Shadows of the City

By EDWIN BALMER and GENE MARKEY

PROTECTION

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Fifteen consecutive shootings, this appeal had raised in the classified columns of Chicago newspapers:

PERSONAL—If anyone knows the whereabouts of James MacLaren, twenty-two years, who left his home in Linton, Illinois on November 18 on a business trip to Chicago please communicate by telegram, charge collect, with Robert MacLaren, Linton, Illinois.

He was the son of the Hon. Robert MacLaren, who was well known in certain Illinois banker and as an member of state boards for local improvements. James, who had been living at home after finishing his course at the state university, had gone into the real estate business in Linton and was considerably cried up in it.

Through the Chicago firm of Howell and Company he had procured options upon a suburban tract of land which was rapidly increasing in value; and having formed a syndicate among his friends in Linton, he had collected thirty thousand dollars and gone to Chicago to take up his options. He had hired Howell and Company for an appointment for the afternoon of the same day upon which he left Linton, but he had never come to their offices, although he traveled through on that day, for he cashed a check for five thousand dollars at a Chicago bank.

The next morning he identified himself and cashed a check for three thousand at another bank; and in the afternoon he cashed a four-thousand dollar check.

All these drafts endorsed in his handwriting had returned in the ordinary course of business to the Linton bank; and there was little doubt that James MacLaren himself was the person who received the twelve thousand dollars in cash. Yet he never appeared at Howell and Company's office; he never wired or wrote to his family or to any of his associates in the syndicate; he was not to be found at any hotel; he gave no account of himself whatsoever, and by his non-appearance he let his very valuable options go by default.

Because he had had with him eighteen thousand dollars, his friends declared that he had been robbed and made away with; but against this was the proof that he had been free to cash checks at Chicago banks both on the day of his arrival in Chicago and on the next day.

Driving along, Bertram Durand, M. D., pondered over the telephone summons that was taking him to the South side.

Occasionally some one at a distance called him out at all for his professional skill, but because that some one thought somebody of a doctor was a Durand. Only one call fell out of these categories—the night of the storm, some weeks ago, when Kitty Hewitt, charming and bewildering girl, mistook his door for another doctor's and so succumbed herself to the bedside of Eddie Pellen, "Eddie the Dancer," notorious gunman.

That mistake brought consequences from which Doctor Durand was by no means free. Indeed, he knew he was now considered by Pellen and his friends as "on their side." So that when again they should need the services of a surgeon, Doctor Durand would be very likely to hear from them.

His call this morning, however, fell into plainly into the category of a social affair. The man who had sent for him was Harper C. Colton, whom Bertram knew by reputation. Colton was a middle-aged and rich—owner of one or two hotels in the city and much real estate.

Yet whatever had been Colton's idea, Bertram had no choice but to proceed in response to the call. Colton was a rich man, and Bertram needed patients.

On the steps a best old man, his face obscured by a battered hat pulled low and blue woolen muffler wound around his chin, was sweeping snow. The walk steps had been swept before, apparently, and recently, for scarce a down of powdery snow awaited the broom.

"Is this Mr. Colton's house?"

The best old man did not reply, but took one hand from his broom and, with a gesture of a trumpet, waved it at the door. He seemed to press it three times, Doctor Durand noticed; perhaps it was merely that age caused his hand to tremble. Yet, a sudden glimpse of the observant eyes beneath that hat long gave the doctor rather a start. It seemed to him, oddly enough, that he had met those eyes before and in no such figure as this.

But curiosity thought was interrupted by the opening of the door. A young negro, in the white coat of a housman, stood there.

"I am Doctor Durand."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Colton's expectin' you.

Inside the spacious, walnut-paneled hallway the negro took Bertram's hat and overcoat. Some one pattered in, whistling "Turkey Goggle." Then a

HINTS TO FARMERS

(Continued on Page 3)

If your sheep, calves, or pigs have a husky cough at this time of year, look out for internal worms. Treat infected animals and give them special care and feed. Put the animals on high, dry pasture, or put them up and feed dry feed. Give plenty of pure water and provide them with some kind of shade.

