

THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY
JULIUS REGIS

AUTHOR OF "NO 13 TORONTO"

CHAPTER VII.

The Slayers

"Let us try and see exactly how we stand," went on the Problem-hunter; "up to now there has been a lot of vague talk about whirlpools, chaos, wild beasts and the like. Accurately speaking, we already have a complete chain, with the Copper House at one end, and the mysterious Gabriel Ortiz at the other. Two of the most important links in the chain are Fayerling and Tassler. I might add a third: Rastakov, though he is a subordinate, a sort of noncommissioned officer, so to speak, who gets all the dirty jobs for his share. Now we will take this extraordinary 'chain,' link by link, and sum up all we know about it. Of his head, Ortiz, we are not yet in a position to say anything very definite; most of our information about him dates from 10 years back."

Wallion proceeded to give a brief outline of the story which he had related to B.22, a few hours earlier.

"Baron Fayerling, the fashionable society man, with his Rumanian property, is the next on our list," he continued; "he manages to invest his money on the most extraordinary favorable terms. He banks with no fewer than six banks in Stockholm, two in Goteburg, and one in Copenhagen, Malmo, Christiania, and Helsingfors, respectively."

"The grand total of his outstanding account rises and falls in a very peculiar way: at the beginning of February he had no less than \$12,000,000 kroner, at the end of the same month only half that amount, and at the end of March only a paltry 100,000. Two weeks later, he paid in one day, 1,000,000 kroner to every one of his banking accounts, making another sum of 12,000,000 kroner. And now, in July, his account has reached the enormous total of over 20,000,000 kroner. Whatever kind of business does he carry on? No one can say. I have myself verified the names of 84 different persons, who have cashed the baron's checks; of these, all except four were foreigners, and half of them left Sweden afterwards, mostly bound for Russia or Finland. This influx of people, all of whom received money, and sometimes a great deal of it, from Fayerling, was largest at the beginning of March. Each man paid a short visit to the baron's room at the hotel, and two of them were shadowed the whole time by Rastakov. Three of them went out to the they deal are only to be found in the catalog, but this is probably due to the fact that their value fluctuates with the continual rise of prices."

"Tassler's banking accounts are as unimpeachable as those of the baron, and are deposited in much the same way. In one or two cases, I have ascertained that these two men had concluded a deal in which there was a genuine exchange of cash and goods; but, on the whole, I have not been able to discover that the agents of the company, who are to be found in all the large Scandinavian towns, carry on any business beyond an incessant correspondence, on the firm's stamped writing paper, with Messrs. Tassler and Fayerling."

"I have read through a whole pile of such letters; they are full of lists of goods, and business terms. Sometimes if it is anything urgent, they send telegrams. Tassler's agent in Goteburg did so when you landed from the American vessel. One gets the impression of elaborate machinery in full working order, but it is not so easy to ascertain its object, for

He Makes His Promotion.

In the course of 25 years spent in earning a living I have observed many young men succeed and many fail.

I have observed no outright failures that were not due to irresponsibility. Anybody who is willing to work every day, to live within his income, and to deal with others fairly and courteously, is assured of a self-respecting position. He will not be a failure. But he may not be much of a success.

Successful men are developed from those who have the intelligence to understand what is going on around them.

Take two young men and put

if it were to make money, Fayerling and Tassler would not have a rag to their backs by this time.

"To put the thing in a nutshell, we see two gentlemen who allow millions to flow out through 100 different channels, but we search in vain for the source of these millions or for the ultimate aim of such lavish expenditure. If it were a question of the usual spy business, it would be easily understood, but neither Fayerling nor Tassler nor any of their associates in and around the Copper House appear to have the slightest connection with the belligerent powers. No, there is something else in the wind, but what?"

