

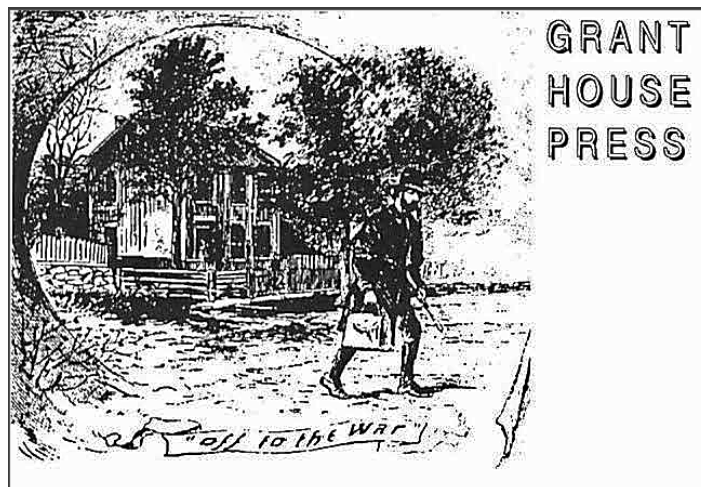
Jerry and the Bacon Puppy

Prefaced by

The Scandalous Geneva Background
to Mildred Fitzhugh's Short Story
About Horse Racing, Intrigue, and Treachery
Followed by a Reprint of the Story

by

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Breaking ground for new shelter

2 / 17

(Chicago Tribune historical photo)

Miss Mildred Fitz-Hugh of Lake Forest, from left; Mrs. Dorothy Eagles; Christ Paschen, building commissioner; Mrs. William Swift and Mrs. M.P. Wamboldt, both of Lake Forest; Ted Hines, animal keeper; and Jim Scottie start work on the North Side Animal Shelter at 6500 N. Clark St. in Chicago on May 27, 1929. Eagles directed the stray animal shelter, which was a subsidiary of Irene Castle McLaughlin's Orphans of the Storm animal shelter. "After this haven is completed we plan to build one on the West Side and another on the South Side," Paschen said.

Jerry and the Bacon Puppy is a mystery short story centered on a dog and the dark side of the equestrian centric lifestyle of the ultrarich. Written in 1915 by a young society woman born near the end of the Gilded Age into a wealthy Chicago family, the who-done-it was inspired by Mildred Fitzhugh's experiences as she supported a close friend through a difficult time. A friendship of Mark Morton, the father of a troubled young woman, brought both cryptology and sculpture into the plot and introduced Mildred to these disciplines and Geneva, Illinois.

Geneva's Colonel George Fabyan was that friend of Mark Morton. George was a puzzling amalgam of intellectual curiosity and P.T. Barnum hucksterism. His Riverbank Estate and Laboratories below Geneva Illinois on the Fox River were more akin to an amusement park or circus than a stately cosseted manor born of great generational wealth. Serious academic pursuits would not have been suspected there by the casual visitor. An avid Baconian, Fabyan himself had no academic credentials. His villa was a modest remodeled farmhouse that had been the home of lawyer Joel Demetrius Harvey and noted social activist Julia Plato Harvey. George and Nelle Fabyan had entrusted their home make-over to Frank Lloyd Wright. Some who crossed George's path remembered The Colonel as a tyrant, but not devoid of infectious enthusiasm or nurturing charm.

Major T.B. Crockett probably did not anticipate that his letter to General Marlborough Churchill of 18 August 1919, would be released by the National Security Agency in 2014, a scant 95 years after Crockett wrote it: "I most respectfully suggest that a letter of appreciation will not be remiss. The Colonel [Fabyan] is possessed of the vanity of a debutante, and a little catering to that weakness would unquestionably record results." George's cryptology correspondence with the Army Signal Corps did abound with the use of the first-person singular pronoun as code for William and Elizebeth Friedman when referring to Riverbank's prowess in cryptology.

One wonders if Mildred Fitzhugh's "John Humphrey" character in her *Jerry and the Bacon Puppy* was not, in fact, George Fabyan. "Jerry" bears an uncanny resemblance to Billy Friedman, and the attractive "Hollis," the young horsewoman suspected of treachery must be Helen Morton.

Following this overlong introduction is a facsimile copy of an obscure short story by Mildred Fitzhugh. Mildred was the daughter of Carter Harrison Fitzhugh (Virginia kin to the father and son mayors of Chicago, the Carter Harrisons) and Isabelle Scribner Fitzhugh of Lake Forest. Mildred was 23 when *Jerry and the Bacon Puppy* was published by Colonel George Fabyan's Riverbank Press in Geneva, Illinois, in 1916. Two of Mildred's lifelong interests were dogs and horses, as her cryptic short story will illustrate.

Mildred never married and was active in Chicago and National Humane Societies. She lived in the FitzHugh Lake Forest mansion *Insley* (restored in the 1990s) until she died in 1976. She is shown above with shovel, hat, and fur boa breaking ground for a stray dog shelter in Chicago. The other lady wearing a boa and clutching a canine (possibly a bull terrier) is Mrs. William Swift, the former Miss Helen Morton. Helen was the niece of Joy Sterling Morton, daughter of Mark. Think salt, Morkrum Teletype (which made Morse Code obsolete), and arboretums, among other things. Mildred and Helen both loved dogs and horses. Many later activists expanded that love to other furbearers. The ladies' hats and boas of the 1920s have mercifully faded into the mists of fashion history.



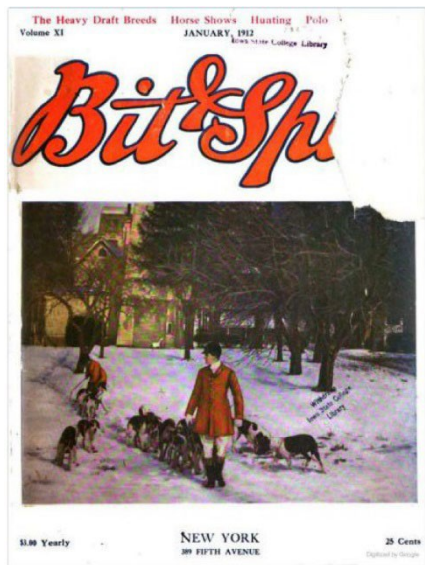
William and Elizebeth Friedman relax on the Potomac River (well, William does anyway) in about 1921, shortly after departing Riverbank on the Fox River and Geneva. Elizebeth is spelled with three e's because her mother disliked the diminutive Eliza and reasoned the second "e" would foreclose the possibility of its use. William, a polymath, was a skilled amateur photographer. A third person may have been aboard, or William is holding a cable to the shutter release in his left hand.

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Mildred Fitz Hugh and Helen Morton were Lake Forest friends. Both were debutants depicted in photos at the Chicago Historical Society.¹ They both spent time at Riverbank in Geneva in 1914-5, Miss Morton, under nationally reported scandalous circumstances. She was placed under the guardianship of George Fabyan by a DuPage County court.²

¹ Album I of "CHICAGO SOCIETY ALBUMS COLLECTION, 1912-1916, Storage: Box Lot (1 box, 11x14 in.) Accession Number: G1987.0104

² "HEIRESS BRIDE INSANE, Court Decides Eccentricities of Mrs. Roger Bayly [Helen Morton] Culminate in Guardianship." *Los Angeles Herald*, 6 July 1914.



Helen Morton stayed with the N. Frank Neers, old Morton family friends, while in Virginia in 1914. Neer was a regular contributor to *Bit & Spur*.

Helen, claiming she was off to the bedside of a seriously ill former New York schoolmate, had gone on a spending spree in Virginia. She bought a horse farm along with horses to populate it. She purchased a motorcar and stayed in expensive hotels. Helen rode about the Fauquier County countryside in the company of two horsemen, the dashing Bayly brothers, Clay and Roger. The Baylys had been kind enough to sell Helen thoroughbred horses. Then Helen's father, Mark Morton, stopped payment on her checks, forcing her to return home. Her father then sent Helen to live with the Fabyans in Geneva and for safekeeping.

The Year 1914 may have been the apogee of an earlier actual fake news cycle. Lowell Thomas (on the right), best known as the promoter of T.E. Lawrence of Arabia, provided the most lurid coverage of the Helen Morton scandal. Thomas reported that he had infiltrated the closely guarded Fabyan Estate to get a scoop. His interview with Helen, laden with direct quotes, was obtained after his successful amphibious assault via the Fox River by rowboat (another version claimed he swam, more like a Navy Seal).³ The story was a pure canard but was taken up by other papers, ultimately resulting in several libel suits. Helen was not in Geneva that day. She was in Lake Forest visiting her mother.⁴



Lowell Thomas went on to win the Peabody Award and the Presidential Medal of Freedom! Lowell was a buddy of another young Chicago *Journal* reporter, Paul Crissey, to whom "...he admitted his fabrication."⁵ Paul Crissey was the son of Colonel Fabyan's cross-river neighbor, Forrest Crissey.

