

A Puzzling Case

Setting a Detective to Catch a Detective.

By ETHEL HOLMES

They say a woman can't keep a secret. I can testify to the fact that one woman I have known could keep a secret so well that she guided me, a detective with a reputation for shrewdness, to the detection of the real criminal, I having been set upon her to expose her. And this she did without revealing to me the fact that she knew him to be the man I should have been after.

One day I was directed by my chief to call upon the president of the Third National bank. I did so, and he said to me:

"Mr. Williams, we have a woman in our employ whom we suspect of embezzling our funds. The case is a singular one, and I must give it to you so far as it has already developed. There is a mystery connected with it which is very puzzling.

"We had in our employ a man whom we esteemed very highly. One day he failed to turn up at the usual time for the day's work. His wife was telephoned to know if he was ill. She replied that she was about to telephone the bank for information concerning him. He had not come home the day before nor during the night. She was terribly worried for fear that something had happened to him.

"The person among our employees who had last seen the man—Waiter Pixley—said that Pixley had told him that he was going to see a man who owed him a hundred dollars. He had hurried away from the bank to catch his creditor at his office before the close of business hours. We learned from Mrs. Pixley the name of the debtor and sent a man to him for information concerning her husband. The party said that Pixley had visited his office in company with a veiled woman, who had waited for him without. The money had been paid him, and he had been seen to go away with the woman.

"This information communicated to Mrs. Pixley threw her into hysterics. The next phase of the case was the report of one of our bookkeepers that funds were missing from the bank. My informant, Mr. Carter, told me that he had suspected Pixley for some time, and as soon as Pixley disappeared Carter had made an examination of certain books kept by Pixley and had fallen upon proof that he was a defaulter. Carter is an expert accountant. I have always had great faith in him. He brought me his proofs of Pixley's guilt, which I examined, and, although Pixley had been doing all he could to render the accounts confusing, Carter convinced me that he was a defaulter.

"Now I come to the third act of the drama. Mrs. Pixley, who had undoubtedly been deserted by her husband for another woman, came to me and begged for some employment in the bank. She claimed that as a girl she had attended a commercial college and had studied bookkeeping. I pitied her and gave her the position made vacant by her husband.

"The end of my story and the point at which I wish you to take it up is a report this morning from Carter that more funds are being taken from the bank and that he suspects Mrs. Pixley of being the thief. You see from what I have told you that the case is a very complicated one. While I do not propose to lay out a course of action for you, I would suggest that you watch Mrs. Pixley. This of course you cannot do in the bank. You can only do it outside of the bank."

I confessed to the president that the matter did look rather puzzling. Had Pixley not deserted his wife for another woman I would have suspected that Mr. and Mrs. Pixley were in league to rob the bank. And yet, Pixley having done so, it did not seem likely that Mrs. Pixley would work on the same ground as he. I told the president that I would first find out something about Mrs. Pixley. When I had done that I would proceed to the next step in the premises.

I sent a party to Mrs. Pixley's home to sell her something, to draw her into conversation and to ask her at what institution she had studied bookkeeping. My emissary returned to me with the information that Mrs. Pixley had looked at the questioner concerned, but had given the Merton Business College as the place where she had received instruction. I at once went to the Merton college and asked to see a record of the students. The maiden name of Mrs. Pixley did not appear as having been a pupil there, and Mr. Merton declared that at the time Mrs. Pixley claimed to have been there he did not receive women students.

So far so good. I had called Mrs. Pixley in a lie. This tended to confirm me in considering her as guilty. But why she should steal from the same bank as her husband was a puzzle. The only reason I could think of was that she was enabled through sympathy to secure a place there, which she could not do elsewhere.

Another complication bothered me. Mrs. Pixley was reported by her fellow employees to be a pretty good bookkeeper. She must have received some

training in this respect, but why should she have lied as to the school where she had studied?

I made no progress after nailing the lie upon Mrs. Pixley and at last determined to make her acquaintance and by pretending as a friend, or to be smitten with her, to get the secret from her. Under pretense of being a bank examiner I became familiar with the employees, she among the number. I treated her with deference and sympathy. One day when she was leaving the bank after business hours I joined her and walked with her. Passing a restaurant, I told her that I was going in to take a lonely dinner. Would she help me out with her company? She consented, and, selecting a table in a corner where we could converse without being overheard by others, we dined together.

I commiserated with her at having such a husband, expressing wonder that any man should desert so charming a woman. She seemed to feel very bitterly toward him, but, of course, if she were a thief as well as he, it might be a part of her game to feign this. I asked her if she suspected who was the woman with whom her husband had gone away, and she said she felt sure of the person. I got nothing out of her, but was impressed with the belief that there was a good deal in her, whether for good or for evil, though I did not feel that it was for evil. After dinner I escorted her to her home and left her at the door, at the same time receiving an invitation to call upon her.

