

### The Sacrifice

The hallway telephone shrilled loudly through the house of detective Tim Crowley, arousing the aging policeman who was reclining in his easy chair.

"Dash it!" he said as he reached for the phone. "Can't I get a moment's peace!"

"Hello," he grumbled. "Oh, hello, Chief," he continued in a softer voice. "Yes, it was tough sledding for an old fellow. Two months is a long time to be away from home, you know; but I'm glad I got back. You know my boy Willie is here and I haven't seen him in a long time. I suppose I'll get a rest now for a while and enjoy his company. What's that! Nothing doing; I'm taking no more cases; give it to somebody else. You mean I have to take it? Well, I'll see you about it when I'm over making my report." With this he hung up.

"There they go again," he muttered as he stretched out in his chair again: "the same old stuff. If it were a big case, they'd give it to somebody else; still, O'Donnell said this was the biggest case ever placed in the hands of our division. I wonder what it is!"

In a few minutes he was again enjoying his interrupted siesta.

Timothy Crowley was one of the oldest plain-clothes men doing duty for the North End District Police Station. He was widely known in police circles, having travelled the pavements in uniform for years; the citizens knew him as "The kindly cop." One day fortune smiled on him and for proficiency he was promoted in the service and was now enjoying the distinction of being senior detective in his division. However, Tim thought that the cases placed in his hands were a very small recognition of the services he had rendered the department. Several times he had worked on out of town cases, but they were of no more importance than his regular district jobs and the frequent repetition of such undertakings was discouraging. Things had now arrived at their climax. He contemplated resigning. He was entitled to a small pension. This, together with a little help from his son, would prove quite sufficient for the subsistence of his small family. So it happened, late that afternoon while driving to headquarters, he finally decided to enter into retirement.

"Hello, Tim," greeted Chief O'Donnell, as he shook Crowley's hand. "Glad to see your old face again. I hear you went over big in Centerville."

"Well, I managed to land a couple of crooks for a ten year term. I'll tell you about that later. Just at present I have something more important than that to talk about. You know, Chief, I'm slowing up; I feel that you have already gotten most of the sap out of me and, though I would like to be of service to you, yet I feel that I have come to the end of the road as far as duty is concerned."

"You mean you're quitting?" interrupted O'Donnell.

"No, Chief, I'm not quitting; I'm resigning."

"You certainly are not resigning, not yet anyway. I have a big assignment for you. Not one of those everyday affairs; I tell you, it's big and you just have to take it. Many capable men have failed to solve this one, Tim, and I'm counting on you to come through. You can have all the men you want, and anything I can do to help you is yours for the asking. Now here's what it is. You've undoubtedly heard of the Gustin gang?"

"You mean that bunch of counterfeiters?" interrupted Crowley. "Why, that's too big for me, Chief; you know that, and besides I want some time off now as my boy Willie is home. It's years since I've seen him and he may be called away any day. You see he's attached to a big orchestra and has been travelling all over the country. He's making big money."

"Well Tim, I'm sorry to hear it. You realize that it's your big chance. If you succeed, the banks as well as the government will pay you plenty, and that would be a fine act to draw down the final curtain on. That's why I want you to take it, Tim. Can't you see I am trying to do something for you? Washington also has a secret service man on the job, Tim, and I feel that you know as much about this town as anybody. And wouldn't it gladden the hearts of us all to see, strewn across the headlines of papers, "Local Sleuth Succeeds Where Secret Service Fails." You must take it, Tim."

Crowley was in deep thought. It was a tempting proposition.

"It sounds good to me, Chief," said Crowley. "I'll think it over and let you know in the morning."

"Sorry, Tim," interposed O'Donnell, "but I can only give you until tonight. Headquarters must have some-

thing definite by then. You see this gang has become so efficient that the papers are clamouring for an immediate solution. Something must be done immediately, and, on account of your knowledge of the town and its criminals, much is expected of you. Moreover, there's a lot of work already done on it, which should help a lot. You know, Burke has been working on the case for some time now. I hope you decide to take it, Crowley. Goodbye and good luck. Let me know your decision as soon as possible."

