

CHAPTER I In Chicago

BILLY BYRNE was a product of the streets and alleys of Chicago's great West Side.

From Halsted to Robey and from Grand avenue to Lake street there was scarce a bartender whom Billy knew not by his first name. And, in proportion to their number, which is considerably less, he knew the patrolmen and plain-clothes men equally well-but not so pleasantly.

His kindergarten education had commenced in an alley back of a feed store. Here a gang of older boys and men were wont to congregate at such times as they had nothing else to occupy their time. As the Bridewell was the only place in which they ever held jobs for more than two consecutive days, they had considerable time to devote to congregating.

They were pickpockets and second-story men, made and in the making. All were muckers, ready to insult the first woman who passed, or pick a quarrel with any stranger who did not appear too burly.

By night they piled their real vocations.
By day they sat in the alley behind the feed store and drank beer from a bat-

tered tin pail. The question of labor involved in transporting the pail, empty, to the saloon across the street and returning it, full, to the alley back of the feed store was solved

by the presence of admiring and envious little boys of the neighborhood, who hung wide-eyed and thrilled about these heroes of their childish lives. Billy Byrne, at six, was rushing the can for this noble band, and incidentally picking up his knowledge of life and the rudiments of his education. He gloried in the

knowledge that he was personally ac-quainted with "Eddle" Welch, and that with his own ears he had heard "Eddle" tell the gang how he stuck up a guy on West Lake street, within 50 yards of the 25th pre-The kindergarten period lasted until Billy was ten; then he commenced "swiping" brass faucets from vacant buildings and selling them to a fence who ran a junk shop

on Lincoln street, near Kinzie. From this man he obtained the hint that graduated him to higher things, so that at 12 he was robbing freight cars in the yards along Kinzie street. It was about this same time that he commenced to find pleasure in the feel of his fist against the jaw of a fellow man. He had his boyish scraps with his fellows off and on ever since he could remember; but his first real fight came when he was 12. He had had an altercation with an erstwhile pal over of the returns from some

The gang was all present, and as words quickly gave place to blows, as they have a habit of doing in certain sections of the West Side, the men and boys formed a

rough ring about the contestants.

The battle was a long one. The two
were rolling about in the dust of the alley quite as often as they were upon their feet

exchanging blows. There was nothing fair nor decent nor scientific about their methods. They gouged and bit and tore. They used knees and elbows and feet, and but for the timely presence of a brickbat beneath his fingers

psychological moment, Billy Byrne have gone down to humiliating As it was the other boy went down; and for a week Billy remained hidden by one of the gang pending the eport from the hospital.

When word came that the patient would se. Billy feit an immense load lifted from shoulders, for he dreaded arrest and

perience with the law that he had rned from childhood to deride and hate. course, there was the loss of prestige hat would naturally have accrued to him fould he have been pointed out as "the guy that croaked Sheehan;" but there is always a fly in the cintment, and Billy only sighed and came out of his temporary retirement.

The battle started Billy to thinking, and

the result of that mental activity was a determination to learn to handle his mitts scientifically—people of the West Side do not have hands; they are equipped by nature with mitts and dukes. A few have paws and flippers.

For several years he had no opportunity to realize his new dream; but when he was about 17 a neighbor's son surprised his little world by suddenly developing from an unknown teamster into a locally famous lightweight.

The young man had never been affiliated The young man had never been affiliated with the gang, as his escutcheon was defiled with a record of steady employment. So Billy had known nothing of the sparring lessons his neighbor had taken, or of the work he had done at the downtown gymnasium of Larry Hilmore.

Now, it happened that while the new lightweight was unknown to the charmed circle of the gang, Billy knew him fairly well by reason of the proximity of their respective parental back yards, and so when 5 the glamour of pugilistic success haloed the

respective parental back yards, and so when the glamour of pugilistic success haloed the young man, Billy lost no time in basking in the light of his reflected glory.

