THE BOSSIER BANNER.

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Notice!

With a shortening in the days, a change in the hours for selling ice becomes necessary. During the forenoon please call between ten and twelve o'clock, and from three to six during the afternoon. Only during these hours will I be on hand to serve you, and those who do not wish to be disappointed will do well to call then. As heretofore, stock at the Benton Drug Store. J. W. HOSIER.

Skill of a Detective

Murder Mystery Solved by Bogus Confession

By Howard Fielding

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When I was chief of police of the city of Bradbury I had a somewhat remarkable case that began with a very peculiar incident. A lawyer named Eugene Pollard called me up by telephone at headquarters about 11 o'clock one evening and told me rather excitedly that he had just been in communication with Frederic Clinton and that in the midst of the conversation he had heard a sound as of a blow and another as of a heavy fall. Failing to get further speech with Mr. Clinton, he had appealed to "central," who had tried in vain to help him and had said that the receiver of Mr. Clinton's telephone must be off the hook so that the bell would not ring.

I told Mr. Pollard that I would meet him in five minutes at the Clinton residence. My light car was at the door of the station house, and I immediately jumped aboard, accompanied by a special officer named Devlin. As we came alongside the Clinton house, which is on the corner of our best residence street and is surrounded by lawns and gardens which take up the full depth of the block, I thought I saw a moving figure amid the shrubbery. I sent Devlin to investigate.

I was about to ring the bell when the front door was suddenly but softly opened and Robert Clinton, nephew of Frederic, emerged in haste, mingled with caution. He was greatly startled at the sight of me, but my explanation was interrupted by the appearance of Pollard, who came panting up the walk. Robert, however, had made out that I thought something was wrong with his uncle, and he turned and ran into the house. We followed to the only lighted room that I had observed in any part of the structure.

There was a roll top desk open, with an end against the farther wall. Close against the front of the desk stood a chair, behind which lay the body of Frederic Clinton, face downward. There was a dreadful wound on the back of the head, but the man's soul still lingered.

"Robert!" he uttered in a tone of much affection, and the next instant he was gone.

During this scene I had been considerably impressed by the bearing of Robert Clinton, I can hardly say why.

"You and I must begin to look into this affair," said I. "Of course the method of the crime is clear enough. The golf club is the weapon, and I suppose there is no doubt that the murderer stepped out from behind that curtain across the doorway into the passage. Where does that passage lead?"

Instead of answering my question Clinton pressed his hand to his fore-

THE BODY OF FREDERIC CLINTON LAY FACE DOWNWARD.

head and exhaled a shuddering groan.

"I could have prevented this," he said.

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"I saw somebody there," he answered. "I came home a few minutes before 11. Just as I was at the gate I saw the lights turned up in this room, but the curtains were drawn. I came slowly up the walk and paused on the veranda, debating whether I should go in and speak to my uncle. Finally I decided to do so. I knocked at his door. After a very brief interval he said, 'Come in.' I entered, and the draft caused that curtain to swing into the passage there at the back of the room. I thought I saw it press against the figure of some one standing behind it."

"And you didn't tell your uncle?"

"No; I thought he knew. Practically the same thing had happened before. I'll tell you all about it. I thought it was Mr. Pollard behind the curtain. My uncle had some dealings with him and didn't wish me to know, so one evening when Pollard was here and I knocked my uncle asked him to step into the passage."

"How did you find out about it?"

"I asked Pollard, and he told me."

"Did he tell you what his business was with your uncle?"

"No, but I found out."

"What was it?"

"I can't tell you."

"Do you realize," said I, "that your evidence is not very nice for Mr. Pollard?"

"But—but Pollard wasn't here!" he gasped. "We know where he says he was."

"But surely the girl—central—will remember what happened."

"Perhaps she will, and yet"—

I was interrupted by the sudden entrance of the officer whom I had sent to search the grounds. A small corner of my mind had been wondering for some time what had become of my man, but I had not dreamed that he would appear with a prisoner, far less that that prisoner would be a woman.

"Robert!" she cried. "How dreadful!"

"Where did you get her?" I asked Devlin in a guarded tone.

"She was outside there. I chased her clear to Willow street. Pretty near home she was when I caught her."

"You know who she is, then?"

"Sure. She's Celia Burton, the girl that's made the trouble between Bob Clinton and his uncle."

I asked him what Miss Burton had said in explanation of her presence, and Devlin answered that she told him that she had come to see Clinton.

"He was to have met her this evening, an' he didn't," said Devlin, "an' along about 11 o'clock she got to wonderin' why, so she come over an' whistled under his window, an' he looked out an' said he'd be with her in a minute."

