

BRITZ of HEADQUARTERS

By MARCIN BARBER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scream from Dorothy March in the opera box of Mrs. Missioner, a wealthy widow. It is occasioned when Mrs. Missioner's necklace breaks, scattering the diamonds all over the floor. Curtis Griswold and Braxton Stand, society men in love with Mrs. Missioner, gather up the gems. Griswold steps on what is supposed to be the celebrated Maharance and crushes it. A Hindoo declares it was not the genuine. An expert later pronounces all the stones substitutes for the original. Detectives Donnelly and Carson investigate. They decide that the theft of the original gems was accomplished by some one in the house. Miss Elinor Holcomb, confidential companion of Mrs. Missioner, is suspected. One of the missing diamonds is found in her room. Mrs. Missioner protests that Elinor is innocent, but she is taken to prison. Meantime, in an uptown mansion, two Hindoos, who are in America to recover the Maharance, discuss the arrest.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Elinor Holcomb!" cried the Lieutenant.

Donnelly and Carson, each with an arm under her shoulder, propped her sinking form.

"Lift your head," commanded the Chief.

The order fell on deaf ears. She seemed as one in the last agony of a mortal illness.

"Lift it for her," came in a voice of mingled sternness and compassion.

Donnelly's hand flew to her chin, tilting her face upward. For an instant she raised her heavy eyelids; then recoiled as from a blow. The crowd of masked spectators floated before her eyes like hideous specters of a horrid dream. A low groan, like the last lament of a tortured soul, came from her lips. She seemed turned into a mass of jelly.

"Take her away," commanded the Chief, and the two detectives carried her out of the room.

"Accused of stealing the Missioner diamonds," was the curt explanation of her presence. In a harsh monotone, the Chief read the various Headquarters orders to the force, and then the men not engaged on old work received their assignments of new cases. As abruptly as he had entered, the head of the Bureau left the room and retired to his private office. Then he summoned Donnelly and Carson.

"Takes it pretty bad, eh?" he asked.

"Like all the swell ones when they're nabbed the first time," answered Carson.

"Had to call the doctor twice during the night, the matron tells me," informed Donnelly.

"Did she make any statement on the way to Headquarters?" inquired the Chief.

"Nothing but hysterics," Carson answered.

"And she's in no condition to be questioned now," added Donnelly.

"Anyone been inquiring for her?" the Chief suddenly snapped.

"Yes," flashed back Donnelly. His eyes lit with a crafty glow. "Some guy who says he's a doctor and engaged to marry her has been hanging around here all morning. Wants to know how he can get her out. Looks as if he might be mixed up in it, so I'm having him shadowed."

"Good!" commented the Chief. "If any lawyer calls, tell him she's in no condition to be seen. We don't want anyone to see her until we've questioned her."

It was late in the afternoon before Miss Holcomb was escorted into the interrogatory chamber. She had fallen into a fitful slumber on the rude iron bed that projected from the wall of her cell, when Donnelly and Carson opened the grated door and called her out of her sleep. She gave a startled gasp when she saw them, a convulsive shudder racked her frame. A sudden influx of painful memories overwhelmed her with a pitiful sense of helplessness as she dragged herself to the office of the Chief.

With a weak show of courage, she eyed Manning resolutely, and then sank into a soft leather chair close to his desk. Donnelly and Carson occupied seats at her elbow.

"What did you do with those stones?" blurted the Chief.

Her lips framed a reply, but it died without utterance.

"Come, come!" he cried impatiently. "We don't want any acting here. I know you're only a tool in this matter. We've got the principal under arrest and I'm giving you a chance to save yourself. You turn State's evidence against him and I'll see that no harm comes to you. He's the fellow we want to land. Now tell me just what you did with the jewels."

In the midst of this outburst, a door opened silently and a sharp-featured, smooth-shaven man of middle age entered and seated himself in an obscure corner of the room. His form seemed to merge into the shadow of the walls as he dropped noiselessly into his chair. Miss Holcomb did not see him enter. Her increasing terror gave her a feebly energy and she lifted her head with a sharp jerk.

"I didn't steal the jewels," she said. "I had nothing to do with their disappearance."

The mocking laughter of three deep voices sounded in the room.

"Does it well!" chuckled Donnelly.

"Too bad she ain't an actress," joined Carson.

