

Under the Rose

Passages from the Case-Book of Inspector FINNEY VALENTINE, Investigator Extraordinary

THE SOCIETY BUCCANEER

By FREDERIC REDDALE

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AMONG the earlier cases which came to Finney Valentine after establishing his own private agency was one that appeared in his files under the dual initials "R. C."

Back of this cabalistic designation the preliminary facts were these: For perhaps a year and a half one of New York's many smart sets—since the days of Ward McAllister the four hundred has grown to considerably more than four thousand—had been mystified and annoyed by a series of totally inexplicable robberies, evidently perpetrated by some person or persons who either had the person or who knew perfectly the habits of those forming the coterie in question.

The trouble began with a notable jewel robbery at Mrs. Alger's cotton and dance, the thief getting away with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gems. Next, while Mrs. Kendig's dinner guests were at table "some one" looted the upstairs apartments to the tune of half as much. Then came the loss of a priceless balas ruby at the Milnor mansion, said ruby having been passed around among the guests for admiration, but which never came back to its owner's hands. These cases occurred in town. But neither were certain country places immune; the Jerdan place at Wheatley and the Madren "camp" in the Adirondacks being noble instances where the loot was almost fabulous in value owing to the pleasant habit peculiar to American women of carrying around with them all their portable wealth in diamonds, pearls, and rubies, even to such inadmissible places as a so-called "bungalow" in the woods.

Although the losses must have totaled nearly a cool million, the plutocrats most concerned had been content to pocket their losses without "squealing" to the regular police or at the cost of national notoriety through appealing to the Pinkertons.

However, patience ceases to be a virtue even among those delectable ones who possess more money than they can possibly spend—or squander. So when, after some months of blissful quiet, during which period the guilty gang or the equally culpable individual had been fattening on the last haul, the Batterman "cottage" at Newport was entered and its fair guests despoiled of gauds appraised at a quarter million, the masculine appendages of these fair ones resolved that "the thing had gone far enough."

Above all they dreaded that vulgar thing called "publicity"—to occupy the public eye in that way favors too much of Reno. But a rigid and judicious probing was determined upon; to the discredit but none the less merciless investigator, Finney Valentine, late inspector of police, the task of ferreting out the guilty was committed.

After pocketing a fat retainer, listening to the accounts of the various robberies, and securing a fairly accurate description of the chief articles of stolen jewelry, Valentine's next move was to call for lists of the house-guests who had been present at the various functions in both town and country.

Many—indeed most—of these names he was able to "blue pencil" at a glance as being, like Caesar's wife, beyond suspicion, although sleuth-like he made ample allowance for a well-known fact in criminal annals,—that even the wealthiest sometimes have strange obsessions and a queer indifference to the rights of meum and tum. Naturally, also, he found the same people appearing again and again, at dance, or dinner, or house-party, and in one way that fact helped to narrow the scope of his investigation.

But after some days and nights of careful winnowing and elimination, by a sort of reverse process of natural selection, the master-detective was impressed by the fact that one man's name was invariably present on every occasion where the robberies had occurred,—a name of almost national reputation in old Knickerbocker society and affiliations,—that of Roslyn Cavanna. Other men and women came and went; some were guests on two or three occasions yet missing on others. But the name of young Cavanna was never wanting at those fateful times.

Of course, the fact might be ascribed to pure accident or the merest coincidence, and yet—obviously it was wise to look into the antecedents of Mr. Roslyn Cavanna, son of a sire now deceased, born to considerable wealth, a "high roller" from his college days, a daring cross-country rider, polo-player, and yachtsman,—some said a reckless gambler on the race-track or over the green tables, and a daring but unlucky speculator on "the street,"—reputed to have long since dissipated a half million inheritance and reported to be on the lookout for a rich wife to recoup his bankrupt fortunes.

These and some other things Finney Valentine jotted down in his casebook.

