

THE ROBBING OF BURKE

By LAURENCE D. YOUNG

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They were on the far turn, now, with Diavolo and Gretchen, split favorites, out in front, and Lady Grace, her jockey, Robson, rating her nicely, back an easy length, while the pack trailed out behind. Burke liked his bet on Lady Grace better than ever. For the last eight months he had watched the work of this good little daughter of the peerless Lord Quex, until now he thought he knew pretty certain what she could do and when she could do it.

At the six-furlong post Gretchen, under whip, weakened, and there was nothing for Grace to beat but the big black Diavolo, who, at his best and out to win, was racing up the stretch like a whirlwind. Robson with the filly challenged in the last sixteenth, and the black, worn down by making pace throughout the long trip, responded for a few yards, but could not stall off the final push of the flying Lady Grace, who came home by a safe lead.

A short time later, as Richard Roscommon Burke stuffed the comfortable bundle of yellow bills into his pocket, he thought: "These western tracks are right for me."

After a season of continuous misfortune at Gravesend and Sheephead, Burke had gathered together what little remained of his fluctuating capital, told his circle of intimates at the Metropost that he was going to try his luck in pastures new, and betook himself to Cincinnati, arriving at that city for the opening of the fall meeting at Latonia.

Whether it was the change of scene, or that he knew the horses to better advantage, or that his happy star was in the ascendant, he could not say, but now, after four days of racing, as he told Matthews, who wrote "turf" for the Cincinnati Investigator, he was "on his feet again." During the journey from the track to the city his mind was mainly occupied with the thought of his winnings and how he could bring them to double and treble their present size.

As he was entering his hotel it occurred to him that he had a great deal too much money in his pocket to safely carry around, especially that night, when he was going to dine with Matthews and some of their friends in common, and so he stopped at the desk and asked the clerk if he would put his winnings in the safe.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Burke," replied that gentleman, "but the combination of our safe is out of order and it won't lock, although they are working at it now. I can put the money in the cash-drawer, if you like."

A glance at this somewhat flimsy contrivance convinced Burke that it would never do as a receptacle for anything of his, so he said he would take care of his property himself. He went up to his room trying to think of some hiding place for the roll, and put it under the rug.

It made a hump plainly perceptible from anywhere in the room, but in moving the rug he noticed a board which seemed to be loose. With the aid of his cane he pried it out, and having placed the money in a large white envelope, dropped it into the boxlike compartment revealed.

Hearing someone coming, he hastily stamped down the board and threw the rug back over the spot he had molested. The person passed his door without stopping, and Burke shortly afterward went to join Matthews and his friends.

In the course of a most agreeable dinner a question arose as to the achievements of a certain horse, and Burke, saying he had a racing form in his room and could prove his assertion, went up to get the book.

No sooner did he enter the room than he saw that a corner of the rug was turned back in such a way that he felt sure he had not left it so. Had some one been at his money? In feverish haste he tore up the board and looked into the hole. The envelope was gone!

According to the elevator boy only one person had been on that floor since Burke went down, and that was a man with a black beard who had taken a room that afternoon. No, he hadn't come down yet, said the boy, in answer to Burke's query.

His thoughts were interrupted just then by a slight noise like the click of a telephone in the next room, and then a man's voice saying:

"Is this the clerk? I won't be able to stay here tonight, as I expected, and I would like to know when the next train south leaves. Oh, well, I'll have to hurry. Will you send me one for my baggage?"

Another click told the listener the conversation was over.

So he wasn't going to stay, as he had intended, thought Burke, and he would have to hurry if he was going to go south by the next train; well, he'd have to go fast if he was going to get away with that money. It was now or never, decided Scarlet Burke, and the longest kind of a chance on a clear bluff might win. After slipping a revolver into his outside coat pocket, he knocked on the door of room 368.

"Who's there?" came from the inside. "Did you ring for a porter, sir?" asked Burke.

A bolt slid back, and Burke opened the door to find a tall, strong-looking man with black hair and beard facing the opposite end of the room and point-

ing toward a suitcase and a valise, saying:

"Get them down and have a carriage—He stopped, for Burke had rebolted the door and was steadily looking into his eyes.

"I want the money you took," he said decisively.

"Have you notified the police?" anxiously demanded the man.

"No."

"Will you swear not to do anything before morning if I give back the money at once?" he asked.

"Yes," said Burke, so glad at the idea of recovering his lost wealth that he was prepared to make any concession to get it.

