

# Still Waters

By Frederic F. Van de Water

## The Story Thus Far:

RICHARD YORK of Aristides, N. Y., is accused of the murder of his uncle, Adrian York. Circumstantial evidence against him is damningly complete. Driven to desperation by the venomous brutality of Chief of Police Clow, Richard breaks free and finds refuge in the attic of a deserted cabin in the mountains. He sees a load of liquor delivered by airplane and stored in the cabin, and hears arrangements made for its disposal. Convinced that the bootleggers are responsible for his uncle's murder, he sends an urgent message to Desire Minot, formerly his fiancée and daughter of the district attorney, to send State Trooper Tarleton to him. Desire and Tarleton arrive together. As they enter the cabin they are held up by a bootlegger, left to guard the liquor. Richard, dropping from the attic, overpowers the man, but in so doing badly wrenches his ankle. Tarleton recognizes in their prisoner Skeen, former top sergeant of the troop of state police to which he belongs. Skeen has taken to drugs. Unable to move Richard in his motorcycle, Tarleton leaves him in the custody of Desire and starts for town with Skeen. A few moments later Desire and Richard see men closing in on them from the woods. . . .

Meanwhile in Aristides Ehud Meister, secret confederate of Chief Clow in bootlegging and his rival for the affection of Rose Michaux, has been murdered in his speakeasy. Clow tries to pin the guilt on "Dip" Tucket, trouble-shooter for the liquor syndicate, who has been sent to Aristides to adjust an open feud between Meister and McGrogan. Captain Wilgus, Clow's assistant and the secret partner of McGrogan, turns suspicion upon his chief. In Clow's pockets are found a watch and checks belonging to Meister. He confesses the murder and is taken away, leaving Wilgus in charge.

## VII

AT THE door of police headquarters District Attorney Minot lingered and spoke beneath his breath to Captain Wilgus.

"I don't suppose we should have held the Michaux woman? She won't try to get away?"

"She can't," Wilgus returned with oily alacrity. "I got a man trailin' her right now."

"Good," Minot nodded abstractedly. "We have, of course, her affidavit, anyway. What about him?"

He looked at the freckled man in the rumpled and drying checked suit who sat expressionless in the corner, a cigarette pasted on impassive lips.

"What about him?" the district attorney asked again, vaguely, with a hint of appeal in his tired eyes. Wilgus spoke with hearty briskness:

"Whatever you say, D. A. I'm here to follow orders. Personally, I think the little guy was framed, cold, by that big crook."

Minot nodded agreement. "Yes," he acknowledged. "So it appears to me. Only after what has happened—"

He glanced through the open door at the car that waited by the steps. The fat sergeant sat behind its wheel. Beside Conway in the tonneau, loomed the apathetic bulk of Stephen Clow.

"A thing like this is a shock, Captain," said Minot. "I always believed in the chief."

"Yeh," Wilgus acknowledged with faint malevolence. "You didn't know him as well as I did. I been watchin' him quite a while. Yes, sir."

MINOT put on his hat, and glanced again at Tucket's scarecrow figure. "Use your own judgment about him," he directed and left.

"Yes, sir," the captain called after him. "I won't overlook a trick. You can bet on that, D. A."

Minot seated himself beside the chief, who seemed unaware of his presence. The car slid away. Wilgus watched it with sluggish glee and turned at length to the silent room behind him. With his back against the door, he regarded Tucket a long moment in silence. "Well, Fixit?" he said at last.

Tucket grinned wryly and retorted, "Well, Chief?"

"Sooner you get outa town the better for everybody," Wilgus drawled. "Nothing but grief since you landed here."

"Ain't it the truth?" Tucket said composedly. "I better tip Izzy before I go."

Faint worry clouded the captain's swarthy face.

"That's a funny thing," he confessed. "I phoned him ten minutes back, when I went to the drug store for salts to calm down that yowlin' jane. An' nobody answered. Nobody."

"Maybe that other trooper's took 'em all," Dip snickered, picking his belongings up from the desk top.

"Yeh," Wilgus grinned derisively. "Him? That mob?" He stretched luxuriously so that his flabby body strained against his buttoned jacket, and gorged with satisfaction returned jackal-like, to its source.

"Can you imagine," he ruminated aloud, "a sap like that big bull, Clow? Kills a man, tries to pin it on you an' alla while has evidence to burn himself in his clothes. All beef an' no brains."

