief had taken it from private parties, doubts would constantly be coming up as to whether I was on a profitable hunt or whether I would catch a tartar.

However, I resolved to remain on the train till I and the woman reached Philadelphia, and from Pittsburgh telegraphed the chief to have some one in that city to shadow the lady to her stopping place, for it was plain that it would not do for me to follow her. Meanwhile on the way, fearing she would elude me by getting off the train, I never let her out of my sight a moment. In fact, I did not close my eyes during the night of the journey. The \$10,000 I was to earn was quite enough to keep them open.

Our train should have reached Philadelphia early in the morning, but a delay had thrown us three hours behind time. Between two cities at the eastern part of our journey the train made no stop for more than an hour. We were running very fast to make up time, and not being able to think of any way Miss Vane could get off the train, even if she wished to, and I being very sleepy after my night's vigil, I permitted myself to drop into a doze.

From a doze I must have sunk to sleep, for when I awoke forty minutes had elapsed. Naturally I looked to make sure my quarry was still present.

She was not in the car.

I went at once to the saloon and tried the door. It was unlocked. No one was within. I went through the train, looking into every seat, every corner. Miss Vane was not to be found. I asked the conductor if we had made any stop during the period I had been asleep. He replied in the negative.

I shuddered. The woman, driven to despair, must have jumped off the train.

That was the last I saw of Miss Vane, at least for more than a year. I watched the newspapers with a view to finding information of a body of a woman having been found on the line of the railroad I had traveled on, but never saw any such mention. I did not stop at Philadelphia, going right on to New York, where I reported the strange case to my chief. He was very cool to me, blaming me for having gone to sleep and saying that the train had doubtless slowed up going through a town and the woman had jumped off.

Some fourteen months after this mysterious disappearance I saw a notice in the society columns of a newspaper that Henry Gregory of Chicago would the next day marry Miss Edith Vinton, a New York heiress. Curiosity led me to the church where the ceremony was performed, and who should the bride be but my quarry.

I was not long in getting an explanation. The party who had given us the case was an uncle of the lady. He had succeeded in having her placed in a retreat as feeble minded in order to retain possession of her fortune, by being the administrator of her estate. She had escaped and in order to dodge those he employed to catch her had passed under various names. The chief was deceived in the premises by the administrator taking the case without

the proper information. As to the lady's disappearance from the train, it was done in this wise: Passing through a town, our train steamed at a good rate of speed beside another going the same way. Miss Vinton, confident that I was after her to return her to the retreat she dreaded, went to the rear door of the car without being observed and passed out on to the platform. At the moment the two trains were moving at equal speed. Then her own train began to gain on the other, but very slowly. When two platforms came together she bravely stepped aboard the other train.

This information I got from the lady herself, for I called on her husband and told him of my efforts to make an arrest of Miss Vinton before she became Mrs. Gregory under a misapprehension of the facts. I apologized through him and begged him to permit me to apologize directly to his wife. He promised to secure me this permission, if possible, and after a time sent me an invitation. After I had explained my connection with the matter I asked her how she had escaped and received the explanation given above. "I could never have done it," she said, "except that I was sure you were intending to take me back to that dreadful imprisonment."

She was then in possession of a large fortune.

Fun Alive.

This game requires eight large cards called "game cards" and forty smaller ones called "forfeit cards" and can be played by any number of persons.

The game cards are all blank except one, called the "catch card," on which the words "Fun Alive" are printed in large letters. On each of the forfeit cards is printed or written some forfeit or "stunt" to be performed. The forfeit cards are spread in the middle of the table, face downward, and the game is begun by one player taking the cards, shuffling them and holding them to his left hand neighbor, who draws one.

If it be the catch card he must at once draw a forfeit card from the table and immediately proceed to do whatever it directs without reading it aloud. Then the player who has drawn takes the cards, shuffles again and presents them to his left hand neighbor, who draws and proceeds as before.

When a player draws a blank game card he draws no forfeit card, and the next player on the left draws at once without reshuffling, and so on till a forfeit card is drawn. The game may go on indefinitely.

A Trusty Messenger.

There must be a clerk of the hurry office, who sits in front at a table. Behind him are the servants of the establishment—telephone, telegram, special delivery, Marconi and messenger boy. A customer comes to the table.

"I want to send a message to the king," he says.

The clerk asks, "Is it far to go?"

The Customer—A mile or two away. Who can reach it quickest?