He saw much of his new hero all the following winter. He accompanied him to many mills, and on one glorious occasion occupied a position in the coming champion's

When the prize-fighter toured, Billy continued to hang around Hilmore's place, running errands and doing odd jobs the while, and almost unconsciously he picked up puglistic lore and absorbed the spirit of the game along with the rudiments and the game along with the rudiments and fine points of its science.

Then his ambition changed. Once he had longed to shine as a gunman; now he was determined to become a prize-fighter. But the old gang still saw much of him, and he was a familiar figure about the saloon corners along Grand avenue and Lake

During this period Billy neglected the boxcars on Kinsis street, partly because he felt that he was fitted for more dignified employment, and also for the fact that the railroad company had doubled the number of watchmen in the yards. But there were times when he fait the old yearning for ex-

times when he felt the old yearning for excitement and adventure.

These times were usually coincident with
an acute financial depression on Billy's
change pocket. Then he would fare forth
in the still watches of the night with a
couple of boon companions and roll a source
or stick up a saloon.

It was upon an occasion of this nature

or sick up a salven.

It was upon an occasion of this nature that an event occurred which was fated later to change the entire course of Billy

calous of the sanctity of their own territory. Outsiders do not trespass with I

From Halstead to Robey, and from Lake From Halstead to Robey, and from Lake to Grand, lay the broad hunting preserves of Kelly's gang, to which Billy had been almost born, one might say. Kelly owned the feed store back of which the gang had loafed for years, and though himself a respectable business man, his name had been attached to the pack of hoodiums who held forth at als back door as the easiest means of locat-

ng and identifying its members.

The police and citizenry of this great erritory were the natural enemies and prey of Kelly's gang, but as the kings of old pro-tocted the deer of their great forests from poschers, so Kelly's gang felt it incumbent ipon them to safeguard for themselves the lives and property which they considered heirs by divine right. It is doubtful that they thought of the matter in just this way, out the effect was the same.

And so it was that as Billy Byrne wended

And so it was that as Billy Byrne wended homeward alone in the wee hours of the morning after emptying the cash drawer of old Schneider's saloon and locking the weeping Schneider into his own ice box, he was deeply grieved and angered to see rank outsiders from Twelfth Street beating Patrolman Stanley Lasky with his own baton, the while they simultaneously strove to kick to his risk with holy beavy boots. to kick in his ribs with their heavy boots.

Now, Lasky was no friend of Billy Byrne's, but the officer had been born and raised in the district and was attached to the Twenty-eighth precinct station on Lake Street near Ashland Avenue, and so was part and parcel of the natural possession of the gang. Billy felt that it was entirely ethical to beat up a cop, provided you confined your efforts to those of your own district, but for a bunch of yaps from south of Twelfth Street to attempt to pull off any such coarse work in his bailiwick—why, it was unthinkable! A here and rescuer of less experience

than Billy Byrne would have rushed mel-odramatically into the midst of the fray, and in all probability have had his face pushed completely through the back of his head, for the guys from Twelfth Street were not of the rah-rah-boy type of hood-lum—they were Bad men, with an upperсако В.

So Bill crept stealthily along in the shad-ows until he was quite close to them, and behind them. On the way he had gathered up a cute little granite paving block, than which there is nothing in the world harder, not even a Twelfth Street skull.

He was quite close now to one of the men-him who was wielding the officer's club to such excellent disadvantage for the officer. He raised the paving block only to lower it silently and suddenly upon the back of that unsuspecting head—"and then there were

Before the man's companions had realized what had happened Billy had possessed him-self of the fallen club and struck one of them a blinding, staggering blow across the

Then number three pulled his gun and fired pointblank at Billy. The builet tore through his left shoulder. It would have sent a more highly organ-

ized and nervously inclined man to the pavement, but Billy was neither highly or-ganized nor nervously inclined, so that about the only immediate effect it had upon him was to make him mad. Before he had been but peeved—peeved at the rank crust that had permitted these cheap skates from south of Twelfth street to work his terri-tory. Thoroughly aroused, Billy was a wonder.

