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**Little Trinket of Tin**

By R. RAY BAKER

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Equipped with \$100 and a horseshoe Clarence Archibald Creston Kennelworth was set adrift amid the cold currents of success seekers.

The capital with which he was expected to wrest wealth from the world was the gift of his father. The token of luck was from the girl he expected some time to marry.

The words accompanying the bank notes ran something like this: "I gave you the chance to work in these steel mills and climb the ladder on the rungs of experience. That's the way I did it, and you could have done as well. Of course I'm only president of the company, but that is not so bad when you consider I had no education. But you insisted on a course at the university, and now you have it. Here's a hundred cash. Harness it to your learning and try to make good at some thing. If you fail, just come back and own up to it, and I'll give you the same job you could have had four years ago—without the college course."

The horseshoe came into Clarence's possession that night when he called on Magdeline Osborne to tell her their wedding would have to be postponed "another hundred years," because his father had refused to make him a manager in the mills, and now he would have to learn to do something and then do it until he had enough money to finance a voyage on the matrimonial sea.

"I thought you learned how to do things at college," Magdeline observed in sympathetic tones.

"That's where you thought wrong. The only things I learned in college were football and baseball. To be frank, Mag, the only way I ever passed my examinations was with the assistance of my master partner—luck. In fact, I just bluffed my way through, stuttying very little. I've always been a good bluffer, and had my share of luck, but—you can't bluff father."

Magdeline smiled with the dawn of an idea, excused herself and left the room, returning with a horseshoe about the size of a half-dollar.

"It's not silver," she assured him, "although it does have a good shine. It's just tin, but the little trinket has been in our family for many generations and has always brought luck to the possessor. I want you to wear it, and it will help your usual luck and bluff to make good."

Clarence attached the token to his watchchain, and somehow it seemed to give him confidence.

"It'll make good at something," he promised as he took his leave. "Until I get a good start, though, you'll not hear from me."

Clarence did not deserve the calumnious chain of names that fettered him. Ancestors on his mother's branches of the family tree were to blame. If he had been blessed with names befitting his appearance and personality, they would have been something like John Sam Hank Brown. As it was, his friends had taken his initials and coined "Cack" for his nickname.

He was a healthy specimen of twenty-three, with six feet of height and a generous girth. While not exactly handsome, he was attractive, with twinkling blue eyes, a mouthful of shiny teeth, a mop of light brown hair that looked rusty, and a Roman nose, which, although larger than necessary, never got in the way. He was not corpulent by any means, but was chunky, and walked with a rolling gait that would mark him for a sailor, although he had never seen an ocean.

Before hunting a job "Cack" felt it necessary to eat, so he hunted a restaurant and, seating himself at a table, picked up a newspaper. An account of a murder drew his attention. "The detectives still are looking for clues," he read. A cough at his shoulder apprised him of the presence of a waiter.

"By George!" he exclaimed mentally. "I'm going to be a detective."  
"Bring me some hash," he told the waiter.

On the ninth floor of a nine-story building Detective Cack waited for clients. His office rent came cheap because he was willing to trust himself in room 13.

Kennelworth's detective agency was advertised in both the local papers, but at the beginning of the agency's second week of existence these advertisements had done no more than fatten the firm's pocketbook. Numerous incidentals of expense, including a license to "detect," had eaten the hundred, and Clarence was worrying about his next meal.

Across the street two men on a scaffold were painting a smoked ham on the brick wall of a building. Clarence watched with wistful eyes, puffing viciously on his pipe.

"I can't stand it," he finally decided, and pulled the shade over the window, shutting the ham from view. "I'll have to give it up and call on father."

He reached for the telephone, but before he could lift the receiver the bell rang. It startled him and he sat for half a minute as though dazed, then cautiously answered:

"Hello. This is Clarence Kennelworth's detective agency."

"This is George Dillingham," said a harsh voice. "Rush a detective out to

my summer residence—499 Clifford avenue. Somebody lifted \$10,000 from the safe.

Detective Cack gulped hard, then gasped:

"I'll be right—I'll send my best man right out."

