

*Here's an unusual  
detective story taken  
from life*

By  
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*"You pack this place with policemen and  
detectives. You've gone bogey mad"*

# The Dallam Affair

SIR HENRY DALLAM received the warning at his office in Lombard Street. He laughed it off with the bluff, piratical air of a freebooting financier whose power had coerced a prime minister into bestowing a knighthood on him. But when he passed the letter around the dinner table of his Surrey Manor home, Lady Dallam did not smile. She had watched his fight to fortune through too many nervous years. This sudden challenge foreshadowed the realization of one of her bad dreams—her husband's violent taking-off at the hands of enemies. Sir Henry had always been reckless as to how and where he made his enemies.

The warning was carefully dated—"London, noon, October 11th." Thin printed characters betrayed a Latin hand in the stiff hooks of the letters. "Unless," it read, "you abandon trading with our enemies, you have only ten days from this hour to live. Consider."

Sir Henry laughed again as his wife muttered the words.

"Cheap melodrama," he chaffed. "I'm financing a cargo of arms for the Guatemalan government in the revolution there. Some schoolboy evidently thinks he can frighten me with a Deadwood Dick joke."

"It's unsigned," said Lady Dallam.

"Of course, of course."

"Where's the envelope it came in?"

"Envelope?" Sir Henry laughed. He checked the butler, a sallow, hungry-looking man, from filling his wine glass. "Tossed away, I suppose. Thought the note would amuse you."

Lady Dallam was not amused. Soon after Sir Henry departed for the city next morning Lady Dallam telephoned Scotland Yard. Chief Inspector Duncan did not press for particulars of the enterprise that could bring such a threat against Sir Henry Dallam. Dallam was powerful with the politicians. That was enough to warrant the best protection the Yard could afford.

Chief Inspector Duncan promised to have men on watch about Sir Henry's home and office. On his own initiative he wired the British Consulate in New York to communicate with the American Secret Service, which, he believed, would surely have some man acquainted with the vagaries of South American political conspirators in foreign lands. He was right, and more than gratified to receive a cable which informed him that Detective Reynolds of Washington was sailing on the next fast boat for England. America, apparently, had an alert interest in a Venezuelan revolution that could extend its operations to Europe.

AT FIRST Sir Henry viewed the guard set about him as a practical joke. He telephoned Duncan at the Yard to stop making fools of both of them. As days wore on, however, Lady Dallam's earnestness, her refusal to continue any social engagements, gave him pause. His household and his office took the matter seriously. When a week had passed and brought at its end another warning, a simple printed statement: THREE DAYS MORE, Sir Henry retained the envelope containing that. He

might as well have tossed it away, for all the clue it gave the Yard.

In the squat, bustling office building on Lombard Street, brokers, clerks and stenographers came and went their way, curious regarding the presence of several thickset, secretive-looking men. None but Sir Henry's secretary and trusted associates knew why these men were there. The first warning perturbed them, the second alarmed them; but Sir Henry, although more worried than he cared to admit, pushed resolutely forward with his Guatemalan deal despite urgings to withdraw.

Chief Detective Duncan doubled the guard at Sir Henry's house and office. He watched daily bulletins of the progress of the Mauretania, due in forty-eight hours at Liverpool if channel fogs did not delay her.

Detective Reynolds was on the boat. The Guatemalan Minister to London, who knew of Reynolds, joined his prayers with those of Chief Duncan and Lady Dallam that Reynolds would land in time to tackle the case, with his expert knowledge of the devious ways of South American plotters.

But on the ninth day following the first message came a final warning: TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. Nothing more. And on the heels of this ultimatum the disturbing news reached Scotland Yard that the Mauretania, with Reynolds aboard, was crawling up St. George's Channel through fog shrouds that would make her hours overdue.

In sheer defiance, Sir Henry Dallam went down to Gravesend that night to

supervise personally the secret loading of a black-snouted gun carrier. Before he left in his motor for Surrey, early in the morning, the ship was snorting her way down the Thames.

