



Galway Intrudes

By FREDERICK STUART GREENE

"I NEVER met you before, did I, Keenan?" The politician looked sharply at the man standing before his desk.

"No; but I come with good credentials: I'm sent up from the Street. May I see you alone?" Keenan glanced at the servant. The weasel eyes of the political boss sank deeper beneath his fat forehead.

"Katy, I'm having business with this gentleman; you can go to bed. Now, Keenan, what can I do for you?"

"I was told to hand you this." From a pocket Keenan drew a bundle of yellow bills, and laid them on the flat-topped desk. "There are my credentials—one hundred one-thousand-dollar bills. The 'Big Train' appreciates what you did in the matter of that franchise."

"It was n't none too easy." The mask of the politician changed in no line as his eyes measured the pile of bills. "The public is getting wised up these days. The board gave trouble, but my boys all come across, and pulled two of the opposition, enough for the majority. These reform aldermen ain't got much political sense."

"Will you count the bills, please? And after, if you will sign this receipt, my business will be finished."

The politician looked sharply at Keenan.

"Receipt"—his voice became hard as tool steel—"I don't sign no receipts. They'll be after sending checks next."

"This receipt is non-committal." Keenan's mouth drew to a twisted smile. "It's wanted as a check on me; the 'Big Train's' secretary will destroy it to-morrow." He laid upon the desk a type-written paper:

Received from Ernest Keenan
100,000 shares Gold-Frog Mining.

The politician hesitated, grunted, and finally scrawled one word across the paper. It satisfied Keenan. That name before now had made or unmade more than one man; mayors of the greatest city in the Western World, governors of its greatest State, had owed their offices to its power.

The politician reached for the bills. Without emotion of any kind he began dealing them off one by one; deliberately, silently, he counted the pile to its end, the watching eyes of Keenan growing the while brighter and smaller and colder. His mind registered a feeling of contempt as he caught the flash of a diamond from one of the boss's gross fingers. Near the clumsily moving hands lay a writing-pad. Keenan was vaguely aware that there were words scrawled across the middle of the yellow page; otherwise his mind seemed frozen in concentration as he watched the fortune told off.

"It's O. K., Keenan; I'll put it away and let you out." The politician rose heavily, and moved toward the safe. His labored breathing, the ticking of the desk clock, made the only sounds in the silent room.

As the boss reached the safe, Keenan's lips had drawn to a white streak across his face.

The lever knob clicked sharply in the stillness; the safe door swung open. Lowering himself to one knee, the politician unlocked the metal door to an inner compartment. Keenan remained standing at the desk, every line of his figure relaxed, his eyes alert. As the smaller door an-

swered to the key, Keenan's body jerked tense; one noiseless glide carried him to the safe. He towered above the kneeling politician. His right hand rose and descended with a flashing stroke; the eighteen inches of pipe it held landed at the base of the brain, just above the upper roll of fat on the politician's neck. The force of the blow made the soft lead wrap itself about the close-cropped head. Keenan felt the skull crush in; the pipe sank almost out of sight in the folds of flesh. The big frame of the politician stiffened; his teeth closed with an audible click; then all the man became limp. Keenan caught the swaying body and lowered it without a sound to the floor.

Then Keenan worked swiftly. Without a tremor he took from the dead hand the package of bills. Into the fingers he thrust a bit of torn cloth, with a button attached—cloth of a loud pattern such as the well-dressed Mr. Keenan never wore. Taking a firm hold on his victim's collar, he gave it a sudden wrench, tearing the shirt open. Using all his strength, he raised the heavy body from the floor, and brought its head smashing down against the steel edges of the safe door. Thus did Keenan manufacture the evidences of violence which his carefully planned crime required.

In the small compartment of the safe there was also money. To reach this, Keenan was forced to stand astride the body. "About four thousand three hundred," he counted rapidly—"chicken-feed to me now," and laughed softly above the battered dead face lying between his feet.

Keenan went to the desk. The clock, part of an elaborate inkstand, showed twenty-two minutes past eleven. He slipped it from its casing, moved the hands to 11:57, gave the clock a sudden, dropping jerk, listened, and being certain of its silence, replaced it in its frame. He laid the inkstand, with the clock face up, on the floor ten feet from the desk, spilling the ink in a trail, careful that none of it should stain his gloved hands. The few articles on the desk he dropped noiselessly to the floor. As he lifted the writing-pad,

he was again vaguely aware of the words written across its yellow page. The desk was laid on its side, and a chair overthrown.

Pausing at the door, Keenan looked steadily into the staring eyes of the dead man by the safe. He turned, and leaving the light shining full upon the ghastly face, closed the door, and went swiftly down the stairs.

He passed through the inner door to the vestibule, and closed the outer doors, shutting himself in the narrow space. From the hall a dim glow filtered through the side-lights. Keenan pressed a piece of putty against one of the small panes, then with a glass-cutter he drew a circle about the putty; he gave the glass a sharp blow, and the part within the circle came loose. Before laying the piece of glass on the floor, Keenan took from his pocket the plaster cast of a human thumb, and pressed it lightly into the putty.

