

THE CATOCTIN CLARION.

Established By Wm. Need, 1870.

A Family Newspaper—Independent in Politics—Devoted to Literature, Local and General News.

Terms \$1.00 in Advance

VOLUME XLV.

THURMONT, FREDERICK COUNTY, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1916.

NO. 46.

FREDERICK RAILROAD

Thurmont Division
Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915.
All trains Daily unless specified

Leave Frederick	Arrive Thurmont
7:00 a. m.	7:57 a. m.
9:40 a. m.	10:27 a. m.
11:40 a. m.	12:27 p. m.
2:10 p. m.	2:57 p. m.
4:00 p. m.	4:44 p. m.
4:40 p. m.	5:27 p. m.
6:10 p. m.	6:57 p. m.
8:30 p. m.	9:17 p. m.
10:10 p. m.	10:56 p. m.

Leave Thurmont. Arrive Frederick

6:12 a. m.	6:58 a. m.
8:14 a. m.	9:00 a. m.
10:45 a. m.	11:31 a. m.
12:31 p. m.	1:19 p. m.
3:14 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
4:32 p. m.	5:18 p. m.
5:40 p. m.	6:26 p. m.
6:22 p. m.	7:08 p. m.
7:09 p. m.	7:46 p. m.
9:25 p. m.	10:05 p. m.

Note—All trains arriving and leaving Thurmont scheduled from Western Maryland station.

Note—All trains arriving at leaving Frederick scheduled from Square.

Western Maryland R. R.
Schedule in Effect September 19, 1915
GOING WEST.

Leave Baltimore	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Hagerstown	Arrive Cumberland	Arrive Chicago
*4:10am	6:07am	7:29am	10:25am	
*8:00	10:42	12:04pm		
*10:49	12:31	1:53	4:00pm	8:10am
*4:04pm	6:21pm	7:40		
*7:10	9:22	10:45		

GOING EAST.

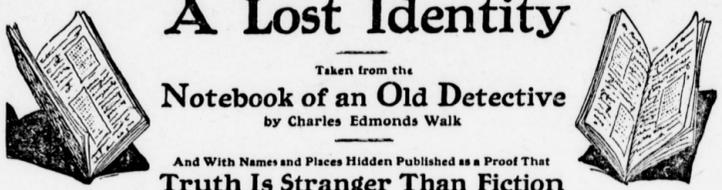
Leave Chicago	Leave Cumberland	Leave Hagerstown	Leave Thurmont	Arrive Baltimore
	9:55am	11:22am	10:25am	
*8:00pm	1:30pm	3:02	4:51	6:45pm
	*4:15	5:33	8:14	

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday Only.

A Lost Identity

Taken from the
Notebook of an Old Detective
by Charles Edmonds Walk

And With Names and Places Hidden Published as a Proof That
Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction



This story throbs with realism in the words narrowest meaning. It is a faithful rendering of an authentic experience in the career of a high official of a detective agency whose name is a household word throughout the English-speaking world. Real names of persons and places are sometimes disguised. In all other respects the amazing, often thrilling, always gripping facts are recorded just as they happened.

"Mr. Hazard, wait! I want to speak with you."
Felix Hazard had just descended the "L" steps at Fifth avenue and Madison street, and was hurrying to his office at the Sutherland Detective Agency, to take up the labors of the day, when his steps were arrested by a soft feminine voice. He stopped instantly, and not without some surprise wheeled round and met the speaker's anxious look. He knew the voice.

"Certainly, Helen," he agreed. "You sound mighty serious."
The two drew closer together and moved under the steps away from the jostling sidewalk throng.
Nominally, Helen Bertel was a stenographer at the Sutherland offices, but, besides being a strikingly pretty girl with a Dianalike length of limb and litheness, she had on more than one occasion, when asked to meet an emergency, shown a capability and adaptability that placed her in the rank with the company's best operatives. Accordingly, she drew an operative's salary.