"Thomas made clear, in a letter to Walter Cronkite 66 years later, that he had learned an 'important lesson' from his Helen Morton fabrication." This was how NYU Journalism

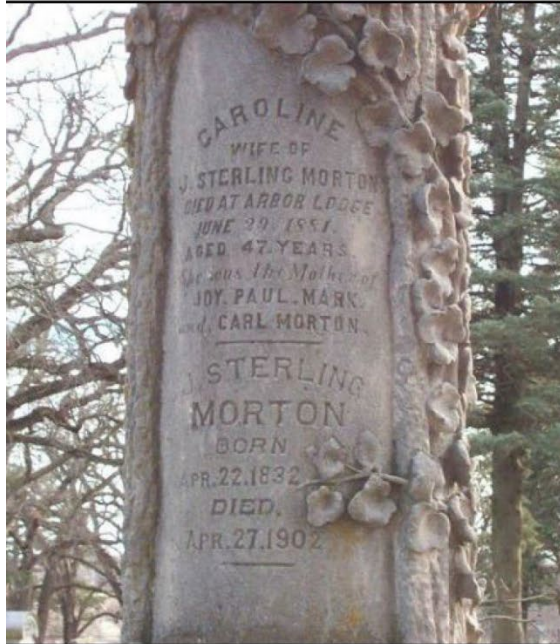
Professor Mitchell Stephens described Thomas' remorse over the Helen Morton Hoax in 2014 on the 100th anniversary of its perpetration.⁶

³ *Chicago Journal*, 12 July 1914, p1.

⁴ *The Philadelphia Inquirer* (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) 18 March 1945, Sun p83.

⁵ Stephens, Mitchell. *The Voice of America: Lowell Thomas and the Invention of 20th-Century Journalism*. First edition. New York: St. Martin's Press, 2017. p43.

⁶ <https://journalism.nyu.edu/publishing/beyondnews/2014/07/07/a-brief-history-of-truth-in-journalism- beginning-exactly-100->



"When his wife died the late J. Sterling Morton had erected over her grave a tombstone bearing the inscription: 'Caroline French, wife of J. Sterling Morton and mother of Joy, Paul, Carl and Mark Morton.' 'Why did you put the boys' names in?' inquired a friend of him one day. "I took my boys out to the cemetery," said Mr. Morton, 'and showed them their mother's grave, 'Boys,' I said, 'your mother is buried here. If one of you does anything dishonorable or anything of which she would be ashamed if she were alive, I will chisel your name from her tombstone' "

Stone, Magazine Review Publishing Company, Vol 6, p415, 1893.

Helen was born to parents who had decidedly different attitudes about child discipline. Both were blamed for Helen's travails. Her father Mark and his three brothers had been taken to the grave-side of their mother Caroline Joy by their father Julius Sterling Morton, who had had the names of Joy, Paul, Mark, and Carl chiseled into her marker. J. Sterling Morton was clear in his expectations of his boys.⁷

Mark's older brother, Joy Morton, thus imbued with the family abhorrence of scandal, opined to one family member "[Helen] is a good girl—very bright but is a little inclined to advanced notions, somewhat due, I think, to the influence of that finishing school in New York, the head [Jessica Finch] of which is tintured with socialism. To his son Wirt, Joy wrote: Uncle Mark's troubles are just sapping the life out of him. He is all shaken to pieces by it. It is too bad that a man like him should have to be all upset on account of the action of stupid, foolish people. Your Aunt Martha [Helen's mother] is responsible for the whole trouble. Her refusal to permit the children to be disciplined when young is bringing its reward."⁸

The newspaper reporting on Helen's situation was confusing. Rumors were printed as fast as they flew. *The New York Times* on 24 May reported that Helen had not eloped after all and that the stories that she had married Henry Clay Bayly, Roger's younger brother, stemmed from the fact that Clay had gone to Chicago to complete Helen's purchase of two horses ominously named Cocktail and Mint Julep. Roger was in a hospital in Washington during this time.⁹

[years-ago/](#)

⁷ Stone, Magazine Review Publishing Company, Vol 6, 1893. p415.

⁸ Ballowe, James. *A Man of Salt and Trees: The Life of Joy Morton*. DeKalb: Northern Illinois University Press, 2009. p183.

⁹ *New York Times*, 24 May 1914.



The Russian Wolfhound (Borzo) was a favorite breed among the Society set. This photo was taken about the time all the trouble started. Miss Helen Morton of Chicago, Wash. Horse Show. District of Columbia United States Washington D.C. Washington D.C. 1914. Photograph. <https://www.loc.gov/item/2016851098/>.

After a brief stay at the Bellevue Asylum in Batavia under Dr. Daniels' care, Helen Morton was married at Riverbank by Rev. Henry Grattan Moore of the Geneva and Batavia Episcopal Churches to Roger Bayly of Virginia. George Fabyan had helped Bayly obtain the license as Helen's guardian. Some newspapers had erroneously reported that the couple had eloped earlier in Virginia. The guardianship, the marriage, and the aftermath were unusual, to say the least, albeit all were brief. Mark Morton soon entered acrimonious and prolonged negotiations with Roger Bayly to sever all Morton relations with him, financial and marital.¹⁰

The *Tribune* on 26 August 1914 presented Roger Bayly's side of the story: Helen had rushed to Washington because he had been severely injured and was thought to be dying (the accident was probably horse-related, but not stated); Helen's problems could all be traced to her father's oppressive treatment of her; he and Helen were denied the wedding that their statures entitled them to; that he was not looking for money, although he was broke.¹¹ Certainly, the possibility exists that Helen had a significant mental health issue such as an affective disorder ("manic-depressive psychosis" in the psychiatric jargon of old). Such disorders can severely stress entire families.

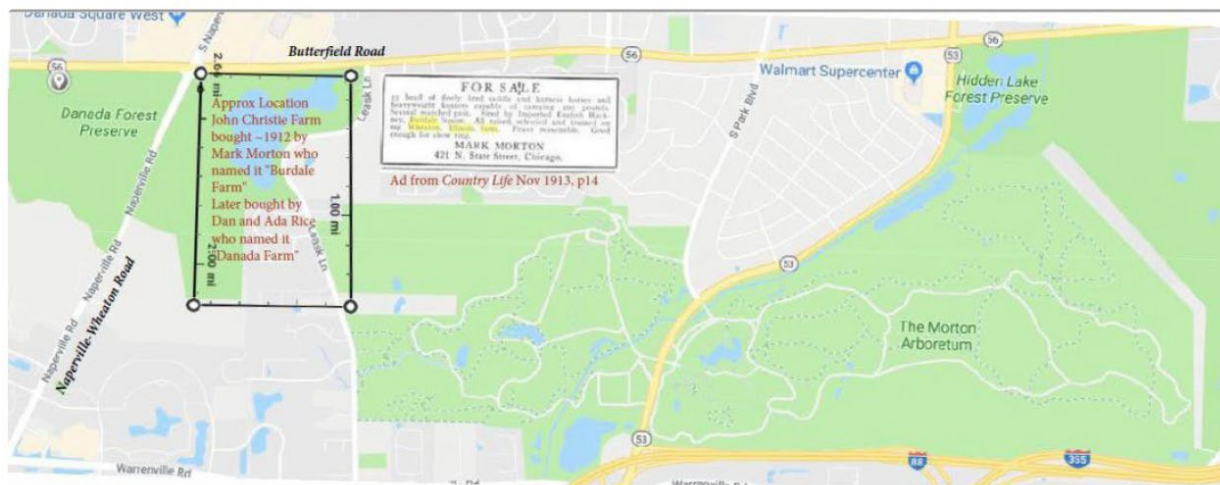
Helen once again became Miss Helen Morton by Judge Edward's decree in Waukegan on 4 October 1916. The *Tribune* peevishly noted that the "...hearing was not secret. On the other

¹⁰ *Chicago Tribune* 26 August 1916.

¹¹ *ibid.*

hand, no invitations were issued.”¹²

Somehow during all this, Helen sculpted two clay models of one of Nelle Fabyan's Russian Wolfhound puppies — a small figurine and a larger statue. Silvio Silvestri, Riverbank's in-house sculptor, cast cement puppies from the models at about the same time that he created his own well-known Riverbank Eagles.¹³ Later the smaller puppy figurine was cast in bronze by Col. Fabyan to be used as a “door porter”.¹⁴



2560

HELEN BURDALE

Foaled 1910. Chestnut; small star, snip, left fore ankle and right hind leg white.

Breeder—Mark Morton, Chicago, Ill.

Sire—Imp. Burdale Squire 1402, by Rosador (4964).

Dam—[2557] Jamaica II, by Imp. Houndales 268; 2d dam F. S. 197

Jamaica, by Imp. Tip Top [156].

Recorded by Mark Morton, Chicago, Ill.

The scandal created by Helen's hijinks landed both Mark Morton and George Fabyan in legal trouble. Morton, clad in overalls, was hoeing his garden at his Burdale Horse Farm (named for his English Hackney stud Burdale Squire) on Butterfield Road south of Wheaton. A hired car

rolled up carrying Webb Miller, a reporter (and, decades later, a nominee for a Pulitzer Prize). When Miller began to inquire about Helen, Mark bear-hugged him and, with the help of a hired hand, bound Miller with a rope, stuck him in his car, and headed up Naperville-Wheaton Road for the DuPage County Sheriff's office. On the way, Morton's car slid off the road, shaking up both captor and captive when they were ejected. Mark Morton and motorcars had an uneasy relationship. The trespass resulted in a small fine (despite a posted sign that welcomed visitors), and the reporter's subsequent lawsuit for \$50,000 was settled by Morton six years later for \$500.

