

*The Illustrated*  
**DETECTIVE MAGAZINE**  
*Thrilling Fiction Series of Real Life*

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MAY 1932

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S  
**Mad Mountain!**

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE AND THE WICKED WIDOW

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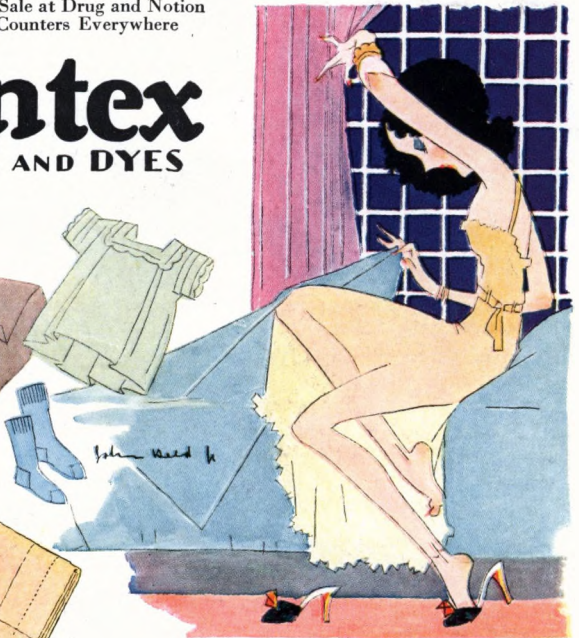
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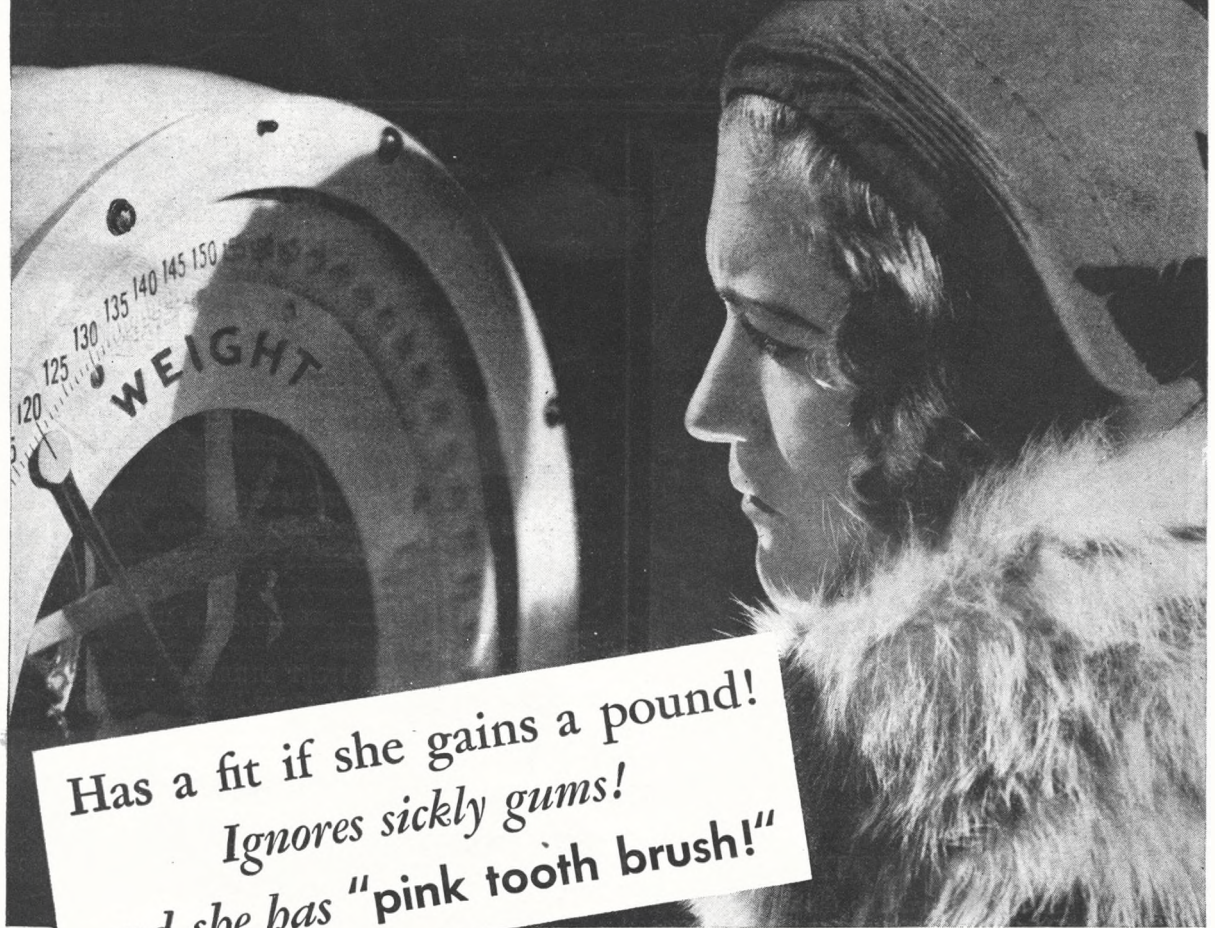


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# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Has a fit if she gains a pound!  
 Ignores sickly gums!  
 and she has "pink tooth brush!"

**O**F course you watch your weight! YOU don't intend to sit in a corner with an overstuffed figure, while some slender girl gets all the attention!

But what about your *face*? What about your *smile*? You aren't going to have a beautiful, alluring smile for very long unless your *teeth* stay sparkling white and sound! And your teeth aren't going to stay white and sound unless you pay some attention

to those soft, sickly gums of yours!

Practically every bit of food you eat is soft, cooked food—far too creamy to give your gums the stimulation they *must* have. Your gums have been getting lazier and weaker with every year. Now they tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" dulls the teeth. Moreover, it can lead to gingivitis, pyorrhea, Vincent's disease and other serious gum troubles. It may even endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Get a tube of Ipana. Do it today. First of all, it's a fine tooth paste. And when you clean your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and massage it right into your unhealthy gums.

The ziratol, the toning agent in Ipana, with the daily massage, will firm your gums. It won't be long before your teeth are whiter and brighter, and your gums harder. You can forget "pink tooth brush." And you'll be able to smile and still be alluringly beautiful!

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# The Illustrated Detective Magazine

One of the Tower Magazines

ON SALE THE 15TH OF EACH MONTH IN WOOLWORTH STORES

VOLUME V, NUMBER 5

MAY, 1932

Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Verne Porter—Executive Editor



## WHO IS THE "GHOST GIRL"?

Ruth Roland looks forward to the most exciting adventure of her colorful career—at the next mystery party! And you are cordially invited to be present—to receive the thrill of a lifetime! Anthony Abbot and the charming stage and screen star will provide an evening of weird, hair-raising entertainment—in the June issue with—GHOST GIRL! A real mystery party!

## REPORTER-DETECTIVE CONTEST FOR 1932

will be formally announced in the next issue of THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE. The \$1,000 award for the best detective work of 1931 will again be offered to the outstanding reporter-detective for 1932. See the June issue for details concerning this annual contest by THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE.

Turn to page 16 for the  
First Reporter-Detective Award  
Won by  
MISS NELLIE KENYON  
of  
The Chattanooga News  
Presentation of award and gold medal by  
MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

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# Is 29 an age to DREAD ?

## Screen Stars know the Secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

**T**WENTY-NINE — nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no!

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart. "But I don't dread my next birthday a bit. No woman needs to look old if she is willing to take sensible care of her skin. Since I discovered Lux Toilet

Soap I never worry about my skin."

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. Women on the screen, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. And a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary! For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap and I think

my complexion is younger looking than ever."

Countless other lovely stars agree with these two favorites!

*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap, which is so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it! It is the official soap in *all* the big film studios. You will want to try it.

"I am 29.."  
*Esther Ralston*



Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

**ESTHER RALSTON**, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary," she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

"I am 29.."  
*Anita Stewart*



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, 1931

**ANITA STEWART**, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth—so easily!"

# LUX Toilet Soap - 10¢



Tower Studios

# Can YOU Explain This?

*The weirdest fiction is not as mysterious as the truth! This magazine pays five dollars for every stranger-than-fiction letter that we publish*

horse. My first impulse was to spring forward and claim him, but something held me back. I simply passed a few favorable remarks on the animal and left the stable.

**J**UST then I awoke. It was daylight in early summer. My dream at once came to me with such force that it seemed almost indeed a reality. I lay deep in thought a few moments, then arose and prepared to go to Espage. I knew it was only a dream, and possibly I was starting on a wild-goose chase, yet I could not help thinking that there was something in the dream to my advantage. On inquiry I found that I could get to within twelve miles of my appointed destination by rail. Reaching that point, I hired a horse and buggy and drove the twelve miles over a rough road and through forests, with here and there a clearing and a few settlers. About the middle of the afternoon I reached Espage and stopped at one of the first houses to put up my horse and get some nourishment for myself. This done, I started on foot up the road, but as yet I saw nothing that seemed in the least familiar to me. While rounding a curve in the road, however, I suddenly met a man whom I recognized at once as the tall man of my dream! The man stopped, addressed me, inquired my name, where I belonged, etc., and then, strangely enough, began to talk about a horse.

From the instant he mentioned a horse I felt that I was sure of my favorite, for although formerly never much of a believer in dreams my faith was now very strong indeed.

**T**HE conversation which passed between us about a horse corresponded exactly with that of my dream. When he turned to lead the way to the barn, I recognized the buildings in the distance. The place where we had been standing and other objects around began to look familiar also. When we entered the stable, sure enough there stood my horse! What passed between us there corresponded very closely with my dream, also I quietly left, pretending business with a man in another part of the thinly settled, although busy-looking district.

I returned home as quickly as possible, got a constable and two of my neighbors who knew my horse and with them went back to Espage with all speed. The horse was seized and of course the false owner had to pay the penalty of the law. The tall man was no longer a friend to him who had proved himself a thief but became a very intimate friend of my own. Many times since we have talked and wondered over the strange dream by which we met and came to know each other!—

B. H., Baldwinsville, N. Y.

**T**EN years ago I was residing in the town of Wallachia, north of Nova Scotia. I possessed a valuable horse, which one night disappeared from his stable. My barn had been broken into and the horse stolen. The thief had left nothing by which I could trace him and there seemed but little hope of ever recovering my stolen property. Yet I planned and worked and thought and advertised. All seemed in vain.

However, after retiring one night about two weeks after the loss, I fell to thinking more deeply than ever before about my horse. I not only valued him as to his worth, but I was much attached to the kind, noble creature.

While thinking what I would give to know where he was I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in a small country settlement. I was standing by the roadside conversing with a strange gentleman. I asked him the name of the place, which he told me was Espage. The name was familiar to me; I knew it was a settlement of which I had often heard but had never visited, since it was about sixty miles from my place of residence.

**T**HE tall, strange gentleman seemed at once to take me into his confidence. He told me he had an idea of buying a horse from a man who had recently purchased it in P. E. Island, and as his friend lived near by, he wished me to go to the stable with him, see the horse and pass my opinion on it. The horse was considered a very fine animal around there.

He led me to the stable, which was not far away, and as we entered I beheld, to my surprise, my own lost

# She Learned About Washday From Him — by C.A. Voight



## "Use Rinso!" say makers of these 40 famous washers

A B C	Conlon	Laundryette	Speed Queen
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Automatic	Edenette	Magnetic	Triplex
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Bee-Vac	Faultless	One Minute	Voss
Blackstone	Fedelco	Prima	Whirldry
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Coffield	Horton	Savage	Zenith

### Great for tub washing, too

Rinso soaks out dirt — saves scrubbing, boiling. Clothes come whiter. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps — even in hardest water. Get the BIG handy package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

# The PEST

By FRITZ KROG



The courtroom was in a panic as the policemen held Benjamin, and the judge pounded for order.

*Only one hour in New York, and his name in newspaper headlines—a success overnight!*

them—so he had in mind.

The good old Missouri flavor was still on him; his face was the color of dull brick, his hands rough, his clothes swelled by muscles, and his collar one size and a half too large.

In his right hand he carried a bulging, gray telescope-bag, and therein, among odds and ends of clothing, lay his treasure—a bunch of pen-and-pencil drawings and a few small water-colors. It was to be an artist that Benjamin had come to New York, the literary and art center of America.

Benjamin was crossing a square when he beheld two men, a big one and a bandy-legged little one, wrestling before a

park bench. This excited Benjamin's curiosity. He wondered if those fellows were just playing or really fighting. At once he decided to find out.

He came up with the wrestlers just in time to hear the big one call the little one a "red-haired, bow-legged rat" and the little one dub the other a "lobster." Hence Benjamin decided that they were in earnest.

Putting down his fat valise, he stepped between the two fighters.

"Say, now," he drawled, "maybe if you'll tell me what the trouble is, I can help you settle it without fighting any more."

*(Please turn to page 99)*

Drawing by  
J. Sanford  
Hulme

"**I** DUNNO," Grandpa West growled through his toothless gums, "but I got a hunch Ben's goin' to have a hard time in New Yawrk. He's all the while a-stickin' his nose in other people's business, and I'll bet my Sunday pants they don't stand for nuthin' like that in sech a big place."

But Grandpa West's talk did not keep Benjamin from New York. For, one Summer night, about ten o'clock, he stepped off a ferry-boat, the last lap of his thousand-odd miles' journey, at Twenty-third Street, and started toward the heart of Manhattan, where lay the fame and fortune which would be his when he reached out for





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great achievement

1927 The BIG PARADE

1928 BEN HUR

1929 <sup>The</sup> BROADWAY MELODY

1930 The BIG HOUSE

1931 TRADER HORN

**And in 1932**

*the eyes of the world are again on*

**METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER**

FOR THE SUPREME THRILL OF  
THE MOTION PICTURE SCREEN

# THE WET PARADE

A  
giant romance  
of our times  
based on the  
SENSATIONAL  
NOVEL

by **UPTON  
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He dared to tell the truth—sensationally, dramatically—in one of the greatest stories ever written for the American Screen.



with **Walter HUSTON**

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Neil HAMILTON • Myrna LOY • Wallace FORD

John MILJAN • Virginia BRUCE



Keystone View

*Outwit the masters! Try to solve these six tricky word puzzles before you turn to the back of the book for the answers*

By

F. Gregory  
Hartswick

# Famous Detectives' WORD-PUZZLE PARTY

**A**MONG the members of the Detectives' Club present on the historic occasion we are about to describe were Sherlock Holmes, Dupin, Philo Vance, and Father Brown. The conversation turned on an alleged spectral appearance which a minor member claimed to have observed.