He returned the receiver to its resting place, bounced to his feet, snatched his hat from the wall, raised the window blind and gazed gloatingly at the ham for a second, then ran all the way down the eight flights of stairs to the street, and hailed a trolley car.

"I'm engaging a private detective against the advice of my son-in-law," announced Mr. Dillingham, pulling at his white goatee, spreading his short legs far apart and glaring fiercely through powerful-lensed spectacles.

"Better have kept the whole thing quiet," snorted the son-in-law, biting viciously into a cigar. He was of about Clarence's own age, and with a quick, nervous manner. His face appeared never without a sneer, for his features were built that way. He lighted the cigar. "What's a mere \$10,000 to raise a rumpus about?"

"Ten thousand's ten thousand," observed the practical Mr. Dillingham.

The son-in-law shrugged his shoulders and left the library. Mr. Dillingham approached the criminal apprehender, who was examining the dial on the safe.

"I'm against detectives myself," confided the head of the house, "but I've got to show Mr. Petty—that's my son-in-law—he's not running things. However, you got to work on my terms—five hundred dollars if you catch the robber, and nothing if you fail."

Clarence's heart slid into his shoes and a smoked ham he had been visioning did a movie fadeout. However, he stretched himself to his full six feet and glared haughtily at his prospective "customer."

"Those are always my terms," he said, with dignity, and added: "I have never failed on a case."

Mr. Dillingham related what he knew of the robbery. While discussing a business deal with his son-in-law, which necessitated opening the safe to examine some papers, he had been called from the library. Mr. Petty's call of "Help! Stop thief!" had brought him back on the run, and he found the son-in-law lying on the floor, his coat partly torn off, pointing to the window and groaning: "He went through the window."

Glancing out the aperture in question, Mr. Dillingham had seen no one. An examination of the safe had disclosed that \$10,000 was missing. "Have you a clew?" he asked Clarence, concluding his story.

Detective Cack smiled enigmatically. "Call the servants," he directed.

One or all of the servants might have been guilty, and Clarence Archibald Creston Kennelworth would not have suspected it, after the straightforward stories they told. He was honest himself and had not yet learned to distrust others.

Telling Mr. Dillingham he was following a clew, Clarence left the house, outwardly confident, but inwardly dejected.

"I'm no good," he confided to himself, as he trudged down the lane leading from the Dillingham domicile. The sun had just sunk beneath the earth's rim, and the lane was gray with gathering darkness except for a few vagrant rays of twilight that sifted through the interlacing boughs above.

"I can see myself crawling back to father—or starving," said Detective Cack, filling his pipe. He paused close to big tree, and opened his metal matchbox, but it was empty. Clicking it shut in disgust, his hand came in contact with the tin horseshoe on his watchchain. A shaft of light struck the trinket and was reflected against the tree.

"Don't shoot," pleaded a trembling voice behind the tree. "I give up."

The form of a man, cringing and trembling slunk forth. Clarence drew out his electric flash and let loose a flood of light. Before him stood Mr. Petty, a traveling bag in his hand.

"The ten thousand's in the bag," he said. "I was trying to beat it, but I saw you coming and dodged behind the tree. When I heard you cock that gun, and saw the light reflect from the barrel, I decided it was time to quit."

Half an hour later Detective Archibald Creston Kennelworth, with \$500 in his pocket, was regaling himself with smoked ham. Another half-hour passed before he was ringing the doorbell at the home of Magdeline Osborne.

Popularizing American Sports.

Among all the articles of American exports to the far East none is more typically American or of greater importance in favorably affecting the influence of the United States in the Orient than the American playground, according to John W. Wood, foreign secretary of the Episcopal board of missions, who is just back from nine months' tour of China, Japan and the Philippines.

"Exporting the American playground" is a line in which the board of missions has been engaged for about twenty years, and Mr. Wood announces that the venture is now beginning to pay big human dividends—that is to say, the Celestials and the Filipinos, and particularly the girls of the latter race, are rapidly learning to "burn the pill over," "cut the corners of the plate" and "murder the ball."

Anticipating a Scarcity.

"In a million years or so the entire coal supply will be exhausted," remarked the fuel expert.  
"I am aware of that," replied the plain person; "but isn't it a bit early to be putting up the price?"

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