Despite all my efforts I found nothing to implicate Mrs. Pixley, and there was no evidence at the bank to prove that she was purloining its funds, though the president had put Carter on the watch for this. After a time Carter said that whatever was her way of taking money, it was so subtle that it was beyond his penetration. However, the cash on hand was constantly declining, and Carter suggested that Mrs. Pixley be simply discharged without any reason being given her. The president communicated this to me, and I suggested that he put the matter off. I had become convinced that Mrs. Pixley had a secret. I was steadily gaining her confidence, and I hoped in time she would let out something. To this he assented.

A couple of days after this I received a note from Mrs. Pixley, as follows:

Dear Mr. Detective—You are on the wrong track in shadowing me. Conceal yourself under the steps leading up to the bank tomorrow night (or, rather, the next morning) at 1 o'clock and wait till I come. M. D. P.

I cannot tell why, but I was not so much astonished at this as might be expected. I was certainly rejoiced, because I knew important developments were to come. At the appointed time I went to the bank and waited in the shadow of the steps. Ten minutes later Mrs. Pixley went up the steps. I joined her. She tapped at the door, and it was opened by the watchman. We went in behind the counters. Mrs. Pixley opened a safe, took out some heavy account book, which I laid on a high desk for her.

"How is it that you can come here at such a time and open this safe?" I asked her.

"The watchman is in my secret. I am allowed the combination of this safe, which contains only books."

And here began the revelation. I am something of an accountant, this being one reason why I was put on the job. Mrs. Pixley spent two hours with me over a set of books, showing me that Carter had manipulated them to conceal certain peculations. And the entries bearing upon them were so dovetailed into certain entries in a set of books that had been kept by her husband as to make it appear that Pixley was the defaulter. And I could not see how Pixley could have shown that he was innocent in the matter. I looked aside at Mrs. Pixley and asked:

"How about the woman with whom your husband decamped?"

"I was the veiled woman who went with him to collect the money owed him, but I didn't go away with him. One day he discovered how Mr. Carter, to conceal his peculations, had manipulated these books. He came home so broken down that I, fearing he would make a poor showing under an investigation, concocted this plan whereby I might have an opportunity to study out the problem for him. The watchman, Callahan, has always been my husband's friend and at the risk of losing his job has admitted me here at dead of night. I have had an expert accountant with me at times, and together we have unraveled this conspiracy and can make a showing such as I have given you."

"Where did you get your knowledge of bookkeeping?"

"I studied it after my husband left. The person you sent to find out about that caught me unawares. But at the time I did not know she came from you."

"Mrs. Pixley," I said admiringly, talking from under my coat my badge of office and handing it to her, "I resign in your favor. If I am worth \$10 a day as a detective you are worth a hundred."

As we left the bank I handed a twenty dollar bill to Callahan, but he declined to accept it. The next morning I called on the bank's president and was obliged to confess that my work had been done by the woman he had sent me to watch. Carter's books were examined without his knowledge, Pixley was summoned home by his wife and put in Carter's place. Mrs. Pixley was given five shares of the stock of the bank, worth \$8,500, and her husband is as chipper as before he was lugubrious.

No, sir, I don't believe that a woman is any more liable to divulge a secret than a man, especially when it becomes her interest to keep it. At any rate, such is my experience.

FINNEGAN'S PHILOSOPHY

Purging the Heart.

"Yes sir. He's like the patriarchs. Which iv them? All iv them. He smites the Civil Service Rock and refreshin' jobs gushes forth for thirsty but dishurvin' Dimycrats. He blows on a horn an' ivrythin' falls for ut. If the people call him Iver so soft, Little Samuel had no quicker ear. An' for sacryficin' what's dear to his heart, Abraham had nawthin' on him. Sure he is Dimocrey's shield an' exceedin' great reward."

"Tis his Presbyteryan bringin' up, I'm thinkin'. Furst he adopts a policy; thin he tries to justify it, thin he sanctifies it wid a phrase, while a choir iv Dishurvin' Dimycrats sings a hymn. An' there ye are. Justification, Adoption an' Sanky-feshun."

"The choir med great harmony whin Jim Smith, George Harvey an' Bill Brine was in all ut. But wan be wan their vices cracked an' they passed out iv the life iv the great Idealist."

"Harvey went back to editin' an' Bill Brine went in search iv the Howly Kale. McCombs was canned, because him an' Billy McAdoo caddent sing a duet, an' Oscar Underwood was weak on Tariff ragtime. But Wudthrow decorated thim all. Wid f'what say ye? Wid the Order iv the Double Cross. O—ho. I mind well the time at the Manhattan Club, whin he kissed Brine an' kicked Harvey wid motion. Now the choir has what Wudthrow calls 'the vital stuffs iv life.' Stone an' McAdoo; Danyiels an' Jim Ham Lewis, wid Redfield for the high falsetto. Wudthrow sits wid his hands crossed while the stuffs sings songs iv praise, an' Col. House winds the Victrola."