Helen Morton had a namesake at Burdale Farm.¹⁵

¹² *Chicago Tribune*, 5 October 1916

¹³ *Concrete*, vol 10, No 3, March 1917.

¹⁴ *Chicago Tribune* (Chicago, Illinois), 16 July 1916, Sun, p44.

¹⁵ *The American Hackney Stud Book*. Vol 6, p52.

M. D.'S SAY MISS MORTON SUFFERS MENTAL ILLNESS.

**Drs. J. B. Murphy and C. L. Mix
Issue Statement—Measures Used
to Restore Girl's Health.**

A formal statement in which Helen Morton was declared to be the victim of a mental illness was given to the press yesterday by Drs. John B. Murphy and Charles Louis Mix.

Its publication was requested by Mark Morton, Helen's father, and Col. Fabyan, her conservator. Miss Morton's relatives called the physicians in to assure both themselves and the public that Helen's rebellion was attributable to a disease of the mind rather than to the high spirits of youth and a too firm parental discipline.

George Fabyan, a friend of the Japanese and facilitator of the Treaty of Portsmouth ending the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5 (which had de facto ended in the Straights of Tsushima when the Japanese sank much of the Russian fleet), ran into a Japan-born paparazzi at the Geneva Depot. George was there to meet Helen Morton, as was the photographer. The 6' 5" portly Colonel was not in a conciliatory mood as he had been in Portsmouth. After a kerfuffle that resulted in a damaged camera, George was eventually fined \$5 for disturbing the peace. George intimated an appeal might be forthcoming. He declared, citing an odd choice of rivers, that he believed in "...the code west of the Missouri".¹⁶

George, as Helen's conservator, had asked two prominent Chicago physicians to weigh in publicly on her condition: Dr. John B. Murphy and Dr. Charles L. Mix.¹⁷ Some Chicago professional brethren of the

physicians must have chuckled, as both were noted surgeons, not alienists (now called psychiatrists). George Fabyan took his usual energetic, direct, and optimistic approach to Helen's problems by finding other occupational therapy opportunities for her.¹⁸

CLAY MODELING.

Clay modeling has been introduced with very good success—the work being very pleasing to the inmates. A number of beautiful pieces have been made up. For the introduction of this art among the inmates, we are especially indebted to Col. George R. Fabyan, of Riverbank, Geneva, Ill., who prevailed upon Miss Helen Morton to teach the class. Miss Morton is an accomplished artist, whose winning manner stimulates the patients from the onset. The castings from the models are made at the Riverbank laboratories through the courtesy of Col. Fabyan.

Helen Morton continued as a sculptress. Her bronze, "Study of a Jersey Bull," was included in the juried exhibition of the Art Institute of Chicago in 1916. One of the sculpture jurors, Lorado Taft, commented favorably on her work.¹⁹ Her live model had been Nelle Fabyan's Jersey bull "Ocean Blue of Riverbank," most famous of Nelle's long line of Jersey Blues.²⁰

George Fabyan has been accused of gathering to himself a greater proportion of the

¹⁶ *Chicago Tribune*, 22 July 1914.

¹⁷ *Chicago Tribune*, 12 July 1914, p6.

¹⁸ Illinois Northern Hospital for the Insane [Elgin], Superintendents Report. Biennial Report of the Trustees, Superintendent, Etc., of the Northern Illinois Hospital and Asylum for the Insane, 1916. *Chicago Tribune* 16 July 1916, p45

¹⁹ THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO. A CATALOGUE OF THE TWENTIETH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY CHICAGO ARTISTS 8 FEBRUARY TO 5 MARCH, NINETEEN SIXTEEN. Chicago, 1916. exhibit 367.

²⁰ *Herd Register*, Vol 100, 1920. p343.

credit for accomplishments at Riverbank than he deserved. He may have even done so when it came to the work of his wife, Nelle. After all, it was Nelle, the daughter of the versatile and inventive Ely Wright, who was invited to serve on the concrete committee at the New York "Own you Own Home Exposition" in New York City in 1921.²¹ She was said to have invented a technique to color the cement used in her creations. Nelle provided the concrete furniture for the room exhibit for the concrete home industry exhibit. She oversaw the work of Silvio Silvestri.²² The most convincing evidence that Nelle was Helen's inspiration and mentor as a sculptress was their shared love of animals. Helen used Nelle's dog and bull as her subjects.

Nelle, a decade earlier, had been the Matron of Honor at the wedding of the orphaned Grace McKinley, the socially prominent niece of President McKinley in whose family she had been raised. The wedding was barely over when Grace's soldier husband was ordered to the Philippines. Grace donned one of her husband's uniforms and successfully stowed away on his transport in order to teach school in the Philippines. So, Nelle Fabyan knew something about headstrong young women.

Charles Gates Dawes won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1924 as chairman of the Reparations Commission which restructured Germany's post WW I economy and devised a repayment plan. This role was reprised after WWII in a different and more successful way by George Marshall, who also won a Nobel Peace Prize. Dawes was one of the Trustees of the fund left for Grace by President McKinley. George Fabyan was the other Grace McKinley Trustee.²³



Miss Morton was back to her equestrian ways by 1918 and competing with Mildred Fitz Hugh in the process.²⁴ Helen had studied at The Finch School, a secondary finishing school for women (later a liberal arts college that closed in 1976) for women in Manhattan that was also attended by members of other prominent Chicago families — Mary Augusta Armour, for example. In 1913 Helen announced her intention to attend the University of Wisconsin to study agriculture, but she apparently never matriculated there.

²¹ Concrete Products. Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 1920. p 32.

²² Foley M: "The Farm and the Woman," The Green Book Magazine, Dec 1920. p29-31.

²³ Charles Deering McCormick Library of Special Collections. Charles G. Dawes Archive, Northwestern University Library, Evanston, Ill. Box 52, f7.

²⁴ Chicago Tribune, 23 February 1918, p14.



Photo (likely taken by William Friedman) of Helen Morton's Borzoi (Russian Wolfhound) "Bacon Puppy" statue in front of the Riverbank garage ca 1916 from The George C. Marshall Foundation <https://www.marshallfoundation.org/library/photographs/garage-river>

The Morton family, including Helen, remained a part of Geneva during the first half of the 20th Century. By 1930 Helen's brother Joy Morton II (not a Jr., as he was named for his uncle) was living in Geneva. Initially, the Joy Mortons lived in a rented house on Campbell Street. By 1933 they were in their newly constructed home in Perry Dryden's new subdivision, Meadows of Geneva, at 906 Sunset Road. Joy was the first President and Master of Fox Hounds (MFH) of the Wayne Fox Hunt in 1932. Many of his Geneva friends and neighbors were also fox hunters, such as the Drydens, the Farwells, and the Bangs.

When Joy Morton moved to Geneva, he was managing the Morton Sand and Gravel business just north of Wayne (now part of the Pratt Forest Preserve). But soon his Geneva connections landed him an executive position with the Northern Illinois Public Service Corporation, part of the Insull electric utility empire. Samuel Insull, Jr., and his son Samuel Insull, III, were Genevans. Joy's neighbor Arthur Farwell came from a Chicago merchant family. His father hired Marshall Field and helped to finance the start of the retail business that Field created. Farwell and Sam Insull Jr. were Yale college buddies.

Charles Lindsay III, of the gaslight firm of thorium contamination fame, left the DuPage Fox Hunt to join the new Wayne Hunt. The former was centered on the McCormick cousins' estates: Chauncey's St. James Farm and his cousin's (Colonel Robert R. McCormick) adjacent Cantigny Estate. Paul Butler of Oak Brook was also active in the DuPage Hunt. Lindsay helped to arrange the eventual merger of the two hunts in 1940. Of course, George Fabyan was connected to the McCormick's after his brother, Dr. Marshall Fabyan, married Chauncey's sister Eleanor McCormick.

Joy Morton suffered a severe injury while Fox Hunting in 1934 when his horse refused a jump over a coop near a cemetery on Moseley Lane (now, ironically incorporated in the *Royal Fox* development near Dunham Road (perhaps more aptly named *Foxes Victorious*)). On the adjacent property, *White Gate Farm*, owned by Dr. F.E. Haskins, was a cottage just to the north of where Joy was injured. The cottage was occupied in 1935-6 by Colonel George C. Marshall, Jr., U.S.A., and his family. Marshall enjoyed riding, and he participated in the Wayne-DuPage Fox Hunt. Marshall had been sent to Illinois on detached service to head up the Illinois National Guard, headquartered in Chicago. While he was living at White Gate Farm momentous news about Marshall's future arrived. The U.S. Army had an "up or out" career policy for colonels, and Marshall's time had been marching along.

Mrs. Katherine Marshall describes picking up the phone at the cottage near Dunham Woods Riding Club in August 1936 and hearing a female voice say: "Oh! Mrs. Marshall, you have returned. I just called to congratulate General Marshall." Her knees buckled, and she

dropped the phone as she sank into a chair.²⁵ A few days later, George Marshall pulled up to the cottage in a new Packard to replace the old Ford. The Marshalls motored to Vancouver, where he resumed a place in command of regular troops. "Pontiac" the Marshall's Irish Setter followed by train.

