

## ON SECRET SERVICE

True Stories of Experiences in the State, War, Treasury and Postoffice Departments by  
Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, Late Censor of Telegraphs and Chief Signal  
Officer, U. S. A., Santiago de Cuba.

Written for the Deseret News.

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## No. 8.—The Telephone Case.

DR. PHILIP JENSEN sat in his comfortable den at home smoking a long black cigar and ruminating over certain events long past and almost forgotten. In his hand he held a letter typed on a plain white sheet of paper. A bright fire was crackling merrily in the open grate, and Dr. Jensen would read the letter and then gaze into the leaping flames and under his breath mutter:

"Damn him!"

The letter had neither heading nor signature, there was no writing to identify the sender, the post mark on the envelope was from a remote substation away out in the northern suburbs of the great city; but Dr. Jensen knew, as well as he knew his own name, just who the letter was from. It was a letter which he had written to a certain event in his past life, spoke of a compromising photograph and other things; only one man knew these things, the knowledge which would be very disastrous to Dr. Jensen's domestic and financial affairs. The writer of this letter hinted that a money consideration, if sufficiently large, might purchase the incriminating evidence, only one man knew these facts, therefore he must have sent the missive.

To go back a little: When Jensen was graduated from an important eastern medical school and had had two years' hospital work he stood on the threshold of his career. He liked medicine, had been a good student and was well fitted to practice. But he had financial ambition. He had worked his way through college, with the best of poverty ever pressing his neck. He wanted money, but the pathway to money through practice of medicine was as a rule slow and uncertain. Many doctors are content with a few dollars a month, but only too true and Philip Jensen studied the subject of his future very seriously. The ethical thing for him to have done at this time would be to open an office, furnish it modestly, put a pretty gold sign reading: "Philip Jensen, Physician and Surgeon," on the door, and then sit down in any easy chair and wait—wait for some person to come along and be suddenly stricken with stomach ache. He must wait for his patients—wait perhaps like the Hon. Peter Stirling for two years before a client came along. In doing this he would be strictly ethical, but two years of being ethical was not pleasant, especially when the doctor needed food and raiment during that time. If he were reasonably successful in building up a practice he might after about 10 years be able to pay his office rent and support himself. But he didn't propose to be poor that long; in 10 years he wanted to accumulate a goodly amount of money; in 20 he wanted to be independent. He studied carefully over these questions and finally became an "advertising specialist." He departed from the hewn lines of medicine; through the papers he told of his skill in his chosen specialty; his charges were reasonable, and before very long the credit side of his ledger was getting larger than the debit. What Dr. Jensen did he did well; he was not an impetuous quack, but a skilled and expert physician. A year later his practice had so increased he needed help in his accounts and office work. A bright Irish chap named O'Brien was secured as Dr. Jensen's secretary. O'Brien was about the same age as the doctor and the two soon became fast friends. O'Brien was a lawyer and was trying to get on his feet by the old ethical way but his funds ran out before clients began to come in and he was forced to seek work. Jensen was glad to get him; his keen perception of business affairs and his ready Irish wit were valuable assets for a private secretary, and that is what he was.

With the coming of money Dr. Jensen branched out. From the comforts of life he went to the luxuries. His rooms were beautifully furnished and he and O'Brien lived together. It was said these bachelor apartments of Dr. Philip Jensen became the scene of more than one little dinner where, at wine, women, and song were predominant. Dr. Jensen was enjoying life to the full and Harold O'Brien was helping him along. A goodly crop of wild oats was being sown by both men.

For three years life flowed on uneventful for the doctor and his secretary, when one evening Dr. Jensen said:

"Harry, I'm going to surprise you."

"How, Phil?"

"Married! Ha, ha! Well, that's a good one, Phil. Who's the lucky lady, and how about all our friends here?"

A dull red color suffused Jensen's face as he replied:

"Never mind; the lady is I. I haven't spoken to her yet and don't know if she will have me; but I'm getting sick of living as we do, I want a home; the money question is easy now and I'm going to have one."

"You don't suppose the future Mrs. Jensen will be proud of the life we are leading, do you?"

"No, and that's just it. Tonight is our farewell. After that I quit."

"So do I, then. Since coming with you, Phil, I've had a devil of a good time. You've treated me well and I have a few thousand of my own laid by. You know I like the law and I'm going back to it."

"But I don't want to lose you."

"There, Phil, you and I know too much of each other to be together after you're married. You can get another secretary."

"What you say is probably true, O'Brien, but I hate to see you go. Well, anyway, we'll have one last night of it, and out they went."

