

The Woman Hunters

By ARTHUR
SOMERS
ROCHE

*The long arm of
the law falls a lit-
tle bit short*

The Story Thus Far: ALLEN GORHAM, after five years' absence, returns to New York, goes to a party given by some new-rich friends, the Candaces, for their daughter, Yvonne, and overhearing Kenneth Runyon, a rotter, boast that he is out to get Yvonne and her millions, cancels his passage back to France and decides to stick around and champion the Candaces.

Ostracized from polite society because of an unfair accusation of cheating at cards and still in love with Anita Gorham, who married his cousin Fred, Allen has been earning his living at cards. Everyone thinks he is in love with Vonny Candace.

Allen tries to find out from Morgan, a detective friend of his, information about Runyon. Morgan advises him to leave the country as Runyon is out to get him. A telephone message from Vonny to meet her at a night club turns out to be a plant. He is lured to a woman's apartment and the husband and two detectives try to scare him and make him flee. He seeks out Runyon and knocks him down.

FOR a moment Runyon lay upon the floor, on his face an expression of incredulous amazement. I don't think he was hurt much, but his vanity had received a colossal shock. From all over the room came cries of that delighted alarm with which all good Americans greet a brawl. Then as Runyon began to lift himself from the floor waiters rushed between us and I felt myself being hustled backward. I broke loose from the restraining grasp of two waiters. As I did so Morgan swung the table, at which we had been sitting, around. He reached over, seized me by the arm, and dragged me behind his impromptu barricade. His voice, snarling and menacing, very different from that bluff heartiness with which I was familiar, sounded above the cries of the crowd.

"Call 'em off, Runyon, call 'em off!" he shouted.

Runyon had gained his feet now. He had pushed away an officious waiter, pushed him so savagely that the man staggered into a table, upsetting it and adding to the general confusion. There was a slight discoloration on Runyon's left cheek, and I felt an inner exultation as his hand touched the bruise.

From the table where he had been seated four men rushed toward us.

OUT of the tail of my eye I noted that they were not men whose appearance would have been reassuring under the pleasantest auspices. Now, with Runyon just risen from the floor where I had sent him, their advance was not calculated to slow down my pulse.

"I'm telling you, Runyon, call 'em off," Morgan repeated. "Keep your hands where I can see them," he added.

For the fraction of a second Runyon's eyes left mine to rest upon Morgan.

"Tomorrow morning, Morgan, you'll be looking for a job," he said.

"This is tonight," Morgan answered. His somewhat pudgy face was set

grimly. He looked as he had looked on that occasion in Paris where I had won his gratitude.

"Get out of here now," said Runyon, "and your license will be O. K. tomorrow."

"Take another step this way and you won't know anything about tomorrow," Morgan threatened.

The waiters now had scurried away from the immediate vicinity. Amateur pacifiers, who had seemed to be numerous a moment ago, had fallen back now. Even the dullest diner could guess that this was no fracas to be settled by a drink from a forbidden flask. Runyon's attitude was too sinister; the four men who were lined up with him now looked



*I had sworn it
must never hap-
pen again: my
lips touched the
sweetest lips in
all the world*

waited for him to take the lead, were more frightening than any bluster could have been.

I was unarmed, and the fact that Morgan's right hand rested lightly in a pocket did not completely reassure me. They were five while we were only two, and I guessed that all of them had weapons. Strangely, it did not occur to me that the publicity of the quarrel would deter Runyon. I knew too much about the openness of gang warfare in

New York. I knew that restaurants such as this in which I found myself make no pretense of obeying the Eighteenth Amendment, and the alliance between bootleggers and the law is well known.

If ever Runyon and his crowd came to trial for my murder here tonight, every waiter in the place would swear that I not only struck him

but drew a gun upon him. Their testimony would outweigh the uncertain evidence that might be given by what respectable guests of the place might volunteer as witnesses.

I won't say that I wasn't frightened. I was as badly scared as I've ever been in my life. But above my fear, dominating it, was my rage. Also a certain not utterly unworthy pride made me want to finish what I had started and finish it without dragging into trouble anyone else.

I glanced at Morgan. "Keep out," I said. "There's no reason for you to get mixed up in this."

