

# The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Into her voice came a sob: "I hardly knew what I was doing"

Illustrated by  
R. V.  
CULTER

every kind of man—a woman. Now, I'm taking your word for it, without doubt or quibble, that your relations with Mrs. Gorham were perfectly above-board. But did Calhoun think so? Calhoun didn't want to kill you because you were interfering between Runyon and Vonny. But he might have wanted to kill you because he thought you were interfering between Mrs. Gorham and himself. How about it?"

"I couldn't tell you," I replied.

"You mean you won't tell me. But what with her being in your rooms to-night and him pulling a gun on you—"

"The two incidents bear no relation to each other," I said.

"And when a gentleman lies the best thing to do is grant him honorable reason for his lie and drop the subject," said Candace. "Well, this is a lie I don't blame you for telling. If my Vonny can fall in love with you, then I guess some other woman can also."

Somehow I knew that Sam Candace

would never mention Anita to me again; I knew, at least, that he would never intimate

that there had been an affair between us. And when I reflected on his broad-minded tolerance, the occasional snobbery with which I regarded him took on the dimensions of viciousness on my part.

I shook his hand again and prepared to leave him. He insisted on accompanying me, but now I made my protests stronger. I pointed out to him that if we ever got as far as the night court we would inevitably have to go farther. There was a strong probability that Vonny's abortive elopement with Kenneth Runyon would appear in the newspapers. It was this final argument that prevailed. I left him with the promise that I would get in touch with him in the morning and with his assurance that Vonny would forgive me ringing in my ears.

My taxi man was asleep when I reached the sidewalk, but I awoke him and told him to drive me to the Plaza. I alighted there, preferring to make the rest of the journey on foot. But, though I kept an eye out for Mack Morgan, I did not encounter him.

There had been no signs of Calhoun's henchmen when Morgan and I had left my apartment, and I was but little surprised to find him seated calmly in my living-room smoking a cigar. Opposite him upon a sofa, his hands tied but the gag removed from his mouth, sprawled Calhoun.

"Everything jake?" inquired Morgan. "A pleasant (Continued on page 49)

## The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM returns to New York in the midst of a concerted move against him by a rotter named Runyon, and his backer, Calhoun. Allen is supposed to be in love with Vonny Candace, and Runyon, out after her and her money, wants Gorham out of the way. Allen thinks he himself is still in love with Anita Gorham, who turned him down to marry his cousin, Fred.

As time goes on he realizes, however, that his love for Anita is dead and that he really loves Vonny.

Mack Morgan, a detective friend of Allen's, sticks close to Allen during all the trouble and saves Allen's life.

It turns out that Anita is Calhoun's mistress. Calhoun comes to Allen to tell him to keep off, and Allen, still loyal, threatens to kill him. Calhoun bargains for his life with Vonny's, saying that Vonny has eloped with Runyon. He tells Allen where they are.

As Allen starts out Calhoun turns on him but Allen is too quick. He and his servant, an ex-convict, tie Calhoun up.

Allen and Mack go after the runaway couple. Mack knocks Runyon out and returns to Allen's apartment while Allen takes Vonny home.

Allen then discovers that Vonny loves him but is convinced that he loves Anita, and refuses to marry him.

Vonny's father offers Allen a job, admitting that he has known all along that Allen earns his living at cards.

I STARED at him. "You knew that?" I asked incredulously. He nodded carelessly. "Sure. And that your cousin, Fred, had accused you of being crooked and your best girl had ditched you and married your cousin. Two days after I met you at Deauville I cabled New York, and for-

ty-eight hours after that I knew more about you than you knew about yourself."

"And you're willing to let Vonny marry a professional gambler?"

This was a man whose manners I censured, whose crudities I rather patronizingly forgave. Certainly his tolerance, his broad understanding, shamed and humiliated me.

"Certainly not," he promptly replied. "The man that marries Vonny has got to work. He may have been anything in the world before he married her, but from the time he's her husband he's got to produce. But we understand each other, son, and we'll fix up everything in due time."

I shook his hand. "When do you want me to go to work?" I asked.

He smiled mischievously.

"Doesn't seem to me I've heard Vonny say she'll marry you," he said.

"I want the job just the same, if you'll give it to me," I told him.

"Son, you get it. Just as soon as we've cleaned up these little matters about Calhoun, you can go to work. And I always find that now is a better time to do something than then. Let's go over and have a little talk with Mr. Calhoun right now."

I shook my head at this. "We don't know what we'll find at my apartment.

for him. Friends of his may be in my rooms now, waiting for me. My butler may have lost his nerve. I simply won't have you stepping into it."

