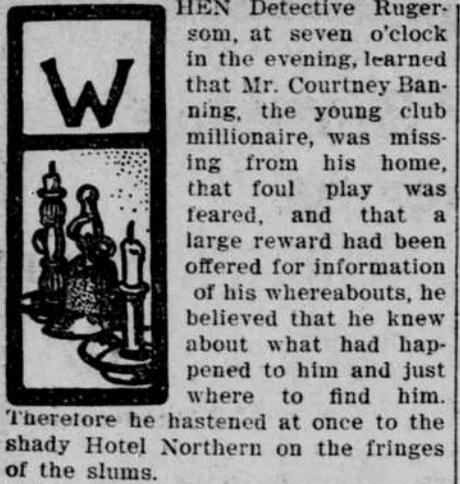


A "New Thought" Offense

By Dr. George F. Butler and Herbert Isley

Victory for Physician-Detective Dr. Furnivall, Where Police Methods Fail



HEN Detective Rugerson, at seven o'clock in the evening, learned that Mr. Courtney Banning, the young club millionaire, was missing from his home, that foul play was feared, and that a large reward had been offered for information of his whereabouts, he believed that he knew about what had happened to him and just where to find him. Therefore he hastened at once to the shady Hotel Northern on the fringes of the slums.

"Ring," said he to the night clerk, a tough-looking individual of 40, with a hard, flushed face, drink-sodden gray eyes, flashy cheap clothes, and a tall, bony form, "how long ago was it that Mr. Banning was here last?"

"A week ago to-night," Ring answered quickly. "Why? I hope there ain't nothing."

"Only missing, that's all. We want to find him for his family. If he's still here, and if you make it quiet and easy for me, why, no questions asked—that's it. All I want is him—see? And nobody else needn't know nothing about it."

"Here, come in here a minute," said the clerk. He hurried through the dining-room into the kitchen, and standing in the middle of the floor pointed upward to where a door could be seen, with three steps of a former stairway depending from it. The stairway was sawed short off, the lowest step hanging ten feet up from the kitchen floor.

"Ye see them stairs?" said the clerk, pointing. "We cut them down because we needed the room here more than we did them." So help me, I ain't telling a word of lie, but Mr. Banning was dodging round up stairs Monday night, and for some reason or other he opened that door that we always keep locked, and tumbled down here. He thought there was stairs, I suppose. He wasn't hurt much, but he couldn't stand, and we would not send him to his own home, letting on that is was here he was putting in his time, so we calls the wagon and sends him to the Relief station. Why, isn't he out yet at all? We thought he'd be all right in the morning, only a trifle shook up, and mebbe the head on him from the little jamboree."

While he was speaking the innocent eyes of the detective were searching his face. The clerk wore a guilty manner, but was it the flag of guilt in this particular case, or was it the general, all-round guilt which a man of his calling and stamp is likely to show when in the presence of the law? The detective could not say. But the Relief station would answer the question, or at least throw enough light on the subject to start with. Mr. Banning would be found injured, but had the injury come innocently, from walking through that doorway? The main point was that the missing man would be restored to his home and the restorer would get the reward. The manner of the injury was a minor matter, which, however, properly looked into, might serve as a whip of power to hold over the shady Hotel Northern.

Therefore, after a long look into the clerk's shifty eyes, he said abruptly: "I'll see you again about this, mebbe," and hurried to the hospital. To his inquiries an attendant answered that on Monday evening a man had been brought in unconscious, suffering from a fractured skull and bruises on the legs and arms. Two friends who were with him said his name was C. O. Banning. In the morning, when they had patched him up and he was able to leave the station, he denied that he was Banning, though he refused to give any other name, and went away growling against somebody who had thrown him down stairs.

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Rugerson.

"If he was he was thoroughly disguised," smiled the attendant. "No, he was a rough fellow, faded and dirty, weak-minded, sniveling, a type we often see here."

The detective hastened back to the hotel. The clerk Ring regarded him anxiously.

