World's Greatest Detective Cases

from January 9 till January 12, the after the baby or arrange for some Mrs. Tarpey, and the two were laughday of the robbery, were enough to one to do so if she wanted to go up ing together as though they had no make any quick-witted person think there was something the matter.

"I read all about the robbery in the paper," she told the detective, she said. like to go." nothing to do with it it is a very remarkable coincidence."

A very great deal of help is given to the police by people who keep hotels, boarding houses and rooms, for when any criminal flies from justice all the places are quickly informed and given a description of the wanted persons, so the detective knew that the landlady probably had really good grounds for sus-

if you are right."

Miss Pitt's Suspicions.

"I didn't think anything about them until after the robbery," said Miss Pitt, "for they seemed a respectable and quiet couple enough, and the little baby they had with them would have disarmed suspicion in any case.

"But they left me to look after the baby on the day of the robbery," said Miss Pitt, "and went up to London. They told me they didn't know when they would be back, but I got a telegram saying they would arrive by the mail train, and they came at 2 in the morning."

There's nothing very suspicious that," smiled the detective. "Probably a good many people went up to London from Leamington that day for a day's enjoyment."

'It wasn't that, but what happened the following day which made me suspicious," replied the landlady. "When they came down to breakfast the next morning I found they had changed their appearance, especially Mr. Tarpey.' "In what way?" asked the detec-

"Well, he had a dark beard and moustache, and when I saw him he had shaved off his beard, leaving an imperial like a Frenchman. The description of the man who robbed the jeweler said he had a dark beard. Mrs. Tarpey asked me especially if I didn't think his appearance had altered a lot, and didn't I think he looked much younger for the change? Another thing that struck me as funny was that Mrs. Tarpey had a bruise under her eye, as of assault and robbery, and see her though she had had a blow on it. Then the day before yesterday Mr. Tarpey asked me for a foreign Bradshaw, and said he might have to go abroad for a few days. Then thought I'd come and tell the police.'

The quick wit of Miss Pitt certainly put the detective on the right track, but when he arrived at the lodgings of the Tarpeys he found that the man had flown, leaving his wife and baby behind. "Let me see that Bradshaw," he

clue-from the timetable as to the direction in which his bird had flown, and he was right. The first thing noticeable about the railway guide was a page turned down at the trains and vessels to Holland! And Holland, as the detective knew only too well, is the happy selling ground for jewel thieves. There are more stolen gems disposed of in Amster-

try in the world. Significant Discoveries.

dam, in fact, than in any other coun-

But though the detective immediately wired a full description of the wanted man to Holland this clue. unfortunately, led no farther, and he was for many weeks lost to sight on the continent. The detective, however, had got his wife, and he felt sure that in the long run he would get the chief criminal himself. On searching the rooms of the Tarpeys in Leamington a number

of significant things were discovered. The most important were two small bottles with the word 'Drug" written on them and a small white handkerchief. This latter still smelt faintly of chloroform, while the two bottles contained a quantity of the anaesthetic! There were also several bottles of dye and a new razor, the latter bought, the detective reflected, in order that Tarpey might remove his incriminating

Tarpey and sent for Messrs. Loncon & Ryder's assistant to see if he her ordinary routine of shopping or could recognize her. This he had calling upon her friends. not the slightest difficulty in doing, and to make more certain that he he house unexpectedly, and, after a was on the right track, the detective careful glance up and down the road. showed him a portrait of Tarpey she hurried away with the detective which he had found.

"Same initials, and not far from his real name, Michael Tarpey," re- had called the policeman on his beat, marked the detective. "And the

next thing will be to find him."

But the detective was not able to find any of the jewels at the lodg- plied the policeman. "Most of the ings of the couple in Leamington, or any trace of them having been sold. He was, however, able to prove that Mrs. Tarpey had had some of the jewels, at any rate, for in the course of his inquiries he learned that her sister had received a sealed package, with the instruction to keep it till she came for it. The detective promptly opened this parcel and found, as he expected, some of the missing jewelry in it. The package replied Shore. "I'm going to see contained two valuable diamond pendants, which the jewelers had no come in with me in case there's difficulty in recognizing as their

Reckless Gamblers. Inspector Shore, in the course of his investigations, found clues which not only showed him the crime had been carefully planned, but also pro-vided him with the motive. The Tarpeys, he learnt, were heavily in debt through reckless gambling, owing something like \$3,500, and they had determined on this robbery in order to get themselves square again. To show how hard up they were for actual cash, indeed, the landlady told the detective that Mr. Tarpey had borrowed the money from her on his return from London at 2 in the morning in order to pay the taxi

fare from the station. Three days before the sensational sobbery Tarpey went up to London,

to town for a day. she said. "And, naturally, I should

two telegrams the day before she went up to town," the landlady told the detective, "but she did not show them to me, so I don't know what was in them."

