The Experiences of M. F. Goron, Ex-Chief of the Paris Detective Police

Edited by Albert Keyzer

THE SCAR

(Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co.) LADY is waiting for are those letters. What becomes of

you, sir," said my him afterwards is of no importance. secretary, as I came Don't you understand?" "Yes, I quite understand. Yet, o my office an hour less I arrest him. I do not see-"

women, but never one to

round the shapely head.

shall I do unless you help me?"

a low voice she began:

same stamp."

ed stare:

other, and myself given over to the

care of a cross, hard, bigoted maiden

aunt, supposed to replace my mother,

whom I have never known. When I

was nineteen I married M. R----

scoundred, the scoundrel-"

ed antiquarian-"

She had risen from her chair.

"I rank after the old coins

She stopped and looked away.

good resolutions, all, all, all!

"Yes, you can guess-I met him at

only thought of him, I loved and

what happiness meant. And then-"

his treachery and told him I would

never look at him again. But he holds me in his grasp. I wrote him four let-

ters, and what letters! And, under

and what I can do for you."

of something nauseous.

can I do for you?"

"No, no!" she repeated, more ve-"Already?" hemently, "you do not realize my dan-"Yes she has been ger! He is a desperate character; he here a long time," fears nobody, and if you try to frightand, as he spoke, my en him he will turn on me! Get those visitor entered the etters! Save me!" I have seen some

After a moment's pause I asked: "Is he a Frenchman?" "No, he is a Cuban; of a first-class

approach her. A lovely, graceful figure, her golden hair like an aureole family, I think." "Give me his name and address, and "Pray take a seat," I said. "What

also the dates of those letters, if you remember them." She wrote everything down and

She sat, or rather dropped, down handed me the slip.

into the proffered arm-chair, trembling The more I heard of this business from head to foot, convulsed by sobs. the less I liked it, although I knew I pretended to look over some papers full well that unless something were to give her time to recover. Then, done a catastrophe would ensue. On after two or three ineffectual attempts the other hand, Madame R- had to speak, she said: tied my hands; I had no legal hold on "I am Madame R-; my name, I her tormentor, and I did not see how, think, is not unknown to you." under these conditions, I could bring I nodded, for I had often seen him to bay. But her sad story had among those of our brilliant society moved me, and I resolved to try my luck. I had often tried it before and "But"-and then she again burst

found it answered. into tears-"I am lost, lost! What

I led her to a small room near my office and told her to wait, "Calm yourself," I said, holding a "You must be patient," I warned her, glass of water to her lips, the tumbler for it may take me some time, and, reclicking against her small white teeth

member, I guarantee no results." She rocked herself to and fro, and I sent a note to the Cuban, asking then, after a violent effort, unfolded him to call on me without delay. My ber tale-the old, old tale of a wommessenger found him at home. There an's folly and a man's wickedness. In came a knock on my door, and a tall man with very dark hair and blue "I will not trouble you with the eyes entered my office. His clothes fitstory of my wretched youth, in a loneted him well, and he had that easy grace of those moving in good society, bay; but, as I discovered in the course ly country house, my father always away in Paris on some business or

lown his right cuff. I felt him slipping through my fin

rers; and there was the poor creature in the adjoining room, his victim, de-pending on me to release her from his clutches. It was maddening.

He looked at his watch, rose from his chair, and politely asked me whether I had anything more to say, as he had an important engagement in

I was growing desperate, and felt tempted to call Madame R—— into my office, and force her to formally charge the man and bring him within my grasp. A moment's reflection showed me the uselessness of such a course. upon my suggestion,

She would be too frightened to act He walked towards the door. "Ston!" I shouted "I have one

or two questions to ask you." I want ed to gain time. The Cuban looked at me, slightly surprised.

"How long have you been in Paris? asked. "Seven months," he replied.

Then I risked a random shot. What is your real name? No, not the one on your card, but the name your father bore?" If you had a father, I added mentally.

Thus far my man had not turned hair. His tone now became sharp. "What right have you to ask me such a question?" He was losing his any foolish pretense.

He gave his mustache another twirl and, just as he was again pulling down his cuff, I noticed a scar across his right wrist.