"Nonsense!" said another minor member. "Don't you agree with me, Vance?"

Philo Vance fixed the speaker with his monocle.

"Some extr'ordin'ry things do happen," he remarked.

"In my recent investigations of the pott'ry of the Fourth Dynasty I recall many events which might be labeled supernatural. In fact, as Shakespeare remarks:

"My 61-16-49-3-37-18-42-55-60-29 is 'comprehended.'

"My 32-12-24-48-66-6-1-19-69-58 is 'something revealed.'

"My 5-15-17-35-54-59-39-34-47-22-8 is 'the square root of 6889.'

"My 70-14-36-13-41-68-63-43-51-50-25 is 'glowing area around the sun.'

"My 9-23-26-52-28-46 is 'Spanish for tomorrow.'

"My 64-44-20-45-31-21 is 'a woman's name.'

"My 71-67-7-4-57-56-72 is 'to strike with horror.'

"My 53-10-33-2-30-62 is 'female parent.'

"My 38-40-11 is 'atmosphere.'

"My 27-65 is 'the three-toed sloth.'

"I didn't know Shakespeare said anything like that," said the minor member.

"Oh, my sufferin' aunt!" moaned Vance. "Work it out my dear chap. Put down the numbers from 1 to 72, guess the words from the definitions, and put the letters of each word under their proper numbers, and you'll find what Shakespeare said on the subject of spectres and such phenom'na."

**F**ATHER BROWN strolled up to the group.

"I've just been arguing who was the fastest writer of detective stories," he said amiably. "Holmes here claims that his creator turned them out with lightning-like speed. My own Mr. Chesterton is pretty rapid, but I believe Edgar Wallace held the crown."

"I certainly think he did," answered Dupin enthusiastically. "He gets an idea—and presto! it's a book."

"I believe he could go from IDEA to BOOK in thirteen jumps," said Father Brown.

"He could if he used a Roman Date," remarked Sherlock Holmes mysteriously.

"Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous!" cried Sherlock's faithful shadow, Dr. Watson.

"Nonsense!" snapped Holmes. "I can go from Idea to Book that way myself, changing only one letter at a time and never changing the order of the letters."

"Well, well," interposed Dupin. "Talking of creators—"

"Yours was born in Boston, wasn't he?" inquired Father Brown.

"Yes," replied Dupin, "but after he was adopted by the Allans he lived in—" Here Dupin paused a moment and then said in rapid-fire time, "One who checks or confirms the truth. Having enmity. To terrify. Surface of wood cut across the grain. To slip to the side. A district in Austria. A division of Canada corresponding to a state of the U. S. Makes perfect."

"What's that rigmarole?" asked a member.

"Those are words of eight letters each," replied

ILLUSTRATION A



M N



M



Volts X Amperes



Dupin, "and if you guess them correctly and write them one under the other in the proper order you'll find that the diagonal letters from right to left spell the name of the city and the diagonal letters from left to right the name of the state that I'm talking about."

**A**N author, who was admitted to the club on sufferance, came over at this juncture. Sherlock Holmes turned to him sharply.

"You've been accused of plagiarism," he said.

The author grinned.

"I'm not the first," he said. "To speak a bit poetically, my thoughts are as (*Please turn to page 116*)

THE

It's a matter of  
**LIFE and DEATH!**

# CROWD ROARS



Starring  
*James*  
*Joan*

# CAGNEY BLONDELL

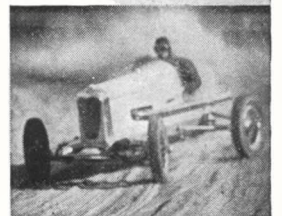
with

ANN DVORAK  
ERIC LINDEN  
GUY KIBBEE

Story by  
Howard Hawks and  
Seton I. Miller  
Dialogue by  
Glasmon and Bright

Direction by  
**HOWARD HAWKS**  
of "Dawn Patrol" fame

Speed demons with goggled eyes glued on glory... Grinning at death... laughing at love!... Breaking necks to break records—while the Crowd Roars—FOR BLOOD!... Never—never—never has the screen shown such nerve-racking ACTION—lifted right off the track of the world's greatest speedway! It's the thrill epic of all time—the talk of every town that's seen it... Forty men risked death to film it. Miss it at your own risk!



12 of the world's greatest race drivers in the most thrilling action pictures ever shown!



She fought for her man— with every trick love knows!

**THE HIT of the YEAR - FROM WARNER BROS.**



Tower Studios

*Nothing was left. Nobody cared—except one, who needed him as he little dreamed*

By  
**Vingie E. Roe**

The woman's horrified eyes saw him tense as he became aware of the unguarded money sacks.

# *The* **CHANCE** *He Took*

**T**HE man was alone.

He had been offered an honorable position, and left alone to think it over. He sat in a leather chair whose value represented more than his entire capital. He was a big fellow, well set up, and the shoulders under the shabby coat had been wont to carry themselves well. One could see that, even though they seemed to have a tendency to droop as if the owner said sullenly: "What's the use?"

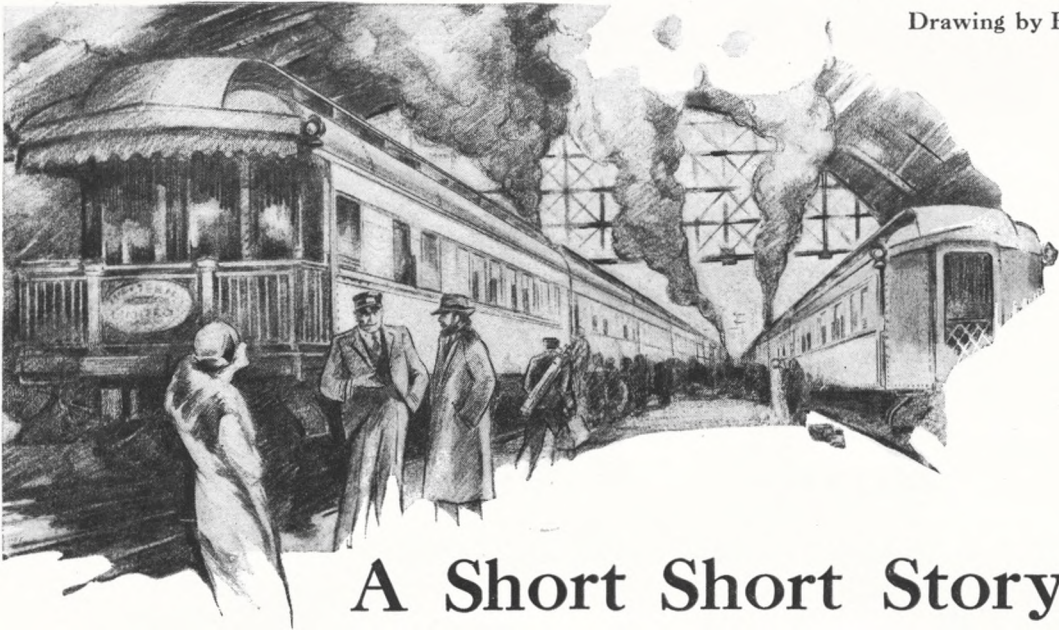
The outer office where he sat was the embodiment of heavy wealth.

It suggested the personality of the great man whose dictates passed through it to the amassing or scattering of fortunes daily. The great man himself had just gone out. He had listened patiently for a half-hour of time, which was worth money, to a plan which the man had come to lay before him. It was a get-rich-quick scheme, and it was not feasible. The great man had only listened because of sentiment.

This shabby young man's father had played shinny with him back on a Northern lake thirty—no, it was forty years ago. They had ridden to apple-parings together and had searched for the red ear to give to the same girl. Therefore, he listened to the young man, and when he was through, offered him a position in his great mesh of business, because he knew, by a sixth sense that belongs to the successful man, that he needed it. Then he had told him to sit and think it over, also because of the aforesaid sentiment, and gone out.

The man was alone and his thoughts were not peaceful ones. He felt vague and lost—adrift. This was his last hawser. He had swung hard to it, banking on it for the last chance. He needed money, needed it badly. For the last two months of his grace he had tried feverishly and all the time to get that certain amount which would cover his one mistake and keep his name clear in the town which had been his home. Now the last month was all but gone (Please turn to page 102)





## A Short Short Story

# The Man who Was President

"TRAIN for Butte and all points West!

"All—~~a~~—board!"

Several belated passengers hurried from the waiting-room into the train shed. A signal-bell sounded and an attendant reached to close the gate through which the straggling few had left for the departing train. Even as he did so, another rushed up.

"You'll have to hurry, sir. She's liable to pull out any second."

Without waiting to examine the man's ticket, the gateman admitted him, pulling the iron grating into place with a resounding bang.

This last passenger, Norman Grier, swung upon the train as it began to move and found a seat in one of the day coaches.

A short distance out the conductor reached his side.

"Your ticket, sir." He touched Grier upon the arm.

The latter placed his hand in an inner breast pocket, a look of dismay covering his face as he did so.

"Well, here's a pretty predicament!" he exclaimed. "I have my annual pass in my wallet—and that's in another coat at home."

The conductor eyed him suspiciously.

Noting this, Grier hastened to explain:

"I'm an employee of the company and—"

"Sorry, sir, but you'll have to pay cash fare. You can report the matter and have it adjusted later. How far are you going?"

"To Silverton."

"That will cost you a dollar and a quarter," announced the conductor.

"But you don't understand," protested Grier. "I tell you I left my wallet at home. Not only is my pass in it but also my money—that is all but the few cents I happen to have in my pocket."

"The rules are—"

"Just so," interposed Grier. "Now, when we reach North Fork, I'll write the office and get a telegraph order for you to carry me to Silverton."

You see I'm on company business. It's imperative that I reach my destination on this train."

"Well, under the circumstances, I suppose it will be all right. What department are you connected with?"

"The president's."

As the conductor passed on, Grier sank back into his seat, a smile of satisfaction wreathing his face.

AS he sat viewing from the window the wild grandeur of the mountains a hand was placed upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw that the conductor had returned.

"You are certainly in luck," announced that person.

"The president of the road is on the train."

"The president!" gasped Grier.

"Yes. I was surprised myself when the Pullman conductor told me. He's in the drawing-room of the parlor car. He's an eccentric man. Half the time he won't bother to order his private car out, but just gets in any old car. It's the first time I've run against him. Soon as I learned who he was, I spoke to him of your dilemma."

"You did!" exclaimed Grier. Then smiled as he added:

"So kind of you."

"Oh, that's all right. I asked him if he would issue me an order to carry you if I'd bring you to him."

"And what did he say?" anxiously queried Grier.

"Said all right, to bring you."

Upon arriving at the door of the drawing-room the conductor knocked softly.

"Come in."

The pair entered and stood confronting the room's sole occupant, (Please turn to page 110)

By Ivor Morris Lowrie



# But . . . you don't Need to be OVERWEIGHT!

*This is one of the group of simple, effective exercises that do slim things to your waistline*

**D**ON'T complain about your weight. Discipline it. Conquer it. Follow the schedule in "Reducing the Right Way," and enjoy a new figure. A few exercises, persisted in for a reasonable length of time; a few simple diets followed honestly and faithfully morning and night—and off they go, those unfashionable extra pounds. No mystery. No miracle. Just plain common sense—and you, too, can wear the new fashions, confident that those smart frocks and coats which emphasize the waistline are really right for you, really becoming to you.



## SEND FOR THE BOOK TODAY!

It tells the way to keep slim and keep good-natured while you are doing it. Just ten cents, plus three cents postage and you can look as slim as you'd like to look. Fifteen cents in Canada, plus three cents postage, and we'll send the book to you.

### TOWER BOOKS, Inc.

55 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Notable guests attending presentation award of THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE. Reading from left to right they are: Val O'Farrell, Miss Polly Thompson, Frazier Hunt, Helen Keller, John Erskine, Miss Nellie Kenyon, Waldorf Ulrich, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Marjorie Shuler, Monroe Long, Mrs. John Fort, John Fort.



Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who presented the Award.

## Mrs. Franklin D. HONOR

**A** DISTINGUISHED woman honored a clever girl reporter when Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the governor of New York, presented Miss Nellie Kenyon of *The Chattanooga News*, Chattanooga, Tennessee, with the first annual award of THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE of one thousand dollars and a gold medal for the best reporter-detective work of an American reporter for the year 1931.

The presentation was made in the offices of The Tower Magazines at 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, before a group of notable guests. Helen Keller, the famous blind woman who has done so much for humanity, made one of her few public appearances because of her interest in the fact that the award was won by a woman. John Erskine, distinguished author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and "Adam and Eve" and professor of English at Columbia University, interrupted a hard day's work to come down from the university. Frazier Hunt, "Spike" to thousands of friends, one of the best-known American war correspondents and globe-trotters, dropped in to greet the girl from Tennessee. Samuel Hopkins Adams, now world-famous as a novelist but famous for years as one of America's best reporters, paid his tribute.

The five judges who made the award were Will Irwin,





Miss Nellie Kenyon, of *The Chattanooga News*, winner of the reporter-detective contest for 1931. (Below) Gold medal presented by THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE to the best reporter-detective of 1931.



## Roosevelt presents AWARD

George Creel, Carolyn Wells, S. S. McClure, and Val O' Farrell.

Mrs. Roosevelt made the presentation to Miss Kenyon with all of the gracious charm for which she is noted. The first lady of New York, whom many believe may some day be first lady of the United States, led the girl reporter, whose arms were filled with flowers from Tennessee friends, to the center of the magazine studio.

"It is an especial pleasure for me as a woman," she said, "to make this award to a woman. I have a great respect for our women reporters who are doing difficult jobs remarkably well. I am especially interested in Miss Kenyon's success because it goes again to prove a favorite point of mine, that women are as much interested in detective stories as men—and given the opportunity can solve a detective case."