This Colonel, later Five-Star General Army Chief of Staff during WWII, was the author of the post-war Marshall Plan. General Marshall had been warned in November 1941 through the strenuous efforts of William Friedman, "the man who broke Purple" (the Japanese diplomatic code), to expect an imminent attack. Marshall wrongly reasoned the attack would come in the Philippines.²⁶

The Moseley Lane accident was not Joy Morton's last disaster while fox hunting. But his next one was.



Joy was found dead of a presumed heart attack on his farm, "The Wilderness," on Silver Glen Road in western St. Charles Township on 6 August 1957. He had been hunting a fox with a gun and was chasing it on foot after wounding the animal. Lest his firearm use is viewed as unsporting, it must be observed that Joy was a long-time breeder of Rhode Island Red chickens, plus there was a bounty on foxes in Kane County.²⁷ Two decades earlier, Joy's venture into the wholesale egg business ended badly when he was arrested in Omaha for allegedly failing to

pay his Iowa egg suppliers.²⁸ No notice of Joy's death was taken by the weekly *Geneva Republican*, perhaps because three weeks after his divorce from Faith Clark Morton in 1948, he moved to St. Charles with his new wife Isabel McCabe, a widow who had been the proprietor of a tavern in Batavia.

George Fabyan's old friend Mark Morton, Joy II's father, paid another unwanted visit to Geneva in 1937, the year after George Fabyan's death. George and Mark both had worked for wholesale lumber companies in Chicago's Pilsen lumber district in the mid-1880s. Mark Morton and his constant companion sheepdog had driven to Wayne in October 1937 to visit The Morton Sand and Gravel operation.

Mark lived then nearby at Morton Manor on North Avenue. Mark and his wife Martha, the mother of Helen, Jane, and Joy II, had separated in 1915 during the time of Helen's controversies. Martha stayed in the Morton Lake Forest mansion. Mark moved to what was known as the Christie Farm on Butterfield and Naperville-Wheaton Roads adjacent to his brother Joy Sterling Morton's lands. Helen joined her father there, and he built for her a \$20,000

²⁵ Marshall, K. *Together, Together, Annals of an Army Wife*. 1946. p20-21.

²⁶ William and Elizebeth Friedmans' papers reside at the George C. Marshall Foundation. The NSA de-classified many them in 2014.

²⁷ *The Times Herald* (Port Huron, Saint Clair, Michigan) 10 April 1923, p13.

²⁸ *Chicago Packer*, 19 June 1917.

sculpture studio. Mark had also been estranged for a time from son Joy II, who had sided with Helen.²⁹

But by 1928, Mark had purchased Dr. Henry Crawford's old brick home at 416 Cedar Street in St. Charles, where he lived with his secretary and companion Lucille Marten Pirotte while a statelier new Morton Manor was under construction.

Mark Morton was crossing the *Chicago, Aurora, & Elgin* electric inter-urban grade on Wayne Road (now Army Trail Road), where his vision north was obscured by the nearby small station house. The flag was down, indicating no waiting passengers. Electric trolleys were deadly quiet, particularly when decelerating or running downhill. The trolley rolled past the station and slammed into Mark Morton's motorcar. He suffered multiple fractures and other injuries when he was ejected (Perk, his dog, also ejected, was unhurt). He was taken to Geneva Community Hospital on Third Street and placed under the care of Dr. F.E. Haskins (the recent host of Colonel George Marshall) where Mark recovered sufficiently after two weeks to return home.

After living near Phoenix for seven years, Helen Morton died at age 61 in Arizona in 1954 after a year-long struggle with widely metastatic bladder cancer, according to her death certificate. Like her one-time guardian and mentor George Fabyan, she had been a heavy smoker (George died of lung cancer). Helen's only child, William Swift, lived nearby.

Mildred Fitzhugh was to have been the bridesmaid at Helen Morton's second wedding in 1921.³⁰ The wedding, perhaps predictably, was postponed to August.³¹ Within a few months of Helen's marriage to the wealthy William E. Swift, Jr., Billy was cited for DUI in Wilmette. A few weeks later, Helen and her husband were in an auto accident while passengers in Louis Swift's auto. Louis, Billy's brother, was also cited for DUI.³²

The life of William Swift, Jr. of the meat-packing Swifts ended tragically when Billy shot himself through the heart with a long-barrel Colt .38 revolver in Dr. Cowles private Park Avenue, New York asylum in 1930 at age 35. Earlier that day, he had tried to jump from his room's fifth-story window. Swift had been a patient there under treatment for alcoholism and depression for eight months.³³ Helen was a patient at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore at the time with a nervous disturbance and was not immediately informed of her husband's death.

Jane Morton, the third of Mark's three children who survived to adulthood, married Frank Royal Gammon in 1927 but divorced him a few months later in Santé Fe, New Mexico. She never re-married. She had been a salesperson and supervisor for Stutz Motor Cars. Jane liked to motor down from Lake Forest to participate with her brother Joy in the Wayne DuPage Fox Hunt. Jane died from what the medical examiner's inquest called an extradural hematoma a few days after striking her head on a door in 1945 at the age of 46.³⁴ Her death notice reported that her sister Helen was living in Geneva at the time. Helen left Geneva about the

²⁹ *Ballowe*, op cit.

³⁰ *Chicago Tribune*. Chicago, Cook, Illinois, 2 April 1921, p15.

³¹ *Chicago Tribune*, 10 August 1921.

³² *NY Times*, 22 March 1922.

³³ *The Evening Tribune*, San Diego, Cal., Monday, 18 August 1930, p9; *NY Times*, 17 August 1930, 18 August 1930.

³⁴ *Chicago Tribune*, 22 March 1945.

same time as her brother Joy moved to St. Charles.

Faith Clark, Joy II's wife, of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, and Helen Morton had been classmates at Mrs. Jessica Finch's School. They were among the 19 seniors who spent the winter quarter in Europe in 1912 and then graduated in June. Along with their studies, the young women were required to participate in a daycare nursery for working mothers.³⁵ Joy and Faith must have met through Helen and this school connection. Poor Helen, even this most auspiciously named Morton couple could not make their marriage work permanently. Divorces have a disheartening way of destroying relationships even beyond the marriage.

Three years before Helen's school trip she and the rest of the Morton family had traveled to Europe with Mrs. Chas. A. Weare (Martha Morton's sister-in-law) and two of her children (Helen's cousins Pauline and John Weare) returning on the *S.S. Blücher* out from Cadiz, Spain.

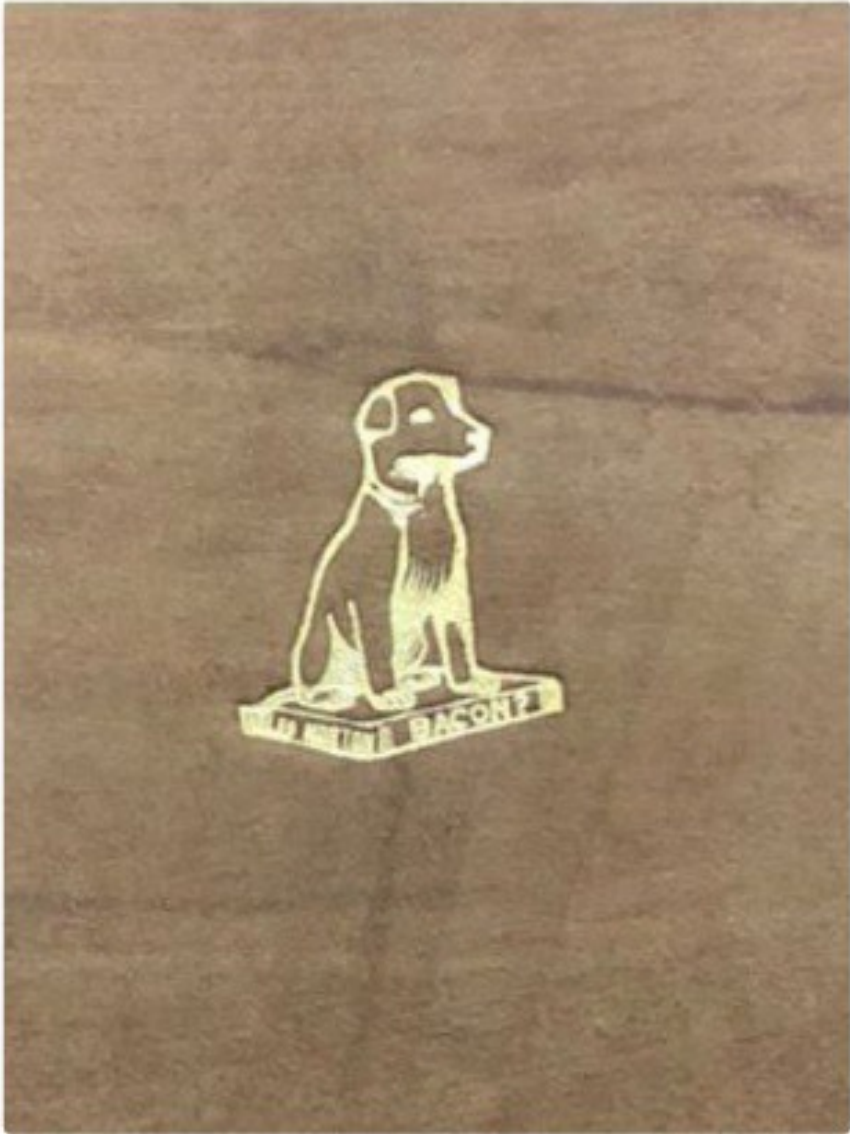
Helen's father Mark, died in 1951 at age 92. His decades' long companion, the widowed Mrs. Lucille Marten Pirotte, received no mention in the many nationwide published reports of Mark's death. The two had traveled together to Europe in 1929 aboard the White Star Line's *RMS Homeric*. Lucille had bought cattle in Wyoming for Mark in the 1920s and was gloomily present when the livestock and machinery from the five Morton farms were sold at auction in 1946 at Morton's Milway Farms on Munger Road. Lucille arrived at the auction in a chauffeured motorcar to watch the line of cattle she had started go to auction. She was quoted: This will change our routine. I hate to see the farms go as much as Mr. Morton.³⁶