A grimace grooved Tucket's face into welts of sophistication. His ruddy eyes glittered with reminiscent pride.

"He had a idea," he granted with dramatic indifference. "Only, it didn't work. He picked the wrong guy to run it on—Mr. Tucket, who's a very good man."

"Idea," Wilgus returned. "Huh. Idea! Crazy over that noisy, fat broad. That was his idea. I had that guy right since before they made him chief over my head. A heel. That's all. Kills Meister an' walks around with his roll in his pants. Hell."

"He didn't have that roll," the little man confessed, his face impassive, his eyes glittering with devilish self-complacency. "I had."

WILGUS stared and then grunted skeptically.

"The trouble with you, Chief, is that you didn't give the big boy credit," Tucket continued generously. "He killed Meister but he knew Meister was set to bleat. He took Meister's watch an' he planted it on me back there in the cell. He thought I was out when he knocked me down. Instead of shovin' that watch in my pants, he ought to of gone through me. Whew, he had me wingin'."

The rumpled little man seemed to delight in the captain's blank bewilderment.

"You was down there," Wilgus said slowly at last. "To Meister's? After he done it? What for?"

Tucket chuckled and tried to jerk the creases out of a coatsleeve. His face for an instant was shadowed by past terror.

"I was," he conceded. "And him layin' dead in his office alla while an' I didn't know it. I cleaned out his cash register. Well, he'd been holdin' out on the works, hadn't he? An' when Clow pinched me, boy, I like to die right there. He had me right an' didn't know it. No wonder I run. An' on top of that, the big ham planted the watch on me."

"But—but—" Wilgus stammered in complete bewilderment.

"But—but," the little man mimicked with a leer. "But—but he didn't give me credit. He makes this play to search me in here, see? I jump him an' while he's trying to wring my neck, I—"

He paused and flexed his long fingers with satisfaction.

"I plant the watch back on him," he concluded with the meek look of one who recognizes a triumph too great to require emphasis, "an' I give him the roll I'd gone off with, too."

"Why,"—Wilgus gasped and slowly recovered speech—"you dirty little crook!"

Tucket ducked his head in acknowledgment of the tribute.

"Only when I'm crowded," he amended. "I've learnt a lot in my day and I ain't forgot none of it. I wisht, though, that dried-up D. A. hadn't taken that roll for evidence, I—"

HE HALTED. Wilgus had crossed the room hurriedly and was peering from a window. He spoke over his shoulder:

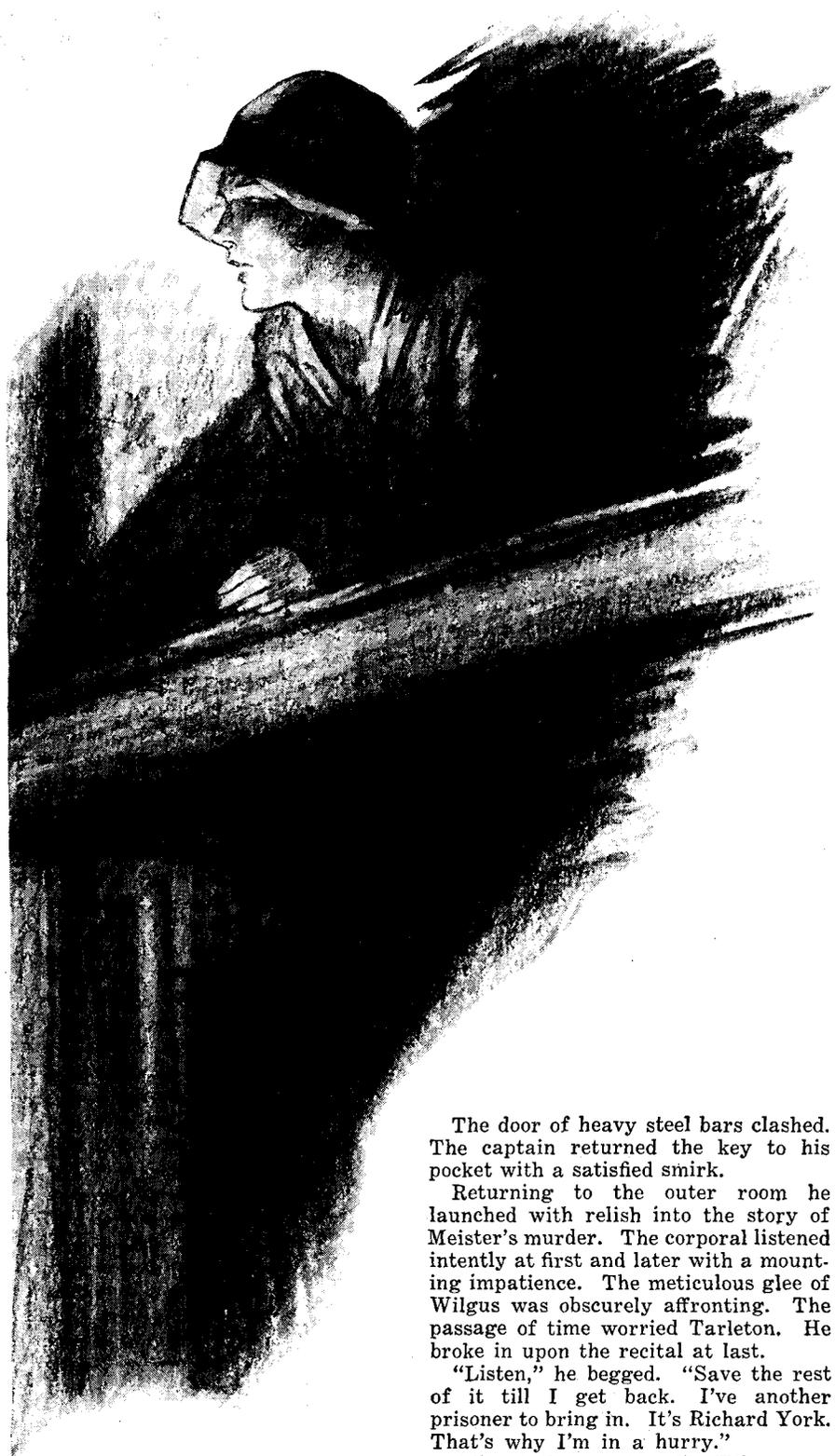
"Here's that other damn' trooper an' someone with him. Out that back door, fella. An' keep goin'."

"Yeh," Tucket agreed. "So long—"

The light glittered on the pistol, drawn and ready in his right hand, and shone upon a face peering down through the empty stairwell

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr





character, material witness, carrying a gun. Suit yourself. Just hold him for me."

"D. A.'s chauffeur, ain't he?" Wilgus asked, nodding toward the abject figure.

"He was," the corporal admitted. "By the way, where's Mr. Minot; home?"

"Him an' your partner's takin' Clow into Altair. Goin' to lock the big stiff up in the county jail."

"What?" the corporal exclaimed. The captain's dulled gaze strayed to the figure waiting with the dumb, docile patience of a horse in the rain.

"Le's lock him up first," he suggested, "an' I'll tell you."

The corporal hesitated an instant but followed into the jail corridor. At the cell door, Wilgus delayed the prisoner and raised his eyebrows.

"Been through him?" he asked and when Tarleton shook his head impatiently, rummaged swiftly over the unresisting figure. "Hah!" he exclaimed at length and held up a flat metal packet with a leer.

"Always a good thing," he informed the corporal as though instructing a recruit, "to go over a fella when you take him." He motioned Skeen into the cell.

The door of heavy steel bars clashed. The captain returned the key to his pocket with a satisfied smirk.

Returning to the outer room he launched with relish into the story of Meister's murder. The corporal listened intently at first and later with a mounting impatience. The meticulous glee of Wilgus was obscurely affronting. The passage of time worried Tarleton. He broke in upon the recital at last.

"Listen," he begged. "Save the rest of it till I get back. I've another prisoner to bring in. It's Richard York. That's why I'm in a hurry."

"The hell you have!" Wilgus exclaimed. "Where?"

"Out that way a piece," Tarleton replied with an indefinite jerk of his head. "Lend me your car and I'll get him in in an hour."

Wilgus hesitated an instant after the door had slammed behind the departing trooper and then spoke a number softly into the telephone, waited long with a mounting anxiety and cursed as he hung up the receiver.