The Chief's beady eyes narrowed on her as if he would read her innermost thoughts.

"There's no use trying to lie to me," he snarled. "I know who's got the diamonds. The man who hired you to steal them is locked up now. He says he didn't know they were stolen—"

"Who says that?" she interrupted.

"Donnelly and Carson nudged each other in boisterous glee.

"She wants to know who says it!" piped the former.

"Ain't she the slick one!" laughed his partner.

The Chief's face hardened until a menace seemed to lurk in every one of its deep-cut lines.

"Now, you know who says it," he informed her. "I don't have to mention any names. It's simply a question of your going to jail or of sending him to jail. I don't take any stock in what he says. He can't tell me he didn't know you stole the jewels. I ain't as easy as all that! Now, I'm giving you a chance to make a full confession and save yourself. Will you confess?" His tone carried the weight of a threat, but her unresponsive mind was unable to grasp its significance. She stared blankly before her, as if her eyes were chained to some distant spot.

"Will you confess?" the Chief repeated with added menace.

As if roused from a long abstraction, she gazed appealingly at her tormentor.

"I have nothing to confess," she murmured weakly.

The Chief drew back in studied anger. His fist banged the desk as if the blow was meant to convey a sudden resolve.

"Very well!" he burst forth. "Go right ahead and be the goat if you want to. Look here, little girl, I was just kiddin' you when I said we had the principal under arrest," he said with a quick change of tactics. "You're the only one that's locked up. I don't believe there's anyone else mixed up in the case at all. I believe you did the job alone. If there's anyone behind you, you'll have to show me. There's only one thief involved, and that's you."

An expression, as of a hunted animal, crept into her face. She turned to the left and met the fixed stare of Donnelly. Averting her head, her eyes looked into those of Carson. Directly in front, close to her face, the cold gleam from the Chief's eyes fell on her. So she turned around, only to look into an impenetrable background of gloom, sinister and depressing.

"I haven't done anything," she pleaded. "I don't know who took Mrs. Missioner's diamonds." As if cut by a sudden thought, Miss Holcomb bent forward in her seat. "She can't believe I did it!" she moaned.

"You bet your life she believes you did it," the Chief announced. "And I know you did it. So what's the use of denying it?"

"I do deny it, I do deny it," she protested. "How can they think me capable of it?"

The Chief opened a drawer of his desk and brought forth the accusing diamond. He held it close to her face, permitting the rays to distribute themselves on her features.

"Pretty fine stone!" he commented. "A peach of a shiner! Looked good to you, didn't it? Came so easy it was a shame to take it—eh? Now how did it get mixed up with your trinkets?"

"I don't know," she moaned.

The Chief turned from her wearily. "You take her in hand, Donnelly," he said.

The detective bent over the woman, his face so close that she felt his warm breath against her cheeks.

"Don't try any nonsense down here," he snarled. "We got the goods on you, and we ain't going to stand any fooling. Now, where are those diamonds?"

She eyed him in mild protest.

"I don't know, sir," she murmured weakly.

Donnelly shoved his clenched fist under her chin. His face contorted into an expression of tigerish ferocity; he peered at her with an intensity that chilled her blood.

"You're a liar," he snapped. "You think you're a slick one, but you'll be sorry you're ever born if you don't cough up the goods. We know how to handle customers like you down here. We're used to 'em. We get 'em every day. Now, just save yourself a lot of trouble by telling the whereabouts of the diamonds."

"They ain't going to do you any good," interjected the Chief. "They don't wear diamonds where you're going to. The less trouble you give us, the less trouble we'll make for you. And we can make more trouble for you than you can make for us."

A look of such utter helplessness overspread her face that even the detectives realized the utter futility of their attack. She seemed as one under the influence of a torpidifying drug. Her capability for new feelings had been crushed out of her by the crowded incidents following her arrest. All



The Chief Drew Back in Studied Anger.

she felt was a dull pain of body and mind.

"Don't sit there like a white mummy," burst forth Donnelly. "Come, now," he added impatiently, "don't exhaust our patience; we haven't treated you roughly, but we know how to bring you out of your silence."

He seized her wrist, his clenched hand squeezing it until she uttered a sharp cry of pain.

"Are you going to answer my questions?" he blurted.

She sank back in the chair with a despairing moan. Her heavy eyelids dropped, a tremor contracted her brow, then her head fell limply to one side.