The Clerk—We shall see. (He rings a bell, and all the servants come and stand in a row.) Then he asks:

"Who can reach the king?"

The Servants—We can.

"Then be off and away with you!" he calls, and the race is on. Those who are left behind pay forfeits or wait to redeem themselves until another customer comes along. Those who reach goal the greatest number of times are allowed to join the hunt for a medal, and he who brings it is unanimously elected the trusted messenger. The goal may be in a distant room or, if the game is played outdoors, at some convenient tree, for instance.

Peas Porridge Hot.

Peas porridge hot;
Peas porridge cold;
Peas porridge in the pot
Nine days old.
Some like it hot;
Some like it cold;
Some like it in the pot
Nine days old.

This simple game is played in this way: Two players sit facing each other, and at the word peas, which they say together, they strike the palms of their hands on their laps. At the word porridge they strike their own hands together; at hot, each other's right hand; peas, in the lap; porridge, own hands; cold, left hands; peas, in the lap; porridge, own hands together; in the right hands; pot, own hands; nine, left hands; days, own hands; old, four hands strike together. Repeat the same motions for remainder of verse. This can be done very rapidly and makes lots of fun—Philadelphia Ledger.

Young Musicians.

Haydn surprised his friends by his musical talents at the age of five. He also had a voice of wonderful sweetness, compass and purity. We all know that Mozart began to play on the harpsichord at the age of three and wrote correct music at the age of six. Gluck had made a musical reputation at the age of eighteen.

The Peacock.

The peacock sat on the garden wall.
As vain as a bird could be.
With his tail, his crown and shaggy breast.
Oh, who is so fine as he?

The little brown birds cried, "Give us a song!"
Then the blackbird piped, "Ah, that will be a beautiful song, we know.
From a bird so fine as you."

But when the poor peacock tried to sing
Then the small birds flew away.
They said, "Fine feathers don't make fine birds."

They say it unto this day.
—Youth's Companion.

Measured Him.

Brown—Did the tailor take your measure?
Jones—I should say he did.
He said I'd have to pay in advance.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Congressman H. D. Clayton.
Prober of Monopolies.



Photo by American Press Association.

The new congressional inquiry into the methods of the so-called beef trust, which is being conducted by Congressman Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, chairman of the house judiciary committee, promises to be far-reaching in its scope. It is said that there will be an inquiry into big combinations that will make recent congressional efforts along that line insignificant by comparison.

One of the objects of the investigation, according to Representative Clayton, is the complete reconstruction of the Sherman anti-trust law or the enactment of some legislation calculated to take its place.

Congressman Clayton is a native of Alabama, fifty-five years old and is serving his eighth term as a member of the national house of representatives. He is a lawyer by profession and before being elected to congress was United States district attorney. He has also several times been elected a Democratic presidential elector and for many years has been prominent in national politics.

Our Ambassador to Mexico.

Henry Lane Wilson, United States ambassador to Mexico, who has been taking a short vacation in Washington, finds his labors so onerous that he must return home occasionally to take a rest. His health has become impaired by the heavy stress of his duties in Mexico during the past year. Since he was appointed to the Mexican post



Photo by American Press Association.

three years ago the republic has been in continual political turmoil, and many delicate situations have arisen, all of which Ambassador Wilson has handled with skill. He is of the opinion that conditions are much improved owing to the decline of the revolutionary movement in the north.

Ambassador Wilson is a native of Indiana, fifty-five years old, and in his youth was a newspaper man. In 1885 he removed to Spokane, Wash., where he became a banker and acquired a fortune. In 1897 President McKinley appointed him minister to Chile, and later President Roosevelt sent him to Belgium. He became ambassador to Mexico in 1909.

His Only Complaint.

Former Senator Beveridge was talking about the child labor problem. "Children are so plucky and so cheerful," said he, "we don't realize how horribly overworked they are till it's too late—till their bodies and minds are stunted irrevocably."

"I was once talking to a tiny errand boy at the height of the Christmas shopping season. He was working, I knew, seventeen hours a day. As he walked sturdily along with a mountain of parcels piled on his thin, narrow shoulders I said to him: "Do you like your job?" "Yes, sir," he said. "I like it fine. Only—"

"Here he grinned up at me coyly from beneath his load.

"Only I'm afraid I'm doing an automobile truck out of a job."—Washington Star.

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Louise M. Boyce, W. M.
Merta Mehl, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing cordially invited.

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