FAMILY HAS QUEER SOCIETY

Object is to "Keep Wolf from the Door" and Provide Own Amusements.

One of the oldest social organizations in New York has just been formed in Brooklyn borough, and steps are now being taken to incorporate it. It consists of 67 members, all of whom are direct descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Jacobson, who have just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. The new association

will be a close corporation, for no body will be allowed to join except direct descendants of the aged couple and their wives or husbands.

Ambitious plans have been formed by the organizers. These include death and sick benefit funds, card circles, sewing circles and eventually the starting of some business in which every member of the society will have an interest. The main object of the society is to keep the family together, keep the wolf from the door of all, and provide means by which they will be able to amuse

closed Meekin slid the tray of pearls into a drawer which he locked. Pierre Danser, muttering in his beard, went back to his workbench. But Valentine had just heard by chance a quartet of names that set him to thinking hard—Cavanna—pearls; Mrs. Batterman—Newport robbery.

That same night the ex-inspector and Pierre Danser sat vis-a-vis at a table in a little brasserie south of Washington Square, a bottle of good wine between them.

"If you're sure of your facts," Valentine was saying slowly and impressively, "that five thousand dollars reward is as good as yours, for I'll find some way to nab the gentleman."

"Sure! Name of a cat!" spluttered Danser. Then, more quietly: "See, it sees like zees: Three year since when I work for Marks & Marks, I make up one charmanes necklace for Madame Batterman; every pearl I weigh an' polish, an' drill, an' match,—forty-eight of heem wix one beag fellow in ze middle. 'Vla! I know an' love zee pearls like my own shildren! Zen comes ze robbery; ze necklaces magnifikes zee stolen! Meestaire Batterman offre five t'ousand dollaire r'eward. Mals out! Nozing doing, Zen, three-four day since, a customs-airs he bring for-ty-five pearl for to arrange in necklace. Zis customs-airs, Meestaire Cavanna, say ze pearls belong zis long time in hees family—what you call heirloom. My boss call me into office an' gife me ze ordair. Presto! I remembair zee pearls! Four heer vanish, what you call vamoose, but ze othairs are ze same. I swear him! Pierre Danser cannot meestake! Vla! I want ze r'eward, but Meestaire Meekin he say 'Pout!'"

Valentine followed every word avidly. The further item that for at least three years Cavanna's name had been linked with that of a girl in his own set, Miss Norine Pasmore, whose hood was as blue as his own but who was as poor as the traditional church mouse. Smart gossip also opined that they could never marry, for financial reasons, and that latterly Roslyn Cavanna had been casting sheep's eyes at a certain Kate Rysdale whose millions were in inverse ratio to the rapid rise of her Steel Trust paper.

Finney Valentine owed his successes to one trait among many others: he kept an open and unbiased mind in the face of facts that would have unduly influenced another man; he was never one to formulate a theory and then make the facts fit; rather he built up his cases bit by bit, line by line, until there was but one inevitable conclusion. Then he struck, and he struck hard. So, in the matter of Roslyn Cavanna, he merely decided that the men would bear watching and arranged to be on the spot in future,—a guest at every social function where a repetition of the jewel robberies might be expected to occur,—should such a move prove advisable.

Although, as narrated already, the losers had refrained from calling in either the police or an ordinary detective agency, some stiff rewards had been offered through the daily prints to be paid by Messrs. Dakin & Meekin, the well-known jewelers on Fifth avenue, through whom many of the bangles had been purchased in the first instance.

To Dakin & Meekin, then, went Finney Valentine, ostensibly to inquire if any article had ever been recovered in that way—he knew otherwise—but really to mouse around in search of chance information. This visit led to momentous results. But in order to complete clarity of narrative we must revert for a moment to the last great jewel robbery some six weeks before at Newport.

There the chief booty was a magnificent necklace of matched pearls, forty-nine in number, worth at least fifty thousand dollars, which the fair owner had carelessly left in an unlocked case on her dressing-table during dinner. While she and her maid were absent from the suite the necklace vanished into thin air!