Dr. Jensen would have given a great deal not to have had the last night. Certain things had happened which were dangerous. Neither man referred to these events, but each knew the other knew. A few months later Dr. Jensen married and O'Brien opened up a law office of his own downtown. In a way O'Brien prospered. He became a political lawyer and some of his clients bordered on the underworld. He made money, but his standing wasn't very high. After Jensen's marriage the two men seldom saw each other. The doctor built a beautiful house and was living a very respectable life. O'Brien generally lived at some political club.

Dr. Jensen thought of all these things as he sat in his den on the day this story opened.

"Damn him!" he muttered. "He's playing the clinch on me. He hasn't a thing to lose and everything to gain. I wonder how much he wants."

The next day Dr. Jensen dropped into O'Brien's office.

"Hello, Phil," said O'Brien, with a show of cordiality. "What on earth brings you here? Any of your patients who won't pay up, and you want me to see them, eh?"

Dr. Jensen looked hard at O'Brien, but the lawyer never quailed. He wasn't the most pleasant looking man in the world. Unlike Dr. Jensen, he had not quit sowing his wild oats, and his affiliations with political gangs did not tend to help him personally. He was a "shyster" lawyer, pure and simple.

"Cut out that 'O'Brien,' said the doctor. "How much money do you want?"

"Bless my soul, you're getting generous! How much money do I want? And for what, pray?"

"Your innocence doesn't set well on you, O'Brien. How much money do you want for that?" said Jensen with a great deal of vehemence as he threw the anonymous letter on the table.

"Oh, that," said O'Brien, with an exasperated smile. He dropped his tone of raillery as he leaned toward the doctor and continued: "You've got plenty of money, Phil. I've been hard hit lately in the street. In looking over my assets I found a photograph and a negative. Both are very interesting. I think they would look well in that gallery of yours."

O'Brien liked to grill his man. He waited a minute and then said quietly: "Have a cigar, Phil, and we can talk it over."

"I don't want a cigar, but I do want to get this interview over with. Again, how much do you want?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars, doctor; just 15 thousand, that's all."

"You damned blackmailer!" said Jensen, taking a step forward, with uplifted clenched fist. "Fifteen thousand dollars. Why?"

"Steady, doctor," said O'Brien, quickly reaching in his desk drawer and taking from thence a revolver. "Steady now, my friend, you are getting unduly excited. My request is modest and you'll be glad enough to grant it before I'm through with you. Within two weeks you will bring \$15,000 in money—no checks—to me, or those few little documents go to Mrs. Jensen. Wait," he continued, as he saw Jensen was about to interrupt him, "I know what's going on in your mind right now, Jensen. 'Blackmail!' Well, that's an ugly name; if you could prove it, that's the head it would come under. But you can't prove it. You receive a typewritten and addressed letter, and this letter contains reference to an incident which would not look good for your friends, and you have quite a few. As only one man knew of these events in your life, naturally the inference is correct. I admit I sent that letter. I admit it to you—but no one else knows it. There is no one near to hear this conversation, so I am playing the clinch, my dear doctor," and the garrulous Irishman smiled as he contemplated the physician.

Jensen knew the lawyer stated the truth; he couldn't be convicted of blackmail on the anonymous letter and the doctor's testimony. It needed corroboration, and there was none. But \$15,000! He didn't have that amount of ready cash on hand, and he didn't want to mortgage his house or dispose of any securities. His mind acted quickly.

"You've done a clever bit of crooked work, O'Brien. Is \$15,000 the least you will take?"

"The very least," replied O'Brien, rising and laying the revolver where he could readily reach it. "I know you haven't that much cash, but you have two weeks from today to produce that amount. If it's not on hand then I'll extend the time 11 days, but each day's extension will cost you \$1,000 additional. When \$25,000 is reached I give the documents to Mrs. Jensen, or if she should be here, to some of your most important competitors. They will know how to use this evidence. Do I make myself plain, my dear doctor?"

"Perfectly, O'Brien, perfectly. I never imagined an Irishman could be such a blackguard. I'll see you in 15 days and give you an answer one way or another. Good morning."

"So long, Jensen. You won't miss the \$15,000 and it will do me a heap of good."

Jensen was sorely troubled. It looked as if the Irishman did have a card up his sleeve. He had made a threat to make his threats in the presence of witnesses, the charge of blackmail could be laid and proven. But the lawyer was too shrewd to permit any witnesses.

Mr. Luther M. Miller, a very prominent attorney, was a firm friend of Dr. Jensen's, and to him he went and told him his troubles. It hurt the doctor considerably to confess his past, but he did it, covering up nothing. Mr. Miller listened attentively.