"I guess we won't gain anything by going any stronger with her to-day. Take her back!" commanded the Chief.

Donnelly and Carson shook her into consciousness. They steadied her as she dragged herself through the dark corridor and down two flights of narrow iron stairs to her cell.

When she was out of the room, the silent visitor came out of the obscurity of his corner and seated himself in the chair vacated by Miss Holcomb.

"What do you think of it, Britz?" asked Manning.

Detective-Lieutenant Britz stared hard, as if trying to concentrate his thoughts. His keen face, screwed into an expression of uncertainty, contrasted sharply with the big heavy features of his superior. Side by side, the two men suggested the delicate surgeon's probe and the heavy blacksmith's sledge.

"It's a great mystery," Britz declared. "A great mystery," he repeated in a tone of deep conviction. "The most puzzling case that has ever come under my observation."

"Very well," the Chief drawled. "It's Donnelly and Carson's case, but you go out and solve it—you go out and get the goods."

CHAPTER VII.

Remanded to the Tombs.

Lieutenant Britz, seated at the flat-top desk of his office, peered steadily at the ceiling, as if he expected to find written there the solution of the great mystery into which he had been called. A worried expression was on his face, as if anxiety had taken pos-

session of his soul. He became submerged in deep meditation, in which he sought to arrange in consecutive order the information gathered by Donnelly and Carson. The conviction forced itself on his mind that Miss Holcomb's arrest was based on circumstance from which more than one inference might be drawn. The fact that she knew the combination of Mrs. Missioner's safe did not mean, of course, that she took the jewels. On the surface, it looked as if hers was the exclusive opportunity to possess herself of the gems, outside of Mrs. Missioner herself. But Britz felt that the depth of the case had not been sounded; in fact, that the surface had not even been penetrated.

The only thread that connected Miss Holcomb with the theft was the diamond found in her room. But to Britz's experienced mind, this circumstance pointed rather toward innocence than guilt. For, he argued, if she had taken those jewels, she would not have been so careless as to leave one of them in her boudoir. That diamond, Britz was convinced, was placed there intentionally and with sinister purpose by a hand other than Miss Holcomb's.

Britz rose from his seat, donned his topcoat and hat, and made his way to the tier of cells one of which held Miss Holcomb. He encountered Donnelly and Carson on the way.

"What time are you going to arraign her?" he asked.

"Right now," Donnelly replied. "We got the magistrate to hold court an hour longer for us."

A turnkey swung open the iron door of the cell. The detectives found Miss Holcomb huddled in a corner, the wan light of the corridor falling on her tear-bathed face.

"Don't take me back! They want to harm me! I haven't done anything!" she cried, when she saw the visitors. Britz stepped forward with an air of command and waved the other detectives back. He scraped his shoulders through the cell door and sat on the rude cot, facing the woman.

"Miss Holcomb," he said pleasantly, "there will be no further inquisition in the Chief's office, no more third-degree methods will be applied to you. It is necessary under the law to bring you before a magistrate within twenty-four hours after your arrest. Now, brace yourself, please, for the ordeal."



If you are innocent, you have absolutely nothing to fear. You will have an opportunity in court of consulting with your friends and engaging a lawyer. Your interests will be protected."

Instinctively, although in the gloom of her surroundings she could make out only a dim outline of his face, she felt a confidence in the detective that braced her like a tonic.

"I have a carriage waiting for you, Miss Holcomb," Britz informed her. "It will enable you to avoid the many curious eyes in the street."

She murmured her thanks as she stepped out of the cell and followed Britz and his companions through a maze of corridors to the street. They were driven rapidly to the Jefferson Market Court and ushered into the private room of the magistrate. A crowd of reporters was already on hand for the hearing. The curious eyes aimed pitilessly at her inspired in her a terror that made her shrink behind the broad shoulders of Donnelly. The magistrate motioned her to a seat close to his desk, and said:

"Madam, it is your privilege to engage counsel. I would advise you to do so at once, for anything you say may be used against you."

"I have done nothing wrong," she murmured.

"You had better get a lawyer," the Magistrate urged.

As if in response to his advice, the door opened abruptly and two men entered. One was sharp-faced, gray-haired, nervous, with the unmistakable air of the lawyer. The other was a young man, his face marked with heavy lines of worry, as if he also had passed a sleepless night. At sight of him, Miss Holcomb sprang forward and threw herself in his arms.

