

# "Up From the Death Cell" The Story of a Man Who Won a Fight Against Big Odds

BY JOHN W. KANE

## Kane Escapes Lynching by a Clever Police Ruse and Spends His First Night in the Cells.

## SYNOPSIS.

This is a story from life—a recital of facts, not a piece of fiction. Only the names have been changed to shield the author from recognition. No. 1666 is now a free man, with a family, and a place in the world. He has made good through his own efforts. He won redemption while he was in prison for killing two carmen in an attempted hold-up in a Western State.

## The action so far follows:

John W. Kane—Curly, a youth of 25—takes to his dingy bedroom a newspaper describing how a few hours before he killed the carmen. His partner, waiting in the room, has had no part in the affair. The paper mentions the finding of the bandit's hat at the scene of the crime. The two discuss flight; they are in the Rocky Mountain country, with mountains on one side and desert on the other—and they have no money. The next day Curly, reading posters which offer \$2,000 for his arrest, sees the partner approach. Behind him are police. Curly, betrayed, is booked; the partner is detained. A mob surrounds the jail; its leaders enter.

## CHAPTER III.

The noise from the mob had subsided into a murmur; through it there came an occasional yell, and sometimes an answer. I knew they were waiting outside to see the vanguard lead me out. The trample of feet along the opposite corridor from where I was told me there were half a dozen or more men approaching. I heard them turning the corner of the cell-block. I waited, every nerve drawn tight.

## Had an Awful Cold and Cough

### Was Confined to Bed

Some coughs and colds seem hard to shake off—stick right to you in spite of all you do to get rid of them. These are the kind that are dangerous—the kind that weaken the lungs so that the germ of consumption finds a ready foothold.

Obtainable coughs and colds yield to the grateful soothing properties of

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It soothes and heals the irritated lungs and bronchial tubes, cuts the phlegm, and aids nature clear away the morbid accumulations.

Mrs. Geo. D. Langdale, Barton, N. S., writes: "In the year of 1920 I was taken with an awful cold and cough, and was confined to my bed for some time. I thought I was going into consumption. I commenced to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and found it to be an excellent remedy. I can highly recommend it to every sufferer from coughs and colds." Price 35c and 60c; put up only by bottle. Ont.—Adv.

### TO DARKEN HAIR APPLY SAGE TEA

Look Young! Bring Back Its Natural Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

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### First, Doctors—Then a Skin Specialist—Then a bottle of D.D.D.

We shall publish every week for the benefit of skin sufferers in this section, a few words written by Canadian people—some of them of prominence—all heartiest stories of relief from terrible suffering.

A sentence or two from a letter from J. W. Corns, 20 Melbourne Ave., Toronto, a man of fine standing. "I have been a sufferer for two years with eczema on the legs and ankles. I tried three or four different doctors. I went to a skin specialist. All of no use. I used one dollar bottle of D.D.D.—that is all. Today I am perfectly well."

If you wish to try a bottle of this Prescription that Mr. Corns found so remarkable, we will guarantee relief on the first bottle, or your money back. Stop that itch today. \$1.00 a bottle. Try D.D.D. Soap, too.

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doors from the other end of my corridor and the light inside of my cell was switched on.

The first man of those approaching was standing in front of my cell. The lever was shot back, my door swung open.

I arose. "Here," said he, throwing what appeared to be a suit of clothes on the cot. "Take these and get into them as quick as you can. Leave your coat, vest and hat here—you can get them later."

I hesitated. The man was in plain clothes, and by his side stood a small fellow expectantly watching me. Could these be members of the mob? If so, why were they asking me to change clothes?

"Don't lose any time," the larger man urged. "The chief is palavering with some of them out in the office. He told 'em you had already been taken away. This is our only chance."

I glanced down at the clothes and caught sight of a large, bright button. Then quickly came an understanding. I was to don a police uniform.

I slipped out of my own coat and vest. "You fold these up," the plain-clothes officer instructed that smaller man—a trusty prisoner. "Take them and his hat to the office after we're gone."

