

SCENTING A CRIME

How a Russian Police Inspector Formulated a Theory.

WORKING UP A MURDER CASE.

He Made All the Known Facts in the Case Fit Into Each Other Perfectly and Then Proceeded to Demonstrate His Accuracy of Deduction.

We are not encouraged to believe that the Russian police inspector is the equal of the trained French official if Anton Chokhoff's story of the deductive method in Russia is illustrative. One morning a young man hurried into the office of an inspector of police and reported that his master, an officer of the guard who had been separated from his wife and lived alone, had been murdered. He was greatly excited. The inspector went with him at once to the scene of the tragedy.

When he arrived at the house he found the door to the officer's bedroom locked, the key on the inside. The servants, unable to awake their master, had concluded that he was dead. The inspector found the door unfastened. He had it forced open. The bed had been tossed about, the pillows on the floor. On a table near the bed was the officer's watch and some silver coins. The officer and his clothing were gone except for a single boot that lay on the floor. The inspector examined the room carefully. The only thing he found was a partly burned safety match. It was known that the officer did not smoke and used only sulphur matches for his candles. He examined the garden below the window. The grass and some bushes had been trampled. He found a piece of cotton on some twigs and some fine threads of dark blue wool. At some distance from the window, in the garden under a bush, he found the second boot.

The inspector came to the conclusion, from the evidences, that the man had been strangled and his body taken out through the window.

The fact that the watch and money were undisturbed showed that the purpose of the crime was not robbery. The safety match indicated that some person above the ordinary was connected with the affair, since peasants or common servants would have only sulphur matches. The fact that one boot remained in the room made the inspector believe that the guardman had been killed while he was undressing. The finding of the other boot in the garden indicated that this one had been partly removed and had fallen off while the body was being carried away.

The inspector in his report reconstructed the crime: On the evening in question the guardman, who had been on a prolonged debauch, went to his room drunk. As he sat on his bed, taking off one of his boots, he had been attacked and smothered with the pillow. During the struggle the candle was knocked over and afterward one of the assassins relighted it, striking a safety match. When the man was dead his body had been taken out through the window and carried across the garden. As it passed the lilac bush the remaining boot, partly removed by the man before he was attacked, dropped off.

The inspector, having arrived at this deduction, determined to locate the safety match. He went to all the shops in every direction, but not one of them carried in its stock such a thing as a box of safety matches. Finally, at some distance from the scene of the tragedy, he found a shopkeeper who had a single pack of such matches. It was a broken pack, with one box missing. The shopkeeper remembered precisely who had purchased this missing box. It was the wife of the guardman, a big, masculine woman of unusual physical strength. She lived near the apartment in which the guardman had been murdered. It was now night, but the inspector went at once to the woman and charged her with the murder of her husband.

"I know all about it," he said. "Take me at once to the place where you have concealed your husband!" She got a key from a nail on the wall and went out into the courtyard. The inspector followed. They finally reached a little house at the end of the garden. The woman unlocked the door and they entered. By the light of a candle the inspector saw the long body of a man lying motionless on a bed in the corner of the room. He approached to examine the murdered body.

But here his deductions went to pieces. The supposed dead man sat up, and the explanation of all the tragic incidents appeared. The guardman was going to bed every night drunk. His wife heard of it and went across the garden to his window to remonstrate with him. He put the window up and, seeing who it was, threw his boot at her. She was a resolute woman in masculine efficiency. She climbed in through the window, thrashed the drunken guardman soundly, dragged him across the garden and locked him up in the bathroom, where she determined to keep him until he should be sober. He had been thus a prisoner for one day, while with swift deductions the inspector had worked out his complicated murder—Melville Davison Post in Saturday Evening Post.

Never quit when failure stares you in the face. A little more energy often changes a failure into a great success.