George Fabyan used a drawn image of Helen Morton's smaller "Bacon Puppy," the little bronze castings of "Bacon?" with "Helen Morton" also inscribed on the base, as a colophon for many of his publications. Probably the puppy who sat for the sculpture had been named Bacon. Nelle Fabyan raised prize Berkshire hogs, an adequately cryptic cover for the reference. The example below is a photo of the embossed Bacon on the calf binding of George Fabyan's *Fundamental Principles of Baconian Ciphers*, Geneva, Il, 1916.

The colophon also appears on the back cover of *Jerry and the Bacon Puppy*, also published by *The Riverbank Press* in 1916. Yet another irony is that Mildred's mother was an heiress to the Scribner publishing estate. Mildred never published again. Hopefully, knowing something of its background, you will enjoy Mildred's short story.

³⁵ *The New York Herald*, 8 January 1912.

³⁶ *Chicago Tribune*, 17 February 1946.



JERRY AND THE BACON PUPPY

BY

MILDRED FITZ HUGH

Riverbank Edition

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JERRY AND THE BACON PUPPY

By MILDRED FITZHUGH

It was on the tenth day of Jerry Barton's perusal of the advertising columns in the various New York journals that he came across John Humphry's notice, and the matter it contained brought hope again to Jerry's discouraged soul. The attempts of the young Virginian, with his slow voice and jockey shoulders, to convince northern business men of his superiority over numerous alert competitors, had up to that period proved fruitless. These former openings, however, the boy had approached with small assurance, and even more diminutive enthusiasm, while John Humphry's offer instilled both qualities in Jerry's breast.

The advertisement ran:

WANTED—A young gentleman of breeding to do secretarial work, who is also fond of riding. Applicants apply to John Humphry, Saratoga, New York.

The lure of such a satisfactory position sent Jerry post-haste out to Saratoga that morning, and by early afternoon he found himself toiling up the lengthy gravel road which led through sloping green fields to the wide portico of Mr. Humphry's front door. Abruptly, midway in his course, a cinder track in the paddock on his left ran parallel with the gravel road. Jerry noticed the stretch casually, wondering if it would be available to the secretary with equestrian tastes. His speculations were inter-

rupted by the soft thud of light hoofs behind him. The boy swung around just as a running thoroughbred, a flash of chestnut and white markings, swept by, its rider only a small indistinguishable blotch of green and white. Instinctively Jerry raised his hand to his eyes to screen them from the dust, but lowered it again as something green blew across his feet. On inspection he found it to be a silk handkerchief. "Some class to that jockey," he told himself, as he glanced down the cinder stretch in front of him.

The jockey had either finished his gallop or discovered his loss, for he had pulled up his horse, and was riding toward Jerry at a long, even trot. The boy thought, as he watched the horse and rider approach, that he had never seen a more finely matched pair. They were both so slender limbed and small boned and well groomed. The thoroughbred's coat fairly glistened in the sunlight, while the jockey's breeches were of spotless white and his shirt and cap of vivid green.

As they drew up beside him, Jerry stepped over to the low stone wall which divided the two roads and held out the handkerchief with a smile. The jockey, in turn, pulled the horse to a standstill, and reached out a slender arm. As he did so, Jerry glanced curiously into the countenance above him, and then caught his breath sharply; for the small oval face that smiled a casual thanks at him contained the prettiest pair of girl's blue eyes he had ever seen.

The girl evidently sensed his embarrassment, though unaware of its cause, as she cantered off abruptly, and left Jerry to confront his own surmises and John Humphry's front door.

Jerry liked the man from the first moment he sat facing him in his leather-furnished study with its excellent sporting prints. He possessed an enthusiasm and an unexpect-

edness which appealed to the boy's keenness for novelty. His questioning also put Jerry at his ease, for the secretarial work was scarcely referred to (a point which the boy had felt former employers over-emphasized), while Jerry's interest in horses was discussed at length. This evidently satisfied John Humphry, for he branched off quite abruptly to his own affairs.

"You told me a few minutes ago, Mr. Barton," he began slowly, "that you had heard of my stables, and even seen several of my runners win honors on your native heath." The boy assenting enthusiastically, he continued: "You may be interested to know, if you aren't already aware of the fact, that I own a three-year-old named 'Salvator the Third,' whose grandsire was Salvator, of undying fame."

"A lightly built thoroughbred, sir, with white markings?" Jerry interrupted, and the older man nodded. "He ought to be a sure thing, sir," he insisted eagerly.

John Humphry's eyebrows contracted. "That's just the trouble," he said with emphasis. "He ought to be—but he isn't, and you're coming here to learn the reason why." The boy looked blank. The other went on in explanation: "Owing to the death of my old trainer last spring, I was obliged to engage a new man, and you know yourself how one change generally means another regime and readjustments throughout. I tell you this, Barton, because I attribute to this change Salvator's unreliable form on the track this year. He's had several brilliant successes, but he's also made some inexcusable failures, which, with a horse of his breeding, suggests a frame-up. In spite of the closeness with which all the men around the stable are watched, I believe that they give or receive outside information. That, of course, means bribes and side bets and general deviltry. Now, the races here come

off on the fifteenth, and I've set my heart on Salvator's running true. Can I count on you to help me?"

Jerry felt mystified. "Wouldn't a detective——" he began, but the older man cut him short.

"No, he wouldn't," he repeated emphatically. "I abominate detectives. All I want you to do, Barton, is to show a keen interest in the horses, and become as friendly as possible with the men. Then use your powers of observation and see what you can learn."

The first subject on which Jerry took pains to inform himself, when installed in his new position, was the identity of Salvator's rider, the girl in green. To his disappointment he learned that she did not live on the place, but was the daughter of Tom Carey, the new trainer, and that she spent much of her time with an aunt in New York. Jerry consoled himself, however, with the hope that she would come to Saratoga for occasional weekends, and lost no time in cultivating the acquaintance of her father, whom he found to be a genial, kindly Irishman, with a passion for horses and an inexhaustible supply of turf lore.

The boy's horsemanship and appreciation of horseflesh soon gained for him the friendship of the stablemen in general, and his secretarial work took up enough of his time to allay any suspicions which might have arisen as to his business on the place. One of his duties was to look over all the mail which the men received, and to his surprise he found that they in no way resented it. "Of course," Jerry reflected, "fellows in their line are used to supervision. It is only a matter of form to them." But their complete acquiescence in his perusal of their most personal letters, and the friendly way in which they often discussed the contents with him, made him often inwardly curse himself for a hypocrite.

Tom Carey's correspondence, for an instance, consisted

in weekly letters from his daughter (Hollis was her name), and an occasional line from one of his brothers, a Chicago salesman in Marshall Field's. Bill Jevons, the head jockey, received frequent epistles from his old mother in Cornwall, and Jess White, the smallest colored stable boy, numerous postal cards from his home town in one of the Carolinas. Jerry soon decided that supervision over such harmless correspondence was absurd, but later a day came when he changed his mind.

The day which ended in such havoc for Jerry's first theories began most auspiciously. Hollis Carey had come to Saratoga for a long-promised week-end with her father, and in the cool of the afternoon she took the boy for a ride. She wore her green jockey cap and blouse, and her eyes proved to be of the same startling Irish blue which had haunted Jerry since his first glimpse of them. As the morning had been unbearably hot, they deserted the open fields for the cool stillness of some pine woods on the north of the Humphry estate. They rode single file along a narrow foot-path which formed an intricate pattern among the slender black trunks until it led into a small cleared space, where the boughs above were so interlaced as to form a sheltered grove. There they dismounted and seated themselves on the soft carpet of pine needles which covered the ground.

Of the half hour which followed, Jerry afterwards had no clear recollection. He remembered that they had talked on of their various tastes and interests in the magic stillness of the late afternoon. But the boy had only been conscious of the dazzling blue of the girl's eyes, and the way the sunlight fell through the trees, and the high notes of a thrush on a bough above them. During the ride home they had both been unaccountably silent, and Jerry had had no more glimpses of the vivid blue fire which the girl's eyelids screened.

That night, as the boy walked under the stars up a narrow ribbon of white road, which led to the trainer's cottage, he made some mental resolutions. In the morning, he promised himself, he would have a frank talk with his employer and assure him that any suspicions regarding Tom Carey and his staff were, as far as he could see, groundless. And that he, Jerry, had formed such a friendship with the men that he could no longer hold the position of a covert spy, and that if he were to stay on, it could only be in the position of secretary.

