

# the dark ships

BY HULBERT FOOTNER

## Three Shadows

NEILL thought back over his conversation with Miss Rayner as far as he could remember it. Who had introduced Fanning to Miss Rayner? Her estate agent, Barney, Neill had never given a second thought to Barney, because Miss Rayner had made it clear that Barney was not implicated in the plot. However, Barney might be the cat's paw. Miss Rayner had spoken of him a little, suggesting that Barney was one whom she "didn't tell anything to."

It was worth looking into, and Neill got busy.

Barney might be implicated, and anybody that had followed on that day would make him cautious. Neill resolved to find out something about the man before going to him. But first he wanted to have a look at him. He got his office address out of the telephone book.

Neill expected to be followed when he left the hotel and so he was. Instead of taking a taxi, he walked through the streets in order to get a line on his trail. Neill was an experienced trailer himself, and also adept in fooling trailers. At first he could only spot two of them, one on each side of the street behind. From their appearance, he judged them to be Baltimore city detectives. They didn't look very bright.

After he had gone a few blocks he discovered that there was a third man interested in his movements. He was of an entirely different type from the other two and had no connection with them. He was watching them as well as Neill. This was a puzzling surprise. Who but Bonnier could possibly know of his trip to town?

The third man was young, strongly built, yet had an unhealthy look, his face being ashy pale and his eyes red-rimmed. He wore spectacles. He had straw-colored hair that looked almost as if it had been peroxidized, and a heavy blond mustache. Altogether a queer-looking guy. Suddenly it came to Neill that he had seen the fellow that morning, when in town with Bonnier. Making a regular business of following him, it seemed. How could he have known that Neill was going to return?

Edward Barney, the estate agent, maintained a small office in an old building on a side street off Charles. When Neill opened the door, a black-haired man with prominent eyes distorted by thick lenses arose to meet him. That was all that Neill wanted. He immediately backed out muttering something about making a mistake. It was Gooly to the life!

## Losing Two Trailers

THEREAFTER for several hours Neill, according to the methods he had learned in the department, went about town picking up little scraps of information about Edward Barney, and piecing them together.

Barney, it appeared, led an exemplary life. Lived with his wife and two children in a neat little house on the edge of Roland park. Mrs. Barney wore the trousers, it was said, and she being an ardent prohibitionist. Barney was reported to indulge his taste for an occasional glass away from home.

Neill led his trailers back and forth around town, out to Roland park and back again. As yet he had no object in trying to shake them. He wanted his men's reports reported to Bonnier. When he went into Miller's for his supper they sat at other tables in the place. The two detectives were entirely unaware of the peroxidized young man, but he was on to them.

After supper Neill entered the Belvedere hotel. One detective followed him in, the other remaining outside. The blond young man was not visible at the moment. Neill evaded the detective by making a quick turn through the corridors and coming back to another opening into the lobby, watched, partly concealed, to see what the man would do. The detective was standing in the lobby looking around for Neill. He started towards the doorway where Neill was concealed. At that moment the blond young man came in from the street. He overtook the detective and Neill heard him ask:

"Say, are you trailing a tall young man in a gray suit?"

The detective answered: "What is it to you?"

"Nothing at all, only I was coming up Charles street just now and I saw you following him."

"Well, what about it?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I saw him come out of the barber shop entrance on Charles street minute ago. He hopped a taxi. Here's the number for you."

"Much obliged," said the detective, hastily. Neill, looking out, saw him beat it out of the door. He

picked up... put... or outside, and they made off quickly. From inside the door the blond young man was watching them with a grin. Neill thought: Well, I'll be damned! ... What's his game?

In the Belvedere bar Neill ran into a croupier of Barney's whom he had been told that he would find there. From him he learned that Barney was accustomed, on his way home every afternoon, to drop in for a glass of beer at Heinrich's, a little cafe in the Falls road. This was the essential part of information he had been after. It was a long way from the Belvedere hotel. Neill took a taxi, and the blond young man another Falls road proved to be a miscellaneous sort of street leading to aristocratic Roland park. It was lined by small stores, little frame houses occupied by colored washwomen, and so on. Heinrich's was a neat, neat saloon with mahogany panels in the show window and neon beer signs. No view of the interior could be had from the street.