From a long line of burly ancestors he had inherited the physique of a prize bull. From earliest childhood he had fought, always unfairly, so that he knew all the tricks of street fighting. During the last year there had been added to Billy's natural fighting ability and instinct a knowledge of the scientific end of the sport.

The result was something appalling-to the gang from Tweifth street.

Before that gink could pull the trigger again his gun had been wrenched from his hand and flung across the street, and he was down on the granite, with a hand as hard as the paving block scrambling his facial attractions beyond hope of repair.

By this time Patrolman Lasky had stag-

gered to his feet, and most opportunely at that; for the man whom Billy had dazed with the club was recovering. Lasky promptly put him to sleep with the butt of the gun that he had been unable to draw when first attacked, then he turned to assist

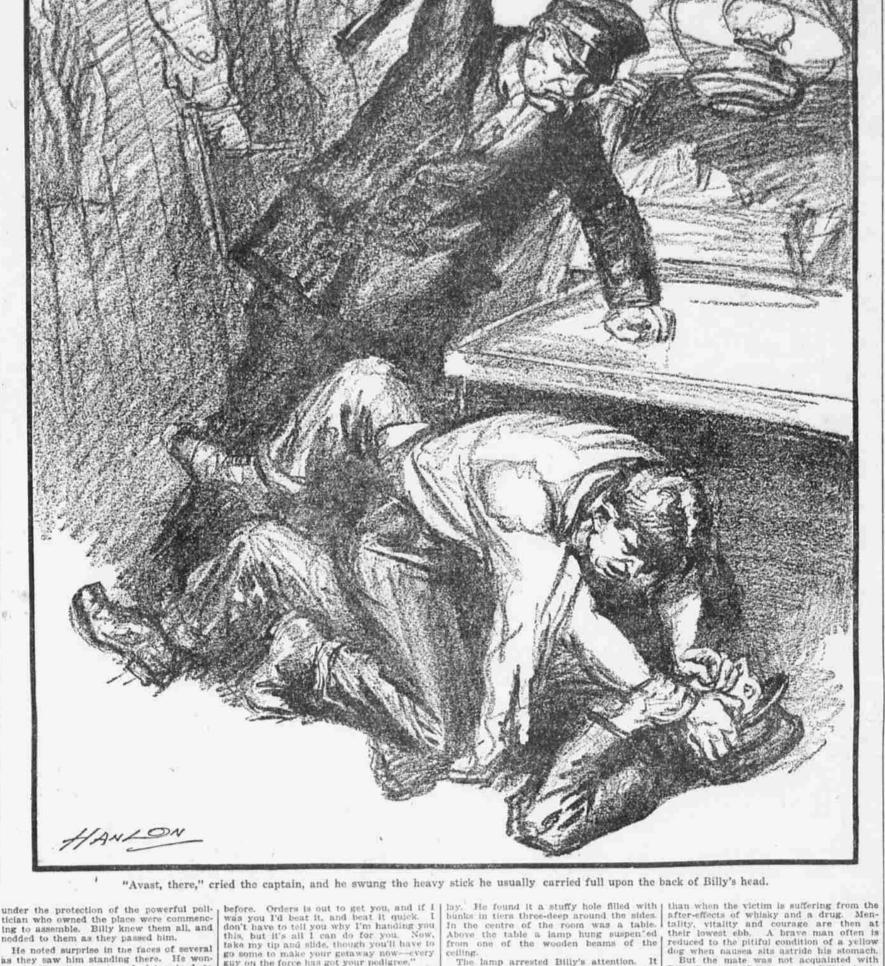
But it was not Billy who needed assistance—it was the gentleman from Bohemia. With difficulty Lasky dragged Billy from

"Leave enough of him for the inquest." pleaded Lasky. When the wagon arrived Billy had disappeared, but Lasky had recognized him,

and thereafter the two nodded pleasantly to one another upon such occasions as they chanced to meet upon the street. Two years elapsed before the event transpired which proved a crisis in Billy's

life. During this period his existence had een much the same as before. He had collected what was coming to him from careless and less muscular citi-zens. He had helped stick up a half dozen saloons. He had robbed the night men in

saloons. He had robbed the night men in two elevated stations, and for a while had been upon the payroll of a certain ward boss and done strong-arm work for \$25 a goaled to despreasion by the repeated raids



\UCKER

as they saw him standing there. He won-dered what it meant and determined to ask the next man who evinced even mute conderment at his presence what was eating him.