The now delighted Burke gave himself up to the pleasure of counting his regained treasure, but in a few moments he whistled from sheer astonishment at the turn his affairs had taken. Whereas in his own envelope there had been a trifle over \$2,000, the money the man had given him amounted to exactly \$6,500!

Scarlet Burke had never been distinguished for valor as an early riser, and it was quite late on the following morning, after he had told the police of his loss and while he was making a leisurely breakfast, that in his morning paper he came across this piece of news:

SAYS IT WAS HIS PARTNER.

"On complaint of Arthur Corbin of Norwalk, O., detectives from headquarters late last night arrested Renfrew Burns, a real estate dealer of this city at his home in Norwalk. The charge is grand larceny, and the complaint states that Burns sold property on Vine street belonging to Mr. Corbin to the value of \$6,500, and that when Mr. Corbin arrived at the city yesterday and asked Burns for his money the latter told him his partner had absconded with it.

"Subsequent to his arrest Burns admitted that he had handled the property of Mr. Corbin, and that knowing Mr. Corbin was coming to the city yesterday, he had drawn the proceeds of the sale from the bank and put the package into the safe in his office.

"He says that Alexander Stewart, who as a partner conducted a branch of the real estate business in Cleveland, and who was at the office to meet Mr. Corbin, whom he had never seen, and to discuss an extension of their business, took the money.

"He claims that when he went to lunch he left his partner looking over some papers in the safe, and that upon his return he could find no trace of either Stewart or the money.

"Burns describes the man as being tall and large in figure, with dark hair, beard and eyes, and of a swarthy complexion, but as none of his associates had ever heard of Burns having a partner, and as he can produce no witness to bear out his story, the police are inclined to doubt the identity of this Stewart, although upon Burns' description a general message was sent out for his detention.

"Burns said he never mentioned Stewart here, as their idea was to interest more capital separately in each city and to publicly consolidate afterward."

By telephoning to police headquarters he learned that the complaining Mr. Corbin was at a near-by hotel. The getting rid of \$6,500 proved to be an even simpler matter here than at the race tracks, to which Mr. Burke was accustomed.

Burns' fervent "God bless you, sir," was worth a great deal to Burke, but it didn't help much when, on account of his straitened circumstances, he had to tell the hotel clerk that he would give up his room.

These reflections were permanently interrupted by what he saw on entering his room to gather together his belongings. There on the table in the middle of the room was a familiar looking white envelope, fat and bulging.

Burke jumped for it, and sure enough it contained his money just as he had left it. He sat down thinking he must be crazy. At that instant a knock sounded on his door, and in answer to his "Come in," a maid appeared.

"I stumbled over some loose boards in the floor here this morning, and when I was fixing them I found that under one of them," said she, pointing to the big envelope, which had fallen to the floor. "Does it belong to you?"

"Yes," answered Burke. "How many loose boards did you say there were in the floor?"

"Two. This one and this one," she replied, picking up the rug and indicating the board Burke had lifted and the one next to it. When she threw the rug back into place a corner rolled up, and it appeared as it had when it startled Burke upon his coming in and noticing it the night before.

He took one of the notes from the roll and gave it to her, saying: "Take this and get something nice to make up for hurting yourself on the floor."

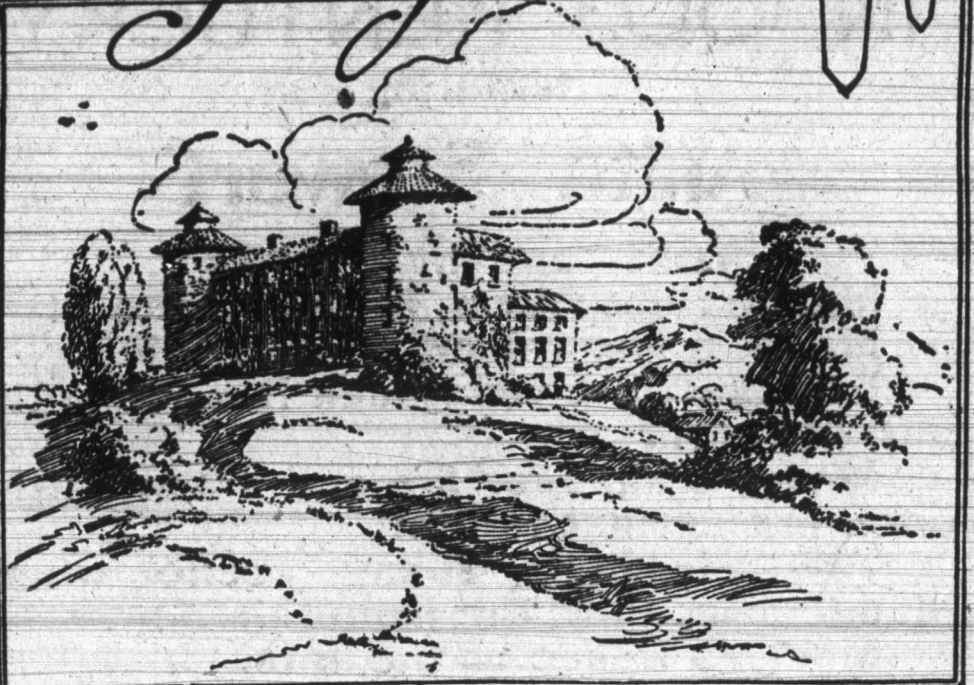
"But—" the girl started to say, gasping in amazement at the denomination of the bill.