His work finished, Keenan turned to go. With hand on the outer door he paused. "Better make sure of the distance," he thought. Returning, he passed his hand through the hole in the glass, and assured himself that he could reach the latch on the inside. He had cut to a nicety; the opening was just large enough to allow his hand and arm to pass through with some squeezing.

Boldly he stepped through the door, descended to the sidewalk of East Fifty-fifth Street, and turned and walked without haste toward Lexington Avenue. The street was all but deserted. A car passed up the avenue just before he reached the corner. A policeman was on fixed post at the Fifty-sixth Street crossing. Keenan walked rapidly south. At the Fifty-fourth Street corner, with a quick jerk he shied the lead pipe through an opening of the storm-sewer. Two short blocks, and into the next sewer-opening went the glass-cutter and the plaster thumb.

A passing taxi landed Keenan at his bachelor quarters in West Forty-fourth Street at 11:45 by his watch.

The elevator was up, and the one boy on duty with it. Keenan stepped into the

attendant's alcove, and taking the cheap clock from the telephone switch-board, moved the minute hand back to 11:34. The elevator descended. With a nod to the boy in charge, Keenan stepped in.

"Oh, by the way, George, what time is it? My watch has stopped."

George sped to the alcove, to return with, "Twenty-five minutes to twelve, Mr. Keenan."

"Twenty-five minutes to twelve," repeated Keenan, slowly, distinctly; "I did n't know it was so late."

THERE is in New York a certain class of men who, as a rule, have one-room offices in the lower part of the town and no family apparent in any part of the world. These gentlemen, well dressed, may be seen in the lobbies of the large hotels, at "first nights," and at other public places where those who pay are welcomed. As they stroll the crowded walks of life they bow to, and their bow is returned by, men who count for something in the community. But seldom are they known by the women-folk belonging to these men. In its way this small group fills a useful place in affairs. In a government of and by the people there are persons who find ways of blocking the wheels of enterprise set in motion by the "men who count." To lubricate these cogged wheels specialists are employed that the "men who count" may not soil their hands by contact with the machinery.

Of these Mr. Ernest Keenan was the master oiler. Wall Street, Broadway, and Fifth Avenue had known him these fifteen years. Each year found him a trifle more bitter and much more lonely, for he was utterly without friends. This man who had wrapped eighteen inches of lead pipe about the neck of the political boss was neither by taste nor instinct a criminal. His one driving ambition, which during the years had grown to a passionate longing, was to gain a footing of equality with the men among whom he was thrown. The frigid imitation of friendship received from those who employed him cut into his pride with a razor edge. To cease being

the go-between, to abandon forever his shady occupation, had become all but a mania with him. Through money only, according to Ernest Keenan's way of thinking, could his end be gained. To-night the chance had come, and though over the gate to his highway was written "Murder," with cold deliberation he had set his hand to the task of opening that gate. It should not be done clumsily; there must not be the smallest sound from the hinge; not one drop from the word written in blood above that gate must smear his well-kept person. And he had succeeded.

Looking with steady eyes at himself in the glass, he thought: "I'd go through it all again. The end is worth the risk." He began to remove his coat. "Murder will out?" Keenan smiled. "Not in this case. Just one thing would have queered the game—if that fool Secretary had taken the number of those bills. But he did n't; I asked him myself. But he did n't. No, this is the one time when a really big killing will go unsolved."

He reached to hang up his coat, and stopped, his arm outstretched, rigid. His face turned white, his eyes stared at his shirt-cuff. It was not closed; one button of the link was gone. Slowly his extended eyeballs contracted, slowly the color came again to his face.

"Well, even if I dropped it in the room, even if it is clutched now in his dead hand, what 's the odds? It 's the wrong half." Keenan actually laughed as he took the remaining button from his sleeve. It was an oval of gold, engraved with the letters E. K. With steady fingers he took the other link, with its two buttons, from the left sleeve; on one was engraved E. K., on the other C. A.

"Poor Clara!" He looked at the links regretfully. "Safe—I must play safe."

A few minutes later Keenan was sleeping as peacefully as a kitten.

At breakfast Keenan searched the papers. They contained no account of the unpleasant incident of the night before. Half an hour later, as he left the subway at Wall

Street, he listened, but with no uneasiness, for the cries of "Extra" which he knew would soon be called through all the streets of the town. But as yet only the usual city noises jangled the air.

A minute's brisk walk brought Keenan to the building which housed the business operations of the most powerful traction magnate of the Western World. He was immediately shown into the office of the great man's secretary, surrendered his receipt, and received for his services a bill of large denomination.

As he walked the short half-mile to his own office there came to Keenan a feeling almost of elation. "It is far easier than I had imagined," he thought. He took a deep breath of October air. "I have n't the faintest trace of fear. In a few moments the news will burst, but I am ready; I have discounted every possible emergency."

