

A "New Thought" Offense

By Dr. George F. Butler and Herbert Hsley

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



W

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, hastily. 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.

"To 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 hurted much, but he couldn't stand, and we would not send him to his own home, letting on that it 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 nebbe the head on him from the little jambooree."

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, nebbe," 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. They couldn't give his address. 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 hurted bad after all?" he asked. "Would give the house a bad name."

"Ring," said Rugerson, looking him 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 here 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 seedy individuals shuffled into sight. They were the types of young fellows who always may be seen

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 his name at the Relief station?" 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," Rugerson interrupted, grimly. "You have the spiel too pat. We'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 gets."

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.

"Get outter 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 gazoob lifted a couple of plunks of a fellow up stairs there that night," he whispered, "and hit it for the main entrance. But the Rubie 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 hulla-balloo and five or six of us trails 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, 'a ten-spot,' he says, 'to say that dead man on the floor,' he says, 'is me,' he says. And then he says, 'who want's 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?"

"Slip 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 in."

"'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 worth 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.

They gave in suddenly.

"He's in the house," said Mike hurriedly. "Come, we'll show you. But Ring is with him by this, and we'll have to slide along, for he'll have him out of that at once now."

They saw as they passed the office that Ring was no longer there, and Rugerson snatched a precious moment to call up Lawyer Randall on the telephone. Then taking the stairs with speed they ran down a foul-smelling corridor and stopped before a door marked in black paint with the number 20. Mike put his eye to the keyhole.

"They're in there," he whispered. As he spoke there came a sudden sharp

exclamation from the room, followed by the sounds of a fierce struggle, and Rugerson, throwing himself again and again upon the door soon burst it in. Banning and Ring were rolling on the floor pounding and clawing each other, in the midst of torn bedclothes, overturned chairs, a smashed table and a mass of broken bottles and glasses.

The detective's presence seemed to cow the fight all out of Ring, for he at first sat on the floor staring at him and then arose and stood sheepishly eyeing his adversary. Banning jumped up in a rage.

"Arrest that man!" he cried, pointing at Ring. He was a slim youth of 23, light haired and weak eyed, whose naturally pale face was now pallid from confinement except where the clerk's fingers had marked it with red. "Arrest him!" he repeated, hotly. "If you are an officer, I give him in charge to you. He has been keeping me here a week. He wants money. It's blackmail, and I'll put him over the road for it, no matter what it costs."

The detective walked up to the abashed clerk.

"Ring," he said, "you must be nutty to do a thing like this. Why, it ain't like you. I thought you had more sense."

The clerk held out his wrists without a word, but Rugerson waved them aside.

"I won't give you the wrists," he said. "You'll come along all right. For old sake's sake I'll see what I can do for you up at—"

He stopped suddenly and leaped to one side as the gas went out, and threw up his arm. But he was too late. A stunning blow fell on his head and he dropped senseless to the floor.

"Dr. Furnivall," said Lawyer Randall, "I have come to you on a singular errand. Whether your unique power is what I need I don't know, but if it isn't certainly don't know what it is. And in that case I should be compelled to stop proceedings, which would prove a downright calamity."

"The case is this," the lawyer went on, the doctor making no oral response to his statement: "Some two months ago young Courtney Banning—you know the Childs-Bannings, that family—began going wrong. Originally he was a fine fellow, not a vice in the world, I'm sure, and not a bad habit even. Seemed to be just a harmless sort of average youth, who would never set the world afire, nor drown it either. I saw a good deal of him in his boyhood and can speak from personal knowledge. At his majority he received three millions in his own right and became guardian of a board of trustees, of which I am one. He was conducted himself so sanely, with such good will and ability, that we never interfered with him. He was left practically with a free hand in the disposal of five millions. For two years, or until last June, he ran as steady as a clock, giving every day to his business interests and the evening to such society as a rich young fellow of good family would naturally select. Then one day I was informed that he had unaccountably changed his whole course of life. None of his friends had laid eyes on him for weeks, and it was hinted that he was going the fast pace in vile resorts. There were whispers of a love affair, and I thought that very likely there was something in that view. I'm not sure I don't still think so. A week ago his sister came to me in hysterics, saying that he had not been home for two days and was not to be found anywhere. She had searched high and low, with all his friends helping her, but to no purpose. Not a word could be heard of him. He had vanished utterly, without leaving a trace behind. After making a still hunt on my own part, which resulted in nothing, I quietly called in the police, who found him at once. But the circumstances are such that it is impossible to determine whether he was in hiding or held by force. If the former, it is necessary I should know the reason; if the latter, somebody should be made to sweat for it. And I come to you to learn the truth of the matter, or to find if you have any way of getting at it."