Then Billy saw a harness bull strolling toward him from the east. It was Lasky. When Lasky saw Billy he, too, opened his eyes in surprise, and when he came wite close to the mucker he whispered mething to him, though he kept his eyes straight ahead as though he had not seen Billy, at all. In deference to the whispered request

Billy presently strolled around the corner toward Walnut street, but at the alley back of the saloon he turned suddenly in.

A hundred yards up the alley he found Lasky in the shadow of a telephone pole. "Wotinell are you doin' around here?"

on his cash drawer, had shown fight when



"Orders is out to get you, and if I were you I'd beat it, and beat it quick."

about Larry Hilmore's boxing academy. hands, and the hold-up men had shot him and time and time again Hilmore urged through the heart. Sheehan had been arbim to quit drinking and live straight, for rested on suspicion. and time and time again Hilmore urged him to quit drinking and live straight, for he saw in the young giant the makings of a great heavyweight. But Billy couldn't leave the boote alone, and so the best that he got was an occasional five-spot for appearing in preliminary bouts with third and fourth rate heavies and hasbeens. Yet during the three years that he had hung about Hilmore's he had acquired an envi-able knowledge of the manly art of self-defense.

On the night that things really began to happen in the life of Billy Byrns, that callmable pentismen was lolling in front of a salon at the corner of Lake and Enbey-The dips that congregated nightly them. Jpon the West Side the older gange are

Billy had not been with Ehechan that night. As a matter of fact, he never had trained with him, for, and the boyish battle that the two had waged, there had always been ill-feeling between thom. But with Lasky's words Billy knew what had happened.

Sheehan says I done it, ch?" he "That's what he says."

"Why, I wasn't within a mile of Schnei-der's that night," protested Blikt.
The lest thinks different," said Lasky.
"Me'd he only to glad to seak you, for

guy on the force has got your pedigree.

Billy turned without a word and walked east in the alley toward Lincoln street. In Lincoln street Billy walked north to Kinzie. Here he entered the railroad yards. An hour later he was bumping out of town toward the West on a fast freight. Three weeks later he found himself in

He had no money, but the methods that had so often replenished his depleted ex-chequer at home he felt would serve the

same purpose here.

Being unfamiliar with Frisco, Billy did not know where best to work. But when, by accident, he stumbled upon a street where there were many saloons whose had trons were obviously seafaring r. en, he was distinctly elated. What could be better for his purposes than a drunken sailor?

He entered one of the saloons and stood watching a game of cards, or thus he seemed to be occupied. As a matter of fact, his eyes were constantly upon the alert, roving about the room to wherever a man was in the act of paying for a round of drinks, that a fat wallet might be located Presently one that filled him with long-ing rewarded his careful watch. The man was sitting at a table a short

distance from Billy. Two other men were with him. As he paid the waiter from a well-filled pocketbook he looked up to meet Billy's eyes. With a drunken smile he beckened to the

mucker to join them. Billy felt that fate was overkind to him, and he lost no time in heeding her call. A moment later he was sitting at the table with the three satiors, and had ordered a drop of redeye. The stranger, who was cross-eyed to a

narked degree, was very lavish in his e tertainment. He scarcely waited for Billy to drain one ginss before he ordered an-other, and once after Billy had left the table for a moment he found a fresh drink awaiting him when he returned—his host had already poured it for him. It was this last drink that did the busi-

CHAPTER II The Halfmoon

WHEN Billy opened his eyes again he could not recall, for the instant, very nuch of his immediate past. At last he remembered, with painful regret, the drunken sailer it had been his intention to

cil.

