

# THE TIGER TRAIL

by Edison Marshall Illustrations by PAUL FREEMAN

**WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE**

Dr. Long is visiting Southley Downs, to which he is conducted by Ahmad Das, an Oriental. There he meets Mr. Southley, whom a detective friend, Alexander Pierce, had told him to watch, and his son Ernest Southley, Mr. Hayward and his son Vilas, and then Josephine Southley, whom he had seen faint on the train. Josephine tells him the story of Southley Downs and its ghost, which is not the ghost of a human being but of a tiger.

Dr. Long has a quarrel with Vilas Hayward over Josephine, and finds that the Haywards have a strange authority over the Southleys. He is ordered to leave Southley Downs. The rain prevents him leaving at once. Dr. Long and Ernest go out on the road in the rain looking for the tracks of a tiger that Ernest says are there. They find the tracks. Later Ernest and Dr. Long see a prowling creature in the hall of Southley Downs. This frightens the elder Hayward, who also sees it. Ernest begins to feel that Ahmad Das is perpetrating some deviltry.

The elder Hayward is later found dead, his neck broken as if by a giant's blow.

The coroner and police arrive in order to investigate.

Because of the murder, Dr. Long must remain at Southley Downs. All the persons there are questioned by Inspector Freeman.

Dr. Long becomes jealous of the love he believes to exist between Vilas Hayward and Josephine. During the course of investigations of the crime Dr. Long becomes suspicious of a man named Robin. He determines to watch him.

**NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**

In some way that I was yet to find out, he was involved in the problem of Southley Downs. He had washed the blood from the rock on the hillside. He had eluded the inspector and myself in the chase in the darkness. Now I had found him with Southley working upon the engine in the power-house—and yet they had seemed merely to be examining it, rather than at work. I remembered that neither of them had held tools in their hands, or even seemed to have any tools with them.

I was suddenly deeply suspicious of this man Robin. I remembered

that he had volunteered his services to the negro Sam, and that looked as if he had business of his own at Southley Downs. His excuse for coming seemed somewhat trumped-up. Besides, he looked his part too well. He was too perfect an example of a certain type of squatter. He had an English accent, and I had been watching all through my visit at Southley Downs for the intrusion of some one with such an accent.

Roderick, of whom Alexander Pierce had told me, who evidently had not yet put in his appearance, had lived long years in England. The names were somewhat similar, too; and I had heard before of that peculiar trait of human nature that influences a man altogether. The alias he adopts is usually somewhat similar to his own name.

I made a feint of going back to a book. Southley seemed relieved. He left me in a moment, and joined his daughter in the den. Vilas had gone to his room, and lost as it was among the many, breathless corridors of the great house, I could imagine it was the last place in the world he had really wished to go. I drew my chair up to the great dormer window that overlooked the power-house. And I didn't see one word of the type beneath my eyes.

The hill was swept by moonbeams. There was a silver path across the face of the swamp, leading ever to my eyes. I waited possibly five minutes. And then I saw Robin emerge from the power-house.

For a long minute he waited in the shadows, and my suspicions leaped to a certainty. Then I saw him steal away toward the edge of the marsh.

A minute more and I was out in the darkness too, trying to shadow him. I tried to keep to the less open part of the hillside and yet not lose sight of any quarry. He walked slowly at first, and I shortened the distance between us to one hundred yards. As yet I had no reason for thinking he had seen me. His form was perfectly visible in the moonlight, but I had kept mostly in the shadow. But all at once he increased his pace.

I walked faster, too. My quarry broke into a slow trot. It was impossible that I could run behind him and still keep out of sight. So I made a furious dash toward him at top speed.

For a moment I thought I would

overtake him before he saw me; but when I had covered half the distance between us he began really to run. He straightened out his long legs, and fairly seemed to fly—straight for the marsh at the bottom of the hill.

"Stop, Robin!" I shouted at him. "Stop at once!"

He only increased his speed. I never saw a man run faster. I was in good condition, and I gave him the best I had. He hadn't the chance to elude me that he had in our previous encounter earlier in the evening. The moon was out now.

He splashed across a pond of shallow water at the base of the hill. Possibly he thought I would not follow him here. But he was to be disappointed. No water was deep enough to throw me off now. I was going to find out his connection with the crime if I had to follow him to the mainland across the swamp.

But at once he splashed out of the pond and circled back up the hill. I was soaked to the knees, but I gave it no thought. Of course he couldn't run so fast up the steep slope, nor could I. And my breath was coming in great sobs before I approached the house.

He swung about the great structure, and I dipped far enough to one side to watch. I saw him slip into the postern door that led to the library.

