

# The THOUSANDTH WOMAN & ERNEST W. HORNING

Author of 'The AMATEUR CRACKSMAN, RAFFLES, Etc.'

ILLUSTRATIONS by O. IRWIN MYERS

## SYNOPSIS.

Cazalet, on the steamer Kaiser Fritz, homeward bound from Australia, cries out in his sleep that Henry Craven, who ten years before had ruined his father and himself, is dead and finds that Hilton Toye, who shares the stateroom with him, knows Craven and also Blanche Macnair, a former neighbor and playmate. When the daily papers come aboard at Southampton Toye reads that Craven has been murdered and calls Cazalet's dream second sight. He thinks of doing a little amateur detective work on the case himself. In the train to town they discuss the murder, which was committed at Cazalet's old home. Toye hears from Cazalet that Scruton, who had been Cazalet's friend and the scapegoat for Craven's dishonesty, has been released from prison. Cazalet goes down the river and meets Blanche.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

He had floundered to his feet as well. He was standing over her, feeling his way like a great fatuous coward, so some might have thought. But it really looked as though Blanche was not attending to what he did say; yet neither was she watching her little anglers stamped in jet upon the silvery stream, nor even seeing any more of Nelly Potts in the Australian veranda. She had come home from Australia, and come in from the river, and she was watching the open door at the other end of the old schoolroom, listening to those confounded steps coming nearer and nearer—and Cazalet was gazing at her as though he really had said something that deserved an answer.

"Why, Miss Blanche!" cried a voice. "And your old lady-in-waiting figured I should find you frown!"

Hilton Toye was already a landman and a Londoner from top to toe. He was perfectly dressed—for Bond Street—and his native simplicity of bearing and address placed him as surely and firmly in the present picture. He did not look the least bit out of it. But Cazalet did, in an instant; his old bush clothes changed at once into a merely shabby suit of despicable cut; the romance dropped out of them and their wearer, as he stood like a trussed turkey-cock, and watched a bunch of noxious flowers presented to the lady with a little gem of a natural, courteous, and yet characteristically racy speech.

To the lady, mark you; for she was one, on the spot; and Cazalet was a man again, and making a mighty effort to behave himself because the hour of boy and girl was over.

"Mr. Cazalet," said Toye, "I guess you want to know what in thunder I'm doing on your tracks so soon. It's hog-luck, sir, because I wanted to see you quite a lot, but I never thought I'd strike you right here. Did you hear the news?"

"No! What?"

There was no need to inquire as to the class of news; the immediate past had come back with Toye into Cazalet's life; and even in Blanche's presence, even in her schoolroom, the old days had flown into their proper place and size in the perspective.

"They've made an arrest," said Toye; and Cazalet nodded as though



"Mr. Cazalet," said Toye, "I guess you want to know what I'm doing on your track."

He had quite expected it, which set Blanche off trying to remember something he had said at the other house; but she had not succeeded when she noticed the curious pallor of his chin and forehead.

"Scruton?" he just asked.

"Yes, sir! This morning," said Hilton Toye.

"You don't mean the poor man?" cried Blanche, looking from one to the other.

"Yes, he does," said Cazalet gloomily. He stared out at the river, seeing nothing in his turn, though one of the anglers was actually busy with his reel.

"But I thought Mr. Scruton was still—" Blanche remembered him, remembered dancing with him; she did not like to say, "in prison."

"He came out the other day," sighed Cazalet. "But how like the police all over! Give a dog a bad name, and trust them to hunt it down and shoot it at sight!"

"I judge it's not so bad as all that in this country," said Hilton Toye. "That's more like the police theory

about Scruton, I guess, bar drawing the bead."

"When did you hear of it?" said Cazalet.

"It was on the tape at the Savoy when I got there. So I made an inquiry, and I figured to look in at the Kingston Court on my way to call upon Miss Blanche. You see, I was kind of interested in all you'd told me about the case."

"Well?"

"Well, that was my end of the situation. As luck and management would have it between them, I was in time to hear your man—"

"Not my man, please! You thought of him yourself," said Cazalet sharply.

"Well, anyway, I was in time to hear the proceedings opened against him. They were all over in about a minute. He was remanded till next week."

"How did he look?" and, "Had he a beard?" demanded Cazalet and Blanche simultaneously.

"He looked like a sick man," said Toye, with something more than his usual deliberation in answering or asking questions. "Yes, Miss Blanche, he had a beard worthy of a free citizen."

"They let them grow one, if they like, before they come out," said Cazalet, with the nod of knowledge.

"Then I guess he was a wise man not to take it off," rejoined Hilton Toye. "That would only prejudice his case, if it's going to be one of identity, with that head gardener playing lead in the witness-stand."

