

# THE COPPER HOUSE

A Detective Story

BY

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"I am going straight to him."

"Now?" He is not easy to get hold of, unless he wishes, but at any rate you can try."

"I intend to. So long, sir!"

Leonard Grath left the lawyer's office with his usual impetuosity, and ran whistling down the stairs. Burchardt's office was near the Krungstrad park, and the young man crossed the road to get into the shade of the lime trees. It was a beautiful, sunny morning, the beds were gay with flowers, and a great many people were about. A well dressed man, carrying a small but expensive camera, passed him, turned quickly, and raised the camera; a click, and it was done. So rapid were the man's movements, that Leo did not at first realize that he himself had been the target of the camera. He took the cigaret from his mouth, and shouted: "I say, you there! You, sir!" But at that minute the unknown photographer boarded a passing tram, and was whirled away.

"What next?" wondered Leo. "Another one who wants to know what I look like! I seem to be very much in demand!" He looked round him in perplexity, and was presently aware of an uncanny feeling that he was being watched by someone in the crowd. Yet wherever he turned, he could see no one whom he knew, or who appeared to recognize him. Lights and shadows flickered through the green leaves, and the sunshine lighted up pretty faces and summer costumes. He began to feel dazed, and sat down on one of the green benches. "I must be dreaming," he thought. "This is all too strange to be true. Yes, of course I am dreaming."

He got up, walked on a short way, then stopped again. "If only I had the smallest idea what is up!" He laughed. "I shall go and see Wallion."

Ten minutes later he entered the offices of the Daily Courier and asked for Maurice Wallion, half expecting to be laughed at for his pains, and informed that no such person was known there. But the young and energetic reporter to whom he addressed his inquiries, looked at him attentively, and said: "Did you make an appointment to meet him here?"

"Not exactly."

"Then I'm afraid it is no use your waiting."

"But I have had a letter from him."

"Ah, that alters the case," observed the reporter, opening an engagement book. "What name, please?"

"Leonard Grath," replied the other in surprise.

"That's good!" said the reporter with a smile, immediately becoming much more friendly in his manner; "my name is Robert Lang, and you are expected."

"Expected!" echoed Leo, more astonished than ever.

"Yes, but I can tell you at once that nobody knows why, except Wallion. I am his assistant, and I believe he is most anxious to see you. Unfortunately he is out at present. I haven't seen him since yesterday evening, but step into his room, and we'll see."

They went into a small room leading off the corridor, and the cheery young reporter went briskly to the telephone. After ringing up several places, he said: "I can't get on to him, he is neither at his house, nor at any of the places where we can usually get word to him. It's always the way! Sometimes he disappears for weeks

on end, and we can do nothing but wait until he thinks fit to turn up again."

Leo smiled, but he felt terribly disappointed.

"The worst of it is, that there is no time to lose," he remarked. "I fear it may be too late as it is."

"But you hinted that Wallion knows something about it already?"

"Yes, so I understand."

"Then you needn't worry. He won't let it be too late."

Robert Lang said this with a calm certainty that impressed Leo, whilst it made him feel more curious than ever.

"Do you know what your friend the Problem-hunter wants me for?"

"No, but that doesn't matter. I am only his assistant, his sublieutenant, so to speak."

Here, the conversation was interrupted, as Robert Lang was called away. Leo wandered round the room, which was filled with bookcases, files of newspapers, and card-index cabinets. On the large writing table lay manuscripts, photographs, foreign newspapers, and several volumes of works of reference. The young man could see from a distance that one of the photographs was that of a charming girl, whose dark and rather appealing eyes seemed to be gazing right into his own. He could not resist the temptation to pick up the portrait and examine it more closely.

"What a pretty girl," he thought: "brown eyes, decidedly—and black hair; an Italian, perhaps? Or no, more likely a Russian, with that heart-shaped face, arched eyebrows, and audacious though sensitive mouth."

And here, Leo noticed something which made him open his own mouth, and stare like one bewitched. In the lower corner of the picture was written: Sonia Bernin, The Copper House.

## CHAPTER 111.

Wallion Meets B.22, and Certain Remarkable Episodes in a Great Man's Career Are Described, With the Desired Effect

Maurice Wallion quitted the neighborhood of room 23 rather hurriedly, as soon as the baron had gone in: not from fear—there was no such word in his vocabulary—but because, in consequence of this somewhat unexpected commencement of hostilities, he found himself suddenly involved in a regular network of complicated problems.