He felt deeply chagrined that his rightul prey should have escaped him. He
ouldn't understand how it had happened.

"This Frisco toose must be semething
sece!" thought Billy.

His head ached frightfully, and he was

very sick. So sick that the room in which he lay seemed to be rising and falling in a horribly realistic manner. Every time it dropped it brought Billy's stomach nearly Billy shut his eyes. Still the awful sen-

Billy groaned. He had never been so stck in all his life before, and my, how his poor head did hurt! Finding that it seemed only to make matters werse when closed his upon Billy opened them He looked about the room in which he

om might seem to be rising and falling. but that lamp could not seem to be swing-ing around in any such manner if it were Bill

When he opened them to look again at the tiously he slid from his bunk to the It was with difficulty that he kept Still that might be but the efects of the liquor. At last he reached the able, to which he clung for support while corner loafer.

He was all that was dirty and mean and Contemptible and cowardly in the eyes of

te found some little round glass-covered oles near the low ceiling at one side of ne room. It was only at the greatest risk life and limb that he managed to crawl on all fours to one of them.

As he straightened up and glanced through he was appalled at the sight that mot his eyes. As far as he could see there was nothing but a tumbling waste of water Then the truth of weat had happened to him bruke upon his understanding.
"An' I was goin' to roll that guy!" he nuttered in helpices bewilderment. "I was a goin' to roll him, and now look here wot

ie's done to me?" At that moment a light appeared above is the hatch was raised, and Billy saw the feet and legs of a large man descending the ladder from above. When the new-comer reached the floor and turned to look about his eyes met Billy's, and Billy saw

"Well, my hearty, how goes it?" asked the stranger.
"You pulled it off pretty slick," said at the mucker's face. Billy. "What do you mean?" asked the other

"Come off," said Billy; "you know what

I mean."

"Look here," replied the other coldly.

"Don't you ferget that I'm mate of this ship, an' that you want to speak respectful to me if you ain't lookin' fer trouble. My name's Mr. Ward, an' when you speak to me say bir.' Understand?" Billy scratched his head and blinked his eyes. He had never before heen spoken to in any such fashion—at least not since

he had put on the avoirdupois of man-hood. His head ached horribly, and he was sick to his stomach-frightfully sick. His mind was more upon his physical suf-tering than upon what the mate was saying. that quite a perceptible interval of time ciapsed before the true dimensions of the affront to his dignity commenced to per-colate into the beforged and palu-racked convolutions of his brain.

The mate thought that his bluster had blusted the new hand. That was what he had come below to accomplish. Experience had taught him that an early lesson in discipline and subordination saved unpled and consultation in the future. He also had hearned that there is no bester than any part areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material that there is no bester than any areas a hint of the material than any areas and any areas and any areas a hint of the material than any areas and areas any areas and any areas

the lamp arrested Billy's attention. It But the mate was not acquainted with Billy Byrne of Kelly's gang. Billy's brain was befuddled, so that it took some time for an idea to wiggle its way through, but his courage was all there, and all to the

Billy was a mucker, a hoodium, a not really and truly swinging. He couldn't ster, a thug, a tough. When he fought his account for it. shame to the face of his satanic majesty. He had hit oftener from behind that from amp he found that it still swung as before. | before. He had always taken every advantage of size and weight and numbers that he could call to his assistance. He was an insulter of girls and women. He

There was no longer any doubt. The lamp was beating back and forth like the clapper of a great bell!

Where was he? Billy sought a window. He found some little round glass-covered no other code. Whatever the meager ethics no other code. of his kind he would have lived up to them to the death.

He had never squealed on a pai, and he had never left a wounded friend to fall into the hands of the enemy, the police.

