

# HOW DETECTIVE PEYSER SCORED

## Stopped Printing Forged Pool Room Tickets on the Horse Races.

### USED A MINIATURE CAMERA

Early Acquaintance With Crooks and His Knowledge of Human Nature Have Helped Him to Succeed and to the Establishment of a Big Business.

By OSBORN MARSHALL.

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It was in the good old days of the early nineties when horse racing flourished under a kindlier law in New York than it does today that Tom Eagan had the distinction of being official stationer and printer to the bookmakers and poolrooms of the city. He supplied them with pencils and pads, blank books, ink and record books and did whatever printing their business called for. He it was who printed the colored tickets issued to those who bet on the races in the poolrooms or on the track. These tickets, which were filled in at the time of the betting, served as a record of the transaction, and in case the bettor was lucky he received his winnings on presentation of the ticket.

Tom's business with the poolrooms and bookmakers had thrived and it seemed that the neat little profit from printing the tickets would continue so long as Tom Eagan continued to run his printing press.

One day, however, Mr. Eagan got word that there were counterfeiters at work. Fake tickets were being printed and filled out to duplicate Eagan's tickets, and every once in a while winnings went to a holder of the fake ticket instead of to the real winner.

So between Mr. Eagan and the poolroom operators a new system had to be devised. Thereafter tickets were printed in several colors, according to the number of the ticket. That is, all tickets numbering between one and a hundred should be pink, all between

the fake printing," he told Peysler, "but I can't prove it, and I don't know as it would do much good if I could. What we want to do is to get a photograph of him and have it sent to every poolroom and every bookmaker in this part of the country. Then they will know him and can steer clear of him. Now, what I want you to do is to get the photograph. He runs a printing shop down on Broadway and Twenty-seventh street." Eagan told Peysler the name of the suspected printer and Peysler said he would get the photograph if anyone could.

First he went to see the printer on the pretext of wanting to do some business with him, taking care not to arouse his suspicions. Then, when he had secured his confidence, he went to a nearby photographer.

"There is a fellow around here," he told the photographer, "whose picture I've got to have. He isn't anxious to be photographed, either. What I want you to do is to hang out on Twenty-seventh street and Broadway and wait till you see me. I'll come out about noon with my friend and when you see us you can level the camera and take the picture."

This agreed upon, Peysler went to see the printer, with whom he had already arranged to have luncheon. At noon they rounded the corner of Twenty-seventh street and Broadway, Peysler talking eagerly to the printer as they walked along. The photographer was seated on a bootblack stand, having his shoes polished, camera in hand, on the opposite corner. He leveled the camera at the dishonest printer and Peysler continued to talk vigorously.

Unable to get the right focus from the bootblack stand, the photographer swung down and started out in the street. Then he rested his camera on the wheel of an express wagon that happened to be standing at a convenient distance and started to focus again.

"Say," said the printer to Peysler, "who is that fellow over there and why is he 'mugging' me? What have I done that would make anyone want a picture of me?"

"You!" exclaimed Peysler, with a laugh. "Nobody's 'mugging' you. Why, there does seem to be a camera man, but how do you know he isn't aiming at me? Guess I'd make a good-looking picture as you would."

"I don't like it, anyway," said the printer, and the keen eyes of the detective did not miss the nervous com-

pression of his lips. The printer pulled his wide-brimmed hat over his face and shrank his chin down on his breast. "They can get a picture of my hat if they want it. That can't be much good," he growled.

Took the Photograph Himself. After lunch, during which Peysler tried to get the printer's mind off the camera episode, he left and hurried to the photographer.

"Sorry, Mr. Peysler," he said, "but I couldn't get any results. Your friend pulled down his hat and that's all I could get." He held up the dripping negative that he had been developing and showed only a blur of a hat that would be of no use as an identification.

Peysler hurried on with his discouraging news to Eagan. "What are you going to do about it?" asked Eagan. "My poolroom and bookmaking business means a good deal to me and I'll lose it if we don't put a stop to these fake tickets. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to take the picture myself," said Peysler, "and I am going to have it ready in forty-eight hours." The next day when Peysler went to finish his alleged business with the dishonest printer he was armed with a camera of his own, only no one could see it. The camera was a diminutive instrument hidden under the lapel of

his coat and the eye of the lens was cranked just under the buttonhole. A rubber tube that worked the shutter ended in a bulb placed in Peysler's pocket. Again Peysler called at noon and started out with the printer when he went to lunch. He led the printer into the sunshine on the pretext of wanting to see something on the sunny side of the street. They walked leisurely along, Peysler with his hand on the bulb in his pocket.

"Funny thing about that photographer yesterday," the printer began. "I would like to know what anyone wants to get my picture for. I thought for a while that maybe you had something to do with it."