It was an ordinary scar, slightly jagged toward the middle, a scar that might have been caused by a fall when he was a boy. Now, however, it took gigantic proportions, and I felt instinctively that I had laid my finger on something that might turn the scales in our favor. It required, nevertheless, grave caution with such an opponent. A false move would mean failure. In a moment I had formed my plan, and started the attack.

I called in one of my men, ordering him to remain with the Cuban until I returned.

It was only intuition, not inference, that caused me to fasten on this scar as the means of bringing the fellow to

O (See as See as)

leed that he mechanically pulled | in ais mind and watched him intently. It was evident he waited for me to say something. Seeing I remained silent he began, in a voice suddenly grown

> "Monsieur Goron-legally you have no right to demand those letters, but-" He paused suddenly, well knowing that the dangerous moment for him had arrived, and that he had to weigh every word. Again he looked at me as if for support, and, not receiving any, he continued:

"But, supposing I should give them up-what-am I to-expect in return for my-courtesy?"

The word "courtesy" made me smile. It was typical of the man.

"My dear sir," I replied, "I must not be behind you in the way of courtesy. Now, this is what you can expect from me. You will go to your chambers You will come back at once with the letters; and I will allow you till tomorrow midday to pack your belong ings and clear out of France. If your refuse, you and I will have another kind of talk."

This time the Cuban's thoughts moved quicker. He dropped his grand manners and also his lazy drawl, "Do you give me your word that if I

agree to this you will not moiest me under some foolish pretense or other?" he asked

"I give you my word," I retorted, "that you will not be molested under

"I accept," he called out, and moved quickly towards the door. "Hold hard, my friend," I cried,

"you are too hasty. I want to show you more courtesy. A man of your position must not go about like an ordinary mortal; you shall have a guard of honer." I rang the bell.

"Tell inspector Leroux I want him. "Leroux," I said, when that official nade his appearance, "this gentleman is going to his chambers in the Rue d'Alger to fetch some documents, You are to accompany him, and not to leave him a second out of your sight. The Rue d'Alger is not far. Take a cab. I expect you back in hair ab hour-with the gentleman, remember. recommend him to your care."

"All right, sir," grinned Leroux. "I'll look after him." A heavy day's work lay before me. yet I had not the patience to attend to

feverish haste and then tore them into a thousand bits, which, womantike she scattered all over my carpet, ig-noring the waste paper basket at ber

I watched her go to the window, where she remained, her back turned towards me, her face buried in hands. Was she praying? I think so; and, for several minutes, not a word was spoken.

She slowly turned round and walked to the table where I sat and, with an expression that removed from my mind the last trace of remorse for my illegal act, she seized both my hands

and said: "Monsieur Goron-dear Monsieu Goron-how-how can I thank you?"

"Madame," I answered, "I am not entitled to your gratitude. You have to thank the scar." She opened her eyes in astonish

ment. "The scar-what scar?" "The one on the man's right wrist."

"On his right wrist? I-I-never saw it!" "No, but I did!"

Five years elapsed.

One morning, passing through the Parc Monceau, I saw an elegantly dressed, handsome young woma walking with a nurse carrying a baby I at once recognized Madame R-She colored slightly, and, without ut tering a word, held up the baby; rais ing its tiny hand to her lips, she sen me a kiss. I understood.

And the Cuban? A few days later, a New York paper brought the story of a fracas in a Sar Francisco gambling house where three men had been shot. The body of one a dark-complexioned man, with a scal on his right wrist, had not been iden

Was it my Cuban? I think so.

Town of Long Lived People. Rome, Ga., is a city of about 14,000 There are here more than 50 mer

over 70 who are making a living with out any assistance. Some of then are a good deal over 70, near 80. This applies to whites only. Most of then served four years in the southers army, which was a very hard life and calculated to shorten their days. suppose there are as many women of the same age, but as to this I have not investigated, says a writer in the Christian Herald. This must be at unusually healthy locality, and there are more old people in it in propor tion to numbers than any other place I know of. Fourteen miles from here there lived until a few years ago Nathan White, a farmer. When he was 106 years old he planted and made all alone three bales of cotton and 300 bushels of corn, besides splitting his own rails and cutting fire wood for the family. I took him to a photographer and he walked with a

He was a native of North Carolina. Sentimental Cherry Trees.

cane-walked too fast for me. This

man lived to be about 112 years old

"If you live in a boarding house back room, and if you see through your window some day that the landlady is trying her best to protect some little sprigs of trees along the board fence from the cold, covering the roots with straw and the treetops with burlap, you need not go to the trouble of asking what kind of trees they are, said the gray-headed man. "You may set them down at once as Japanese cherry trees.