Felix Hazard and Helen Bertel were good friends. Indeed, it was hard sometimes for the man to smother the warm glow that was wont to leap into his eyes at sight of her; he made no attempt to hide his admiration, however.

"The girl smiled faintly.
"Perhaps it is serious," she returned. "Anyhow, it's awfully queer—what I want to see you about. I'm glad we met here instead of having to wait till we got the office."
"Last night, as maybe you remember, was beautiful—a full moon—and I was out lots later than I should have been, alone in my canoe, and I went out into the lake lots farther than I should have gone. . . . I had an adventure."
Her fine gray eyes were dancing with suppressed excitement.

"In the middle of the lake?" Hazard inquired.
"Goodness, no! But I was far enough off shore to make it very strange and mysterious. The moonlight was behind me at the time, and once when I looked back I saw a rowboat. It was white—like a shell of alabaster on a path of cold silver fire."
Felix Hazard smiled whimsically and remarked:
"The moon's influence still lingers, I see. What a queer girl you are!"
She made a little mouth at him and went on:
"It was empty, or I thought it was; one doesn't find empty skiffs floating on the lake every night, you know; and of course I turned and paddled straight to where it was."
"Well, it wasn't empty. A man lay unconscious in the bottom, his white face turned up ghostly to the moon. I thought he was dead; but even while I was holding the two boats together and peering down at him, he opened his eyes and looked up at me."
"It was funny! To save my life I couldn't think of a word to say! We just stared at each other like two ninnyes for all of a minute. Then he all at once sat up and groaned. He caught at his head with both hands and toppled forward over one of the thwart."

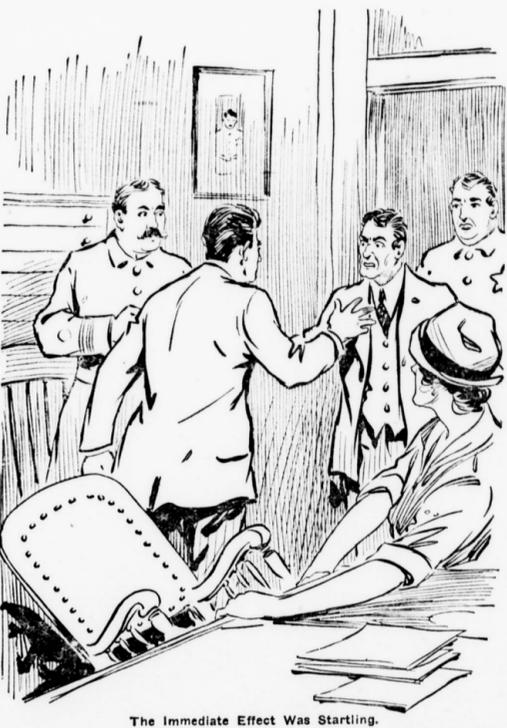
"I knew then that he had been hurt, and I got busy. Would you believe it? He hadn't the slightest idea how he got injured, or how he happened to be out on the lake in a rowboat at nearly midnight."
"By this time I was making mental note of everything. He had an unbuttoned appearance, if you know what I mean—shirt unfastened, shoes unlaced; his collar and tie were lying on the grating, and his hat was missing utterly. Also he didn't have an oar to his name."
"He was too weak to help much, and there wasn't another boat in sight anywhere—just us two away out in the silent, moonlit lake. I tied my canoe to the boat and towed it back to the beach; not so easy to do with only a single paddle."
Hazard was intensely interested, not alone because the episode was unusual in itself, but also because he knew that Helen Bertel would not be telling him about it with so much detail if she were not moved by some underlying purpose.