## I Am Told To Use My Wits.

A moment later I was walking along that corridor in the uniform of a "harness bull." While in front and behind walked several detectives.

"Listen now," one of them addressed me just before we entered the corridor leading to the outer offices. "If you act with good sense and follow along after the man in front of you, we'll pass out right by that crowd without any trouble; but if you get excited and think of making a getaway, that will only attract attention to you, and that gang might get you then in spite of all we can do."

"I'd rather take my chances with the law than with them," I returned. "Which man am I to follow?" "This man right here." He pointed to the same rough-spoken fellow that had tried to scare me into answering questions. "Just walk along in an unconcerned manner." I had been handed a regulation patrolman's hat, and with the full rig on I was perhaps the very last person the lynchers would suspect as the desired victim. We filed out and down the corridor, passing close by where members of the mob were waiting.

"Step back a bit, you fellows," the man in front of me said to the crowd. "We've got to get out of here on duty."

The crowd began giving way to one side. "Better stay and see the fun!" one of them called out.

"No, go ahead to your duty some place else," interposed another, looking me squarely in the face; "there'll be enough here to watch the show."

"What are they doin' in there?" inquired a third.

The man next behind me answered: "Your committee is talking it over with the chief—you fellows weren't fast enough: The two men you want were taken away a half-hour ago."

"We're Goin' To Get Them!"

The answer came from the street: "They're right in there now!—and we're goin' to get them, too!"

By that time we were out on the sidewalk and turning to the right. I glanced back at the mass that reached entirely across the street, but the policeman behind me spoke low and bade me look straight ahead.

A half-block from the station entrance we turned a corner, and a moment later walked diagonally across that street, then up an alley for a distance, and there three of the officers and I entered a carriage and were driven swiftly away.

As we drove in silence I was thinking of that mob. At that day I scarcely knew there was such a word as psychology. Now I know there is a mob psychology just the same as there is a psychology of the individual. A mob bent upon killing is devoid of reasoning power. It has an aggregate emotional condition. One mind plays upon another until there is a tension that nothing but blood will relax.

Five years prior to that day I had sat upon a horse on the outskirts of a mounted mob that hanged two cattle thieves to an elm limb in Oklahoma. That, however, was not a noisy mob looking for "the fun" or "the show." But, after it was over, those lynchers of the cattle thieves were for the most part sorry. They found that one of the victims had taken no part in the thievery.

For my part I was there like the schoolboy who had joined in the plan to help rob an orchard, yet all the time pitied the man who was to be robbed. Be that as it may, five years' time had shifted the scenery in various ways, and there I was, the desired victim.

## My Partner Breaks Down.

The voice of one of the officers broke my train of thought. "You stood it better than your partner did."

"How so?" I questioned.

"He broke down when he found they wanted to lynch him. We had to carry him out through a basement and tear off a couple o' bars over a window."

"He caused you quite a bit of trouble, then?"

"Yes, but trouble's a part of our work. I reckon—'snt it, Bill?" He turned to another of my conductors.

"It's nearly all trouble," that one replied. And then, true to the tactics of the police when they want a con-

fession, he went on: "But that other chap's got a big streak of yellow in him. The thing I'm sorry about is, this man is just goin' to fool around and let his partner get in on the safe side—while he will have to take the worst of it. Of course, you know your own business, old man!"

I knew he meant me, but if I were in your place I'd do a little bit of talking myself. Everybody knows you're guilty, but we know, too, there might be circumstances about the matter that, if brought out, would make it a lot easier for you."

I made no answer.

I had begun to wonder where we were going, but decided to wait and see. For ten minutes more our carriage wheels creaked over the frozen snow; then we came to a stop. One of the officers got out and talked with someone; a moment later the door was opened and I stepped out in front of a large, well-lighted building that had a high stone wall joining it on the right and the left.