Miss Kenyon was accompanied from Nashville by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. John Fort, and the three were entertained at a luncheon by Mrs. Roosevelt. A number of congratulatory telegrams were received by the winner of the award, including a message from the governor of her home state, Henry S. Horton of Tennessee, and Anna Katharine Green Rohlf, dean of American detective story writers.

Announcement of the details of the contest of THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE for the best reporter-detective work of 1932 will be made in the June issue.



THE SWEETHEARTS BEYOND COMPARE!



Supreme stars in the realm of romance, ruling by right of the joy they bring you, are now destined to triumph once more in a picture aglow with youth.

JANET  
**GAYNOR**

CHARLES  
**FARRELL**

IN  
**Rebecca of  
Sunnybrook Farm**

Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

From the play by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON  
Screen Play by S. N. BEHRMAN and SONYA LEVIEN

**FOX**

# EDGAR WALLACE

*Finishes his last editorial article for the Illustrated Detective Magazine completed the day before his fatal illness in California*

**I**F you spend a few days at the Berlin Police Headquarters situated in Alexander Platz, and take a record of the minor offenders—not the aristocracy of crime—you will discover there is precious little difference either in the manner of their criminality or in their detection and arrest.

Or, if you went down to that very impressive building, Police Headquarters in New York City, and were allowed to spend a few hours or days or weeks turning over the records of minor malefactors, or, better still, in interviewing them in the cells below, you would recognize all the familiar characteristics that you would be likely to meet if you could spend a busy night at a London police station.

The criminal and his career are not particularly interesting when you know the truth about them. Why criminals themselves are so entertaining is because the habitual criminal is also a habitual liar.

**H**E has so glorified his own drab deeds to his fellow-convicts, and so improved upon more or less uninteresting accomplishments by the simple process of remembering, in the solitude of his cell, all the things he ought to have said and ought to have done but did not say and did not do, that after a few years his very ordinary exploits acquire a false glamor.

The breeding ground of criminals is not Fagin's Kitchen. Criminals are raised and nurtured from a very large class of what I would call opportunity thieves. The office boy who finds he can pinch stamps; the young clerk who borrows petty cash; the man in a more important position who, finding himself hard up, borrows or embezzles funds which he honestly intends to restore at some favorable opportunity; that is the class from which come the trickster and the larcenist.

**S**EVENTY per cent of petty crime is due to a desire to show off, to appear more important in the eyes of somebody whose opinion is valued.

It is not only the cause of a great deal of petty crime, but it is also the cause of a great deal of important crime. I was once on a jury, when a woman offered



The late Edgar Wallace, dean of the world's great detective story writers, whose mysteries thrilled millions.

as a reason for shoplifting the fact that she was ashamed of the curtains she had in her window, and she wanted to impress her neighbors by putting up new and grander hangings. The jury were not very much impressed, but I must confess that I believed her. Young men have stolen and embezzled money in order to cut a shine with their girl friends.

**B**UT if you get down to the truth in most of these petty larceny cases which pass through the courts day after day, you will discover that behind almost every act is this peculiar vanity, which is certainly not common to the criminal classes only, but is general.

Vanity is the mother of crime, and sends more men to cells than any other human emotion or weakness, except one; and that is laziness. I think everyone of us has felt that criminal tendency when we have been awakened at six o'clock on a cold February morning and have been told to get up, make ourselves a bit of breakfast and get out to work.

It says a lot for the character of youth when he does turn out to his job, for there are quite a number of young people who would like to take the consequences and turn over and go to sleep again.

**T**HE answer to the very important question as to whether a man who adopts a criminal career in preference to work makes his profession pay is emphatically "No." When I was in the north of England recently, I called at one of the best organized detective offices out of London, and I had a look through the guard book.

One of the first portraits I saw was of an old acquaintance of mine. He is a Saturday-to-Monday burglar. He always does the same job in exactly the same way. He secretes himself in an office block or in a building which contains a number of shops, and, after the staff has gone home on Saturday afternoon, or in the case of shops on Saturday night, he makes his way from one of the premises to the other, opening safes, clearing out their contents, smashing open tills and generally collecting whatever he can collect.

He works through Satur- (Please turn to page 117)

*Seventy percent of crime, in the conclusion of Edgar Wallace, is due to vanity, to a desire to show off, to appear more important. This is true not only of petty crime, but of much important crime.*

# The MAN from

By Dora Macy

*who startled the public with "Ex-Mistress" and "Night Nurse." The stirring dramatic story of a college hero who discovered his father's true name*

TONY LORI, twenty-two when he was graduated, was the pink-haired baby of the university. His classmates had elected him the most popular, and the most likely to make his mark in the world. The faculty beamed indulgently upon the massive, handsome creature who had brought such reputation to the college and such grief to his superiors, relieved that they could graduate him and be done with it.

His family sat back, motionless, expressionless, white-haired aristocrats, struggling silently with their secret emotions, while lending to the proceedings that fragile and aloof charm that had done so much to solidify the enviable background of their dashing grandson.

No one counted it odd that Mr. and Mrs. John Hoyt Shields should whisk away their prize possession immediately after the address. As many were thankful as regretful that Antonio Lori should be absent from the celebrations to follow.

Tony, himself, sitting between his exquisite grandparents, the interior and exterior of the car overloaded with his impediments, was thrilled. Fraternity teas, dances and banquets, were moth-eaten stories to him. But this moment was one for which he had lived with secret excitement for more than a year.

When Tony was born, his mother had died, giving life for life. Tony was taken to live with her parents, under the impression that he was an orphan. His father, he gathered from the thin-lipped, icy answers to his childish questions, was an Italian of fine family—for Lori was a name with a noble history. Yet, despite this nobility and distinction, it seemed that Grandma and Grandpa Shields had bitterly disapproved their daughter's marriage and preferred not to discuss Tony's parentage. And Tony, trained to be a little gentleman, dropped the subject, and eventually forgot it in the excitement of life and living.

Grandpa Shields, of a fine family himself, devoted his home and his life to the rearing of a true aristocrat. Nor was grandpa any slouch in the matter, and it wasn't his fault that Tony didn't turn out to be a snooty little snob. From the earliest age, Tony had a man-servant, a groom and quarters of his own built on to the Shields manor-house in a special wing. He had his own Shetland at six, and as the years struck off, he was given in due course, his dogs, his horses, car, yacht, speed-boat, tennis court, gymnasium, and bank account. All, of course, quite unostentatiously and in correct taste. Tony was vigorously taught to hunt, to ride the hounds, to wrestle and box, to live happily amid ranchers and statesmen, and to drink like a gentleman.

From the age of eight he had traveled with grandpa—and sometimes with grandma—to the great capitals of Europe, to China and Siam, to Japan and the Philippines, to Alaska and Africa, to Brazil and the Argentine, to Norway and Sweden, to India, Egypt and Java.



# CHICAGO



Tower Studios

He had a passable comprehension of art, and a violent passion for music, which last bid fair to become his career.

But a little more than a year ago, Tony, on his twenty-first birthday, had been called into his grandfather's library.

"Boy," said Granpa Shields, and never had he looked quite so old, "I have a most uncomfortable and unhappy duty to perform."

He hesitated, to scrutinize the young manhood before him from the tip of his sleek, black curls to the tips of his musical fingers.

"I have always been outspoken with you," continued Grandpa, hurriedly, "save on one subject—and that I have never discussed with you."

"My father," prompted Tony, with sudden intuition. Old Man Shields frowned and nodded.

"He is *not* dead."

Tony's eyes narrowed, and that smoldering Latin fire burned in the gaze he trained on his oldest and staunchest friend.

"I had hoped," Grandpa's hand did not tremble as he poured himself a whiskey, "that he would be by the time you were of age."

He leaned back and sipped meditatively. But his eyes avoided Tony's.

"I will not discuss your father in any way, now, or at any time. He has had my word as a gentleman. I have never discussed him, as you are aware. When your mother died, your father was—well—eh—ill. My wife and I were eager to take you, and your father agreed. We made the condition that he was not to interfere, in any way, but that you were to be completely ours. He accepted on the basis that at twenty-one, you and he would meet, and also that we would not poison your mind against him. More, that he would have complete account of your activities, that he always be informed of your whereabouts and that if you were dangerously ill, he would be called."

"Who is he?" Tony's voice was sharp, but he didn't move. "Where is he?"

"He is in Chicago," Grandpa set down his whiskey glass and patted his pale lips with his handkerchief. "He does not wish me to tell you who he is."

"Then—he is somebody! I mean. . ."

"He is well-known," Grandpa agreed with an unpleasant edge in his voice. "I prefer to say no more. What I wish to discuss today is the fact that I have your father's permission for an added year to our agreement. He is as anxious as we that you finish your education and be duly graduated. He wishes to meet you on the day you take your degree."

SO Tony, sitting between his silent grandparents as the car raced through the muddy roads toward New York, rehearsed every word of this conversation and his adventurous heart beat high. Politely, he and the two who had made his life what it was, conversed on strained and forced subjects.

But silences were frequent and benumbing. And in one of them Tony broke out impulsively.

"Where. . .?"

Grandma looked out of the window, and Grandpa stirred irritably. *(Please turn to page 114)*

No sound came from the exploding gun in his pocket—only a click that was muffled by the girl's moan of pain.



Tower Studios

# Mary Roberts Rinehart

*presents the story of a land  
filled with unseen, lurking  
danger from which*

“None Come Back”—

# MAD Mountain

Ellis knew she would love him  
no matter what separated them.

**W**HEN the Indian woman had slouched out of the room for the last time, and the remains of the wretchedly cooked meal had been cleared away, Henry M. Ellis, Jr., got up and walked around the bare board table.

“I haven’t said much yet, Carty. The fact is, I guess I’m dazed at the sight of you. But I’m glad—glad to see you, old man.”

Cartwright rose, too, and slapped the other man’s shoulder affectionately.

“I had nothing else to do,” he said, easily. “The hospital is always light in the summer, and I thought I’d like to explore something beside abdominal cavities. The hundred-mile ride from the railroad to this place sounded alluring. And then, your last letter struck a responsive chord. I haven’t been sleeping well, either.”

“Sleep!” Ellis groaned. “I don’t know when I’ve been able to sleep as a tired man should. There seems to be something in the atmosphere. We’re pretty high, for one thing.”

“If the meal tonight is a fair sample, I don’t wonder you don’t sleep. You’ll be laid on the shelf soon with indigestion. I’m going to give you a trional powder tonight, and tomorrow we’ll pay the cook and discharge her. I can do better than that myself. Then, when we get into normal condition again, you’d better look out for an overseer. There were three letters in that bunch I brought from the post office, all addressed in the same feminine handwriting. I think you’d better go back to that girl.”

Ellis smiled bitterly. “And go penniless?” he asked.

“Don’t you know I was educated with the one purpose of doing something with this mine?”

There was a sudden pause—a significant silence. Both men knew why Cartwright had come to this out-of-the-way place, but neither man uttered those thoughts. Finally—

“I have heard some things.” Cartwright avoided the other man’s eyes, and packed his pipe carefully.

“Come into the air,” said Ellis, suddenly. “It’s a queer story, and it gets on my nerves in the house. I sometimes think I’m going crazy.”

Cartwright looked at the tense lines around the young engineer’s mouth, and inwardly decided to take him home. After all, a life-long friend and advisor of his chum, he should have some influence over him.

As they left the hut, something clattered lightly at their feet. Ellis stooped hastily and, picking up a small object, tried to drop it into his pocket with an assumption of carelessness. Then he pulled it out again, holding it on his open palm for his companion’s inspection.

“What do you make of that?” he asked.

Cartwright looked at the object.

“It looks like a ball of clay. What of it?”

Ellis silently took the ball, and, placing it on the ground, tramped on it. As the clay fell apart, he stooped and picked up something.

“There’s a piece of silver ore like this in every one of these balls, and I think this makes the two hundredth. Strange as it may seem, these little balls are the things which have practically put the mine out of operation, and I firmly believe if I don’t solve the mystery soon, either the Indians will kill me or I’ll go crazy. That ore, you see, is unlike any we’ve found in the mine.”

Cartwright whistled. “And the Indians—are they superstitious?”

“Worse. They are in fear of their lives. The mine’s history is bad, you know. Commencing with my father, there have been dozens of mysterious disappearances

and violent deaths in the last twenty years.

"Every now and then one of the natives feels a ball like this whistle past him in the mine. If it hits his lamp, he's done for. If it misses, the entire bunch clear for home and pray for a week, for it mostly means another death. I told them I'd strangle the next man who brought me one, so they've taken to throwing them at me after dark. Cheerful, isn't it?"

Down over the edge of the cliff, where the tiny Indian huts were clustered, shadowy forms were flitting around the fires and a sort of weird chant rose to their ears.

"Let's go in," said Cartwright. "This subject is too eerie for a dark night. I've got some good whiskey, and we'll each take a drink before we turn in. But before we drop the subject, how did your father ever come to own a mine in this out-of-the-way corner?"

"He was doing some work for the Geographical Commission, and while he was in these mountains some of the Indians in the party told him of this mine. It was partly worked then, but the vein had disappeared.

"He put all his money into it, and was beginning to get some return, when all at once his letters stopped. I was a baby then, and my mother was almost frantic. She persuaded one of her brothers to come down here and try to find out what had happened. All he learned was that father had been here one day and was gone the next. My uncle stayed two years, managing the mine, which had begun to come in pretty well, all the while trying to find out from the copper-colored devils around what kind of foul play my father had met with. Then one day my uncle's body was found with the skull crushed in; and beside it lay a piece of this strange ore.

"Altogether there have been three overseers killed here in the last fifteen years, and more Indians than I have any account of. And in every case there was a bit of this fiendish ore near the body. I tell you, Carty, it's driving me crazy."

Dr. Cartwright poured out a liberal drink of whiskey, and Ellis took it thankfully.

"That's something like," he said. "There's neither artificial courage nor blessed insensibility in the stuff these Indians drink. The mere smell of it makes me see apparitions."

The Indian cook took her discharge the next morning phlegmatically. The doctor put in the morning, while Ellis was in the mine, trying to restore the primitive housekeeping implements to some sort of cleanliness, and planning a meal which would not overtax the accommodations of the sheet-iron, camping stove. He washed dishes greasy with the residue of months of careless scouring, swept out corners untouched in the history of the shack, and puzzled in the meantime over a substitute for baking powder, having in mind the hot biscuits of civilization.