"Son, why did you buck Runyon? And why did you slip past Runyon and tackle Jim Calhoun?"

"Because I wasn't going to let anyone interfere with my affairs," I replied.

"Wasn't it because you weren't going to let Vonny make the mistake of marrying Runyon?" he asked. "Listen, son, you went to bat for my girl. What makes you think I won't go to bat for you?"

I looked him over speculatively. For all his kindness, I suspected that a rough-and-tumble scrap held almost as many attractions for him as it did for Mack Morgan.

I REALIZED that unless I produced weighty arguments, he would insist on going home with me.

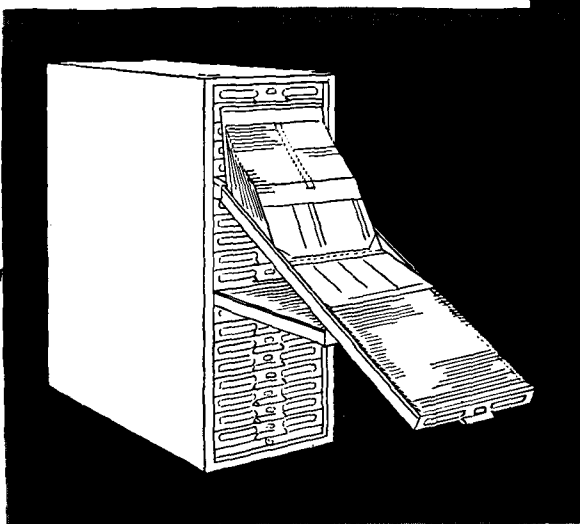
"You can't afford to be mixed up in this. Your ambitions would be wrecked if you engaged in any public encounter with Calhoun. Vonny would be hurt by the notoriety."

"Son, you've told me a whole lot, but haven't you left out a lot? There's only one thing in the world that will provoke a man like Jim Calhoun out of his calm. That's the same thing that provokes

# Learn



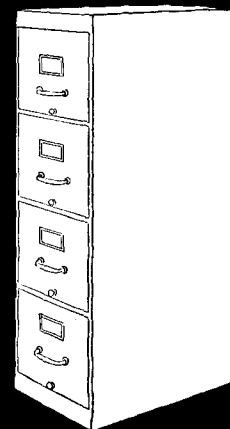
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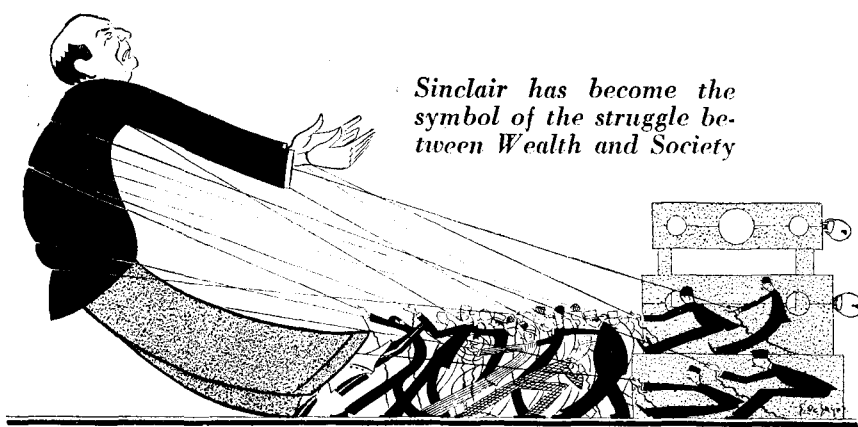
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Sinclair has become the symbol of the struggle between Wealth and Society

## The People's Choice

By  
THE  
GENTLEMAN  
AT THE KEYHOLE

LET us have a look at this man Sinclair, from whom Will H. Hays unwisely chose to collect \$160,000 of campaign funds in 1923. He is headed for jail by three routes. He has been found guilty and sentenced by a trial court for contempt of the United States Senate. He has been found guilty and sentenced for contempt of court by a trial court for maintaining improper espionage of a jury.

If there is no further delay, he will be tried, before this article is printed, for the crime of conspiring to defraud the government of valuable oil reserves. The highest court in the land has condemned as fraudulent, in language extraordinarily severe for the bench, his lease of those oil reserves.

He fights with all the force of many million dollars to keep himself out of jail. One of his lawyers alone will receive half a million dollars for defending him. For four years now the government has striven to punish him, the net drawing ever closer and closer about him. All the other chief participants in the oil frauds seem likely to go unwhipped by justice. Doheny and Fall have been acquitted in one trial.