"Old Savage!" snorted Cazalet.

"Why, he was a dotard in our time; they couldn't hang a dog on his evidence!"

"Still," said Blanche, "I'd rather have it than circumstantial evidence, wouldn't you, Mr. Toye?"

"No, Miss Blanche, I would not," replied Toye, with unhesitating candor.

"The worst evidence in the world, in my opinion, and I've given the matter some thought, is the evidence of identity." He turned to Cazalet, who had betrayed a quickened interest in his views. "Shall I tell you why? Think how often you're not so sure if you have seen a man before or if you never have! You kind of shrink from nodding, or else you nod wrong; if you didn't ever have that feeling, then you're not like any other man I know."

"I have!" cried Cazalet. "I've had it all my life, even in the wilds; but I never thought of it before."

"Think of it now," said Toye, "and you'll see there may be flaws in the best evidence of identity that money can buy. But circumstantial evidence can't lie, Miss Blanche, if you get enough of it. If the links fit in, to prove that a certain person was in a certain place at a certain time, I guess that's worth all the oaths of all the eye-witnesses that ever saw daylight!"

Cazalet laughed harshly, as for no apparent reason he led the way into the garden. "Mr. Toye's made a study of these things," he fired over his shoulder. "He should have been a Sherlock Holmes, and rather wishes he was one!"

"Give me time," said Toye, laughing. "I may come along that way yet."

Cazalet faced him in a frame of tangled greenery. "You told me you wouldn't!"

"I did, sir, but that was before they put salt on this poor old crook. If you're right, and he's not the man, shouldn't you say that rather altered the situation?"

## CHAPTER VI.

### Voluntary Service.

"And why do you think he can't have done it?"

Cazalet had trundled the old canoe over the rollers, and Blanche was hardly paddling in the glassy strip alongside the weir. Below the lock there had been something to do, and Blanche had done it deftly and silently, with almost equal capacity and grace. It had given her a charming flush and sparkle; and, what with the sun's bare hand on her yellow hair, she now looked even bonnier than indoors, yet not quite, quite such a girl. But then every bit of the boy had gone out of Cazalet. So that hour stolen from the past was up forever.

"Why do the police think the other thing?" he retorted. "What have they got to go on? That's what I want to know. I agree with Toye in one thing. Blanche looked up quickly. "I wouldn't trust old Savage an inch. I've been thinking about him and his previous evidence. Do you realize that it's quite dark now soon after seven? It was pretty thick saying his man was bareheaded, with neither hat nor cap left behind to prove it! Yet now it seems he's put a beard to him, and next we shall have the color of his eyes!"

Blanche laughed at his vigor of phrase; this was more like the old, hot-tempered, sometimes rather overbearing Sweep. Something had made him jump to the conclusion that Scruton could not possibly have killed Mr. Craven, whatever else he might have done in days gone by. So it simply

was impossible, and anybody who took the other side would have to reckon henceforth with Sweep Cazalet.

Mr. Toye already had reckoned with him, in a little debate begun outside the old summer schoolroom at Littleford, and adjourned rather than finished at the iron gate into the road. In her heart of hearts Blanche could not say that Cazalet had the best of the argument. Toye had advanced a general principle with calm ability, but Cazalet could not be shifted from the particular position he was so eager to defend, and would only enter into abstract questions to beg them out of hand.

Blanche rather thought that neither quite understood what the other meant; but she could not blink the fact that the old friend had neither the dialectical mind nor the unflinching courtesy of the new. That being so, with her perception she might have changed the subject; but she could see that Cazalet was thinking of nothing else; and no wonder, since they were approaching the scene of the tragedy and his own old home, with each long dip of her paddle.

It had been his own wish to start upstream; but she could see the wistful pain in his eyes as they fell once more upon the red turrets and the smooth green lawn of Uplands; and she neither spoke nor looked at him again until he spoke to her.

"I see they've got the blinds down still," he said detachedly. "What's happened to Mrs. Craven?"

"I hear she went into a nursing home before the funeral."

"I expect we should find Savage somewhere. Would you very much



He Clutched Her Hand, but Only as He Might Have Clutched a Man's.

mind, Blanche? I should rather like— if it was just setting foot—with you—"

But even that effective final pronoun failed to bring any buoyancy back into his voice; for it was not in the least effective as he said it, and he no longer looked her in the face. But this all seemed natural to Blanche, in the manifold and overlapping circumstances of the case. She made for the inlet at the upper end of the lawn. And her prompt unquestioning acquiescence shamed Cazalet into further and franker explanation, before he could let her land to please him.

