

# MAUD WEST

## Woman Detective



Dressed as a Man, with Cigarette and Eye-Glasses, She Has Successfully Preserved Her Identity in the Great London Hotels, All the Time Shadowing

Maud West. for Her Clients.

In fiction the woman detective is always young and fascinating; her skill in handling delicate situations and in solving the most puzzling mysteries arouses admiration. She is fearless and knows how to handle an automatic pistol.

Prepare to be astonished; greet one in real life!

Maud West is not only a woman sleuth, but she has had a career vivid with adventure; in ten years of activity in her romantic occupation she has been a vital factor in celebrated cases. She is especially adept at disguises. In

ted by detective stories, and I read them still with eager interest. The Raffles books were the most interesting, and were of the greatest value in my work. You see, Raffles was a planner of robberies, and his schemes were remarkably like actual occurrences with which I had to deal.

When I found I had to earn my own living I decided to take up detective work because it seemed to offer an occupation which would be both congenial and remunerative. I am glad to say I have found it so in both respects.

One of the most desperate plights I found myself in happened after I had defeated the plot of a blackmailer



Maud West making up as a man.

one day she may be a scrubwoman, bent and worn, a dandy lounging in the Carlton smoking room, and then some evening in a décolleté gown dining in some fashionable restaurant. And in this last presentation she will have all the ease and grace of a woman of fashion.

But it is in the masculine roles that she excels.

In the garb of a well-dressed youth her appearance is so deceptive that she has gone to every place a man may appear in and never has been suspected as a masquerader with a purpose. See her lounging about with a cigarette between her lips and even the most observing would find nothing in her walk or carriage to betray her sex.

But withal she has retained her natural charms. The first impressions of a visitor to Miss West's offices at Albion House, New Oxford street, London, is of the pervading air of femininity. She receives her numerous clients in a pleasantly furnished room; it is ornamented with palms and vases of cut flowers, having the aspect of a woman's boudoir rather than that of a detective bureau.

It is so with the detective herself—comely, self-possessed, smartly dressed, with soft rosy cheeks, mild blue eyes, fair hair and a good figure. She talks in a quiet, gentle, ingratiating way. Always modest, her womanliness bubbles to the surface in her conversation.

Miss West has written for this magazine a description of some of her adventures. It offers a fascinating insight into the life of a woman detective.

By Maud West.

I BELIEVE that most of my success as a detective is due to the fact that I do not look like one. It is hard to admit it, but it is true that I always look under the bed at night.

When a girl I was always fascina-



Dressed as a man with cigarette and eye glasses.

who afterward proved to be a notorious criminal. He rushed into my office and standing at the door covered me with a revolver.

With an oath he cried that he was going to shoot me down. He was in a great rage. Fortunately I kept my head about me; I had to, because at the moment I was alone and there was no way to summon help. Looking him straight in the eyes I began to talk softly and in a conciliating way.

"What good would it do to kill me?" I asked. "You are not going to be prosecuted and sent to prison for the crime you attempted. You know it was my duty to prevent you from carrying it out. Why should you commit murder and run the risk of being hanged? You're not free now, but I could have sent you up for a long term at hard labor. Better let well enough alone."

All the time I was arguing with the rascal I kept arranging the papers on my desk with what seemed motions meant to hide fright and nervousness. Really, I still had command of myself, and every moment I was getting nearer to the automatic pistol that I had concealed in a drawer. At last I had my fingers on it! I had a chance!

The fellow kept on shouting threats; his eyes gleamed with rage and it was plain that he was torturing me as a cat would a mouse before finally killing it.

"If you shoot me," I said as icily and intensely as I could, "I shall shoot you, too! I have my fingers on a pistol now that can spit ten bullets while you are firing one with that revolver of yours."

At last I succeeded in calming him so that he could be reasoned with. He went away, and I was surprised that I did not collapse. But never have I gone anywhere since without that little automatic. It is my most precious possession!

I frequently dress up as a man when I wish to watch a house or loiter about a street. A woman, you see, cannot stand about like a man may. I once stayed at the Grand Hotel in Paris for a fortnight as a man. I did not wear a man's clothes all the time; only when I was working. It is the easiest thing in the world to disguise one's self at a hotel and yet occupy the same room. I found no difficulty in avoiding the chambermaids as I went in and out.

