













# GUNMAN'S BLUFF

BY *Edgar Wallace*

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The man who was in the passage walked into the room at his leisure. Connor saw him and showed his teeth like an angry dog.

"Hullo, Gunner! What the hell are you doing around here?"

Gunner Haynes looked from Connor to the unconscious man on the floor.

"Ingenious but not original," he drawled, his thin lips curling in contempt. "You're dropping him in the river of course, and the water will dissolve the salt, the chains will fall off and the verdict will be 'Death from misadventure'—What a pity!"

"What's the pity, Gunner?" asked Connor.

"That I happened to butt in," said Haynes. "Who's the victim?"

"There's no victim," said Connor loudly. "This poor fellow is ill and we're taking him off to the hospital."

The Gunner nodded.

"I thought you might be picking him," he said, shook his head and repeated: "Ingenious but not original. No marks of violence on the body, nothing to show that he didn't drown, as people do drown, by accident. I'm sorry to have spoiled your amusement, but you will have to let him go."

"Why?" asked Connor.

"Because," said the Gunner deliberately, "I'm in it! You don't catch me as accessory before, after, or in the fact of murder. It's not my graft, Connor. Remove that interesting apparatus."

Connor smiled. His hand dropped quite naturally out of sight below the level of the table.

"If you pull a gun on me" said the Gunner, not a muscle of his lean body moving, "I shall shoot you through the stomach. It will take you five days to die, and it's a very painful death by all accounts. I shall then go out and explain to the police why I shot you, and there will be no flowers from Scotland Yard."

One of Connor's assistants moved a step toward him.

"Look here, Gunner—" he began, mildly enough.

Haynes's fist shot out so swiftly that the man could not counter the blow. He went down with a

crash. The Gunner stood motionless, watching.

"Both hands in sight," said Haynes. "Lay them on the table, Connor."

He had no weapon in his hand but none knew better than the livid man on the other side of the table how quickly the Gunner could draw, with what devilish accuracy he could shoot.

"What's the fuss?" he growled. "This bird doesn't mean a thing to you."

"Unlace him," smiled the Gunner. "I'm sorry to butt in, as I said before."

"What did you come here for, anyway?" asked the other savage.

The Gunner looked up at the ceiling.

"I forget exactly," he said untruthfully. And then: "Who is this man?"

"Man named Smith. He squealed on me tonight, and then tried to carry it off with a tale about being a banker—he's got a nerve! Luke something or other."

Gunner Haynes bent down and peered into Luke's face.

He recognized the sleeping man instantly.

"Luke something or other, eh? Where did you pick him up?" As he spoke he beckoned one of the men. "Take that chain off," he said.

The man glanced uneasily at his chief, but Connor nodded.

"The trouble with you, Gunner is that you will interfere with other people's graft. If you want to know who he is, he did that job today in Bond Street."

He related "Smith's" biography and Gunner Haynes knew that he was speaking the truth. He was puzzled but not greatly. He had lived too long on the seamy and shadowy side of life to be surprised at anything. Men had lived double lives before; but this was the kind of double life which Haynes thought belonged to the realm of imaginative novelists. A banker who amused himself in smash and grab raids was wildly fictional—but possible.

There might be, he thought, a woman somewhere in the back-ground. Where women touched

life, the inexplicable became almost daylight-clear.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Connor, as the man stopped and with scarcely an effort lifted the unconscious Luke onto the chair.

The Gunner did not answer the question. Instead, he propounded one of his own.

"Have you any slush in this place?" he asked and saw a look of alarm come into the imperturbable face of the other.

"Slush?" said Connor quickly. "No—why should we? I don't deal in that kind of stuff."

"No forged French banknotes?" The Gunner shook his head in anticipation of the answer.

"What do you mean, Gunner?"

"A smile lit up the saturnine face. "You asked me why I came here, and I'm telling you. They're raiding your place tonight. I only got to know it an hour ago. I thought I'd come along and tell you. I don't know why, but that's my nature—helping poor crooks!"

He saw the three men glance at one another, and the alarm in Connor's face was patent.

"We had a parcel over from Paris the other day," he said un- easily. "Harry, get it up."

He looked at the huddled figure of Luke.

"You're making a big mistake about this bird," he said. "You let him get into the hands of the police, and he'll put up a squeal that'll make you deaf!"