"Wudthrow is fond iv music, but Colonel House himself is the quiet man. Faith av he danced a Clog on a Washbiler ye'd niver hear a sound."

"Well, wan night in August the Colonel come tiptooin in through the basement dure."

"How's the game, Colonel?" says Wudthrow. "So-so," the Colonel says. "Ye might round up a few more votes," says he, scratchin' his ear wid an' absent air."

"Aint I got the full dinner-pall's?" axes Wudthrow, anxious like. "All that's forgot the first two year and a half," says House pleasantly. "Aint I kep' em out o' war?" axes Wudthrow. "Part o' th' time," says House rubbin' his left shin wid the felt-slipper on his right foot. "Aint my voice our greatest liquid asset?" axes Wilson earnestly. "It's some voice," says House, "but a lot iv suckers can't tell a asset f'm an' illibity, the Colonel says."

"F'what are ye drivin' at," says Wilson, four flushing a little.

"Arre ye watchin' the strike?" says House. "Half a millyun votes might be usef'ul," says House, tiptooin' out through the dure, an' closin' ut behind him."

"Well, Sir, he left Wudthrow sunk in profound midditashun. At last he speaks. 'I hear,' he says, in a low sweet tone 'that v'ice iv the people, which is to me as the v'ice of a Carnegie Penshun.' 'Oh,' he says thrillin' in ivry nerve, 'must I indade sacryfice wan more idol,' says he, 'on the altar iv me Country!' says Wudthrow."

"Was not the Wan Turn Plank," he says; 'an' the Sugar Tax,' he says; 'an' the Tariff for Rev'nood,' he says; 'an' all me friends, beside,' says he, 'sixteen perf'ly good Mexican Polices—was not all thim enough?' he axes in agony. 'But I will purge me Heart iv ivry pers'nal t'ought,' says he, startin' for bed. An' before he retires, he takes a Heart Purge iv his own Invinshun the way it 'll wurk while he sleeps. I dinnaw f'what the purge is. 'Tis a secret."

"In the morn he was puzzled. He wanted a great sacryfise of a principle, dear to his heart, but he'd used most iv thim already, an' he felt that this was no time for second hand or slightly damaged sacryfises. So he sends for House. 'Colonel,' says he, 'f'what pur-principle d'yr think wd be an' acceptable sacryfise in this great morel imargincy?' he axes anxiously."

"Whisper," says the Colonel. And he said wan wurd in Wudthrow's ear, and faded silently away through the dure.

"For wan instant Wudthrow stud spellbound. Thin he burst into a whoop; 'The Ram in the Bushes,' cries he wid tears iv fy."

"T'was an' impressive ceremony whin the sacryfise was solemnly-laid at the Capitol."

"The procession started fom the White House wid the Prisdint walkin' ahead carryin' the Ram in wan hand an' a box iv Safety-First matches in th' other. He was followed by a con bearin' four gold pans, and behind came four Union Chiefs ridin' on milk white steeds followed by a group iv Railroad Prisdints, Stock Holders, Farmers, Shippers and Conshumers, loaded wid chains. After a short sermon to Congress on 'Purgin' the Heart,' the Prisdint laid the Ram on th' altar, an' impressively stabbed it wid the four gold pens while the choir sang Holy, Holy, Holy. The Prisdint handed the gold pens to the choir chiefs wid a bow; Jim Ham lit the wood an' wiped up the blood, an' the sacryfise was complete."

"What was the Ram?" say ye. 'Twas a pet baste Wudthrow used to graze in the White House lawn. T'was th' idol iv his heart. He named it Arbitrashun. It was the Ram, an' all the people was the goat."

Special October Sale of Motor Coats

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The coat illustrated is of Tweed Mixture in light colors. Has double collar; one a deep cape collar, the second collar of popular, high turn-over style. Two large patch pockets which may be buttoned tight when desired; black belt; loose pleated back. Sleeves end with new flap effect. Price \$22.50.



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COL. ROOSEVELT APPEALS FOR THE ELECTION OF MR. HUGHES.