His merry laugh amazed me. Mack Morgan was one of those infrequently met men who reveled in physical combat. His laugh brought instant recollection of his gayety when I had saved him from the gendarmes in Paris.

"I'm in, Al, all the way," he said. He glared at Runyon. "Listen, louse," he cried, "I'm not asking you to get out of the way. I'm telling you. When I step from behind this table there's going to be a clear passage to the door

too deadly; Mack Morgan seemed too grim, and I don't believe that my own manner was anything to quiet jumpy nerves.

And if the dullest were warned that more than fisticuffs impended, be sure I knew that I had never been nearer death than now. The very quiet of Runyon's manner, the evenness of his voice as he spoke to Morgan, and the fashion in which his four companions



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John A. Brown

Tobacco Buyer

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.



for me and my pal. If there ain't one, I'll shoot one."

"Then you're coupled in the betting with Gorham," said Runyon.

"And what a field of crowbaits we're entered with!" I jeered.

For the first time Runyon spoke to me.

"I came over to your table to tell you to get out of town," he said quietly. "Now I'm telling you that you can't get out of town."

I laughed at him. "I wouldn't think of leaving until I've finished with you," I told him.

"Hitting a man who wasn't expecting it has given you a lot of confidence," he sneered.

I felt myself color at his words. For there was a certain amount of justice in his charge.

"I'll let you take a punch at me and then we start all even," I replied.

I was ashamed of my brag-gadocio almost before the words were uttered. The curl of his lips humiliated me because my offer savored of a cheap boasting that earned his sneer.

"I don't want to beat you up, Gorham," he retorted. "You'll wish that was all I wanted later on."

"A good threat adds years to a man's life," I said.

"This one won't add to yours," he answered. So low was his voice that his words barely carried to me, but there was no mistaking the deadly sincerity in his tone.

"Well, you'll never find a better place than this to decide how good an insurance risk Gorham is," cried Morgan. "Get this into your rat skull, Runyon: Gorham and I are leaving

now. Step aside and step lively, for I'm not going to warn you again."

My blood was up. "Why not eat our dinner here, Morgan?" I asked. "The place suits me, even if the company doesn't."

He gave me a vicious dig with his elbow, "Come on, Al," he said.

HE PUSHED the table aside and advanced toward Runyon. I hated to be driven from the place, but I knew that when Mack Morgan chose the path of caution there must be good and sufficient reason for his choice. I advanced with him; Runyon and his four companions fell aside. We went by them without hindrance. As we gained the door leading to the lobby, Morgan, looking over his shoulder, held out his hand. A boy gave him his hat. I received mine in the same swift fashion. Then Mor-

gan seized my shoulder and almost threw me out into the street. There was a taxi at the curb, and he crowded me into it.

"Central Park, anywhere, quick," he said to the driver. And with that we dashed down the street. New York taxi men need no lengthy explanations when patrons emerge hurriedly from places of public entertainment. They sense the tips that will be given for speed.

Morgan didn't say a word to me until we had rounded the second corner. Then he ceased his intent regard through the rear window and slumped comfortably down beside me.

"Al, you're a grand lad," he cried. "And what a punch! If you had landed an inch lower, he'd be asleep yet."

"And if you hadn't been there I'd be sleeping too," I said.

"Chalk it up," he laughed. "That evens me up for Paris."

"It puts me in the red ink to you," I told him.

"I have a feeling that Runyon and his crowd meant business."

"You really feel that way?" he giped. "When four of the toughest gunmen in New York line up in front of you, you really get an idea that they ain't there to ask for your autograph? Bright boy, Al."

"Would they have dared?" I knew perfectly well that they would have gone to any length, but to justify my fear I wanted to hear Morgan agree with me.

"Believe me, Al, we were lucky to bluff them."

"You weren't bluffing, and they knew it," I told him.

He was embarrassed and waved my gratitude away. "Let's not think about what's over and done with. Let's look ahead. That was a sucker play, poking Runyon."

"I know it, but I'm glad I did it. I wish we had not let them scare us away."

He looked at me wonderingly. "You're a wise guy, Al. I guessed it myself, but

what I heard about you yesterday—your card record—made me sure of it. But you act surprisingly like a yap at times. Do you know what would have happened if we'd stayed five minutes longer in that restaurant?"