"Say, you talk like a pickpocket," laughed Peysler, his hand still on the bulb. "Only pickpockets and thieves get nervous when they have their pictures taken. If I didn't know you I'd almost think you had something heavy weighing on your conscience. But as for me having anything to do with—say, haven't I treated you fair?"

"Sure you have," said the printer. He faced Peysler eagerly as he spoke. Peysler's hand in his pocket closed over the bulb. There was a sound of a click, drowned by the dishonest man's voice. "Sure you have never pulled anything off on me. You're all right."

Within twenty-four hours the picture had been developed and printed, enlarged and copied and was in the hands of every poolroom operator and bookmaker anywhere within a radius of a hundred miles of New York, and was on its way all over the country. The next time the fraudulent printer tried to play the races he found a cold welcome, and before many weeks had passed he had made up his mind that there was more money in printing menus for local restaurants and programs for cheap shows on Broadway than there was in making green and pink and blue and yellow tickets for the race track.

Early Acquaintance With Crooks. This was just one of the many detective games in which the clever young detective, Frank Peysler, showed his ability to protect the public on the race track. He began life on the East side in New York, and very early in life made the acquaintance of some of the most notorious thieves and crooks of the city. After school hours as a boy he used to meet them and listen to their conversation. They were cleverer than the other people he knew on the East side and they interested him, but contact with them fostered no desire within him to emulate their ways.

One day about the time he left school one of these rough acquaintances of his asked him to take a walk up Broadway with him. Peysler accepted the invitation. They walked up through the Bowery and then, as the evening shades began to gather, they turned into Broadway, crowded with men and women pressing homeward after work. Suddenly, as they pressed near to a man in the crowd, Peysler saw his companion's hand rise and stealthily close over a meerschaum pipe that showed its rich hues over the top of a pedestrian's pocket.

Though still a lad, Peysler knew that if he were caught in company with a pickpocket the fact that he himself was innocent wouldn't be of much avail at the police station. As his companion pocketed the valuable pipe a cold terror seized Peysler and he did just what any other normal boy would have done under similar circumstances. He ran, and he went right on running till he didn't have breath enough to run any farther. When he came to a stop his mind was made up. He had decided that whatever his future calling might be, he would never be a crook of a thief.

When, a little later, Frank Peysler applied at the Pinkerton detective agency in New York city for a position, his previous experience on the East side qualified him for immediate employment in the race-track department of the agency.

Success in Department Stores. In this position he was on duty at all the big race tracks, at Belmont park, at Jamaica, at Sheepshead Bay, Brighton Beach, Gravesend and Morris park, on the lookout for pickpockets and dishonest bookmakers. So successful was he in handling pickpockets that after six years with the Pinkertons he was called by the New York Wanamaker store. This work required greater skill even than the race-track work, for it is better, according to the department store creed, to let ten shoplifters go than to make one false arrest. However, Mr. Peysler was no blunderer and in the thirteen years he worked in that department store his employers didn't have to pay a cent for damages and false arrests made by him.

One of the first things that Mr. Peysler always asked the amateur shoplifter when he had taken her to his office in the department store and had forced a confession was concerning her health. "Are you in the hands of a doctor?" he would say, and then, "Are you taking medicine for your ailment?"

Usually the answer to these questions would come in the affirmative. Then Mr. Peysler would ask to examine the medicine before going further with the arrest. Usually a whiff of it would be enough. It would tell him that the offender was unwittingly under the influence of opium or ether, and in nine cases out of ten the poisonous drug was taken as a medicine.

In these cases Mr. Peysler would usually let his offender go.

Mr. Peysler is now at the head of a detective bureau of his own and from his offices, overlooking the busiest section of Broadway, directs work all over the city.

# W. L. DOUGLAS

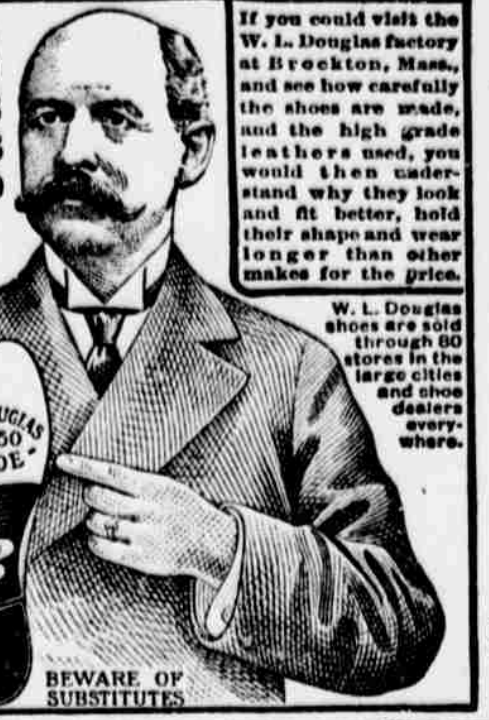
MEN'S \$2.50 \$3 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 \$5 \$5.50 SHOES  
WOMEN'S \$2.00 \$2.50 \$3.00 \$3.50 & \$4.00 SHOES  
BOYS' \$1.75 \$2 \$2.50 \$3.00 MISSES' \$2.00 & \$2.50

**YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES**

W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best domestic and imported leathers, on the latest models, carefully constructed by the most expert last and pattern makers in this country. No other make of equal price, can compete with W. L. Douglas shoes for style, workmanship and quality. As comfortable, easy walking shoes they are unsurpassed.