Five minutes later Keenan was comfortably seated at his office window overlooking City Hall Park. High above Newspaper Row the "Tribune" clock pointed to fifteen minutes after ten. As yet nothing unusual was on foot in the street below.

"It comes slowly," thought Keenan. "Either the servant overslept or the police are holding out on the papers."

The minute-hand of the clock crawled to twenty, then to twenty-five minutes past the hour. At last there was action. Motor-trucks hurriedly loaded with papers began to move; following the trucks came an avalanche of boys and men, all with papers under their arms; in another instant the storm had broken.

"Extra! Extra! Murder! All about the big murder!" The cries rode high on the crisp autumn air, to fill the whole world with the ugly word.

Keenan rose leisurely, stepped into the hallway, and rang for the elevator.

"Charlie, get me one of those extras," he said in his usual voice. "I suppose it's another one of their fakes."

The first accounts were meager; the head-lines, giving the name of the politician, followed by the one word "Mur-

dered," told all the actual news that the papers had. This was followed by a few paragraphs describing how the body had been found that morning between eight and nine o'clock by the maid, who had heard no unusual sounds in the house during the night. One paper hazarded the statement that some disgruntled henchman of the boss had killed him. Another suggested robbery as the motive. The early editions had neither material nor time for more than the first bare fact of the crime.

Keenan took down the receiver of his telephone. Among his acquaintances was an assistant district attorney.

"Hello, Harrison. This is Ernest Keenan. Have you heard of the murder? The extra is just out. Well, if I'm not mistaken, I can give something to the police; but I don't know any one in the department. Can you go around there with me? All right; I'll be right over."

A few minutes later, accompanied by the assistant district attorney, Keenan passed through the grim doors of police headquarters without the tightening of a single nerve. They were shown into the office of the commissioner himself.

Keenan acknowledged introductions to the commissioner, his secretary, the chief of police, and the chief of the detective bureau. The two officers were in uniform. "What undue importance these city hirelings give to the death of that grafting vulgarian!" he thought, seeing the solemn faces of the men gathered to meet him.

The commissioner opened in a friendly manner the third-degree proceedings which Keenan had staged for himself.

"Mr. Harrison 'phoned us that you think you have some information regarding the murder of last night that may be of use to us. What have you to tell, Mr. Keenan?"

Though Keenan was not instinctively a criminal, he possessed the most efficient tool with which the kit of a professional swindler can be furnished—a pair of clear brown eyes that he could direct straight into the eyes of any man or woman on earth.

"I was with the boss at a late hour last night. In fact, except for the murderer, I must have been the last person to see him alive. At the beginning of our interview he sent the servant to bed, and when our business was finished, he let me out of the house himself."

"What time was this?" asked the detective.

"Let's see," replied Keenan, looking straight at his questioner. "My appointment was for eleven o'clock, and, if anything, I got to the house a minute or two before eleven. Our interview lasted not more than fifteen or twenty minutes." He turned with a frank smile to the commissioner. "You may know, sir, that the boss was not given to long conversations."

"Can you fix the time of your leaving any more definitely than that?" asked the detective.

Again Keenan looked full at him. "No, I don't believe I can. Yes, we might work back to it, for I remember now that I reached my rooms in West Forty-fourth Street at twenty-five minutes to twelve."

Further questions brought out in detail the elevator-boy incident, to Keenan's entire satisfaction.

"His name?"

George was the only name Keenan had for him.

An attendant left the room, to return after a brief space.

After leaving the house, Keenan continued, he had walked for two, not more than three, blocks when he had caught a passing taxi, and was landed at his door, as stated, at about 11:35.

A hasty calculation of time and distance traveled showed that his arrival checked with the time of his leaving the boss's house, which was fixed at 11:20.

"Mr. Keenan,"—the detective spoke with more haste,— "why did you go to see the murdered man at eleven o'clock at night?"

"That," said Keenan, with just the right hesitation, "is rather a business secret; but I think the circumstances are so grave that I am justified in telling you." He turned a frank gaze full on the com-

missioner. "I went to pay the boss a large sum of money."

"In cash?" asked the detective.

"Yes, in bills."

The telephone sounded.

"For you, Mr. Commissioner," said the secretary.

"I'm busy and can't be disturbed."

"But, Mr. Commissioner, this is a call from the office of the 'Big Train.'"

The commissioner took the telephone.

"This is the commissioner. Yes, there is a Mr. Keenan here; but please be brief. We are in the midst of an important conference."

"Yes, I am Mr. Keenan. Yes, I have told them. No, not what it was for. I suppose so; that is, if a representative of your office will come up here. Otherwise I feel it my duty to tell everything I know. What, the old man himself?" There was surprise in Keenan's voice. "Well, that will undoubtedly be best. I'll tell the commissioner. Good-by."