Often I make my changes of costume in my office here. Not long ago I came in at about 5 o'clock as a shabby old scrubwoman, removed all make-up and garments and was at the Ritz Hotel dressed for dinner by 7 o'clock. That is a pretty good contrast. I find no difficulty in disguising myself, though sometimes I have a difficulty in persuading clients—particularly women—that this is so. There was one woman who was so hard to convince on this point that I arranged to meet her at a restaurant for dinner the same evening.

When I approached and greeted her in the entrance hall I had so changed my appearance that she became indignant and insisted I had mistaken her for some one else. When I assured her that there was no mistake she was still sceptical; then finally I told her who I was and she could scarcely believe her eyes. All through dinner she kept saying to me: "Well, I should never have believed it possible!" Yet it is not really so difficult.

"I have posed as a nurse more than once—the uniform makes a very effective disguise. I have taken a post as secretary and gone into domestic service as a parlor-maid or housemaid several times. Not long ago I was acting as a mother's help.

It is surprising how many engaged or about to be engaged persons—both men and girls—commission me to make inquiries about their fiancés. It is quite a common thing. Occasionally I have to administer motherly advice, but I have managed to help in several emergencies of a delicate nature, and I have frustrated some nefarious designs. I am rather in favor of inquiries of this kind—it is better to be sure before marriage than sorry afterward.

When it comes to wheedling some information out of a person I would rather have a man to deal with than a woman; but when it comes to shadowing a person it is just the reverse. A woman, if she discovers she is being watched, soon grows tired of trying to throw the detective off his scent; but a man, if he finds or even suspects he is being watched, never gives up. He will make our task as difficult as possible. I have noticed a difference, too, between men who are naturally crooks and those who are merely doing something which they know is wrong. The way these lush round to see if some one is following them is quite different.

Shadowing is one of the most difficult and arduous of our duties. One must keep one's eyes simply glued on the person one is following. If one allows one's attention to be distracted, even for an instant, one's quarry is liable to be lost. It is wonderful how easy it is to vanish in London. Oftentimes it is round a corner and out of sight. This makes sleuthing especially hard for inexperienced assistants, who forget the rule of the chase. Unknown to the novice, I always send another member of my staff to shadow him or her in turn.

With all its difficulties and disabilities, the business is fascinating. It is surprising how many applications I receive from girls, who come to see me, wishing to become detectives. Most of them are unsuitable for the work. Besides natural ability and liking for it, a girl needs great tact, great strength, great perseverance and, of course, courage. A strong constitution is absolutely essential. One frequently has to go without meals, and the strain is very severe, for one never knows when one will be able to rest. The individual who is being shadowed may rest for hours during the day or even go to sleep, but the detective must not relax for a moment.

The strain is on her the whole time, and consequently she must be able to stand far more fatigue than the other person. I frequently take rests myself. If I did not do so I should never be able to keep going. It is terribly wearing. The best advice I can give to other women who would like to be detectives is—Don't!



Maud West could make her fortune as a quick change artist.

# BAIT FOR DOGS



## Timothy J. Burke, Official Quarry of the Police Pack, Dodges Through His Work Days with Hounds Always at His Heels. "Simply a Question of Getting Used to the Job," He Says.

MEETING Timothy J. Burke informally and for the first time you would put him down as wedded to some peaceful occupation like boxing under the Frawley law or polishing international trophies for Sir Thomas Lipton. You would not conceive him as a man of great emotional needs. Rather he would impress you as one who had signed a Hague treaty with the universe, called off hostilities with Fate and settled down to the life of a philosopher and a gentleman.

Mr. Burke's job is acting as the theoretical prey for aspiring police dogs. His field extends from New York City to Western Pennsylvania. Whenever the New York Police Department has a new dog to break in Mr. Burke is employed as the training table. Whenever there is a dog show in which police dogs take part Mr. Burke is the official victim. He makes a profession of it. The police dogs have to attack something; Mr. Burke is that something.

There are some peculiar occupations in this country, but for pure originality that of Mr. Burke probably has them all eclipsed. Imagine yourself to be at an official test of police dogs—one which took place recently at Sheephead Bay, N. Y., will serve as an example.

It was a dog show, but distinct in many ways from the usual run of such events. The dogs on exhibition were being judged not only for their appearance but their performances. There were coach dogs, hunting dogs, bloodhounds and police dogs—all animals whose value depended chiefly upon their ability to fulfil a certain purpose rather than to look pretty.

