



A True Story in Pictures Every Week

DARING

by STOOKIE ALLEN

BEFORE AMERICAN TROOPS MARCHED INTO VERA CRUZ, IN 1914, BUTLER WAS SENT TO LEARN THE MEXICAN STRENGTH.

DISGUISED AS A NATURALIST LOOKING FOR BUTTERFLIES, HE WAS ARRESTED BUT LATER FREED. "THEY THOUGHT I WAS A NUT," HE SAID.

POSING AS A DETECTIVE HUNTING A FUGITIVE, HE PROCEEDED TO MEXICO CITY, WANGLED PASSES TO THE BARRACKS FROM AN OFFICIAL AND GATHERED VALUABLE INFORMATION. THIS WON HIM HIS FIRST CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL.

IN HAITI, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BUTLER CORNERED A TROOP OF BANDITS IN THEIR MOUNTAIN FORTRESS.

AIDED BY TWO NON-COMS, HE CRAWLED IN THROUGH A DRAIN PIPE AND CREATED A DIVERSION WHILE HIS MEN CRASHED THE GATE. CONGRESS AWARDED HIM A SECOND MEDAL OF HONOR; AND HE WAS DECORATED WITH THE HAITIAN MILITARY MEDAL.

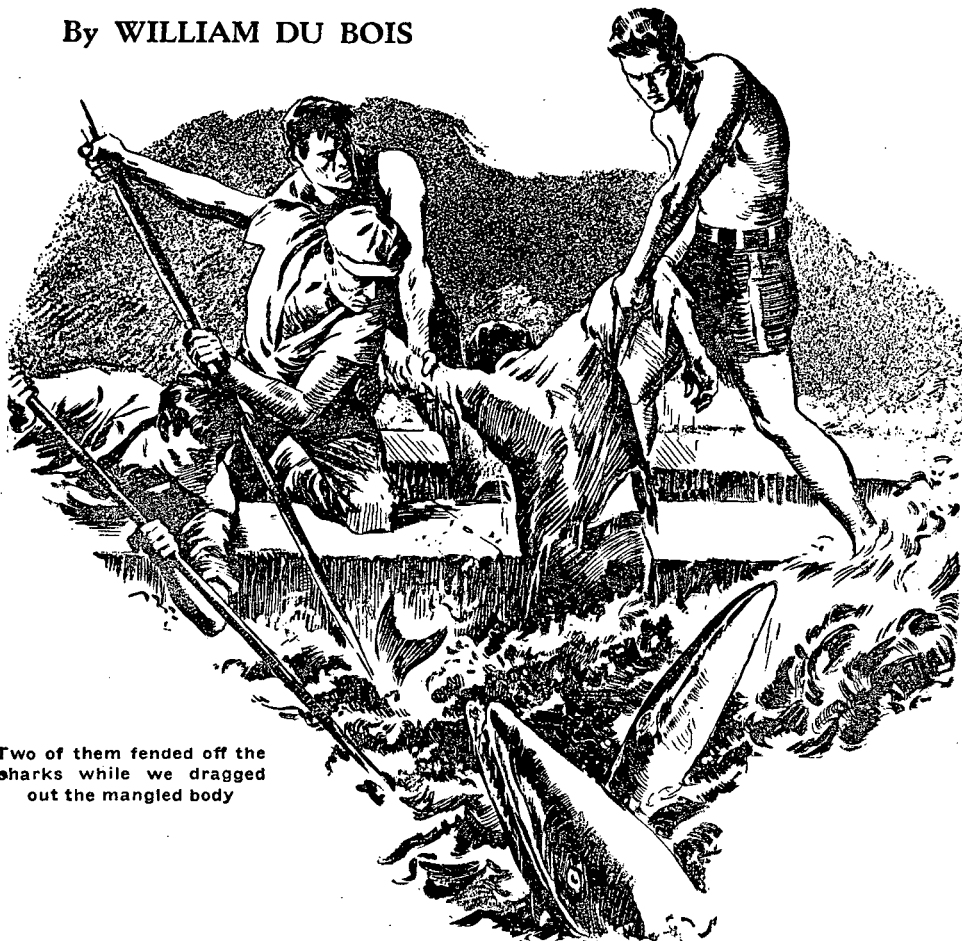
DURING THE WORLD WAR, BRIGADIER-GENERAL BUTLER EARNED THE TITLE, "GENERAL DUCKBOARDS", WHEN HE SHAMED A GRUMBLING DETAIL SENT AFTER THE UNWIELDY OBJECTS BY LEADING THEM INTO THE MIRED BREST BASE CARRYING A DUCKBOARD HIMSELF.

PERSUADED TO ACCEPT THE POST OF PHILADELPHIA'S DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC SAFETY, BUTLER TREATED THE CITY TO A TERRIFIC "HOUSE-CLEANING."

Coming soon: Joe Boyle—Modern D'Artagnan

Death Under Water

By WILLIAM DU BOIS



Two of them fended off the sharks while we dragged out the mangled body

I'M JACK JORDAN of the *Star*, and I went down to Bermuda partly to get an interview, partly to unravel a curious mystery which remotely involved my old friend

DAVE YATES, now a press agent for his millionaire brother. This was what I had to tell Dave: Recently a man had been murdered in a Greenwich Village studio; and in that attic I'd recognized a surrealist painting called *After the Storm* to be the work of

ELSA ULRICH, whom Dave Yates wanted badly to marry. Well, Dave explained that he'd secretly been buying up Elsa's impossible pictures; he had let his janitor resell some, and that was probably how one had found its way to the scene of a murder. Dave accepted that, so I had to. But another reason

for my being in Bermuda was Elsa's father,

DR. HUBERTUS ULRICH, probably the world's greatest ichthyologist. Dr. Ulrich was about to set out for a lonely cay in the Bahama Banks where he would take charge of a magnificent new deep-sea aquarium and contentedly study fish for the remainder of his days. But the doctor's peace was abruptly shattered by a tragedy.

ZOO-BUG STRONG, Ulrich's assistant, was found dead on a deserted Bermuda beach. Zoo-bug, whom I'd known previously, had been behaving in a strangely erratic fashion, as if under a terrific strain. He'd been drunk when he died, but both Dave and I agreed that the death had not been acci-

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