

JOE PLAYS HIDE AND SEEK WITH BOOTLEGGERS

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 Buttoning his coat, sliding his hands deep into his pockets, and starting on a long walk that would bring him in view of the suspected house late in the day and after the cemetery gates had closed, he determined to see what he could see, cool weather or not.

Hide Behind a Tomb
 When the sun had gone down he moved cautiously over to a tomb facing the house and crouched in the shrubbery that surrounded it. He settled down to watch and wait for possible developments.

For three long, cold hours nothing at all happened. He had just about decided to climb the fence and strike for the distant suburban street car terminus when his straining eyes caught a yellow pencil of light from out of the door of the blackened house. Then the light widened to about an inch in width.
 "We've brought the yeast," whis-

pered one of two men standing on the porch. The voice carried distinctly through the frosty air. The door opened quickly and as quickly closed, permitting two men with a satchel to enter.

Jackson knew that he would need a warrant—and more evidence. He would get the legal document on suspicion and the evidence, if there were any, later.

Thus, early the next morning an unkempt, tired looking colored man presented himself at the superintendent's office of this cemetery. His coat was threadbare and out at the elbows. Safety pins instead of buttons held it together. He was a forlorn sight and enough to arouse the pity of any one as he stood hunched and old.

"I want a job as a grave digger," he said. "I'm experienced and can do good work."

The superintendent didn't wait long in deciding. Pointing to where the shovels were kept, he sent him

to an obscure corner of the cemetery and ordered him to work.

All day long he worked, shoveling and digging and filling graves. It was hard work, back-breaking, especially so, since he was not used to it. When evening came and he offered to work overtime, the superintendent showed him the best way out and left him alone.

This was the chance he wanted. He immediately transferred his operations to the street side of the cemetery, less than a hundred feet from the suspected house. A man standing in the front of the house regarded him with bored interest. Then he went about his job of shoveling the cold, heavy earth.

"I wanted that man to offer me a drink," Jackson explained, "but he appeared uninterested in my welfare. He didn't suspect my identity, I felt sure, but he didn't appear very friendly, either."

"Then I decided to startle him, and immediately went about laying

out six graves by digging the hard earth and sod away. These were all parallel to the cemetery fence and were in plain sight of the man at the suspected house. This had the desired effect. It worked on his superstitions. The man called to someone inside, and he in turn called to another, until all three of them were watching me.

"At last one crossed the road, saying as he came up: 'How many more you got to dig there?'"

"Eleven!" Jackson related that he answered on the spur of the moment. But he spoke without apparent interest and continued his work with his shovel.

"Eleven!" almost shouted the man. "What's the matter? Fire, accident, or explosion?"

"It does seem sort'a strange," the grave digger observed. "But I guess that's the way it goes these days. Sometimes people won't die for months then all of a sudden a hundred will up and die at once. I don't

like it. It gives me a pain. Look's all the work it makes, and in the cold weather too! Now if I could—well, if it wasn't for this prohibition, I could stand it better."

Jackson thus played his trump card. He had been working industriously while he talked. He stopped and looked at the visitor, saying:

"You know, I'd give five bucks right now for a pint of the real stuff. It's mighty cold tonight boss."

With that he returned to his digging. The man on the other side of the fence looked cautiously around to see if anyone was near and spoke in a low voice:

"You came to just the right place, colored man; drop over to the house when you get through and maybe I can fix you up."

Jackson was duly appreciative and thankful. When it became dark he put his shovel in the tool house by

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