

IN THE SHADOW OF SHAME

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"Quite true; it is certainly strange," assented Galbraith. "But supposing for the sake of argument, he had none to make; that he went away before anything occurred?" "Even so, he might volunteer the statement that he was in the Hoxton road on the night of the tragedy half an hour before it happened and saw nothing that aroused his suspicions. His absenting himself looks bad to my mind."

CHAPTER IX. Detective Inspector Mackworth was an undersized man inclined to stoutness, which it became the desire of his life to subdue. His face was broad, dark-complexioned, mobile; his features regular, so that his countenance would have been commonplace but for the eyes, which were grave in expression and absent looking, as from the habit of inward reflection, but bright and swift moving and searching when his attention was roused or his curiosity excited.

Naturally desiring to acquire all kinds of knowledge, he had, by continual application and by the sacrifice of pleasures dear to others of his age, succeeded in educating himself after he had reached man's estate and such instruction as he had received from the hard school of the world, as well as from the books he read and the minds he studied, he placed at the disposal of the calling he followed.



the slightest aid toward indicating where that search should begin. Nothing daunted by this, he and those he employed began a system of inquiry and investigation, so stringent in itself, so widespread in its ramifications, that the intelligence sought had to be furnished, or provided, or the deceased had not, during his short stay in London, purposely secluded himself from friends and companions and strangers alike. He had probably visited England for the purpose of soliciting or demanding help from his wife; it was possible he had intended his stay to be short. Had it been his policy while in town to lead a perfectly solitary life, as it seemed feasible to suppose, from the fact that he seldom left his lodgings during the day, the investigation of the detectives might end in failure.

Then came the supposition that the deceased would not voluntarily isolate himself for any motive. Was that motive fear? And if so, did not fear argue the existence of an enemy? While inquiries were being made regarding David Dumbarton throughout the length and breadth of London, Mackworth placed himself in communication with the foreign police, whose perfect system of espionage enables them to track with ease and give with readiness the information required regarding those who have lived abroad. It was with considerable eagerness he waited for information, which came in the first place from the Parisian police.

The deceased, whose name, age, height and appearance were perfectly given, together with the date on which he had arrived in and subsequently left the French capital, had said the report, lived in an apartment in the Rue Petit Maitre, on the left bank of the Seine, during the first five months. He had habitually frequented race courses, and was well known to sporting men and jockeys, who with the singers of the opera bouffants and the chorus of the opera house were his chief associates. No charge had ever been made against him. He was not, so far as known, a member of any political society, nor the spy of any government, nor had it been discovered that his domestic relations had been the jealously or envy of friend or acquaintance. He appeared to be popular.

On his arrival in the city he had seemed prosperous. The source of his income was not known. Of late he had been in Paris from Monte Carlo, which well remembered by the police, who were unable to throw any light upon his private life, or to produce any accusation against him. Further investigation would be made concerning him. With this report Mackworth was obliged to content himself for the present. The former contained no statement of social communications, no hint at domestic wrongs; nothing, indeed, that served to forward his action for the tragedy, which had been counted David Dumbarton. But the details given were of the surface rather than of the private life of the deceased, and it might well be that beneath the jovial exterior of this Parisian of race, and the English gentleman of convivial tastes, that interests, intrigues and passions, all the stirring elements of a stormy drama, played an important part.

CHAPTER X. Now, as a man of the world whose experience was extensive, Mackworth believed that all of his instincts as to human nature, love remains the most powerful. As a force for good or evil its strength was incalculable. It had proved the mainspring of nine-tenths of the cases he had been called on to investigate, and he knew it bore no name to teach deceit, to instigate treachery, to betray honor, to pervert honesty, to cause bloodshed.

Love was in itself a sufficient motive for a tragedy, but with love, or from its spring, it is not infrequently the deed. The man who was killed had for years been the bitter enemy of the woman who bore his name. Deserting her when poor, he had returned when fortune favored her, to claim her earnings and his persecutions, only when she had purchased a peace, a persecution which he would probably have renewed had life been spared him.

The man was degraded in spirit; he had fallen to sordid depths; he had his face marked with pain and humiliation the woman he should have loved and respected. To rid her of such a man might readily seem to one who loved her the greatest service he could render her; the consideration which would be strengthened by the hope that would secure his own happiness. That was the nucleus of the case as Mackworth saw it, regarding this second motive for the murder. He next proceeded to apply the general reasoning to a particular case.