"Mr. Commissioner," said Keenan, "I'd rather you would n't ask me further about the money just now. The 'Big Train' is coming here to see you himself." There was a perceptible stir in the room.

"Mr. Keenan," resumed the detective, "to get back to the subject, it was twenty-five minutes past twelve when you reached home?"

"No," replied Keenan, innocently, "it was twenty-five minutes *before* twelve when I was inside the elevator."

"Oh, yes; my mistake. Now please tell us in detail just what happened after you reached the house—the boss's house, I mean."

"I was let in by a maid, who took me up to the boss's room. I told him that I had been sent up on confidential business. He sent the girl to bed."

"What time was that?"

"About eleven; possibly two or three minutes after."

"Was there a clock in the room?"

"If there was, I did n't notice it."

"Did you go back of the boss's desk—to the side on which he was sitting?"

"No; all the time I was in the room,

which was n't long, I was in front of the desk."

"Yes; go ahead."

"Well, I said I had some money for him, and asked him to count it, which he did, and it took him several minutes. We talked for some time longer, and then he came down-stairs with me, and let me out the front door."

"Did he close the doors of the vestibule?"

"No, I don't believe he did. No; I remember now that he closed the inner door behind me before I had quite left the vestibule."

"Sure of that, because it 's important?"

"Yes, positive."

"Now, Mr. Keenan, was there a safe in the room?"

"Yes, I noticed one."

"Was the safe door open during your conversation?"

"No, closed."

"Did the boss put the money in the safe before he went down-stairs with you?"

"No, he left it on his desk."

"Did you notice any one in the street when you left the house?"

"No, there was no one on the block. But now, when I come to think over every detail, I do remember hearing footsteps behind me when I turned toward Lexington Avenue. But I did not look back."

During these questions Keenan maintained an admirable demeanor. Entirely at his ease, his bearing was that of one wholly anxious to give what aid he could. His eyes were turned innocently now on one official, now straight at another. The man gloried in his acting and took a keen enjoyment in the game. The big trump he wished to play was finally dealt to him; he received it as a past-master of poker might take from the table a fourth ace to add to the three already held. The chief of detectives dealt him this card with some hesitation.

"Mr. Keenan, there is a little formality we should like to go through—would you mind,—understand it will not be kept as a permanent record,—but would you mind letting us have your finger-print?"

Keenan raised his eyebrows to just the right angle of surprise. A shade of hurt reluctance passed across his face.

"We can take them here," the detective added, "you will not be at all inconvenienced."

Then with a smile of perfect good nature Keenan answered:

"Certainly, gentlemen; I have no objections."

As the imprints were being taken, a mild commotion was heard in the hallway; quick steps were approaching, then a loud voice.

"You need n't announce me. The commissioner knows who I am, and that I am coming by appointment," it said.

The door opened, and through it, followed by his secretary, strode the "Big Train," the traction king. Every one in the room rose at his coming.

"How do you do, Commissioner," he thundered, his eyebrows snapping together above his cold blue eyes. He nodded to the two officers, and shot Keenan through with one glance.

"A most damnable affair!" he continued. "I hear that Keenan has told you that he was sent by my office to the boss last night with a considerable sum of money. Well, that 's true. But that must not come out. This money had nothing to do with the murder. Nothing, do you hear? It was money owed for services rendered—an entirely regular business proposition. No word of this must reach the papers." He glanced about the room, fixing for an instant every one present.

"But, sir, suppose some one knew of this large sum, and, let us say, followed Mr. Keenan to the house, gained admittance shortly after he left, killed, and robbed the boss? In fact, sir, that at present is our theory."

"Fiddlesticks!" roared the big man. "Except Keenan, my secretary, and myself, no one knew. Keenan I have known for years; my secretary spent the night at my house. It was common talk that the boss kept large sums about him; any ward politician will tell you that on the day before elections—'dough day,' I believe they

call it—he would have as much cash in his house as a national bank usually carries. This thing was done by a professional cracksman. I wonder it was not done sooner.” The man stormed on, using the method which had won for him the name “Big Train.” He ran over everything and everybody that stood in his way. Whole boards of directors had before now been ground to submission beneath the ruthless wheels of his desire.

“Now, Mr. Commissioner, here’s the point,” he continued. “If news of this payment gets out, it will cause no end of useless trouble, particularly at this time, when every politician at Washington is engaged in one investigation after another. If it would lead to the detection of the murderer, I would be the first to come forward with the information; but it can’t help in the smallest degree, so I trust you will respect my confidence, and see that no word of this money gets beyond the door of this room.”

There was no possible opposition to bring against the man; his force rolled from him like a tidal wave, submerging completely every other personality in the room. Had the most ardent socialist alive been present, he would have understood why this man had been able to get and hold his allotment of the world’s wealth.

His glance swept the room again, and every head bowed in assent.

“Very well,” he said in a voice of finality, “we will consider that part of the affair closed. Good day, gentlemen.” He wheeled, and stalked from the room, to the visible relief of every one. At the door the detective checked the secretary.