The \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes will give as good service as other makes costing \$5.00 to \$5.00. The \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 shoes compare favorably with other makes costing \$3.00 to \$3.00.

There are many men and women wear Douglas shoes and they will tell you that W. L. Douglas shoes cannot be excelled for **CAUTION!** When buying W. L. Douglas shoes look for his NAME AND PRICE stamped on the bottom. Shoes thus stamped are always worth the price paid for them. For 32 years W. L. Douglas has guaranteed the value and protected the wearer against high prices for inferior shoes by having his NAME AND PRICE stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory. Do not be persuaded to take some other make stamped to be just as good. You are paying your money and are entitled to the best. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for Illustrated Catalog showing how to order by mail. W. L. Douglas, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



If you could visit the W. L. Douglas factory at Brockton, Mass., and see how carefully the shoes are made, and the high grade leathers used, you would then understand why they look and fit better, hold their shape and wear longer than other makes for the price.

W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 50 stores in the large cities and shoe dealers everywhere.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES

## RATHER ROUGH ON FATHER

Daughter's Remark Might Have Been Construed Unkindly by the Casual Listener.

Since Fred had become a sophomore, and was therefore a college "man," he had given himself patronizing airs toward Sister Mary, who had been his guide, philosopher and friend during boyhood. Vexed by his haughtiness, she was unmercifully quizzing him the other evening at dinner.

"Has our 'man' made up his mind," she inquired, "as to what profession he will honor after a while?"

"Why, yes, little one," Fred responded, with his most aggravating smile. "I have made up my mind to be a doctor, like grandfather and father."

"You a doctor!" May sniffed scornfully. "I'd like to know why not—if I get my diploma," asked Fred, still annoyingly calm.

"Well, you'll never be a great surgeon, like father," May insisted.

"Again, why not?" Fred smiled, condescendingly.

"You a surgeon like father!" May cried, vehemently. "Why, you big softy, you couldn't even kill a fly!"

Nobody but father caught the significance of the remark, and somehow he didn't mention it.

## A Good Job.

The professional joker entered the office one morning in fine humor. "Say, Bill," he shouted to his friend at the next desk, "I heard of a job that would interest you. It takes only a few hours in the evening and pays good money."

"Fine!" said Bill. "Tell us about it."

"Well, you just go down to the aquarium and see my friend Mr. —. He'll fix it up for you. But be sure to bring a trap along."

"A trap?"

"Sure. You'll have to have a trap. The job's catching mice for the catfish."

## Proofs of it.

"The author of that work hasn't a leg to stand on."

"How about his footnotes?"

New York will conduct a special school for the instruction of street sweepers in their duties.

## SOME HARD KNOCKS

Woman Gets Rid of "Coffee Habit."

The injurious action of coffee on the hearts of many persons is well known by physicians to be caused by caffeine. This is the drug found by chemists in coffee and tea.

A woman suffered a long time with severe heart trouble and finally her doctor told her she must give up coffee, as that was the principal cause of the trouble. She writes:

"My heart was so weak it could not do its work properly. My husband would sometimes have to carry me from the table, and it would seem that I would never breathe again."

"The doctor told me that coffee was causing the weakness of my heart. He said I must stop it, but it seemed I could not give it up until I was down in bed with nervous prostration."

"For eleven weeks I lay there and suffered. Finally husband brought home some Postum and I quit coffee and started new and right. Slowly I got well. Now I do not have any headaches, nor those spells with weak heart. We know it is Postum that helped me. The Dr. said the other day: 'I never thought you would be what you are.' I used to weigh 92 pounds and now I weigh 158."

"Postum has done much for me and I would not go back to coffee again, for I believe it would kill me if I kept at it. Postum must be prepared according to directions on pkg., then it has a rich flavor and with cream is fine."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Postum comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost per cup about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

## Reason of His Faith.

"Buddren and sistahs," began Jim Dinger, the gambling man, during the revival in Ebenezer chapel. "I rises to testify dat I has done been snatched fun the slough o' sin and de sasspole o' 'nickerky whah I has been wallerin' for lo dese many days."

"Halleluoyer! Bless de Lawd!" shouted a dozen earnest voices.