"Oh, Lawrence!" she exclaimed.

"How I have missed you!"

"Don't worry," he soothed. "Everything will turn out all right. I have engaged a lawyer for you. I believe in you implicitly."

Donnelly and Carson asked for a week in which to work up the case against the prisoner.

"We are informed that the stolen jewels are worth close to half a million. There was one big diamond in the bunch that is said to be worth a quarter of a million alone. I think she ought to be put under heavy bonds."

"On what grounds do you base your accusation of theft against this young woman?" demanded the lawyer.

Donnelly displayed the diamond he had found in her room.

"She was the only one, outside of Mrs. Missioner, who knew the combination of the safe," he said. "We found this diamond, which is one of the original stones, in her room."

"Does Mrs. Missioner charge this girl with the theft of the collarette?" asked the lawyer.

"The police make the accusation," Donnelly replied. "Mrs. Missioner is too upset to appear in court to-day."

Following the usual course, the magistrate adjourned the case for a week, and held Miss Holcomb in \$50,000 bail. There being no bondsmen present, she was committed to the Tombs.

"May I speak with Miss Holcomb in private a few moments?" asked the young man into whose arms she had fallen.

"Who are you?" gruffly demanded Donnelly.

"I'm Dr. Lawrence Fitch, the fiancé of Miss Holcomb."

"You can see her in the Tombs," Donnelly retorted.

Lieutenant Britz did not accompany Donnelly and Carson with their prisoner to the jail. When the court hearing was over, he returned to his office, summoned two subordinate detectives, and gave them hasty instructions. Then he sauntered slowly to the Tombs.

As the barred steel door swung open to admit Britz, Dr. Fitch crossed the stone-flagged courtyard that separates the women's wing of the prison from that of the men.

"Was it Dr. Fitch who called to see the prisoner in the Missioner diamond robbery?" he asked the doorman.

"Yes," came the prompt response.

Britz waited in the shadow of the massive gray front of the jail until the young physician came out. He observed the pallor of the doctor's cheeks, his uncertain gait, as if the turmoil of his mind had exhausted his physical energy. The detective noted, also, the clear-cut, straightforward features of the physician, the resolute aspect of his face, and the purposeful gleam in his clear eyes.

"Just a moment, doctor," Britz said, tapping Dr. Fitch on the shoulder.

"What can I do for you?" asked the doctor.

"I am Lieutenant Britz, of Headquarters," the detective explained. "I am in charge of the active work on this case. I want your help. You can be of great service to Miss Holcomb."

"How?" quickly asked Dr. Fitch.

"By following my orders," flashed Britz.

"What are your orders?" asked the doctor.

"It is absolutely necessary that all suspicion be directed toward her. No

effort must be made at the present time to clear her."

"What!" exclaimed Dr. Fitch. "Permit my fiancée to suffer the tortures of this prison and live under the stigma of this terrible accusation?"

"It is necessary," assured Britz.

"The two detectives who arrested her seem to be convinced of her guilt," Fitch said angrily. "They inflicted tortures on her that might have crushed a stronger woman; she told me as best she could what took place at the inquisition in Police Headquarters."

"Very well," said Britz. "I am working independently, regardless of anything Donnelly and Carson, the two men who made the arrest, may do. They blundered grievously when they arrested the young woman. We must overcome that blunder, but the time is not ripe for her release. If she leaves the Tombs, it must be with her name cleared of suspicion."

Dr. Fitch returned to the prison and was permitted to see the prisoner in the little reception room on the ground floor of the women's wing. Her lawyer had left instructions that the physician be allowed to consult with his fiancée at any time. On his first visit, he had found her distraught, hardly able to tell a coherent story. His call had a cheering effect on her, however, and she entered the reception room with a firmer step.

"I hope you have brought good news," she called.

"I have just talked with Lieutenant Britz, who is in charge of your case," he replied. "He has assured me he will do everything to prove your innocence and find the real criminal, but he wants you to remain here until you can leave with your name entirely cleared."

"You believe me, don't you?" she murmured.

"All those who know you must believe in you," he answered. "The very innocence of your nature is sufficient reply to the accusation against you."

As he hastened down the steps of the prison, he again met Britz. The two men walked to Broadway and up that thoroughfare to Twenty-third Street. When they parted, Britz knew the life history of Miss Holcomb.