"Was he hurt bad after all?" he asked. "Would give the house a bad name."

"Ring," said Rugerson, looking in the eye, "it wasn't Banning. How could you make such a bull?"

"Wasn't Banning!" he exclaimed. Then he laughed cynically. "Oh, no—of course not! Didn't I lift him up from the floor myself? Don't I know him better than I do you? Is he there yet? Or how is it? What are you handing me?"

"Ring!" said the detective, slowly and impressively, "there's something phony in this. Out with it or it will be the worse for you."

"Jakey! Mike!" called the clerk, poking his head into the larger room. "Come here, I want you."

Two seedly individuals shuffled into sight. They were the types of young fellows who always may be seen

now practicing as doctors in Sydenham, near the Crystal Palace, London. His mother is an Irishwoman also, and though Ernest Shackleton was born in England, you know the old saying: "It isn't because a man's born in a stable that he's a horse." I foresee that the English newspapers will claim him as an Englishman, and will ignore his Irish descent. So I hope it will be widely known that he belongs to the Ballytore Shackletons, who have been in Ireland for 200 years past."

around cheap barrooms doing chores for their entertainment, bleary of eye, trembling with the weakness of over-stimulation. When they saw the detective they showed further signs of discomfort, but brazened it out, though doubtfully, as if ready for flight on the first token of hostility on his part.

"Mike," said the clerk, "and you, too, Jakey, where was it you seen Mr. Banning Monday night—the first time, I mean?"

"On the broad of his back on the floor," answered Mike, pointing; and, "Stretched right out there," corroborated Jakey, also pointing, both of them speaking at the same time.

"Was it you two that gave him his name?" asked Rugerson.

"It was not," said Mike. "No, sir," declared Jakey.

"They helped put him in the wagon, that's all," Ring volunteered.

"But who went with him to the hospital, then? They say there that two men came with him and gave his name."

Both Mike and Jakey began to talk very fast, explaining that all they knew was that Mr. Banning had fallen down stairs, that they had lifted him into the ambulance and then returned to the dining room, where they were sitting when the noise of his fall startled them into rushing to the kitchen to see what the trouble was. They knew Mr. Banning very well by sight, as everybody around the hotel did, he was there so often, attracting a good deal of attention unknown to himself by being there at all, and especially by spending so much money.

"You two come along with me," Ring interrupted, grimly. "You'll see if the ambulance man and the clerk at the Relief station can identify you."

"It's all right, Mr. Rugerson. It's just as I tell you," called Ring after the detective as the three went out.

"Mebbe," muttered Rugerson, "but there's sand in this sugar somewhere. It grits."

The instant they reached the first cross street both men, as if moved by one impulse, grabbed the officer by the arm and turned the corner, out of sight of the hotel.

"Git outer here—I'll tell him—I have the first word," growled Mike to Jakey, who was feverishly trying to whisper in the detective's ear.

Rugerson shook them off and stepped into a doorway.

"Go slow," he said. "You'll both be treated the same in this game, no matter who speaks first. Out with it, Mike."

Jakey subsided and Mike hastily took the word.

"There was a gazoo lifted a couple of plunks off a gauze up stairs there that night," he whispered, "and hit it for the main entrance. But the Rue stood up to him, so he breaks away for the back door he seen there. It was barred, but he got it open and slides through, but the stairs is cut out and he pitches on his nut against the kitchen floor. We all hears the hullabaloo and five or six of us trail in to see the game. Mr. Banning was one. We sends for the Black Maria, and Mr. Banning says: 'I'll give every man here,' he says, 'a ten-spot,' he says, 'to see that dead man on the floor,' he says, 'is me.' He says. And then he says, 'who wants it?' and he flashed a roll the size of a stove funnel. So we all took it. And he hands me and Jakey here ten more to go to the station for to give his name. And we goes and gives it. We all thought the man was dead, but 'twas nothing real phony, was it, Mr. Rugerson? You got nothin' on us."