“Did you take the numbers of those bills?”

“No,” whispered the secretary, and sped out in the wake of the great man.

This visit was an unexpected bolt of safety to the closed gate of Keenan’s highway. The power of money, the power of this man, none knew better than he. It was certain now that the department would keep from the papers all mention of the transaction, and the name of the agent as well.

“Gentlemen,” said Keenan, when the atmosphere had cleared, “is there any more I can do for you?”

“No; but wait a moment longer,” answered the detective. “You will be glad to know that we are checking up every detail of your story so that we shall not have to trouble you again.” The attendant left the room to return with a memorandum. The detective read:

“Finger-prints O.K. No resemblance.”

Keenan’s hours of delicate labor with plaster and engraver’s tool had come to a useful result.

“Jim is back, sir,” said the attendant to his chief.

“Tell him to come in. Well, Jim, see your party?”

“Yes, sir. Shall I speak before him?” Jim nodded toward Keenan. “Well, sir, the boy says he remembers Mr. Keenan coming in last night, and asking what time it was, and he went to the clock and seen that it was twenty-five minutes to twelve.”

“Mr. Keenan,”—it was the detective who spoke,—“we are glad to say that every part of your story checks out; there is not the slightest trace of suspicion connected with your actions last night. We have pretty well fixed the time of the murder, and know that the job was done after you got back home.”

Late in the afternoon Keenan returned to his apartments; he dressed always for dinner. As he opened a drawer, he stopped short. Only a precise man would have noticed anything amiss. He smiled grimly at what he saw, and began a deliberate round of the rooms; one after another every drawer and closet was opened. Keenan’s smile broadened. He telephoned for the manager.

“Mr. Nielsen, was any one in my rooms to-day?”

“Why, no, Mr. Keenan; certainly not.”

“Mr. Nielsen, how many men searched this room to-day?”

“Why, sir, what—”

“How many men, Nielsen, searched this room to-day?” Keenan’s words fell like icicles on frozen ground.

Nielsen withered.

"Two, sir. But they showed their badges, and—"

"What time was this?"

"About noon, sir."

"The same two who questioned George?"

"Yes, sir. I hope, Mr. Keenan—"

"You did exactly right, Mr. Nielsen. Thank you. That's all."

The manager's information pleased Keenan. Going to the bath-room he dropped to his knees, reached into a far corner, and with a knife-blade pried one of the tiles from the wall. In the partition block back of the tile a hole had been broken. In the hollow lay the pile of yellow bills, and on them rested the cuff-links.

Into Keenan's make-up nature had built one of those unaccountable contrasts so often planned for our amazement. Within this man whose every aim was toward self-gratification, whose view of right ended at the horizon of personal advancement, whose heart was made from a combination of steel filings and flint chips, lay hidden one slender vein of softness. In years gone by there had been a woman, the only being in all the world who had ever loved him; the memory of her was the one thing for which Keenan held reverence. It was of her he was thinking as he looked at the whole and broken link, all that now remained of her last gift to him.

"Clara," he said, "not the slightest trace of suspicion." For a few moments he stood silent. Then he spoke again, almost softly. "No," he said, "I don't think I can throw these away."

From below in the street there floated to him the faint cry: "Extra! Extra! All about the big murder!"

Keenan smiled a confident, satisfied smile, and went out in search of light and life and a good dinner.

It was Christmas eve, and Keenan was at Monte Carlo. The gaiety, the luxury, the ease with which acquaintances are made endeared the disgraced principality

to a person of his attainments. Here for six weeks he had lived in full measure, and this added to his satisfaction—here he was able with safety to round out the business begun early in October in East Fifty-fifth Street. For to any one except the owner of a faro bank or a book-maker one hundred thousand dollars in large bills, acquired through the aid of a lead pipe, might easily turn out an awkward blessing. The careful Keenan had been specially cautious in placing his fortune. In a few savings-banks where cash only is taken he had made deposits. He dared not repeat this too often. But at Monte Carlo, where money flows across the green tables in unquestioned streams, his task of changing currency into checks which he could safely deposit in his own bank, was both easy and pleasant.

As the weeks passed, he sent draft after draft back to New York. With the third one he inclosed a note to the cashier, one of his numerous acquaintances, telling of his luck at the tables. Nor was this wholly fiction, for Fortune recognized Keenan as one of the bold, and smiled broadly upon him.

An inventory of results this Christmas eve showed him rid of the last of those embarrassing bills, and also that he had won, in making the exchange, twenty thousand francs additional. He had shaken off the taint of the go-between, had met men worth while, and these men had presented the well-mannered Mr. Keenan to their women-folk.

"I'll send myself a little gift," he smiled; "but first for comfort." He got into a smoking-jacket and slippers, lighted a cigar, and drew up to the writing-desk. Before him lay the last of those home-ward-bound drafts. He started writing with the conventional:

Dear Sir: Inclosed please find draft.