Strolling through the aisles of show-cases in Dakin & Meekin's, waiting for a chance to speak with either of the partners, Valentine saw the door of the private office open and a young man emerge with Dakin at his side. The man was Roslyn Cavanna, handsome, debonair, and faultlessly dressed. He was evidently a valued customer, for Dakin accompanied him almost the length of the store to the entrance.

On his break way back, Finney Valentine buttonholed him and made known his errand.

"Nothing doing, I'm sorry to say," was Dakin's response to the query whether any of the jewels had ever been recovered through the medium of the firm. "Of course, they're good for business in a way—these robberies, I mean—for everything had to be replaced, you know, and some of the losers are among our best customers."

"Was that one of them—the good clients, I mean—I saw you with just now? Young Cavanna, you know?" Dakin laughed.

"Well—er—not exactly. His spending days were over some years ago, I'm afraid. But we're always glad to see him; his father was a good customer. Things are on the mend with Roslyn Cavanna; he's expecting to be married, he tells me. In fact, Mr. Valentine, we are to make his wedding gift. He called to see us about it."

By this time they had reached the door of the private office, where Meekin, the other member, sat at a table with a tray of pearls before him. Facing, on the other side of the table, stood an excited French workman talking volubly, with many typical gestures of the hands and shrugs of the shoulders.

"But I tell you, Meestaire Meekin," he was saying, "I am not mistake, me, Pierre Danser. Non! Ze pearls are identique—vat you call a pairfait match! Ze shape, ze weight, ze couleur! Nom de la nom! Did I not assemble ze fair necklace for Madame Batterman? Pout! In such matters you cannot fool Pierre Danser!" And the little foreigner struck a Napoleonic attitude, nodding his head violently.

"Tut! Tut! Pierre," said Mr. Meekin. "You must be mistaken. There may be a resemblance, of course, but that's merely an accident! We've got a lot of other matchable stones in the safe at this moment, but that doesn't argue they've been stolen."

"What's the trouble?" here inquired Dakin, nudging his partner to be cautious in the presence of a third person.

"Why," said Meekin, "Pierre has a notion that Mr. Cavanna's pearls are the lot that Mrs. Batterman lost in that Newport robbery last month. Of course it's ridiculous, and so I told him." "Perfectly absurd," assented Mr. Dakin. "Let's have no more foolish talk, Pierre. We know what we're about."

To indicate that the discussion was

the time Finney Valentine had reached the place at fifty-ninth street on his way down-town he had formulated a plan of campaign. Next morning he sailed for Europe, going from Southampton to Hamburg, via London. In Hamburg he tarried only a week, but that week was sufficient for him to buy some outrageous Gorman clothes, a pair of unmistakably Teutonic spectacles, to have some cards and stationery printed which bore the name Herr Herman Ritter, and appraised the world that Herr Ritter was a dealer in rare gems and objets d'art.

Then the defunct Finney Valentine sailed from Bremen on a North German Lloyd boat, landing in New York again with a three weeks' growth of beard, so transmogrified that his best friend would not recognize him, took a cab uptown, where he registered at the since demolished Belvedere Hotel, a hostelry much frequented by foreigners.

His next move, after ascertaining that Roslyn Cavanna was in town, was to write on some of his new Hamburg stationery requesting an interview on business of mutual interest. On the second morning a reply came from the quarry appointing three o'clock that same afternoon for a meeting at Cavanna's bachelor rooms in the Alpine, which was better luck than "Herr Ritter" had hoped for. Promptly on the minute his name was announced over the house phone and the supposed expert was whisked heavenward in the elevator.

Herr Ritter lost no time in proclaiming the object of his call after the first formal phrases had been tendered on both sides.