"That's all right. Don't say any more about it," and she left with profuse expressions of gratitude.

It was very easy to understand. He had picked up the first loose board he had come to, and of course there was nothing under it, because the money was under the next one.

Ten minutes later, to Scarlet Burke the adventure was a matter of ancient history, for as he slung on his field-glasses and whistling with characteristic optimism of his class, started for the elevator, he was thinking of Matthews' tip that Invincible had been saved for the day's stake race and would surely be in at a good price.

Birthplace of Lafayette



Chateau de Chavagnac.

BEFORE daylight on the morning of September 6, 1918, there was an unusual amount of bustle and stir in the little town of Aubiere, a suburb of Clermont-Ferrand, the capital of the department of Puy-de-Dome, in one of the most historic regions of France—the ancient province of Auvergne, says the Christian Science Monitor. What was the occasion which produced all this early morning excitement? Surely no call to battle or no signal to go over the top, because the actual horrors of the world war never extended into this sleepy corner of south-central France; and the American regiment quartered hereabouts was merely passing through the last stages of its preliminary training prior to its triumphant moment of action upon the heights of the Meuse, which occurred during the last days of the war.

It was the one hundred and sixth anniversary of the birth of the great Lafayette, and the regimental band of Col. Arthur S. Conklin's Three Hundred and Third heavy field artillery regiment had been invited to share with a few American army officers the honor of representing the American expeditionary forces—yes, the United States of America—at the birthplace and the early home of the great hero who aided so much in the work of winning its independence as a nation. The last bandsman had returned from the early breakfast served in the village square of Aubiere, and with his instrument had joined the crowd already climbing into the huge army motor trucks drawn up before the band's billet.

As the first rays of the dawn appeared, and the procession of Aubiere's peasants commenced from the crooked alleyways of the town to the surrounding fields and vineyards, the trucks moved out of the village and over the hill toward Clermont.

After the brief ride through the thoroughfares of the city of Clermont-Ferrand, which was just awakening to the day's activities, the bandsmen arrived at the commodious railway station where specially reserved cars on the morning train south awaited them. After the sun was up the train ambled out of Clermont and was soon making its way leisurely through the colorful Auvergne country.

The Setting Supreme.

The day proved to be perfect, warm, and clear; the views from the car windows were entrancing, and the "mademoiselles" tending the gates at each crossing waved their greetings to the groups of young Yankee soldiers which filled the windows of each compartment in the train. The landscape was dotted here and there with the picturesque red-roofed villages, from the center of which rose the gray stone church towers; the countryside seemed to be an immense vineyard filled with endless acres of grapevines; and the mountain peaks, now extinct volcanoes, stood out in bold relief against the clear blue sky like sentinels. Occasionally an old castle ruin frowned upon the travelers from some overhanging cliff or neighboring hillside.

After a ride of three hours, the train passed into the department of Haute Loire and made a short stop at Brionde, where many gayly-dressed country folk with their lunch baskets boarded the cars. A few moments later, the train reached the little village of Paulhaguet, where the order sounded to detain. After much hurrying and scurrying about at the little way-station, many vehicles of every sort and description were pressed into service for the transportation of the men to their destination. Some rode in autos, some in carriages, and a bass tuba player with his immense instrument was obliged to ride on the front seat of an outlandish coupe, by the side of the driver. The horse was not feet-footed; and the tuba player reached the Chateau de Lafayette nearly an hour later than the other bandsmen, who had watched the great bell of his brass horn dazzling in the sun's rays, slowly making its way up the mountain road several miles below.

Fine Ride to Old Castle.