"They are planted there because a Japanese once boarded in the house and after he went home he sent the landlady the very nicest thing he could think of as a token of appreciation and esteem. That meant Japanese cherry trees. There are three cherry trees in our back yard. The landlady mothered a young Japanese who boarded with her through a spell of sickness. He got well and went home. First thing along came the cherry trees. They are thrifty trees, but they still get a good deal of coddling."

Novel Auto Invention.

Whether it is due to the recent suc cess of motor skids or not; the novel and interesting steering for motor cars that an Austrian motorist is experimenting with is certainly some thing unusual. He has fitted at the rear of his car a large rudder, some-thing after the style of a ship's heim. The rudder, connected by positive mechanism with the front wheels, is intended to prevent the rear wheels skidding when the car is going around sharp curves. Apparently this motor-ist thinks that the resistance offered by a large area would be enough to counteract the centrifugal force which is set up under these conditions. The rudder acts the coutrary way to the direction in which the car is going which is done, of course, in order to obtain a greater purchase.—London Globe.

His Two Alms.

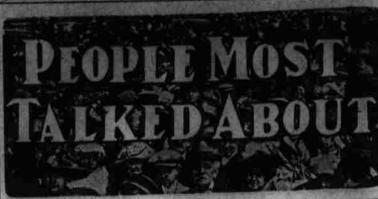
Frank Krause, a Cleveland philan thropist, has established the Thirty Cent Egg club, and hopes, by means of a club boycott, to bring down the price of eggs to a reasonable figure.

Heing complimented on the hard and unselfish work he has given to this movement, Mr. Krause replied:

"Unselfish work, work that doesn't pay, is what this country needs more than anything else. We are all too mercenary here. I once said too a lit tie newsboy:

"'Have you an aim in life?" His Two Alms.

"What are they, my son?"
"The first is to become a million



SOME THINGS PRESIDENTS MUST ENDURE



Fiercer than the proverbial "fierce light that beats upon a throne" is that which glares upon the office into which Wodorow Wilson will be in-

No crowned ruler upon earth is so much the victim of the inquisitive mob as is the president of the United States, who cannot issue a mandate turning down the limelight that shines upon him, as did the German kaiser some time ago, when he curtailed the court bulletin.

Wilson will be the greatest show feature, the biggest drawing card in the land, for the next four years. Thousands of men, women and children, in a snakelike line two squares long, will wait outside his door to shake his hand when he gives a public reception. Everywhere he goes people will stare at him as though he were the Slamese twins or the sacred white elephant. Only when shut in behind guarded doors will he escape

the gaping multitudes, whose staring eyes will haunt his very dreams. Long before the end of his stay in the White House he will fully realize the utter futility of his announced plans to maintain the "open door" in the White House, and make himself accessible to all citizens who wish to consult him.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF GENERAL CROZIER

The announcement by Brig. Gen. William Crozier, chief of the bureau of ordance, United States Army. in his annual report, that this is his last report on account of being relieved from the command of the ordnance department and assigned to other duty, calls attention to the great services he has rendered to the army in his position as head of that very important bureau. To the meeting of the great responsibilities of that position he has brought the qualities of energy, studiousness, receptivity to new ideas and steadfast devotion to high ideals that have lifted his department into a wider field of usefulness and efficiency.

General Crozier was appointed chief of ordnance in November, 1901, and the department was then operating under the detail system as established by the act of February 2, 1901. Previous to his regime the officers of the ordnance department had no-

ing in ordnance work.

U.S. quired their education as specialists— that is, as engineers of ordnance—as best they might, teaching and training themselves as haphazard opportunities were offered by their various duties. The result was that only a part of the officers of the department were able to handle the engineering work connectetd with the design or even the manufacture of guns, carriages, etc. General Crozier, who, like all thorough men, realizes the value of solid groundwork in training, established courses of instruction under capable teachers, the most important of which is perhaps the theoretical course in the application of mechanics, chemistry and electrics to ordnance construction, which is pursued for a year at the Sandy Hook proving ground in connection with the proof and experimentation work there. Any officer who has passed through that course will testify to its completeness and to its ability to give an officer the solid foundation upon which to build his further train-

VICEROY HARDINGE'S TASK IS GREAT



When Edward VII, following that remarkable series of visits to Continental capitals which began in 1903. was acclaimed throughout Europe as the peacemaker, there were certain keen-faced old gentlemen in Downing street who allowed themselves the emotional relaxation of a quiet smile and registered the thought at the same time that a considerable portion of the credit for the diplomatic success of those tours was due a young man of serene temper and engaging manner who was attached to his majesty's suite.