Stooping, the Gunner put his arm about Luke Maddison and lifted him bodily. He turned and strode through the door, down the narrow passage, and into the untidy yard. He had already located Connor's van, and he was on the point of hoisting his burden into its interior when he heard a stealthy scraping against wood. It was the sound that a man makes when he is climbing—somebody was getting over the gate.

He sat Luke on the ground, propped him against a wall and went noiselessly toward the entrance of the yard. Stooping to get a skyline, he saw the head and shoulders of two men above the gate. It was enough; he need see no more.

his keen eyes discerned the dim shape of it as it moved uneasily on the rising tide.

He had considered the possibility of leaving Luke to be discovered by the police, and had rejected that plan. He owed a debt to this man—he could not leave him to discovery and disgrace. If what Connor had said was true, Maddison, in his capacity of brigand, was as much wanted by the police as Connor himself.

He drew the boat to the broken stone causeway with the heel of his boot, and put Luke aboard by the simple process of laying him level with the edge of the wharf and rolling him onto the boat. It took a few minutes to balance him. As he himself stepped astride of the man, he heard the sound of voices in the yard, saw the flicker of electric lamps. Untying the painter, he pushed off with his hand, dragged an oar from under the reclining figure and paddled his way to midstream, keeping a sharp lookout for the river police.

He saw the launch coming down stream at full speed, and drove his boat into the shelter of two moored barges as the tiny steamer swung in a semi-circle.

"A bit late," muttered the Gunner.

He was free from detection now, unless he met another patrol, and finding the second oar, he pushed Luke down between the two seats and sitting rowed steadily downstream.

In an hour there would be daylight, already the eastern sky was whitening. The Gunner knew a safe landing near Rotherhithe; the tide was turning and would, he judged, carry him to safety.

He judged wrong, and saw, before he had reached London Bridge, that he could not make his destination in the darkness. He took his decision quickly. Stooping over the side of the boat, he filled his hat with water and dashed it in the face of the slumbering man. Luke shivered and groaned, and the Gunner repeated his experiment. He heard the moaning voice of the man at the bottom of the boat.

"My head..."

"Keep quiet!" hissed Haynes. "I'm taking you to London Bridge Stairs."

There was no answer, and the Gunner prodded with his heel at his uneasily moving cargo.

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you. What has happened?"

Haynes did not reply, but pulled at his oars, and in a minute Luke heard the jolt of the boat striking against the stone.

"Can you get up?" The Gunner's hand gripped Luke's wrist and drew him to a sitting position.

With the boathook he drew the little skiff against the steps and came to land. It took five minutes before Luke could follow him, and he wanted all the support that his companion could give him.

"Sit on the steps," commanded

the Gunner and Luke obeyed. "Now try to stand."

For five minutes Luke sat crouched up, his face in his hands, and then the Gunner's voice aroused him.

"There are too many people passing over the bridge to please me," he said. "We had better get up before it's light."

He assisted the half-unconscious man to rise to his feet.

Neither spoke as they climbed the steep flight until they emerged flush with the footpath. The people who were hurrying across the bridge took little notice of them, and gripping his companion by the arm, the Gunner led him down toward Tooley Street. When he saw a slowly moving cab he hailed the driver and bundled Luke inside.

"My friend's a bit under the weather," he explained to the cabman with a smile. "Drive me to Lennox Street, Clerkenwell."

There was a large block of model buildings in Lennox Street, and for years the Gunner had had his secret headquarters in a fairly large flat on the ground floor. It was a place to which he very seldom came, and of whose existence the police were ignorant. It was his pied-a-terre, jealously preserved for emergencies. He had slept there two nights before, and the woman who came in daily had made the bed. Upon this he laid Luke Maddison.

"They must have given you a pretty large dose," he said. "I'll make you some coffee."

Luke shuddered.

"Coffee—ugh!"

"Gave it to you in that, did they? That's probably why you're not dead."

He pulled down the blinds before he lit the gas; then going into the little kitchen, he made coffee.

The Gunner had kept house in places as wide apart as Biarritz is from Munich, and knew how to brew that delicious beverage. When he came back Luke was sitting on the side of the bed, his head in his hands.

"A couple of aspirins ought to put you right," said the Gunner, and went in search of the little white pellets.

Luke gulped down the medicine, and then for the first time became conscious of his benefactor.

"Aren't you Gunner Haynes?" he asked.

"That is my name."

"Where is Connor?"

Again that cryptic smile.