This extremely unconventional behavior was quite characteristic of Miss Burton. She was a clerk in a candy store and had been "written up" in the local papers as the prettiest girl in town. Such fame as that must necessarily have prejudiced her in the eyes of a rigid aristocrat like Frederic Clinton. Indeed, it was for a love affair with a girl of very similar antecedents that Clinton had disinherited and banished his only son.

Miss Burton repeated to me the story she had told Devlin, and she made no excuses.

"I wanted to see him," she said, as if that were quite sufficient.

On his part, Robert said that he had spent the evening in Greensford, about twenty miles from Bradbury, and had returned by the last train, but he refused to tell me what errand had called him there. Pollard would not disclose the nature of his business with Mr. Clinton, pleading professional privilege.

On the morrow, however, there came a startling revelation. The cashier of the First National bank told me that Pollard had obtained during the last few days over $80,000 in cash from Mr. Clinton's account and had also visited the safe deposit vaults with Mr. Clinton, presumably to get securities.

This disclosure seemed to justify me in questioning Pollard more sharply. To my surprise, he threw aside his reticence completely.

"My business with Mr. Clinton," he said, "has related to a settlement with his son."

"I thought he was dead," said I.

"He is not dead," replied the lawyer. "His father has seen him several times of late. Mr. Clinton desired to keep this matter from the knowledge of the nephew, Robert, and therefore the son, Edward Clinton, has been living in Greensford."

"Greensford?" said I. "Did Robert go to see him last evening?"

"He did. They were together up to the time that Robert took the last train home."

"Then Edward, the son, has an alibi in Robert's testimony."

"He has," replied the lawyer. "I have talked with Robert today about it."

"Did Robert fear that the son would be restored to favor and he himself cast adrift?"

"I think so."

"I have always understood that Mr. Clinton had made Robert his sole heir by will."

"That was true, but it is not true now," answered Pollard. "There is no will. Mr. Clinton destroyed it three days ago, intending to draw another. The son is the natural heir. Robert gets nothing, but," he added significantly, "Robert does not yet know of this. Neither does Celia Burton."

"Do you mean to intimate that one of them killed him?"

"Who else could it have been?" said he. "Who had a motive?"

"But Edward's safety depends on Robert's evidence"—

"Which I have induced him to put in the form of an affidavit," said the lawyer grimly.

"You don't believe that Robert killed him," said I; "yet this is not a woman's crime."

"It is not an ordinary woman's crime," he rejoined.

When I left Pollard the case looked extremely bad from the point of view of a chief of police, for there seemed to be no chance of convicting anybody.

I went over to Greensford and looked up Edward Clinton's alibi. Even without the evidence of his cousin Robert it was ironclad. This man could have no fear of being accused of this murder, and, assured of this, I summoned him to Bradbury, and he came. We had a conversation in my private room, and the reader must understand that everything I said to that man was a lie.

"Mr. Clinton," I said, "I have just sent some of my men to arrest the murderer of your father. He will be here soon, and I shall question him. In order that I may be prepared to do so I want to talk with you first. Do you know anything about Miss Celia Burton, your cousin's sweetheart?"

"Yes," said he. "I guess she's a pretty bad egg."

"Miss Burton," I resumed, "was a special providence in this case. Without her I don't know what we should have done. You see, the point is right here: Your father undoubtedly called up Lawyer Pollard by telephone. The girl in the central office settles that, and she says that she rang Pollard's telephone fully five minutes, if not ten, before she got any answer. Now, your father's telephone was beside his desk, so that he could use it sitting down, but he was standing—bending over—when he was struck. The position of the chair, pushed well under the desk, and the nature of the wound show these things. Do you think a man of his age would have stood in that position five or ten minutes with a chair right handy? Do you think the murderer would have waited so long?

"Well—but—I don't quite see"—

"I tell you, sir, your father was struck down as soon as he called Pollard's number. The girl in the central office did not hear his voice again. She heard only Pollard's. Very well. Pollard lives in a lodging house. The lodger in the room over him was awake at 11 o'clock that night and did not hear

I READ TO HIM A BOGUS CONFESSION OF POLLARD'S.

Pollard's telephone bell. Why not? That lodger often had heard it, but not that night, though the house was still. Why not? I ask you again. Because the bell was muffled. Pollard muffled it before he went to your father's house that night. He knew that Mr. Clinton was going to call him up. It had been arranged that he should do so. But Pollard went over there first, before Mr. Clinton got home. He got in by a back window and secreted himself in that curtained passage, holding one of your cousin Robert's golf clubs in his hand. Your father entered and turned up the lights and went straight to the telephone. Pollard crept out of the passage, crouching behind the desk. He waited till the number had been called, and then he struck and struck again. A moment later he had fled through that passage and out of the house and through the garden and so home. The muffled bell was ringing. He answered the call. A beautiful alibi established, and, to make it neater, he called me up and told his excellent story of overhearing the tragedy in your father's home."