And what a ride it was! what superb scenery and glorious country, picturesque, mountainous! It seemed difficult to believe that a land of such overwhelming beauty in summer could

in winter be transformed into a wild, bleak region known as the Siberia of France. It was a great day for the young Americans; a most delightful diversion from the daily routine in Aubiere, marching drills and drills in the uncomfortable gas masks, band rehearsals, parades, and reviews, and evening band concerts in the town square.

The Chateau de Chavagnac Lafayette stands upon the crest of a lofty eminence commanding a magnificent view of the beautiful Auvergne country; miles and miles of verdant fields and woods stretched far away to a distant horizon flanked with long ranges of majestic hills and mountains. The grounds of the chateau are spacious and attractive, and the little village of Chavagnac adjoins the estate on one side, while the other three sides are open to the distant view. The old castle itself, flanked on two sides with large round towers, presents a strikingly medieval appearance; long rows of French windows are built across the upper portion of the front of the building, and large portholes are seen on each side of the small main doorway.

The castle was built in the fourteenth century, burned in 1701 and rebuilt, as nearly like the original as possible, before Lafayette's birth, on September 6, 1757. The family records date back to the year 1000, when "a certain man by the name of Motier acquired an estate called Villa Faya, and thereafter he became known as Motier de la Fayette," according to Martha Foote Crow in her biography of Lafayette.

The great hero is a direct descendant of Pons Motier and the noble Alix Brun de Champetieres who were married in 1240, and according to the old parish register in Chavagnac Lafayette's full name was Monseigneur Marie-Joseph-Paul-Yves-Roch-Gilbert Dumotier de Lafayette. Here, in this grim old castle, the Marquis de Lafayette spent the first 11 years of his life; and in later years the hero returned to his birthplace after his triumphant career in America and lived here for a time with his family. He instituted various kinds of reforms on his estate and in the villages adjoining; and all of the work for the people of his native town was for their betterment, their enlightenment, and emancipation. The peasantry were greatly attached to him.

The later years of Lafayette were spent at his wife's estate, La Grange, 40 miles east of Paris.

The latter part of the forenoon of this anniversary day in 1918 was spent in looking over the estate and neighboring village. The bandsmen were conducted through the chateau, saw Lafayette's own room and what few relics are to be seen, including a peculiar looking article of furniture designated as his bathtub. Many of the American boys wandered through the quaint, picturesque village, visited the venerable parish church and purchased beautiful lace work made by the women of the town to send home to their friends.

Crowds of French people arrived on the scene with their lunches, making the affair an out-of-door picnic, as is their usual custom. At noon a sumptuous dinner was served to the bandsmen in the chateau itself, and in the afternoon the celebration took place on the broadly-sweeping lawn in front.

It was a brilliant scene. The band rendered a splendid concert, and its leader, Arthur Shepherd, was presented with a bouquet. In reply to the presentation speech Mr. Shepherd thanked the donors and expressed the honor which he and his men felt at being present at such an event. Many distinguished people, including French and American army officers, were there. Later in the day the bandsmen were conveyed back to Paulhaguet, where they boarded the train as the sun was setting over the hills, and reached Aubiere late in the evening with the beautiful day a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

Kept Guessing.

"When you see a man doing some fool stunt on the street nowadays," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "you can never tell whether he's doing it on a bet or is working for some moving-picture concern."

PARIS CLINGS TO MODE THAT SUITS

Lines of Gowns Straight Instead of Puffed Out, According to Edict.

TAFFETA GROWING IN FAVOR

Popularity of Fabric Indicates That It Will Be Favorite for Spring Wear; Guaranteed to Give Reasonable Service.

The latest fashion in Paris—to which the eyes of persons interested in dress persist in turning in spite of what America now has to offer of its own—include many useful hints to the woman who has still to think of winter clothes, states a leading fashion correspondent. In the first place, Paris fashions are apt to indicate what our fashions will be a season or two hence, and, in these days of the high cost of everything, if one must buy a frock now, it is only good sense to see that it is the sort of thing that is to be instead of what has been or is ceasing to be.

One important assertion from a Paris fashion authority is that the lines of the gowns that the Parisians have accepted for the winter are straight instead of being puffed out in places. The further the season advances, she states, the more evident it becomes that the pannier silhouette is not so popular, at least in Paris, as it was expected it might be. For an astonishing number of seasons that have trailed into years the straight silhouette has been the thing in Paris, and it looks as though the French woman is determined to hang on to a mode which so well becomes her.

Keeping Clear of Extremes. The Parisian, too, in her dressing is keeping clear of any extremes in fashion. She has always done this more or less, and she is still holding to the rule that her style once discovered must be clung to rather than changed merely for change's sake. The straight silhouette seems to suit the majority of them. They all love it and keep on wearing it. We in this country are taking up the style more and more as time goes on. Within its limitations there are many variations possible. An infinite variety of the gowns can be designed without depending upon the idea of straightness.