"Isn't the matter of rather too trivial an order to set the wheels of science whirling for?" Dr. Furnivall remarked, dryly.

"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—"

"Who is the woman?"

"She is a Mrs. Van Tromp, a widow, who—"

"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.

"Jove!" 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 light eyes as he turned them on his visitors held in their depths a singular gleam, as of fear stoutly 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. Randall 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. Randall here, who found them out and gave me a chance to—er—I—er—What did you ask me?"

His face as he went on, his eyes in Dr. Furnivall's, passed through a 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 now 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 murder. 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."

"Some months ago I began to attend Mrs. Van Tromp's lectures on self-help and mental healing. There I learned many things not taught in the schools, among them three of supreme importance, namely, that, first, drugs are an invention of the devil; second, that the true healing of disease is through mental suggestion, or telepathy; and, third, that evil thoughts can be communicated mentally as well as good ones. As soon as I had become aware of this latter fact I began to notice that whenever I passed a drug store I felt a strange sensation. My head swam, my limbs trembled, my stomach turned sour, and my mind became full of thoughts of horror and dread. I could think of nothing but evil. This was true of all drug stores, but more particularly of Parmenter's. And that is the one nearest my home, the one I must pass every time I go into the street. I constantly heard Parmenter's voice threatening me as I hurried by, mentally, you know, for he wouldn't dare say such things aloud. I knew he was jealous of my knowledge, afraid that I would hurt his devil's trade, and wished to silence me. Once he commanded me mentally to throw myself headlong into my area yard, and before I could brace myself sufficiently to resist him down I dove, head first, upon the bricks, and nearly broke my neck. He compelled me to do many deridings to his malice, for now his telepathic communications to me, all of them commands to do something self-hurtful, were accompanied by tants that I couldn't help myself because he was stronger than I. To escape him I frequented societies where I hoped in the midst of carousal, forgetfulness, stupidity and frivolity his things of this nature, catching me unprepared, until my detestation of him added to my knowledge of the evil character of his occupation, left only one course open to me. But I wouldn't proceed to extreme measures until I had tried every mild means, such as sending him, by telepathy, conciliatory messages, assuring him that if he would relinquish his drug devilry I would put him on the right track and set him up in a business that he could follow with success and an easy conscience. This seemed to make no impression on him, unless it was to add suggestions could not penetrate. But all in vain. I caught them there as plainly as in my own room at home. Then I made up my mind. Arranging all my affairs so that I could start abroad at once, where I intended having my sister join me in due season, I transferred a substantial sum to my teacher to help on the cause, and then, though I hated above everything else in the world to do it, yet felt that I must, I silenced the villain forever—"

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

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 gone mad. Proceed, Mr. Banning."

"Why, that is about all, I think," he said, "except the fact that an opportunity for concealing myself until the time of sailing most singularly presented itself, and I seized it. I sent a dead man to the hospital in my name, in order to throw investigation off the track, and gave Ring a thousand dollars for hiding me. When I found that I was discovered I promised him as much more to say he was holding me against my will. For to admit that I was concealing myself would amount to a confession of the homicide. It was I who knocked the officer down, so that Ring might run. I suppose I must suffer the penalty of the act, though that will be a horrible injustice, considering the heinous practices of that—"

"One moment," interpolated Dr. Furnivall, suavely; "what means did you employ, Mr. Banning, in the taking of this man's life?"

"What means?" he repeated, in wonder. "Why, telepathy, of course. What other means are there? For all is mind!"

At this declaration the lawyer sat a moment in silence, a look of puzzlement struggling with the horror in his face, while Dr. Furnivall, having withdrawn his eyes from Banning's, regarded him whimsically. Suddenly the lawyer's brow cleared. Jumping up he worked the doctor's hand like a pump-handle.

"A great heaven!" he shouted. "Who would believe it? Why, I saw Parmenter myself this morning, and he was as well as ever."