"As you will see, Mr. Cavanna, I am a connoisseur and a dealer in rare gems. I have but lately arrived in a handy time for me. I'm going to be married shortly, and I'm rather short of cash. Been wrong on the market lately, you know—or perhaps you don't know," he explained, remembering that his visitor was a foreigner. "Speculating in Wall street, and got clipped."

Herr Ritter nodded comprehendingly and beamed sympathetically through his thick glasses on the speaker.

"Now," Cavanna went on, "I've got a few trinkets by me—old family jewels, you know—which I've no use for, and which I'd be glad to turn into cash. Of course, Dakin & Meekin would take them off my hands and allow me a fair price, but somehow I'd rather not let them know if the matter could be arranged in any other way. You understand?"

"Quite so, my dear sir," said Herr Ritter, beaming in an affectionate and almost fatherly manner. "I appreciate your scruples and they do you credit. May I—er—see these—er—hair-locks?"

For answer Roslyn Cavanna rose and went into the inner room—presumably a sleeping chamber. There was a brief interlude of unlocking a desk or other receptacle, then he returned bearing in one hand a small chamois bag.

Pushing aside some magazines and newspapers he cleared a space on a small smoking-table and poured out the contents, consisting of perhaps twenty or thirty loose diamonds weighing roughly from one to ten carats apiece, four large pearls, and gleaming ruddily in the midst of their whiteness, a magnificent ruby as big as a robin's egg!

"I don't know as I'd care to dispose of all these," said Cavanna nonchalantly, "but if anything there takes your fancy you might make me an offer."

Herr Ritter's eyes gleamed behind his needless glasses, and it required all his self-control to disguise his elation. Once again his intuition had led him aright, for in the half-handful of gleaming stones before him he recognized, from the descriptions which at that moment reposed in his pocket-book, the four missing Batterman pearls and the Milnor ruby! The thief and the plunder were at his mercy, within his grasp!

For a few moments Herr Ritter bent over the jewels, lifting the larger ones, weighing and appraising. With a muttered "Pardon me a moment," he rose from his chair beside the table, the ruby between thumb and forefinger, and stepped to the window. A moment only he remained with his back to the room.

When he suddenly faced inward a leveled revolver glittered dully in his outstretched hand, covering the astonished thief. Then came the fateful words:

"Roslyn Cavanna I arrest you for robbery—for stealing the Batterman pearls and the Milnor ruby!" "Curse you for a sneaking hound!" snarled Cavanna, leaping to his feet.

"Careful!" continued Valentine. "I've got you covered. Better take it quietly."

"You only think you've got me!" sneared Cavanna. "I'll show you!" He made a sudden movement, there was another uplifted arm, a flash, a report, and Roslyn Cavanna sunk lifeless to the floor. He had meted out his own punishment.

The same time filled their windows with lucious lavender and faint green stripes and soft silk shirts with comfortable French cuffs, and marking out \$2 or \$3, as the case might be, wrote \$1.50 or \$2.50 below. The song of the shirt was loud in the land, its haunting melody not to be resisted. Is there any lure for a woman in all fluffy mystery of a January "white sale" comparable to the seduction for a man of a lavender shirt marked down from \$2 to \$1.50? I doubt it. Heaven help the woman if there is!—Atlantic.

This has been a particularly perilous season for the man with a passion for shirts. By some diabolical agreement all the haberdashers at one and

PRINT WITHOUT INK

Englishman Makes Remarkable Discovery by Accident.

By Means of Electricity Inventor Can Print a Newspaper in All Hues of the Rainbow With One Contract.

London.—About two years ago a fugitive paragraph drifting in the English press had for its subject a possible "printing without ink."

Just now a semi-technical London publication has succeeded in running down the author of the discovery and from him it has the story of the experiment up to date. The man is Cecil Bembridge, London address not given.

It was an accidental lead which Mr. Bembridge picked up in his discovery of inkless printing. It was about 12 years ago that, working in his laboratory with an electric battery, he had spread a sheet of tin on the table and on the tin plate he had laid a piece of moist paper. The bare ends of the copper wires from his battery trailed over this sheet of wet paper which had stuck fast to the plate of tin.