But the detective soon learnt. They contained instructions to his wife to come up to London the following day, as everything was ready.

Inspector Shore spent weeks beto trial at the Old Bailey, making in-"Tell me your story in your own quiries in every direction for the way," he said, "and we'll soon see missing husband. All the ports from the Continent were closely watched for his return, while the houses and haunts with which ne was known to be familiar were watched by the inspector's assistants in case Tarpey put in an unexpected appearance; but all to no avail.

"I hope she's acquitted!" he said to one of his assistants on the day of the trial, "Then we shall get him." "What makes you think that?"

I believe he's in London somewhere bery. now waiting, but he'll find I can wait longer," he added grimly. "I'll my sight till I know where her husband is."

Mrs. Tarpey's Trial.

Mrs. Tarpey was defended by the famous Montague Williams, perhaps one of the most eloquent and one of the cleverest lawyers who ever defended an accused man or woman. Williams knew how to stage-manage a trial, and when the pathetic, pretty little woman stepped into the dock to answer the charge against her she was carrying in her arms her baby. She looked so innocent, so charming with her little baby, to which she was paying constant motherly attentions, that it would have taken a very hard-headed jury to convict her on a charge torn from her child for a number of years. Montague Williams hardly required his own eloquence to con-

But Detective Shore, at any rate, was not to be taken in quite so eassistants.

Several weeks slipped by, and one day she suddenly appeared maniac forgotten in his cell. dressed in widow's weeds, as though she had made up her mind her husband was dead.

said Inspector Shore to the detec-"That's a signal to her husband in speap to, and the clothing wears is a signal to him, probably to let him know she thinks it is safe to rejoin him. I suppose you haven't noticed her stop and talk to any stranger?"

"Not one," replied his assistant. been a friend or a tradesman."

Patience Rewarded.

The inspector was so sure that he was right that he threw up the greater part of his other work which his responsible position at Scotland Yard entailed in order to keep an eye on the young and innocent-looking widow. Day after day he spent in one disguise or another outside This was sufficient for the detec- her house, and practically followed tive and he promptly arrested Mrs. her about. But day after day slipped by and Mrs. Tarpey never varied

Then one evening she came out of after her. This time there was no "That's Tyrrell" he said at once. calling on friends or shopping. Mrs. "Mr. Mark Tyrrell, he called him- Tarpey entered a house in Marylebone Road and hardly before the door had closed on her the detective "Who lives in that house?" he

asked. "It's let off in apartments, sir." repeople have been there for years," "Do you know any of the serv-

ants? "Oh, yes."

"Any newcomers lately?" "Only one, a dark gentleman. H appears to be a foreigner, but he rarely goes on except for a few minutes' stroll in the evening," replied the policeman. "I've not heard

replied Shore. "I'm going to see that man, and I think you'd better

When the inspector entered the

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and just after he had gone his wife room where the "foreign gentleman" say of them. But their movements asked the landlady if she would look was he found him having dinner with care in the world. The widow's

the robbery in Berkeley Square "As a matter of fact she received of jewels from Messrs. London & Ryder," said the detective.

fore the accused woman was brought | yer had not the heart-appealing ar-

It transpired at the time that Tarpey and his wife had been very hard answered the other.

"Because when he thinks the the one they carried out, and they decoast is clear he'll send her a line to cided to translate fiction into fact. come to him, unless, as I strongly The robbery had been carried out suspect, it has all been arranged be- with such coolness and method that forehand what they would each do Inspector Shore fully expected to in case only one was captured. The find Tarpey an old hand at the game, robbery was too well planned for and he was rather surprised to find them to have overlooked that point. that this was his first attempt at rob-

Douglas Straight, the prosecuting counsel, in his address to the jury took the unusual step of calling attention to the remarkable patience Inspector Shore had shown in tracking down Tarpey after his wife had been acquitted and when most people

IN THE CLOUDS

"My husband may send me a tele-gram to spend the day with him," pressing effect on Mrs. Tarpey.

"Michael Tarpey, I arrest you for

undergone her terrible ordeal at the Old Bailey Tarpey faced a judge and jury, and, strangely enough, he was defended by the same counsel, Montague Williams. But the clever lawguments this time which he had in the case of the accused wife, and in fact, the only plea he could put up in mitigation of the inevitable sentence was that part of the jewels of the robbery had been recovered, though the majority had been sold in Amsterdam by Tarpey when he had bolted to Holland.