A Wild Goose Chase

By F. A. MITCHEL

This is a copy of the will of Edward Spangler, who died leaving a daughter who was engaged to Thomas Ormsby, a young man of whom the testator approved. Mr. Spangler was considered a very singular personage, and his will bears out the opinion.

"Believing that between husband and wife the one showing the greater thought, resource, ingenuity—indeed, those faculties which go to make up smartness—should rule, I bequeath my fortune either to my beloved daughter, Imogene Spangler, or to the man she shall marry, the inheritance to be decided in the following manner: "My property, consisting of twenty bonds of \$5,000 each, is buried in the state of Florida. They will be found either on the right bank of the St. Johns river, at its junction with the ocean, or at Glencove Springs, twenty miles northeast of St. Augustine. The finder of the bonds—either my daughter, Imogene Spangler, or her husband—shall be their possessor."

"Surely, Tom," said Imogene after reading the will, "father must have been delirious when he signed his will. You'd better go to Florida and visit the two places named in the will. Quite likely you'll find a pointer in the one where the bonds are buried."

"I think you had better go with me. We can make it a bridal trip." "Very good. Name the day." Imogene and Tom were duly married and preparations made for the wedding journey. The evening before their start Imogene went into her late father's library, where the old gentleman had kept many atlases—for he was much interested in geography—with a view to locating the points where they were to hunt for the bonds. Mr. Spangler had set great store by a revolving plaster globe four feet in diameter. Imogene found St. Augustine on this globe, but not Glencove Springs, so she got down an atlas containing a sufficiently detailed map and located the points exactly.

The couple left the next morning for the Flowery State, passing gradually from winter into summer. When they reached St. Augustine Tom proposed that they put up at a third rate hotel or a cheap boarding house. He did not approve of spending money freely until they had found the money to spend. But Imogene said that, being on her wedding journey, she proposed to live like a bride. Tom was overruled, and they went to the most expensive hotel.

After a few days' rest from their journey Tom proposed that they should proceed to look up their fortune. Imogene seemed to be in no hurry.

"I'm comfortable here," she said. "Suppose you go to both points." "But in case I find the bonds I shall be the owner of them." "Suppose you are? That won't make any difference to me. I think the husband should have the money anyway. Papa was like most men; he thought that power in the family is lodged in the one possessing the funds. He should have known that women don't work that way. Their power lies beyond dollars and cents. You go ahead and find the bonds."

Tom was puzzled. For him to go off to hunt for a fortune on such meager information as he possessed seemed ridiculous. He showed a disposition to give up the matter.

"Oh, go on!" said his wife. "You'll get mighty tired sitting around with me long before the honeymoon is over. Quite likely you'll find a clew. Father wasn't such a fool as to hide a fortune where no one could find it."

She kissed him and patted him on the back and sent him away. He went first to the Springs, where he spent a day looking for a sign. Finding none, he proceeded to Jacksonville and thence to the coast. But never a sign did he see. As for digging anywhere without a sign, he was not so stupid as that. So after three or four days' absence he returned to St. Augustine. He expected to find his wife disappointed at his failure, but she met him with a smile.

"You don't seem to be much depressed at the loss of a fortune," he remarked.

"Isn't it a wife's duty to cheer her husband in times of adversity?" she replied.

"I hope you'll be able to keep it up when the bills begin to come in." "Brush your hair and get that disappointed look off your face. Things are not so bad as they appear. I have something to tell you. The night before we left for this place I went into father's library to look upon his globes and maps where these places you have been are. Something in the words Glencove Springs sounded suggestive. 'Springs, springs,' I kept saying. Why I did it I don't know, but I pressed my thumb on the globe at the point where Glencove is and broke through the surface. Taking a knife, I began to dig and found the bonds. Here they are."

Going to her trunk, she unlocked it and took out twenty 6 per cent gilt edge bonds.

Tom kissed her enthusiastically. Then suddenly the smile left his face, and he said:

"This makes you governor of the household."

"Not at all. I expect to defer to you in everything," was the comforting reply.