"Tell me," I said.

"Runyon and his four friends would have gone back to their table. But a

waiter would have telephoned to someone. That someone, with plenty of assistance, would have been waiting outside the restaurant door in less time than you think possible, son, and as we walked outside we'd have been shot to pieces. What could be sweeter? Runyon and his crowd have perfect alibis. They'd be sitting inside while we got ours in the street. With Runyon's pull, plus such an alibi, I doubt if he'd even be asked to take a walk to the station house. We didn't get out one minute

too soon. And we haven't any too many minutes now to plan what's next."

"I'm hungry. Let's talk it over during dinner," I suggested.

Morgan chuckled. "I like nerve better than anything in the world, Al, and you've got it."

He called to the taxi man and we alighted.

"No use leaving too straight a trail," said Morgan.

So we walked half a block before taking another taxi, which deposited us at a quiet restaurant in the Twenties. There, with dinner on the table, and the waiter out of hearing, we resumed our discussion.

"What did Runyon mean when he said you'd be looking for a job tomorrow?" I asked.

"Private detectives have licenses. He meant that he had political pull enough to get mine canceled."

"Has he?" I inquired.

"I guess so," Morgan admitted. He didn't seem much concerned, but I was.

"I landed you in a lot of trouble, didn't I?" I said.

"And in a lot of fun," he chuckled.

"But where do we go from here?" he demanded.

"I'm not going to leave New York."

"I kind of figured that out all by myself," he chuckled. "But you're not going to ask police protection, are you?"

I SHOOK my head. "I like to fight my own battles."

"Your liking hasn't much to do with it," he laughed. "You haven't got a thing on Runyon that would make the police sit up and take notice."

"Who's behind Runyon, Morgan?" I asked abruptly.

"Ever hear of Jim Calhoun?"

I shook my head.

"Not many people have," he said. "He never figures in the papers, and you never see him on the floor of a state convention. But a few people know that he's in the neighborhood, and those few people see that what he orders is usually done."

"A political boss?" I asked.

"Not the old-fashioned kind: the new kind that's come in with bootlegging and dope and that sort of thing. Calhoun has as many friends on Park Avenue as he has on Fourteenth Street."

"Is Runyon one of his friends?"

"Runyon has something on him. That's a whole lot better than friendship. He has enough on Calhoun to make Calhoun be on his side when it comes to Miss Candace."

I laughed in exasperation.

"But why on earth should Runyon be insane enough to think that I am important in Miss Candace's eyes?"

"Why did you want to get something on Runyon?" he countered. "Wasn't it because you wanted to shoo him off the Candace money?"

"I like and admire the Candaces, and I heard Runyon talking about her in a way I didn't like."

"And you ain't going to marry the girl?"

"I never had any such idea, and I'm positive that she has never had any such idea," I told him.

"You didn't know that this guy Runyon was setting a pretty fast pace with her last spring?" he asked.

"I didn't know the Candaces last spring. I met them in Europe this past summer. I never heard them mention Runyon's name."

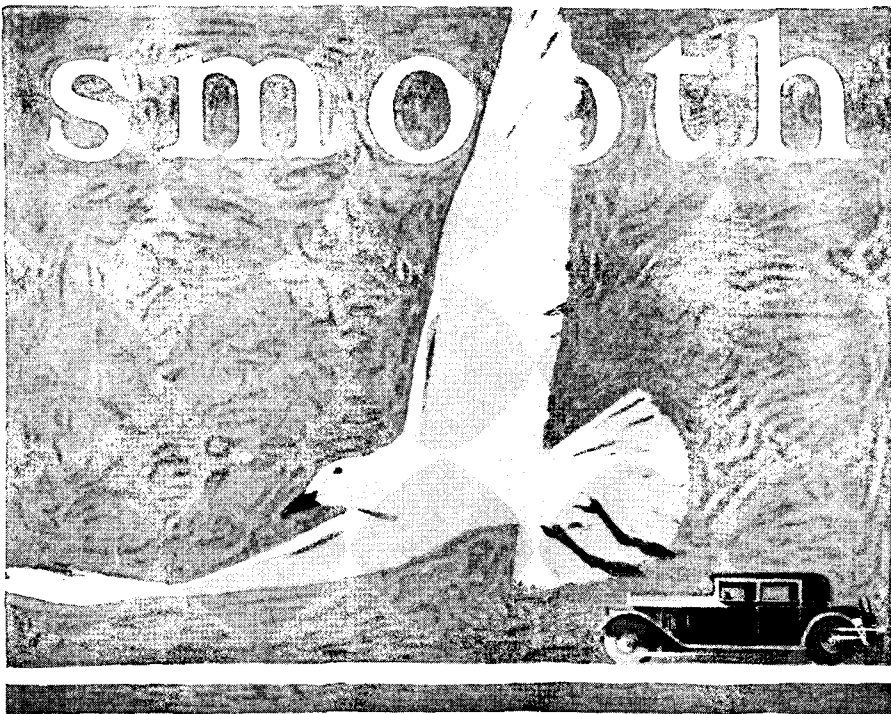
"Well, Runyon has heard them mention your name all right."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Well, it looks like young Runyon has the inside track to fifty million bucks. He has an important backer. His girl—he thinks she's his girl—goes abroad. Runyon is figuring on a wedding this winter. He (Continued on page 44)