"Well," he prompted her, "what's the answer?"
"Why, on the way to land I made another discovery—several of them to tell the truth. He is a young man

bearing all the countless little marks of breeding and refinement that a girl can't mistake. Yet somehow it impressed me that he was not dressed for the part; his clothes were good, correct as to style, but they had not been chosen by him. They clashed with his personality—do you know what I'm trying to say?"
"I understand. Somebody had exchanged clothing with him—either to hide the victim's identity, to set the police on a false scent, or for the more simple motive that your chap's suit was better than his assailant's."
"That is it. The young man had recovered his senses, but remained silent. He kept watching me with a puzzled expression, as if he felt he ought to know me but couldn't recall my name or where we had met. Indeed, everything he looked at—even his hands, the lake, the boat, the moon—all seemed strange to him."
"What is your name?" I asked him.
"Name?" he repeated, looking more puzzled than ever. And what do you think?—he didn't know!
"I soon realized that I had a charge that was as helpless and dependent as a little child. Fancy! It was nearly midnight, too!"
"What did you do with him?"
The girl colored, but answered steadily:
"Why, just what I thought you or any gentleman would have done under the circumstances. I left a responsibility. When I saw how helpless he was I went through his pockets. And he let me proceed as if it were quite the proper thing to do; just watched me in a bewildered sort of fashion. All I found was some envelopes and a postcard. . . . Did you ever hear of 'Denver Ed' Rawlings?"
"The yeg? Don't ask foolish questions."
"Well, the envelope and the post-

card were all addressed to Edward S. Rawlings—Denver Ed."
Felix Hazard relaxed from his attentive attitude, seeming all at once to lose interest. He said in an indifferent tone:
"I suppose you turned him over to the nearest copper?"
The gray eyes flashed, and she retorted warmly:
"I did nothing of the kind! He's no more 'Denver Ed' than I am, but a handsome young man who needs protection and care as much as any baby ever did. Why, I had to take him by the hand and lead him! I took him to a rooming house that I know of, and paid for a night's lodging for him. The landlady's a friend of mine; she promised to keep an eye on him until—"
"Until what?"
"Until you came."

"July 2, 9 p. m. Same old place."
"July second," observed Hazard, "was last Thursday." He fell into a brown study, while his fingers played with the empty envelopes and the postcard. At last he roused himself and said:
"I am inclined to believe all you have said, Mr.—"
The pause fell flatly; the air of expectant waiting was natural and persuasive. The wail's features lighted up, and it seemed for an instant as