But she never assigned the bonds to him, and he learned in time that her father was not so crackbrained as was supposed.

A Restoration

By BARBARA PHIPPS

When I was a girl of twelve I one day looked in a mirror and was struck with the difference between my appearance and that of my brothers and sisters. While they resembled one another, I looked like none of them. Their hair and eyes were black; mine was auburn. They were stocky of figure; I was taller than any of them and lithe. Besides these differences, their faces were unrefined; mine, I was pleased to notice, was rather pretty. I was also better dressed than they.

It did not exactly occur to me that I had been born of other parents, but from that time I began to suspect that there was something in me different from what was in them. When I was fourteen my mother, who was as different from me as the others, told me that I must earn by my own living. At the same time she confessed that she was not my mother. She said that when I was a baby I had been given to her to be taken care of, and up to that time a certain sum of money had been paid her regularly for my keep and a specific amount to be spent on my clothes. These payments had been stopped, and this was why I must shift for myself.

Since the day I looked in the glass and discovered the difference between me and the others of the family I gradually lost whatever of affection I had felt for them. When therefore she whom I had supposed to be my mother informed me that I must earn my own living I was content to leave them. I found a position as nursemaid for a little boy two years old and lived in the house where I was employed.

The mother of my charge was kind to me, and one day I told her my story. She was very sympathetic and told me that my experience, together with my appearance and a native refinement there was in me, led her to believe that I was the child of persons of the upper class. This is all she said to me. I wondered if she would not offer to help me find my parents, but she did not. When I spoke of trying to find them she said that it would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack, especially since they did not wish to be found. Were this not so they would seek me. The fact that my allowance had been cut off was especially discouraging.

Had it not been for this last mentioned fact I believe I should have made an effort to find those of my own flesh and blood, though I don't know how I could have made a beginning. As it was, I was obliged to be content with my lot. The only objection to it was that I had a feeling in me that I had been born in a higher sphere than that of nursemaid.

One day when I was seventeen years old my supposed mother came to see me and told me that a great change had taken place with regard to her. She was commissioned to take me to my parents.

"But," she said, "they don't know where you are, and it depends upon me whether you reach them or not. If you go to them you will be rich and can afford to pay me for what I do for you. Here is a note for \$10,000, due when you come of age, a year from now. If you will sign it I will not only return you to your parents, but will furnish the evidence that you are their child."

I referred the matter to the father of my charge, and he said that it seemed best that I should sign it. I being a minor, it would not be legal anyway. I signed the note, and the same day the woman drove with me to a handsome house, and on entering I was received by a lady who took me in her arms and wept over me. I had become used to noticing my appearance in contrast with those of my own supposed station, and no sooner did I see this lady than I knew by my resemblance to her that she was my mother. Her hair and mine were the same shade of auburn.

Later a gentleman came and took me on his lap and caressed me. He was my father.

It was many years before I got all the reasons for my having been put in charge of the family with whom I grew up. My father made a clandestine marriage with one to whom his parents were opposed. Soon after I was born my father consented to abjure his wife, and I, when born, was hustled off without its being known to my grandparents that my mother had been married or I born to her. My parents agreed to all this, expecting that it would be temporary. But my grandparents were relentless, and my parents, becoming poorer and poorer, at last were unable to remit my allowance. My grandfather was finally taken ill and on his deathbed relented. He had left his money to charity, but at the last moment changed his will, leaving the property to his son.

Immediately after his death my parents sought me. It turned out that my supposed mother had received \$10,000 for my return. The fact that I had also been forced to pay the same amount was not pleasing to my father, and he threatened to prosecute the woman for fraudulent conduct unless she surrendered the note I had signed. This she did.

For a long while after the great change in my life I could not nothing but think about my newborn happiness, and it seemed that my father and mother were bent on making up to me the many years they had been deprived of their child by the affection they lavished on me.