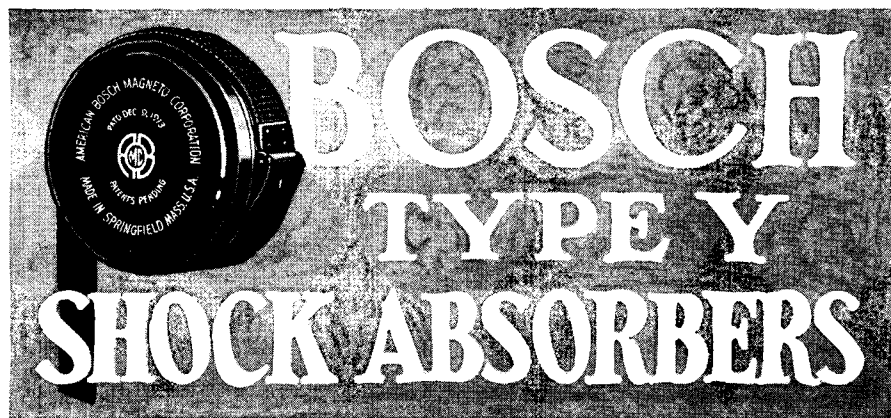
"Tell your client to go ahead and sue!" I told him. Mannering left hurriedly



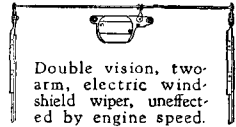
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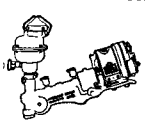