Neill went in. The blond young man didn't follow him in, but when the swing shutter opened. Neill could see him hovering outside, trying to get a look in. The place was moderately well filled. Neill could hear that the conversation was all about the Fanning case, and the death of Miss Rayner. He did not attempt to join the general group, but waited at the far end of the bar to be served.

## A Real Clue, At Last

HEINRICH was the typical German beer-seller enveloped in a vast white apron. Neill said to him:

"Terrible thing about the death of the old lady today."

"You said it, mister."

"Fellow downtown told me that it was Edward Barney who first introduced Prescott Fanning to Miss Rayner."

"No!" exclaimed Heinrich. "Why Mr. Barney is a good customer of mine."

"Is that so?" Neill made believe to look over the group of drinkers. "Is he here now?"

"No, he drops in afternoons around 3:30."

"Well, don't say anything about it. Maybe there is nothing in it."

"You're right."

"But it would be a funny note, wouldn't it, if Barney and Fanning met right here?"

"Prescott Fanning's never been in here, mister. I've seen his photograph and I've him described. He's a man you wouldn't mistake."

"Maybe Barney met some friend of Fanning's here—a go-between, sort of."

"Mr. Barney has his own friends here every day. I can't recall him talking to a stranger. I don't get many strangers way out here."

"Think back. It would be quite a stunt if you and me could turn up something new in this big case. Have a beer with me."

Heinrich drew a beer and sipped it thoughtfully. He was attracted by the suggestion of publicity for himself, and lowered his voice confidentially. "I do mind a stranger meeting up with Mr. Barney in here," said he slowly. "Maybe he was in a couple of times."

"Did he pick up Barney here the first time?" asked Neill eagerly.

"No, you could see Mr. Barney knew him before."

"What like man?"

Heinrich shook his head heavily. "I can't remember."

"Was he a big fellow?"

"No."

"A little fellow?"

"Not medium like."

"Was he a young man?"

"No, he wasn't old neither. Just average age."

"How was he dressed?"

"I didn't notice special. Just like anybody else."

Neill, discouraged, tried another line. "What did they drink?"

Heinrich's eyes brightened immediately. "I can remember that mister. Mr. Barney, he had his beer as usual, but the stranger he ordered a drink that was new to me. A fine Collins, he called it. Made just like an ordinary Collins, but with rum instead of gin. It's a good drink. I have offered it to some of my other customers and they like it."

"Now we're getting somewhere," said Neill. "There must have been some talk about this new drink. Can you repeat it?"

"Sure. The stranger tells me how to mix it. He mentions that he had a client who was a banana importer, and he was able to get in rum on his ships."

Here was a real clue at last. "Good!" said Neill. He grinned and drank off his beer. Beer had never tasted better to him.

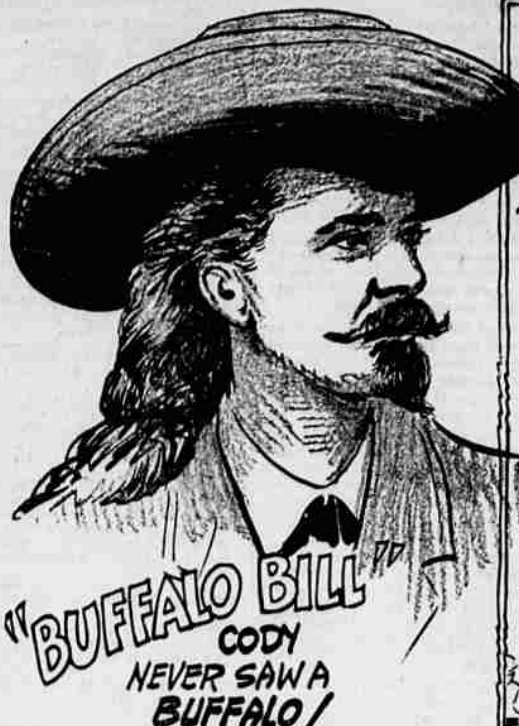
It was all Heinrich could tell him. "Don't say anything about this," Neill warned him. "I'll be seeing you soon." He paid his shot and left the place.