"Yas, buddren and sistahs, de Lawd's done made muh eyesight so po' of late dat I kain't sca'ceely see de spots on a cyahd, and I mought deas as well jine de church as to stay outside. Muh days o' usefulness is ovah, anyhow."—Kansas City Star.

## PREMATURE BALDNESS

Due to Dandruff and Irritation. Prevented by Cuticura.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Daily shampoos with Cuticura Soap and occasional applications of Cuticura Ointment gently rubbed into the scalp skin will do much to promote hair-growing conditions. Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. X.Y., Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

## Teeth for Special Occasions.

"Those Bullions simply roll in wealth."

"Don't they—and say, did you ever see Mrs. Bullion's set of state teeth?"

"State teeth?"

"Yes—the ones she wears at receptions and dinners. They're made of diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires and emeralds in succession. Why, one of her smiles is worth \$8,000."—New York World.

## An Insinuation.

"They tell me, Mrs. Comeup, your daughter went through that reception in her honor without any faux pas."

"No such thing! She had as much of it as anybody that was there."

## Allen's Foot-Ease for the Troops.

Over 100,000 packages of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes, are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front because it rests the feet, gives instant relief to corns and bunions, hot, swollen, aching, tender feet, and makes walking easy. Sold everywhere. Try it TODAY. Don't accept any substitute. Adv.

## A Man of His Word.

"Don't worry about James, Old man. He'll pay up. He's a man of his word."

"Yes, and his word is 'wait.'"

## YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU

Try **MARINE EYE REMEDY** for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. No stinging—just eye comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail free. Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

## Congratulations.

"Congratulations, I'm married." "Sure—and congratulate me; I'm single."

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



## PARKER'S HAIR BALM

A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

## Catarrh Can Be Cured

FREE PROOF TO YOU

Dr. Gordon's Home Treatment, wherever used, is producing results heretofore unheard of. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or no pay. Don't say it can't be done. TRY IT. Hurry, my friend, act today. You cannot conceive how much this means to you. We will send proof free. Drop us a postal or letter today.

Home Remedy Company, Lincoln, Nebr.

## DR. BRADBURY, Dentist

It will pay you to come to me for your Dental work. 26 long years of experience in one spot. Painless—guaranteed fillings, crowns and bridges. Plates that wear and fit. Diseased gums successfully treated. Fillings from \$1 up. Railroad fare for \$0 miles allowed. Send for Free Booklet. 921-22 Woodman of World, Omaha

## So Paw Says.

Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?

Paw—An optimist, son, is a man who is happy when he is miserable, and a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he is happy.

## Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletch* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

## Do Not Waste All your Flowers on the dead.

Throw a few bouquets to the live ones once in a while.

## Feel All Used Up?

Does your back ache constantly? Do you have sharp twinges when stooping or lifting? Do you feel all used up—as if you could just go no further? Kidney weakness brings great discomfort. What with backache, headache, dizziness and urinary disturbances it is no wonder one feels all used up. Doan's Kidney Pills have cured thousands of just such cases. It's the best recommended specific kidney remedy.

## A Nebraska Case

"Every Patient Tells a Story" Mrs. J. C. Carmichael, Randolph, Neb., says: "I had chronic catarrh of the bladder through the small of my back when I stopped and got the morning's work done. I was unfit for work, due to loss of sleep, got lame and stiff and had headaches and dizzy spells. My feet and ankles swelled so badly I couldn't wear my shoes. I got little relief until I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Four boxes restored me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box. **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## Official Denial

No War Tax on Homestead Land in Canada. The report that a war tax is to be placed on Homestead lands in Western Canada having been given considerable circulation in the United States, this is to advise all enquirers that no such tax has been placed, nor is there any intention to place a war tax of any nature on such lands. (Signed) W. D. Scott, Sup't. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, March 15th, 1918.

## DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. **DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska**

## Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ill, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. Large box by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 15-1915.



Rested His Camera on the Wheel.

one and two hundred should be green, and so on throughout the list. Each day a different color was used for a different set of numbers, and as this code was communicated secretly to the poolroom men it was hoped that in this way they could detect the fraudulent tickets.

Still the trouble continued. Apparently the dishonest printer printed his slips on every color of cardboard every day. Then when the races were over the man who manipulated the fraudulent tickets would manage to see over the shoulder of the holder of the winning ticket, note the number and the color, select a ticket of the right denomination and color from his own collection, fill it in and, on presenting it to the bookmaker or poolroom operator before the lawful winner arrived, he would get the winnings.

Called in Frank Peysler. Something had to be done and it was clearly up to Eagan to think what it should be.

"I know who the crook printer is," he told the poolroom men, "but I haven't evidence enough to convict him. However, I think I can stop the issue of the fake tickets." Then Eagan sent for Frank Peysler, known to be one of the sharpest young race-track detectives.

"I have spotted the man who does

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