"And," put in Jakey, quickly, "you can't get the 20 apiece back from us, because why?—we blowed it, didn't we Mike?"

"Selp me!" swore Mike, throwing out his palms.

"Oh, dead sure!" grinned Rugerson. "You two high rollers blow 20 frequent. But that's all right. All I want is Banning. Put me near and I'm a clam on everything else. Where is he?" As they consulted each other with troubled eyes he added impatiently. "Leak, now, or I'll take you off what did you ask me?"

"Twill cost us Ring," whined Mike. "He'll give us the run if we do it."

"I'll give it to you if you don't open up."

"Tis wort' ten," protested Mike. "Ah, twenty!" deprecated Jakey.

"Go on along up to headquarters," the detective burst forth, angrily seizing them by the elbows. This ended the controversy.

"I see that I must make a confidant of you," the lawyer said, gravely.

"The fact is," he continued, hitching his chair nearer to the doctor's and sinking his voice almost to the tone of a whisper, "the fact is there's a woman in the case and she's old enough to be his mother. He has made over \$50,000 to her. Still worse, he has realized on every piece of property he controlled, that could be turned without consulting the trustees, his sister's as well as his own, and booked a passage for Europe in a steamer which sails to-morrow, giving a false name. If his sister should hear of this it would kill her. She is very delicate, he is all she has in the world."

"What harm? Begin at the begin-

"Who is the woman?"

now practicing as a doctor in Sydenham, near the Crystal Palace, London. His mother is an Irishwoman also, and though Ernest Shackleton was born in England, you know the old saying: "It isn't because a man's born in a stable that he's a horse." I foresee that the English newspapers will claim him as an Englishman, and will ignore his Irish descent. So I hope it will be widely known that he belongs to the Ballytore Shackletons, who have been in Ireland for 200 years past."

senses to receive an invitation from the head waiter to go out for a drive. The waiter could speak English a little bit, and thought, no doubt, that this visitor from the land of the free would be glad to mingle in the social life of the gay capital. "Go way fram heah, white man!" she said severely. "Huccum you ast me sech a fool question? Ah don' hab nuthin' to do with no po' white trash, an' you needn't ask me!" It is unnecessary to add that



I REMEMBER—IT WAS ABOUT THE MURDER. YES! COMMITTED IT.

NEW TURKISH RULER

Mohammad V. Said to Be Broad in His Views.

No Experience in Government, Says Acting Consul-General at New York, But His Sound Sense Will Guide Him.

New York.—Pretty nearly everybody in New York that knows anything about Mehemed-Resched Efendi, the prisoner of the Yildiz Kiosk, who has suddenly found himself elevated to the position of sultan of the Ottoman empire, were assembled the other afternoon in the editorial rooms of the Syrian newspaper *Al Hoda*.

There were Reouf Ahmed, the first secretary of the Turkish legation in Washington, who has been acting consul-general in New York since Mundji Bey departed under a cloud some weeks ago; M. A. McKarren, the editor of *Al Hoda*, himself a Syrian; two representatives of the Syrian society of New York and two of the most vigorous proponents of the Young Turks in America. The consul-general gave a few facts, the editor gave a few more. The Young Turks and the Syrians nodded gravely over their cigarettes and said little for publication.

"The new sultan has of course had no experience in diplomacy or the ways of government," said the acting Turkish consul-general. "He has been practically prisoner in the Yildiz Kiosk since Abdul Hamid succeeded to the



Mohammad V., New Sultan of Turkey.

of his experiment, pushed him back into his chair, taking care at the same time not to release his subject from his gaze.

"Sit still!" he said, softly, "until we see the outcome of this beautiful idea."

"What, the New-Thought teacher, on Marlborough street?"

"The very same. Do you know her?"

It would scarcely be said of Dr. Furnivall that he showed lack of interest now.

