

100 True Detective Stories

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

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Paris, like many other large cities, has its almost daily quota of "undiscovered dead"—those unfortunate souls who either end their own lives or, after meeting with foul play, are thrown into the river, to be picked up days later, providing another puzzle in identification and ultimate justice for the local police.

More than half of these cases are finally solved, but it is doubtful if there has been any, in Paris or elsewhere, which possesses the strange and unusual elements of the "Affair of the Brass Ring," as the murder of Leon Horton is generally known.

The case began on a bright sunny morning in early spring, when one of the gendarmes on guard near the Seine noticed a canvas bag bobbing up and down, just below the surface of the water. Securing a boat-hook, he drew the bag in to shore, and upon opening it, found that it contained the dismembered body of a man. Even the most careful scrutiny of the body, however, failed to reveal the slightest mark by which it could be identified. The head was missing. There was no scar, birth mark or blemish upon the trunk or limbs, while all of the men who had been reported as "missing" had some characteristic by which they could easily have been identified.

After the body had been examined by the police surgeons, all of whom agreed that it had not been in the water many hours, the matter was turned over to Henri Valger, one of the detectives on the force, with instructions to find out what he could—though no one believed that anything save the most unusual luck would ever solve the mystery.

The only thing of interest that Valger could find, was a point which had already been noted, that the dead man wore a plain heavy ring upon the third finger of his left hand. At first, Valger took it for granted that this

formed him, "is only to be expected, since the dead man is evidently in the habit of wearing a brass ring".

"But," asked Valger, "does that mark necessarily come from wearing an ornament of this nature? Couldn't it have been caused by something else?"

"Very possibly it could," was the reply, "but the ring is by far the likeliest explanation. If you found a man with his throat cut and a razor lying beside him, wouldn't you naturally consider that was the weapon which had inflicted the wound?"

"That would be my first impulse," admitted the detective, "but the very proximity of the clue might lead me to think that it had been placed for purposes of deceit—'planted' as the Americans say. That discolored circle on the dead man's finger may have been caused by this ring, but I have a feeling that it wasn't. See?" and he pointed to a number of tiny marks, visible only under the magnifying glass. "Those look more to me like the effect of some acid, than the result of wearing brass jewelry. Besides, the soft palms of the hands and the comparative care which had been bestowed upon the finger nails, do not indicate that the dead man was one who would wear the brass ring of a peasant."

"You mean—"

"I mean that the ring belonged, not to the hand that was found in the Seine, but to the hand of the murderer—that it was placed on the finger to hide that circle of greyish-green flesh, evidence in itself that some mark of identification had been destroyed."

Valger's next move was to wire throughout France, asking for an immediate report of anyone "with a tattoo mark or other peculiarity encircling the third finger of the left hand" who had been reported missing during the past two months. The Chief of Police at Lyons replied that the inquiry fitted Leon Horton, a pawnbroker, who had not been seen for the past ten days, and whose wife had requested official investigation.

"Horton had a livid scar over the right temple," the wire continued, "and a circle of orange-blossoms tattooed on the ring finger of his left hand, the latter having been placed there when he was married."

"Yes," exclaimed Valger, "and the scar was the reason that he was not placed in the bag. It would have made identification too easy. The murderer attempted to eradicate the tattooing with acid, and then placed his own ring on the finger to cover the mark. The acid, diluted by the water in which the body was immersed, caused the change in the inside of the ring."

The rest was merely a matter of official routine. Horton was traced to Paris. It was found that he had fallen into the hands of a gang of confidence men, and that, when he had shown fight, he had been killed. The body, the ring finger of which was traced to Paris, was found that he had fallen into the hands of a gang of confidence men, and that, when he had shown fight, he had been killed. The body, the ring finger of which was traced to Paris, was found that he had fallen into the hands of a gang of confidence men, and that, when he had shown fight, he had been killed.

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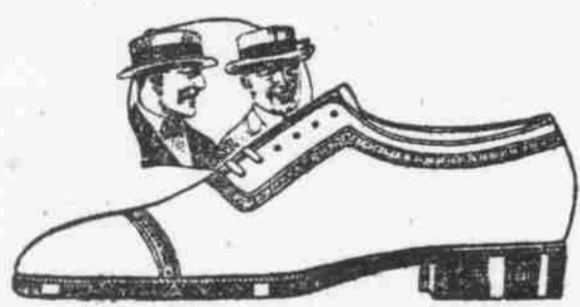
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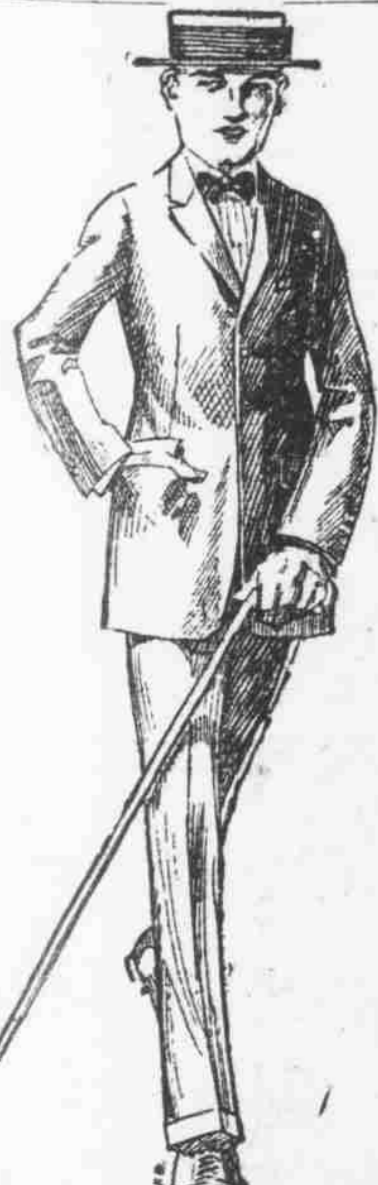
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New York Letter