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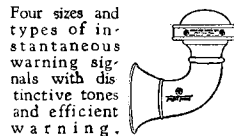
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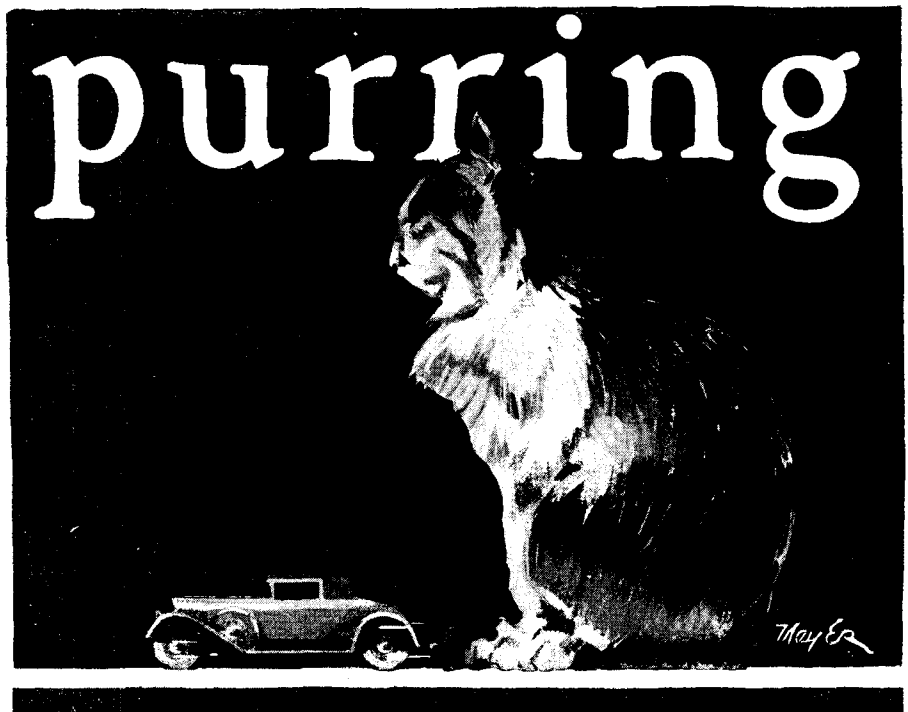
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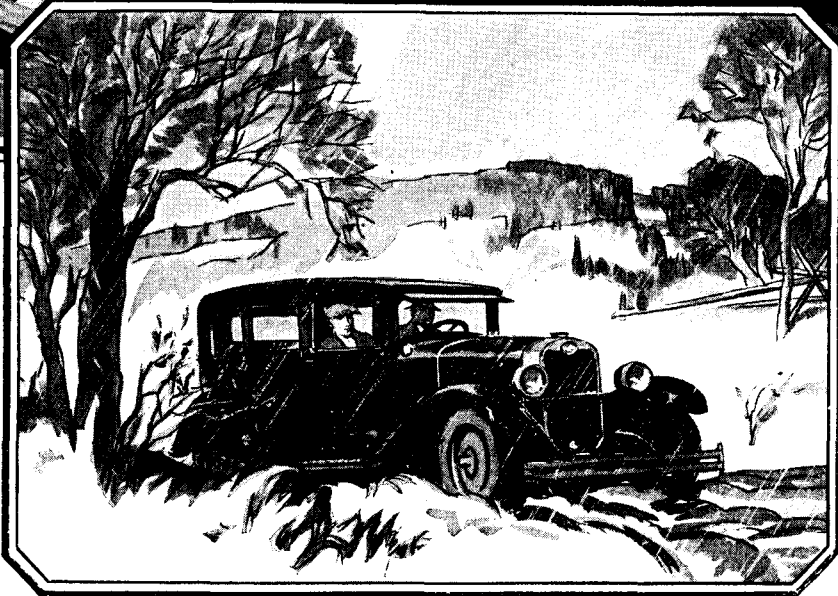


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MOTORS



"The Killing of Jim Mann"

By THE
GENTLEMAN AT
THE KEYHOLE

THE oratorical clash between Senator Joseph T. Robinson, Democratic leader of the Senate, and Senator Tom Heflin started reports in Washington that a physical encounter between the two was imminent. Senator Robinson is a man of physical courage and quick temper who has been known to use his fists effectively on occasions which seemed to him to warrant it. And Heflin is renowned for having shot at a "sassy" Negro on a street car, furrowing his cranium and wounding a bystander in the leg.

So some of the Democratic colleagues of the two occupied themselves with seeing to it that there should be no encounter between them at the Democratic caucus, called for the morning after.

Nothing dire happened. Heflin overslept and did not appear. He was content with putting it in the Record that 5,000 or so letter writers approved of him. The Democratic party officially washed its hands of him and left it to Alabama to finish the job three years hence.

The incident recalls what is known in local annals as "the killing of Jim Mann." This occurred when Tom Heflin was a member of the House. Jim Mann, the Republican leader, was an able but rather intolerant man, given on occasion to bitter speech. He made an attack upon Heflin which was the sensation of that day. It was personal and savage.

Heflin was then fresh from his encounter with the Negro. Congress was full of romantic Southerners who knew perfectly well what a Southern gentleman would do when subjected to such a tongue-thrashing as Jim Mann had administered. So the whisper ran around that a physical encounter was imminent, reminiscent of the days when members of House and Senate used to adjourn their debates to the Bladensburg road and poke pistols at each other's breasts.

Senator Ollie James, big and romantic, from the Dark and Bloody Ground of Kentucky, early in the evening following the passage at words in the House, called up Secretary Joseph P. Tumulty and said in an agitated voice: "Joe, I'm afraid there's going to be bloodshed. I've done what I could to prevent it. You're a friend of Tom's, and if you know Jim Mann come and help me keep these two men apart."

