

into each other's eyes. Then Webb paled and ran. O'Connor followed.

Block after block the chase went on until finally Webb dodged into Calumet avenue.

There O'Connor climbed into a cement wagon, and told the driver to whip up his horses and get alongside Webb.

The cement wagon rocked with the speed of the lashed horses. O'Connor hid in the bottom of the wagon. Webb, his tongue hanging out, his eyes protruding, ran on.

At Forty-sixth street, Webb stopped and looked back. He could see no sign of O'Connor. Then the cement wagon drove up. O'Connor got to his feet with levelled revolver.

"Throw up your hands, Bobby," he said.

"Hello, Mr. Copper," said Webb, and put up his hands.

O'Connor realized the difficulty he was going to have in climbing from the wagon and keeping Webb covered at the same time. Webb realized it too and grinned.

O'Connor began to get down slowly. The hunter and the hunted gazed into each other's eyes. Webb was smiling; O'Connor's face was set in grim, determined lines.

The expected happened. O'Connor had to lower his gun for an instant. Webb flashed out his revolver at that instant and began firing.

O'Connor did not stop. Neither did he use his own revolver. There were women within range

and he would not run the chance of striking one of them.

Webb emptied his revolver at the detective, missing all, the shots, and then turned and ran north on Calumet to Forty-sixth street. O'Connor followed.

Webb turned West in Forty-sixth, north again in the alley under the elevated, and from there into the dark basement passageway under 4547 Calumet avenue.

O'Connor's partner, Egan, was far behind. Patrolman Courtney, who had heard the firing, was too far distant to help. But O'Connor did not hesitate. He plunged into the dark passageway after the bandit.

Webb had stumbled and fallen. His gun had dropped to the ground. He was reaching for it when O'Connor pounced on him. In his hand were six cartridges. He had intended to reload and die fighting in the basement.

O'Connor grabbed the exhausted boy bandit by the throat. Webb tried to wrestle with him. Courtney and Egan came running up.

"This is my prisoner," shouted Courtney. "I've been chasing him. And, besides, he's in Captain Lavin's district."

"Who's your friend," said Webb to O'Connor.

"Fat chance you have of getting this fellow," said O'Connor. "We've been trailing him and chasing him for hours."

Courtney started to argue. Some of the language used was not of the sort used in our best drawing rooms. A crowd gath-