"When I began my investigations, I evolved two different theories. The first was, that this was an organization for gun-running. It was a fact that Fayerling had been somehow implicated in the infamously famous expedition which attempted to smuggle explosives across the northern boundary into Finland, but was quashed by the Swedish authorities, and its promoters mysteriously dispersed. The equally famous motor launch, 'Nelly,' which attempted to cross the Gulf of Bothnia with a cargo of modern rifles, was seen a week previously cruising off the Copper House. But I could not obtain sufficient proof; and, above all, I was soon convinced that neither of such incidents could be more than a detail, a mere trifle, in Fayerling's daily program. I could see that he only goes in for big things. Thereupon, I started a fresh theory: that the whole affair was a federation to assist various political fugitives and conspirators in the technical part of their plans, such as forging passports, protecting them against counter-espionage, financing their journeys, purchasing weapons. . . . in short, a kind of revolutionary stockjobbery. As a matter of fact, hundreds of revolutionaries and the like, with weapons and 'red' literature, were smuggled into Russia by way of Stockholm, at the beginning of this year. It would certainly be an interesting interpretation of the activities of the Finno-Russian Import and Export company!"

"But that explanation proved inadequate also; its aims were far too limited. Fayerling and Tassler were obviously interested in the Russian revolution, but even after a revolutionary government came into power in Petrograd, their mysterious work continued with unabated vigor, directed by the still invisible Gabriel Ortiz. I felt quite at a loss. . . .

"Then, all of a sudden, a period of inactivity set in; it started some weeks ago. No more streams of unknown visitors, no more of that colossal expenditure. . . . absolute stagnation! I noticed that Fayerling was beginning to get fidgety; about once a day, usually rather late, he would hold a long conversation on the telephone, after which he regularly countermanded certain orders, and substituted new ones. I felt sure that Ortiz must be at the other end of the line during these talks, but I found it impossible to verify this. It was soon evident that some new plan was afoot, and I determined to redouble my watchfulness. One day my assistant, Robert Lang, overheard in the street a conversation between the baron and Tassler in which the latter alluded several times to 'Tarraschin's memorandum.' This gave us a fresh idea."

"Do you know what 'Tarraschin's memorandum' is?"

them behind windows in a bank. Each will do his immediate job equally well. Each will be accurate, courteous, honest, efficient. In five years one man will be in charge of an important branch, and the other will be making \$175 a month, which will be \$75 more than his initial salary. The branch manager will be making \$7,500 a year. What has one man done that the other has not?

The man who went forward got it into his head right at the start that making entries in pass books and counting money was not the way banks make money. He realized that banks, like milk companies, have to find customers and keep

"It has only once been referred to publicly, and that was by a Bulgarian journalist, who had got into some trouble over a newspaper controversy. He referred to 'Tarraschin's memorandum' as 'a bomb which, if it came into the right hands, would annihilate Europe.' The document must have been drawn up in Moscow immediately after the March revolution, and Prince Tarraschin was the originator of it. It contained a complete plan to destroy the revolution and reinstate the tsar, and practically all the best known names of the Russian 'ancient regime' would be irrevocably compromised if the document came to light. Strangely enough, Prince Tarraschin died at the end of March, before his plan had gone further than the paper on which it was written, and the whole thing seemed to have died out altogether."

"This is where Bernard Jenin comes in, and at the same moment, Fayerling's attitude of suspense ends as though by magic! I see a person, simply known as B.22, told off to escort Jenin; I see Rastakov keeping an eye on them both; earnest consultations take place in the baron's apartments. To my surprise, I learn that this Bernard Jenin is in possession of nothing less than the Tarraschin document, and I gather that there is a plot to rob him of it."

"Then, having for a month past played the silent part of an unseen spectator, I decide to step in!"

"I saw Rastakov go straight from the baron's room to that of Jenin, and I put a spoke in his wheel. I warned Jenin to look out carefully for a better hiding place, and safer friends; he hardly said a word, but simply vanished. I wondered what way he had gone, but I could not follow him, because it became necessary for me, once for all, to take up a definite attitude as regarded the baron. I now learn for the first time, that Jenin dashed off to the Copper House, that Rastakov promptly followed him, and that they have, in all probability, murdered him there."