Sir Charles Hardinge was that man, and when almost coincidently man, and when almost coincidently with his appointment to the highest office in the gift of the crown—the riceregal throne of India—he was elevated to the peerage in 1910 and became the first Lord Hardings of

showed him such decided favor, that he was a young man who would go far.

Great talents for conciliation have always marked Hardinge's methods,
and it is because of his success in this line that the British government does

and it is because of his success in this line that the British government does not regard the recent unsuccessful attempt on his life as he was entering Delhi as an indication of a general unpopularity of the policy of the government in India as represented in the person of the viceroy. When it was learned that Hardinge's injuries were slight, relatively little anxity was felt over the incident in London; the outrage was held to be the act of an individual and not reflective of the Indian subjects of the empire.

In Hardinge's speech, after accepting the appointment to the viceroyalty in London on October 20, 1910, he said he would "strain every nerve to conciliate all races, classes and creeds."

DAKOTA UNIVERSITY HONORS STEFANSSON



Trouville last summer, and was fas-sinated by his looks and his manner. His manners were perfect, and in any of my career, in difficult and subtle other matters until this business was

would have passed muster. Yet, to the practiced eye, there was thought I was loved For the first in him something of the adventurer, time in my wretched existence I knew of the man who looks upon the thousands in other people's pockets as his But only inarticulate sounds came own. Audacity and unscrupulousness were written in every feature, and I "Monsleur Goron," she cried, "that knew a difficult task lay before me. in is a monster, a flend. I found out

"Do you know why I sent for you?" il at once began.

"Cannot you guess?"

"No."

I forgot all; my mother's letter, my drawing room his general appearance cases inspiration is no detracting factor in detective work. Madame R- had warned me not

to attempt to frighten the ruffian. This would have been a wrong course towards anyone with a clean record With the class of man like the one before me, I not only could risk the experiment, but I had no other alter-

After a few minutes I returned to my office, with a book containing the man and I looked at one another photos of as fine a collection of do not know whether he read scamps as ever disgraced this earth.
The Cuban's handsome features did
not figure in the set. But this he could not figure in the set. But this he could not know. I glanced at the portraits until I came to a certain page, compared what I was supposed to see with some papers I took out of a drawer, and then, walking up to him, said, in a not very gentle voice:

"Show me your wrist."

I noticed an almost imperceptible twitch of the cyclids as he held out the left hend.

twitch of the cyclids as he held out his left hand,
"No, the other," I cried.
And this time it was I who raised the cuff; hald there was the scar. I gazed at it long, and then at the man whose hand I held. I saw he made violent efforts to remain saim, but the ferocity of the dangerous animal

tic woman near me. Before I had finished my third cigarette the Cuban, followed by the grinning Leroux, entered.

For a moment this pseudo-gentle-man and I looked at one another. I

"Listen," I said sternty, for she, too, teserred a lesson. "You have thrown in unpleasant task upon my shoul-fers. If the Hecording Angel puts a black mark against me, I hope he will

Without a word the fellow deposited the letters on my desk. I carefully examined them, and found that they corresponded with the dates given me by Madame R——.

thoughts regarding him, but I was not in doubt as to his wishes for my fu-

in doubt as to his wishes for my future welfare.

"And now we are quits," I exclaimed. "I wish you a pleasant journey, and, pray, do not forget tomorrow middsy. It is important!"

He gave me an unlovely scowi, made a slight bow, and was gone.

It was with a lighter heart that I opened the door of the little room where Madame R— was awaiting events. On seeing me she turned deathly pale, and followed me to my office.

"'Have you an aim in life?'
"Yes, sir. I have two aims,' he re

Madge—isn't that a very small unmock you're taking with you or ur vacation? forte-O, it will hold two at a