Bernard Jenin's unexpected arrival had completely upset his plans, and forced him to show his hand prematurely to a powerful, prompt and intelligent adversary, who would certainly stick at nothing in the way of frustrating him. He did not regret the opportunity of dealing the first blow, for his frankness had probably baffled the baron at the start; but he foresaw that the approaching struggle would be a fierce though brief one—brief, because in the course of a few hours he must either be definitely beaten, or in possession of the information which would make it possible for him to place the matter in the hands of the police. It was, therefore, important for him to get quickly and surely to work, before Baron Fayerling had had time to call up reinforcements.

He slipped out of the hotel, and jumped into a train, bound for the northern district. He wondered which way Jenin had gone, for it disturbed him a little that he had been able to do nothing for the unfortunate young fellow, beyond hurt-

ling him away, with an urgent warning to keep clear of Fayerling's spies, and in case of need to take refuge in the offices of the Daily Courier.

There was undoubtedly something mysterious about Jenin himself, but Wallion consoled himself with the thought that the young man's fate would soon be settled in one way or another, and he decided to mention the matter to Robert Lang. For the time being, he had more important business to attend to. The tram turned into Tegner street and he got out. He walked slowly up the street, stopped opposite one of the ugly, gray, five-storied houses, and began, quite unostentatiously, to watch the windows on the first floor.

He had known for the last month, that this was one or Ortiz' headquarters, and he suspected that Ortiz himself had stayed there for some time at the beginning of the year. It was ostensibly a Finnish boarding house, but it was not advertised as such, and there never seemed to be any rooms to let except to lodgers recommended by the baron or by Tassler. For the time being, the only lodgers were three persons who had recently arrived from Russia, and had some sort of regular work at the Finno-Russian Import and Export company. Rastakov, too, generally stayed there, whenever he did not happen to be at the Copper House. Wallion took it for granted that the man who was known as B.22, and had shadowed Jenin on his journey to Stockholm, would come here, and he was already considering the advisability of setting Robert Lang to watch the house, when he suddenly saw B.22 himself come out of the door, and go quickly down the street.

The journalist was somewhat taken aback by this unexpected apparition; it was quite obvious that something unusual had happened to the spy, for he kept looking round, and Wallion could see that he appeared very nervous.

The journalist thought for a bit. What had happened? B.22 had evidently gone straight to the boarding house from the hotel, and had apparently found some trouble awaiting him. Nothing was to be seen at the windows.

Feeling rather puzzled, he began to follow the man, who turned hurriedly down one side street after another, behaving more and more strangely. He stood still now and then, staring anxiously behind him with his large dark eyes, and not taking the slightest notice of the journalist; his hands fidgeted in and out of his coatpockets, and his lips moved as though he were whispering to himself. Then he darted forward again, through a passage that intersected a corner building, and cut across an adjoining churchyard.

Wallion, who began to grow tired of this extraordinary game, stepped quickly up, and tapped him on the shoulder: "Good morning, my friend," he exclaimed, "why this hurry?"

The man started so violently that he nearly fell; Wallion caught hold of him. "Now then, no nonsense!" he said sternly. "I know everything, and I want to have a talk with you. If you tell me the truth, I may be able to help you."

He threw out this remark by way of a feeler, but the man took it literally; a look of relief appeared on his haggard face, and he said doubtfully: "Are you one of Jenin's friends? I don't know you, what do you want with me? Are you a detective, by any chance?" he added suspiciously.

"No, I am a newspaper reporter," said Wallion, still keeping hold of his arm. "Come along with me."

They went into a small, empty cafe, and sat down at a table in an inner room. B.22 remained silent and watchful, but Wallion left him no time for consideration.

"I won't ask you your real name, B.22," said he, "but you had better be quite straight with me, or it may be the worse for you. You have a rotten set of friends, my lad, and it is high time you quit working with them. Now tell me, what is going on at the boarding-house?"

"Yes, I will tell you," the fellow burst out excitedly. "I will have no more to do with them, they are going too far. I don't want to lose my life."

His eyes were bloodshot, and he tugged at his collar as though he felt a halter round his neck already. He flung himself suddenly across the table, and seized the journalist by the sleeve. "Help me," he stammered, "I am afraid of them! Ortiz is coming, and he will ruin us all, if nobody can stop him."

Wallion looked sharply at him. He had already observed him in the hotel, and had formed his conclusions as to the man's character. "Since when have you made up your mind to betray Ortiz?"

B.22 hung his head. "Since yesterday," he replied indistinctly. "When Bernard Jenin told me what Tarrachin's memorandum was about, I was afraid to have anything more to do with it—it is altogether too ghastly . . ."