Lady Dallam kept vigil that night, she and the butler awaiting her husband's arrival. He retired for a few hours' sleep and made a display of being refreshed and care-free at breakfast that morning. Yet she detected a note of irritability in his rebuke to the butler, who creamed his coffee. Sir Henry wanted it black and strong. "This fellow's been here two months," Sir Henry growled to his lady, as the butler made the change: "time enough to know how I want things served."

SIR HENRY went to his office. Lady Dallam wanted to accompany him, but he brusquely rejected her.

"By gad," he scoffed, "you'll kill me with care before a bullet can do the job."

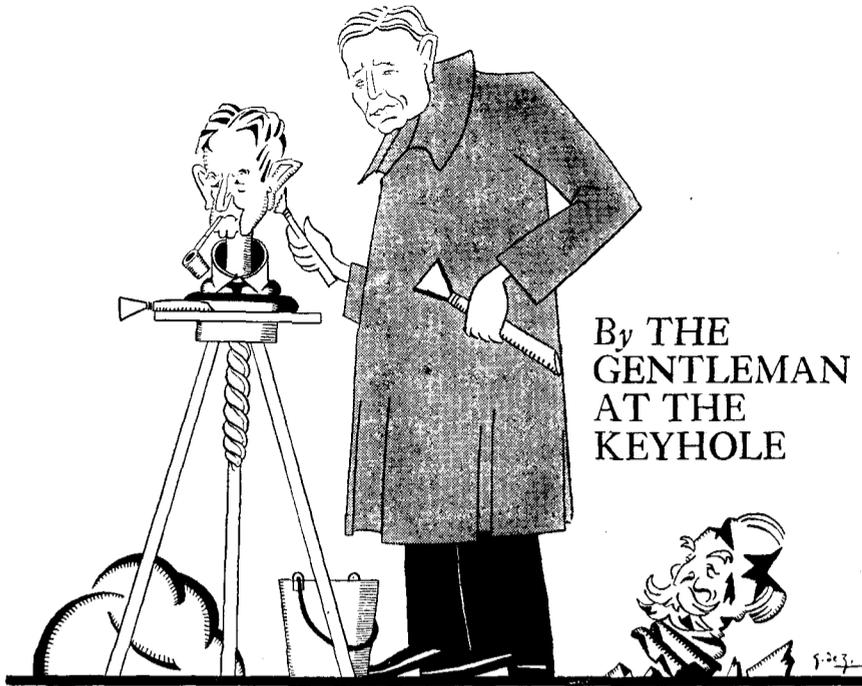
At his office was Chief Inspector Duncan, in plain clothes. The corridor leading to Sir Henry's office was sentinelled by half a dozen Yard men. Duncan was grave.

"Reynolds hasn't arrived yet, Sir Henry," he announced.

"Bother Reynolds," growled Sir Henry. "I bump into policemen on the pavement, and you pack this place with detectives. You've gone bogey mad."

"Precautions, Sir Henry," said Duncan.

He would have practically guarded Dallam in his (Continued on page 30)



By THE  
GENTLEMAN  
AT THE  
KEYHOLE

## The President Maker

IT DEPENDS pretty largely upon Charles Dewey Hilles, Republican National Committeeman from New York, whether Secretary Herbert Hoover will be permitted to make a runaway race of it for the Republican nomination for President in 1928 or whether Hoover will be thrown for a loss when he comes east looking for delegates and someone else, probably Vice President Dawes, made the final choice. In other words, Mr. Hilles appears before the country in a new rôle, that of President maker.

Mr. Hilles has been edging toward the center of the stage for several years. He has wanted to be something more than Charles D. Hilles, National Committeeman from New York and a member invariably of every important subcommittee of the National Committee.

During President Harding's administration he took the words out of the mouth of Mr. John T. Adams and said what a grand President Mr. Harding was, as if he and not Chairman Adams spoke for the Republican National Committee. Last year when Chairman Butler was about to tour the country Mr. Hilles beat him to it.

The defeat of Senator Wadsworth for reelection last November left him the undisputed leader of the Republican party in New York—so far as the New York Republicans have a leader. And now from this exalted position he aspires to be a President maker, a Mark Hanna of 1928.

In a sense he is the nearest counterpart to Mark Hanna that exists today. Mark Hanna owed some of his power to his command of money for campaign purposes. Mr. Hilles owes his power to his command of money.