"In jail, I hope," said the Gunner. "Now, Mr. Maddison, are you well enough to talk?"

Luke looked up eagerly.

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### ELEVENTH INSTALLMENT

Returning as quickly as he came to the place where he had left Luke, he lifted him and went cautiously and gingerly down the slope toward the water. There would be a boat here. Presently

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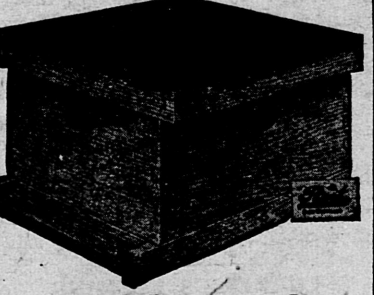
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About The Census

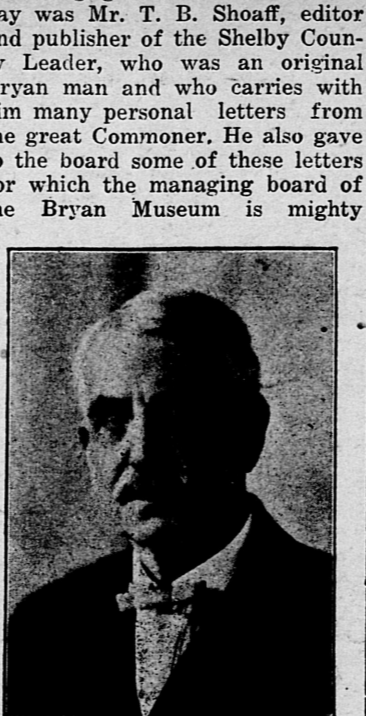
(Continued from Page 1) age and those 16 and over; the number of free white females without distinction as to age; the number of other (I. C. colored) free persons in the family without distinction as to sex; and finally the number of slaves. This was the beginning of the population census which has now expanded until the enumerator is required to write down the name of every individual and opposite the name something like 30 items of information.

country into about 120,000 enumeration districts. This must be done well in advance of the date of the census and is no small undertaking. It has required the employment in the Census Bureau at Washington of more than 200 clerks and draughtsmen working for more than a year under the direction of the Geographer of the Census. It was necessary to secure over 7,000 city and county maps. For some counties there are no maps in existence. So far as possible in such cases maps had to be especially prepared.

The Weather

(Continued from page 1) hours of morning and until late in the evening. It was thinking of a home it would soon build and all other things that robins may think about. Now lo, and behold where has springtime gone? It's just been too nice to last, this spring weather. The farmers had their corn shucked, their oats sowed and many of them had the corn ground and soybean ground plowed. When you ask them about "sunflowers" they give you a dirty look and that's about all.

T. B. SHOAFF, VETERAN NEWSPAPERMAN, HERE



T. B. SHOAFF

Among guests in Sullivan Friday was Mr. T. B. Shoaff, editor and publisher of the Shelby County Leader, who was an original Bryan man and who carries with him many personal letters from the great Commoner. He also gave to the board some of these letters for which the managing board of the Bryan Museum is mighty grateful. That the people of this community may become better acquainted with Mr. Shoaff, we print the following contribution taken from one of the Decatur newspapers:

he purchased his present paper, "The Shelby County Leader" first established in 1840 by W. W. Bishop, under the name of "The Okaw." The father of Thomas Shoaff began his printer career as a typesetter on "The Okaw," with Joe Duncan, and these two men during that period of time published a monthly magazine called, "The Prairie Flower," a copy of which is to be found on file in the Illinois historical library at Springfield. The National Graphic Arts exposition held in New York in September, 1927, awarded to Mr. Shoaff honorary mention, and a bronze medal as being one of the oldest printers and publishers in continuous service in the United States and Canada.

DOES RESTITUTION OFFER INDICATE RILEA OF GUILTY?

If somebody accused you of stealing a \$10 bill, would you, if you were not guilty, offer to pay that amount to the person robbed, in order to prevent trouble? This question came up here on Tuesday morning. It is still undecided. The facts as gathered from the officials who investigated the case are as follows: Mrs. Elizabeth Eden who is engaged in raising broilers in a side room at the Eden Inn had employed two women to come and do the cleaning of coops, etc. They did that Tuesday morning as usual. Mrs. Eden's daughter, Mrs. Marie Sherman of St. Joseph, Mo., is visiting here. Mrs. Sherman left her purse, containing a \$10 bill in the hall while she and her mother had breakfast. When they wanted to enter the hall later from the kitchen they found the door locked. They went around the front way and found the two women in the hall, the purse was open, one \$10 was gone. The women stated that they had not touched the purse. The sheriff was called in. He decided to take finger-prints of the suspects. One of the women then stated "I did handle that purse and you'll find my prints on it, but I did not steal the \$10." They did, however, offer to pay the \$10 if no legal steps were taken. They went home and made it up, but before paying it they consulted an attorney who is said to have told them not to pay, if they were not guilty. The states attorney and sheriff are closely watching the case. No other official action has as yet been taken.