While driving across the city, Crowley decided to take the case, and, when he reached home, his son, who according to Mrs. Crowley had not spent much of his time around the house since arriving, was there.

"I'm sorry, son," apologized the father, "that I couldn't see you before this; but you know the uncertainty of my position. I'm also sorry that I won't be able to see much more of you for a while. You see, they gave me another case today. It's the biggest thing I ever handled and I want to make the best of it."

"What is it, Dad?" his son inquired eagerly.

"Well, my boy, I cannot say too much; but maybe you've heard of the large counterfeiting ring that is operating all over the country. Well, your dad is going to put them out of business."

"What!" exclaimed his son in sudden surprise. "Have you that case? Why, Dad, Washington will make you rich if you break up that gang of thieves. But Dad, why don't you give it up and quit working? I'm making enough to keep you and mother. And besides, this will be a dangerous case for you to undertake. I'd like very much to see you make an arrest but it doesn't seem probable after the best detectives in the country have failed to solve it. Well, Dad, I hope you come out on top."

The son seemed perplexed.

That night, to the consummate joy of O'Donnell, Crowley accepted. The next day he joined the others on the case and was received enthusiastically. As they unfolded the case to him, he began to realize the greatness of it and the herculean task which confronted him. The counterfeiters were operating from several large centres. Tim entered heart and soul into the case. He worked hard and after a week it became evident to him that it would be only a matter of a few days before he would have the thieves behind bars.

Suddenly things changed. It was obvious that something had curtailed his enthusiasm in the case. So evident was his lack of interest, that he was summoned before Chief O'Donnell to explain his action.

Utterly depressed and dejected in spirits, the seemingly paradoxical Tim Crowley slid silently into the chair in Chief O'Donnell's office.

"What's the trouble, Crowley?" spoke up O'Donnell, breaking a terrible silence. "What has happened to you? You told me you had the case practically solved, and now you're acting as if you had seen a ghost or something. What's happened? Come on; out with it! Are you in a jam? Have they got you on the spot? Speak up and say something. Maybe you're afraid."

Tim raised his heavy head.

"Stop, Chief; it's nothing like that at all. You know, for some time everything was going smoothly. By times I thought the angels were guiding me. I got a lot of help from an unexpected source, but I can't tell you about it just now."

Crowley wiped the perspiration from his brow, then continued:

"Suddenly everything changed. Clues would not click; My hunches were all in vain. I don't know what's wrong. I fear they've got me, and it will only be a matter of time before I'm plugged. I just can't go on, Chief. I must pull out . . . . . I . . . . ."

"You're a liar, Crowley! You know more than you care to tell. You've found out something. You can't bluff me. Say, Tim, you should know better than that; you can't let us down like this. Why, you must be mad. Now come clean. What is it, Tim?"

"No, Chief; so help me."

"So you won't tell, eh! Well I'll fix you. I would never have believed that Tim Crowley would turn yellow. All right, Tim, if you don't come through you might just as well leave town. You're done around here."

"Stop it, Chief," cried Crowley. "I'm not myself. Give me a couple of days and I'll see what I can do for you."

After the interview Crowley immediately proceeded to his home and to his son's room. He knocked, but there was no response. He pushed the door open, as he uttered a deep sigh. It was evident that some invisible strain

was heavily burdening him. The momentary success of his work had thrown him into utter despair.

"Say, Willie," he cried. But like his knock, the shout received no answer. As he withdrew from the room he cast a furtive glance around it. He saw something he feared. In a step he was at his son's table. Upon it lay some ten and twenty dollar bank notes. He gasped; he had seen similar ones—they were counterfeit. It was too true. Willie was really in on it. In the drawers beneath were letters, postmarked St. Louis, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Albany, Montreal. This was too much. These cities were the other centers from which the gang was operating. Breaking under the strain, the big detective fell sobbing to the table. His conjectures of the past few days were correct; his son was a public enemy. What was he to do? His only son had been deceiving him all these years. Would he shield him—If only he had not accepted! If—He was interrupted in his thoughts by the ringing of the telephone.

