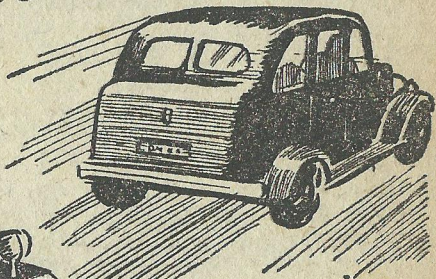


# THE CASE OF

# The Laughing Jackdaw



**D**IXON HAWKE, the famous Dover Street detective, laughed as he passed a letter across the breakfast table to his assistant, Tommy Burke.

Dear Mr Dixon Hawke,—I am making a collection to feather my nest, and have put you down for a subscription of £1000. Please have the cash ready in pound notes, as I shall call for it in the course of the next few days.

Yours ever,

JACKDAW.

P.S.—If you don't recognise my name, I must refer you to the

poem about my famous ancestor, the Jackdaw of Rheims.

“Well, of all the cheek!” exclaimed Tommy Burke as he handed back the letter. “Let's see, in the poem, didn't the Jack-

daw of Rheims pinch the cardinal's ring?”

“He did, but this new jackdaw seems to prefer cash,” chuckled Hawke.

“But he must be mad, coolly asking you to shell out a thousand quid! We get some crazy letters here, but this beats the lot,” decided Tommy. “Do you think it's a joke?”

“Either that or an advertising stunt,” agreed Hawke, and, with a busy day before him, he put the letter out of his mind.

A tricky case had just drawn to a