## TRUE DETECTIVE STORIES

SENCE CAMPBELL was a professional New York State Hospital for the e to Ward's Island, New York city. At time when her case came to the attention the New York Police Department she was to Mrs. Jestly, the matron. She had been at go Min two years, and she brought a

tweire years of excellent work. Campbell went on her annual vacation last returning on Octuber 3. One morning a er she was talking with the pharmacist, Mr. the hospital dispensary, when an orderly be a package of mail. On top was a square

see has been sending you some candy," said

" said Miss Campbell. She opened perertheress; found that it was indeed a the grank of the Boston Candy New York She held out the box to King as

here something wrong with that stuff!" ed Ther examined it. The candy-gum it happened was dusted over with a fine, de Some of the pieces, too, were broken,

performer said King. "Say, you want with with caudy that comes through the to hid better let me analyze some of that where and par are Miss Campbell laughed the Research in carnest. She finally es and the plantiness proceeded with his He found that the white powder was

is discourt King became sudhere was a crime; he He returned the Cambon the reference ying only that the described the and that she should certainly and this is de before she ate any of it. She are the period of the posident physicians. He \_\_\_\_ Dr. Maybon, seconds letters which had mar by both Miss Campbell to the District Attorperson and Lieutenant Carey.

a whele afternoon with her. the thirties, nice spoken I of locane who would want for non, that Mrs. Jestly, the and a Mr. Thomps another nurse on the sity she said, but Mrs. or the about dious letters. She three in typewriting and will all the hadn't thought much and had destroyed them. I asked at wemen, fixing in Manhattan. Three of that I wone to keep your eye on is Morning all Lived at No. 118 West Eighty

up mir mind that we the from her. In fact, she drep the case, seeing that

talen Wes thomphoff's statement, Carey that important piece of evibrand of the Boston Third avenue, near The wrapper a paper The address, was seratched on a sepand fastened on by the in h had carried the pack-

From every one who samples of handwriting. After one of three different that address. The handcourt in important cases, ogles and speeds; the practhat this kind of expert testi-- t unreliable. The most careof the handwriting only limited the

andy was what is known in the trade as has This in Pastf had a bearing on by that and Miss Compiled's favorite candy. ender knew her habits. Carey visited torse and discovered that the royal a very sold only at the Twenty-third street arguping paper was of the kind Malenny The purkage had been mailed station of the Post Office De-One part of the became plain as day. Either wents third street and Sixth in a great hurry.

electric claimed Carey's attraining letters received by Lal key the this one-a scurrilous his and it s methods. It was typeh was married on August 4 from Station were evidently unschooled in the had made three slips. In the ch an ordinary letter size The writer to avoid on of the letterhead, but he had inprinted date line. There it was, k fare trice - New York, -

He had forgetten, too, to tear off the which read "Victor." ed a very old typewriter, slightly the wing vertain peculiarities in Most representation of these was the which times in the Maybon Upper left hand corner was expanse called into consulta-MR was be work of a very old, worn-

"Md-Carez started there one of the tacti intestigations of the thor-He found first the jobbers who water thanked "Victor." It is the rtor milis. These jobbers reported the paper to about three bundred Tork There opened before the deTHE CLEW OF THE CROOKED "W"

BY WILL IRWIN



"BUT GIVE ME THAT PAPER," SAID HALL,

one of those printers and to find who, using Victor paper for his letterhead orders, used also that peculiar black type. Carey had half a dozen plain clothes men on this tedious search, when the developments in another line caused him suddenly to drop It.

The anonymous letter, as I have said, was mailed from Station W. Manhattan. This is at Eighty-fourth street and Columbus avenue. One evening, going over the notes he had taken from Miss Campbell, Carey suddenly stumbled on the address, "Mrs. Jessie Morrow, No. 118 West Eighty-fourth street," only a half block from Station W. He saw Miss Campbell again on some pretext or other and wedged in among a hundred impertinent questions some inquiries about Mrs. Morrow. She was a bosom friend to Miss Campwith this address. The bell, it appeared. On the nurse's day off the two went to No. 118 West Eighty-fourth street to see what he could see

> But Mrs. Morrow, the fanitress said, had moved away from that house in August. She had gone somewhere up the Hudson. Carey stopped to chat with

to accounts for an old gentleman who came to that house sometimes.