His reflections were cut short by the sight of the trainer's daughter standing on the cottage steps as he approached. It was the first time he had seen her in girl's clothes, and she wore a white dress, the color of the iris, which grew each side of the path between them, and her hair was brushed in soft black wings from her forehead. They passed together up the porch steps and into the small, low-ceilinged sitting-room, where Tom Carey sat motionless, an evening paper across his knees. The trainer's preoccupied silence struck Jerry on his entrance. Like many sons of Erin, the man possessed a spontaneous gaiety and sociability which had risen to the foreground at every previous meeting. But there was a lethargy about him and a weariness that had a distinct element of weakness. It was as if the trainer were in the power of some mental or physical force, which he was unable to resist.

"There's nothing wrong with Salvator, Mr. Carey?" Jerry blurted out his first fear anxiously, while he noted with a sinking heart the way the muscles in the trainer's cheek contracted. The Saratoga races were but a few days distant, and any slight accident might be disastrous to the favorite's chances of success. Tom Carey, however, shook his head.

"Salvator's in foine form," he answered carefully, but

without enthusiasm, and relapsed into his former abstraction. Jerry made a desperate attempt to relieve the situation.

"I like your new dog, Mr. Carey," he volunteered jocosely, and pointed to a white plaster puppy, which sat with an air of life-like alertness on the low mantel-piece facing them. The boy had been mildly amused and interested in the arrival of the plaster canine that morning and in the accompanying letter. The sender was Tom Carey's brother, the salesman in the art department of Marshall Field's. The dog, he explained, was called a Bacon puppy, and the dubious tilt of the head, and the absurdly quizzical expression in the rolled eyeballs, symbolic of many intellectuals' attitude toward the theory that Francis Bacon was the author of the immortal plays always attributed to Shakespeare. Jerry had read in the newspapers of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and recognized the sculptor's subtlety in every line of the puppy form.

Jerry thrust his hand carelessly under the animal's head and tilted it up so that the light from the cottage lamp fell on the white eyeballs. As he did so, the sound of a sharp intake of breath behind him made him swing around.

"That's some dog, Mr. Barton." The trainer's light tone jarred on the boy's nerves, as did the girl's quick smile, for, during the space of one brief second, before consciousness of his scrutiny came to them, he caught a look of numb fear on the faces of the man and girl, which set his head whirling. "What was the matter with the puppy? Why did his handling so terrify the genial trainer and the girl with the friendly smile and eyes of blue fire?" The questions throbbed through Jerry's brain as he took an abrupt departure, betook himself across the still moonlit fields to the house of John Humphry.

The following morning Jerry omitted his prearranged speech to that gentleman as to the assured integrity of all his employees and determined to go more thoroughly into the question. He made up his mind to begin with a closer examination of the Bacon puppy, and found an opportunity that afternoon when the trainer drove his daughter back to the station. The boy lost no time in entering the deserted cottage, but winced when he met the dubious gaze of the plaster puppy regarding him from the mantel-piece. As he lifted the animal and carried it carefully to the window, he found himself experiencing all the sensations of a bank-breaker.

The strong light at first revealed nothing unusual. The animal's weight proved it to be solid, and Jerry felt non-plussed. He slipped his hand under the head, as he had done the evening before, in such a way that the puppy's body and the attached plaster base were tilted up. That was the move which had alarmed the Careys, the boy reflected, and turned it completely over. At first he saw nothing strange about the white plaster bottom of the base, but on closer inspection he noticed that long columns of small letters had been scratched on the apparently smooth surface. Here might be some message which would explain the Careys' behavior. On further study, however, he saw that in five of the columns (there were six in all) the only letters used were a and b, and that they were arranged with an exactness which suggested some special order or system. The sixth column, which was separate from the others, was an ordinary alphabet, beginning with a and ending with z.

The boy stared bewildered at the fine marks on the white plaster surface. What did they mean? Why were the Careys afraid of his seeing them? Had they anything to do with Salvator, and, if so, who had taken the pains to write them? The trainer's brother, who worked

in the art department of Marshall Field's, must be responsible, and yet his letters had been so simple and commonplace. There had been no hint of intrigue in any of the short, splotchy notes. The last letter had been the longest, although it had been confined to the subject of the puppy. Jerry racked his brains to remember the exact words and the postscript, which had come the nearest to any personal allusion, he recalled.

"The Bacon pup has become a fad of mine. Take a good look at it, Tom, for it reminds me of Michaels."

In the light of his new discovery, the name "Michaels" loomed in the boy's mind as a new clew, which he determined to follow at his earliest opportunity. He turned his immediate attention, however, to the columns of a's and b's scratched on the plaster surface as though by a pen-knife or heavy pin. Through his head ran half-forgotten tales of secret messages cleverly concealed in ciphers. Cipher? Where had he heard that word recently? Jerry stared at the puppy in puzzled thought, and then with unexpected suddenness it came to him—the Bacon cipher. A month before the papers had been full of it, featuring its various phases. It was so simple, the various accounts had insisted, that children in kindergartens could grasp and enjoy it, once they had learned its composition. But, at the same time, it was so subtle, that for years Bacon's secret histories had been hidden from even the eyes of prying students—men familiar with the works which contained those secrets and which bore the false name of William Shakespeare as the gifted author. The only difference, the papers had gone on to explain, in plain writing and in that containing a message in the Bacon cipher, was that in the latter two different types were used, some letters being written lightly and others heavily traced.

Jerry, without losing more time, extracted a pencil and

loose sheet of note-paper from an inner pocket, and began copying the columns of small letters from the back of the base of the puppy, keeping a watchful eye, however, on the stretch of road outside the window, for the trainer might return at any moment from the station.

As he wrote, he noted carefully the arrangement of the letters. The farthest right-hand column was a succession of single a's and b's, numbering twenty-four in all. In the next the letters were repeated in couplets, in the next in groups of four, in the next in eights, and in the last were sixteen a's followed by eight b's. On the right of these five columns came the plain alphabetical column, with I and J interchangeable, and U and V as in the old alphabets. Jerry's copy was as follows:

a a a a a	A
a a a a b	B
a a a b a	C
a a a b b	D
a a b a a	E
a a b a b	F
a a b b a	G
a a b b b	H
a b a a a	I-J
a b a a b	K
a b a b a	L
a b a b b	M
a b b a a	N
a b b a b	O
a b b b a	P
a b b b b	Q
b a a a a	R
b a a a b	S
b a a b a	T
b a a b b	U-V
b a b a a	W
b a b a b	X
b a b b a	Y
b a b b b	Z

The boy saw what he had copied was probably a cipher alphabet, the various combinations of a's and b's, when

read crossways, being equivalent to the alphabetical letters opposite them. Thus, beginning at the top, a a a a was equal to A, and a a a a b equal to B, and so on down to Z.

The distant rumble of a dog-cart outside cut short the boy's work, and, hastily replacing the puppy on the mantel-piece, he slipped the copy of the cipher alphabet into his pocket with a thrill of pride. John Humphry had been right in his estimate of his secretary's powers of observation. Things were going to be interesting, Jerry promised himself, as he turned to leave the cottage, and then his heart gave a sudden throb. Above the low door facing him hung the small green jockey's cap that Hollis Carey had worn, and for one wild moment he found himself regretting his new discovery and the results which might follow.

The following morning the boy waited with feverish impatience for the men's mail. He wanted to see another letter from Tom Carey's brother, and also he wanted an opportunity to study it alone. The mail not arriving before eleven, he took an early ride and encountered Tom Carey in the stables on his return. The trainer was playing with Trixy, the possession of the head jockey, and at sight of them a past resolution came to Jerry's mind. Here was an opportunity to learn of "Michaels," the name mentioned in the postscript of Patrick Carey's last letter in connection with the Bacon puppy. Jerry took the dog's head in his hands. "I'm awfully fond of dogs, myself," he said carelessly, his eyes on the trainer's face. "I owned a clever terrier once, named 'Michael.'"

It was pitifully clear from the way the man started and then lowered his head that Jerry's ruse had worked, and "Michaels" loomed in the boy's mind as great an

enigma as the trainer's brother and his mysterious messages.

When the mail was brought into the small study at the back of the house, where Jerry worked, several of the men, Tom Carey among them, were awaiting their letters, but the boy dismissed them on the pretext that he was too busy to attend to their mail for another hour. As soon as they had reluctantly left him, he hastily scanned the various envelopes. He was at first chagrined to see that none bore a Chicago postmark, but found that one of the addresses closely resembled the handwriting of the trainer's brother. On opening it he was not disappointed. The postmark was "New York," but the letter explained that fact.

"Dear Tom," it began, in a splotchy, uneven hand, "I have come to New York for my summer vacation, and will run down to Saratoga next week for the races. Will see you on the great day and am sure Salvator will win.

"Your brother,

"PATRICK CAREY."

Jerry carefully smoothed out the letter on the desk before him and extracted the cipher alphabet from his pocket, placing the two side by side. The exaggeratedly uneven style of the note held his attention. It looked as if the writer had used an unreliable pen, for in some places the letters were faint and in others heavily traced. "Heavily traced!" The words of the newspapers flashed across his mind.