He was a cool hand, however, as the following will show: After his get him if I've got to wait years, trial he had the nerve to write to the That woman's never going out of firm he had robbed and apologize, saying that he originally intended to

had forgotten the amazing robbery.

His patience had been rewarded!

Shore Complimented! Three months after his wife had

up, and had been at their wits' ends to obtain money. One day they casually read a story of a diamond rob-

rob another jeweler altogether! He was left to kick his heels in prison for eight years and to reflect on how the best laid schemes go wrong, esprecially when a man like John Shore is on the track!



.: By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

The Infernal Machine

(Continued from Page Two.)

corridor. It passed, ceased definite- had started again-beyond his conwronged woman, and she was soon ly. Then, in heart-stopping conreleased from her trying position firmation of his fear, the light went movie hall, where the still whirring after a triumphal verdict of "not out suddenly. He stood clutching at machine could only project flitting ily. He had dealt with too many in- He let go of the bunk in a dash for But still the machine went on madnocent-looking women, and the where he knew the door to be, deningly-the more maddening bemore innocent they looked the more slipped, with a sharp stab of cause somehow the machine was suspicious he became that there was something behind the pretty mask of their faces. He had made up his mask accentuated terror, upon a wet graph of a sinking derelict he had floor sloping permanently at an once seen recurred over and over lights;—flashes and stars of dancing once seen recurred over and over mind to watch Mrs. Tarpey and, ac- acute angle, despite its slow rise and again in that patchy sequence—the cordingly, from the moment she left its seemingly endless subsequent hulk sagging in the seas which the court she was never out of the subsidence. He crawled upwards lapped over her, higher and impersight of himself or one of his as- on it, knocked his head against the waves licking the canvas of her grasp upon its handle. Then, in a engulfment, disappearance. Mrs. Tarpey lived quietly with her sudden access, he found his voice. child as though she had come to the He shrieked-piercingly, shriek upconclusion that her husband was on shriek that rang through an self the answer. Even though they not worth troubling about. Then apalling silence-shrieked like a

None came to answer him. There was no sound in the corridor outside. What was happening in that "Now things are going to move." | deathly silence which pervaded the great ship? He failed to bring himtive who reported that fact to him. self to exact imagination. She still rose, still subsided, heavily, lazily. some way or other. I think he must But the list which sloped the floor casually see her, not necessarily to slippery under his feet remained she uncorrected. Was she still afloatsettling, slowly but surely? He ceased his maniac shrieks to listen. water. There was no sound. This far down corridor, remote from the general emigrants on the westward voyage, Everybody she has spoken to has was deserted. He shook furiously at the implacably locked door, crashed his fists against its panels in frenzied blows that had no result but the in a cage. The door remained im-

movable. He stopped again, listened-listened for the rushing cataracts of to the ship, down her companionways, along her corridors. He heard nothing. There was no sound perceptible in that rayless blackness which pressed upon him, save a sough and swish of water exterior course, they would have closed down the watertight doors! He shrieked a curse at that unknown officer on the bridge performing his obvious duty, in a vivid imagination of the great steel doors sliding down into their immovable positions, shutting off the water indeed from this compartment, shutting him off inexor-

break out into the corridor. In the horror of this realization he relaxed his hold upon the door tilted forward against him, slipped and slid, in that utter blackness, down the sloping floor to the wall of the ship. He felt over it with

ship had so long smashed into the air. he would suffocate. In a few heavy seas, her equilibrium was by days! He had been here, in this though heavily and draggingly; still sank, even more and more deeply it seemed, in a sluggish roll which emphasized in its swing-back the ugly list that the lift had failed to correct. In that engulfing blackness she seemed to subside ever lower and lower, inert, incapable of righting herself, cradled still by a motion of the waters that swished and washed against her flanks, sinking with every lurch into rayless, unimaginable depths.

The frenzied man huddled there

days already—days and days he had been been and her was suffocating—he was suffocating now! He felt his heart, big and thumping heavily, in his breast, swelling as though it would choke him. He tried to rise to his feet upon that unstable sloping floor, reached for an unfound support in the blackness, and sank down again, gasping.