"I suppose that she was at her typewriter most of the time," said Carey offhand.

"Yes," said the janitress, "she was always type writing."

"A good Smith Premier typewriter is a great help," "I don't know nothing about typewriters," said the

She could not remember just when Mrs. Morrow could tell. And, having satisfied myself that Mrs. Morrow owned a typewriter-although he had failed to establish that it was a Remington-Carey saw the

anonymous letter. The agents furnished another fact, a great deal more rent had been conducted by William H. Hall, and William H. Hall wrote on a sheet of note paper water

tectives a chase of appailing magnitude—to see every row had lived in the house about a year. She had was in the same identical type as the date line on the some kind of work at home-writing and attending anonymous letter to Dr. Maybon. Only the size of the paper differed. The anonymous letter was on letter size paper. Evidently it was the larger brother of the notepaper which Mr. Hall had used in his carespondence with the real estate agents.

The next day the Central Office detectives started on two new scents. While half of the men looked up the antecedents of William H. Hall, Carey and two assistants went to Mamaroneck, to which town, he

learned from the Post Office, Mrs. Morrow had moved, The Manhattan squad found that Hall was a rich and retired fur dealer who had started life in the hat moved. The real estate agents who rented that house business. For future use they patched together a pretty accurate story of his life.

Carey found that Mrs. Morrow was living in a cottage on the outskirts of Mamaroneck. After agents. Mrs. Morrow had moved on August 8, four looking over the ground he sent one of his detectives women usually went to the theatre together. Carey days after Station W, at the corner, had stamped that to the real estate men who owned that cottage with a tentative offer to buy it. The agents were willing, and the detective was shown through the house. There, pertinent. Some of the correspondence regarding the in the front room, stood an old, battered Remington typewriter. The detective tried to get rid of Mrs. Morrow for a few moments while he took samples this janitress, an intelligent Irish woman. Mrs. Mor- marked "Victor," and the date line on his notehead of a capital "W"; but she stuck to him like the bark

H. Hall letterheads. He pretended to take measurements and asked Mrs. Morrow for a sheet of paper to note down his figures. She produced a plain place of notepaper, and the policeman was baffied again.

Two days later, while Carey was still watching the house and meditating new plans, Mrs. Morrow suddeuly began making preparations to move. Carey found from the transfer company that she was going to the neighboring town of Peekskill, a haul so short that she intended to take her goods by wagon instead of by train. The detectives watched the case of that typewriter go into the van at Mamaroneck; watched it taken out at the new house in Peekskill. Two days afterward, when she was getting settled, they saw Hall, with whose face they had got acquainted, walk up the front path, ring the doorbell and enter the house.

The psychological moment had come. Carey sprang his mine. Accompanied by MacConeaghy, a detective, who can use a typewriter, he called on Mrs. Morrow and stated the whole case plainly to her.

"And the best thing you can do," said Carey, "is to let me look at all your letter paper and give me same ples from that typewriter." Mrs. Morrow became a volcano of wrath, then an iceberg of angry reserve. The police might do as they pleased, she said; she knew nothing of any poisoned candy; they had no rights outside of New York; she ould thank him to leave the house at once. As Carey stood at the door, "jollying her." he says, Hall entered the room. Carey, who had been waiting for this, stepped up and slapped Hall on the shoulder.

"Why, Mr. Hall," he said, "don't you know me? I used to know you when you were in the hat business on Beaver street. Remember?" And Carey rattled off a string of reminiscences of Hall's early life.

Hall started like a man caught in the act. Carey pressed his advantage. Mrs. Morrow was in a very unfortunate position. It would be best for her to be frank, else the New York police would have to use other methods.

Hall turned to Mrs. Morrow.

"I think you had better let them see everything," he said.

"Then show me all the paper you have in the house," said Carey.