"Pretty ugly mess doctor," he said when Jensen had finished. "I know O'Brien. He's one of those shrewd lawyers who will commit any crime for money, but he will so fortify and cover his tracks that conviction becomes impossible. Looks bad. But wait, here is a happy thought. I'll call on Mr. Miller, and after a moment he muttered: 'By Jove, he's just the man!'"

"What do you mean, Mr. Miller?"

"Here's a card of introduction to a gentleman," said Miller, writing. "Take it to him, and if anyone can help you out, he can. He will probably call me up and we will confer about it. Do just what he tells you to do."

"Thank you, Mr. Miller," said Jensen, taking the card and bowing him-

self out. The card read "To Col. John V. Cheney, Menard building. Help my friend, Dr. Jensen. He's in trouble. (Signed) Luther M. Miller."

In due time Jensen appeared in Cheney's office. The millionaire was just finishing up the odds and ends of a very busy day when the doctor was announced.

"How do you do, Dr. Jensen," said Cheney, extending his hand. "What's the trouble, Dr. Jensen? Miller speaks about this card of introduction?"

In a few words the entire trouble from beginning to end, Cheney smoked as the doctor talked, and when he paused the colonel said:

"You've got a very clever antagonist, Dr. Jensen. O'Brien is not unknown to me. I presume Mr. Miller told you as much. The principal thing in this case is to get him to incriminate himself by asking for this money in the presence of a witness."

Cheney had been studying the doctor very carefully. He noted the long, self out. The card read "To Col. John V. Cheney, Menard building. Help my friend, Dr. Jensen. He's in trouble. (Signed) Luther M. Miller."

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When he has finished with you, come back here and we will complete arrangements for our conquest."

Dr. Jensen and Elliott left and about three-quarters of an hour later Jensen returned. A broad smile was on his face as he greeted Cheney.

"Great, colonel, great—it we can pull it off."

"Oh, we'll do that all right O'Brien thinks he's playing the clinch, but his pipe will soon go out. You will write him a note tonight arranging for a meeting at his office at 5:30 tomorrow evening. It will be dark then and there will be no one present but you and O'Brien. The loan company people leave at 5 o'clock. The Irishman may suspect something and will be armed. All I want you to do is to get him to repeat his blackmailing proposition. I know a firm to which he owes about \$2,000. I've got the account right here. After you have made him come out fair and square for the \$15,000, tell him you have the money in the bank and offer him a check for it. He will of course refuse it. Then you arrange to bring it to the next evening. That's all, Dr. Jensen."

"All right, colonel, I'll do my part."

The next day at noon Jensen phoned Cheney and told him that he would meet him at 5:45 instead of 5:30.

"Good," said Cheney. "So much the better. You will be fully protected."

Elliott was notified and promised to do his share.

Dr. Jensen kept his appointment and what occurred during that interview was told by relating the following day's happenings.

At 9:29 in the morning Loneragan came in answer to a request.

"Morning, Ed," said Cheney. "Go over to O'Brien's office and tell him I want him to meet me here at 11:30 o'clock this morning. Tell him it's about the McGarry claim and he'll come. If he won't come, bring him."

"He'll sure come, colonel," smiled Loneragan. He did come promptly at 11:30.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Brien. You and I have never met before, though of course I've heard of you. Sit down, won't you, please."

"Thank you, Col. Cheney," replied the lawyer. "Your man tells me you want to see me about the McGarry claim?"

"Yes, they say you owe them some \$2,000 for goods delivered. (McGarry was a wholesale liquor dealer.) Before taking any action on claims of this kind I always try and effect a settlement amicably."

"Sure, Col. Cheney, there need be no trouble here. I do owe them \$2,000, that's true, and it's past due. I got in pretty deep not long ago and have had hard luck since. But I will have the money to pay McGarry this afternoon about 5. I'll bring the money in here tomorrow morning or you can send a man over for it."

"Well, that is good news, I'm sure," said Cheney, smiling his proprietary smile now. "Your ship's coming in today, eh, O'Brien?"

"Yes," replied the Irishman, laughing heartily. "I'm going to cut a melon this afternoon and it's a good one, colonel, it's a dandy."

"What's its name?" asked Cheney.

"Jensen!"

O'Brien's laugh froze on his face; his color faded to white. "Jensen!" he gasped, "Jensen?"

"Yes, Jensen, Dr. Philip Jensen. Is he the 'melon you are going to cut' this afternoon? Fifteen thousand I believe is the figure."

O'Brien was thunderstruck but he had a ready and active wit. Jensen had probably told Cheney and now this clever detective was going to try and trap him. But he wouldn't be caught.