"The only difference between plain writing and that containing a cipher message, is that in the latter two different types are used, some letters being written lightly, and others heavily traced."

The boy turned his attention eagerly to the cipher alphabet. What did the two types stand for? A a b d b, evidently, since the entire alphabet was composed of

combinations of those letters. On the supposition that the light type formed a, and the heavy b, he made a careful copy of the note, writing under each letter a small a or b, according to the type. Then, remembering that groups of five were equivalent to one ordinary letter, he marked them off in groups of fives. The result was as follows:

Dear Tom, I have come to New York for
 a a a b a/b a a a a/a a a a/b a a a b/ b a b
 my summer vacation and will run
 a a/ a b a a a/ a b a b a a a b a/b a a b a a b a
 down to Saratoga next week for the
 a/a b b a a/ a a a b b/a a a b b/a b a a a a/a
 races. Will see you on the great
 b a a/a a b a/b a a b a/a b a a a/b b a b/a b
 day and am sure Salvator will win.
 b a a/ b a a a b/ b a a b a/a b b a b/a b b a
 Your brother,
 b/b a a a a/b a a a a

Patrick Carey.
 a b b a b/b a b a a/

Lastly, he wrote under the groups of a's and b's the alphabetical letters they represented:

aaaba	baaaa	aaaaa	aaaab	baaab	babaa
C	R	A	B	S	W
abaaa	ababa	ababa	baaab	aabaa	abbaa
I	L	L	S	E	N
aaabb	aaabb	abaaa	baaaa	aabaa	aaaba
D	D	I	R	E	C
baaba	abaaa	abbab	abbaa	baaab	baaba
T	I	O	N	S	T
abbab	ababb	abbab	baaaa	baaaa	abbab
O	M	O	R	R	O
babaa					
W					

Correctly spaced, the message read :

Crab S. Will send directions to-morrow.

"Crab S"—"S." in all probability stood for Salvator. Jerry recognized in the first word a term used in the horse world for incapacitating a horse before a race. "Send directions to-morrow." The boy sat back in his chair and stared for a moment incredulously at the short message before him. Its import and all it involved dazed his mind. So the genial-eyed, friendly Tom Carey was actually a scoundrel and his daughter an accomplice. An impatient rap on the door broke in on his train of thought. The men were returning for their mail. Jerry hastily slipped the cipher message into the desk drawer, and a moment later was occupied in handing over the various opened letters to their owners. He waited with impatience, however, for the after-lunch hour, when he could join his employer in the library for an uninterrupted smoke and tell him of his discovery. When that hour arrived, the older man began his usual rapid, casual questioning.

"How's the stables and your detective work coming along, Barton? Races almost on us. Can't afford to have any slip up now. Still think that the men are straight and that my horse will have a square deal?"

Jerry's great moment had come. "No, I don't," he said distinctly, and thrilled with pleasure at the quick, surprised stare with which his employer favored him.

"Who is it, Barton?" The boy noted the excited catch in the man's voice. "By Jove, you're a clever fellow!" Jerry's eyes were lowered modestly on the level with the arms of his employer's chair. The blue flicker of the cigarette lighter on the low stand nearby held his gaze. The thread of fire made his heart thump heavily against his coat. He had seen that same blue flare before in a

pair of girl's eyes. . . . The boy flushed a slow brick red, and his answer came almost before he realized its significance.

"The men are all right, sir. I—I misunderstood your question."

It would be difficult to describe Jerry's state of mind that afternoon. He was perfectly aware of his dishonesty in withholding his discovery. Down at the stables hurry and bustle prevailed on all sides. The head jockey was grooming Salvator with his own hands, and extra men were engaged in cleaning already spotless leather. There was but one more day before that of the great race. The active preparations emphasized that fact and also the necessity for speedy action.

Jerry realized that he might be ruining Salvator's chances of success in keeping back even for a few hours his information. And yet strangely that fact did not shock him as it would have a short time ago. The outcome of the race, John Humphry's confidence, and the favorite's chance for a square deal had all become separate abstract questions which no longer had the power to move the boy deeply. He struggled honestly with himself to regain his former attitude, but the only fact that seemed of vital importance was that some time in the near future, if the fates were kind, he would see again the girl jockey and watch the color flare in her eyes.

The next morning's mail found a different Jerry from that of the keen detective of the morning before, although he felt an overpowering curiosity when he caught sight of the handwriting of Patrick Carey on the top envelope. Having locked the study door, to be secure from interruption, he opened the letter, and as before copied the contents, noting carefully the shading of the letters. When deciphered it read:

Dear Tom: I hear on all sides that
 a a b a a / a a a a a / b a a a b / b a a b a / b a a a b / a
 E A S T S

Salvator is a winner, so you mustn't
 b a a a / a a a b b / a a b a a / a a a b b / a b b a b / a b b a
 I D E D O O

disappoint us. How is the Bacon puppy?
 b / b a a a a / b a a b a / a b b a b / a b b a b / a b a a a / a a b b
 R T O N I G

Isn't he the image of Michaels? See
 a / a a b b b / b a a b a / b a b a a / a a b a a / b a a a / b a a a a / a a
 H T W I R

you soon.
 a b a a / a a b
 E H

Your brother Patrick.
 b b / a b b a b / a b b a b / a a b a b
 O O F

"EAST SIDE DOOR TO-NIGHT. WIRE HOOF." The first part of the message suggested that Patrick was to honor the stables with a visit in person, and referred to the east side door as a convenient mode of entrance. "Wire hoof," the last words, held no clear meaning for the boy, but one thing was certain: Patrick Carey's visit, if visit there was to be, bode no good for Salvator's chances of running true on the morrow.

Jerry turned his attention for a moment to the letter itself. "How is the Bacon puppy? Isn't he the image of Michaels?" There were enough complications without Michaels, the boy thought wearily, and wondered what real connection the name bore to the Bacon pup. He longed to throw the burden of the whole affair on the shoulders of John Humphry. After all, it was his horse and his men that were involved. Half a dozen times the boy got as far as the study door, with the intention of

going to his employer, and each time he turned back. Tom Carey was her father. That was the devil of it all. If Jerry showed up the trainer, he would probably never set eyes again on the girl, and seeing her he desired more than he could remember ever having wanted anything before. He eased his conscience, however, by promising himself to prevent Patrick Carey's plan from going through, if it lay within his own power to do so, and determined to spend the coming night keeping watch over the east side door.

In the meantime, he handed over Patrick's letter to his brother, knowing that failure to do so would arouse the trainer's suspicions and probably bring about a change of plans with which he would not be able to cope.

Dinner that night was a tedious affair to the boy, as it was nearly nine o'clock by the time he was able to escape from his employer's prophecies as to the outcome of the morrow's events, and make his way across the cool, scented fields to the darkened stables beyond. Strict orders had been given as to the men's early retiring, in view of preventing any drinking or laxity in the carrying out of final preparations, and the absolute darkness and silence of the buildings filled him with foreboding as he entered the stable courtyard. Jerry's body grew suddenly rigid as he collided with a man entering the gate at the same moment as he from another angle. However, he recognized with reassurance Bill Jevons, the head jockey, the one man belonging to the old regime and the trusted favorite of John Humphry. As a tried and privileged retainer, Jevons was allowed more freedom than the others. Something in the tremendous relief written on the small, wizened face of the head jockey struck the boy, and he laid a detaining hand on the man's arm.

"Nothing the matter, is there, Jevons?" he asked un-

easily. The jockey raised his small, owl-like eyes to Jerry's face.

"I was walking t'word 'ome, sir, when I saw you, and not wanting to take any chances, I turned back to see who hit was."

Jerry felt reassured. "Then I'm the only danger mark you've met to-night, Jevons?" he asked lightly, but his heart sank as he noticed that the man's face did not clear.

"There's just one thing, sir, as bothers me." The jockey's voice sank to hoarse undertones. "'Alf an 'our ago, I was smoking my pipe on the lodge porch, which overlooks the 'igh road, sir. Very sudden like, a man cut around the corner of the 'ouse and out to the road beyond. Just as he passed under the gate, sir, where the new lamps are 'ung, I got a look at 'im." The man stopped and drew a sharp breath. "Hit was Patrick Donahue, sir, about the biggest bookie that ever came to the Saratoga track and the crookedest, sir."

Jerry's brain whirled hopelessly. Another figure entering the drama at such a late hour. The boy made some excuse for dismissing the jockey, promising to look in on Salvator and notify him if anything was wrong. Of one thing Jevons was assured, however. Salvator was well guarded, for Jess White, the colored stable boy, was sleeping that night across the entrance of the horse's stall, and of the boy's lung capacities, the jockey said 'he had already ample proof.

As soon as the man had taken himself off in the direction of the gate lodge, Jerry made his way to the stone wall which formed the east boundary to the stable yard. He followed it hurriedly, passing into a small alley where the stable wall began. He had never before known there was an entrance on that side, the door being generally unused because of the narrowness of space between the two walls. To his consternation he found it ajar. Was

he then too late? Had the trainer's brother already done his work? The boy crossed over the dusty threshold into the dim, unlit stable interior. The door opened on to a side harness room, and he passed on to the stalls beyond. At the end of the left-hand row, by Salvator's stall, lay Jess White, dreaming of the morrow's victory. Jerry crept softly up, and stepping over the sleeping boy, pressed his face against the bars of the stall. Gradually his eyes became accustomed to the darkness of the shadow-filled enclosure within, and he saw that it was empty.