Maurice Wallion told his story rapidly, and almost without a pause. The silence which succeeded it lasted so long that it began to get on Leo's nerves. It seemed to him as though the mere fact of having listened to this fantastic tale brought with it some sort of responsibility—an awakening sense of duty.

"Do you think, too, that Jenin is dead?" he asked, just to break the silence.

"One can think anything, when one knows nothing," replied Wallion gravely. "I would rather have no theory than one which can be proved to have no foundation. But that Jenin, as soon as I have rescued him from one danger should run straight into another—that he should turn up so apparently unnecessarily at the Copper House, right in the middle of the hornets' nest, seems so senseless, that Lona Ivanovna's revolver shot only puts the finishing touch to the story! The only thing that really puzzles me is why Sonia Bernin should have cried out: 'Sergius!'"

"Where do you suppose Tarraschin's document can have got to now?"

"Possibly into Lona Ivanovna's, or more accurately, into Andrei Bernin's hands. At any rate, Rastakov did not get hold of it."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"In this way: if he had been able yesterday to report the discovery of the document to the baron, and he in his turn to Ortiz, they would have not have such a frantic search amongst all my belongings later in the evening. They would have held all the trumps in their hands, and would have considered me comparatively harmless. But instead of that,

he used his time outside of banking hours to make friends with people who might be induced to use the bank. He made it part of his job to meet and know his superiors. His curiosity led him to study the monthly statement of his bank, and the statements of other banks. Then he wanted to know what these statements meant. This led to a study of banking principles, and soon he knew something about lending money. He acquired a knowledge of real estate values in his community. He learned to judge the worth of collateral stocks and bonds. He began to study human nature,

they have turned my room at the office topsy-turvy, and have tried to do the same thing here, to find that paper, and that assures me that Rastakov has not discovered it at the Copper House—yet!"

"That seems probable," Leo agreed; "so you knew how they had ransacked your office?"

"Yes, Robert Lang telephoned it. But they carried off nothing more important than a photograph of Sonia Bernin."

"They didn't even get that!" cried Leo, triumphantly. "Look what I have! I got there first!"

There was such simple pride in the young man's look and words, that the Problem-hunter burst out laughing, and gave him a hearty slap on the back.

"Ah, now, you are playing triks on me," said he; "it's the Finger of Destiny, or the Master Mind, or whatever else you like to call it. It is quite evident that we two must cooperate!"

"Yes, we must do something," declared Leo, who had certainly never shown himself so decided in the whole of his life. "I am glad you summoned me home from California. We mustn't let things slide; we must keep a sharp lookout on what is going on at the Copper House."

The Problem-hunter looked pleasantly surprised at the reiterated "we must," and began to think that this young fellow had something in him after all.

"You heard what I said about Ortiz," said he warningly. "Don't imagine that the Man in the Whirlpool is a myth, and can be abolished in half an hour. He exists, and he is dangerous."

"Dangerous!" exclaimed Leo, coloring a little in his excitement. "With you to back me, who can call a man from the other side of the world, without saying a word to him! I know nothing of Ortiz, but at any rate, he has got you for an enemy!"

It was plain to see that the young man, like almost all those who met Wallion, had surrendered unconditionally to his suggestive personality. The calm voice and the keen eyes inspired Leo with unlimited confidence, and, at this moment, his mobile, rather undecided face took on a look of the journalist's, with his determined mouth and chin.

Wallion, who was watching him, took up his tumbler quickly to hide a smile, and said: "Unfortunately, though we know nothing about Ortiz, he knows all about us. He has the advantage of us there. But he and his satellites are suffering from one drawback: there are too many of them. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link."