"But this is conjecture," said Clinton. "You can't know"—

"That's where my pretty little special province comes in," said I. "The fair lady of our story was in your father's garden, and she saw the red handed murderer flee through the shadows.

"And now," I continued, "I've had Pollard from the first, though the motive was a little obscure. You must furnish that. How much money has Pollard paid you on your father's order?"

He named the sum, and it was right, so far as I knew, but I couldn't afford to say so.

"Just about half," said I. "He's stuck you $100,000. I know that, but I can't prove it, your father being dead. However, Pollard will undoubtedly confess."

And at this I touched on electric button, and one of my men entered.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he. "We've got him, and he's all broken down. He'll tell you everything he knows."

"Wait for me here," said I and left the room.

Edward Clinton waited about half a minute, and then he climbed out of a window that I had left conspicuously open. This, of course, was good proof that my theory was right. We let him get away a mile or more and then brought him back. I had him put into the worst cell we've got, and I read to him through the bars a bogus confession of Pollard's wherein it was related that the plot to kill Frederic Clinton had been devised by his son, who had promised to share the fortune which he would inherit with Pollard as payment for the murder and the destruction of the will.

Edward's nerves couldn't stand that. He confessed that he had agreed to share the fortune with Pollard, but he declared that from first to last every step of the plot had been devised by the lawyer, in whose hands he had been as so much putty.

Having secured a signed statement from Edward Clinton, I arrested Pollard on the strength of it, and, though he made a hard fight, I secured his conviction. Edward Clinton as an accomplice lost his inheritance, and the fortune passed to Robert as the next of kin. He married Celia, and at last accounts they were very happy.

One Rule For All

¶ The publisher of a country newspaper to be successful must have but one rule for all, and particularly is this true as regards his relations with his subscribers. This has been the Banner's policy for many years, and we recognize that any other course would be ruinous to the best interests of the paper. That's one reason why we remain firm in this stand—one reason why we treat all just alike. In fact, there's no other equitable course to pursue.

¶ If you are a subscriber to the Banner you may expect a statement to come to you a little prior to the time your subscription expires. Should you fail to make prompt remittance, you need not be surprised if your paper is discontinued, for that is what will follow. In other words, let us assume that your date is November 1, 1917. Then a statement will be mailed you about October 15th to 20th, and if you then fail to remit your name will be dropped from the Banner's mailing list November 1st. That's the way the rule works here in this office. When not carried out to the letter you may depend upon it being for reasons that the office force has been too busy with other duties to get around to that of subscription accounts.

One rule for all—all the time—with the Banner

STREETS OF LONDON.

A Name System That Is Confusing Even to Residents of the City.

When it comes to confusing street systems London should not be overlooked. Some consider it the most confusing, even Londoners not always being sure of locations.

As an example of what one meets in the British capital a man once asked to be directed to a certain house on King street. He was sent in one direction. When he did not come to King street as soon as he expected he asked again for King street and was sent in an opposite direction. Again not sure of his direction, he asked a third time for King street and was asked which King street he wanted.

The question stumped him, not knowing that London has nineteen King streets. This number does not include the King streets in London's suburbs.

If this man who wanted King street had asked for Queen street his predicament would have been even greater, for there are thirty-four Queen streets in London.

Great as the city is, it is far behind New York in regard to a comprehensive street system, even though corners of New York such as Greenwich Village are most confusing.—Exchange.

They Took the Lash.

One of the traditions of the British Royal Yacht club is of Lord Yarborough's Falcon, the crew of which were paid extra wages on condition that they they submitted to the usual rules in force on British vessels of war These included flogging under certain circumstances, and it is said that in consideration of the additional sum paid by Lord Yarborough some of the crew cheerfully submitted to the occasional application of the cat-o'-nine-tails. "Indeed, before the Falcon left Plymouth sound for a cruise all hands cordially signed a paper setting forth the usefulness of a sound flogging in cases of extremity and their perfect willingness to undergo the experiment whenever it was deemed necessary for the preservation of good order."

Superstitions About Hares.

There have been at various periods all manner of queer superstitions about hares, which would seem to indicate that the believers were themselves madder than any hare that ever gamboled in March. Its brains were believed to make children's teeth come quickly and painlessly; those who ate its flesh became lovely and gracious for a week after; a waistcoat made of hare's skin straightened the bodies both of young and old, etc. Even today there are those who take as an evil omen the crossing of the road before them by this most innocent of creatures.—London Chronicle.

Too Slow.