Mr. Tumulty thought the reports greatly exaggerated. However, he went over to the Willard Hotel, where, making the usual rounds, the two enemies were likely to meet. He sat down with Ollie James, awaiting the course of

events. A few minutes later in came Jim Mann. He went to the cigar counter in the lobby and leaned over it, buying a smoke and chatting with the clerk.

"It's brave!" said Ollie, in a choking voice. "I warned him not to come here. My God, it's brave!" At that moment in walked Tom Heflin. He never even noticed the advantageously placed back of Jim Mann, but, coming directly to the two spectators, said, "Hello, Ollie! Hello, Joe! I've been looking for you. Say, I want to tell you a story."

A Sign from the South

"MY GOD, it's brave!"—Ollie James' exclamation was pretty nearly the exclamation of Washington when Senator Robinson spoke his mind. Heflin's castigation had waited a long time for two reasons: Nobody in the Senate likes to tackle Heflin. He stops at nothing.

Then too there were few senators in a position to answer him. No Catholic senator could answer him effectively, neither could any senator close politically to Governor Al Smith. And it was not any Republican funeral. Only a Southern senator opposed to Al Smith's nomination would be effective, and then only one capable of giving and receiving hard knocks. And the Southern senators had shrunk from saying what might be construed as being sympathetic to Al.

No senator in a long time has lifted himself so much in the general esteem as Mr. Robinson did by his rebuke of Heflin. There had been a disposition among critics of affairs here to sniff at Mr. Robinson. Every floor leader of the Upper House is slightly ridiculous because no one can lead the miscellaneous hosts that call themselves either Republican or Democratic. And Senator Robinson, powerful physically and having a mighty voice, is a little heavy-handed for the business of leading a party that for the most part is not easily distinguished from its rival.

To him the maintaining of Jeffersonism seems no light matter, and to cynical Washington, observing the numbers of kinds of Jeffersonians there are and how hard it is to tell some of them from the Hamiltonians, it seems slightly grotesque. But what he lacks in ease he makes up for in sincerity and courage. He rose to the one great occasion in Democratic party history in recent years, at what seemed some risk. His speech was a sign that the South is turning to Governor Smith, and it has contributed toward that inclination.

The Nickel Shocker

Continued from page 28

been folded that Charlie might be more comfortable while waiting.

More than twenty oxen and a hundred hogs had been barbecued that the throng might not suffer from hunger. It was observed that Charlie ate with high relish.

Eventually Charlie was fetched up the steps, and the office seekers respectfully withdrew, but not until each had shaken his hand and expressed profound sympathy.

"It is your turn now," said the sheriff. "Have you a speech to make?"

"I have," said Charlie, "and it will take a deal of time."

"Speak up," said the sheriff. "A man has a right to a last word."

"Aye, speak up, Charlie, me boy," yelled the crowd.

And Charlie spoke for more than half an hour, concluding with a complete confession of his crime and a fervently uttered hope that the young people present would profit by the example he was about to set.

"Now that's a brave lad for you," cried one of Charlie's brothers.

"It is that," agreed the father. "And it was no justice he got in the court."

Three Cheers for the Queen!

APPARENTLY Charlie had not thought of that, but he hastily made up for it by agreeing in a loud voice that it was no justice that he got.

"Charlie," said the hangman, fluffing the black bag and nudging the condemned, "it may be as you say, but it's a late day to be saying it. So come on now, because we've not all day to be standing here, with many of the people having a long distance to go home."

This appealed to Charlie to be reasonable, so he swelled his chest and roared:

"Three cheers for her gracious Majesty the Queen!"

They were given with great violence. "And three cheers for Mr. Daniel O'Connell!" bellowed Charlie.

The ground rocked. (I quote the Gazette's account.)

"And three cheers for the Emerald Isle!" screamed Charlie.

"In the ensuing pandemonium, which lasted for more than a quarter of an hour," said the National Police Gazette, "Charlie Coghlin was effectively hanged. The affair bore the result of increasing the population of Guelph by several hundred because a large number of the visitors who had come to behold remained to become residents of the sprightly town."