Deni Von Burn was the first contestant off the leash. She was a big, lean, shaggy, black virago from Germany, with long legs and teeth. When she spotted Timothy J. Burke something seemed to tell her that he was wanted for first degree murder, arson, burglary, carrying concealed weapons, assaulting an officer and playing ball on Sunday. There were several other men on the field, but Deni didn't pay the least attention to them. She had Burke's number from the word go. Her owner explained that she had been shown a Bertillon picture of him. He that as it may, she wanted Mr. Burke and she wanted him badly.

"All ready," said the judges. "Get him!" said Deni's owner and slipped the leash. Burke, despite the impeding clothing, made a bluff at running, said bluff being a part of the game. He had about two hundred yards lead on Deni, which she covered in about two seconds.

"G-r-r!" It was a suppressed utterance, but it said beyond any question that whether or not the rest of the crowd was playing Deni meant business. She tore down the field until she was five feet behind Burke's back. He dodged to one side. Deni growled again, launched herself through the air and came down on his shoulders.

Burke went down. Deni may have weighed only eighty pounds, but she was going forty miles an hour and she didn't pause until she hit Mr. Burke's overcoated back. There were more growls. Burke dug his head into the ground and covered the back of his head with his arms. Deni tore savagely at his shoulders. Her owner whistled. That was Deni's signal to quit, but she was having a good time and she did want to get through that padding. The whistle blew shrilly. Reluctantly Deni abandoned her efforts and sprang to one side, jaws still open, watching the prostrate man with longing eyes. The judges ran up.

"All right!" they called to Burke. "Yes," he responded, not moving.

"Try her on the catch," said the judges to Deni's owner.

"Move your head," called the owner to Burke. The head moved ever so little. Deni shot forward, sinking her teeth into the mufflers about Burke's neck.

"Ouch!" he yelled. The whistle blew sharply. Deni released her hold. Her owner put the leash on. Burke rose carefully, rubbing at his neck.

"She's a devil," he observed dispassionately. There were two streaks of blood behind his ear, where Deni's claws had furrowed deeply.

"Revolver test!" announced the judges. One of them handed Burke a gun loaded with blank cartridges. Deni was led back to the starting point. Again there was the two-hundred-yard dash after the running man. This time, though, Deni found opposition. The blank cartridges were called into play. Burke wheeled while the dog was fifteen yards away and began fir-

ing. Deni flinched and, for a single dramatic moment, looked as though she was going to quit. But it was only the surprise. A moment later she was leaping swiftly toward her victim. The revolver flashed twice in her face; then Timothy J. Burke went down again, this time with the dog's teeth in the wrappings about his throat. The whistle blew. Deni released her hold.

"Good work," said one of the judges. No one paid the least attention to Burke. He was sitting up and feeling, gingerly of the protecting mufflers. Deni's teeth had gone through all but one.

"H-m-m!" he observed and arose, brushing himself off. "I need something more around my neck." The judges gave it to him. There were more trials. Five other dogs, one by one, repeated with more or less energy and skill Deni Von Burn's performance. One after another they dashed across the arena, launched themselves at Burke's head and shoulders, knocked him down, clawed at his face, bit at his hands.

The scratches on his neck grew in number. One dog put a tooth through his double gloves. Another snapped the strap off his leather leggings. He went down again and again in the dust, arose, brushed his clothes, rearranged the wrappings about his neck, made comment on the performance and waited for the next dog. He took it all without any apparent sign of fear. His attitude was almost remote.

"I'll tell you," he said after the trials were over; "it's simply a question of getting used to the job." He was talking of his protective armor, garment by garment, suit by suit, wrapping by wrapping. At the beginning of the conversation he had looked formidable; during its progress he had shrunk faster than property values at assessment time. "I used to be scared." He lost another twenty pounds. "But now it's as easy as breathing." There appeared a mild, blond mustache. "It ain't the safest work in the world, but it pays well." His chin emerged unostentatiously. "So I stick to it."

Mr. Timothy J. Burke stood revealed. His general expression proved to be one of deep and abiding sorrow, tempered somewhat by an air of deep philosophy. There was something about him which said Timothy J. Burke did not believe in taking life too militantly.

"Yes," he said, "this is about all I do. If everything's all right I go fishing once in a while—and if it ain't well, I don't do nothin'. How much do I get out of it? Well, they pay me twenty for an afternoon like this."

Mr. Burke dropped some peroxide on his scratches and prepared to depart.