When Ellis came in, his hip-boots yellow with clay and his flannel shirt open at the neck, the dinner was ready on the table.

"Great Scott!" he said, drying himself on a towel which the doctor mentally resolved should have his next attention. "I'm hungry—actually hungry. To sit down to a decently cooked meal served on clean dishes, with somebody across to talk United States to, is pretty nearly paradise. If you stay a month, I'll be a new man."

They ate heartily, talking cheerfully as they did so, and the curiously strained

**"If I don't solve this mystery soon, the Indians will kill me, or I'll go completely crazy."**



Lower Studios



Cartwright saw the tense lines about his friend's mouth, and decided immediately to get him out of this maddening place.

look began to fade from Ellis' face. They cleared up after the meal, the doctor with the skill of the experienced camper, Ellis with awkward willingness.

They were just settling down for a quiet smoke when a meagerly clothed messenger beckoned excitedly through the window, and Ellis went out. When he came back he had the old careworn look.

"That settles it," he said. "The man who threw that ball at me last night was found dead in the mine today, with his lantern smashed and his head beaten in."

He picked up his broad-brimmed hat and put it on with a jerk.

"The men have become so demoralized that if this thing isn't cleared up, and soon, I'll have to stop operations and go home. To do that means to lose all I have put in the mine, which is everything I possess on earth. I'm going to have one more try at the thing, anyhow."

He added another revolver to the one which always rested in his hip-pocket, and took down a couple of lamps from their nails. The doctor opened his traveling case and took out a pair of hammerless guns, which he examined carefully. Ellis had been too absorbed to notice these preparations, but when the other man picked up his hat he expostulated.

"Don't be a fool, Carty," he said. "This is a crazy expedition, anyhow. There won't be any result. I've tried it again and again. Besides, if anything hap-

pens to me, I want you to send word home—to the girl, you know."

"I'm going to see that nothing does happen," said Cartwright, stubbornly, taking down two more lamps and fumbling with a match. "How in thunder do you light these infernal things, anyhow?"

The two men started rapidly along the plateau to where the rickety shaft-house marked the entrance to the mine. Below, to the left, the Indian village lay, a cluster of flat, straw-thatched huts, swarming with small children, while to the right the huge crest of the mountain towered, its moss and golden verdure fading mistily into the snows above.

"It's immense, isn't it?" said Cartwright. "Have you any idea what's beyond?"

Ellis roused himself with some difficulty from a gloomy reverie.

"It's a volcano," he said. "One of the biggest in the Cordilleras. There's a crater, I believe, dead ages ago, but these crazy Indians are laying the deaths to the spirit of the mountain, whose treasures we are taking away. Pure rot; but these superstitious idiots swear there's an avenging ghost haunting the place—trying to drive us all out. It's a queer proposition, any way you look at it."

Suddenly from the village rose a chorus of cries and lamentations. Cartwright turned curiously, but Ellis kept on, his face white and set.



"They've taken the poor devil home," he said through his clenched teeth. "That makes the third in two months. I'm afraid we'll have to go alone, Carty. There isn't an Indian who will venture in there till the body's been buried for a week. As a matter of fact, two deaths never come together, so I think we're safe enough."

"You must have a theory of some sort," said Cartwright. "You don't believe this superstitious bunk, do you?"

Ellis laughed unmirthfully, and the echo was almost sepulchral.

"I've told you a half-dozen times that I'm a little touched mentally. Just at present there isn't anything I would not believe; but in saner moments I do have a theory, of a sort.

"The crater over the mountain may possibly be the home of some murderous creature, a gorilla perhaps, who gets in through the old workings. The Indians call the crater 'The Impassable' because it is so hemmed in with cliffs and bottomless *quebradas* that, once there, escape is out of the question."

"This is an unholy neighborhood," said Cartwright who was himself coming under the spell of the place "For general cheerfulness I prefer the New York

morgue, some night when it's well filled up."

They had reached the mouth of the shaft now and stood looking into its cavernous depths.

"Jolly place," said Cartwright.

"Come on," said Ellis. "I know almost every inch of the way, and our four lamps will last, one after the other, for hours. I'd like to settle this thing for more than one reason; the ore in those balls is almost pure silver, and it ought to mean—"

"The girl?"

"The girl, yes; and home and civilization again. Look out; here's a ladder."

After walking a hundred yards or so, the shaft dropped to a lower level. Ellis climbed quickly down the rope ladder, waiting until the doctor made a slower descent. Then he led the way abruptly to the left.

Here and there, narrow openings in the rock led off on either hand. Sometimes the passages were blind ones, terminating within a few yards in a wall of rock; again they stretched, (*Please turn to page 97*)

He closely examined the inscribed name on the ring, and—his worst fears were realized.



Some of the celebrities attending Jean Harlow's mystery party. Reading from left to right, they are: Armand Laurct, Beatrice Doner, Inspector Michael Lodge, May Carey, Lorimer Hammond, Mrs. Charles Paddock, Charles Paddock, Princess Kropotkin, Jean Harlow, and Dr. Marino Bello.



Jean Harlow laughed at her troubles as she talked to her stepfather, Dr. Bello.

## JEAN HARLOW and ANTHONY ABBOT

*invite you to another of the  
season's unique mystery parties*

### EDITOR'S NOTE

**W**ON'T you come to our Mystery Party at midnight in the studio of the Tower Magazines?" This was the invitation recently given to an imposing list of celebrities by Miss Jean Harlow, famous and beautiful film star, and Anthony Abbot, the noted detective story writer. The guests were promised an exciting evening; but they did not know just how exciting it was going to be, nor that they had all been cast as characters in a new mystery story, written by Anthony Abbot and starring Jean Harlow, which was acted out and photographed as a part of the program of the party. Those present included: Jean Harlow, her stepfather (Dr. Marino Bello), George Creel, The Princess Kropotkin, Grace Perkins, Fulton Oursler, Arthur Garfield Hays, Mr. and Mrs.



(From left to right) Arthur Garfield Hays, Mrs. George Sylvester Viereck, George Sylvester Viereck, Grace Perkins, John Mulholland, and W. Adolphe Roberts.

Tower Studios

# SHIVERING *in the* DARK

*Charles Paddock, Lorimer Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. George Sylvester Viereck, John Mulholland, Carl Brandt, Carol Hill, and Nannine Joseph.*

*Mr. Abbott's story, "Shivering in the Dark," which formed the basis for the mystery party, follows:*

**J**EAN HARLOW will never forget it! The cinema beauty with platinum tresses, favorite of millions of fans, and heroine of many dangers of the silver screen's make believe, now knows that life itself has its drama and its melodrama, its terror and danger and heart-break.

For Jean has just passed through three nights of mystery and horror more incredible than any scenario writer's dream.

It all happened during her recent visit to New York. She was in the East for a series of personal appearances at the great picture theatres of the metropolitan area. Never was a star more happily received. It seemed as if all the East were eager to show her hospitality. Her days and nights were a ceaseless round of public and

private entertainments. There were times when the young actress felt exhausted; when she was grateful for the refuge of the charming apartment where she, her mother and her step-father, Dr. Marino Bello, were staying.

The apartment was leased by a school-girl friend of Jean, who was going to Northern Africa on her honeymoon. When the bride learned that Jean was coming to New York, she mailed her the key to her apartment—on one of the high floors of an immense modern building overlooking the East River—and urged Jean to make use of the suite.

Jean was glad to accept this courtesy. She and her mother thought the rooms homelike and most attractive. Outwardly there was not the slightest hint of the creepy mystery which was soon to conceal itself behind the tasteful draperies and massive doors.

One night, Jean's mother and step-father were called out of town—by the illness of an old friend. Jean was not worried about being left alone. She is a realistic person, without a single superstition. After a weary



Princess Kropotkin and Carol Hill were interested listeners to Jean Harlow's amazing nightmare story.

day of meeting many people, in addition to appearances on the stage, she was glad to slip under the covers and fall promptly asleep.

PERHAPS it was two hours later—certainly no more—when Jean opened her eyes. She felt vaguely alarmed. Something unusual had broken into her sound slumbers. She turned over in bed, raised herself on her elbow and listened with a sense of dazed, incredible curiosity.

The radio was playing!

"What a funny thing!" Jean thought, drowsily. "I could have sworn I turned that machine off before I went to bed!"

Whether she had turned it off, or not, the radio was now playing a haunting melody. The machine was tuned in to a very low pitch, undeniably connected with some distant station. Suddenly the announcer spoke. Cleveland Ohio! An orchestra has just played *The Funeral March of a Marionette*.

With regret for her neglect, Jean Harlow sprang lithely to the floor. The girl who had captured the heart of the public with *Hell's Angels* and other brilliant performances, slipped tiny feet into platinum mules and pattered across the floor to the radio. She pressed the lever that turned off the current. Instantly there was silence in the room and the girl switched on the electric light to look at the time. A quarter past one, A. M.

Jean stretched her arms and yawned. It worried her that her sleep should have been disturbed, for tomorrow would be an especially exacting day. She must make several personal appearances, and she had promised to hold a reception on the stage for the Brooklyn children, and introduce them to the circus stars appearing on the same program—the clown, the midget, the acrobat and the juggler. Also she must go over the script of her next picture, which had been sent from Hollywood by airplane mail. Also three speeches and two teas before dinner—she must get back to sleep!

Shivering a little in her sheer silk night-gown, over which she had not stopped to throw a negligee, the actress turned out the light. Back in bed, she found her fear of insomnia only a phantom. Before her head had rested on the pillow for a full minute, her eyes were shut again and she was breathing softly and regularly.

IT seemed to Jean Harlow that almost no time had passed when she was aroused a second time. She sat up, startled, unbelieving. It couldn't be so! Yet she could not doubt the evidence of her ears. Faint and far away it sounded, as it began to penetrate her sleep-drugged brain—music! It was jazz—radio jazz—and Jean had turned off that radio!

With a little gasp of fear, she started up to a sitting position. The rhythm grew clearer, louder. Undoubtedly, the radio was on again, tuned to fully half its potential volume. The apartment was echoing with the clamor of syncopation.

Shivering in the dark, Jean cowered against the pillow. What could it mean? Somebody had turned on that radio both times, while she slept.

Somebody must be hiding in the apartment! And she was alone!

A dozen ideas scampered incoherently through her mind. She could scream—but who would hear her, through the thick walls of this high apartment? She could make a rush for the door. But she might be seized in mid-flight.

The dread became insupportable. Anything would be better than sitting there, just waiting in the dark. She resolved to push the button and fill the room with light. And then she saw something that paralyzed her outstretched hand.

A face moved swiftly across the bottom of the bed, as if floating in the ether above the blankets. It was a fantastic countenance. Half a skull! Half like some strange, misshapen beast!

Cowering backwards, now fully awake, Jean covered her face with her hands. For an instant her heart stopped beating, then pounded harder than ever.

What was this nightmare terror?

## Here Is What Happened to the Guests at Jean Harlow's Mystery Party!

*The quiet exploded with a deafening sound. A crashing of glass was heard in Jean Harlow's room, and a heavy object fell to the floor with an ominous thud! Amid screams and curses, a small, furry, crouching thing whizzed by the guests, and vanished through the open window!*

Unable to bear it any longer, she reached out and touched the electric button, instantly flooding the room with a clear, soft light.

Rapidly her eyes searched every corner. But she saw nothing. The radio played, but there was no sign of the mysterious agency which had turned it on. The room seemed empty of any other human tenant except herself.

"Is there anybody here?" Jean called, faintly.

No answer. Jean waited and watched, surprised to find herself getting angrier every minute. Who would dare to treat her like this? In one bound she left the bed once more, got into mules and wrap and began a determined search. First, after the manner of centuries of women, she looked under the bed. Then she hunted in closets, behind draperies, in every nook and corner.

But Jean Harlow found no one—nothing—no trace of any intruder—anywhere in the apartment.

It seemed as if she had heard and witnessed the utterly impossible. The doors were all securely locked from the inside. The windows opened on a sheer drop of fourteen stories to the street.

What did it all mean?

**U**N**TIL** daylight Jean Harlow sat in an armchair, with a fur coat over her night gown, in a brilliantly lighted apartment. Watchful and waiting, she sat there, trying to think it out. And as hour succeeded hour, she began to wonder if she had dreamed it all. Or had her nerves got the best of her? The more she reflected, the more reasonable the theory seemed.

Four famous men were gathered in a very tense group. They were: Arthur Garfield Hays, George Sylvester Viereck, Dr. Marino Bello, and George Creel.

"I had a waking nightmare," she decided. "It would be ridiculous to tell anyone."

So she kept the entire experience strictly to herself. Her friends looked at her tired eyes and told her they thought she needed a rest. Throughout the long day's activities at the studio from the stage reception with the circus people until the last performance she kept telling herself the mysteries of the night before were only imagined fantasies, a kind of waking dream that had confronted her.

"I'm going home early tonight," she decided, "and get a good night's rest."

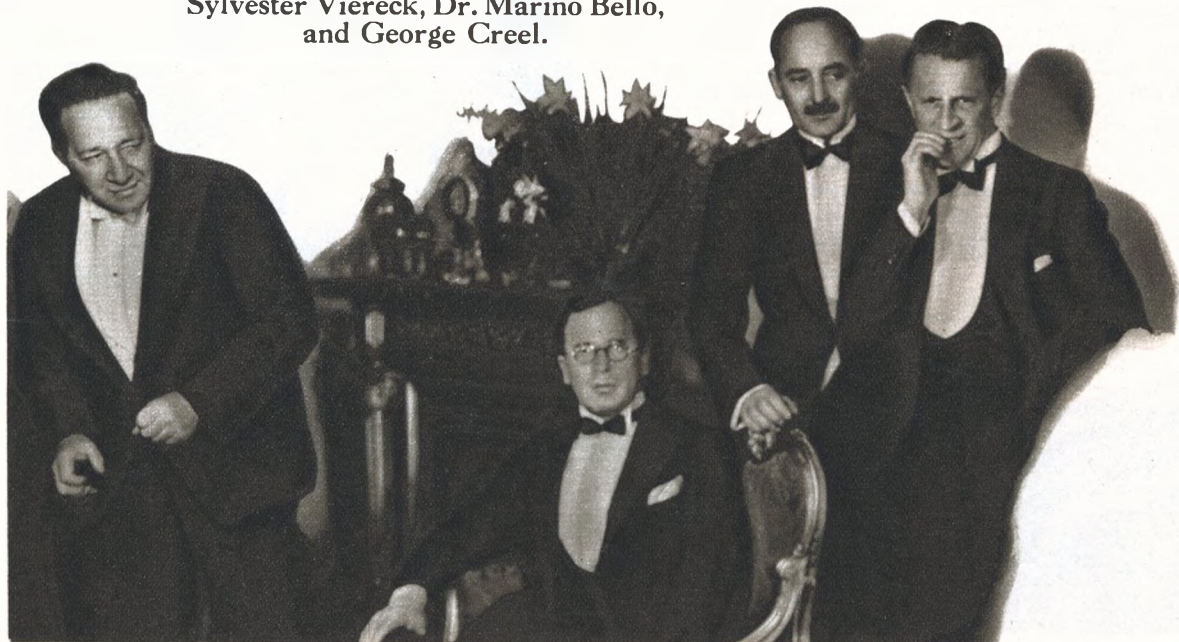
Her rooms were tranquil when she got back to them. Mother telephoned from the sanitarium, where she was helping her friend. Alone in the apartment, Jean could not bring herself to touch the radio, but otherwise her state of mind was normal. She retired early. By a little after midnight she was sound asleep.