They went from room to room, Mrs. Morrow overlooking all the places where paper might be kept until Carey pointed them out to her. In a bureau drawer at the top of the house he found a pad, letter size, with the letterhead of William H. Hall. Tearing off a sample, Carey hustled Mrs. Morrow into the parlor and asked her to open the typewriter.

"It is locked," said she.

"That's easily remedied," said Carey, and he tore off the hasp. Before either she or the hesitating and troubled Hall could get breath MacCeneaghy was seated and was running off capital W's. By a gesture Mrs. Morrow invited Hall outside. Carey immediately drew out the Maybon letter and dictated its text to his assistant. When MacConeaghy had finished it Carey sat down to the typewriter and began to stab the keys, imitating with unpractised hand the sound of the machine at work. At the same moment he winked at MacConeaghy. The latter, taking the cue, stepped to the door and listened. And he heard Mrs. Morrow say:-

"Quick! Don't you know that it will be used in

A minute later Hall, evidently lashed to courage, burst in and ordered the detectives out.

"Oh, very well," said Carey, carelessly. "But give me that paper!" said Hall, snatching at the typewritten sample. Carey evaded him, thrust

the paper in his pocket, and hurried out to the nearest telephone. On the way he compared the sample with the Maybon letter. The resemblance in the broken W's and the faulty alignment was perfect. Any one could see that they came from one and the same typewriter.

And here I begin to spring the solution. Arrived at the telephone, Carey called up the hospital on Ward's Island, got Dr. Maybon, and asked him not to let Miss Campbell leave the island nor get to a tele-

For Miss Campbell, not Mrs. Morrow nor yet Mr. Hall, had been his suspect from the very first.

Probably you are surprised at this. I hope that you are, because I have been doing my best to conceal it. The writer of the Sherlock Holmes school always omits one strong psychological factor-intuition-and one practical factor-experience.

The intuition of Carey told him, as soon as be had talked half an hour with Miss Campbell, that her attitude wasn't straight; that she was concealing something. His experience had taught him that in three-quarters of such cases the victim is also the criminal. One who has never done police work as detective or reporter does not know how many hysterical women and girls accuse others of desperate attempts at crime which they have "planted" themselves. When it is reported that this or that young girl has been found lying unconscious in a shed, exhausted from her struggle with bandits who have held her captive, the experienced police captain never looks for the bandits until he has put the girl through the third degree. The anonymous letters, the crudely poisoned candy-all, to an experienced policeman, pointed to Miss Campbell as the sole perpetrator of this attempt at crime. Besides, I have purposely omitted one fact which came out late in the investigation.

On August 4, the day when the anonymous letter to Dr. Maybon was mailed, Miss Campbell was off the island on leave.

Carey proceeded at once to Ward's Island and called on Miss Campbell. She came down in a fresh evening dress, to sit through three hours of the third degree. Slowly Carey wormed it out of her. She admitted the letter first. She had written it surreptitiously on Mrs. Morrow's typewriter. Stage by stage she admitted buying the candy. But rever would she say, "I did it." He got her over to the Detective Bureau the next afternoon. There they sat from four to nine before she said the word. Even then she gave few details. She had got the arsenic from the hospital dispensary "to poison rats." She had taken the candy, just after she bought it, to the women's room of a department store, unwrapped it. sprinkled it with arsenic and wrapped it up again. There was into all their sports and is as enthusiastic in boat a writing desk "for the convenience of patrons" near at hand. She had written the address on a piece of store paper, cut it out and fastened it on with the

> "But why did you do it?" asked Carey. "I don't know," said Miss Campbell, "I just don't

And although Carey has his own explanation for it this is probably a better reason than any that be gives. They never do know.

## BLOOD AND THUNDERY NOW NOT

years back; the boys don't care so much in charge of the detective output of the biggest New York publishing house given over to cheap weekly literature. "The tendency is toward the unravelling of crimes by scientific methods. In the days of Old Broadbrim, Old Sleuth and Old Cap Collier you couldn't get out a successful detective story unless you had an average of one kill to every

"The half dozen men who write detective stories for the weekly libraries-and by the way, these are nickel novels, not dime novels, though I suppose the older term always will cling to them-are appreciating the fact that the schoolboy of to-day is an intellectual advancement over his daddy, and, consequently, you couldn't hold his interest by introducing the gun, the knife and the poison bottle whenever you run short of a sensible plot.