TARLETON roaring westward in the captain's car rode the sun down behind the rising bulk of the hills. Dusk and the cool of evening were gathering in the valley as he parked the machine beside the wood road and hurried up its gloom-filled, tree-bordered arcade.

The sky was palely luminous with afterglow when, panting and mud-spattered, he emerged from the forest into the clearing.

He was aware as he hurried across the glade that the door of the tumble-down cottage stood blackly open.

He peered into the chamber, spoke softly. There was no response. He stepped inside, right hand upon his revolver butt and struck a match with the other.

A gasp escaped him. The waver-

ing flame painted the outline of the room. The man had vanished, the girl who had been security for him was gone, and the match revealed the floor where lately a stack of burlap-wrapped liquor had stood, as bare as the chamber's sagging walls.

The fire stung his fingers. He flicked the stub away and in the darkness spoke aloud.

"Damn," he said violently and fumbled for another match, stiffened, held his breath and listened in the gloom. Overhead, he could have sworn that something had stirred and a plank had complained. The second light he held aloft. It glittered on the pistol, drawn and ready in his right hand, and shone upon a face peering down through the empty stairwell.

FOR a long instant after Richard York had spoken, neither he nor the girl, seated inside the doorway of the ruined house, stirred. He continued to stare across the clearing and she watched his face as though it might mirror what was happening beyond her view. She saw his eyes narrow, his mouth twitch in calculation.

The glamorous light was fading from the wide glade and with it Desire Minot's courage ebbed away. In the distance a stick crackled beneath a careless foot. She flinched but it was York who spoke.

"Men," he reiterated, "five of them. They're closing in."

"They're—they're after you?" she faltered. He hesitated and shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I think the gentlemen have—come for their liquor. I want you to hide up above. They haven't seen you. They don't know you're here."

"I won't," she said. "I'm going to stay with you."

"You will do as I say, Desire. These aren't, I imagine, gentlemen you care to meet. I—"

He grunted with pain as he hobbled toward the stairwell, swayed and dropped to hands and knees. She gasped but he crawled across the floor and commanded: "Come. Quick!"

Obedient to his peremptory voice, she rose and followed. He had halted on all fours below the square gap in the ceiling and spoke over his shoulder:

"Step on my back. You won't hurt me. And pull yourself up."

Only for an instant she hesitated.

"What—will they do?" she faltered.

"I'm not at all sure," he muttered quickly. "Lie still up there, whatever happens. And hurry."

Her weight pressed down upon his shoulders. He felt it lift, heard the rub of cloth upon wood and looking up caught the glimmer of her face in the aperture. He saluted it with a gay wave of his hand.

"Quiet," he murmured, "whatever happens. Remember."

A board creaked softly and the face vanished. He hauled himself across the floor and into the pathway of light streaming through the open door. Resting against the liquor heap, he waited.

Outside, he heard the low murmur of debate, the hesitant shuffle of feet. Then the doorway was darkened by the bulk of a man, black against the light, stooped with the rigidity of a coiled snake.

"Hello," York ventured and at his voice, the man fired from the hip. Splinters from the floor stung York's hand. On the heels of the flame spurt, while the old building still shook to the gun's explosion, the intruder yelped savagely and raised his arm again. Another, leaping forward caught it, spun him backward so that he fell and dodging out of the doorway again, swore with a lacerating fury.

"Ain't we got enough to haul outa

here without a corpse?" he screeched. "You—" His mad voice rattled, scoring obscenity: "Advertise us will you, you hop-headed son of a sow? I ought to— Don't you talk back at me, Jerry. Who the hell do you think's running this mob? Hey? Aw right; go ahead. Make a move, damn you—"

ABOVE, York heard Desire stir and gasp his name. He lifted his voice to hide hers.

"All right," he shouted, "I surrender. Come in."

His voice hushed the raging tirade. A man stepped to the doorway again. The beam from an electric torch flashed about the chamber and centered upon the lean figure against the liquor cache.

"Who are you?" the intruder spoke hoarsely through the dregs of anger. "Come out. And snappy!"

York scrambled slowly to his feet and hobbled to the door, clutched its side, and surveyed the group that now pressed in before it, with vision incurious through pain. They crowded about him, undersized, swarthy men with the wary eyes, the over-alert movements that cities and jungles breed.

A little in the rear another with a white slab of a face flexed his wrist and cursed beneath his breath. This, York judged, was Jerry. He regarded him with interest. Twice before he had encountered him and now saw him clearly for the first time.