When she opened her eyes again the bedroom was flooded with sunshine. Nothing had happened! It was well into the morning and Jean felt refreshed and exhilarated. More than ever she felt sure that she had been imagining things. Singing before breakfast, she quaked under her cold shower and then went to the wardrobe.

With a gasp she stared at the strange sight she found there! Jean had not been imagining things!

While she slept some one had once more visited her apartment; had prowled through the darkened rooms, reached her wardrobe and fallen upon her lovely clothes every hat, every pair of stockings Jean Harlow owned had been ripped, torn, slashed, pulled out of seams, and irretrievably ruined!

**B**ACK into the living room tottered Jean Harlow, one hand thrown helplessly across her forehead. Her eyes were closed and her thoughts were



*"People would not believe my story," said Jean Harlow, as she described the strange things that left her shivering in the dark.*

reeling. For a moment she wondered if she were going mad. She had heard of such things. Attacks of amnesia or even sleep-walking in which the victims destroyed their own most cherished possessions. At the thought of the wanton sabotage of her beautiful clothes Jean felt the tears rising to her eyes and sobs choking her throat. She was about to fall on the chaise longue in a storm of weeping—when something behind the pillows moved.

Hands at her ears and screaming, Jean backed hastily from the couch. A low, wailing cry came from the pillows—and then she came face to face and voice to voice with the creature. It was a cat, a silvery Siamese, with glowing, diabolical eyes. The sight of it snapped her over-taut nerves and, still screaming frantically, she rushed to the door and threw it open.

The maid came and summoned the housekeeper and the housekeeper called the manager. The latter soon convinced the trembling girl that the cat was a harmless intruder. Probably the animal was a pet of some other tenant who had followed a maid into the rooms and lain hidden.

"All well enough," conceded Jean, forcing a smile, "but how about my wardrobe?"

Reilly was aghast. He promptly sent for the house detective and offered to call in the city police. But here Jean demurred. She was not anxious for such dubious publicity. The services of the apartment house investigator would be sufficient.

But the house detective, whose name was Morton, was not a Sherlock Holmes. He looked at the wreck of the magnificent Harlow wardrobe and scratched his head. No theory, he said, had as yet occurred to him. But that night—Mrs. Harlow still being absent—he promised to stand sentinel outside the door, which was to be unlocked. At the first scream from the actress, Morton was to rush into the room.

IT was this that decided Jean to take none of her friends into her confidence. The story sounded so preposterous that she was sure none of them would believe her.

"I'll face one more night of it," she decided, putting away new clothes, bought that afternoon. "And with Morton just outside the door I won't be afraid—not much, anyhow—unless I see that floating face again!"

But Jean found it hard to fall asleep on that third night. She rolled and tossed feverishly and then lay in

long, trancelike periods of quiet, listening for the slightest sound. Finally she fell into a fitful sleep. When morning came, everything seemed serene; she opened the door and found Morton sitting on a chair just outside her door, fast asleep.

Five minutes later she made another disconcerting discovery. All her jewelry had been ruined! While she slept—and no doubt while Morton slept—the diabolical visitor had returned. With some hammer-like tool he had battered bracelets, wrist-watch, rings and necklaces into junk.

Jean now had enough. Out of the apartment house she hurried and down to Exchange Place, where presently she was in conference with the celebrated New York lawyer, Arthur Garfield Hays, hero of many a legal battle. To Hays she told her incredible experiences.

"I believe every word of what you tell me," said Hays. "It looks to me as if you have some neurotic enemy, determined to torment you. It may be a case of persecution mania, dementia præcox—and your danger may be much greater than you suppose. But the culprit, whoever it is or whatever it is, must be a miracle man. There's no place to hide, you say—and yet he hides!"

"Mr. Hays," asked Jean, "do you believe in ghosts or anything like that?"

"Emphatically I do not," was Hays' reply. But any lawyer would give the same answer.

AT Hays' request, that same afternoon Inspector Michael Lodge, head of the Lodge Detective Agency and formerly a deputy commissioner of the New York Police Department, took charge of the case. After a talk with his new (Please turn to page 90)

The motion picture actress screamed as the phantom menace whizzed by her.





## A TWENTY-YEAR-OLD COLLEGE GIRL FROM OHIO BRINGS A GENUINE THRILL!

*This is Miss Dorothy B. Faulkner, a 1932 A.B. graduate of the Ohio State University at Columbus, and this story of midnight thrill is her first published magazine story. We think you will agree it is an unusual story by an unusual girl from whom we are going to hear more. We welcome Miss Faulkner as we welcome any other new writer who has a real story to tell.*

# NEMESIS!

By  
Dorothy B. Faulkner

I WAS on duty at the university hospital in the emergency ward one gusty night in mid-October. Mac, the interne in charge, was reading detective stories, his straight chair tilted back against the wall and his pipe clenched between his teeth. I was winding bandages and making up surgical dressings.

The clock ticked solemnly, and I stopped to rest my arms just as it struck eleven. The wind rattled the branches of the trees against the window, and the door at the end of the passage opened suddenly and banged shut again.

"A patient?" Mac cocked his eye up over the book and listened.

"Two," I announced, as Kirk Mead and Willard Prugh, both third-year medical students, came into the receiving room. Kirk's lab coat was stained that familiar dark red, and he clutched his shoulder with his right hand. Willard half carried him, and we could see his face was white with pain. Mac allowed his chair to drop back onto its front legs and tossed aside his book.

"The table, please!" he commanded, and set to work cutting away the blood-soaked clothing.

"Nasty hole. What made it?"

"A scalpel—a dirty scalpel," Willard answered.

"Pretty clumsy; aren't you, stabbing yourself in the shoulder? Went in up to the handle; didn't it?"

Kirk gritted his teeth as Mac cauterized the wound. Willard's forehead was puckered in a worried frown. I didn't like the looks of the dark blood seeping slowly out and running across Kirk's chest. Mac didn't either. He worked silently, bandaging the shoulder and strapping the left arm to Kirk's side.

"Better stay here tonight, so we can keep an eye on you. How did this happen? You didn't do it. I know that."

"Nope, I didn't."  
"All right. Tell us

Drawing by  
R. Thayer



Kirk's coat was  
stained red.

about it. Who the devil did do it, young fellow?" Neither replied but each looked quizzically at the other.

"Aw come on. Give us the dope," Mac urged. He was slightly annoyed and bit down hard on the pipe he had put back into his mouth.

"Oke. Remember the old cemetery out on the river road, overgrown and choked with weeds?" We nodded.

"Today, I was riding by and noticed a fresh grave—still uncovered, in fact. It seems they use the place as a sort of potter's field. As you know, old bodies in anatomy are like leather, and the one I had been using was so dried up it

wasn't good for anything. I simply had to find another one. That new grave gave me an idea. I dismounted and climbed the fence to have a look. The coffin was a pine box—easy to break open—and the place would be no trick to locate in the dark. I hunted up Herb—"

"Where's he now?" Mac interrupted him.

"In the lab.— When I told him and Willard about the find, we planned to go out there tonight. We were to meet on the hilltop at eight-fifteen—"

WILLARD brought a wheelbarrow and a gunny sack. I got a spade and a pick, and Herb swiped a dark lantern and a second spade. Lord, what a night to rob a grave!"

Kirk shivered a little, and the wind rattled around outside in the trees. I laughed nervously and looked over my shoulder, while he went on with his story. "It was desolate—eerie! Herb stumbled over a half-buried headstone, and I knocked my head against a stone angel. Willard grunted and put down the handles of the barrow, exclaiming sharply, 'What a hell of a lonely place!'"

"We worked until the sweat ran down our faces, and it wasn't long until we had the coffin open, and the body (Please turn to page 111)

# By EARL DERR BIGGERS

*the man who wrote "CHARLIE CHAN"*

"S CRR-RRATCH—bz-z-z-p'ft—a vote for Rickert—whir-r-r—sptz—clean deal, clean streets, clean house, chase the vermin out of City Hall—scrr-rratch—ppt—"

"Sunny Jim" Roper, mayor, hoisted himself out of his swivel chair and, carefully turning the lights low, crept to the window commanding Bellamy Square and looked out on the scene which spelled menace to his hopes of being elected to a fourth term.

Against the facade of the Commercial House at the other end of the humming square in the heart of the city, a screen for open-air "talkies" was hung. It was proving a novel and effective campaign device. Marking the space cleared for spectators, four loud-speakers on long, slender, steel shafts lifted their gaping mouths above the heads of the crowd and bellowed words in synchronization with the lip-movement of an image on the screen. Mayor Jim leaned far out and, twisting his neck, could catch a glimpse of the two-dimensional orator now holding forth for the edification of the voters. It was as he had thought. De Witt Rickert, his opponent at the forthcoming elections—the fellow who wanted to trip up "Sunny Jim" on his way to a fourth

term—was delivering his nightly blast. Same old stuff; clean house; smoke out the bugs in city hall; use insect powder on 'em. It was rough, but effective. "Sunny Jim," good enough politician to admit that a rival might be smart too, nodded and scowled. If the Rickert crowd kept everlastingly at it this way, dinning the "insecticide" idea into the public's wide flapping ears, why, the dumbbells might get the idea through their

He stood before the men. Once friends, now they jeered at him—a stone whizzed by.



thick skulls—or their skins—and wake up on election day itching to vote the wrong way.

Mayor Jim clenched his fist. Give him one more term! Only one more. This time he'd make it pay—a million. Somehow, in the last nine years, corruption, graft and all, he himself had not salted it away. A pity if the man who did all the dirty work were to quit broke. Just one more term! Mayor Jim's lips fondled the words: "A million!"



# The *Million Dollar* Jumping JACK

Tower Studios

Mayor Jim felt a draft on his neck and, correctly reasoning that a door had been opened in the room behind him, wheeled around.

"What do you want, Louie?" he called to a round, perspiring face wedged in the crack of the hall door.

The owner of the name and the face insinuated himself through the part-opened door apologetically.

"Your missus phoned," said Louie, with the air of one whose duty it is to impart disagreeable news. "She told me to be sure and say you was to come home to dinner. She said it was a special blow-out for the baby."

The mayor nodded abstractly. "I won't forget."

Louie was eaten with curiosity. "I didn't know there was a baby around your place, y'onor."



The mayor grudgingly vouchsafed the information which would send the underling out of the room. "My daughter's arrived for a visit. The baby's hers."

"Boy or girl?"

The mayor screwed up his forehead and shook his head. "Fact is—I don't recall. . . . Was that all, Louie?"

"No," said Louie. "There's a party outside—a dame—a—a—lady."

"Well," demanded Mayor Jim, quizzically, "dame or lady—which?"

"Honest," hesitated Louie, "I don't know y'onor. I give up. I can't guess 'em any more. Anyway," he offered, "she's pretty slick—and she mentioned Frankie Regan's name."

The mayor took a pose at his desk. "Show her in." As Louie had indicated, the woman who entered the room and came toward the mayor's desk was not in-

stantly classifiable. She swayed at the hips as she walked and she wore neat gloves. But the mayor was not to be deceived by such small indications of character, having learned by experience that nowadays the daughters of the best learn their manners in gutters—and the daughters of the gutter learn theirs in finishing schools. The visitor sat down sedately. She was dressed in something dark and clinging.

"Don't worry," she spoke. "You can call me by my first name, Violet—Vi to you." She opened her bag and fished out a cigarette. "Smoking permitted?" Mayor Jim flipped flame from a lighter. "Thanks. It's pretty hard to tell where you stand with women these days," she drawled, "isn't it? Well, just to put you at your ease, Mister Mayor, I'm Frankie Regan's girl friend."

The mayor said something—or nothing—in his throat, and waited.

The girl was at her ease. She talked volubly and, a sixth sense told Mayor Jim, at a tangent to whatever was the real cause of her visit.

"Look at that necklace," she inconsequentially exclaimed by way of opening conversation. "You wouldn't believe that a gadget like that could cost fifty dollars, would you? And this dress—look—a hunk o' silk and ten cents worth of phoney diamonds—forty-three dollars at Gandel's—and they called it a bargain sale! It's getting tougher for ladies every day. Do you know," she leaned impressively, "that I'm worth over a

thousand as I stand—figuring up what all the junk I'm carrying set me back—and that, if I went into Ernie's Eatery for a hamburger, I'd be thrown out for lack of the price? Yes," she concluded, simply "I need funds—cash—what it takes—so I came here, to where the money grows. I've come to you."

The mayor stiffened. "Frank's a good friend of mine," he began what was to be an elaborate and tactful refusal, "but I don't see why."

"I've come to tell you why," interrupted Vi, sharply; and then leaned forward, hard glitter in her eyes, her voice tuned low.

"Somebody beat up Judge Berkeley last night. You've heard?"

The mayor squirmed. "I've heard that some hoodlum—"

"Yes, a darkey. They found the judge bleeding on the sidewalk in front of his house and they've pinched the shine he fired from a gardener's job last week.

To his own surprise, Mayor Jim found himself attacking the accused negro with a prosecutor's fervor.