He paused and fell to dreaming. The comfort of his surroundings, the aroma of his Havana, the music of a distant orchestra, combined to make this man feel complete physical and mental content. Not one cloud now shadowed his path; so

Keenan sat and dreamed. The orchestra ceased. Keenan came to himself with a pleasant consciousness of his satisfactory state of being. He turned again to the letter; a look of mild surprise came into his eyes. Taking up the paper, he stared at it in wonder; the look of surprise deepened, and his brows drew together in a frown of inquiry. Then he laughed.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said, still looking at the letter. Beneath the formal beginning, written again and again in a straight, precise column, was the name James A. Galway. As Keenan looked, laugh though he might, that name seemed to face him with a menace.

"Who the devil is James A. Galway?" He held the paper a moment longer; his smile had altogether gone.

"I can't remember that I ever knew such a person, nor ever heard the name."

Keenan tore the paper to small pieces, relighted his cigar, wrote a second letter to its conclusion, and giving up his plan for a quiet evening in his room, got again into his coat, and sought the lights and companionship of the crowded foyer.

A FEW days after the strange writing Keenan moved on to Paris, where life again greeted him with extended hands. Some of the people met at Monte Carlo had drifted into the French capital. He sought among these the ones he considered worth a delicate cultivation. Keenan made progress. At last came real triumph. On a memorable night he had been host when a titled Englishman with his wife, their daughter, the Honorable Miss So-and-So, and the first secretary of the American legation had been guests. The dinner was ordered with a skill to satisfy the most fastidious; the wines were of a vintage hard to find even in Paris. The evening had come to a triumphant end with a supper at his own apartment in the best and newest hotel of the city. The guests had left at a late hour, and at leaving had paid the crowning tribute to Keenan's ambition: he had been asked to visit early in March the country home of the English nobleman.

The last guest gone, Keenan threw himself into an easy-chair to think over the events of the successful evening. Life's tide was at the flood. He mused pleasantly, at peace with all the world and himself. The clock striking two ended his reverie.

He became aware that his hand was not empty. He looked; his smile became a distorted opening of the lips: his fingers held a pen. Upon the desk at his elbow lay a sheet of paper. On this, written not once, but from top to bottom of the page, was the name James A. Galway.

Slowly the open mouth of the man drew to a hard, straight line.

"What the hell is this? That damned name again!" He drew his handkerchief across his forehead; it came away damp. He rose and walked rapidly, crossing and recrossing the room. Finally he strode to the desk, snatched up the paper and, without looking at the writing, tore it to bits.

THE early days of March found a change in Keenan. His gaze now held a look not so much of uneasiness as of unrest, perhaps. He seemed ever to expect something—something not altogether pleasant. Several times during abstracted moments since the night of the party he had come to full reality to find that his subconscious mind had forced his hand to its strange task of writing and rewriting the name of James A. Galway. Each repetition had left its mark even more indelibly upon his mind than upon the paper. He had sought systematically a reason for the vagary. The writing was in itself strange enough, but why the feeling of dread? A hundred times he assured himself that he had neither remorse nor fear for the occurrence in East Fifty-fifth Street. With great pains he searched out the names of even the most obscure New York politician; none even sounded like James A. Galway. After days of work and thought, he convinced himself that the mysterious name belonged neither to friend nor foe of the boss. Logically, therefore, he decided that who or whatever James A. Galway might be, the name was in no way connected with that

affair. Further he could not go; every path of reason ended at a barricade through which no opening could be forced. He tried to clear his mind of the haunting question, but ever it called to him: "Who is James A. Galway? How does this man touch your life? Why does the writing of this accursed name fill you with shaking dread until now you start at the mere sight of white paper?"

The time came for Keenan's desired visit to his English friends. He reached their place after the tea-hour had passed. There was only time for a hasty greeting from his host before dressing for dinner. Keenan found, on descending, that the drawing-room was yet empty of guests. He turned into the library and lighted a cigarette. Afterward, he remembered having sat for a moment near a great oak table. The cheery voice of his host called him from the room. Later that night, with several of the men, he returned to the library for a final smoke. Keenan was sitting in a far corner, deep in conversation with an army man, when he heard his host call out:

"Who is this devil of an Irishman who is so proud of his name that he has written it all over the place? Do any of you know James A. Galway?"

"I say, man,"—it was the officer speaking to Keenan,—*"are n't you feeling well? Here, have a sip of brandy."*

That night Keenan walked in his room until the day had come.

It was the last day of September. Keenan had booked passage for the States, and was to sail the next morning. By this time he judged it safe to place at better interest the money left in the banks at home. This added source of revenue would permit Mr. Keenan to return for an indefinite stay in Europe, where no reminder of his former shady occupation would rise to dull the edge of his content.

Once more he was almost at peace with himself; his stay in England had measured up to his best wishes. He now counted several good families as among his growing list of friends; besides,—and this was

the vital point,—he had shaken off James A. Galway. Not since the unnerving occurrence in the library had his unconscious hand again played its cruel trick. For six months he had been spared a reminder from the unknown.