His experiment originally was to discover a certain electro-metallurgical action in connection with gold and for the purpose of the experiment he reached into his pocket for a gold coin. As he brought a handful of miscellaneous coins from his pocket, a gold piece slipped through his fingers, rolled upon the table and in catching at the coin, he clamped the sovereign upon one of the connecting battery wires and in firm contact with the moist paper. In the effort at stopping the coin, too, the other wire was pushed over until it lay in contact with the sheet of tin. Then came the accidental discovery.

He peached for the coin and in picking it up was surprised to find upon

the moist paper an absolutely clear imprint of the coin in a brownish black. He describes the print as even clearer than if he had inked the coin and applied the inked surface to the paper by careful pressure.

Following his questionings he procured a few linotype lines of print, assembled them, and placed the type, face down, on a like sheet of moist paper resting upon a like sheet of tin. When the battery wires were connected with the type metal and with the tin sheet and current applied, every letter showed from the type lines without blur or blemish.

Taking a sheet of zinc in lieu of the tin, again the electrical influences brought the same general effect, though the crudest of hand methods were used in applying the type to the paper. Dry paper was not affected; moisture was required for the proper conductivity.

After proving to his satisfaction that, regardless of the pressure upon the paper in contact, the clearness of the lettering was satisfactory, Mr. Bembridge sought to discover a chemical moistener for the paper which would give the jet black effect of ordinary printer's ink and at the same time preserve the whiteness of the paper.

The great trouble was to secure permanency in the electrical imprint. For ten years Mr. Bembridge wrestled with the solution of his problem. Today he announces that everything is accomplished and proved, not only in the matter of a jet black print without ink, but asserts that he is able to print a newspaper in all hues of the rainbow and with the one contract.

As explained by Mr. Bembridge, his long searchings into chemical combinations for producing jet black prints led him on into electro-pigmentary combinations producible by oxidizing processes. More than all of this, however, the assertion is made that in treating the white paper some of the cheapest of chemical elements serve the purpose admirably and at a cost far below that of the costly printer's inks.

As for the presses for turning out the newspaper, they are greatly simplified, the ink troughs and rollers disappearing altogether. The stereotype plate is used and in position on the press is thoroughly insulated below, while the roller surface which guides the moist paper also is insulated. The paper rollers are connected with the positive magnetic pole, while the stereotype plate is linked with the negative and from the electric power that runs the press the electro-chemical action is set up, making the imprint as desired upon the paper.

Wanted to Wed by Proxy. Chicopee, Mass.—A plan of Stanislaus Uadnox to marry by proxy the other day received a setback. Stanislaus, with a burrow young woman, who, it was explained, would impersonate the future Mrs. Uadnox, and with attendants and witnesses, descended impressively upon the city hall in taxicabs hired in Springfield.

Uadnox gasped when City Clerk Buckley explained that he was in a fair way to become a bigamist. He explained that the idea was his own, that he had thought to surprise his sweetheart on her arrival from Europe with the news that she was at ready married.

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YEARS OF INTENSE SUFFERING

How a Bad Case of Kidney Trouble Was Finally Relieved.

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I continued until I could rest well at night and the kidney secretions became normal. I do not believe I would be alive today were it not for Dean's Kidney Pills.

Remember the name—Dean's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Flattery is simply the nice things we say about other people.

Ever notice how many people there are in the world who say: "You just wait, I'll get even with you!"

GOOD HOUSEKEEPERS. Use the best. That's why they buy Red Cross Ball Blue. At leading grocers 5 cents.

The man who has been married fifty years is willing to let his wife do the boasting about it.

LOST. A fine, large case of pills carried off by Cheatham's Chili Tonic, the "No Cure, No Pay" chili medicine of twenty-five years' reputation. Ask your dealer or write A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

PLEDGE POLICIES FOR LOANS. Imprudent Act That Really Means Man is Borrowing From His Widow.