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Neill and the blond young man have a shooting duel, tomorrow.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"BUFFALO BILL" CODY NEVER SAW A BUFFALO!



CHINESE WEAR AS MANY AS 14 SUITS OF CLOTHING AT THE SAME TIME—SIMPLY ADDING ANOTHER SUIT AS THE WEATHER GETS COLDER

THE FIRST INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL GAME WAS PLAYED WITH 25 MEN ON EACH SIDE—Rutgers vs. Princeton, 1869—



OVER 1/4 OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE DURING THE WORLD WAR WERE TRANSPORTED ON GERMAN SHIPS!

"Buffalo Bill" William Cody, the famous Indian scout and plainsman known as "Buffalo Bill," never saw a buffalo in his life—nor have you ever seen one pictured on the back of an American "buffalo nickel." Strange as it seems, the animal from which "Buffalo Bill" got his nickname, the same one pictured on a "buffalo nickel," isn't a buffalo at all. It's an American bison, quite a different animal than the one to which the name buffalo is properly applied. Real buffalo are not to be found in America. They are a type of heavy oxen, common in the tropics of the old world and long domesticated in the Orient. The American bison differs widely from the true buffalo in both appearance and habits.

"Buffalo Bill" won his nickname by shooting 4,280 bison in 18 months, 1867-68, when employed to furnish meat for the Kansas Pacific railway construction gang. In a single day of this period, he slaughtered 69 of the beasts.

## German Transports

Of the 2,068,000 American soldiers who were transported to France during the World War, nearly 500,000 were carried across the Atlantic on German ships, interned by the

Allies. The "Leviathan" alone carried over 92,500 American troops.

When Princeton met Rutgers at New Brunswick November 6, 1869, in the world's first game of intercollegiate football, the sport was far different from the one we know as football today. Played under the London Football association rules, it was much like modern soccer. The ball was a small rubber sphere, batted and kicked with and for on the field instead of carried. Twenty-five men made up each team.

Tomorrow: What Valuable Animal Is Named After the Bedbug?

## Takes Poison On Bus

BOISE, Idaho, Oct. 18.—(AP)—Police Captain Don Thomas said yesterday a bus traveler tentatively identified as Clyde Phillip, 28, Rockwood, Pa., was in serious condition at a local hospital after swallowing poison.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

# LA FOLLETTE WARS ON NEW TAX BILL

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—(AP)—Senator LaFollette (R., Wis.) called the treasury's proposed tax bill "a

great mistake" Saturday and promised to renew his fight for a broader income tax base and higher surtaxes on middle bracket incomes. LaFollette has sought for several years to obtain legislation to reduce personal exemptions of income taxpayers and to tax middle bracket earners more nearly in proportion to the tax on incomes over \$50,000.

The double hull type of submarine is sometimes called "submersible."

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Is Observed!

WHILE BENTLY AND HIS GUESTS ARE BUSILY OCCUPIED IN WATCHING BETTY-LOU FLY HER PLANE WITH RITA AS A PASSENGER, TOMMY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO DO A LITTLE QUIET INVESTIGATING



BENTLY'S CAR! HE'S CERTAINLY FIXED TO GO PLACES IN A HURRY.

BY GOSH! THAT GUT ON THIS TIRE IS IDENTICAL WITH THE PHOTO I MADE OF THE IMPRINT ON THE ROAD!



THE WOMAN WHO LEAPED FROM MY TRANSPORT HAD A VEIL JUST LIKE THIS AND THIS HAMMER LOOKS AS IF IT HAD BEEN USED TO.