if he were about to supply the name; but at once the light died away, and the good-looking features clouded over with a shadow of melancholy.
"It's no use," said the young man, "I can't remember."
"You very nearly did," Hazard encouraged; "you will, too, in time. Keep trying. Fasten on to any flash of memory—any little detail, however fragmentary—and it will serve with our help to rend the veil from your past. Only have patience; amnesia is by no means uncommon."
"Now, I want to ask you to come with us; Miss Bertel and I have to get to our place of business. It may be that you are luckier than you imagined; for we both happen to be in the employ of the Sutherland Detective Agency."
"Sutherland!" the other interjected. "I've heard that name!"
"Can you recall any dealings that you ever had with us in the past?"
The man seemed to concentrate all faculties on the effort of remembering; but in the end he shook his head dejectedly.
"No, nothing. It was only a flash; there is no association of ideas whatever."
"I was about to add," Hazard pursued, "that out of common humanity, if for no other reason, I would help you; but there is another reason, and after I've had time to turn the matter over in my mind we shall see what can be done."
The unknown offered no objections to going with them, and as they progressed downtown Felix Hazard watched him narrowly. Only once did the detective address him directly. "Chicago is not wholly unknown to you, I see."
The man turned to him eagerly.
"By George! You've hit upon one clear, definite impression that I have. Somehow it seems as though I'd known my way about town alone; yet I have a feeling that Chicago is not where I belong. If I were in my home town I'm confident that places and street names would be familiar—not merely like a printed page that has been once read, but like one that I see every day."
They left their unfortunate charge in a comfortable waiting room, while Hazard and the girl repaired to his private office.
"Sit down, Helen," Hazard invited, "and let's go over this thing together."
"Doesn't it strike you as being odd that this poor chap should have had four empty envelopes in his pocket, not one of them containing a scrap of the original letters?"
"I hadn't thought of it before," the girl replied, "but they were placed there purposely."
"Left there purposely," Hazard corrected. "Those are Rawlings' clothes; he has his man's, or I'm sadly mistaken."
"But the four envelopes—they and the postcard are all addressed in the same hand; the envelopes were all postmarked at New York; but the card bearing the latest date was mailed in Chicago."
"And your conclusion is?" appended Miss Bertel, "that a rendezvous was arranged; that the card definitely fixed the time and place?"
"Exactly. Now, then, here's something you don't know."
"The first of this month a contract is going to be awarded to the successful bidder for the construction of the Wrye Neck ship canal in Massachusetts—a ten-million-dollar enterprise. Just between ourselves, the Hercules Construction Company of Chicago is the only one among some seven or eight bidders that is at all likely to be successful, because it is the only one of the lot that is able to put up the heavy cash bond required. The others might in time, of course; but the Hercules people have the cash, and that's what counts."
"Last Thursday—July 2, bear in mind—Henry Biddle of the Hercules company received word that one John Prince of Prince & Penthouse, a big firm of New York engineers, would arrive in Chicago with certain drawings and specifications that are of vital importance in connection with the projected canal. He should have come Friday morning, and Biddle and one or two others of the company were at the station to meet Prince. Well, he didn't show up."
"I see," Miss Bertel interposed. "Prince is missing and you hoped I had found him for you."
"Correct. But your protegee is not John Prince; Prince is a much older man."
"Friday went by, and no news from the messenger. Then Biddle became alarmed. The Hercules people had reason to move cautiously, you understand; the matter had been kept secret as possible; but it began to look as though they had been circumvented by their enemies. If these particular plans and specifications fall into the hands of a certain competing concern it will be all up with Biddle and his crowd."
"Well, by the time Biddle got busy on the wire Friday, Prince & Penthouse had closed—not to open again till today, because Saturday, the fourth, was a holiday, and then he called us in. We have been scouring the city for Prince without picking up a trace of him."
"Stealing those papers is just the sort of stunt that Rawlings and his gang would pull off."
Hazard called police headquarters on the telephone and inquired whether "Denver Ed" Rawlings was known to be in the city. The reply came back that Rawlings and two confederates well known to the police had been in Chicago at least since the third (Friday), and that they were being watched.
"Fetch the whole mob," Hazard earnestly requested, "just as soon as you

chair and caused his grip to relax. In less than a minute, however, the young fellow recovered consciousness and looked about in a dazed, bewildered way. Helen Bertel and Felix Hazard, who were bending over him, seemed not to recognize at all, ignoring them, he rose unsteadily to his feet. His gaze straightway fell upon "Denver Ed" Rawlings securely held between two uniformed men.
"You dirty thug!" he gritted. Then to the policemen: "You chaps didn't get here any too soon; that rascal was about to drop me into the river. . . . Why, he's got my clothes on! . . . A sudden burst of recognition."
"Do you know him?" Hazard inquired.
"Know him?" exclaimed the other. "I know him for a crook and a black-leg. Tried to make me believe he was Henry Biddle—strung me along till he got me into this joint—no, this isn't the place, either; I must have been knocked silly. We were on a river dock where a lot of small boats were moored. Three huskies jumped me at once. Last thing I knew they were tumbling me into one of the boats."
"You are from Prince & Penthouse?" Hazard pressed him.
The young man returned a questioning look, but answered:
"Yes, Frisbie is my name—Carl Frisbie. At the last moment Mr. Prince was taken ill, and I had to come in his stead. Are you Mr. Biddle?"
"No, but I'm representing him. I'll explain everything by and by. Do you remember this lady?"
Frisbie glanced at Helen and colored with embarrassment.
"—I—I think not," he stammered. "I never saw her before."
Helen and Hazard exchanged glances and smiled, detecting which Frisbie pleased:
"What the dickens does it all mean? I've had the devil's own time since landing in Chicago."
"All in good time, Mr. Frisbie; there are a number of explanations to be made all round."
"First, though, about the papers you were to bring—"
The other interrupted:
"By George, that crook didn't get them! I was taking no chances. Before leaving New York I mailed them to myself, registered, care of the Blackstone hotel. I suppose they or a notice are there now."
Some time later, when Felix Hazard, Carl Frisbie and Helen Bertel gathered in the first-named office, the young engineer was incredulous when told that he had lost a whole twenty-four hours out of his life, but after a while he believed, and could not find words to express his gratitude. As a matter of fact, his demeanor toward Helen was so ardent that Hazard experienced a peculiar feeling of resentment against him; his interest in the affair promptly grew lukewarm.
And when, finally, the connection between "Denver Ed" and the Hercules company's competitor was established, and Rawlings and an official of the competing company were convicted of criminal conspiracy, the detective received the news with an exclamation of impatience.
Miss Bertel, who told him about it, gave him a sly look.
"Perhaps," she demurely added, "you think they should have gotten stronger; but I for one feel sorry for poor Ed Rawlings. He looked so handsome—in Mr. Frisbie's clothes."
(Copyright, 1915, by W. G. Chapman.)