Sleeves in Paris are still short—very short, in fact—there being no disposition to halfway measures. If they are not very short, they are long and tight and reach over the hands, fitting snugly all the way down. Skirts, too, are as short as they were at the fall openings, which means not almost knee length, as they were in the summer, but a good 11 or 12 inches from the ground to hem.

Coats are medium length and are trimmed sparingly with fur. Some-



Dress of Black Taffeta and Monkey Fur From Madeleine et Madeleine.

times the fur is used to give a slightly exaggerated hip line as it finishes the lower edge of a coat. Then again it is employed only for a tiny collar fitting the neck snugly.

Trimming in Moderation.

The trimmings on the Parisian midwinter frocks are gorgeous and beautiful, but rather sparingly used. Little strips of gilded trimming edge necks and sleeves in clever fashion, and sometimes these edges are repeated on pocket flaps or on the edges of long slit pockets. Fringe is almost extinct, but there are bits of it seen on the ends of flapping panels or to trim the abbreviated evening skirt of an otherwise tightly fitting gown. Embroidery is more fashionable than ever, though when the French do it they lean, especially just now, to rather inconspicuous strips rather than to large and heavy banding.

Taffeta is fast growing in favor, and every day from the couturiers come new models made of this material. This would seem to indicate the popularity of taffeta for spring wear in our own country. Taffetas now are soft and pliable, and they are

guaranteed, too, to wear reasonably well, so that the purchase of them does not mean the taking of any very desperate chances.

One of the very latest of taffeta models is from Madeleine et Madeleine, a house which is the recent rage of Paris. The color is black and the stripes across the front are little tucks run in by fine hand stitches. Then there is a plaited frill of the taffeta about the neck, tied with a ribbon woven in bright green and gold threads. The overskirt, low in front and high at back, is edged with a deep fringe of monkey fur. The sleeves in this model are short and puffed.

The Parisian Waist Line.

The basque on this frock is one of the new decrees of Paris. It does not reach as low a line as basques of the past few months have done.



Street Frock of Black Velours. Skirt and Bodice Piped in Faile.

It drops just an inch or two below the normal waist line and fits rather snugly into the waist where it wrinkles slightly at the sides. All the Paris reports received in the last few weeks state that this is growing to be the waist line more and more accepted by Parisians themselves.

Another new French taffeta gown is made in shades of taupe, dark and light. The foundation skirt, a little bit fuller at the sides than it is at the back and front, is made of the darker shades and so are the little, tight, short sleeves. Then there is one of those basque waists that have just been described. This is made of the lighter shade, as are also the straight panels which fall over the skirt at back and front. There is an embroidered medallion on the front of the bodice at the waistline and one on each of the lower ends of the panels, this being done in threads of the darker shade of taupe with some gold threads intermingled. Plaited taffetas and satins and serges continue to be created and worn to a large extent in Paris. There are plaited skirts with plain basques, and there are whole plaited dresses in taffeta with only a fold of the dress's material at the neck to finish the thing off.

Modest Evening Dresses.

Evening dresses in Paris are, according to reports, taming their ways very materially. Recently at a huge reception where all of the smart people in Paris were gathered the evening gowns were of the simplest and most unadorned type. In spite of all that has been heard of the low back or nothing at all in the back mode, the necks were only moderately low. The skirts were only moderately short.

Sashes of all sorts and descriptions are important parts of the later season evening gowns. They are used by the French literally to make a gown, for on the lines of the sash, the color and the manner of arrangement depends the effect of the finished creation. On a black charmeuse evening gown, interestingly draped to follow the line of the figure, a wide sash made of cloth of gold is wound about the low waist line, tied in a huge knot at the left side back and its ends lined with golden chiffon and tipped by weighty gold tassels hanging almost to the hem of the garment. Indeed, one end hangs below the hem.

Charming French Hats.

French hats for the mid-season are as plain as ever and so charming that it is hard to tell just why. For one reason they manage to fit the wearers most astonishingly. They are shaped as an adjunct to her features and as an accent to the other parts of her attire. The little, draped turbans that turn away from the face and slouch over the ears are the popular favorites.

One of the draped velvet hats peculiarly French in the way it carries out the lines of the face is in dark blue and has for its trimming two bunches of a few coque feathers each, and they stream out over each ear in the most unstudied and careless fashion. Draped oriental turbans made of the most gorgeous of old and new brocades are much in demand.