"Joy!" he exclaimed, jumping up and rushing round for his hat and coat, "science indeed! We'll untwist a strange strand of the human mind this time, I assure you. We'll see Banning at once."

He was ready for the street almost instantly, and the two walked rapidly towards the Banning place.

They found young Banning in the library arranging some papers. He was very pale, his face lined and heavy with care, and his right eye as he turned them on his visitors held in their depths a singular gleam, as of fear stably resisted, yet impossible to overcome. As soon as the greetings were done Dr. Furnivall, removing his heavy spectacles and holding the young man's eye with his own, said without ceremony:

"This was a singular experience of yours, Mr. Banning. I know but little of the story, but the little indicates something unique. How did it happen?"

Mr. Randell regarded Banning curiously. How would he take this apparent meddling in his affairs by a stranger? To his surprise he did not resent it, seeming to consider it a and was plainly nervous, but answered, speaking at first slowly:

"Why, I went to this shady hotel on business, and they detained me there, hoping to scare me into giving them a lot of money. They didn't succeed, thanks to my sister and Mr. Randell here, who found them out and gave me a chance to—er—er—What did you ask me?"

His face as he went on, his eyes in Dr. Furnivall's passed through remarkable variety of expressions. In the beginning he showed embarrassment mingled with fear, which ran rapidly into perplexity, into surprise, peacefulness, and finally, as he asked the question, into deep and absorbed introspection. His mind was plainly bent in upon itself, occupied with one idea, and that was to answer the query put to him. And almost at once, before the doctor could have repeated his words, had he intended doing so, the young man said in a matter-of-fact tone:

"I remember—it was about the murderer. Yes, I committed it. If you wish to know why—" At this startling statement the lawyer screamed out: "Courtney!" and started forward as if violently to restrain him from proceeding. Dr. Furnivall waved him back.

"Be quiet!" he said. "Let's have the story. Mr. Banning, who was your victim?"

"John P. Parmenter," he answered.

"What, the druggist?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"He was working so much harm in the world."

"What harm? Begin at the beginning and tell me all about it."

The lawyer, whose face had twisted itself into an expression of the most ludicrous amazement as the story progressed, again started up with a cry of warning to the speaker not to commit himself. But Dr. Furnivall, with the delighted smile of the scientist who suddenly becomes sure of the success

Except for beastly weather and an epidemic of colds, this is a fine spring.

It is claimed that the murderers of Petrosino, the detective, are known to the Italian government and results are looked for soon. Perhaps the Italian government may recall the slaughter of Italians in Louisiana, not many years ago, and claim that she is not responsible for what the Sicilians do. It is not probable, however, for it is for her own interest that she should rid herself of the terrorizing Sicilian bandits.

Seek to Abolish Hat Tipping. A men's league has been formed at Darmstadt with the object of abolishing the custom of raising the hat.

Effective Rebuff

Over in Europe negroes are seen so seldom that they are not regarded as having any bearing upon social conditions. They are simply accepted as any other foreigner is. Apropos of this a well-known Louisville man was relating to the Courier-Journal an experience which befell an old negro "mammy" whom he took along with his family. They were staying at a Parisian hotel, and the old woman was startled almost out of her

the head waiter made no further effort to extend the social amenities.

How a War Set a Fashion

The cabalash pipe is one of the after results of the South African war. To supply the demand to which popular taste has given rise quite an industry has grown up in South Africa where the farmers are regularly planting cabalash specially for pipes, while planting is already being carried out in the south of France and even in Australia.

Ireland Claims Explorer.

Lieut. Shackleton, whose recent attempt to reach the south pole so nearly resulted in success, is an Irishman. Mr. Abraham Shackleton, of Rathmines, Dublin, a relative of the great explorer, told a newspaper man recently that Lieut. Shackleton is 35 years of age. "I wish," said Mr. Shackleton, "that the greatest publicity should be given to the fact that Lieut. Shackleton is an Irishman. His father is a first cousin of mine, who graduated at Trinity college, and is