### A Drawing-room Boss

NEW YORK is the chief source of money for political purposes. For years Mr. Hilles has obtained the campaign money for the New York Republicans, and he has done his share in getting money for national campaigns. He is an institution in New York. Campaign contributions are legitimate enough. The point is that the ability to get them brings with it power.

At this point the resemblance between the old President maker and the new President maker ends. Anyone who recalls the old cartoons of the man who made McKinley President remembers what a thick-necked, solid, forceful-looking person Mark Hanna was. In the hands of the caricaturist Hanna became coarse and brutal. Not by the wildest exaggeration could any cartoonist make Mr. Hilles look coarse and brutal. His collar is several sizes too small for him

to pose as the ideal political boss. There have been lean bosses, of course, like Tom Platt. But Platt looked sly, sensual and vindictive.

Hilles looks elegant and refined. He was a teacher before he became President Taft's private secretary, after which he became an insurance man in New York. All of which makes you wonder whether there resides in his elegant drawing-room figure the necessary force.

In several respects the situation in the Republican party is ideal for a President maker. Mr. Hoover, the leading candidate, has not got so far that he cannot be stopped by a political leader with force, cunning, financial resources and an effective candidate.

### Defeated But Not Out

UP TO the time of this writing Mr. Hoover's campaign has been marked by excessive caution. Anyone who would oppose it with boldness might throw it into confusion.

A solid bloc of the big Eastern and Middle Western states committed either to another candidate than Mr. Hoover or to favorite sons would hold back the South. The Lowden candidacy holds agricultural states away. Thus the 1928 nomination might be made to depend on the will of the Eastern and Middle Western bloc, which might make a combination with either the Hoover or the Lowden following, after their favorite had been beaten.

It seems to be this possibility that Mr. Hilles has in mind. New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Massachusetts and Connecticut, if they can be made to act together, can dominate the next convention, with the West divided as it is between Hoover and Lowden and the South on the fence.

Mr. Hilles as a President maker has met with a couple of defeats at the very outset of his career which throw doubt upon his ability to shape the fortunes of the Republican party. He failed to send the Republican National Convention to San Francisco.

Many thought his object was to make the trip expensive. Those who pay the fares generally control the votes.

On the same day his candidate for President, Mr. Charles E. Hughes, ran out on him. A really powerful President maker does not meet with accidents like that.

It is still possible to hold the big Eastern states for delivery at the right time to Mr. Dawes if Mr. Hilles is President maker enough to do it. And no very big President maker is visible in the rival camp of Mr. Hoover.

office, but Sir Henry's temper flared. He declared he had important calculations to make and wanted to be left alone. Duncan remained outside the slammed door. He looked at his watch: ten o'clock. To Dallam's secretary he directed a whispered question when she emerged from dictation.

"He's tired," said the young woman. "Up all night at Gravesend."

Duncan nodded. "Keep a record of all telephone calls," he directed.

"None have come in," she replied. "And he's ordered us not to disturb him with any."

She disappeared into a large, exterior office. A messenger came with word that Scotland Yard was telephoning Inspector Duncan. He sent a man to answer, keeping his post outside Dallam's closed door. The message was a bulletin that Reynolds was speeding to London on the special boat train from Liverpool.

"He might get here by noon," Duncan reflected. "We should have sent a plane."

At ten minutes to twelve he signaled his men to final alertness. Just before twelve, when the first sirens moaned from factories across the river, Duncan took another look at his watch. Then, a grin on his face, he rapped at Dallam's door, expecting a chiding laugh. Instead there was no sound.

Duncan opened the door and stepped into the room. Sir Henry lay on a couch, apparently sleeping. Duncan approached and called his name. There was no reply. He shook him gently, then vigorously by the shoulder. Tense, he summoned the secretary. In her presence he bent over Sir Henry Dallam and pronounced him dead.

The inspector's first words were to order everybody in the building detained, his second to summon a police doctor, who confirmed his verdict. A rapid examination showed no marks.

At first Duncan had a wild idea that Sir Henry might have committed suicide.

"He's been dead for about an hour," said the doctor.