Then, in that pitch blackness, the ship gave a heavy lurch, lifted once more as with difficulty, subsided in no means stable. She still rose, darkness, days already-days and

in the darkness against the wall wet a long roll that threw him against with water from the leaking port the wall. The floor seemed to sink had no doubt of it. He knew. That endlessly beneath him. He clawed infernal chunk of coal had done its himself partially upright and shriekwork only too well. Paralyzed for ed. with his last breath, cursesany movement, his imagination curses-curses-upon Rosa Bauerworked feverishly and yet, in that mann, upon the "comrades," upon complete dark, could form no def- that diabolical little German-Jew.

| inite mental images. To his horror, was a rapid scurry of feet along the that terrifying machine in his head

It was like being in a darkened his bunk, in an absolute darkness and fragmentary pictures from a that enveloped him almost tangibly. torn film in the intervals of frequent "black-outs" upon the screen. ceptibly higher-the decks awash, door, pulled himself upright with a bridge-and then the silent sudden

Were they still affoat, upon the surface? He dared not give himhad sunk beneath the wave-tops, he remembered-all scraps of apposite knowledge that he had ever picked up coming to him with a memory preternaturally acute-that great ships like the Gargantuan; if their bulkheads were closed, did not drop like a stone to the bottom of the sea, but remained, swung as it were at an intermediate depth, in a slow and gradual subsidence as one compartment after another was turst into by the pressure of the

Such-he knew it-was their position now, rolling sluggishly fathlife of the ship, tenanted only by oms down-how many, he wondered?-below the surface of the sea, sinking gently, ever sinking, down, down, down in the darkness towards the bottom. That darkness! The awful of it came upon him suddenly flaying of his knuckles. He flung in renewed access of horror. He himself against it like a wild thing put his hand out in it, invisibly. That darkness, utterly black, blacker than the blackest night, which enveloped him and seemed to choke him as he gasped in his terrorwater he knew must be pouring in- that darkness would never be lifted again!

It was black, stiffing darkness for him for all that was left of his life -darkness, complete, unbreakable, inexorable, until - until - deathdeath in that blackness! He shricked to the ship. Then he understood. Of again and again, purposely, for he knew there was no hope of rescue, shricked stridently in a mere blind escape of energy from overcharged nerves.

For an indefinite period of time hideously prolonged, he sat huddled and gasping, crouching against that wet wall of his lightless cell. How long was it since it had happened, since the engines had fallen silent, ably from escape even could he since their relapse into darkness? It seemed an eternity, was certainly many, many hours. Long, long ago they must have disappeared below the surface of the sea. He imagined bulkhead after bulkhead bursting under a torrent of unillumined trembling, eager hands, felt for the water as they sank deeper and yet heavy brass fastening of the port- deeper, narrowing and ever narrowhole. It was still firm, though his ing the margin of his life. Preshands were wetted in the water ently the last bulkhead would burst, which welled up gently around its and then. . . . Or perhaps it

would not burst. Perhaps it would Despite the complete cessation of hold, and then, in a few days, as the crashing impacts with which the he used up the limited supply of

The frenzied man huddled there more as with difficulty, subsided in

ed, his ears singing, that infernal ago forgotten the temporary inconmachine in his head-behind the venience caused them by a 10-min- freight car No. 34518, laden with eyes that could not see-whirring ute breakdown of the electric light- bunker coal for the S. S. Garganmadly to a climax, shricked with his ing dynamos at the critical moment. tuan and hurled into the dock by from his mouth, reeled dizzily upon book diagnosis. that sloping floor. Ah, at last, thank a gulf of blackness.

As dawn broke the S. S. Gargantuan, crippled by a couple of smashed propeller shafts and afflicted with a heavy list to port that caused her captain to analyze expletively the ineptitude of an amateur stevedore gang at stowing cargo, was picked up by a freighter with a nose for salvage. Her pas-

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heart seeming to burst his breast, A few hours later the ship's doc- a mob of infuriated strikers the shricked-there was a mighty crash tor wrote out, for the behoof of night before the ship sailed. his face, felt them, with a feeble terpreted laconically, as they wonderment, wet with a warm fluid scratched their heads over his text

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printer, had visions of wealth. He dreamed he was a millionaire. somewhere. The last bulkhead! He two exasperated detectives, a tech- If the spirits of the departed can Through an oil well at Eldorado, essayed one more shrick that was nically exact certificate of the death revisit this earthly sphere it is Ark., Walker's dream has been soundless, would not come beyond of Jake Bravinsky from natural pleasant to think that possibly realized. His income now is said to a gurgle, put his hands blindly to causes. "Bursts blood vessel," he in- around that it ate manager hovered be \$1,000 per day.



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