By Lucy Jeanne Price

New York, June 27.—The New York set of New York society has been surprised. They had rather visualized themselves as giving a really worthwhile treat to the comparative quiet regions of Long Island when they turned to Southampton for their summer lodgings this season, deserting the famous Rhode Island resort. Pretty nice for Southampton, they thought they saw it. And, lo and behold, Southampton's old guard simply raises its eyebrows and says, "Dear Me! How invaders do creep in nowadays!" Being the summer capital of the smart set doesn't get one beam of outside attention. The inner band down at the Long Island village have surrounded themselves with an impenetrable wall and dare these million-dollar New Yorkers to try to find a gateway.

I have tried to figure this out ever since I saw it, but I haven't been able to do it. Why I didn't go boldly in and inquire about it, I don't know. In the window of an undertaking establishment on Monroe street, Brooklyn, I saw pinned to the white satin ribbon onto the handle of a basket of pink roses, this sign: For Sale, Brunswick-Billiard and Pool Table. Inquire within.

The "Forlorn Hope" office might well be the name of the Knights of Columbus' bureau on West Fortieth street. The mysterious office, quite like it in the country, I believe. The mother of Antonio Nicola, who went to war and didn't come back, couldn't be found. The "Forlorn Hope" office might well be the name of the Knights of Columbus' bureau on West Fortieth street. The mysterious office, quite like it in the country, I believe. The mother of Antonio Nicola, who went to war and didn't come back, couldn't be found.

There is a New York banker with a "obby" which might well do for a less dignified and supposedly sensible man. He writes to every writer who has had a book published and begs his autograph in behalf of "a sweet window" which will give him a "chubby list"—his daughter for whom he is making a collection of such autographs. And he doesn't even show the consistency of sending original letters; just pours form epistles upon the printer. The other day he met what some of the authors have felt he had coming to him. He wrote in care of the first author, a letter to a Japanese writer whose works he has just noticed had been published. The merchant smiled to himself and sent him two autographs, one of the writer in question and the other of one "Tkyvoh," famous in the art world. And not until he met with laughter from some scholarly friends did the banker learn that the writer had been dead for several centuries and "Tkyvoh" is the name of a school of Japanese art—like an autograph of Mr. Walter Color.

This is a fretful time of the year in the subway, according to one conversational guard. "I'll hear more arguments among the passengers [within the next three weeks than all the rest of the year," he said the other day. "All because of the sun. About this time of the year everyone generally takes their first swim and gets their first sunburn. Then when somebody in the subway crowd has shoulders, they certainly are touchy. And it doesn't take much touchiness to start a sun'way argument."

There will have to be a fashion one again of false "puffs" and curls on women's coiffures in order to use up all the hair that falls from their heads and bobbed heads. The hair dressers and barbers are getting an over-supply. Sometimes if the girl is clever, she makes a few puffs for it at road rush. Usually she trades it for a permanent wave for what is left, say New York beauty shops.

LUUCY JEANNE PRICE.

DEATHS—FUNERALS

JOHN A. MOON.

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 27.—John A. Moon, 65, who represented the third Tennessee district in Congress for 24 consecutive years, retiring at the end of the last session, died at his home here Sunday.

Judge Moon, a Democrat, began his Congressional career in 1897, having served continuously since that time until the beginning of the present session, being succeeded by Joe Brown, a Republican, as the result of the landslide which carried Tennessee into the Republican column last November.

Judge Moon was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, but he has been a citizen of Chattanooga for many years. Before his entry into Congress, he was judge of the circuit court for several terms.

Just before the end of the last Congress, he suffered a collapse from which he never recovered.

MRS. DAVID S. YATES.

Funeral services of Mrs. David S. Yates were held at St. Peter's Episcopal church Sunday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock. Rev. E. A. Penick, Jr., the rector, officiating.