Twenty seconds later I entered the same room. Evidently he hoped to elude me in the maze of rooms. But he had forgotten one thing.

His boots—the same boots that had left the telltale track beside the rock—were splashed with mud and water. They made a trail across the rugs and hardwood floor of the library. And they turned into the den.

Once more the drama of Southley Downs had shifted to this little room. Once more I stood at its threshold. And I had a curious sense of portentous developments that would come to pass within its doors.

Southley and Josephine were standing up near the same table that had figured in the drama of the previous night.

"Close the door," Southley told me. "But where is that man Robin? I saw him rush in here. And I know he has something to do with this mystery."

"Robin? You mean the man who helped me in the power-house?"

A large blue portiere hung at the side of the den, and out of the corner of my eye I saw it waver. No wind blew it. And then, looking straight, I saw the ends of white fingers that clutched its folds.

"Mr. Southley, the man is behind that curtain now!"

Then the man behind the curtain answered me himself.

"Oh, old Doc Long!" came a familiar voice. "You're the most persistent devil!"

There is only one person in the world that calls me "old Doc Long." The hope of hearing his voice about this cursed house of the Southleys was dead in my breast. It was the voice of the man I had longed for, whose keen brain and able hands would so quickly bring light where there was shadow.

He pulled the curtain aside, the gray eyes laughed at me. I saw through the disguise at last, and marveled at my blindness heretofore. Of course it was no one but my old and trusted friend, that world-famous detective and fisherman, Alexander Pierce.

After we had got through pounding one another on the back and roaring out what a pleasure it was to meet again I began to put a few questions to the great detective. And all the time I marveled at his disguise.

"But why didn't you let me in on it?" I demanded just a little hurt.

I saw laughter in his eyes, but his face remained grave.

"You were doing so well without me, doc," he replied. "And the way you chased me through the mud—it was rich, my lad! What a persistent devil you are! Miss Southley—if ever this young man gets on your trail, you'll never be able to shake him off."

"Miss Southley already knows that," I commented. "And look at my trouser legs—my best dinner clothes. You are a trifle wet yourself."

"These beautiful boots protected me." Then he grew serious. "Besides, Long—among your many talents, I'm afraid you can't claim to be an actor. Just a look—a word—might have given me away. It was much better that you devote your attention to the excellent work Inspector Freeman has been doing. And as to the reason why I came in disguise—I don't believe the time is quite ripe to divulge it. I assure you that it served my ends very well."

(Continued next week)

**CANADA MAKES IT EASY FOR ENTERING TOURISTS**

**No Duty to Pay on Golf and Other Sport Accessories If Taken Back to U. S.**

"The rule that all incoming tourists be made to put up a bond equal to the duty that would be charged on any sporting goods, such as golf clubs, tennis rackets, fishing tackle, cameras, guns, etc., was thought to be the cause of much embarrassment to the tourist entering Canada, an dthe reason for many Americans not making trip, owing to the trouble that they might have at the border," says a bulletin issued by the touring bureau of the Chicago Motor club. The Automobile club of British Col-

umbia, Vancouver, B. C., has been trying very hard of late to have this regulation revised, and is now very glad to announce that the customs have accepted a suggestion: "That all incoming tourists fill out on a customs form all sporting goods, such as were mentioned above and, on their return, if these goods are still in their possession, and can be produced, then all is well; otherwise duty will be charged upon them."

In spite of the fact that Cal Coolidge is going to be out of work next March 4, he is spending his vacation fishing instead of looking for a job.

The boys always have engagements that prevent their helping in the kitchen, but at the summer camps they can always wipe the dishes for the girl cooks.

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**NO LATIN-AMERICAN BLOC, SAYS HUGHES**

**NO COMMON AIMS SEEN**

**South American Countries Have Varied Interests, But Not Union on Specific Purposes**

In his recent addresses on the Pan-American conference at Havana and our policies toward the nations to the south of us, Charles Evans Hughes makes the point that there is no Latin-American bloc. This is something which must be taken into consideration when we go to study conditions in the countries of Spanish-America, says The National Republic. All of the nations to the south of us, except one, speak a common language—Spanish. But this does not mean that they think and act alike, that they have common political aims and ideals, and that they are lined up to a nation against Uncle Sam and his policies. Common Language does not always mean political solidarity. We have had enough disagreements with Great Britain to prove that this statement is true. The things which make for international alliances and understandings are similar political and economic aims.