From the first moment he saw them together he became aware of Bostock's love for Mrs. Dumbarton, this being traceable in the tone of his voice, in the light of his eyes, in the expression of his face as he spoke to and looked at her. On the evening of the tragedy Bostock had called on her and remained with her until past 9 o'clock. Two hours and a half later and Dumbarton had been fatally stabbed.

Such were the facts of the case. Supposition led Mackworth to suppose Bostock had learned from Mrs. Dumbarton of her husband's return, and of the letter he had written her, on which, Mackworth supposed, the publisher had waited in Hoxton road, reluctant, like the true lover, to quit her neighborhood, or with some chivalrous intention of guarding her, and there met the man who threatened her peace, when with settled intention from the residence of a sudden quarrel, Bostock had stabbed David Dumbarton, who had fled for protection to his wife's house; this action, which brought suspicion on her, being urged by the murderer.

POWER OF NATION SAPPED BY DRINK

France Suffering From Consumption Brought On by Over Indulgence.

EFFORT TO SAVE PEOPLE

Wives of Most Artisans Have to Work Because Their Husbands Spend Too Much Time and Money Drinking Their Liquors.

Paris Landay in Chicago Tribune: Every Monday nowadays French police and boards of health renew the cards of warning telling in big letters that 67 per cent. of all consumptives acquire the disease through misuse of alcohol, and from every street corner the ghastly legends stare one in the face, yet tuberculosis is killing off the unskilled laborer of Paris at a more rapid rate than ever, and if the pace continues for ten years no one will be left to remove to an early grave. All who visited the City of Light know his lusty "travailleur," a colossal figure for France—head attached to a stocky neck, proudly thrown back; Cyclopean hands, resting on swaying hips; the blue blouse and overwide grayish brown velveteen trousers, blown out balloon shape—the descendant of sans-culottes, who played ninetins with the heads of kings and aristocrats, delights in using five times as much stuff for his trousers (culottes) as the ordinary rule.

The unskilled laborer of Paris is a mixture of French-Italian, French-German (Alsatian), or French-Belgian blood. Muscles are his strong point, and since Zola's "Germinal" made him famous as a hero in novels, he is popular. He votes socialist, but is an evolutionist rather than a revolutionist. "Socialism has to come," he says; "we can wait."

No socialist meeting is without a travelling party of two or three, in the audience, but as to legislation on its behalf, he despises it. May the factory hand, the journeyman carpenter, mason, smith, bricklayer, and artisan in general enjoy the eight hours day, the "heavy" has to obtain it for himself, but as for his own sweet self, he must be free to labor as he pleases. He rises with the first cock's crow and rides to the street, building in course of construction, or shop which has been lucky to have had to obtain for him but his mighty muscles. When it gets dark down goes spade or hammer, and the "heavy" enters upon his career of unrestrained enjoyment, or what he calls enjoyment.

Falls Before Green Fairy.

The "heavy" seldom reports later than a 10. Then follows three hours of steady work at so many centimes, for the travailleur is paid by the hour. At 9 sharp, first breakfast—the "dish-water and rolls" he had at home do not count. This meal is invariably kept by a liquor dealer, who consists of an omelette, cheese and bread, coffee with cognac, and a few "green fairies" lovingly called "mominettes."

Drunken Sleep at Noon.

The second pause is at 12. Paris knows not the processions of women and children bringing father his dinner, the dinner, as it is unknown here, and the workman who carries sandwiches with a bottle of wine to his place of employment is ridiculed and shunned as a "sneak." The average "heavy" spends the noon hour at the cafe, or in the public "to get drunk for a penny," they do not say on their signboards "for 2 pence you may get drunk, no charge for straw," but the quality of absinthe sold to the poorer classes is pregnant with the most deadly poison. The "heavy" knows it, yet swears that he cannot find his equilibrium until he has at least two or three glasses on board. He returns to work at 2:30 or 3:45, but usually only half an hour is deducted. The "heavy" may have political aspirations and besides, as he is addicted to the poison as his men, inclines to shut his eyes.