All this occurred many years ago. I am now happily married.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Arthur Brisbane

ON PROHIBITION.



The separation of strong from light drinks in liquor legislation is a question now occupying the thought of conservative students on both sides of the prohibition issue. Arthur Brisbane, one of America's most brilliant writers and capable students, has presented to the newspaper publishers of the country the views of the separationists in a most convincing and forceful manner. We quote as follows:

"The trouble with our prohibition legislation is the fact that it increases drunkenness. There is more drunkenness in the state of Maine than there is in the whole of Italy and for this reason: In Italy there is no prohibition, there are no teetotalers and nobody drinks whisky. In the state of Maine the so-called prohibition law compels everybody who drinks at all to drink whisky because whisky can be hidden and sold secretly. Beer and the light wines, which do not cause drunkenness, and are used by other nationalities without intoxication, can not be hidden and are not sold in a prohibition state. In Maine prohibition keeps beer and light wines from the people and they drink whisky and get drunk, and the same is true of Kansas, where you may read now after years of prohibition the interesting but uncertain statement that 'drunkenness seems to be on the decline!'

"Prohibition which classes all stimulants, light wine, beer, gins and whiskeys alike simply means putting the nation back where it was in the time of Jefferson—on a whisky basis. Jefferson urged particularly liberal treatment of brewers on the ground that good light beer alone would drive out the whisky that was killing a third of the population.

"There is a great drink question in the European armies—some of them, but is there any drink question in Germany where practically every man in the army has been a beer drinker since childhood? No, there is not. There is no drink question in the army of France, in which every soldier has used red wine since his childhood. A boy five years old in France drinks water with red wine added, as a matter of course and of common sense. The prohibitionist who should say that such a drink would lead to drunkenness would be looked upon as a maniac. There is more drunkenness in Kansas, with its 1,690,949 population than there is in all of France with its 39,300,000 population.

"Whether you advocate prohibition or not, give the people the facts. Let them know that there are other nations free from whisky and free from drunkenness where practically every man, woman and child uses light wine, which is nothing but grape juice obeying the laws of nature, or light beer, concerning which the great chemist Liebig said, 'Beer and bread are the natural food of the workman.' Where the editor or the legislator deals with human habits long established and inborn, whether of drink or mortality, let him act like a sane being, basing his actions upon the facts and recognizing impossibilities. Encourage real temperance by encouraging the really temperate drinks, light beer, light wine. Don't stick your head in the prohibition sand, but look around and realize that real temperance is possible and exists."

FORMULA FOR PREPARATION OF GOPHER POISON.

1. Mix thoroughly one ounce of strychnine alkaloid (powdered) and 1 ounce baking soda (one heaping tablespoonful).

2. Sift this into 3-4 pint of thin, hot starch paste and stir to a creamy mass. The starch paste is made by dissolving one heaping table spoonful of dry glass starch in a little cold water, which is then added to 3-4 pint of boiling water. Boil and stir constantly until a clear, thin paste is formed.

3. Add 1-4 pint (8 table spoonfuls) heavy corn syrup and a table spoonful of glycerine and stir thoroughly.

4. Add 1-8 ounce (one tea spoonful) powdered saccharine, and stir thoroughly. Granulated saccharine should be dissolved in a little warm water.

5. Pour this poison solution over 20 quarts of clean oats and mix thoroughly so that each grain of oat is coated. Prepare it 24 to 48 hours before using.

For mixing small quantities an ordinary wash tub is convenient. For larger quantities a tight, smooth box may be used, and mixing may be done with a shovel.

A table spoonful of the poisoned oats should be placed near each ground squirrel hole on clean hard ground, letting it scatter slightly as it falls. (Placed in this way it will not endanger stock). Do not put the poisoned grain on the loose dirt of the mound or into the holes. Each quart of the poisoned grain is sufficient to treat about 60 holes. For further information address the North Dakota Experiment Station, Agricultural College, North Dakota.

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