Mr. Slowgait (about to propose; time 11 p. m.)—I am about to say something, Miss Chillington, that I should have said some time ago. Look into my eyes and tell me if you cannot guess what it is. Miss Chillington (suppressing a yawn)—You look as sleepy as I feel, so I suppose you must be going to say "Good night."—Stray Stories.

A Clever Reply.

Mme. de Maintenon once asked Lord Stair why it was that the affairs of government were so badly managed in France under a king and so well managed in England under a queen. "For that very reason," replied the English ambassador, "for when a man reigns the women rule him, and when a woman reigns she is ruled by men."

Sorrow.

Sorrow is not an incident occurring now and then. It is the woof which is woven into the warp of life, and he who has not discerned the divine sacredness of sorrow and the profound meaning which is concealed in pain has yet to learn what life is.—F. W. Robertson.

Sample.

"George didn't keep his engagement with me last night," said the girl who was betrothed to him.

"I'd give him a piece of my mind," said her mother.

"Just a little sample of married life," suggested father.—Cleveland Leader.

Old Dutch Custom.

In many Dutch villages and towns the chief door of a house is never opened except on the occasion of a funeral or of a marriage.

Some Sugar Statistics.

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Federal Department of Commerce has furnished the Banner for publication the following facts and figures about sugar—the domestic produttion, exports and imports:

"The receipts of sugar into the United States amounted to 7,472,728,906 pounds valued at $347,674,625 in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917, against 7,620,085,068 pounds valued at $308,986,793 in 1916, the high record year, and 6,822,825,102 pounds valued at $155,677,126 in 1914. While the quantity received in 1917 shows an increase of 9½ per cent over 1914, the value increased 124 per cent.

"Of the total arrivals of sugar in 1917, 5,332,745,854 pounds valued at $230,945,694 came from foreign countries, 1,162,605,066 pounds valued at $62,741,164 from Hawaii and 977,377,996 pounds valued at $53,987,767 from Porto Rico. Of the 5 1-3 billion pounds imported in 1917 from foreign countries 4,669,097,398 pounds came from Cuba, 114,367,301 pounds from the Dominican Republic, 158,107,469 pounds from South American countries, 267,891,954 pounds from the Philippine Islands, 26,406,776 pounds from our recently purchased territory of the Virgin Islands, formerly Danish West Indies, 21,885,000 pounds from Japan, and lesser amounts from other countries.

"The imports from the Virgin Islands and Japan show remarkable increases when compared with previous years. There being no imports of sugar from the Virgin Islands in 1916, and the total imports from these islands in the five fiscal years 1912-1916 amounted to 25,912,546 pounds, one-half million pounds less than the quantity for 1917. In 1916 the imports of sugar from Japan were 6410 pounds, and only 26,4[illegible] pounds for the five years 1912-1916 against 21,885,000 pounds in 1917. The imports of sugar from the Dutch East Indies, which amounted to 340 1-3 million pounds in 1912, fell to 21,8[illegible] pounds in 1917. The imports of beet sugar for 1917 were only 28,847 pounds.

"The production of sugar in the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1917, is estimated at 2,265,251,840 pounds, of which 621,799,3[illegible] pounds were cane and 1,645,452,4[illegible] pounds beet sugar. This production with the imports from foreign countries and receipts from noncontiguous territories would make the sugar available in the markets of the United States amount to 9,739,980,746 pounds. Of this amount 1,248,840,336 pounds valued at $77,096,608 were exported as domestic refined suger, 5,711,34[illegible] pounds valued at $284,857 were reexports of sugar in the condition in which imported, and the shipments to noncontiguous territories amounted to 19,329,532 pounds, valued at $1,437,741. Deducting these shipments from the receipts and production would show 8,466,099,534 pounds as retained in the United States, an average of 81 pounds per capita, against 7,960,362,762 pounds, an average of 78 pounds per capita in 1916, and 8,793,794,928 pounds, an average of 89 pounds per capita in 1914.

"The average price of imported sugar in 1914 was 2.01 cents per pound; in 1915, 3.2 cents per pound; in 1916, 3.8 cents per pound, and in 1917, 4.5 cents per pound, an increase of 112 per cent in three years. The average price of sugar from Hawaii was 3 cents in 1914 and 5.4 cents in 1917; from Porto Rico the average price was 3.1 cents in 1914, and 5.5 cents in 1917. Refined sugar exported averaged 3.6 cents per pound in 1914 against 6.2 cents in 1917."

Sure, That's the Thing Now.

Many a man who has spent the major port of his earnings over the card table is now the sole support of a dependent wife.—*Thibodaux Commercial Journal.*

1917			SEPTEMBER			1917
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23/30	24	25	26	27	28	29

Phases of the Moon.
Full moon ... 1st-30th New moon 16th
Last quarter ..... 8th First quarter 24th