The Parent-Teacher Association attended in a body and other civic organizations, of which Mrs. Yates was a member, were present. The funeral was one of the largest known in Charlotte for years. The chapel of the church was a complete mass of flowers.

The casket was covered with a cross of Ascension lilies which extended the full length of the casket. This was a tribute from the Parent-Teacher Association.

The interment was in the family plot at Elmwood.

Among the pallbearers were States Lee, Ralph Van Landingham, Jr., Woolley Chambers, John Pursor, Rankie Smith, Jack Minstead, McLean Sinclair, and Alex McMillan.

C. C. WEST.

Funeral services for C. C. West, widely known citizen of Charlotte, who died at his home, 508 Mint street Sunday afternoon at 5:30 o'clock, will be held at the residence Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Rev. J. F. Crigler, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran church, officiating. Interment will be in Elmwood cemetery.

Mr. West had been in declining health for several months. He was 63 years old, having been born in Rowan county near Salisbury. He came to Charlotte when a young man and later entered business. He retired from active business several years ago.

The dead man was never married and had amassed considerable wealth. He owned the Southern Hardware corner and the adjoining lot in the first block of West Trade, the Regent garage property, on South Church street, valuable property near the Seaboard via-farm and his old home near Salisbury. One sister, Mrs. Alice Mills, 12 South Davidson street, survives.

ELEVEN BODIES FOUND IN RUINS

Indications of Foul Play Found; House is Burned to the Ground.

Mayfield, Ky., June 27.—The bodies of five adults and six children were found in the ruins of the home of Ernest Lawrence, a farmer living about seven miles from here, which was destroyed by fire Saturday midnight. There were indications that the dead may have been the victims of foul play and, at a coroner's inquest held here Sunday, a non-committal verdict was returned.

An examination of the bodies, which were burned beyond recognition, showed that one of the women bore wounds that seemed to have been made by some sharp instrument. The dress of the infant, which this woman is thought to have been holding in her arms, was drenched in blood.

In one of the rooms in which several bodies were lying were a revolver containing six empty cartridges, a shot gun, a rifle with a cartridge that had been discharged and another exploded cartridge nearby, a double-headed axe on the bed springs near the body of one of the men, and a large oil can which had been kept in the yard.

Particles of clothing were clinging to the bodies of the men, showing that they had not retired before they met death.

Screams of women and children and several shots are said to have been heard by neighbors shortly before the fire was discovered.

SUES BROTHERHOOD FOR TAKING HIS JOB

Chattanooga, Tenn., June 27.—William Felton, formerly employed by the Southern Railway, has filed suit in circuit court here against the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen asking \$50,000 damages, alleging that the union caused him to be dismissed from the railroad's service, it became known Sunday.

The suit involves two questions, which have never been determined in Tennessee courts. One is whether or not a non-union laborer, who has been discharged at the instance of union labor, has any remedy at law and the second is whether an incorporated labor organization may be sued for monetary damages resulting from the loss of the position.

Felton alleges that he worked for the Southern Railway Company as a switchman for six years and, at the time of his discharge, was receiving a daily wage of \$6.48. He charges that he was dismissed after a demand had been made upon his employer for his removal by his fellow workmen, members of the trainmen's union, who threatened to strike and refused to work with him. He asserts that his discharge was the result of a conspiracy on the part of the union members and resulted in damage to him in the sum of the amount sued for.

GAINED BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS

Des Moines, Ia., June 27.—Interest in missionary education gained by leaps and bounds during 1920, W. A. Hill, secretary of missionary education, reported to the Northern Baptist Convention here today. This development was general, he said, other denominations having joined in similar work, through the Missionary Education Movement.

HEADACHES

Backaches, dizzy spells, pimples, rash, boils, nervousness and a multitude of other troubles result from habitual constipation. If you are suffering with constipation try Liv-O-Kids. They act gently on the liver and bowels and keep the stomach sweet. They do the work without griping, cramps or pain. Try them and you will be delighted. 25c at all druggists.—Adv.

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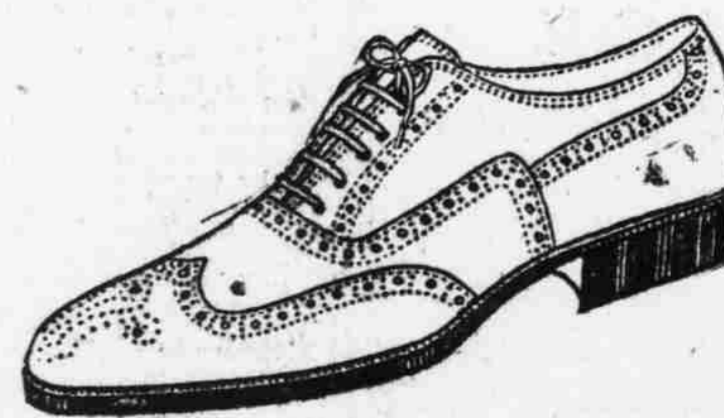
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