"And it's just that link we have got to find," cried Leo. "Yes, that's exactly what I was trying to do yesterday afternoon, while I was keeping Fayerling's counteries at arm's length. I found that the man we know under the pseudonym of B.22, who escorted Bernard Jenin to Stockholm has in some way incurred the baron's suspicions. I profited by this, and managed to fall in with B.22."

Here the journalist looked at his watch, and broke off: "I say, how time has flown! It is past 6 already!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BRAVO, SENOR

LONDON—English and American feminine beauties owe a vote of thanks to Senor Federico Beltram-Masses, Spanish portrait painter who championed them in an address here recently. "I am absolutely against the movement which would make English women refrain from exhibiting their legs," he says. "I think they should show their knees. The American girls also can show their knees with impunity, for they are descended from the English and inherit their beauty."

Q. Is there an aluminumized steel?
D. J. P.

A. The Bureau of Standards says that there are steels of high aluminum content which are used in nitriding process.

and became a judge of men as financial risks.

In short, this man, although working as a teller, became a banker. His promotion to an important position was certain.

That's about the way it works out in all lines. Some men never master anything other than the details of a job. Others master the main ideas back of the job.

Q. How is the word comptroller pronounced?
D. C.

A. The "m" has the sound of "n." This is the usual official spelling, but originated in a false derivation from compt.

Failure to Pay Debts

Keeps Jobber in Jail

WARRENTON, MO.—Bernard S. Reiss, once a St. Louis shoe jobber, has spent a year behind bars here because he hasn't paid his debts.

Reiss, a voluntary bankrupt, says he can't; that his money was all lost in a few months of gambling.

Federal Judge Charles B. Paris doesn't believe his story and ordered him to pay \$37,345 or go to jail in contempt of court.

Counsel for Reiss contend that he is virtually a prisoner for debt, in violation of the constitution, and a rehearing is being sought.

Reiss, however, says he sees no possibility of every repaying his debts and expects to spend the rest of his days in jail.

Attempts to recover \$3,000 lost on a bad loan led to his gambling orgy, he says. He came to this country as an Austrian immigrant when a youth. He is 34 years old and has a wife and four children.

The Future of Siam

From New York World.

Siam, as all who have studied geography must know, is an incomparably happy country. It has no national debt, and its export trade is increasing. All of its heavy work is done by elephants and its climate, while tropical, is not oppressive. Teakwood is abundant. The male inhabitants, as revealed in the moving picture "Chang," are strong and gallant, and the female inhabitants are amiable in disposition and lovely in appearance. Every so often there is held the Festival of the Flowers, in which all the inhabitants, both male and female, paddle boats down the Menam river and strew the waves with petals. All in all it would be hard to think of so pleasant a spot, and it is no wonder that even the tiger deigns to honor it with his regal presence.

Or at least it has been pleasant. For pity poor Siam now. In the National library, as a result of researches by antiquarians, there have been discovered 40 volumes of laws, all with the seals properly attached, and all waiting to be enforced. Need one say more? Allowing 1,000 pages to each volume, and one law to a page, the Siamese will find out that they will have 40,000 more laws to obey than they have at present. Many of them, no doubt, carrying such ancient penalties as boiling in oil and exposure in the sunshine with the eyelids cut off. It will do no good to plead that most of these laws are senseless, and that the country got along beautifully before they were discovered. When a law is on the books it hardly needs pointing out it has to be enforced, and how the country got along before it was passed has nothing to do with it. Siam, we fear, is in for a bad time of it, and its idyllic days are probably over. For if one thing is clear, it is that when a law gets on the books it takes more than all the King's horses and all the King's men to get it off again.

"Look for the Woman"

From Baltimore Sun.