It was O'Donnell, and he wanted him to report to him immediately. Could it be that he had found out?

As he entered O'Donnell's office the Chief stood up.

"Very important message left here for you, Crowley; I thought you would like to see it right away."

He handed an envelope to the detective. Tim opened it. He started. Certainly this message forboded nothing good.

"You were right," it read. "When do we strike?" The time had come. His latest case had been lost in a maze that could bring him nothing but unhappiness. The Chief read the message; it meant nothing to him.

"What's it all about?" he inquired eagerly.

"I'll be back in an hour," Crowley evaded as he left the startled Chief.

Crowley walked aimlessly as he moved away from the station. During the past few days he had been hoping to avoid the inevitable, but the notes and envelopes completely confirmed his suspicions. There was no freedom of choice. He dreaded pursuing the case to its ultimate end. Perhaps, he thought, yes, he might surrender the case. He would resign and—No! They knew he held the solution in his hands. If he did he would be disgraced; he would be ousted from the midst of his friends—an exile. But would that matter if he could shield his deceitful and

lawless son? He would save Willie's name and keep it unblemished. After all, his days were numbered while his son was yet in his twenties. It would never be known that his son was implicated in the affair. His last case. And his first one of any importance . . . . Internationally heralded. . . . What was that! If he gave up . . . . If he followed through . . . . The disgrace of it all!

Thought after thought flashed through his mind. His imagination painted vivid pictures before him. Abruptly he stopped.

"Duty," he muttered. A duty, he thought. Ah! He had never faltered in the line of duty, son or no son. He had come to one conclusion in his mad imaginings. Duty first.

Again he was in O'Donnell's office. His face was stern. Gone was the dejected Crowley; in his place was a relentless, pitiless, almost cruel detective.

"Call headquarters," he commanded. "Tell them to have a couple of squads ready. Follow instructions I gave a couple of days ago, then wait for me. I'll call you."

Crowley rushed home. He remembered seeing something there in his son's room. Up the stairs he rushed and extracted an envelope from a drawer.

"Yes," he said, "I was right." He proceeded immediately to the phone. "Police headquarters," he called. "Crowley speaking. Order squads under instructions to proceed immediately to 3476 South Main Street."

"Congratulations," flashed Headquarters. "Hope they make it, Tim."

In a few hours it was all over. The counterfeiters were taken; the big national ring was smashed. Back in O'Donnell's office, Crowley awaited results. He waited as one expecting a death sentence, and paid no heed to the felicitations. In the midst of this a message from his son:

"Hello Dad," he phoned. "I just heard the big news. Congratulations. I'm sorry I have to say goodbye now, but I must rejoin my orchestra immediately at Washington. I may be back in a few weeks." Abruptly he rang off.

It was a shock for old Tim, but he was glad Willie had found out in time and had escaped.

That night after the excitement of the day, when he

arrived home, he again visited his son's room. The notes, letters, all were gone. The only thing that could be seen was a telegram. It was on the dresser. He picked it up and read. His face turned pale, and a sad smile slowly lighted up his features.

"My son! My poor boy . . . . . Oh, thank God!"

The telegram, addressed to his son, marked Washington, read as follows:

Just received your wire stop that divisional detective stole your big job stop may mean your place in secret service report at once with evidence you have gathered.

—S.M., '34



### My Mother's Shadow

Last night,  
When lamps were lit,  
I saw  
A shadow flit  
Across the room.  
And when,  
At last, it fell  
Across  
My book,—a well  
Of joy—a tune  
Sprang up  
Within my soul  
And made my heart rejoice,  
For then  
My ears drank gold,—  
My mother's low sweet voice.

—D.A.M., Ex. '31

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Death is the gate of life—*Bailey.*