Fall is an old and broken man. Nobody greatly cares whether he accompanies Sinclair to jail or not. He was a weak man who was tempted by a relatively petty bribe. His conviction would be no such evidence of the power of society to protect itself from marauders as would that of Sinclair.

By the process of elimination Sinclair remains practically the only person on whom the country can effectively vent its moral indignation. If he can defeat justice, then we might as well say that the governmental system has broken down. He is a symbol, then, of the power of law or of the failure of law.

In great scandals involving a long struggle with persons of power and wealth, some one accused man is picked out whose punishment is necessary to restore the community's self-respect.

### Guilty Goat—Innocent Grandpa

PUBLIC attention is lax and tires easily of a technical process like the administration of justice. It cannot maintain an equal interest in the exact distribution of penalties to all the guilty.

It must concentrate upon some one person who—perhaps by a process of elimination, perhaps for psychological reasons springing from the personality of the accused—is elected as the most abominated of the defendants. Sinclair is thus elected.

Two things have contributed to this election. One is the sense that he affords the last chance for the government to vindicate itself as an effective instrument. Another is the peculiarly defiant attitude of Sinclair himself.

He personifies the challenge to society as no other participants in the oil

frauds did. This is his misfortune: if some other defendant had been picked upon as peculiarly contemptuous of law, then he and not Sinclair would have become the symbol of the struggle between Wealth and Society.

But the election of Sinclair was always inevitable. In the first place, he is the one relatively young man among the defendants, in the full vigor of his manhood. Doheny and Fall are old men, near, in any event, to whatever their final reward may be. Their capacity for further damage on this earth is slight. Moreover, there is a certain sympathetic quality about the personality of Doheny which is lacking in the case of Sinclair. He is either a consummate actor or a kindly old Irish grandfather who did wrong without half knowing it. At any rate, he won his acquittal on the one charge on which he has been tried as a witness in his own defense.

He was to a dull jury at least a sympathetic figure.

### The Old Oil Will Smell Strongly

THERE is nothing sympathetic about Sinclair. His burly figure signifies force to the eyes of everyone who sees him in the courtroom, the ability to batter down the self-protective system of society. And force, the power of wealth, is the gravamen of the indictment against him. His egotism projects him into the center of the courtroom picture. He conducts his own case.

The last impression he conveys to the eyes of an onlooker is penitence. Here is the ruthless will that nothing has been able to resist and which is still unbroken.

And egotism gets you far in this world, whether on the road to power and wealth or on the road to jail. In a word he is a challenge. He personifies the fight which society must make if it is to preserve itself.

His espionage of the jury which first tried him was characteristic. Doheny appealed to the hearts of his censors. Sinclair makes no appeal. He knows a trick worth a dozen of that. Take it even at his own explanation, that he merely wanted to keep an eye on the jury, and his proceeding was the boldest and most contemptuous defiance of the decencies of a public trial that ever shocked the country. He was a man too big to be content with such safeguards as the law throws around ordinary defendants. He must have his own army of hirelings, his own counterpoise defending him. That tightened the will of the country against him.

And it is precisely from this man, this antisocial symbol, that Will H. Hays chose to take money for his party. The issue is thus strangely simplified. It has none of the complications of the oil issue in the campaign of 1924.

## The Sooper Speaking

Continued from page 16

like him. I don't know why: he's very nice and polite, but there's something about him. . . .

I didn't give her any biographical details. I thought it best to let Mr. Frank Dewsbury do his own excusing.

"You see, Superintendent, what worries me so much is that just now Frank is awfully pinched for money. And, knowing how desperate things are with him, I don't like to feel he's keeping bad company. He missed two engagements with me last week to dine with Mr. Mosker."

I soothed her down, but I was a bit puzzled. Frank Dewsbury was not the kind of fellow that'd get so desperate that he'd take a corner with a man like Mosker.

On the morning of June 18th—that was a few days after I'd spoken with the young lady—Frank Dewsbury asked me if I could see him. I told him to come down to the station, because I was pretty busy, and he arrived in a car packed full of baggage.

HE HAD a little country bungalow within a couple of miles of the sea, and he was going there to write the opening chapters of a book on crime, and he wanted a few facts about the organization of Scotland Yard. About five o'clock that afternoon we got a trunk call through from his cottage asking me how London was cut up for police purposes.

I didn't know, because old man Larmer didn't notify us, that at half past three that afternoon a M. Lacoste arrived from Paris with twenty-four million francs. They were in twelve packages, each containing two thousand mille notes, and M. Lacoste was accompanied by a couple of armed guards. He drove from Victoria to the old man's house, where Elijah and his lawyer were waiting to complete a big land deal. They had a glass of grocery wine together, the old man put the money in his new strongroom and the Frenchman and the lawyer drove away together.