"I don't know what you mean, colonel," he replied, with a show of indignation.

"Oh, yes you do, O'Brien. You are to meet Dr. Philip Jensen at five this afternoon. When he is to pay you \$15,000. In return you are to turn over to him a photograph and a negative—described in part of this letter—you recognize it, I see from your eyes."

"That's what Jensen has told you," said the Irishman, fighting hard.

"That's the bargain made last evening when at 5:45 Jensen met you in your room by appointment and I was a witness—I heard every word of the conversation."

The detective was trying to trap the lawyer, but the Celtic wit was too ready. If it was a trap, he wouldn't fall into it.

"By the tender, colonel, you're a good actor. Jensen was at my office last evening. Sure, I admit that. But you were not there. No one heard what was said."

"You damned, sneaking blackguard," thundered Cheney. "I've a mind to dash the hide off of you. Read that to him a photograph and a negative on the table in front of the Irishman. O'Brien did read, and as the words slipped through his mind, he began to realize that this was a report verbatim of the conversation and that Philip took place between him and Dr. Philip Jensen. The evening of course Jensen may have had some good memory that he could remember every word that was spoken. But Cheney said he was a witness, and his word on the stand in corroboration of a charge made by Dr. Jensen would be mighty convincing in a jury. But the Irishman wasn't beaten yet. The trap card would have to be played. Cheney saw it."

"Wait a minute, O'Brien. I'm going to give you the proof now. You're caught and you know it; but I'm going to let you off with a warning. Just hold this to your ear a minute and I'll bring him a gutta percha phone receiver, only smaller by half than the general use. O'Brien did as he was told wondering what was coming. Then Cheney touched a button, and O'Brien heard a voice say: 'Good morning, O'Brien. Expecting any funds today?' It was Jensen's voice."

"Confound you!" said O'Brien angrily.

"Just a moment, Mr. O'Brien. Dr. Jensen can't hear you. You see you only have a receiver, and a transmitter. Dr. Jensen has one in the other room. He'll bring it in presently, and you can see how you were trapped."

O'Brien began to feel clammy. This man's methods were a bit uncanny. This telephoning from seemingly nowhere wasn't exactly pleasant. The idea was to get him to repeat his blackmailing proposition. The door opened and in walked Dr. Jensen, followed by Jimmie Elliott. Dr. Jensen was garbed as usual, and in his hand he held his silk hat. Introducing them was needless, and Cheney said: "O'Brien, ever heard of a man talking through his hat? Sure you have. Well, you didn't exactly do that, but you did talk through Dr. Jensen's hat. Look here," and Cheney reached out and took Dr. Jensen's silk hat and held it so O'Brien could see the inside. Elliott grinned approvingly as Cheney went on: "You will see a perfect telephone transmitter concealed in the top of his hat. Now look at the outside. These four small air holes are right over the transmitter. Dr. Jensen held this hat in his left hand towards you. You talked right into it. A very slender copper wire ran from a plate behind the doctor's hand under his coat sleeve down his back, out the left trouser leg and along the floor to the receiver you just held to your ear. Only it was a double receiver last night. I held one to my ear and a court stenographer held the other. Dr. Jensen and I unwound it as we walked away from me. Oh, I was in a closet when he came in. I arranged all that before hand. The wire was wound with green silk the color of your carpet, and anyway the light precluded your seeing. Just a moment ago you had a demonstration as to how this phone worked from the outer office. Jensen was there, and when I rang he said a few words to you. Now, Mr. O'Brien,

what have you to say?"

O'Brien looked like the thoroughly beaten man he was. From one to the other he gazed. He was trapped, fairly and squarely. But the Irish in him was strong, he wouldn't squeal.

"There's nothing to say, gentlemen. Save, perhaps, that the telephone is a damned clever invention."

"Well, Dr. Jensen, it's up to you, now," drawled Cheney.

Jensen looked hard at O'Brien. Perhaps a memory of the old days when they had been boon companions flitted before him. He pitied the man.

"Get out of this, O'Brien, and try, for God's sake, to lead an honest life. You've got a chance now. Take it."

O'Brien stood not on the order of going, but went. As he closed the door he muttered: "Great thing, that telephone!"

Next story: "The Traders' Fives."

DR. FINN'S TESTIMONY INTERESTING.

Dr. Thomas Finn of Boonsboro, Md., who has practiced medicine for 32 years, says he has used every prescription known to the profession for treatment of kidney and bladder diseases, and says he has never found anything so effective in both chronic and acute kidney and bladder trouble as Foley's Kidney Cure. It stops irregularities and builds up the whole system. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co.

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