"An hour," Duncan muttered. "Somebody's clock was fast."

The doctor looked at him questioningly. Duncan did not explain. But the death of Sir Henry Dallam was a secret he couldn't keep. Word of it

flashed invisibly. A hush hung about this place set in the heart of crowded London.

Duncan sent men scurrying to alarm every police district. He was alarmed himself. The doctor stupidly protested to him that cause of death could not be determined until an autopsy was held.

"Damned magic, I suppose," sneered Duncan, wondering what ridicule awaited him when the sensation was sprung on the country. His thoughts flew to Reynolds, the American detective, racing to London. Dallam's secretary scattered them by demanding that he talk with Lady Dallam, who had been clamoring hysterically for news at the other end of the telephone and refused to be put off. Duncan left the doctor and officers in charge, while out of respect for the dead he stepped from the room to a telephone booth. He emerged angry with amazement.

"Let Reynolds, an American, pass the police lines when he comes," he directed.

HE WAS pacing the corridor like a caged beast when a press of men and rising voices at the street door brought him wheeling about. The police guard broke to admit two men, one rock-faced, with the glinting eye of a man hunter, the other tall and sallow. The men were handcuffed together. The tall man stood, eyes defiantly gleaming, while the other greeted Duncan.

"It's all over, Mr. Reynolds," barked Duncan. "You're too late."

"No," the American spoke slowly. "Just in time to catch this bird." He explained, keeping his prisoner shackled to him: "The Mauretania was late. I had a hunch all the way across that this fellow would be on the Dallam job. It isn't his first. He just got his heels out of New York when General Dalverez was killed last year in the Rio Club. His racket is posing as butler or valet or some sort of manservant. I'll explain that later.

"From Euston I made a bee line for Dallam's house, figuring that if Dallam were killed I couldn't help him, but I could prevent this bird from killing anybody else. I spotted him speeding on the main London road. He hadn't waited to change his butler's uniform."

"My guess is that he poisoned Dallam."

Which the autopsy proved.

## The Whip Wins

Continued from page 11

town was a leading whipper," said another man. "He's a tough foreman too. Got a bad name. A couple of the men around the depot had something to do with it too. We used to see 'em start off in their flivvers and gowns for some other town. We always knew they were going off in some other county to whip somebody."

In Luverne Charles Helm, the blacksmith, and Roy Helm, his son, were indicted in connection with whipping. I. D. Hawkins, the town shoe repairer, was another. Williamson, a barber, was also accused. George Brounson, a bricklayer, was a conspicuous inditee.

Helm's blacksmith shop is a busy, prosperous place. It was a sort of meeting place and chatting center for farmers and others, a good place for boosting Ira B. Thompson's candidacy for mayor of Luverne.

### The Town Chuckled

WHEN I went in and told Roy Helm that I was a Collier's reporter and wanted to ask him some questions, he pounded away at a red-hot buggy tire, and said:

"Well, suh, I hain't got nary a word to say cuz a'm in the coahs." He spoke boastfully, like a celebrity; evidently such notoriety was the equivalent of fame to him.

Other indicted men with whom I tried to talk answered in the same fashion, usually with a laugh, as if the whole thing—whippings, indictments, and all

—were a great and thrilling adventure. The first whippings in Luverne occurred two years ago.

There were stills in the countryside where moonshine was made. White men owned them, but almost every white man who owns any sort of farm has a Negro or two working for him. The white men who were said to own the stills were not punished by the Klan. The Klan hadn't got UP to white men then. But Negroes who were accused of working for a still operator were given whippings.

There have been a few citizens in town who objected, but for the most part the town chuckled.

Other whippings followed, for various offenses against the moral and civil laws. A settled saying in Luverne was: "The law seems to need some help. And if it does, why, the Klan's helping."

No one seemed to realize how high up the whip was going to reach before it was through. No one stopped to think that after a lash gets to swinging it's hard to stop it.

The town passed off the whipping of Negro men. One morning the word ran round that a Negro woman had been whipped; she had been "misbehaving" herself. The town passed that off too.

"Probably served her right," was the verdict.

Other whippings of Negro men followed, for bootlegging, social sins and so forth.

Of course you have a feeling, as  
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