LAKE CITY

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Noel were called to Logansport, Indiana Friday on account of the death of Mrs. Noel's aunt, Mrs. Selders. Ernest Dickson and family of Decatur were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickson. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilt and Lucille of near Lovington and Mrs. Sallie Wilson and Dorothy of Evanston spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Rankins. Miss Mary West and Everett King of Decatur visited Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Grant Warner. Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Winings and Grace spent Sunday with Frank Winings and family near Bethany. Judge Grider of Sullivan was a business caller here Monday. Mrs. Sarah Kendall of Powers, Michigan visited relatives here last week. Billie Berry of Kansas and Thomas Logan of Oakland were callers here Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. George Webb of near Lovington spent Thursday with Grant Warners. Mrs. Charles Dyer of Lovington spent Monday with her daughter Mrs. Elmer Hamm. Miss Ruth Powell and Mrs. Ella Rankins and children were Decatur callers Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. William Beitz of Decatur spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Mary Beitz. Judge W. G. Cochran and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Richardson and family moved Thursday from their home in the southeastern part of this city to the Judge's residence property on Harrison street.

S. T. Butler Donald M. Butler BUTLER & BUTLER Dentists Hours 8:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m. Phone 129 Sullivan, Ill.

Judge Grider's Candidacy

Judge John T. Grider is making his campaign to succeed himself as County Judge, based upon his record which is generally known to the people of the County, and he hears many favorable comments from both men and women as to his faithful discharge of the duties of his office. His qualifications for this office are as follows: 1st—Honest, fair dealings to all, regardless of party. 2nd—He devotes his entire time to the duties of the office. 3rd—His experience and knowledge of the probate law is of great help in discharging the duties of the office. 4th—Watching the estates carefully and keeping attorneys fees and administrators fees on a reasonable basis. 5th—A profound knowledge of the law is not required, but good common sense and thorough knowledge of the duties of the office are required. 6th—His faithful years of service entitles him to another term.

GRAND THEATRE

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, MARCH 28-29 HOOT GIBSON in an All talking Picture The Mounted Stranger Saturday matinee—Adm. 10-30c; Night, Adm. 10-35c SUNDAY, MARCH 30 WILLIAM POWELL in "Street of Chance" Given "4 stars" by Liberty—now playing Lincoln Theatre, Decatur. Matinee 2:45; Adm. 10-30c; Adm. night 10-35c. MONDAY-TUESDAY, MAR. 31, APRIL 1 "Aunt Lucia" Sponsored by the AMERICAN LEGION. Details elsewhere in this issue. WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY, APRIL 2-3 Cecil B. De Mille's "Dynamite" with CONRAD NAGEL, CHARLES BICKFORD and KAY JOHNSON Adm. 10-35c Next Week "SUNNY SIDE UP"

PLAYHOUSE THEATRE

SHELBYVILLE, ILL. Western Electric Sound System Talking Pictures at their Best. SATURDAY, MARCH 29 Big old talking comedy drama CLYDE COOK & ALAN BIRMGHAM in "Masquerade" from the novel "THE BRASS BOWL" Matinee 2:15-10c & 25c. Night 7:00 to 11:00—15c & 35c. SUN. & MON., MARCH 30-31 Snappiest Show of the Season NANCY CARROLL & SKEETS GALLAGER in "HONEY" 5 Big Song Hits 5 Sweeter and Greater than "Sweetie" All Talking, Singing, Dancing comedy. Continuous Show Sunday 2:15 to 6:00—10 & 35c 6:00 to 11:00—15c & 50c. TUES. & WED., APRIL 1-2 Great All Talking Melodrama CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS and his new girl friend JEAN ARTHUR in "Half Way to Heaven" Adm. 10 and 35c. THURS. & FRI., APRIL 3-4 Big Musical Comedy Feast Greater than Broadway Melody or Gold Diggers of Broadway JACK BENNY & MARIE DRESSLER in "Chasing Rainbows" All Talking, Singing, Dancing Adm. 15c and 50c. COMING—"YOUNG EAGLES"