"The fellow was heard to swear he'd get even. He loaded up on two-bit gin and left one of those mills over behind the south depot raving that he was going to get the judge. An hour later, Judge Berkeley is found beaten unconscious. It's a pretty clear case."

"Clear as corn. But sometimes you never can tell." The girl sagged into an insolently easy posture in her



chair. "You see, I get around a little, and I was in a "speak" last night with Frankie, and in came a bunch from the South Side and talk of this and that—politics, you know—and I do some listening and—well, I hear that Rickert and his high-class crowd have you and your bunch worried. Because I know enough about how Frankie and you pull together to know that if Frankie's worried—why, you're worried, too. Put it this way: if Frankie Regan can't deliver the South Side on election day, you may carry your weight beautifully but you won't carry this city. Right? Well—to get back to cases: the darkey didn't do that job on Judge Berkeley."

Mayor Jim struck one of his more effective official attitudes and banged the desk with his fist. "Really, this rigmarole makes no sense."

"Doesn't it?" drawled the girl. "If the darkey didn't beat up the judge—why then, somebody else did."

Mayor Jim opened his mouth to utter a pompous phrase and was suddenly struck by a flash of understanding, so that, for an instant, he remained staring at the girl, agape.

"Yes," he finally said, "I'm pretty slow. I must be getting old." He darted a look toward the door and drew closer to the girl. "So it was Frankie who beat him up?"

The girl nodded. "And anybody who remembers back a few years would know why Frankie did it. The judge gave him five years for that gas-works thing back in '15—and you know how Frankie loved jail!"

"He figured the darkey would be blamed?" probed Mayor Jim.

"Sure. He was in the gin-mill and heard the shine doing all that talking and he saw his chance—just like I saw mine."

"Your chance?" queried the mayor.

"I'll say you're getting old." jeered the girl. "My chance to collect—see? My information's worth money. The Rickert bunch would pay."

Mayor Jim's face assumed an expression of horrified surprise—and this time the grimace was a reflection of an emotion honestly felt.

"You're Frankie's sweetheart—his pal. And here you are talking about selling him out—just like that—like you'd sell a dress."

"Get me right. I like Frankie. But I'm getting to be a great big girl and I want money of my own."

"Well," said the mayor, calm and cold now, "I'm waiting. Get to the point. How much?"

Both heard the sounds in the outer office, the exchange of greetings between Louie and a newcomer, steps which approached the mayor's door, and both were turned in their seats, staring, when an unlovely gentleman encased in lovely clothes bounced in.

"Hello, Jim," he greeted, and then noted the girl. "What's up, Vi? What you doing here?"

"Love and kisses, Frankie," returned the girl with-

Mayor Jim clutched the child closer as he looked out on the city that hated him.



out surface sign of any perturbation. "I dropped in to ask his honor a question."

Mayor Jim rose and folded his short arms. "Your lady friend has a heart problem and she came to me for a mother's advice: where to sell you out to the best profit."

In Mr. Regan's world, surprises were many and he met them all with a leering calm. He hoisted himself onto the mayor's desk, crossed his legs and carefully tented the pants-crease over a knee.

"Did I talk in my sleep?" he grinningly asked the girl; then turned to mayor Jim. "Judge Berkeley—accident? Uh-huh, I thought so. Well, you can't trust the dames. They're out for the cash, first—last—all the time."

"I hated to do it, Frankie." All things considered, Miss Day deemed it proper to sniff a bit. "But I just had to. I never get any spending money, and I need it bad. Don't blame me."

"Oh, not at all," said Mr. Regan, easily. "Make all you can. What's her price? (Please turn to page 93)

*Would you steal for the man you loved? Read the gripping drama of a real story from a newspaper reporter's notes*

*By*  
**Arthur  
Hoerl**



"Why did you make me stay? I asked you to let me go."

# *Luxury* THIEF!

**N**OT so long ago there was a brief record in the New York newspapers:

## BANK CLERK ARRESTED

Eric Howard, assistant cashier at the Empire State Bank, was arrested today, charged with embezzlement. He is said to have admitted speculations in excess of \$60,000 from the bank over a

period of six months. According to Howard, the money had all been spent, but he refused to give any information about his wild spending orgy.

In default of bail, he was remanded to the Tombs. An official of the bank stated that Howard was considered one of their most capable employees, having risen in less than ten years from office boy to his trusted position.

Now read the real story behind the news item:



"All this is yours," she said, breathlessly. "Now do you know how much I love you?"

Walter M.  
Baumhofer

Drawings by Walter M. Baumhofer

**G**WEN LOREN, in her way, was a philosopher. She firmly believed that self-preservation is the first law of nature. She went further. She believed that a lady could *best* be preserved amid magnificent surroundings. Being practical as well as philosophical, she proceeded to acquire magnificent surroundings. They were located in the kind of an apartment dwelling where the janitor finds wilted orchids and rare perfume bottles and old-vintage bottles in the morning rubbish.

It was on Central Park South. The windows of Gwen's apartment faced the park, for she loved to watch the children at play. Gwen was so fond of playing herself. She always had a play toy of some sort. Eric Howard was, at the present moment, her play toy. Naturally, he never suspected it.

It was a Wednesday in August on which the hand of the law descended upon Eric Howard. Gwen Loren slept peacefully until noon. When Sarah, the colored maid, who worked by the day, brought the delicate combination of breakfast and luncheon to the boudoir, she found Gwen propped up against her silken pillows, gayly humming the latest popular love song.

"Good mawnin', Miss Gwen."

Gwen paused long enough to return a cheerful greeting and then took up her song again.

"You sho' am happy these days, singin' an' hummin' an' laughin' . . . just lak' you got ridden a bad husband, supposin' you was married."

"Sarah, have you ever been in love?"

"Lawdy, Miss Gwen. . . sho' Ah has! Ah's been in love so long it don't even hurt no mo'."

"Well, I'm in love, Sarah—for good, too," she exclaimed, happily.

**G**WEN hummed and sang and laughed all through the afternoon while she splashed in her perfumed bath, clad herself in soft, silken things and sat at her vanity for a long time like an artist putting the important finishing touches to a work of art. She should really have been ill-tempered and unhappy, for she was expecting Eric Howard as usual about six. She had arrived at the point where his calf-love protestations, his spineless idolatry, and his whimpering pleadings and jealousies were making (*Please turn to page 120*)

Read SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS'  
Greatest New Mystery Romance

# Manacled LADY

*The body on the beach—the clue  
of the missing jewels—and the  
girl of strange passions*

#### WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE:

PROFESSOR HIRAM ROSS accidentally comes upon a group of excited villagers gathered who have found the body of a woman lashed to a grating, and washed upon the shore by the tide. There are certain very peculiar circumstances connected with the death; and when some one mentions that Foster Steele, an artist living in the village, had been seen the night before talking with the deceased just a few hours before her death must have occurred, Professor Ross' interest in the matter is quickened.

Calling upon his old friend and student, Ross is surprised and dismayed to find a painting there the subject matter of which bears an uncanny resemblance to the manner of the death on the beach. Ross succeeds in drawing from Steele some amazing information. He learns that Steele had absolutely no idea as to the identity of the strange woman who had accosted him that night before, but who, to Steele's great consternation, was wearing the same necklace that adorned the neck of a beautiful, unknown woman who had visited Steele in his studio several times, of whom Steele had done a portrait unbeknownst to her, and who had gone out of his life as suddenly as she had entered.

Steele shows the portrait to his friend, and confides that his peace of mind and soul depend upon his finding the woman who has taken his heart with her.

Now, begin with the story of Steele's meeting with the unknown beauty, as he tells it to Professor Ross.

IT had begun one August afternoon. Brilliant cloud effects after a hard rain had brought Steele out into the open with his easel. He took up his position on the Martindale Road, where just beyond a turn, a clump of pine rears itself darkly against the sky. He was laying in his colors when there was a



Steele gave a yell of dismay as mud from the flying hoofs splattered across his canvas.

drumming of rapid hoofs and a huge horse, carrying the slender figure of a girl, came speeding around the curve.

Just there the rain had settled into a viscid puddle. As the horse went by at full gallop, a large, thick, mud-pie soared through the air and splotched itself generously across the painting. Mr. Foster Steele gave a yell of dismay and wrath. The horse continued on his way.

While the indignant painter was endeavoring to repair the damage, he became aware that the author of it was coming back at a modest trot. A voice above him inquired:

"Did you call out?"

"Yes." He looked up with a severity of expression which he maintained only with difficulty as his appreciative eyes took in the face of the speaker.

"What happened? Did I do any damage?"

"Plenty."

"Sorry!" But she seemed more amused than abashed

Drawings by  
Dan Sweeney



The girl riding the huge horse never stopped to view the damage she had done in passing.

"Oh! You're one of those lordly people then, who don't sell. Well, I don't blame you for being cross about it. But—"

"Forgive a hermit who doesn't see civilized people often enough to keep him decent," he apologized. "The daub doesn't matter."

"It isn't a daub. I know enough to see that. Do you always paint on metal?"

Steele explained.

"Have you got a lot of 'em? I'd love to see them."

"Nothing simpler. My shack is just over that hill."

"And is there a Mrs. Painter?"

"No; there is no Mrs. Steele. Only my Chinaman."

She looked down between the horse's ears.

"Take a good look at me," he suggested, quickly.

She did so, smilingly.

"Well?" she said, with lifted brows.

"I'd be immensely flattered to think of myself as looking so dark, dangerous, and romantic that my studio was a place of peril for the unprotected female."

She laughed.

"I'll come," she said. "I'm dying for a cup of tea."

She made the rounds of his place, commenting on his work with some degree of critical appreciation. "You do sell, of course?"

"Sometimes."

"I'd really like to buy one."

"How would you like a portrait of yourself?"

"You haven't done any portraits in this medium," she said.

"No. But I think your face would lend itself to this type of treatment."

"I'd love to try. But—it's a matter of time. I'm only here two weeks more."

"There are seven days in next week and approximately the same number in the week after."

"What a brain!" she said, admiringly. "Is it as quick on the clock as on the calendar?"

"If you want the time, it's five-thirty."

"No! I must rush, really. Goodby, Mr. Steele. And thank you for the tea."

"But what am I to call you—when you come back?"

"Am I coming back? Well—"

There was a faint quiver of her eyelids which he later learned to identify as evidence of internal amusement. "Daw is a nice name, don't you think?"

THAT was the first of many visits.

To his surprise she refused, laughingly but obstinately, to pose for him. Always she seemed, even from the moment of her arrival, poised for flight, an impression heightened by the fact that she never took off her gloves. They talked of everything except herself. And here was impenetrable reticence.

Unobtrusively he was studying her as she talked or moved about the studio, or sat looking out to sea from the broad

window as she would sometimes do in peaceful silence which he had tact enough to respect. Sometimes he had the puzzling suspicion that for her The Nook was a refuge. All of her that he could treasure up in his visual mind, he transferred to sketches as soon as she was gone, preliminary to his final experiment, which was to be with the copper plate.

Restlessness beset her on the day of her last visit, which the artist did not then realize was her last. She wandered about the studio, her eyes haunted, her gloved hands uneasy, and as she went, brushed against the nearly finished sketch of her which he had carelessly left leaning against the wall, knocking it over so that it lay, face upward.

"Oh!" she cried, and caught it up, staring at it.

at the emphasis of his reply. "You're an artist, aren't you?"

"No," said Steele, busily dabbing away at his copper plate. "I'm an archæologist busily engaged in exhuming an ancient ruin from a square mile of mud. Do you always come hurtling around corners that way?"

"Sometimes. When we're running away."

"And whom are you running away from, if it's a fair question?"

"It isn't, so I'll not tell you. But what are we going to do about that?" she continued, pointing to the ruin with her riding crop.

"What is there to do?"

"I might buy it."

"You might, if it were for sale."

The crowd saw the professor suddenly stiffen, and bend forward to gaze intently at the body.



"Do you mind?" he asked, anxiously. "I couldn't help it. I had to have something of you to keep."

"No, I don't mind," she answered very low.

"Do you like it? I haven't yet all that I wanted in it."

"It's marvelous. There's a quality in it—I could give you a line for it." She quoted:

"'And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal—'"

"Yes; that's beautiful," he cried, eagerly. "That's the way you look to me as you sit in the window, with your face turned to the sea."

"Only there's no goal," she said.

"You know I love you," he said.

She looked at the picture. "Yes; I know it now. I was afraid of it before."

"But you're not afraid now?"

"Oh, more than ever! I'm going, Foster."

"Is that the answer?"

"Yes; the only one."

She ran down the steps and out to her horse, leaving him to black despair.

He heard from her once again. That was the telegram which the messenger boy had brought while the artist and Hiram Ross were talking. It came from Boston.

"Destroy the sketch, please, please. It tells too much of both of us."

It was unsigned.

Such, in effect, was the narrative of events which Foster Steele set before his friend and advisor. At the

conclusion the scientist glanced at his notes. "To take up the points seriatim we have to look for a young woman of means who rides around the country on a large horse.

"I take it that the young lady's given name is Marjorie. Hence the 'Miss Daw.' And if she weren't used to spending money freely, she wouldn't casually offer to buy a picture without inquiring the price. She lives some fourteen or fifteen miles from here."

"Do you know where she lives?" demanded the other.

"No. But she had to push her horse, starting at five-thirty to get home, presumably to a seven o'clock dinner. Probably her husband insists on promptitude."

"Her husband!"

"Surely it must have occurred to you that she is a married woman."

"It didn't." He rubbed his hand helplessly over his forehead.

"The gloves, man! The gloves. Worn to hide a wedding ring."

"Wouldn't it have been easier simply to slip off the ring?"

"Doubtless. But a ring, habitually worn and then removed, leaves an unmistakable mark. She is a married woman, and, for a guess, not too happily married. The most curious feature of the whole matter, however, is the line which she applied to your portrait of her. It happens to be from that same Rossetti sonnet cycle which your weird visitor of yesterday quoted: 'The House of Life'!





"Another connection. That and the rose topazes. Ross, what is the answer?"