Nor had he ever let a man speak to him as the mate had spoken, and get away with it, and so, while he did not act as quickly as would have been his wont had

his bynin been clear, he did act. But the interval of time had led the mate into an erroneous conception of its cause, and into a further rash show of authority, and had thrown him off his guard as well. "What you need," said the mate, advancing toward Billy, "is a bash of the

when go toward Billy, "is a bash of the beezer. It'll help you remember that you ain't nothin' but a dirty landlubber, an' when your betters come around you'll—"

What Billy would have done in the presence of his betters remained still-born in the mate's imagination in the face of what Billy really did do to his better, as that worthy swing a andder vicious blow that worthy swing a andder vicious blow. that worthy swung a sudden, vicious blow

Billy Byrne had not been scrapping with third and fourth rate heavies and sparring with real, live ones for nothing. The mate's fist whistled through empty air, the blear eyed hunk of clay that had seemed such easy prey to him was metamorphosed on the instant into an alert, cat-like bundle of steel alnews, and Billy Byrne swung that awful right with the pile driver weight that even the Big Smoke himself had

acknowledged respect for, straight to the short ribs of his antagonist. With a screech of surprise and pain the mate crumpited in the far corner of the forecastle, rammed half way beneath a bunk by the force of the terrific blow. Like a tiger Billy Byrne was after him, and dragging the man out into the centre of the floor space, he best and mauled him until his victim's wells school through the

When the captain, followed by half a dozen seamen, rushed down the commanion way he found Billy sitting astrode the prestrate form of the male. His great fingers circled the man's throat, and with mighty blows he was dashing the fellow's head equinct the hard floor.

BY EDGAR RICE

BURROUGHS

AUTHOR OF THE TARZANANDMARS STORIES

the heavy stick he usually carried fall upon the back of Billy's head.

It was that blow that saved the mate's life, for when Billy came to he found himself in a dark and smelly hole, chained and padlocked to a stanchion.

They kept Billy there for a week, but every day the captain visited him in an attempt to show him the error of his way. The medium used by the skipper for impressing his ideas of discipline upon Billy was the large, hard stick.

At the end of the week it was necessary to carry Billy above to keep the rats from devouring him, for the continued beatings and starvation had reduced him to little more than an unconscious mass of raw bleeding meat.

"There," remarked the skipper, as he viewed his work by the light of day. "I guess that fellow'll know his place next time an officer an' a gentleman speaks to him."

That Billy survived is one of the hitherto That Billy survived is one of the hitherto unrecorded miracles of the power of matter over mind. A man of intellect, of imagination—a being of nerves—would have succumbed to shock alone, but Billy was not as these. He simply lay still and thoughtless, except for half-formed ideas of revenge, until nature, unaided, built up what the captain had so ruthlessly torn down.

Ten days after they brought him up from the hold Billy was limping about the deck of the Halfmoon doing light manual labor. From the other sallors aboard he learned that he was not the only member of the crew who had been shanghaled.

Aside from a halfdozen reckless men from

learned that he was not the only member of the crew who had been shanghaled.

Aside from a halfdozen reckless men from the criminal classes who had signed voluntarily, either because they could not get a berth upon a decent ship or desired to filt as quietly from the law zone of the United States as possible, not a man was there who had been signed regularly.

They were as tough and victous a lot as fate had ever foregathered in one forecastle, and with them Billy Byrne felt perfectly nt home. His early threats of awful vengeance to be wreaked upon the mate and skipper had subsided with the rough but sensible advice of his measmates.

The mate, for his part, gave no indication of harboring the assault that Billy had made upon him other than to assign the most dangerous or disagreeable duties of the ship to the mucker whenever it was possible to do so, but the result of this was to hasten

do so, but the result of this was to hasten Billy's nautical education, and keep him in excellent physical trim.

All traces of alcohol had long since

All traces of sloohol had long since vanished from the young man's system. His face showed the effects of his enforced abstemiousness in a marked degree.