Many men, pressed for money, go to the life insurance company, deposit their policy as security and borrow as much as the company is willing to lend. That the practice is common is proved by the fact that most companies have loaned from a fourth to a third of the aggregate face value of their policies in this way.

"Are ever repaid to the company. The moneys... are swallowed up in business enterprises, in speculations... and the total result means embarrassment and distress in the place of competence, when the claims mature and there is nothing left above the loans but a mere margin in cash on the policies for the protection of families or estates."

Men who borrow on their policies are taking away protection from their families. It ought not to be done.—Collier's.

ROUNDABOUT WAY. Cook—My dog took first prize at the cat show. Hook—How was that? Cook—He took the cat.

Made Father Bestir Himself. When Dorothy Meldrum was a little younger—she is but ten now—her father asked her on her return from Sunday school what the lesson of the day had been.

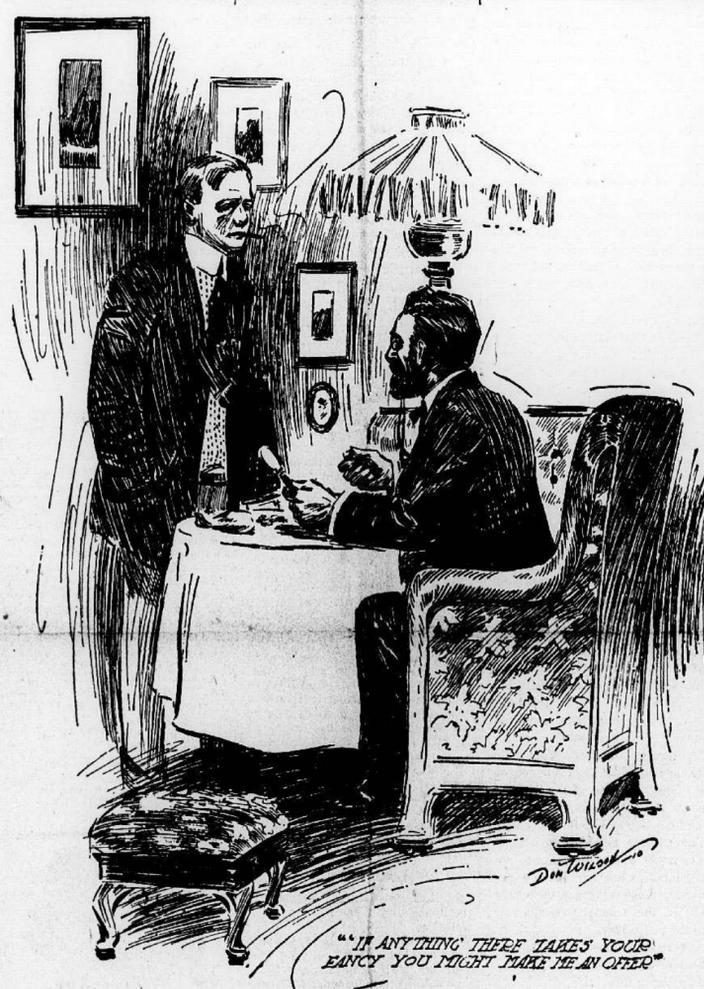
"Dandruff in the lion's den," was her answer. Ever since Rev. Andrew B. Meldrum, D. D., has personally applied himself to the religious instruction of his little daughter.—Exchange.

One Cook. May make a cake "fit for the Queen," while another only succeeds in making a "pretty good cake" from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill! People appreciate, who have once tasted.

Post Toasties. A delicious food made of White Corn—flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired.—A breakfast favorite! "The Memory Lingers" Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.



"IF ANYTHING THERE TAKES YOUR FANCY YOU MIGHT MAKE ME AN OFFER"