#### CHAPTER V

STEPPING out upon his lawn after breakfast the next morning, Foster Steele found a corner of it already occupied by a recumbent figure smoking a clay pipe. The interloper presented an aspect of unimpeachable elegance. His white serge suit was freshly pressed. His lavender silk hose, descending without a wrinkle under his buckskin shoes, accorded with a lavender silk tie and lavender striped shirt. A soft, white hat covered his eyes against the sun glare. To put a point to this splendor, a narrow silken ribbon, also pure white, descending from his lapel buttonhole, suggested an eye-glass in his pocket.

Making a detour across the space, the proprietor attained a side view of the face. From chin to cheek, the skin was white, with a tint of blue showing beneath; but the central parts of the face were bronzed. The jaw was long, lean and bony. The cheek-bones were high; the mouth was large, fine-cut, and firm; the nose solid, sat like a rock.

At the sound of a footstep, the eyes in that remark-

able face opened wide, and fixed themselves on Steele. "Good-morning," after a pause, "aren't you fully awake yet? You look dazed."  
"Ross! I didn't recognize you. Why the disguise?"

"I'm not disguised. I shaved my beard because I've changed my mind about going back to the woods. I shall stay here and see this thing through.

"By the way, I thought we might run down to Amoska Village."

"All right. What's on there?"

"The inquest. Eleven o'clock."

"Hm! You think that's a good idea, my going?"

"May as well face it first as last. I want to know where we stand."

Twenty minutes of curving and bumping along a devious country road brought them to town. At the edge of the square they saw a tall, gesticulating man, the vocal center of a small circle of attentive silence.

"Elder Shirey," said the professor, "is talking again. Probably just back from Bradysville. We'll have to face the music now. One word of warning; don't lose your head or your temper if the suspicion raised against you by Shirey is strengthened by me."



She had only to look at this portrait of herself to know that the young artist adored her.

"By yod?"

"There is something the sheriff knows that I don't know. Probably it is the identity of the body. To force him into the open, it may be necessary for me to augment the case against you."

"Ought I to be ready for arrest?"

"No; but go on the stand when you're called, and tell the truth, and nothing but the truth."

"But not the whole truth?"

"You won't be questioned about the necklace. By the way, you have never kept among your artistic properties anything in the way of handcuffs, have you?"

"No."

"I didn't suppose you had. Those manacles are a sticker. I absolutely do *not* like those manacles. Well, we shall know more before we're much older."

"Shirey has seen me," said Steele in a low tone.

The narrator's voice had ceased and he stood facing the newcomers with the slackened jaw of amazement. His auditors also turned to stare.

"Stay where you are," directed Ross, and stepped out to mingle with the crowd.

At first no one recognized the immaculate, white-

clad elegant man as the bearded scientist. A heavy, slow-spoken man addressed him, jerking his head toward the artist in the car.

"Friend of his?"

"Yes."

"He'll need 'em. Going to give evidence?"

"To hear it, rather," replied Ross, pleasantly. "Where's the body?"

"Inside. Just brought it over from Doctor Wenck's. He's the medical officer, and he and the sheriff are running the show. Your friend want a lawyer, maybe?" The thought struck Ross that, while a lawyer might be premature, a friend in the town might be very useful.

"Yes," he said; "from tomorrow on."

"Meanin' that you're in charge today," surmised the big man, shrewdly.

The other smiled. "I dare say we shall get on very well together, Mr. —" his voice went up interrogatively.

"Morse, Daniel Webster Morse, attorney and counselor-at-law for thirty years in the town of Amoska."

"Thank you. My name is Ross. You already know my friend's name. What kind of man is this medical officer?"

"Wenck? Not much. More of a politician than a doctor, and more of a horse trader than either. Fidgety as a sandpaper undershirt."

"Did he perform the autopsy?"

"Yes. At his own house. Not even an undertaker to help lay it out."

"Curious. Perhaps not so curious, either. The body hasn't been identified, I suppose."

"Nobody's seen it except those two and Dave Shirey. Funny way to identify an unknown corpse, to keep folks away from it. Dave's been makin' the most of his sight."

"Elder Shirey doesn't seem to be precisely a deaf mute."

Lawyer Morse emitted a bubbling chuckle. "It's quite some time since Dave took any prizes for silent thought," he stated. "You acquainted hereabouts?" he added, after a pause.

"Not very widely."

"Quoddy Joe, yonder, looks as if he would cherish the honor of knowing you."

Over his shoulder Professor Ross caught the mixed-breed's glance of stolid intensity. A touch on his arm made him turn to the other side. Old man Dunn accosted him.

"Howdy, per'fesser. Didn't sca'cely know you with your beard off."

"Good morning," said the scientist. "Are you going inside?"

"Not right away," said the other. "Too hot in there."

"I want a good seat; so I think I'll go in at once," said Ross. "Sit with us, won't you? Mr. Steele is with me."

The ex-sailor started. "Him?" he exclaimed. "Here?"

"Why not?"

"No reason. None at all," said the seaman hastily.

"But you're surprised to see him here?"

(Please turn to page 105)

# My Strangest Experience

*EVERYONE has had a strange experience—or has heard someone tell one. We want to publish those we consider different or thrilling—and we'll pay \$5 for every letter we publish. Send them to the Strangest Experience Editor of this magazine.*

## THE GHOST DOWNSTAIRS

**G**RANDFATHER died in the Spring of 1918 and left my grandmother and aunt joint owners of the old homestead.

Neither of them knew much about firing the furnace, so that when my cousin and I came in from the annual football game one day in the Fall of the same year the house was so cold we decided to retire early.

Shortly after we retired, my aunt came to her room, which was also on the second floor. My grandmother slept on the first floor, as she was sick.

We had been in bed an hour or more, just lying there, talking about the game, when we heard some one in the furnace room. We heard them "shake down" the furnace and shovel in some coal and shut the furnace door with a bang.

It got so warm and cozy my cousin and I discarded some of our blankets and dropped off to sleep.

The next morning at breakfast we were complimenting grandmother on making the furnace perform.

She told us we would have to give my aunt the praise, as it was not she. Of course my aunt was surprised when my grandmother said she had not fired the furnace.

We four were alone in the house, one a very sick person. None of us fired that furnace, yet there it was burning brightly. How did it happen?

Jill.

## BORROWED GOODS

**O**NE night I borrowed a neighbor's car and drove to another city to visit a friend of mine.

It was nearly one o'clock when I left to return home. Just as I was nearing the outskirts of the city I saw a man lying in the middle of the road. I made a sharp turn to the curb and slammed on the brakes so hard they slid the tires and screeched. I jumped out of the car and ran to the man in the road. I bent over him and felt for a pulse, but he was dead and still very warm. I won't describe his appearance, as it was terrible. In this short time other cars were stopping and people seemed to come from all directions. And in a very few moments police were there with an ambulance.

After the man was sent away police began asking questions. Who was the first there? I was. Whose car is that with those long skid marks into the curb at such an angle? It was the one I borrowed.

I admitted these things, but others emphasized them. Who saw the accident?—was the next question asked, and no one answered.

The outcome of the whole thing was I drove to the police station with a couple of officers.

When I got there, they asked me to tell how it happened in my own words.

I told them the truth. For about an hour they ques-



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tioned me and tried to break my story down. I believe they were just about to use different methods when the phone rang.

An officer answered the phone and this is what I heard: "Yes, there has been a slight accident. . . . Who? . . . Where are you? . . . You will? . . . All right, that will be fine."

Then all but one left the room and in about five or ten minutes later returned and said I was free to go and they were sorry they had detained me.

I left and came straight home.

Later this is what I learned:

A state inspector had phoned from a town some miles away that he thought he must have hit some one because his fender was bent, a headlight broken, and he had found a pipe on the running board.

It later developed that the inspector had run down this man who, either drunk or dazed, had lurched against the car in some such manner that the inspector had not seen him in the dark.

Since then I have often wondered how many people have been convicted on circumstantial evidence.

I also wonder what would have happened to me if it had not been for that phone call.

G. S., Utica, N. Y.



The wicked widow bent on destruction. (Posed by Colonel Stoopnagle himself.)

#### PROLOGUE

*MRS. J. Eustace Quizenberry looked at her watch. An hour later she looked again and found, much to her pleasure, that the hour-hand had moved from four to five. That's the way watches are sometimes.*

**M**RS. J. Eustace Quizenberry had always nursed an insane desire to become a wicked widow. She was a stunning brunette, was Mrs. Quizenberry, tall, statuesque, sort of, with deep, brown eyes and a fondness for deep-dish strawberry pie. Her husband, whose name was also Eustace, was an

# Presenting

The famous radio humorist assists beauty in dire distress

equally tall young man, full of the fire of life, with graying temples, thick, somewhat mannish eyebrows and four German police dogs named Winken, Blinken and Nod. As you know, graying temples on a man indicate that he is in his most fascinating years—years of mature conquest, years of his second childhood.

But somehow or other, Mrs. Quizenberry (the wife) couldn't see Eustace for dust. To her he was simply a pain in the neck, a sort of drug on the market. She had designs on another. Her heart was turned from Eustace to another not so many weeks before, when she found Eustace in the arms of Pearl Button, the village siren. But enough of that.

**M**RS. J. EUSTACE QUIZENBERRY began to think evil thoughts. Her husband had an insurance policy mounting to six or seven figures. His death would mean a considerable amount of ready, spendable, delightful cash for her—years of contentment with her lover on the sands of some south-sea isle, happiness, eternal sunshine, soft music, moonlight—in fact, all the things that women of her type dream of. So one day (a rainy Thursday, to be exact) she sat her pretty self down on her *chaise longue* to plot her husband's death.

It must be decent, it must be sweet. A hatchet in the back would be too cruel. A sock on the head with a blunt instrument would hurt him. A load of buckshot would tear the skin some.

No, it must be swift, painless and above all things, it must be unknown except to her very closest friends.

The body must be found, in order not to lead the police to believe that Eustace had disappeared to provide money for his wife's needs. What to do? And then a thought struck her—struck her with intense velocity. Stunned for a moment, she quickly recovered, got up, cast a furtive glance or two hither and thither and hid herself into the living room to the telephone.

"Hello, operator," she gasped, a sly smile encircling her crimson lips—lips that invited soft caresses, lips that parted slightly and showed her pearly white teeth, both of them. "Gimme Wickersham 2-9999. . . . Hello, is Colonel Stoopnagle there? No, I'll leave no name. Just say Mrs. J. E. Q. is calling. He'll understand." (And here is where I come into the story. For a moment, there, I was wondering how I was going to fix that. . . .) My phone rang, for central got the number correctly. I moved my muscular body over to it, took down the receiver.

"Hello," I said, without a moment's hesitation.

"Hello, Colonel," said a still, small voice. "I want you should help me find a way to do away with my husband. I know you've been fairly successful at that kind of thing in the past."

"Well," I answered, "it'll cost you a pretty penny, madam, but I'll do it for you. By the way, who is this speaking?"

"It is I, Mrs. J. E. Q. I'm afraid some one might be eavesdropping, so I'll simply say that the last name is Quizenberry. You must help me, Colonel, if it's only just because you and I went to college together."

Well, I was dumbfounded for two reasons. In the first place, I never went to college that I knew of, and in the second place, this doing away with strangers was

# Colonel Stoopnagle in The Wicked WIDOW

Tower Studios

a bit new to me. I was always used to doing away with people I knew. But, after all, experience is a great teacher and I was out of work—had been for several years. So I packed my bag, with the help of Hodgkins, my Chinese valet, and was out in the sleigh and away before old Saint Nick could lay his fat finger alongside of his nose.

AS I reached the great red brick house known to the neighbors as the Quizzenberry mansion, I took several quick glances about the place. It was winter (otherwise I could never have got there with an ordinary sleigh), and winter, with its dainty Jack Frost, the little imp, had made her impression everywhere. Even the little chicadees seemed pleased with mother Winter's work, as they hopped about in the deep snow, throwing snowballs at the sparrows and vice versa.

A tremendous thump with my blackjack at the door brought a scuffle of feet. The massive structure swung outward and I entered. There stood Mrs. Quizzenberry! And what a sight she was! Her jet-black hair was falling in streams about her lovely, supple shoulders. Her flashing brown eyes were brilliant in the reflection of the great log fire, which by this time had gone completely out.

"Welcome, Colonel," she said, laying her white hand on my broad shoulder with a shrug. And I could tell by the glimmer in her good eye that she meant it and no mistake.

"Thanks, J. E. Q.," I answered, with somewhat of a knowing wink.

Laughter followed, of course, for Mrs. Quizzenberry, as I learned afterwards, was a woman of good humor. I followed her into the living room and we sat down on the divan to talk the matter over. Of course, I made no advances to her under the circumstances, but on not a few occasions I confess I felt like crushing her bodily to my chest and whispering 'I love you's' in her ear. I learned afterward, also, that this would have been a bad move on my part.

And as we sat there under the spell of the quiet winter's night, I kept feeling a funny little lump. At first I thought it must be one of those frogs in my throat which people so often say they have, and then again I guessed possibly it might be my heart, beating at my ribs 'gainst the use of nature, as Shakespeare once whispered to me.

Then suddenly that lump began to move. I jumped up and under one of the pillows marked YALE I found what Mrs. Quizzenberry had been seeking for several weeks! her husband!

"Gad!" I thought.

"Gad say I, too," exclaimed Mrs. Quizzenberry.

"You two can 'Gad' all you like," interrupted her husband, "but how would *you* like to be under a YALE pillow while a detective was making love to your wife?"

"Even a HARVARD pillow would make me feel sort of cheap," I mustered up.

"Well, then, what to do?" queried Eustace, who by this time was able to see better, for the fog had lifted.

"Let's play lotto," put in Gerry Quizzenberry.

"I'm for logomachy, personally," said I.

So we tossed a coin, which stuck up in the chandelier and we never did know (*Please turn to page 104*)



Colonel Stoopnagle  
—also in person.

# Who Killed



Evelyn, dutiful and loving niece of the helpless murder victim.

WINNER OF THE MARCH PUZZLE  
J. L. Trout, Charleston, South Carolina

*Find the murderer—and win \$25! The first correct solution of the John Stone murder case that reaches us—by wire—will receive this handsome award! Who is the murderer?*

**J**OHN STONE was seventy-nine years old. For the past year he had been bedridden as a result of a stroke which left his entire right side badly paralyzed. For some time he had talked wildly of "ending it all"—life, according to him, was not worth living in a bed. His doctor, however, said that the old man would probably live for several years and made light of his talk of suicide.