WONDER WHAT THAT HOMBRES DOIN' AROUND TH' BOSS'S CAR? UP TO NO GOOD, I BET!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Strategy?

SO THAT FOOL ENGINEER IS MESSIN' AROUND IN THIS, EH? WELL, I'LL FIX THAT TUB, TOO—



I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT! GRABBER OF THE CONTINENTAL TELLS ME TRADD JORDAN'S OFF ON THE DESERT SOME PLACE AND CAN'T BE REACHED BY WIRE OR TELEPHONE—



THAT MEANS I CAN GET AWAY WITH MAKIN' THE WEBSTER KID SEEM LIKE A PHONEY WITHOUT AUTHORITY—AN' THAT MEANS I'M THE COMPLETE BOSS O' THE NUGGET LINE!

## THE NEBBS—A Fool There Was

I TOLD YOU EMMA WAS TRYING TO GET \$10,000 AND POTTS WOULDN'T GIVE IT TO HER... WELL, SHE SNEAKED INTO HER SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX WHILE POTTS WAS TO LUNCH AND HE'S SURE SHE TOOK OUT HER BONDS



CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHIN TO KEEP HER FROM MAKING A FOOL OF HERSELF?



WELL, IF YOU CAN FIGURE A WAY TO KEEP A LOVE-SICK GAL FROM MAKING A FOOL OF HERSELF YOU GOT SOMETHIN!



THAT GAL WORKED, SCRIMPED AND SAVED. A PENNY NEVER FOUGHT ITS WAY OUT THAT YOU COULDN'T SEE THE IMPRESSION OF THE INDIAN'S HEAD ON HER THUMB—AND ALONG COMES THIS GUY WITH A PRETTY FACE AND MUSHY WORDS AND SHE GIVES HIM \$10,000 WITH A SONG ON HER LIPS!



# PLANE LANDING DEVICE LESSENS WEATHER HAZARD

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—(AP)—A device for landing airplanes under weather conditions hazardous even for birds will be installed soon experimentally at four of America's key airports. It is described as so perfect a pilot can bring an airplane down on an airport in a blinding snowstorm or fog.

The product of seven years of research, this instrument landing system will not be put into general use until approval is granted by the bureau of air commerce.

It has been tested experimentally at Oakland airport in California. The

other experimental stations probably will be at Burbank, Chicago and Newark. New equipment for the tests has been donated by the Bendix aviation interests.

If the bureau of air commerce subsequently takes over the system, bids will be invited for additional units at other airports. A similar system has been devised by the Washington Institute of Technology which has the added advantage of portability.

## Veteran Clerk Dead

SALEM, Oct. 18.—(AP)—Joseph W. Beveridge, for many years Multnomah county clerk, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. E. Law here last night. He had lived in Salem off and on for the past six years.

