

Candid Advice

A MEMBER of the detective force, who was in the western part of the city the other day in search of a young man accused of theft, came across a boy who was playing marbles with himself, and carelessly inquired if he knew the party named in the warrant.

“Know him like a book,” was the reply.

“Haven’t seen him lately, eh?”

“Not since this morning.”

“Pretty good fellow, isn’t he?”

“One of the best in town.”

“I suppose you know where he lives?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Do you think I could hire him to work for me?”

“Guess not, sir.”

“But we might walk up to the house and see.”

“No use—not a bit. In the first place I’m on to you for a detective. In the next place, the old woman would ‘spot’ you twenty rods off. In the third place, before you got to the gate Bill would be two blocks off and running to beat railroad time. You see, I’m his brother, and I knew all about how everything works, and you’d better save your shoe leather.”

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