"Certainly. Without doubt he scarcely knows there's such a person in existence as our friend here, who is merely self-hypnotized. Put him in a good sanitarium for a while, that will fix him physically. Then give him a thorough course of real philosophy, from Plato to Emerson. That will fix him mentally—if anything will."

What seemed the strangest thing of the whole strange matter to the lawyer was the fact that when Dr. Furnivall, who was well acquainted with the druggist Parmenter, brought him to the house and introduced him to Banning, the young man neither showed surprise nor would admit that his telepathic command to him to make away with himself had not been successful. Apparently thoroughly unable to realize that his thought-messages had failed to reach their object, he seemed to hold a double consciousness of the druggist while on all other matters he was perfectly sane—like a man knotted up with rheumatism who declares himself cured. To him Parmenter was dead.

"I don't understand it—I don't understand it," muttered Randall.

"And you never will—until you understand the human mind, its cause and what it is," said Dr. Furnivall. "And that consummation is doubtless removed some distance into the future for us all."

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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 Mehmed-Reschad Effendi, 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 Mumdji Bey departed under a cloud some weeks ago; M. A. Mokarzen, 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.

place of power. We know little about him except that he is a man of broader and more liberal tendencies than his elder brother. We believe that he will come to remedy the mistakes that Abdul Hamid made, that he will be a reformer and not a destroyer, and that all of his attention will be given to placing Turkey in the place she deserves among the nations of Europe."

Acting Consul-General Reouf Ahmed would have it understood that once and for all time the American newspapers and all others in the English language should get the title of this new sultan straight. Reschad-Effendi should be started right in that regard at least.

He will take the title of Mohammad V., said the consul-general. His real name is Mehmed, which means glorious. Mohammad, the title which has been held in the line of the Ottomans four times before, is translated glorified, or the man who is praised. There is considerable difference between a man glorious and glorified, as Reouf Ahmed sees it, and the new sultan of Turkey is one glorified.

Mohammad V. is the thirty-fifth in male descent of the house of Othman, the founder of the Turkish empire in 1299, and he is the twenty-ninth to rule since Constantinople fell. By the Turkish law of succession obeyed in the royal family, the headship over the state is inherited according to seniority by the male descendants of Othman sprung from the imperial harem.

The deposed sultan, Abdul Hamid, would be succeeded by his eldest son, Mehmed-Solim, were it not that Mehmed-Reschad, the ex-sultan's oldest brother, is living, and by the Turkish law of succession in line for the occupancy of the high seat of power.

Mohammad V. is the third brother to take the throne in the Yildiz Kiosk. Murad V., eldest son of Sultan Abdul Hamid, was deposed because of insanity on August 31, 1876. Then Abdul Hamid succeeded. A sister, Djemile Sultana, was the next in line to Abdul Hamid, but because of her sex she is passed over in the selection of a successor to the one who so long held the position of the sick man of Europe, and Mehmed Reschad, the next elder son of Sultan Abdul Medjid, has the unenviable throne.

The present sultan was born November 3, 1844. The next in succession to the Turkish throne is not one who bulks large in the public eye over there. Inevitably his brother or uncle, as the case may be, sees to it that the people know nothing more about a possible successor than that he exists.

Abdul Hamid was no exception to this general rule. He gave his younger brother a place in a detached pavilion of the Yildiz Kiosk, a retinue, guards, and that was all. Reouf Ahmed, who is something of a Young Turk himself, believes that most of the retinue and all of the guards were spies.

For a Hungry Marquis.

The Marquis De X., who is best known as the strongest supporter of the royalist cause in Paris, wishing to please a certain pretty actress, sent her a present. Only the present was accompanied by a note to the effect that he "regretted that the expense of living at the present day precluded him from making the present of greater value." It morning his baker brought him six extra rolls in a neat little basket, to which was pinned a billet bearing, above the actress' signature, these words: "So that the Marquis De X., shall not starve!"

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.

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

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 Ballymore Shackletons, who have been in Ireland for 200 years past."

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 calabash 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 calabash specially for pipes, while planting is already being carried out in the south of France and even in Australia.

Effective Rebuff

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 from heah, white man!" she said severely. "Huccum you ast me sech a fool question? Ah don' hab nutthin' to do wit no 'pe' white trash, an' you needn't ast me!" It is unnecessary to add that

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.