Sowing winter wheat on the latest safe date in the fall helps to prevent injury from the smut disease, which reduces the growth and lowers the quality of much wheat in the Central States and eastward. The seed should be thoroughly clean, graded, and treated. The soil fungus also attacks corn, and in regions where smut flourishes wheat should not be sown after corn unless the stalks are removed and the stubble plowed completely under.

In the summer, high-producing dairy cows need grain to supplement the pasture. Cows giving more than 20 pounds of milk a day should have, in addition to good pasture, 1 pound of grain to each 4 pounds of milk produced. The grain mixture, which may be corn, bran, oats, and barley, should be ground. For cows producing more than 35 pounds of milk, there should be at least one high-protein concentrate, oilseed-meal or cottonseed meal, in the grain ration.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture several years ago experimented with commercial fertilizers to discover a substance that will kill fly larvae in manure an dalso increase its fertilizing value. One-half pound each of calcium cyanamid and acid phosphate added to each bushel of manure gave a 95 per cent kill of fly larvae. Besides this mixture, its powder form is scattered evenly over the agricultural manure, mixed down with water. This mixture adds to the manure the important elements nitrogen and phosphorus.

TOOT! TOOT!

Irate Pedestrian: "Hey, why don't you blow your horn?"

Taxi Driver: "Why do you think I am—Little Boy Blue?"

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TO HONOR HEROIC DEAD AT BLUE LICKS

148th Anniversary Of Battle Will Be Celebrated On Next Tuesday, August 19

PLAN BRIEF CEREMONY

The One Hundred and Forty-Eighth Anniversary of the Battle of the Blue Licks will occur on Tuesday, August 19. For several years past this anniversary has been observed annually by large gatherings at the battlefield and the exercises have been more or less elaborate appropriate to the occasion. The beautiful monument erected by the Commonwealth on the battlefield and dedicated and consecrated in 1928, at which time a crowd estimated at some ten to fifteen thousand people, was present. Less than a similar celebration was held with great success. On account of the very severe drought that has prevailed generally throughout Central Kentucky, and in the immediate vicinity of the battlefield in particular on account of the exceedingly difficulty in procuring water for such a large number of people that might gather there, it has been thought impracticable to plan to carry out a formal program on the 19th. However, it is announced by Mrs. James Darnell, Executive Secretary of the Kentucky State Park Commission, that the anniversary will be recognized and commemorated even if only a brief program can be rendered.

Bertram hunched himself around to see better. The door was open to the swing back, and a young man Doctor Durand had never seen before stood there.

In Bertram recognized the face now. This was Eddie Pellen, Kitty Hewitt's friend, for whom Kitty had sought a doctor at the time of the Loop district shot; this was the youth whose life Doctor Durand, with the aid of himself and who had later become his enemy; this was the "Eddie" mentioned by Colton.

"Well," demanded "Eddie the Immune" in a harsh voice, "what about it?"

"What about what?" Bertram asked cautiously.

"Look here, don't you get funny!" Suddenly he slipped to the window, peering out, peered out. He chuckled again and Bertram, catching a glimpse of him, wondered too long in this house which Gramo and Colton ran with "protection" as a racket. Pellen sidled into the hall, then into the room where Bertram's sight. Whether he went upstairs or down to the cellar he could never Bertram did not know, but he was amused that somehow or other, whatever maneuver Eddie Pellen attempted, he did little time. The doors were coming.

A minute later they had arrived. The two negro servants preceded the police captain.

"Doctor Durand," answered Bertram hoarsely, getting to his feet. His knees felt shaky, and he sank into a chair. "I—was called here—professional visit."

"Who is this boy here?" pointing to the motionless figure of Eddie Pellen. "What happened? What was—"

A confusion of voices, a babble, and more blue-coated police-men came in.

"Search him for a gun," ordered Bertram