

THE RED BUTTON

A MYSTERY STORY OF NEW YORK

By WILL IRWIN

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"The law!" exclaimed Rosalie. "That for your law! Golly, I could carry a 'Votes for Women' banner when I think about it! You men have been making the law all these years. And you're run it on rules—nothing but rules; diagrams. Did he do it? All right, hang him. You can't look at things except on the outside. I wish you did have a few women to look at 'em inside and out. Once in a while one of your cussed juries uses its common sense and lets a man go when the police evidence is against him. But they don't do it themselves. No, sir! It's their mothers in 'em—"

"That will do," snarled McGee. "This suffragette-dope has nothing to do with the case. Where's Perez?"

"Now this Perez," pursued Rosalie, treating the inspector's anger as though it had not been, "was a darn fool—worst fool I ever saw—as those cute little men generally are. But what was he doing when Hanska died? Getting his own property from a crook, the property that belonged to him, in the only way he knew. Suppose it's true he killed Captain Hanska—did you ever see a man that deserved killing more? Besides, he didn't."

"You aren't swallowing that yarn about

"Oh, you've talked to him, then?"

"That'll come in later—if you're still listening to me. Well, before he knew what I knew, this Estrilla told me that Captain Hanska after he fell, was bleeding at the nose. I'd seen that, too—when I came into the house ahead of the doctor. Now, here's the thing to do," she added. "You call up that Dr. Cleary right now. You see if he didn't notice it and just walk away from it."

Inspector McGee, with the air of one who punctures bubbles, opened his telephone.

"Spring Double O," he said; and then to Rosalie, "You can listen on the extension if you want to." His voice was formal, and he averted his eyes.

While they waited for the police central to get the number, neither spoke. Rosalie, however, regarded him with an expression whereof the main tint was anxiety and the undertone soft mischief.

"Dr. Cleary?" inquired the inspector.

"Inspector McGee. Doctor, have you your notes on the Hanska case? The autopsy, I mean. In your pocketbook? Well, just one little thing. Did you find any blood in the nostrils?"

"Here's the record," came back Dr. Cleary's voice, after a half minute: "Slight bleeding from the nostrils, caused probably by the fall."

"That will do," said McGee. "Wait a second—you didn't perform any autopsy on his head? You didn't look into his brain?"

"What was the use?" came back Dr. Cleary's voice, a little defiantly. "He was stabbed in the heart, wasn't he?"

"Now, who's lying?" said Rosalie. Le Grange, as he hung up the telephone.

But there was still a snarl in McGee's voice as he spoke:

"You think you can monkey with the law. You think you can set crooks loose just as you please and get away with it? It's all very well for you, but look at the fix you're leaving for me. The Hanska case is cleared up. Wade is innocent. We've had the wrong man all the time. That's joke enough on us. But when we find the right one he gives us the slip."

The big commissioner will get roasted by the papers and hand it to the deputy commissioner, and the deputy will pass the buck down to me, and I'll have to report how it happened. Yes, and I will, too!" he burst out. "I'll tell all right! Convinced at escape! You know what that means?"

"Is it a felony or a misdemeanor?" asked Rosalie. "I sort of forgot which it was at the time I committed it."

"You'd better worry!" replied McGee. "I'm going to do my duty by you."

"Your duty? Yes, I forgot that. You always do your duty. When a cop's involved for instance. When Leroy went blind drunk and beat in the head of that boy—you did your duty in his case, like a little man. That's how it comes Leroy is living on Staten Island this day, without once seeing the inside of a state prison. Talk to me about duty!"

"Look here," said McGee, "you can't bluff me."

"I know I can't," said Rosalie, "and you can't me, either."

"Come, out with it, then—what have you done, and why did you do it?"

"As for what I've done," said Rosalie, "telling you would be spoiling it. Why did I do it? I've answered that. I couldn't trust you or any man alive to let that poor boy off. Apoplexy? You snorted when his sister said it, and you'd be snorting now if you had him here in front of you. They'd laugh him out of court on such a plea. They'd laugh him to the chair. I've saved you the necessity of killing an innocent man. And I ought to be thanked, not kicked."

"You'll get worse," said Martin McGee. "You'll go up—that's what will happen to you."

"Now, will I?" mocked Rosalie, breaking out her dimples, full-blazon, for the first time in two days. "What an awful trick on a lady! You're the only witness—the only person who knows that I promised to deliver Estrilla. You're the only person that's heard me confess I let him get away. So you'll be put on the witness stand, and then I'll be put on the stand. And I'll testify how the New York police

were baffled with the real criminals passing right under their noses twenty times a day, and how a poor boarding-house keeper that used to be a medium—just a plain, good old soul—look a hairpin and a thumbful of common sense and got a confession and made you all fools. My lawyer'll get it in; and if he don't, the papers will, because I'll tell 'em. I'll be at home in my cell to every reporter in New York. There's a lot of 'em would like it right now. But, of course," she added, flashing her dimples, "I won't try to bluff you. No, indeed. You can't be bluffed."