On this last night in London, Keenan went early to his rooms. By half-past ten he was ready for bed, or almost ready; he had not as yet attended to the writing-desk. There was now no real need, of course; that unbidden writing was a dead incident at which he could laugh. Indeed, he did laugh, if in a somewhat strained manner, as he swept the sheets of white paper into a drawer and closed it.

By seven the next morning he was awake, and went to his bath humming. "I never felt more fit in my life," he thought as he stepped back into the room. Then Mr. Keenan stopped still, all his blood standing stagnant about his heart, his eyes stared toward the writing-table. On it lay a single sheet of paper. With an oath Keenan sprang to it, tore the paper to fragments, threw them to the floor, and in frenzy stamped upon them. His breath came in gasps through gritting teeth.

A sight of his distorted face, caught in the glass, steadied him for a moment.

He staggered to the bed, and threw himself face down upon it. For long minutes the knobs of the head-board rattled against the wall. After a time he got his nerve in hand. He forced his brain back to calmness. In the end he rose, and dressed in frantic haste. His leaving had become a flight from the torn bits of paper scattered on the floor.

For six weeks Keenan had been in New York—six weeks of unrest and misery. The unbidden writing of the dreaded name had increased in frequency with the passing days. Again and again, he had caught himself at the uncanny practice. At each new writing Keenan felt his nerve slipping from him, like fragments from a wave-washed shore. He knew the breaking-point was near at hand; each fresh occurrence left him weak and terrified.

Terrified at what? His methodical reason crumbled before the unanswerable question. He felt now only a necessity for flight, but flight from what? Flight to where? In Monaco, in France, in England, on the sea, and most of all here in his own land, this thing had been done. Were the stretches of the earth great enough to hold a place where this unknown thing could not follow? At any odds, he could try. He could no longer stand and wait until madness should catch up. He had arranged to begin his flight on the morrow.

Above all, he now shunned solitude, knowing that should his mind wander for an instant, his hand would be driven to its wretched work.

His one relief during these miserable weeks had been a friend, one, though new in the making, still a real friend. This man, Robert McDonald, had from the first seemed to like him, and Keenan, thirsting for human sympathy, had given him every chance to show it. This the new friend had done in that awkward masculine way where little said stands for much understood.

Keenan counted much upon the comfort of this companionship for his last night at home. He was awaiting now, in the old rooms in West Forty-fourth Street, a message from McDonald. At last the telephone sounded.

"Is that you, Bob?" asked Keenan, anxiously. "What's that? You can't meet me until after dinner? Why?" Then after a pause: "Oh, nonsense! Come right on up here; I'm not going to dress." Another anxious pause. "Clean collar? That makes no difference, I can lend you a dozen; mine will fit." A longer pause, and then Keenan, with relieved voice, "That's all right, old man; come right up." He sank back with a deep-drawn breath. For twenty minutes he had been expecting that call, an age of time for Keenan to wait in these days.

McDonald received a hearty welcome on his first visit to Keenan's rooms.

"Come right in, old man. I did n't know that you were fussy about dress."

"You can't call this fussy," said the visitor, pointing to his mud bespattered collar. "Compliments of a passing motor."

"It is pretty far gone," Keenan replied. "Make yourself at home, Bob. Take off your coat and have a wash-up."

"Now for that collar you promised me," said McDonald, coming from the bathroom later.

"In the top drawer over there; help yourself."

Keenan's friend selected a collar from a leather traveling-case.

"I see you are about packed and ready for your trip," he said, squaring himself before the glass.

"Yes, I sail at ten to-morrow," answered Keenan, from his chair across the room. "We'll have a farewell blow-out to-night. I've got tickets—"

"Damn!" interrupted McDonald.

"What's wrong?"

"I've broken my collar button," said Keenan's friend.

"Just look in that box on the right-hand side; you'll find two or three there."

McDonald raised the lid of a small jewel-box, and with swift fingers fished among an odd lot of buttons.

"Here's just the thing, a bone one; so I won't be robbing you of much."

"Go as far as you like," cheerfully answered Keenan.

"I say, Keenan,"—from McDonald's position Keenan's face was clearly reflected in the glass,—"you were on this side when the big boss got his last year, were n't you?"

"Well, I should say I was!" replied Keenan, naturally. The reference in no wise disturbed him. Many times he had gone through similar ordeals in the first weeks after the crime, and practice had perfected his replies.

McDonald leisurely adjusted the new button.

"Well, it always struck me as odd that any one could make a clean get-away with a big job like that."

"They never found a clue, I believe," replied Keenan, lighting a cigar with steady hand.

"So they say," continued his friend. "I am told that detectives swarmed all over the old man's house for a week."

"But found nothing," said Keenan, to fill in the pause.

"Almost nothing," said the friend.

Keenan stopped smoking.