**No Common Aims**  
The countries of Latin-America do not possess such common aims and for that reason there is no Latin-American bloc opposed to Uncle Sam. That this is true was evidenced in the conference at Havana when more often than not a great majority of the nations to the south were lined up with the delegates of the United States. This was not due to any deep, dark political manipulation on the part of Mr. Hughes and his delegation, although some of our disappointed "liberals" have hinted as much. It was due to the fact that the policies of some of the larger and more influential countries of South America, as Brazil, and Peru, run parallel to our own. They approve the policy of the protective tariff, and are not sure that they are against our policy of intervention—realizing perhaps that they may have to resort to it or may need it themselves on some future occasion.

**Some Friction**

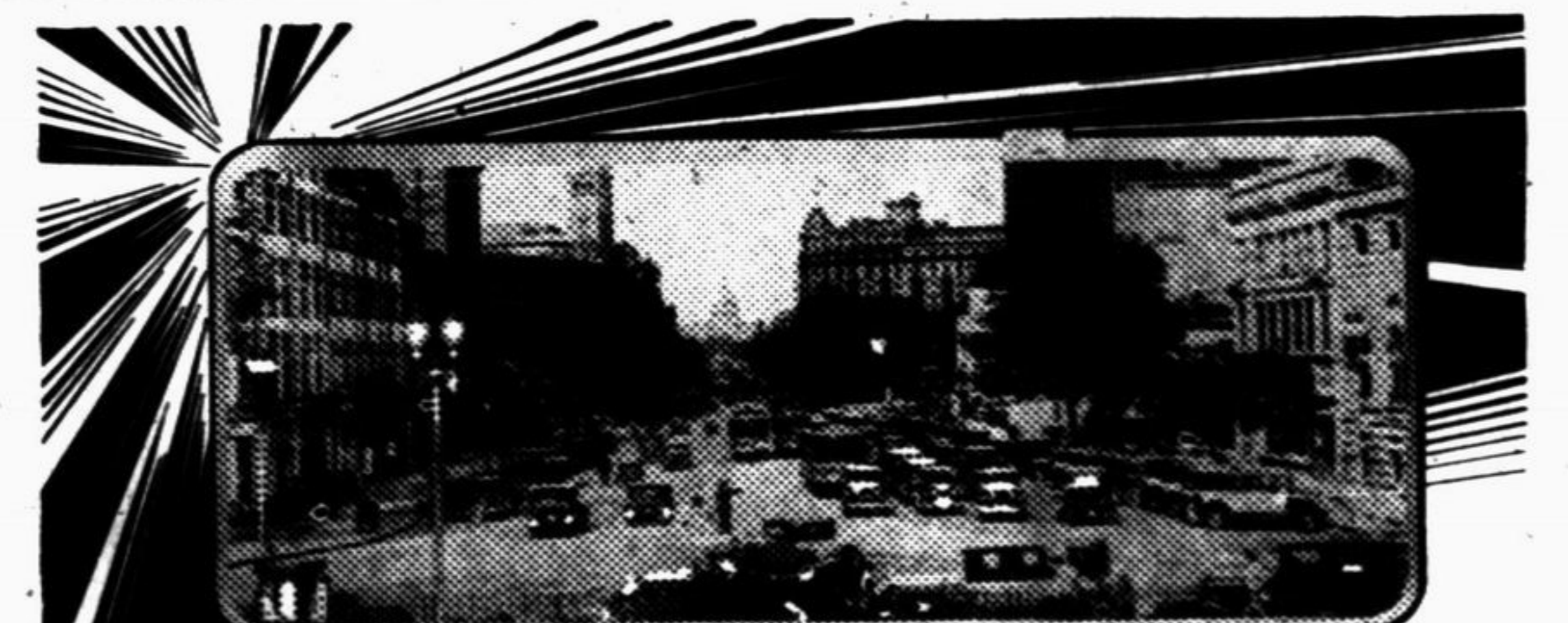
There is of course some friction and misunderstanding between the United States and Latin-America. But this is not uniform, is much more pronounced in some countries than in others. Just now, for instance, Argentine seems very much peeved at us because our protective tariff is really protecting our farmers against Argentine's imports. But

on the other hand, Brazil, a more powerful nation, is very friendly to Uncle Sam for various reasons.

The misunderstanding is due not to a common policy against us but to the fact that we have not tried to get as close to our southern neighbors as we should have tried. The European propagandists have taken advantage of this and have sowed the seeds of American distrust down

the purely for commercial reasons. But the ice is breaking and we are gradually drawing nearer Latin-America. Let us keep up the good work by getting better acquainted and breaking down the effect of this unfriendly propaganda.

The increased cost of living does not seem to worry the people much who live by borrowing money.



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