"You don't know how I feel this!" he exclaimed quite miserably. "I mean about poor old Scruton; he's gone through so much as it is, whatever he may have done to deserve it long ago. Is it conceivable that he should go and do a thing like this the very moment he gets out? I ask you, is it even conceivable?"

Blanche understood him. And now she showed herself golden to the core, almost as an earnest of her fitness for the fires before her.

"Poor fellow," she cried, "he has a friend in you, at any rate! And I'll help you to help him, if there's any way I can."

He clutched her hand, but only as he might have clutched a man's.

"You can't do anything; but I won't forget that," he almost choked. "I meant to stand by him in a very different way. He'd been down to the depths, and I'd come up a bit; then he was good to me as a lad, and it was my father's partner who was the ruin of him. I seemed to owe him something, and now—now I'll stand by him whatever happens and—whatever has happened!"

Then they landed in the old, old inlet. Cazalet knew every knot in the post to which he tied Blanche's canoe.

It was a very different place, this Uplands, from poor old Littleford on the lower reach. The grounds were five or six acres instead of about one, and a house in quite another class stood farther back from the river and very much farther from the road.

The inlet began the western boundary, which continued past the boat-house in the shape of a high hedge, a herbaceous border (not what it had been in the old days), and a gravel path. This path was screened from the lawn by a bank of rhododendrons, as of course were the back yard and kitchen premises, past which it led into the front garden, eventually debouching into the drive. It was the path along which Cazalet led the way this afternoon, and Blanche at his heels was so struck by something that she could not help telling him he knew his way very well.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Diplomacy.

"Look here, Charlie," said one young underdog to another, who had been asked to run his eye over a letter which his friend had written to his father, in which there was the inevitable request for money, "you're spelled j-u-g-u-g!" "I know," said Charlie; "but you see I need the cash, and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on airs. That's how he spells it."

## INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE IS "COMING BACK"



Three Major League Veterans Now With Minor Organizations.

(By ED G. BARROW, President of the International Baseball League.)

The International league is "coming back" this season. Its prospects have not been so bright for a long, long time.

The war is over, confidence is restored and the baseball conditions are normal again. Of course, the war caused us some suffering but it won't be long before our organization will be back on the same high plane as before the advent of the "outlaws."

The 1916 make-up of the league will be the same as in the old days—a compact circle made up of the best cities in the East. And so we all are more than hopeful that brighter days have come.

The return to Newark and Baltimore is gratifying. I am confident that before the season is over the fans in both cities will be completely satisfied with the brand of baseball they will get.

James Price and Fred Tenney, the new owners of the Newark club, have made themselves popular by announcing that they will have no major league connections. Another popular move was the decision to play the games in Newark instead of in Harrison. Jack Dunn always gave Baltimore baseball of major league caliber, and with no opposition there this season he is bound to win the fans back to the support of his Orioles.

Richmond no doubt will make a much better showing in the way of attendance this season. "Billy" Smith is a shrewd and capable manager, and his hustling qualities will make him popular with the fans. I

## HANK GOWDY IS ONE OF "13"

Boston Backstop Got His Start in Major League With Giants—Lasted Less Than a Year.

Hank Gowdy, the Boston backstop, got his major league start with the New York Giants on September 13, 1910, when he covered first base in a game in which the Pirates opposed the McGraw clan. Gowdy's record in the field was ten putouts, one assist and one error. At the bat he didn't get a hit in three times up, the de-



Hank Gowdy.

livery of "Babe" Adams being too baffling for the future star of the Beaneaters.

Gowdy was bought by the Giants from the Dallas club of the Texas league, and had previously played with Lancaster, in the Ohio State league. Hank stuck with the Giants less than a year, and in July, 1911, McGraw swapped him to the Braves for Charley Herzog. His work at the initial bag didn't make much of an impression on Stallings, and he shipped him off to Buffalo, where he was put behind the bat, and soon became the star backstop of the international circuit. Hank was recalled to the Boston club at the close of the international season.

look for the Virginians to have a very successful season all around.

The change to local ownership has stirred things up in Providence, and the fans no doubt will rally to the support of "Billy" Draper, the new owner of the club, who is very popular throughout Rhode Island.

President Chapin of Rochester made a ten-strike when he secured little Tommy Leach to manage the Hustlers. Tommy has always shown that he possesses managerial ability by the way he has gone about building up a team for his new boss. The "midget" undoubtedly will be just as big a favorite in the International league as he was in the big show.

Pat Donovan and his champions should have a banner season in Buffalo, now that they have the field all to themselves there.