Nobody had seen Jim Mosker or his pal, but nothing is more certain than that they were on the spot and that the party had been watched all the way from Paris to Mr. Larmer's place.

Elijah had a garage of his own, but he had dismissed his chauffeur and sent his car to a local garage proprietor. At half past nine that night a big limousine was driven into Elijah's garage, and the policeman who was standing near thought no more than that it was the old man's car.

A quarter of an hour later a tall policeman called at the front door.

"I've come from the superintendent. He says he hears you've got a lot of money in the house: would you like me inside, sir, or outside?"

Larmer didn't like me, but I guess he was pretty well relieved to see this tall policeman—did I tell you that Dowsy Lightfoot stood six feet two inches in his socks?

"I'm not going to pay any police charges," he said, that being the first thought that occurred to him, but the policeman said there was nothing to pay and that it was a part of police duty, so Larmer let him stay in the kitchen.

Soon after there came a phone call from M. Lacoste. It was very important: could Larmer come at once as the deal might have to be canceled? This touched him on his tender spot. Having the policeman in the house made all the difference, and he went out, first placing the policeman in the little passage that led to the strongroom. Naturally enough, when he got to the Ritz-Carlton he was met by a very nice young man who said that Lacoste had gone out to see the governor of the Bank of England, and he sat the old boy down in the lounge and told him the story of his life.

I heard about the robbery at midnight. At three o'clock in the morning we found Mosker; he was lying on one side of the Chislehurst Road among the grass, and Dowsy was lying on the

other. They were both handcuffed, and Dowsy was fit for hospital because, as he told me later, he'd had a beating up that he'd remember all the days of his life.

"No, I haven't got the stuff," said Mosker, when I interviewed him at the local police station. "I've been doubled, Sooper."

He then told me what had happened. The car they used for the job was a fast old limousine, one of the kind that has a luggage space on top and a tarpaulin to keep the baggage dry. They had faked the car so as to look as though it were going on a week-end trip, with cardboard boxes under the waterproof. Jim Mosker was the driver; he went straight into the garage, locked the door, and waited till Dowsy was planted in the house. Once they got rid of old man Larmer, the rest was easy. They cut into the strongroom with the kit that Mosker had brought in the car, got the money, threw it into the limousine, and were out of the house long before the young man who was entertaining Mr. Larmer had got to the place where he was vaccinated.

"We went straight for the coast. I'd arranged for a tug to take us across to Dunkirk," said Jim, "and it looked easy once we shook London astern. We'd got to a lonely sort of common; I don't know the place—Chislehurst, was it?—when I saw a leg come over the side of the car, and I realized that we'd been carrying a passenger on top under the tarpaulin. He must have got into the garage while we were operating."

"Before I could open my mouth he was standing on the running board, and he pushed a gun under my armpit."

"Stop," he said. I couldn't see his face, but I could feel the pistol, and thought it best to stop, so I did. The light from the front lamp reflected back from the bushes, and the only thing I could see was that he had a half mask over the top of his face and a black mustache. Until then I thought he was just ordinary police. "Step down and step lively," he said, so I did. But Dowsy, who has never yet realized the inevitable, took a running kick at him. I don't know what he did to Dowsy—my poor pal just disappeared, and I didn't see him again till this feller hauled him out of the ditch and put the irons on him. By this time he'd got 'em on me, and Dowsy and I had to sit and watch our good earnings being dumped in a bag. Not that Dowsy saw much—he just laid there and groaned. I don't know what this feller hit him with, but I think it had iron in it. That's all I can tell you, Sooper. I wouldn't have told you so much if you hadn't found our tools in the car."

"You don't know who the man was who robbed you?" I asked.

Mosker shook his head.

"No. It's a bit hard, Sooper. And after the trouble we took to find out all that young Dewsbury knew!"

IT STRUCK me at the time that young Dewsbury might have been doing a little inquiry work himself.

I made a trip to where the car was found, and, examining the road about a hundred yards farther along, I saw wheel marks: the diamond-pattern tire of a light car. But there was no trace of the third man, and that afternoon I drove on to see young Dewsbury. I thought, being an expert on crime, he might give me a theory, besides which I wanted to have a look at the tires of his car.

I found him working away very cheerfully, though he didn't seem to have written much. I think he'd been changing his tires all morning. . . .

I make no accusations against any man. I harbor no unkind thoughts. All I know is that when Mr. Frank Dewsbury was married he went away in his own Rolls. And he's gone back to stockbroking. I think he's found out how to deal with money. And how to get it.