I appeal to my fellow citizens that they shall elect Mr. Hughes and repudiate Mr. Wilson because only by so doing can they save America from that taint of gross selfishness and cowardice which we owe to Mr. Wilson's substitution of adroit elocution for straightforward action. The permanent interests of the American people lie, not in ease and comfort for the moment, no matter how obtained, as Mr. Wilson would teach us; but in resolute championship of the ideals of national and international democratic duty, and in preparedness to make this championship effective by our strength. President Wilson embodies in his person that most dangerous doctrine which teaches our people that when confronted with really formidable responsibilities we can shirk trouble and labor and risk, and avoid duty by the simple process of drugging our souls with the narcotic of meaningless phrasemongering. Mr. Hughes, to the exact contrary, embodies the ideal of service rendered through conscientious effort in the face of danger and difficulty. Mr. Wilson turns his words into deeds only if this can be achieved by adroit political maneuvering, by bartering a debauched civil service for congressional votes on behalf of some measure which he had solemnly promised to oppose. Our own self-respect demands that we support the man of deeds done in the open against the man of furtive and shifting political maneuvers; the man of service against the man who whenever opposed by a dangerous foe always takes refuge in empty elocution. — From the Speech of Col. Roosevelt at Battle Creek, Michigan, in Behalf of Mr. Hughes.

GREAT GROWTH OF HUGHES NATIONAL COLLEGE LEAGUE.

Thirty thousand college alumni have enrolled so far in the Hughes National College League, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York. The oldest living graduate of Brown University which graduated Governor Hughes, enrolled this week. He is Rev. John Hunt of Springfield, Ohio, ninety-three years old, Brown, 1842.

The league challenged the Woodrow Wilson College Men's League this week to join it in "having any reputable audit company in this city check up immediately from the original cards your actual enrollments of Princeton alumni and ours, your total enrollments and ours, and your enrollments from any college you may select and ours."

The college men in the National Guard along the Mexican border are joining in droves, according to the officers of the league, and many have written in to signify their discontent with the Administration's handling of the Mexican situation.

William R. Moody, son of Dwight Lyman Moody, the famous evangelist, wrote to the league offering his assistance in East Northfield, Mass., and said:

"I am among those who feel very strongly that it would be a National disaster to have the present Administration continued another season, feeling deeply the humiliation to which our country has been subjected in the sight of the world, by the lack of any foreign policy, and by the vacillation of its dealings."

The least that may be said of President Wilson is that he has been right half the time, for he has been on both sides of almost all important questions.

It's not to be wondered that Thomas A. Edison favors Wilson's reelection. The electrical wizard naturally likes anything that switches on and off.

FOR SALE.

House and three lots, or house and eight lots at 638 Woodlawn Avenue, Owosso. Inquire L. J. Church, 203 Ridge Street, Owosso. Small payment down balance on time.

Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Albert K. Gilen, deceased.

We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Gustav F. Frigel, in the City of Owosso in said County, on Tuesday, the 7th day of November, A. D. 1916, and on Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D. 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate and that four months from the 8th day of September, A. D. 1916 are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said Commissioners for adjustment and allowance.

Dated the 5th day of September, A. D. 1916.

ASA D. WHIPPLE,
WORTHY S. COOPER,
Commissioners.

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SHADOWS IN THE BIBLE.

Webster defines "shadow" as an imperfect and faint representation; a type. Saint Paul wrote of "better sacrifices" which were typified in the Jewish Tabernacle arrangement in the wilderness. A little book entitled "Tabernacle Shadows of the Better Sacrifices" is of special interest to advanced Christians. 128 pages with illustrations. Sent postpaid for 10c. with this advertisement.

Bible Study Club, 28 West 63rd Street, New York City.

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JESSE A. CASE
Dept. 943
Brocton, Mass.

Order of Publication

State of Michigan, The Probate Court for the County of Shiawassee.

At a session of the Probate Court for said County, held at the Probate Office in the City of Corunna, on Saturday, the 30th day of September, in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixteen.

Present, Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of William Howell, incompetent.

On reading and filing the petition of L. A. Sanderhoff as Guardian, praying for license to sell real estate.

It is ordered, that the 30th day of October, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said Probate Office, be assigned for hearing said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published three successively in previous to said day of hearing in The Owosso Times, a newspaper printed and circulating in said County of Shiawassee.

MATTHEW BUSH,
Judge of Probate.

By CLARIBEL GALLOWAY,
Probate Register. 29-41

Commissioners' Notice.

In the matter of the estate of John Luft, deceased.

We the undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Matthew Bush, Judge of Probate in and for the County of Shiawassee, State of Michigan, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate, do hereby give notice that we will meet at the office of Gustav F. Frigel, in the City of Owosso in said County, on Tuesday, the 7th day of November, A. D. 1916, and on Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D. 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days, for the purpose of receiving and adjusting all claims against said estate, and that four months from the 8th day of September, A. D. 1916 are allowed to creditors to present their claims to said Commissioners for adjustment and allowance.

Dated the 3th day of September, A. D. 1916.

FRANK R. FORSTER,
ARTHUR H. DUMOND,
Commissioners.



The Flag and the Man
M.T. in Cleveland Leader