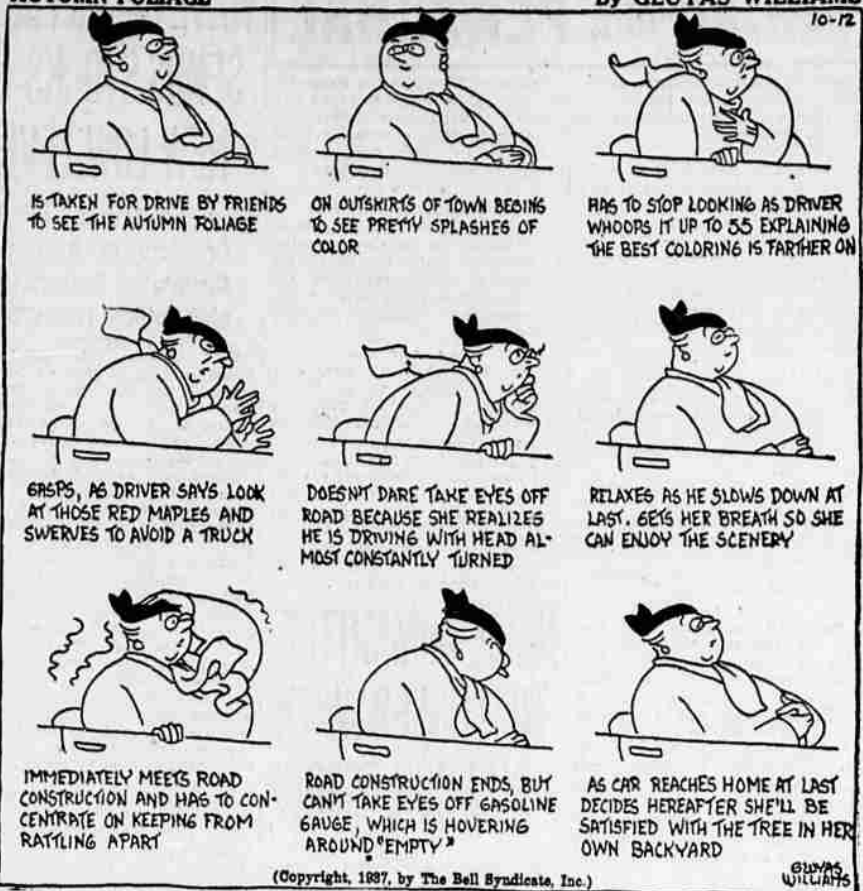
## Low Bidders

PORTLAND, Oct. 18.—(AP)—The Colonial Construction company of Spokane submitted a low bid of \$82,880 for construction of the Umatilla river levee project in Pendleton, the United States army engineers said today.

During the World War, Allied submarines did patrol work in the Straits of Dover, the Baltic and Adriatic seas.

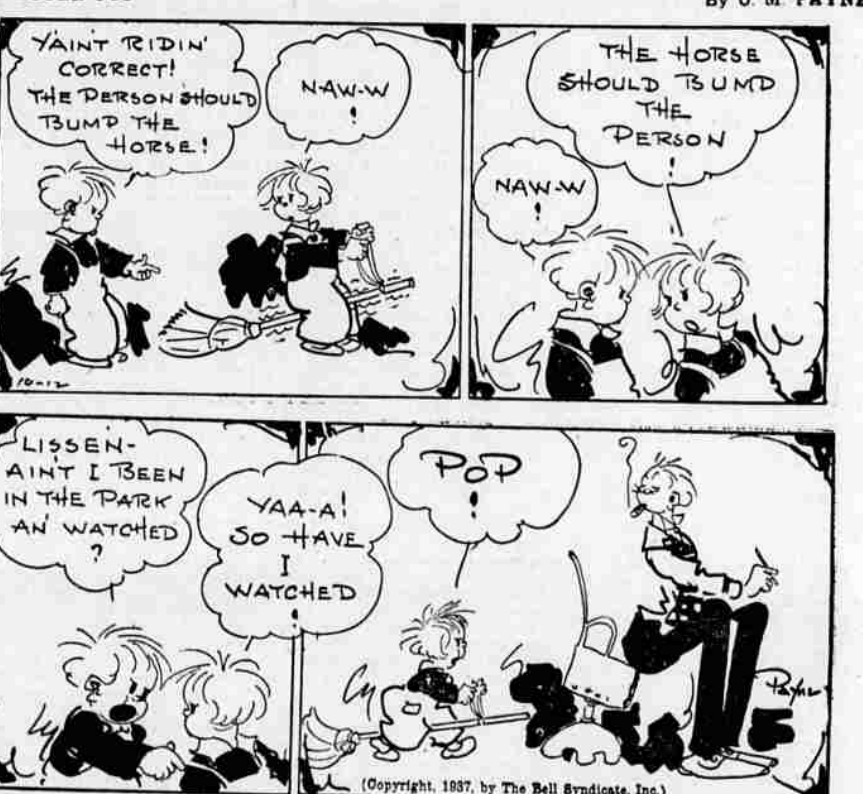
# AUTUMN FOLIAGE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 10-72



## 8'MATTER POE

By O. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGORE

By SOL HESS