"Marty McGee," she added, "let's get down to cases. You can't do a thing to me that'll help your position at all. I'll go to jail for life and never tell where Juan Perez has gone. But if you'll listen, I'll show you just how to fix this without trouble for anybody."

Inspector McGee was now playing with a flexible paper knife, his downcast eyes fixed upon it as he twisted it back and forth.

"How?" he asked, in a voice from which the bluster had gone. Nothing could have better proved the logic in Rosalie's combination of woman wit and common sense. Rosalie established herself comfortably in her chair.

"Well, it's a funny thing for us to do—you and me—tell the truth. Not quite the truth, either; the truth fixed up a little, which is the best kind of a lie that the bluster had gone. Nothing could have better proved the logic in Rosalie's combination of woman wit and common sense. Rosalie established herself comfortably in her chair.

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from the first, and learning that she was superstitious, had her worked by a stool-pigeon who played at being a professional medium. Say your men listened to the seances and broke in at the end and pulled the whole story out of her. And if that ain't awful near the truth, I never made up a lie that was."

To Be Continued.

NATIONAL MOVEMENT IS PLANNED FOR IRELAND

Ulster Protestants To Be Led by Casement and James White.

[Canadian Press.]

New York, Nov. 20.—A Dublin cable to the Tribune says:

The world will soon see the formation of an Irish national movement, which will have for its object the organization of a citizens' force ready to uphold the authority of the crown and government in Ireland. This is a natural development of the situation in Ulster, where Unionists have been drilling and organizing themselves to resist oppression and attacks upon their liberties, and the example thus afforded is to be followed by the Nationalists in other parts of the country. They also have determined to put themselves in a position to be able to resist oppression and attacks upon their liberties.

Like many other Irish movements of a national character, this one has taken its origin among Ulster Protestants.

Its two leaders are Sir Roger Casement and Captain James Robert White, both of whom took part in the Ulster Protestant home rule meeting some days ago. Captain White is a son of the late Field Marshal Sir George White. It is his intention to make common cause with the men now on strike in Dublin.

WILD CHASE TO LOCATE BURNS MANUSCRIPTS

Precious Relics of the Great Scottish Poet Eagerly Sought.

[Canadian Press.]

New York, Nov. 20.—A London cable to the Tribune says:

Just now the liveliest interest is being taken by the admirers of Robert Burns in the fate of the Glen Riddell manuscripts and letters formerly in possession of the Liverpool Athenaeum. Headed by the Lord Provost of Glasgow many Scottish citizens recently combined for the purpose of purchasing and securing relics for Scotland, in spite of the fact that they are now in America.

Some months ago the trustees of the Liverpool Athenaeum sent them to Sotheby's for sale by private negotiation. Joseph Hornstein, a well known book collector, paid Sotheby's a satisfactory sum, and in due course dispatched the relics to his agent in New York, having in mind a particular client interested in the famous Burns' manuscripts, but on being approached by the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Mr. Hornstein cabled his agent to withdraw the offer of the manuscripts, and when he found the situation rendered all the more difficult from the fact that the agent had sent an emissary with the relics to find the client, who was away from New York—in fact, in the far west—he sent out a special representative from England. In the meantime the New York agent had dispatched a man in pursuit of the bearer of the precious relics.

Seen yesterday, Mr. Hornstein expressed hopefulness of the ultimate

success in the chase. At the same time he pointed out that as his client was on a wandering expedition the tracks of pursuers and pursued would be bewildering, and that even weeks might elapse before definite tidings could reach him.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the East—4:32 a.m., 10:58 a.m., 11:12 a.m., 11:28 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 7:58 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—11:14 a.m., 8:43 a.m., 11:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the East—12:19 a.m., 3:45 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 12:05 p.m., 2:05 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 7:40 a.m., 11:18 a.m., 11:55 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 3:20 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—11:30 a.m., 4:00 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11:05 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., 11:45 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 8:05 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—11:15 a.m., 1:59 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Depart—8:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive from the East—11:42 a.m., 6:55 p.m., 7:50 p.m., 11:15 p.m.

Arrive from the West—4:30 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 12:21 p.m., 7:55 p.m., 8:55 p.m.

Depart for the East—4:38 a.m., 8:00 a.m., 12:40 p.m., 5:45 p.m.

Depart for the West—8:15 a.m., 11:50 a.m., 7:05 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 11:28 p.m.

Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—7:05 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 4:50 p.m., 9:45 p.m.

Depart—7:22 a.m., 2:22 p.m., 5:27 p.m., 10:15 p.m.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Trains depart—5:40 a.m., 7:10 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 4:20 p.m., 7:30 p.m.

Trains arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:50 p.m., 1:50 p.m., 5:10 p.m., 10:10 p.m.

Trains marked with * are through trains, to and from Milwaukee. Train marked with † is mixed to St. Thomas only.

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