The American workman in the most squalid American town is a hundred times better off than his most favored colleague in the City of Light. He is obliged to repair to the dirty and, consequently, unhealthy suburbs, to chambers devoid of sanitary arrangements or any comforts whatever. "Home is nothing but an ill smelling stable to sleep in," is the usual excuse. "What shall we do there, between crying babies, dirt, slovenliness, and fighting women? Better delay going home as long as possible." There is a faint glimmer of hope in a new undertaking of the Rothschilds, who have decided to invest \$20,000,000 or \$25,000,000 in hygienic workmen's homes within easy reach of Paris. These homes are to combine sanitation with comfort—a splendid prospect, promising heavy financial returns if carried out well.

Statistics point to the average under-sized French soldier of today. They argue that there will be no Paris "heavies" left in a decade or two. And it looks, indeed, as if they were right. Only a return to the old fashioned life, once the backbone of prosperity among the French working classes, can forestall or prevent such a calamity. At present the average Paris workman finds no home deserving of the name anywhere near his place of business. He is obliged to repair to the dirty and, consequently, unhealthy suburbs, to chambers devoid of sanitary arrangements or any comforts whatever. "Home is nothing but an ill smelling stable to sleep in," is the usual excuse. "What shall we do there, between crying babies, dirt, slovenliness, and fighting women? Better delay going home as long as possible."

REVOLUTION NIGH IN CZAR'S EMPIRE

Russia Is Said to Be Honey-combed Now With Radical Societies.

NOMAN'S FREEDOM'S SAFE

Many of Those Now in the Army at the Front Would Be Glad of an Opportunity to Use the Army to Secure Freedom.

Nineteenth Century: Today the forces of revolution in Russia are organized—not all into one body, it is true, for there are radical societies, and societies of extremists. There are those who would proceed by "constitutional" methods and there are those who desire to resort to anarchy. Some demand merely a curtailment of the autocratic power of the czar, others still cry out for the overthrow of all existing institutions and the whole fabric of society.

Then, again, there is a large body of the population belonging to the merchant guilds, which for its safety dare not belong to any revolutionary society, but which nevertheless desires revolution and only awaits a lead. But all these varying shades of opinion as represented by their numerous leagues and societies are controlled by one executive committee and brought into the great revolutionary party in Russia. This revolutionary organization has branches all over the world and is international in its character. Included in its membership are men of all ranks and of every degree. The professional element of the university is abundantly represented. The majority of the Russian students at foreign universities are to be counted among the numbers of the revolutionary party.

In All Walks of Life.

In Russia itself the members are legion. They are to be found in every walk of life—officers and men of the army and navy, officials of the customs, police, or censor's office, who draw a meager pittance from the czar's coffers. They are to be found in the palace of the czar, and among the advisers, too. Men with great names in Russia will be found among the leaders of the revolution—men of science, doctors and chemists, and students without number. As for the peasants, they are waiting to do what they are told, as they have always done. At present they are taking their orders from the czar and the popes of the orthodox church, but they will take them from anybody else when their minds are inflamed.

The revolutionary party has its hand upon the army, and therein lies the essence of success. There are soldiers in Manchuria at this moment who are pledged to make a revolution, and the advisers, too. Men with great names in Russia will be found among the leaders of the revolution—men of science, doctors and chemists, and students without number. As for the peasants, they are waiting to do what they are told, as they have always done. At present they are taking their orders from the czar and the popes of the orthodox church, but they will take them from anybody else when their minds are inflamed.

Home Conditions Desirable.

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Dr. Johnson's Public Ledger.

Dr. Johnson displays a world of wisdom in these few simple lines, and the saying is no less true in regard to women than it is to men. It seems cold and heartless to a man to refuse to lend a friend a little money to tide over some anxious time, and yet it is a great question as to whether he is justified in doing so. The man is forced to make some of his own creditors wait while his money is fulfilling a friend's need.

The Value of Saying "No."

Philosophy: Public Ledger: "No," is characterized as "a monosyllable the easiest learned by a child, but the most difficult to practice by the man." Dr. Johnson displays a world of wisdom in these few simple lines, and the saying is no less true in regard to women than it is to men. It seems cold and heartless to a man to refuse to lend a friend a little money to tide over some anxious time, and yet it is a great question as to whether he is justified in doing so. The man is forced to make some of his own creditors wait while his money is fulfilling a friend's need.

Colonel Rhinovitch-General.

Colonel Rhinovitch-General, the Japanese have captured our right wing. What must we do? General Beatmally—Fly with the other.