The rest of the night's events befell Jerry as in a dream. His discovery that the darky at his feet slept the sleep of the drugged, and his finding of a green silk handkerchief with Hollis Carey's initials tied around one of the stall bars—that was what really numbed the boy's mind and body and sent him stumbling out into the night once more. That girl, with her eyes and smile, was actually a crook. He had understood that as her father's daughter she might have to sometimes play the part of an unwilling accomplice, but that she should actually take the major rôle in injuring the horse she so loved, was appalling to him. He no longer thought of going to his employer with news of his discovery. His own sense of personal loss and suffering was too great to be concerned about the issue of the morrow's race. Since he had as good as lost Hollis Carey, what did the success or failure of any horse matter?

So the boy asked himself repeatedly as he wandered over the still meadows. Sometimes he would throw himself down on the scented grass, pressing the palms of his hands against his head, as if he would force out the confused thoughts which throbbed painfully through his brain.

Once he must have slept, for when he opened his

eyes the silver streaks of early morning lighted the sky, and the pain in his head had gone. He got to his feet, staring confusedly at the open meadow about him and the dark pine grove beyond. It came to him in a rush—how he had come there—and the sight of the pines sharpened the pain of the memory. They brought to his mind that afternoon, such an appallingly short time ago, as the calendars counted, when he and the trainer's daughter had taken the magic ride into their cool depths.

The boy stared, hot-eyed, at the trees, while in his mind was stamped the clear picture of a girl and horse winding their way among the black trunks. Jerry brushed his hand across his eyes. Was he going mad! Surely that mental picture was being actually enacted before him. He stared harder. Emerging from the shadows of the grove into the half-light outside came the dim figures of a girl and a horse.

Jerry stood transfixed, and it seemed hours before the distance between them shortened. They came so carefully, the rider leading the horse and often stopping to choose the softest stretch on which to travel. Once she paused abruptly, with raised head, for she had caught sight of Jerry. It was then that the boy found his strength, and began to run. When he drew up in front of the girl he was panting hard. The silver streaks in the sky above were deepening and the rider and horse were no longer vague outlines. The boy could see the blue of the girl's eyes, as she raised them in startled questioning to his face, and the queer, friendly way the corners of her mouth turned up. Behind her shoulder the white star on Salvator's forehead gleamed a ghostly white.

Under the spell of the girl's eyes, the boy's lips moved. "What have you done to Salvator?" The girl stepped closer, her eyes entreating his trust.

"I've been trying to save him," she said simply.

Jerry's arms folded across her shoulders, and his hot, dust-covered cheek was pressed for a moment against the soft darkness of her hair.

"Of course you were," he whispered happily.

On their way back to the stables under the lightening sky Jerry's mind was cleared on many subjects. Firstly, the girl, knowing her father and uncle had planned to drug the attendant and in some way disable Salvator for the coming race, had taken an early evening train to Saratoga and stolen the horse away to frustrate their plans. She had found the colored boy already under the influence of the drug, and had left her handkerchief tied to one of the stall bars, in order that when her father and uncle came to do their work they might guess the situation and not raise a hue and cry about the horse being stolen, thereby implicating themselves further.

Secondly, the man who wrote as Patrick Carey, her father's brother, was in reality Patrick Donahue, the scapegoat brother of her dead mother. He used the name in writing simply to escape any suspicion which might have arisen from using his own, which was so notorious in that neighborhood. For Patrick Donahue was behind many crooked deals, and, having once gotten his brother-in-law into his power, forced him to do his bidding. The cause for this situation had occurred several years before, when Tom Carey had accidentally killed a drunken stableman who had insulted his daughter. The only other witness had been Patrick Donahue, and he had since used this as a means to get the upper hand and force the trainer to aid him in some of his work, always threatening to expose him if he refused to obey.

Jerry began to see light on the main issues. "What was the name of the man your father killed?" he asked suddenly. "Was it Michaels?" The girl nodded slightly

and turned her head away with a shudder. So Michaels' name had been used as a threat.

"And the cipher and the Bacon puppy—what made Donahue think of them?" Jerry pursued. Hollis Carey shrugged her shoulders.

"He first spoke to us about them two months ago. That was during the time the cipher was still in the newspapers. He insisted on teaching it to us, but we never thought at the time of his using it seriously. Yet we weren't surprised that it interested him, because he'd had a good education, and held a position in a Dublin University for nearly a year—until some funds disappeared.

"You see, he thought the cipher would be a good way to communicate with father during the time before the race when the men were so closely watched. Then when the puppy arrived we understood at once, because he had talked a lot about it in connection with the cipher."

Jerry looked skeptical. "Why on earth," he protested, "when you were allowed to come and go, didn't your uncle send his messages by you?"

The girl's eyes fired. "He didn't trust me," she declared proudly. "Several times I've stood by for father's sake, knowing what they were up to. But when it came to Salvator——" The girl turned and buried her face against the horse's slender neck.

Jerry felt an obligation to lighten the situation. "And this time," he accused, "you broke your uncle's carefully laid plans—made all his preparations count for nothing—and then there's my detective work. You spoiled that, too. Why, even the cipher and the Bacon pup were useless."

The girl smiled quickly. "Yes," she began, and then her eyes widened in alarm. "Jerry, look," she cried, pointing to one of Salvator's slender front legs. There

was a slight, almost imperceptible limp, in the horse's gait, caused by the way the weight was shifted from that particular foot.

The girl's face whitened, and she dropped on her knees, running her hand up and down the small-boned, satiny leg and searching in vain the lifted foot for a sign of injury.

In the meantime the boy's thoughts went racing. So the trainer's brother was Patrick Donahue, the same man the jockey had seen leaving the place the evening before. If he had left at such an early hour, it must have been because his work was then completed and Hollis Carey's rescue had come too late, as Salvator's limp suggested.

"Jerry, I can't find what's wrong—yet there must be something," the girl moaned at his feet. She was still kneeling in front of the horse.

The conclusion of the second cipher message flashed through his mind: "Wire Hoof." He knelt down beside the girl, bracing the horse's foot against his knee. "Wire Hoof"—there was nothing visible on the smooth gray surface referred to. The boy passed his hand over it several times, the last touch of his fingers following the hoof up under the hair. His fingers touched something thin and hard. Carefully brushing back the hair, he saw that a fine wire had been tightly wrapped about the edge of the hoof where the leg began and the hair came over and concealed it. Jerry removed the wire, and then he and the girl got anxiously to their feet, taking hold of Salvator's bridle. After the first few uneven steps, the horse realized his relief, and the limp gradually disappeared.

Fortunately, Donahue had used a method which did not materially affect a horse until he started to run, the advantage in the ruse being that it was so little likely to

be detected beforehand. Salvator would still have his chance to run true, and moreover, on account of the early hour, they could probably smuggle the horse into his stall without his absence being discovered. None of the stablemen would be up for another hour, and Jess White was probably still under the influence of his sleeping potion.

Jerry's spirits soared high. "Well, I guess my detective work and the Bacon cipher had their uses after all," he exulted. But the glow faded from his face when he saw the girl's dejection. She tried to smile gamely, but there was a tired throb in her throat.

"And all my work went for nothing." Jerry flung an arm across her shoulder and smiled back at her. He was thinking of the pines they had left and the dream which had come true.

"I don't think it did," he said happily.

That afternoon, when Salvator the Third, following in the footsteps of his illustrious great grandsire, had flashed by the finish-post well in the lead, Jerry and Hollis Carey joined in the wild applause which rose from the grandstand. In the midst of the cheering, however, the girl suddenly clutched the boy's sleeve.

"Jerry," she gasped anxiously, "what will my uncle do to father now that Salvator has won?"

The suggestion alarmed the boy more than he cared to show. Since Donahue had expected the horse to go lame, he would naturally have made his books to meet that situation. Salvator was the favorite, and the crowd's gain was naturally the book-maker's loss, but in that instance it might be even larger than they imagined.

They found a white, nervous Tom Carey, skulking on the edge of the crowd, and, taking him in charge, they escaped from the grounds without encountering Donahue. On consultation, they decided it would be better for the

Careys to leave Saratoga for a few days until they learned what Patrick's next move would be. Jerry traveled down to New York with them, little guessing what a momentous trip it would be. As they alighted from the train several newsboys edged their way through the crowd.

"EXTRA! EXTRA!" they cried. "PATRICK DONAHUE, SARATOGA BOOK-MAKER, DESPONDENT OVER AFTERNOON'S LOSSES, TAKES LIFE."

"Hullo, Barton! Coming to New York to celebrate, too, are you?" The man's face was flushed and radiant. The words sifted slowly through the confusion in Jerry's brain. "We made a good clean-up this afternoon, didn't we, after all my suspicions and your detective work? I guess after this you'd better stick to the secretary part of your job."

Jerry smiled dizzily. The headlines in the paper he held seemed to burn through his hand. "That's all that will be needed, now," he said unsteadily. "Besides"—his eyes sought the girl's blue ones over the intervening heads of the crowd that had surged between them—"that kind of work would be more suited to a married man."