The red, puffy, blotchy complexion had given way to clear, tanned skin; bright eyes supplanted the bleary, bloodshot things that had given the bestial expression to his face in the past. His features, always regular and strong, had taken on a peculiarly refined dignity from the salt air, the clean regular and strong, had taken to a prefined dignity from the salt air, the clean life, and the dangerous occupation of the deep-sea sailor, that would have put Kelly's gang to a pinch to have recognized their erstwhile crony had he suddenly appeared in their midst in the alley back of the feed store or Grand avenue.

store on Grand avenus.

With the new life Billy found himself

With the new life Billy found himself taking on a new character. He surprised himself singing at his work—he, whose whole life up to now had been devoted to dodging honest labor, whose motto had been: "The world owes me a living, and it's up to me to collect it."

Also, he was surprised to discover that he liked to work, that he took keen pride in striving to outdo the men who worked with him, and this spirit, despite the suspicion which the captain entertained of Billy since the episode of the forecastle, went far to making his life more endurable on board the Halfmoon, for workers such as the mucker developed into are not to be sneezed at, and though he had little idea of subordination, it was worth putting up

of subordination, it was worth putting up with something to keep him in condition to It was this line of reasoning that saved Billy's skull on one or two occasions when his impudence had been sufficient to have provoked the skipper to a personal assault upon him under ordinary conditions. Squint-Eye Ward, having tasted of Billy's medicine

once, had no craving for another encounter with him that would entail personal con-The entire crew was made up of ruffians and unhung murderers, but Skipper Simms had had little experience with seamen of any other lik, so he handled them roughshod, using his horny fist and the short, heavy stick that he habitually carried, in lieu of argument. But with the exception of Billy the men all had served before the

nast in the past, so that a ship's discipline was to a certain measure ingrained in them Enjoying his work, the life was not an unpleasant one for the mucker. The men of the forecastle were of the kind he had always known—there was no honor among

always known—there was no nonor smoots them, no virtue, no kindliness, no decency.

With them Billy was at home—he scarcely missed the old gang. He made his friends among them, and his enemies. He picked quarrels, as had been his way since childhood. His science and his great strength, together with his endless stock of the state of the state of the state. underhand tricks brought him out of each ncounter with fresh laurels.

Presently he found it difficult to pick a fight—his measurates had had enough of him. They left him severely alone.

These battles, often bloody, engendered no deep-seated hatred in the hearts of the defeated. They were part of the day's work and play of the haif brutes that Skipper Simms had gathered together.

Skipper Simms had gathered together.

There was only one man aboard whom Billy really hated. That was the passenger, Divine; and Billy hated him, not because of anything that the man had said or done to Billy, for he had never even so much as spoken to the mucker, but because of the fine clothes and superior air which marked him playly to Billy as a member of that him plainly to Billy as a member of that loathed element of society—a gentleman.

Billy hated everything that was respectable. He had hated the smug, self-satisfied

merchants of Grand avenue. He had writhed in spirit at sight of every shiny, purring automobile that had ever passed him with its load of well-groomed men and women. A clean, stiff collar was to billy

women A clean, stiff collar was to filly as a red rag to a buil.

Cleanliness, success, opulence, decency spelled but one thing to Billy—physical weakness; and he hated physical weakness. His idea of indicating strength and maniness lay in displaying as much of brutality and uncouthness as possible. and uncouthness as possible.

and uncouthness as possible.

To assist a woman over a mudhole would have seemed to Billy an acknowledgment of pussilanimity; to atick out his foot and trip her so that she oprawled full length in it the hall-mark of hish manilineas.

And so he hated, with all the strength of a strong nature, the immacellate, courteous well-bred map who paced the deck each day amoking a fragrant cigar after his meals.

Inwardly he wondered what the "dude" was doing on hoard such a vessel as the Halfmon, and marveled that so weak a thing dared venture among real men.

Halfmoon and marveled that so wask a thing dared venture among real men.

Billy's contempt caused him to notice Divine more than he would have been ready to admit. He saw that the man's face was handsome, but that there was an unpleasant shiftiness to his brown area. Then, entirely outside of his former reasons for hating the man, Billy came to loaths him intuitively, as one who was not to be trusted.

Continued in Monday's

Eurging And Croger