

Blake, "our unfortunate Henry Planz was made superintendent of the Fredericksburg Brewery. He was promoted from a minor position, the old superintendent leaving on short notice to accept a better place in Philadelphia. They have had a good deal of trouble with the foreign workers over in Newark, and Planz had no more than got nicely fixed in his new position than discord arose in the cooper shop. There was a big, husky labour leader there named Shafer, who was a boss cooper from Chicago. Four weeks ago Shafer and two of his friends ran afoul of Planz—a shop rule had been broken—or something or other. At all events, Planz discharged Shafer and the two others without warning. He afterward said all three were anarchists and trouble makers, and he was glad to get rid of such a trio of firebrands."

Blake stopped long enough to light a fresh Mollycoddle, and continued:

"Well, they had some hot words, and threats were made, but nothing happened, and Shafer and his pals left town. When I learned all this, I took a hurried inventory of anarchistic conditions in Newark, and soon discovered that Shafer, who is an Austrian, by the way, was a very dangerous quantity. Then, in tracing him, I found he had gone to Yonkers."

"Late this afternoon I reached the office of the Yonkers Brewing Company, and learned that Shafer was at work in the cooperage. Well, the foreman of the cooper shop was very obliging; showed me over the place and brought out his time-books. You know these coopers work by the piece, earn so much per keg or barrel, and their day's work is carefully noted in the foreman's book."

"And Shafer"—I broke in, rather impatiently.

"I'm getting to him," continued Blake. "Shafer began work there three weeks ago. He is a good workman, averages four dollars and a fraction each day. On November 8, he earned \$4.60, on the 9th \$4.35, on the 10th \$4.45; he was not at work on the 11th. But, my dear Bradford, on the 12th he earned just \$3.60, and the next day \$3.40, and yesterday only \$3.25. Something is the matter with Shafer."

"And Planz died on the 11th," I suggested.

"You see what I am driving at?" said Blake. "Since that day Shafer is not up to his task, physically or mentally. But that is not all. Shafer boards at a cheap hotel, where he pays twenty-five cents for his lodging and each of his meals, an even seven dollars a week. He paid his week's board yesterday, and the landlord, who is very honest, cut the bill to \$6.25 because Shafer was away one day, and missed several meals. Oh, don't look surprised, Bradford. He missed dinner and supper on the eleventh and also breakfast on the twelfth. Because why? Because he was in Newark that day and night on business and so were two of his pals who went from Yonkers with him."

"It certainly begins to look like Shafer," I ventured.

"Wait! I'm not finished yet," exclaimed Blake. "In the cooper shop I found a big coil of hemp rope, and I brought away a sample of it. Here, look at this."

He laid the bit of rope on the table. Then from his pocket he brought forth another sample of rope.

"Remember the piece of rope I found in the lumber yard last night? There it is! Just compare the strands, the texture, the feel and the colour of it. Both pieces are off the same coil of rope."

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"Fine!" said I. "You've got your man, Rodney."

"Well, perhaps," said Blake, with a smile. "But there is one thing more. Shafer and his two followers, named Kreig and Gluck, have bought steerage passage for Bremen on the ship that leaves from Hoboken next Saturday. Getting nervous, you see, and going to leave the country."

"And the arrest!" I exclaimed.

"Will be made to-night," said Blake, quietly. "I called up Newark police headquarters about twenty minutes before you came in and told the chief the whole story. His men are now on their way to Yonkers to make the pinch. Gee, but I am tired, Bradford, after such a string of talk. Just pour me out a bit of Scotch, that's a good fellow."

I handed him the drink and he fell back on the couch and closed his eyes. A moment later he asked, dreamily:

"What day is this, Bradford?"

"The sixteenth of November," I answered.

"And Planz was killed on the eleventh! I thought so!" mused my companion.

"Thought what?" I inquired.

"Oh, nothing much," said Rodney Blake, looking very serious. "You know that Shafer is an Austrian and an anarchist and came from Chicago?"

"Yes!"

"November eleventh is the anniversary of the Haymarket riots, and November eleventh, Bradford, is a sacred day with the Reds."

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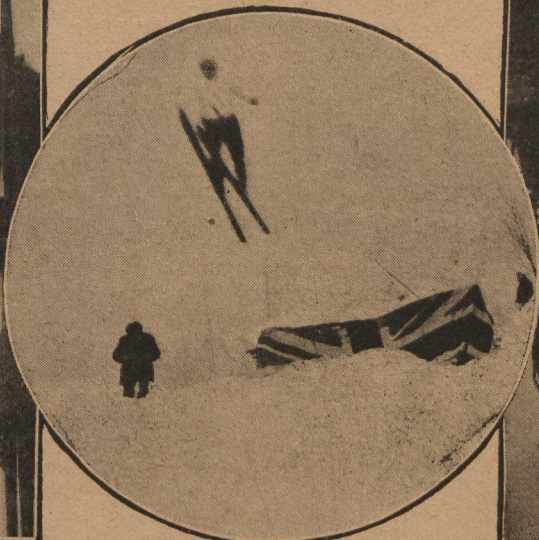
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# THOSE THAT FLY WITH THEIR FEET

## A Few Facts About the Ski Carnival in Revelstoke, B. C.



Nels Nelsen, of the Revelstoke Ski Club. Champion jumper of Canada, of British Columbia, and champion long distance racer of B.C.



When Nelsen made this jump he fell at 160 feet—a performance which any ski-enthusiast will recognize as remarkable.



Ragnar Omtvedt, champion jumper of the world, came near being put off his pedestal by Nels Nelsen, the Canadian jumper.

then, as if struck by a shell, dropped down to the run with a thud. Nelsen and Omtvedt must have been at a height of more than 45 ft. above the run, as can be seen in pictures 3 and 4. Omtvedt says that the jump is the steepest in the world, and that the jumper is higher up in the air. O. Maland, of Camrose, Alta., made some very fine jumps.

The 143 Bantams were represented in the Carnival by Pte. T. Maley, who did some very nice jumping.

The long distance race for the Championship of B. C. was won by Nels Nelsen also, when he nosed out the title-holder, D. Eivensen, of Camrose, by 20 seconds, by a great spurt in the last few hundred yards. The two champions passed and repassed each other three times during the 7-mile run.

The boys' jumping, under 14, was very close. Some of the boys stood at 60 ft. There were over 100 entries in the carnival.

At the Ski Carnival in Revelstoke, B.C., Feb. 6 and 7, Nels Nelsen, champion jumper of Canada, made a new record of 147 ft., or 11 ft. better than his championship jump of last year. He also won the championship of B. C., with a jump of 137 ft. He jumped 160 ft. and fell. Nelsen showed R. Omtvedt, the world's champion, that his title was in danger. Omtvedt jumped 157 ft. and fell. He stood at about 140 ft. He sailed through the air like an aeroplane, and