"The boys want mystery stories, and the detective who can solve these mysteries quickest and most effectively is the sleuth the youngsters will remember with their five cent pieces on publication day. Why, it has got so that in one of the recent detective stories, which centres around the doings of the present day favorite, the boss ferreter worked out the entire problem without leaving his office, getting at the truth by the question and answer process and applying his deductions until they fitted the facts. This is a good deal healthier for the boy reader-and, incidentally, the change has resulted in attracting to the detective story another class of readers made up of lawyers and professional men, who find plenty of mental relaxation in following the fortunes of the thief takers who hold the public attention to-day.

"The nickel novel is now got up in more attractive I better say?" form than was its predecessor. For one thing, there

OU can't commit so many merry little wood cut that was for long such an artistic horror. away was, and there never was a more popular chap murders nowadays as you could a few The publishing houses pay a good deal of attention to than that same Jack of glorious memory. He has externals, and it pays to give the boys something nest all sorts of adventures at the school at Fardale, for this form of violence," said the man and tasty, for they are a very important part of the Conn .-- an imaginary institution-- and later when he reading public, and their support of a nickel library is goes to Yale." not to be sneered at by the business office."

"Who is writing the detective stories of to-day?" "We have one man who does nothing else. His mind has been trained along these peculiar lines, and he has acquired a style that the boys seem to delight We keep him about a dozen numbers ahead of acthree pages, but this is being gradually done away tual publication, for we can't afford to slip up in our weekly output. Sometimes, when he is indisposed, we assign the job to another member of the staff, but as a

> rule it is one man who does the work. 'The detective story, however, is not the one that heads the list of popular productions for young fellows. As a matter of fact, the library that sells best is one that exploits the dolngs of a boy. That is what the boys like most to read about-something another boy just like themselves has done. Of course they are filled with admiration for the achievements of the great detectives of fiction, but they always feel that they'll have to wait until they grow up before they can successfully emulate these heroes. In the case of the boy hero it is different. Every young reader feels "-nlicate the performances of this youthful paragon, and that is why the weekly sales of the li-

brary are enormous." "What does this boy hero do?"

"Everything a healthy boy ought to do. He is the champion baseball player and the best football player and the most satisfactory all round athlete his country can produce. He is the sort of a lad Jack Hark-

## Popping the Question

"To-night I speak to your father, dearest. What had

"Well, hadn't you better first call his attention to is a colored cover in place of the old black and white the penalties for assault, manslaughter and murder?"

"How long has he been thrilling the boy public?" "For eleven years." "And can you successfully hold him at the boy age

for an indefinite period? Is he a sort of five cent "Oh, no; he grows up just like other boys. He grows up naturally, and each week he is a week

older than he was in the previous number. You

couldn't appeal to the boys in any other way." "But won't he reach an age limit in time, when be can no longer take part in purely juvenile ex-

periences?" "Of course."

"Then what will you do-stop your library?" "Oh, no, we'll dig up a younger brother and take him along a route similar to the one the present favorite has travelled. It's the usual thing. Don't you remember how Sir Conan Doyle gracefully brought on Mycroft, a brother of Sherlock Holmes, when he had about exhausted the adventures of Sherlock? That gives the author an opening. You watch out for some Mycroft Holmes stories some of these days."

"What kind of a man writes these stories that are

so well thought of by the boys?"

"A boy's man. He lives in Maine and spends most of his time with the younger generation. He enters building or baseball playing as any youngster of fifteen. He understands his people, and so his people understand him. Incidentally, he has made a very good thing out of his books, in a money way, and could afford to live for the rest of his life without writing a single line or doing a stroke of work. But he isn't that kind. He wants to talk each week to his great boy audience, and I think he'll continue being a boy himself till his halr turns white."