Violent activity in retail price cutting now is under way in the tobacco world, more particularly in the sale of cigarettes, the casus belli being that stores which formerly did not sell cigarettes have been forced to add them to their stocks in order to satisfy women and girls who these days are smoking like a house afire. As a matter of fact, the increase in consumption of cigarettes, now estimated to be at the rate of 2,000,000,000 a month, is attributed chiefly to their use by the weaker sex. Total annual consumption in the present year is expected to break all records, reaching probably as high as 120,000,000,000.

Regular tobacco merchants discovered long ago that their business was being invaded to a serious extent, cigarettes being sold by all kinds of merchants. In retaliation they started to sell articles formerly found in drug stores, haberdasheries, and restaurants. Chain stores and groceries made inroads on the tobacco business, by cutting prices, and their activities have been countered by a general slash in the cigarette market. In the shuffle the cigar coupon seems lost from our national institutions.

Incidentally, women also are responsible for strained relations between candy manufacturers and tobacconists. Alluring advertisements, posters, and billboards, urging women and girls to attain that "sylvan figure" by taking a puff at a cigarette instead of stuffing themselves with sweets, appear to have made such a hit that appeals have been directed to the federal trade commission to stop the practice by declaring it to be unfair competition. And so the war goes on, and it bids fair to be a merry one. If women rush for a bargain as temptingly as they are believed to do, cigarette sales should set a new mark.

Foch's Farewell

From Iowa Legionnaire.

Allons, "Let us go," was the last word uttered by Marshal Foch. It is the first word of the French national hymn that he heard so often, the hymn to which the Revolutionary soldiers marched from the south of France into Paris. "Allons enfants de la patrie," etc.

The last words of great men, plausibly collected, have little value. The great men probably did not know what they were saying. Mehr licht, "more light," were the last words of Goethe.

Frederick the Great's last words are supposed to be tete d'armee, "head of the army." He often spoke French in preference to German.

Pitt, whose genius kept Napoleon out of England, said as he died, "My country, how I love thee." He was worried about the future.

What a man does while he lives is more important than what he says when he dies.

Umbrella Manufacturers Fight New Luxury Tax

BUDAPEST—Umbrella makers in this little country are up in arms over the recent proposal to include the useful objects among those liable to a luxury tax. Twelve years ago 570,000 of the umbrellas used in Hungary were imported from foreign countries. This number has now fallen to 15,000, which means that the makers are now able to provide 95 per cent of the rain or sun protectors used in the country.



NEVER wait to see if a headache will "wear off." Why suffer when there's Bayer Aspirin? The millions of men and women who use it in increasing quantities every year prove that it does relieve such pain. The medical profession pronounces it without effect on the heart, so use it as often as it can spare you any pain. Every druggist always has genuine Bayer Aspirin for the prompt relief of a headache, colds, neuralgia, lumbago, etc. Familiarize yourself with the proven directions in every package.



Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocrocinacidate of Salicylicacid

Stamp Worth \$50,000

A postage stamp worth \$50,000 is on view at Le Havre. This treasure, said to be the only one of its kind in the world, is the famous 1-cent British Gulana stamp.

GREAT RESULTS FROM COMPOUND

Read How This Medicine Helped This Woman

Brainerd, Minn.—"I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in a newspaper and I have got great results from its tonic action as the Change of Life. Before I took it I was nervous and at times I was too weak to do my household work. I was this way about a year. But now I do all my housework and do chores outside also. I must say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done wonders for me and no woman should be without it. I am sure can speak good word for it."—Mrs. JIM SMITH, R. R. 7, Brainerd, Minnesota.



Friends of Youth

Both Alfred E. Smith and President Hoover are ardent believers in young men. To the latter a gray beard is said in Paris during the World war:

"But young men are totally lacking in experience."

"Pooh," said Mr. Hoover. "What's the good, after all, of knowing what the weather was like day before yesterday?"

How Natives Learn Home Town Blinks—You seem pretty familiar with all the points of interest around your own city.

Jinks—Yes, we have a great many out-of-town folks visit us.



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillip's Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or ferid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillip's Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillip's is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

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