The voice of the man who had ordered him forth purred in his ear.

"What are you doing here, eh?" he demanded. His insolent black eyes were set faintly askew, giving his slanting swarthy face a perpetual air of leering inquiry, and the metropolitan suit he wore was suavely tailored. York replied:

"Being shot at."

Another of the group grumbled: "Ask him where's that cop, Izzy?"

Izzy McGrogan wheeled.

"I'll do the talking," he ordered. "Get that stuff outa here. Into the pond, by the dam where it's deep."

York hopped from the doorway and stood against the building's outer wall, supported on one leg, while the others filed in and out, package-laden. They vanished. Presently the sound of falling water was punctuated by hollow splashing. Izzy turned a lop-sided face upon his prisoner.

"NO STALLING," he warned, dark threat in his gaze, "Who are you?"

"Richard York," the other reported simply.

"Is that so?" McGrogan said slowly. The first of the men, returning from the pond, loitered an instant gazing at York. Izzy glanced at him, drew back a silk cuff, inspected a platinum watch on his shaggy wrist and squealed savagely at the lingerer:

"Are you in with that cop? Get that liquor. This ain't a picnic, Gus."

The man gulped and blundered into the house but another, who followed him, retorted spitefully from the threshold: "Let him come. We'll burn him down."

McGrogan regarded him apathetically and his voice was deceptively soft.

"Yeh," he agreed. "Sure we will. And that'll mean there'll be a dozen of them down on us. What do you think that baby's been doing since he took Skeen in? Didn't you know there was telephones? This time tomorrow the Hole in the Wall will be inside out. Get goin', Jerry."

But Jerry lingered, a scornful leer on his peaked white face.

"Bill's on the level," he retorted. "He ain't gonna squeal."

"No," Izzy agreed, his voice still softer, "An' how long'll he be on the level, when (Continued on page 47)

# Bumping the Umps

By Al Demaree



Any reference to Hank O'Day's sartorial taste brings immediate action

A WHITE line streaks into the green outfield, swiftly moving men flash into action all over the diamond, a roar from the stands, a long curving throw-in, and a puff of dust at the plate. "Yer out!" a blue-coated, pudgy man bellows, gesturing with a sharp upward jerk of his right arm.

And Evers, the great Johnny Evers, leaps to his feet like a panther and glowers over the shorter figure of the man in blue, jerking his head back and forth, jawing and raving and tearing up the dirt with his spikes. Most of what he is saying cannot go into print, but the ump seems to be taking it. Perhaps he is philosophic and realizes that all justice is not on one side.

The other players crowd in and take up the row. The fans in the stands roar in anger and disgust. The ump ignores the raving pack around him and steps forth to brush off the plate; then motions for the game to go on. Evers sulks away toward his dugout. Then suddenly he stops for one last shot. "Hey, you!" he shouts, "who's yer tailor, you big fathead?"

"You're out of the game," commands Hank O'Day immediately. All the other abuse had rolled off him like water off a duck's back. Only that one stuck. "Fifty bucks for that one," he adds.

Evers takes it. He knows he has gone too far. Sullenly, like a whipped wild beast, he struts off the field, inciting the fans to boo O'Day, but realizing somewhere down inside, where he is a great sportsman, that Hank was in the right. He had stepped on the ump's toes where they were sorest, for Hank O'Day was the proudest man in the world of his clothes, and the most sensitive.

## This One Never Fails

Perhaps it was because he was a bachelor, but never a day passed that he didn't appear in at least five changes of costume—shepherd plaids, tweeds, serges, broadcloths—all the product of the most exclusive tailors in the country.

A ball player could call Hank almost anything, but he couldn't say to him, "Who's your tailor, you big fathead?" If he did, it was curtains for that ball player for that day.

Bill Klem was just as sensitive about being called "catfish." He couldn't stand to have a batter look around at him after a called ball or strike, either. "Don't look around at me, busher," he

would snarl, "or I'll give you what you're looking for."

Jeff Tesreau used to slip over to the bench and yell "Catfish!" from a group of players and then walk out innocently to Klem, and say, "Well, I see they're on you again, Bill. Somebody just won't have enough sense to cut that out."

Then Jeff would ease over to the first base coaching line, and presently he'd be on the bench yelling, "Catfish!"