The large number of Canadians that have gone to the war front has made baseball conditions in Toronto and Montreal a little uncertain. However, the people of Canada are great lovers of outdoor sports, and they no doubt will patronize the ball games liberally. Baseball is about the only form of outdoor amusement left in Canada that has not been seriously affected by the European war. Joe Birmingham at Toronto and Dan Howley at Montreal, are both clever and experienced managers, and are backed by real sportsmen, who have shown their liberality and gameness on many occasions in the past.

All things considered, the outlook for the International league is very encouraging.

## BASEBALL STORIES

The White Sox will not wear dark blue road uniforms this year.

Ray Chapman declares the Indians have one of the best infields in the game.

Leo Grim of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to be president of the new Lancaster club of the Atlantic league.

Otto Jordan, member of Campan's Bing 1902 team, has retired from baseball and is selling automobiles.

Pitcher Harry Harper of the Senators, has shown wonderful improvement since rounding into form.

It is Manager Fohl's intention to carry only two utility infielders and but one extra outfielder this season.

Mike O'Neill, the hustling manager of the Syracuse team of the New York State league, now has seven pitchers on his staff.

Billy Hamilton seems to have the Worcester fans with him. He says he plans to cut out the groucho stuff, once his specialty.

Johnny Lavan, who played shortstop for the Browns for several years, is apt to beat out Ernie Johnson, who went to the Browns from the Feds.

"Honus" Wagner during his entire career has never been a holdout. When a guy becomes so profligate that he writes his own contracts it's not necessary to hold out.

Roger Bresnahan thinks he cannot operate a team successfully with only 15 players and he has started a move to have the American association team limit increased to 17.

Most ball players in the big leagues are superstitious. Jack Fournier feels he is losing a base hit when he passes a cripple without giving him something. The big Frenchman loves his base hits, which is a good thing for the cripples.

## 'THIEVER' FINALLY OUT

Three Assists Required to Retire Man Stealing Base.

Throw From Catcher Hits Pitcher on Head, Shortstop Catches It and Nips Runner at Third—How Scorer Figured It Out.

Claude Berry, former catcher for the Pittsburgh Feds, tells this one:

"One day while I was catching for the Dallas (Tex.) team a runner on first started to steal second. I pegged toward the base but our pitcher—Walker—had moved out of the box after he delivered the ball, and walked into the throw.

"The ball hit Walker on top of the head, and as Walker dropped to the ground the ball bounded high in the air. The runner had reached second by that time, and not seeing the ball in play raced for third. But our shortstop saw the ball, caught it as it came down and whipped it to third in time to put out the runner.

"The official scorer credited three men with an assist. He gave me an assist because I had made the original throw, he gave one to the pitcher, because his head had deflected the ball to the shortstop, and, of course, he gave one to the shortstop for making the throw to third."

Berry, by the way, is believed to be the only catcher who jumped into a grandstand after a foul ball and caught it. He performed the trick when he was in San Francisco in 1908.

Berry's other claim to fame is that during the season of 1908-1909 in California—covering a straight stretch of 12 months—he caught 34 games, while with the San Francisco team. That means he worked nearly every day for a year.

## WILL HELP GIANT OUTFIELD

Roush Starts at Crack of Bat and Judgment of Fly Balls Is Uncanny—Also Hard Hitter.

Eddie Roush, who came from the Federal league with Bennie Kauff, is bound to prove a big help to the Giant outfield.

He is a hard hitter and a remarkable fielder. He starts at the crack of



Eddie Roush.

the bat and his judgment of fly balls is uncanny.

He was a holdout for a while, but he finally came to terms with the New York club.

## WILLIE KEELER AS MANAGER

Former New York Yankee Star to Have Charge of Allentown Club in Pennsylvania League.

Willie Keeler is to don the spangles once more. Wee Willie, one-time wonder with the bat and in the outfield, has been signed to manage the Allentown club of the Pennsylvania State league. Keeler has not been active in baseball since he left the New York Yankees. He was coach with the Superbas for a while and did some scouting work, but in the main he attended pretty strictly to real estate business in Brooklyn. Keeler was approached with what looked like a good proposition in Allentown, where it is understood he will have a financial interest in the club. Willie's advent as a manager will be watched with great interest.

## MONEY TIED UP IN BASEBALL

Interesting Comparison Is Made by Secretary Langtry of American Bowling Congress.

It is said that \$34,000,000 is tied up in baseball in this country. Secretary Langtry of the American Bowling Congress offers an interesting comparison between the money invested in the national sport and in bowling.

He says there are more than 200,000 bowling alleys in the United States, and each one represents an average cost of \$500, barring pins, balls and rent, in the event the manager does not own his own building.

This would make a total of \$100,000,000 in alleys alone, with \$1,000,000 for pins, considering that each alley had only one set of pins. Most of them have five or more and the nominal cost of a set is \$5.