

meekly. "And, while I am here, may I use your telephone, please?"

"Certainly, sir."

The footman held open the door of the booth, and the young man disappeared inside. Two minutes later New York police headquarters was on the other end of the wire.

"Mr. Meredith is out, isn't he?"

"Yes," came the reply.

"Please tell him when he comes in that once upon a time he remarked that The Hawk could never make a monkey of him again. And add that The Hawk *has* made a monkey of him again. Inform him that it was not Bruce Colquhoun who sent him on the wild-goose chase to West Thirtieth Street, but The Hawk in person."

"Who—who—" there was a stammering at the other end of the wire, "—who is this?"

"The Hawk!"

"Holy Moses! Where are you?"

"Where am I?" The young man smiled blandly. "I am in Jersey City. Give my regards to Mr. Meredith. Good-by." He was about to hang up. "Oh, one other thing," he called. "It wasn't The Hawk who was wounded that night the bloody