One day in the winter of 1846 Wilkes was informed by one of his numerous volunteer tipsters that a man "of more than ordinary address" had been drunk in a house in Walker Street for two or three days. There was nothing particularly startling in this intelligence, and Mr. Wilkes explains that, after all, while such a situation was to be deplored, it was really none of his business.

But it so happened that at the same time the friends and relatives of John B. Gough, the temperance advocate, had advertised that Mr. Gough was missing and that they feared that he had been murdered by his foes, the saloon keepers.

Now, Mr. Wilkes bore Mr. Gough no love at all since the night when they had met and Mr. Gough insisted upon praying for him. Mr. Wilkes resented being prayed for, and Mr. Gough retorted that it made no difference what Mr. Wilkes desired, he was going to be prayed for.

"Pray for yourself," shouted Mr. Wilkes. "You've been a drunkard most of your life, and I've never taken a drink. Also you've been in jail more than I have."

Mr. Wilkes and his faithful reporter, Mr. Frost, put on their tall hats and greatcoats and walked around to Walker Street.

"After mounting two flights of stairs in a rickety rear building," wrote Mr. Wilkes in the issue of the following

week, "we followed the first passage that offered, to a back bedroom, and there found him, the mere shadow of a man, pacing the floor with tottering and uncertain steps."

"He was as pale as ashes; his eyes glared with a preternatural luster, his limbs trembled and his fitful and wandering stare evinced that his mind was as much shattered as his body. Beside him stood two terror-stricken wretches in the shape of women, and on the table of this den of infamy sat the curse of the inebriate. The pompous horror had dissolved from its huge proportions and had shrunk into a very vulgar and revolting commonplace."

"In fine, the man was drunk!"

And so on for columns. For a few days the daily newspapers avoided the sensation, but eventually they were compelled to take it up when Gough, goaded to desperation, confessed that it was all true, but added that he had been drugged. Further egged on to defend himself, the temperance advocate made a stammering threat to sue the National Police Gazette for libel.

"Mr. John B. Gough," wrote Mr. Wilkes, "threatens us. So be it. He has fetched upon his own head this new calamity. We give him one month to file his case in the courts. If he does not do so in that time, we shall speak again."

A month elapsed, and Mr. Gough had failed to file suit.

"We shall be fair, even to Mr. Gough," said the Gazette. "We generously extend the time for filing the suit another week. Hurry, Mr. Gough!"

But Mr. Gough was still reluctant, and Mr. Wilkes spoke.

"Mr. John B. Gough," he wrote, "ignores our generosity. He has not filed his case against us, if, indeed, it may be a case. Therefore we take action. We have today instructed our lawyer, Mr. Enoch E. Camp, to file suit against Mr. Gough for slander. He has nominated us as a liar. We wish to be rid of the imputation. Unless Mr. Gough waits upon us and apologizes, we shall proceed with our suit."

Mr. Gough did not quite apologize, but he was sufficiently humble to suit Mr. Wilkes, whereupon the National Police Gazette dropped him except for occasional references to Goughiana and Goughing.

This spirited foray into the very heart of the temperance movement fetched upon the Police Gazette the accusation of being the organ of the underworld, but Wilkes replied to this with a series of crusades against the bagnio, the river pirates, the divers or street bandits, the resurrectionists or grave robbers, the knucks or pickpockets and the immigrant shavers. He published a dozen scalding articles demanding that the city abolish all alleys, particularly Murder Alley, Dutch Mary Alley, Blood Alley and Midnight Alley.

"Our city," wrote he, "festers with rapes and seductions, almost all of which occur in alleys. Therefore abolish the alleys and safeguard our womanhood."

Wrath Abounds!

THE Gazette's terrific attacks so enraged the pirates, the thieves, the resurrectionists and other tough elements that the cellar wherefrom the weekly was issued was almost constantly in a state of siege.

But rioting did not take a serious form until one night in 1850, when the wrath of the united criminal underworld was brought to a head by an item published on the third page and which, of itself, was quite innocuous.

"Thirty dollars reward is offered by the mayor of Baltimore for information of the murderers of Jason Johnson," it read. "This must be a political gesture or else a distortion of fact. The reward should go to those public benefactors who removed Jason Johnson."

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