It drove Klem frantic. "Just give me an intimation," he pleaded to Jeff. "You don't have to tell me who it is, Jeff. I don't ask that. But just give me a little intimation. That's all I want."

Jeff started to say something, but Klem interrupted him: "Don't go any further. Don't say another word. I know who it is now."

And Bill rushed over to the bench and chased Walter Holke, a silent sort of chap who hadn't opened his mouth, out of the park and fined him \$25!

Bill wouldn't have made that mistake, though, if he had been as clever a Sherlock Holmes as "Bull Neck" Guthrie is.

Down at Nashville, where Guthrie was umpiring, the umps' dressing-room was right next to the players' quarters. One evening after a game a player was calling Guthrie everything in the rainbow. When he let up a moment to get his breath, he was petrified to hear Bull Neck yelling through the partition: "That's just cost you fifty bucks, young fellow."

As they came out of the clubhouse the player asked, "How'd you know who it was?"

"I recognized your voice," explained Bull Neck, "and that fine goes."

Ball players on that club believed ever afterward that the walls really did have ears.

Guthrie is one of the old-school tough-guy umpires. He knows he doesn't have to take anything from the players nowadays, and he doesn't. He canned Bib Falk of the White Sox one day because he overheard Bib "cussing his luck" be-

When you see a ball player kicking up the dust, waving his arms and glaring at the umpire, don't jump to conclusions. He's probably saying, "How's fishing down your way, Jim?" Not that he may not get thrown out of the game. He may. But it'll be for criticizing the ump's taste in clothes or his knowledge of football



Umpire Tim Hurst personally escorted Harry Hemphill on a furious dash around the bags for a homer and then informed the player he had hit a foul ball

cause the shortstop had just leaped up and speared a line drive to rob him of a hit during a long batting slump. Guthrie thought Falk was shooting at him.

A fellow slid into second when Bull Neck was umpiring and was called out. The player raved, as usual, and wound up by fuming, "Well, you gotta admit it was close, anyway."

"Nope," came back Bull Neck, "in dis game dere's no close ones. It's eider dis or dat, and dis time it's dat—so you're out o' da game."

## His Umps Can Also be Mean

It was Guthrie who, while firing one of the Yankees, instructed him, as Miller Huggins approached to take up the argument, to "take the bat boy along with you!"

On hot days, Heinie Zimmerman used to try to get thrown out of the game so he could go out to the race track or somewhere he could miss the heat of playing ball. Those days the umpires usually were on to him. "Go right ahead, Heinie!" they would say to him sweetly and exasperatingly as he kicked his head off. "Say anything you want to. Call me anything you like. I know you want to get thrown out of this game, but you ain't. You're going to stick right in there and sweat! See?"

A mean trick of the same gender was pulled once by Tim Hurst on Harry Hemphill, outfielder of the old Yankees, or Highlanders, as they were known then. One blistering day Hemphill had been riding Tim. Hemphill came to bat and hit a liner down the right-field foul line. Hemphill set out for first, with Tim after him, as there was only one umpire in those days.

"Don't forget to touch the bag," shouted Tim as they neared first. And Harry stomped the bag good.

As they neared second, Hurst yelled: "Don't miss the bag, you big bum!" Harry stomped that bag solid, too,

and set sail for third. "Don't miss third," screamed Tim from the rear.

They rounded third and headed for the plate. "Slide! Slide!" roared Hurst, and Harry made a beautiful dive into the dust.

When he stood up and started for the bench, Tim howled, "Hey! Come back here. Foul! That was a foul ball!"

Things are not always what they seem in baseball, as in anything else. For instance, when men rant and rip around the umpire they are not always raising Cain with him. Many players do all kinds of fake kicking at the umpire, either to make themselves look good, or to incite the crowd to razz the arbiter.

"Derby Day" Bill Clymer, former coach of the Cincinnati Reds and a successful manager in many minor leagues, won a reputation as a peppy player by kicking ferociously at the umpires, waving his arms and wagging his head, when all he was saying was, "How's fishin' down in the Old Mill Pond, Bill?" or "That tip you gave me on the horses last week was all wrong," or "Why'd you tell me you got fifteen fish last week, when you only got eight?"

And while Derby Day Bill was going through (Continued on page 38)



Some catchers will let a fast one get by to take the ump in the chin