Each enumerator before he is appointed has to fill out a trial or test schedule, carrying the regular census questions; and the test schedule when filled out is corrected and graded in the Census Bureau at Washington. The corrected test schedules are then forwarded to the supervisor for his guidance in the selection of enumerators, and are ultimately returned to the enumerators themselves in order that they may profit by the corrections. Any candidate who fails to pass the test is of course ineligible for appointment. As the enumerator must be given a defined area to canvass it is necessary to divide and map the

When thirteen years of age Mr. Shoaff entered the "College of Hard Knocks" with mallet and shooting-stick as his text books. He served his apprenticeship as a printer's devil and having learned to manipulate the "Wash" hand press successfully, his father increased his pay from \$3 per week to \$8. Since the year 1860 he has been continuously in the printing and publishing business. In the year 1861, he, with his father published, "The Berent (Ill.) Union," but after a short time his father enlisted in Company A, 35th Illinois Volunteers, where he thereafter served as second lieutenant. In the year 1864 when eighteen years of age, Thor. B. Shoaff published his first individual newspaper, "The Boy About Town," editing the same from his father's office in Decatur. On February 23, 1873 Mr. Shoaff and his father established the Paris (Ill.) Gazette. His two younger brothers, Fred L. and J. D. Shoaff, later became the owners of this paper and continued as its publishers until recently, when they sold the Gazette to its present owners. In 1880 Mr. Shoaff established the Danville (Ill.) Leader and later the "Danville Daily Press." Still later he was one of the founders of the "Danville Daily Democrat." In the early winter of 1900

Dunscomb Dry Goods Co.

SULLIVAN QUALITY FIRST—VALUE ALWAYS \$2.95 Sale of Raincoats Starting Friday morning March 28th, and ending Saturday night, April 5th Girls Raincoats 9 Leatherette Trench Raincoats, suede lined, assorted sizes and colors, 7 to 14 years, with caps to match, values to \$4.50 Choice \$2.95 Ladies and Misses Raincoats 9 Ladies and Misses Suede lined Leatherette Trench Raincoats; also 4 Tweed Raincoats \$3.95 and \$4.50 values \$2.95 ALL OTHER RAINCOATS at 20% DISCOUNT, DURING THIS SALE.

CORNELIUS FLEMING

Cornelius Fleming died early Monday morning near Sullivan, being in his 82nd year. He had lived in Sullivan township several years. The body was brought to the Lovins funeral home in Windsor where Elder J. V. Brady conducted the funeral services. Mr. Fleming having been a member of Liberty congregation of Church of Christ. Burial was in Mt. Carmel cemetery south of Shelbyville. Mr. Fleming leaves no relatives in this section, but three grown children live away from here.—Windsor Gazette. —Mr. and Mrs. Paul Martin of Decatur visited at the home of his sister, Mrs. Fred Sona Saturday. —Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Ewing of Assumption visited friends here Sunday. Whether able to read and write. Place of birth of each person enumerated and of his or her parents. Language spoken in the home before coming to United States. Citizenship: Year of immigration to United States. Whether naturalized or not. Whether able to speak English. Occupation and Industry: Trade, profession or particular kind of work of person enumerated. Industry or business followed. Is the person employed. Veterans Whether a veteran of the U. S. Military or Naval forces.

It takes a superior man or a superior woman to make a good enumerator. Nothing could be farther from the truth than the idea that any able bodied person who can ask questions and write down the answers is qualified to act as census enumerator. It is a job that requires brains and tact as well as conscience and honesty. In the records of previous censuses on file in the Bureau of the Census at Washington there is evidence that some of the enumerators in the past have been incompetent or careless and indifferent. Every precaution will be taken to forestall the employment of any enumerators of that description in the coming census. The Population Schedule On the population schedule will appear the name of every person enumerated in the 1930 census. The following will be some of the questions which will be asked regarding each person: Home Data: Relation of the person to the head of the family. Whether they own or rent the house they are living in. The value of the home if owned or monthly rental if rented. Has the family a radio set? Does this family live on the farm. Personal Description & Education Sex, color or race, age at last birthday, marital condition, age at first marriage. Attended school or college any time since September 1, 1929