Inside the front office I came face to face with my partner again. He had arrived a few minutes ahead of us. He would not look at me. The handcuffs that had been placed on my wrists as soon as we were away from the mob were removed and I was told to occupy a certain seat.

The officers on duty there seemed to accept it as a matter of course that we were brought to the penitentiary.

## S. K. Put After Name.

"Let's see—your name is Kane?" The man at the desk by which I was sitting addressed me. "What is your first name, please?"

"John W. Kane," I answered, surprised at his manner. I had heard that state prison officials were always gruff.

"And your age, Mr. Kane?" he went on, writing in a ledger as he spoke.

I gave him my age.

"We'll have to take a full description of you tomorrow," he explained, "but I'll enter this much now." And out at the end of that descriptive line I saw him write two letters, "S. K."

"May I ask what the 'S. K.' means?" I questioned.

"Safe keeping," he replied promptly. "And no doubt you'll be safe up here." This smilingly.

"No doubt," I returned. Then my city police escorts prepared to take their leave.

"We'll see you tomorrow, Kane," one of them turned back to tell me. "In the meantime you think it over carefully—and look to your own interests."

I knew what he meant by that: It was but another way of urging me to come clean, as the chief of detectives had said. I merely nodded to him. The large outer door was swung to and locked.

"Now you boys want to sleep, I suppose," observed the man at the desk, rising, "and we'll go through

the formalities of taking you inside. Our duty to make sure you haven't anything contraband on you. Mr. West!" and he nodded toward an officer present.

Mr. West searched us carefully. There was nothing left in my pockets, however, not even a handkerchief—the city police had taken care of that part—and the searching process did not take long.

"This way, boys."

"They've Got It in for Me."

"Now just a word," said my partner; "am I to be locked up, too?"

"You certainly are. The desk man frowned at him.

"I'm not even accused of any crime," my partner pleaded, and I knew he was merely making an ass of himself. "If I have to go inside there, those prisoners will have it in for me, and—"

"Why will they have it in for you?" questioned one of the officers.

"Well," returned he, showing in every line of his face the fear that squealers have of convicts in the aggregate, "they might think that I'm a witness against him, and I'm not."

"You will be though," I interposed, "and you'd just as well begin now to take your medicine."

Almost with the words, however, I felt I had blundered. I knew that while those officials were treating me considerably, they were watching my every move and anything incriminating would be duly reported. I had been quite a newspaper reader and remembered well how the papers, in their desire to give the public all the news, were always wont to set forth each little item of news bearing in any manner upon the character of an accused of a crime. I knew that my words to my partner savored indirectly of a threat. Then and there I decided that in the future I would be on my guard against impulsive statements.

"So far as we are informed," said the man who had made those ledger entries, "neither of you men stands accused officially of any crime. But this record here shows"—he turned, facing my partner—"that you, too, are to be held by the state prison authorities in safe keeping for the city police; and that means actual safety. You'll have to go inside."

Behind Six Doors.

That settled it, yet I could see that my partner was undergoing a bit of agony. As we passed inside the prison inclosure, I counted gates and barred doors. And, including the door between the prison offices and the court in front, we were, after being finally locked in separate cells on the same tier, behind six barred and combination-locked steel doors. Truly, all indications were that we were then, so far as any escape was concerned, perfectly safe.

"Say," the cellhouse custodian addressed me through the bars of my narrow steel-walled cell, "you'll have five minutes more in which to undress and get settled on your cot; then I'll switch the lights off."

"All right," I answered. And in five minutes more I was lying, for the first night, in the darkness of a penitentiary cell.

"CHARITY FROM A YEGG," CHAPTER FOUR OF KANE'S LIFE STORY, TOMORROW.

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HUGHES electric water tank heater; will swap for boy's bicycle in good condition. Jimmy Smith, 314 Third Ave.

WILL SWAP \$40 library table for good Collie dog. 555 Fernwood; lower apt.



"I had sat on a horse on the outskirts of a mob that had hanged two cattle thieves. . . Five years' time had shifted the scenery, and now I was the desired victim?"