"On the third day of the search a new man got in on the job. After this fellow had ransacked the place, and about given up, he noticed an umbrella-stand in the hall. He was going to look through this when the man in charge stopped him, saying the thing had been turned upside down a dozen times. So this new man hauled off for a bit."

Keenan's cigar had gone out.

"But that stand was just below a hole in one of the side-lights that the murderer was supposed to have cut. As soon as his superior got out of sight, this chap went back to those umbrellas. One of them had a broken rib which sagged out." McDonald slowly adjusted the borrowed collar. Keenan was now quivering with attention. "Well, this cub detective took out first one umbrella and then another; the bottom of the stand was as bare as an empty soup-plate; so he put them back again, and moved off."

Keenan's tense expression relaxed.

"But something," continued his friend, "kept pulling that man back to those umbrellas. At last he took up the broken one,"—Keenan became rigid once more,— "and opened it."

McDonald paused. Keenan tried to speak once, twice, then, "Yes," he gasped in a voice as dry as dust.

"Well," said McDonald, slowly, "half a sleeve-link fell out of that old umbrella."

Keenan felt the vitals within him draw to a cold knot, then fear flowed through all his veins; for the first time this man knew the sickening intensity of its icy grip. His heart seemed to die within his breast, to come alive again behind his temples, where it pounded as if seeking to break through and escape.

"This new man put that cuff-button in his pocket and kept quiet. He knew that

button belonged to the man who had cut the hole in the glass, and the man who cut that hole killed the boss." In the mirror Keenan's face showed as white as plaster.

"There was one thing queer about the case that I,—that this new man could not make out. Headquarters worked on the job, but they muffled it. After a while word got around that though there would be no money reward offered, the man who could land the murderer might look for some pretty quick promotion. So this new man went to the chief one afternoon, and asked if he could go special on the case. He got assigned all right, but he could n't make any headway. Finally, this cub went to the chief again. It was rumored that something had happened in the commissioner's office the day after the murder, but the chief would n't spill any news about that. The cub had to give it up, and for six months there was nothing doing."

Keenan made a desperate effort to get hold of himself. He strained painfully to piece together the fragments of his former nerve, shattered now by a written name.

"But one evening an idea came to him," McDonald's voice went smoothly on, "simple enough, too. 'The hole in the glass,' he reasoned, 'might have been cut just as easily after the murder as before.' Do you get me—*inside* job? This new slant on the case hit him so hard that he chased right around to the chief's house. He found the old man in an after-dinner mood, and he tackled him hard. The chief loosened up a bit, and admitted that a man had been questioned, but had told a straight story, and, besides, he insisted all the evidence pointed to an outside job. But in the end the cub got what he was after: the chief told him the man's name."

Keenan fell back in his chair, a mass of limp fear.

"Then the new man got busy for fair. They let him look over the record and examine the finger-prints."

"They lied!" whispered Keenan. "They said the record would not be kept."

"The two prints," continued Keenan's friend, ignoring the interruption, "were

about as different as two thumbs could have made. But at last the strongest glass of the department showed him something interesting in the faint impression on the putty. You know, finger-lines never touch. Well, just at one point, and only for about the thousandth part of an inch, two of these lines came together. I tell you, the man who did that carving had a keen eye and a steady hand."

All this time McDonald had stood with his back to Keenan, studying in the glass the stricken face of his victim. Abruptly he turned, and said grimly:

"Well, Keenan, do you want to hear, any more? Or are you ready to go with me now?" There was the glimmer of gold in his outstretched palm. "Your broken set is at last complete."

"Who the hell *are* you?" gasped Keenan.

"Robert McDonald of the police department," coldly answered his friend.

"You lie, you sneaking rat!" screamed Keenan. "You are James A. Galway!"

"What do you know about James A. Galway?" McDonald shot out the question.

"I know that he is a hound who has been slinking in my shadow. I know that he is a cur who has had food and drink and friendship from me so that in the end he might cheat me out of my life under the name of Robert McDonald."

"Wrong, Keenan; but it is queer you should hit on the only part of the job I could n't clean up." McDonald's words reached through a mist of fear and rage to Keenan's brain. "It was only a name written on a yellow pad, found in the boss's room. None of us could ever figure out just who James A. Galway was."



The Great Man

By EUNICE TIETJENS

I CANNOT always feel his greatness.
 Sometimes he walks beside me, step by step,
 And paces slowly in the ways—
 The simple, wingless ways
 That my thoughts tread. He gossips with me then,
 And finds it good;
 Not as an eagle might, his great wings folded, be content
 To walk a little, knowing it his choice,
 But as a simple man,
 My friend.
 And I forget.

Then suddenly a call floats down
 From the clear airy spaces,
 The great keen, lonely heights of being.
 And he who was my comrade hears the call
 And rises from my side, and soars,
 Deep-chanting, to the heights.
 Then I remember.
 And my upward gaze goes with him, and I see
 Far off against the sky
 The glint of golden sunlight on his wings.