

THE CHAMPION of the TIGER
An Adventure of Peter Crewe—The Man with the Camera Eye
By Harold Carter

Copyright, 1924, by W. G. Chapman in the United States and Great Britain. In spite of an acquaintance which has lasted several months, I had never known that Peter Crewe was an Englishman. His accent was of that indeterminate character common to the educated class of both America and England, and I had learned very little about his antecedents, since he appeared to be wholly absorbed in his hobby of unraveling mysteries through the medium of his peculiar optical gift. That he had any interests outside this line of occupation was known to me upon the first time when going to his office to consult him relative to a client of mine. I found him reading a morning newspaper and giving vent to short and emphatic exclamations. "Did you see this?" he exclaimed. "The American fleet's midweight champion is to box our midweight champion at Coney Island tomorrow evening at eight."

that young seaman's death, and that in return for services rendered him by Egan that Chinese original had consented to cooperate with him. The slight the fire crackers had confirmed me in this belief. And if Thompson meets the English champion his death will be a foregone conclusion. "But could they not encompass his death without such a meeting?" I asked. "They could, undoubtedly. A flimsy encounter between Egan or some hired bully and Thompson would have the same result, so far as Thompson is concerned. But there would be two drawbacks to such a plan. In the first place, the survivor would probably be arrested and have to stand his trial for manslaughter. In the second place, the encounter would not be without danger to the life of the other party. Whereas in making the Englishman the innocent participant in the murder, all danger is removed so far as concerns the conspirators. I was more pleased than ever, but I knew that it was not Crewe's custom to explain his theories until the denouement. I revolved a dozen ideas in my mind. Could the Chinaman have injected some subtle poison which would be set in action only in the stress of a flimsy encounter? My speculations were cut short by my perceiving Egan prepare to move away. In his farewell of the gun man there appeared to be a glance of perfect understanding. "Follow him, Langton," whispered Crewe. "It is not essential that we know where he is going, but it is desirable in case more mischief is brewed. Do not be more than fifteen minutes, though, in any event."



He fell back and looked down at his hands stupidly.

"Here! Garçon!—Water!" he yelled. "Bring us a quart bottle of fizzy drink. And you see that the lead's cold, or I'll knock your block down!" And he banged down a fifty dollar bill upon the beer-soaked table, while the waiter ran to seize with avidity. As I lingered near Egan's sharp eyes turned on me. "Come here, bo," he yelled. "Have a drink. Gemmen, a friends. My friend, he's a Canadian, and that's about your measure. There ain't a man here I can't lick singly in fair fight." Crewe had forced his way to Thompson's side. The sailor had just been released from the tattooer's charge and was rearranging his clothes. Now, hearing these words, he sprang up glaring. "Let me get at him," he shouted. "No, no, Frank don't fight. You go to save your hands for tomorrow, Frank," cried his supporters. "Let him fight," shouted Egan. "What's the odds. It won't take many seconds to put that slab out of business. Say, do you mean what you said?" he yelled, thrusting his face within an inch of Crewe's. "I surely do, and here's to prove it," Crewe answered, and his fist shot out and caught Egan on the point of the jaw. I saw the man collapse, crumpled up, just in time to escape the attention of a body of police, who came charging with drawn clubs. "It was a foul blow, Langton," said Crewe to me on the following day. "But unquestionably it was justified for the saving of the man's life. By the way, I see that the Englishman easily defeated Thompson's substitute."

INFLUENCE OF WEST POINT
Cadet at Home Visit Surprise Young Brother and Teaches Him Good Lesson.
When Bob, our gallant West Point cadet, came home for his long furlough, he slept with 12-year-old Dick in the morning he thoroughly schooled Master Lazebnos by stripping the clothes from the bed and putting the room in good order before he came down to breakfast.

His parents and friends have noticed with amusement that the money he has earned is spent with much greater discrimination than that which is given to him.—Harper's Bazar.
Ugly Duckling Child's Favorite.
It is the plain, simple doll or toy which brings a child out and, in a sense, educates him," says Sir Lauder in the London Daily Mirror.
"Take the case of the little girl and her family of dolls. There are dolls of all kinds, but the one which is loved

most by the child is the plain, painted wooden doll with no attractions to speak of. The other dolls may be remarkably Heike and pretty, but it is this ugly duckling which stimulates her imagination. With boys the plain ball, in my opinion, is the one of the most valuable playthings. Marbles, too, is an excellent game for children. "We have paintings on record, which are about 3,600 years old, of Egyptians playing at ball. Throughout history the ball has been conspicuous as a plaything. I certainly advocate the simple doll or toy which leaves something to the imagination for young children."
Fine Mink Furs for Prize Dog.
It isn't every dog that can boast of false hair and wear two sets of fur brazenly, just as though it didn't care who knew that one of them was not its own hair. But even the grammar will grudgingly admit that there are exceptions to all rules. This time the exception is Osego Lady Jane, owned, controlled and fed by J. R. Lane.

The coat with which Lady Jane will be sleeping about in a few days is made of mink and will cost \$250. The coat is striped with dark and light mink and has 14 dangling tails. Considering the past records of Lady Jane Mr. Lane doesn't think he is doing too much for the dog.
"She wins in about every show I have exhibited her," Lane said. "She'll be a dancier in that outfit. It's a shame to hide her natural color and charm with even mink skins, but you know the wind these days is stiff."

Gunpowder. The explosives have the property of being very well tolerated by the tissues of the human body. Thompson's statement that the tattooing caused barely any irritation, the peculiar skin appearance of the scar, and the relationship existing between Egan and the Chinaman, who was connected with a firm of firecracker importers, all confirmed me in my suspicion. The plan was, undoubtedly, to let Thompson meet the Englishman, when the first hard blow that he received upon the chest would certainly have detonated the explosive and blown out the vital organs of the body, producing instant death.
"You know that when a foreign substance enters the tissues, nature, unaided to reject it, renders it harmless by encasing it. It was the fear that this encasing process might already have begun, which caused Egan to insist upon a second application.
"If the substance could have been removed, I would have confided in Thompson. But any attempt to cut out the explosive would have caused an immediate detonation. My problem, therefore, was to prevent the fight by rendering Thompson powerless without striking him upon the chest, as Egan hoped I would when he incited him to attack me. And but for that," concluded Crewe, "with a touch of pride in his tones, "I think I could have given a better account of myself in our little tussle."

"I suppose there is no chance of bringing the criminals to justice," I suggested. "Thompson would be the first to take the part of Egan. At least he ought to know the truth."

"What for?" asked Crewe. "He will be well protected in the ship's hospital, the explosive will have become encased with a few days, and Thompson will certainly inherit that legacy, Langton, he said, looking at me whimsically, you, as a lawyer, ought to know that the wise man is he who knows when to keep his mouth shut."

(Next week: "The Record on the Screen.")