She had been born in good circumstances, and was a graduate of Smith College. All her life, she had been reared to the belief that her future was well provided for. As the only child of a Boston banker, she lived in an environment of tranquil ease that seemed her permanent heritage in life. Her father and mother died within a year of each other, during the stress of a financial panic. When the estate came to be settled, it was found insufficient to meet the outstanding obligations of the father. Left penniless, amid the luxuries of her birth, she found employment as a governess, and two years before the discovery of the substituted paste jewels, she was engaged by Mrs. Missioner as secretary.

Fitch met Miss Holcomb in Boston, and their friendship was renewed in New York. Their engagement was announced only a month before her arrest. Britz, trying to square the circumstances surrounding her deed with the conclusion of guilt, decided that if she took the jewels, it must have been in a sudden temptation born of the luxury of her past. But, on more mature reflection, he concluded that her birth, her breeding, all the training of her life placed her above any such temptation; and when he entered his home to study the case in the quiet of his library, he was possessed of the strong conviction that Miss Holcomb was guiltless of the charge entered against her on the records of the Court.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STYLE IN ENGLISH NECKWEAR

Broad-Ended Tie Has Been Rage for Half Decade and is Likely to Continue.

For the last half decade the broad-ended tie made from the piece has been the rage in England, and hardsellers will not look at anything else. Its vogue is likely to continue for another year or two, particularly as it is to the interests of both manufacturers and dealers to keep it going as long as possible. This type of tie has a maximum length in England of 42 inches, the average for such four-in-hands being 36 to 38 inches.

A good grade of Irish poplin tubular tie retails at about 50 cents, the highest quality Irish poplin, however, which comes in the piece, when made up, retails at about 75 cents. Other styles are priced at 60, 45 and 35 cents, and ties of these classes are to be found in the men's furnishings stores of any of the larger British cities. Wholesalers pay about \$2.90 per dozen for ties that retail at 45 cents each, and sell them to the dealers at \$3.40 per dozen, less two and one-half per cent.

Unpleasant Suggestion. "I've called my new song 'Falling Dew.' 'Then, my boy, it will never be popular. It is too strongly suggestive of household bills and commercial notes."



GOOD IDEA.

Reggy—I wish I knew what character to assume at the masquerade party tomorrow night.
Cholly—Put a display head on your self and go as a society column.

CHILD'S HEAD A MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on its head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass, a running sore. It was awful; the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lund, Plain City, Utah, Sept. 19, 1910.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 12, Boston.

Naughty, but Nice.

Edith, who is eight years old, was invited to a children's party. Her blonde hair was perfectly straight, but becomingly arranged, and she started off in high feather.

But on her return she was rather silent, and, on being questioned as to her experience, said:

"I had a nice time, but it would have been nicer if my hair was kinky. All the other girls' hair was kinky, and I shan't go to another party unless my hair is fixed in kinks."

So the next week, when another invitation came for the little girl, her hair was curled and fluffed out in the most approved style.

Then her mother led her to a mirror, and said: "There, Edith, what do you think of it?"

Edith regarded herself soberly for a moment, and then, turning slowly around, she said: "It's vain, but I like it."

As Waists Used to Be.

A London paper prints an article from the ladies' treasury of 1866, in which a prize is offered for the woman with the smallest waist in proportion to her size. A silk dress was the first prize and a gold watch second prize. In the school in which the prize was offered by the principal the pupils were required to sleep in corsets, which could, however, be loosened when retiring.

Many a man who claims to be as honest as the day is long wouldn't want the searchlight turned on his night record.

The only way in which a man can have the last word with a woman is to say it over the phone, and then hang up.

Hurry Ends in Indigestion

Use your teeth on your food or your stomach will suffer. Quick lunches, hurried eating, bolting food, are sure to end, sooner or later, in some form of indigestion, more or less troublesome.

Beecham's Pills

quickly relieve the distress caused by hurried eating. They act directly on the stomach nerves and actually help the food to digest and assimilate. They are particularly good for nervous dyspepsia, bloating, hiccoughs, bitter taste in the mouth, and flatulence. With reasonable care in eating, Beecham's Pills will soon

Put an End to Stomach Ills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c. 100 Years Old. Pettis Eye Salve



The Two Men Walked to Broadway.