He really seemed to be hesitating, and Wallion decided to come to the point quickly, for there was no time to waste in unnecessary preliminaries.

"How much do you know about Ortiz?" he asked.

"I? Nothing. They told me that he was the boss, and that we were paid with his money; and he pays well."

Wallion made a movement of disgust. The payment seemed all that this man cared about.

"Have you ever seen Ortiz?"

"No. Baron Fayerling always gave me my orders and paid me. They say that Ortiz is a rich and powerful man, and that he will soon be one of the greatest persons in Europe. But I have never seen him, and I know nothing of him."

"Well, I am going to tell you something about him! It is because you know so little that you are so much afraid of him. He is one of the most daring adventurers that ever lived, and anyone who espouses his cause is on the road to ruin."

B.22 shuddered, and Wallion watched him narrowly.

"Did you ever hear of the Emperor of the Amazons?" he asked.

B.22 shook his head in surprise.

"Emperor of the Amazons," he repeated; "it sounds like a farce."

"It was a farce, too, at any rate the newspapers called it so, and it was played seven years ago. A young Brazilian millionaire who had already made himself conspicuous by his lavish and eccentric propensities, concluded one fine day that he could no longer endure the restrictions of life in a community of lawabiding citizens, and his fertile brain, which was always revolving ambitious schemes, decided to create an absolutely new environment."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Spain Hails American Bullfighter



They said it couldn't be done, but Sydney Franklin of Brooklyn, N. Y., showed Spain that an American could play at their national game of bullfighting even better than their native matadors. Under the watchful and critical eyes of a representative Spanish fight crowd, Sydney dispatched two bulls in the arena at Seville, Spain, with such fine work that he was accorded the signal honor of being carried through the main gates on the shoulders of his thrilled audience. (International Newsreel)

## Where Lover Found His Love Mate



This picture shows Colonel Charles Lindbergh, right, with former President Calles of Mexico, center, and Ambassador Dwight Morrow, left, on the reviewing stand in Mexico City during Lindy's good will flight to Mexico. It was on this flight that Lindy first met Anne Spencer Morrow, his bride, and started the world's most talked of romance. (International Newsreel)

## Latest Film Bride



## Love Deaths Not Pact



The mystery surrounding the finding of Ruth Wilson and Horace Roberts dead in each others' arms at Moorestown, N. J., deepens with the announcement by the police authorities that Roberts could not have committed the deed because his neck had been broken. Dr. William S. Wadsworth, above, medical examiner of Philadelphia, Pa., is performing an autopsy on the exhumed bodies of the victims. (International Newsreel)

You just can't keep up with these movie people with their marriages. Carmel Myers getting tied with Ralph Blum, an attorney, is the latest of the Hollywood crop. Maybe it's a good idea Carmel having a lawyer in the family.

## Fight Over Subway Control Is Expected

NEW YORK—(AP)—The frequency of exciting proxy battles in recent months has recalled to old timers in Wall street, the Gould-Harriman fight for control of the Northern Pacific railroad in 1907, when even prize fighters were allowed to use their bare fists.

The Standard Oil of Indiana, Childs restaurants and a big eastern candy chain store have been wrested in turn from those in control by waging old fashioned poli-

tical campaigns among the stockholders.

Now the report is current that the Interborough Rapid Transit company of New York will be fought over by a group which already controls 67,000 of the 350,000 outstanding shares of stock.

Immediately after the United States supreme court denied the Interborough's petition for a 7 cent fare the financial district heard reports that a committee was being formed for the purpose of corraling stockholders' proxies in sufficient number to overthrow the present

executive voting trust, composed of Frank Hedley and Frank L. Polk.

In some quarters the idea of a "stockholders' revolt" in the Interborough is considered impossible because of an arrangement whereby the Hedley-Polk group is believed to hold a mandate for voting nine tenths of the stock until 1932.

Modern proxy fights are courteous kid glove affairs compared with those of the Gould-Harriman days. Wall street does not look for another spectacular open market struggle in this era of financial enlightenment.

## SAILORS SPEND MUCH

WASHINGTON—(AP)—The United States navy's movements from one locality to another are an important economic factor. It is estimated that 183,000 sailors on shore leave during the recent visit of the fleet to the Canal Zone spent \$5,000,000.

ST. PAUL—Lights on the Le Rossie-Twin Cities airway will be turned on within a few weeks to aid night fliers between Chicago and the Minnesota cities.