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"It Wasn't Empty. A Man Lay Unconscious in the Bottom."

can get the order out. I'll tell you why you want them by the time they're brought in."

Hazard and Miss Bertel returned to the room where they had left the unknown. For upwards of an hour the detective tried to assist the young man to penetrate the veil that hung over his past, but all to no purpose. Enlarging upon the story he had told Miss Bertel, he repeated numerous times all the names that must have been familiar to anyone having connection with the firms under consideration, or any association with the huge enterprise that was of such moment to his supposed confederates. The unknown sat shaking his head and repeating: "It is all strange to me, or I never heard that name before."
Hazard gave up in despair. Whereupon Miss Bertel, who had remained a silent but interested spectator, was at once inspired. She rose and laid a sheet of paper on a desk and handed a pencil to the young man. Outside, there was almost a constant roar from passing elevated trains. She pointed to the structure and motioned to the desk.
"Draw that," she commanded—"the 'L' sign right in front of you."
Without demur the young man seated himself at the desk and bent over the paper; but at once he reached out a hand and groped for something he could not find.
Next instant he started to his feet. The pencil dropped from his fingers, and like a man suddenly roused from sleep he stood blinking at Hazard and the girl.
"—I—I can't draw it to scale," he stammered, "not without my—"
He suddenly broke off and shouted: "I know now—I'm a draftsman!"

Although Felix Hazard and Helen Bertel were both jubilant over the success of her stratagem, the unknown was plunged into depths of despondency even more profound than before.
"To think!" he groaned. "I was almost blinded by the vividness of it all; I had everything in my grasp; then—puff!—and the curtain dropped again, the rift in the veil closed."
"Cheer up," Hazard encouraged him. "You are coming on famously. Let's all go get a bite to eat, then we'll drop in on my friend Cowles over at police headquarters."
An hour later Lieutenant Cowles greeted the trio at police headquarters.
"I have the whole mob," he announced, eyeing Hazard. "Keep your promise, and tell me why I'm holding them; I don't want to get into trouble."
"You'll get into the newspapers; that's about the worst that will happen to you," returned Hazard. "Fetch in Rawlings."
The immediate effect of that individual's appearance was startling and thrilling. Before anyone could lift a hand to interfere the unknown leaped at Rawlings and the two went to the floor in a fighting, snarling heap. They thrashed about so furiously that it was impossible, until some seconds had elapsed, for any of the several policemen present to secure a handhold upon either of the combatants.
When presently they were dragged apart Rawlings was colorless and gasping for breath, while the other lay inert, a thin trickle of blood from a wound above one temple indicating where his head had struck against a

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