Stone lived in a large, old-fashioned house with his niece, Evelyn; a combination butler-valet-handy-man named Swales, and the latter's wife, who cooked for the

# John Stone?

Tocer Studios



*Val O'Farrell, famous New York detective, who has authorized this unique puzzle contest.*

## CLUES

1. Window partly open.
2. Half-filled medicine bottle.
3. Medicine dropper.
4. Empty glass.
5. Drop light, not on, with pull-switch within easy reach of invalid.
6. Reading desk.

## *Other Correct Solutions for the March Puzzle Are Listed on Page 121*

establishment and did the necessary marketing.

At half-past eight every night Stone took his medicine—ten drops of a special prescription in a glass of water. A large overdose of this would be almost instantly fatal, the doctor had stated; every one in the house was aware of this fact. Evelyn usually gave the old man his dose and then refilled his water glass for him. When she was absent Swales or Mrs. Swales would perform the duty.

Stone had a bed reading-desk, and it was his custom to read until he was sleepy, when he would pull the switch of his light and go to sleep with everything as it was.

One morning the doctor was summoned at seven o'clock by Swales, who reported having found his master dead in his bed when he came into the room to close the window, as he usually did at that time. The doctor responded at once. When he got there he found the entire household up. It (*Please turn to page 119*)

***Solution to April puzzle will be found on page 119.***





*The Seal of the Black Cat Brings to You Again the Month's Best Complete Story of Mystery and Wonder!*

# The EMPTY Room

*By Corinne Harris Markey*

PARIS was nervous—very nervous—on the eve of the opening day of the French Colonial Exposition. On that day, had any observer stationed himself on a high point of vantage, he might have seen evidences of the world's mass advance on Paris. From every corner of the globe the millions came to attend this glittering international event.

Among the gathering millions, there were two obscure Americans who had come a longer way than most. They were ending a long journey begun in Tien-Tsin and now bringing them to their journey's end.

They were an attractive, eager girl with dancing, gray eyes and unruly ash-blond hair, and an elder woman in whom the gray eyes were repeated, but soberly. The eyes of Mrs. Henry Taber, widow of a Protestant missionary in the Orient, missionary herself these many, many years, had looked on too much sorrow to be dancing still. They could lighten only when they rested on her daughter, posed in the railway carriage window and bubbling with the delight of one who first sees Paris, young.

"Marcia," said the mother, "you'll have to attend to the luggage. I'm sorry, but—"

"Oh, mumsie!" The girl turned from the window with a gesture of quick sympathy. "Is your headache bad again?"

"Worse than ever. I only hope—" But the elder woman shut her lips on the end of whatever was the sombre thought in her mind, and forced a brave smile.

Marcia drew a breath of relief as she withdrew her hand from her mother's

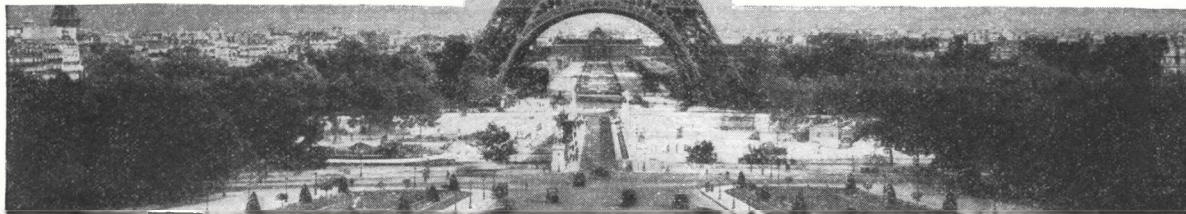
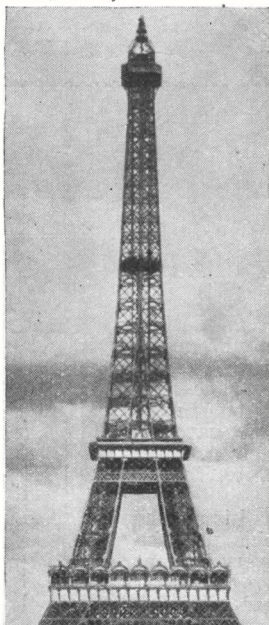
hot forehead. After all, these headaches were periodic with her mother and the happy girl wished ardently that nothing more serious might mar this long-awaited moment.

PORTERS, uniformed and numbered, swarmed to meet the train. One of them, noticeable for his bandy legs, captured the American ladies and their luggage, and triumphantly bore them off through the customs halls and presently to the cab concourse outside the Gare de Lyon.

The bandy-legged porter picked a cab and tossed the Tabers' largest bag up into the driver's seat. As he did this, Marcia, all eyes for what was going on around her, saw two gentlemen hasten from the station and advance toward the cabs. Without seeming to do so, the demure eyes of the young girl noted details concerning these gentlemen; that one was elderly and therefore negligible; that the other, being young and tall and having fine dark eyes, was not at all negligible but of surpassing interest to a girl who is young and small and has fine gray eyes; that the two men spoke to each other in English, with accents which identified them as fellow Americans—and that her countrymen were about to jump into her cab. Indeed, the younger man leapt into the passenger seat and began calling directions in French to the cabby before he was informed of his error and backed out again. As he did so, his eyes fell on Marcia and, raising his hat, he murmured apologies.

The whole incident was over in a moment. The older gentleman called im-

Ewing Galloway-Durton Holmes





patiently: "Come on, Claude—we're late." And the younger hastened to him. Not, thought Marcia with a little thrill of triumph, before his eyes had rested briefly on her own and had lit with something like admiration.

With a little sigh, such as are uttered by foolish young people when they fall back to earth out of pink clouds of romantic imaginings, Marcia turned to her mother, who was pulling at her sleeve.

"I've counted our pennies," the mother was saying, "and we can splurge for a day or two before we hunt for furnished rooms."

Marcia nodded and Mrs. Taber gave the driver the name of the Hotel Minervois, then a fashionable *rendez-vous* in the *Avenue de l'Opera*. As the cab approached the hotel, Mrs. Taber made a further extravagant suggestion.

"Let's take a suite, dear." In explanation, she added: "My head aches so fearfully. I'll need a room alone."

"A suite?" The clerk of the hotel raised his hands in protest. "I am entirely desolated, *mesdames*, but no suites remain. I have two single rooms—one on the fifth floor for you, madame, and another on the seventh for mademoiselle."

Mrs. Taber nodded acceptance and signed the register. Marcia, too, in her vertical school-girl script, entered her name on the line below. A rosy-cheeked bellboy took charge of them and led the way to an elevator and so up to the fifth floor. Marcia, uncommonly alive to every impression, was noting everything and everyone as she went along. The bellboy's cheeks held her eyes. And now the exceptional thinness of the maid who was placing towels in 513 took her attention; and then the fabulous magnificence of the furnishings.

"It's just five o'clock, dear," Mrs. Taber's voice brought Marcia out of a day dream. "Suppose we rest until seven and then dine?"

"Good, mumsey. You'll sleep your headache away."

Marcia saw her mother comfortably settled for a nap. The boy returned with a water pitcher and stood ready to conduct Marcia up to her floor.

Outside her mother's door, Marcia paused to make mental note of the number—513. She followed the boy to a door on the seventh floor—No. 713. She paused, struck by the repetitions of the unlucky numeral, 13, in the numbers on their room doors.

"It's a good thing I'm not superstitious," she reassured herself. Before dismissing the bellboy, she ordered him to bring a pitcher of water.

**B**EING a dutiful child, Marcia obeyed her mother's suggestion that she rest before dinner. But she could not sleep. The return of the bellboy with a water pitcher provided a welcome interruption. She drank and went to a window.

Presently, the excitement which kept her wakeful began to subside. A reaction set in. Languor crept over her. She was glad enough to lie down and close her eyes. Now she was prey to another form of excitement—that of dreams. Doubtless because of the state of her nerves, the dreams took nightmare trend. The people of them were vaguely familiar. They had faces glimpsed in the last few hours. The bandy-legged porter, the apple-cheeked bellboy, the thin hotel maid, the rotund

*Can you solve the incredible mystery that Marcia Taber faced? She had left her mother sleeping. Now, the room was vacant—there was not even a stick of furniture left in it.*



Tower Studios

cab driver—these crowded about her, leered at her, breathed in her face and screamed a mocking chant which somehow struck terror to her soul.

Into their midst walked resolutely a figure immeasurably tall, with flashing black eyes, and laid about with his cane.

"Look out, it's Claude!" her tormenters yelled and flew like chaff. . . . But the one named Claude vanished and the devils assembled again. . . . Marcia awoke, muscles tensed with horror. It was a long while before she could fight off her foolish fears and reasonably assure herself that she was safe in bed.

And then, when she had recovered some measure of wakeful awareness, Marcia received a shock again.

**S**HE looked about her and realized that the room was dark. That meant that the hour was nine at least and, a sixth sense telling her that it was even later, she confirmed the impression with a glance at her wrist watch pinned to the pillow by her side. The hands pointed to twelve! Midnight? Why, then—she had slept seven hours! And dinner? That dinner at seven? Why hadn't her mother awakened her? Prey of vague forebodings, Marcia scrambled to her feet, turned up lights and flew into clothes and out into the hotel corridor.

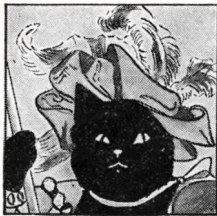
The silence in the corridor and the sleepiness of the elevator man confirmed the hour stated by her watch. She got out at the fifth floor.

She tapped on the door of 513. No answer. She knocked louder. How soundly her mother slept! Marcia tried the knob. The door opened and she went in.

"Don't be frightened, mother. It's Marcia."

There was no reply. Marcia turned on the lights and involuntarily stepped back into the doorway, all the horror of her dream assailing her.

The room was vacant. Absolutely vacant. No bed. No dresser. No table. No chairs. No carpet on the floor. No hangings at the windows—not even shades. No pic-



tures on the wall. The room was bare. Marcia stood aghast.

She stepped out into the hall and looked at the number on the door. It was 513. Dazedly she walked down the corridor, and there she met the thin maid who had supplied her mother's room with towels. The sight of this woman, so sanely going about her business, brought Marcia back to reality as the sharp handclap brings a hypnotic subject back to consciousness.

She told herself that she had mistaken the floor. "My mother's room—it wasn't 513? It was 413 or 613, wasn't it?" she asked of the maid.

"No, mademoiselle; I do not know the number of your mother's room. I have not seen your mother."

Marcia's soft, dreamy blue eyes grew hard and bright. Her voice became strained and tense. "You haven't seen my mother! You haven't seen my mother!"

The maid appeared frightened by Marcia's vehemence, and repeated, "No, mademoiselle, I have not seen your mother!"

Marcia rushed on down the corridor until she reached the elevator.

"Take me down!" she commanded. Then, recognizing the man, she asked, "Do you remember what floor my mother is on?"

The man gazed at her stupidly. His dullness, coupled with her fears, infuriated Marcia, and Marcia had the mildest and sweetest of dispositions. Her voice rose an octave:

"When you took my mother and me up to our rooms at five o'clock, to what floor did you take us first?"

The man found his tongue. "To the seventh floor, mademoiselle."

"But when we first came, when my mother was with me, to what floor did you take us?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "To the seventh floor. Mademoiselle was by herself when I took her up."

A queer light came into Marcia's eyes. Without waiting to argue with the elevator attendant she ran across the lobby and demanded of the sleepy-looking clerk:

Marcia was desperate. "You think me mad," she said, as she listened, bewildered, to the voice of Claude.



"My mother! My mother!  
Where is my mother?"

The clerk looked at her uncomprehendingly. He was not the one who had been on duty at five o'clock.

"Your mother, mademoiselle? If you'll give me your name, I'll—"

But Marcia was past bothering with clerks. "The manager! I must see the manager!"

"The manager has retired to his apartments, mademoiselle," demurred the young man. "Possibly he is asleep."

"Then wake him up! I must see him at once! Something dreadful has happened!" Marcia showed signs of hysteria.

After a moment's hesitation, the clerk said, "I will send for him, mademoiselle. Pray be seated."

But Marcia remained standing.

Evidently the manager had not retired. In an unbelievably short space of time, bowing and smiling, he appeared before the distracted girl. His name was Chupin—Jean Chupin.

"Good evening, mademoiselle! How may I serve you?"

"My mother, monsieur,"—Marcia made a desperate effort at control—"my mother and I arrived this afternoon at the Gare de Lyon at five o'clock. We came directly here. Mother was assigned to room 513 and I to 713. We were to rest until seven, then dine. I overslept." Marcia's voice soared, out of control. "Now she isn't there—and—the room's empty!"

"But, mademoiselle, there is some mistake," soothed M. Chupin. "We'll straighten it out. Your name?" He reached for the register book.

"Marcia Taber. You'll find my name just below my mother's."

M. Chupin ran a pudgy finger down the page.

"Here it is," he announced, "your name; Marcia Taber, Room 713."

He turned the book to her. She stared at it uncomprehendingly and her hand fluttered to her forehead. For her name stood just as she had written it—but the name of an unknown, a Frenchman, was entered on the line above. She swayed. M. Chupin took her arm.

"Be seated, mademoiselle," he begged.

"No," she cried. "Send for the police. Send for the American consul."

FOR the time, it was her last effort. There was a roaring in her ears. The parqueted floor seemed to be rising in waves about her. Then she was without feeling and knowledge for an immeasurable time.

When she regained consciousness on a divan in a public parlor she saw herself surrounded by strangers. From somewhere a voice came to her:

The happy, laughing girl and her mother had come many miles to witness the resplendent, glittering French exposition.



"Feeling better, Miss Taber?" She frowned in intense effort to recapture her faculties.

"Take your time, Miss Taber."

She remembered then where and when she had heard that voice before. She bit her lip on the impulse to cry the name she could give the speaker: "Claude!"

She turned and looked upward into the remembered dark eyes. A wave of grateful relief swept over her as she saw him respond to her look with a start which told that he remembered, too.

"The girl at the station!" he involuntarily exclaimed.

Even in its state of confusion and distress, Marcia's mind could dwell for an instant on a pleasant thought. She had been remembered—by Claude!

The dark-eyed young man named Claude recovered his poise and continued on a more formal note. "I'm Claude Willet, from the American consulate. I'm here to help you."

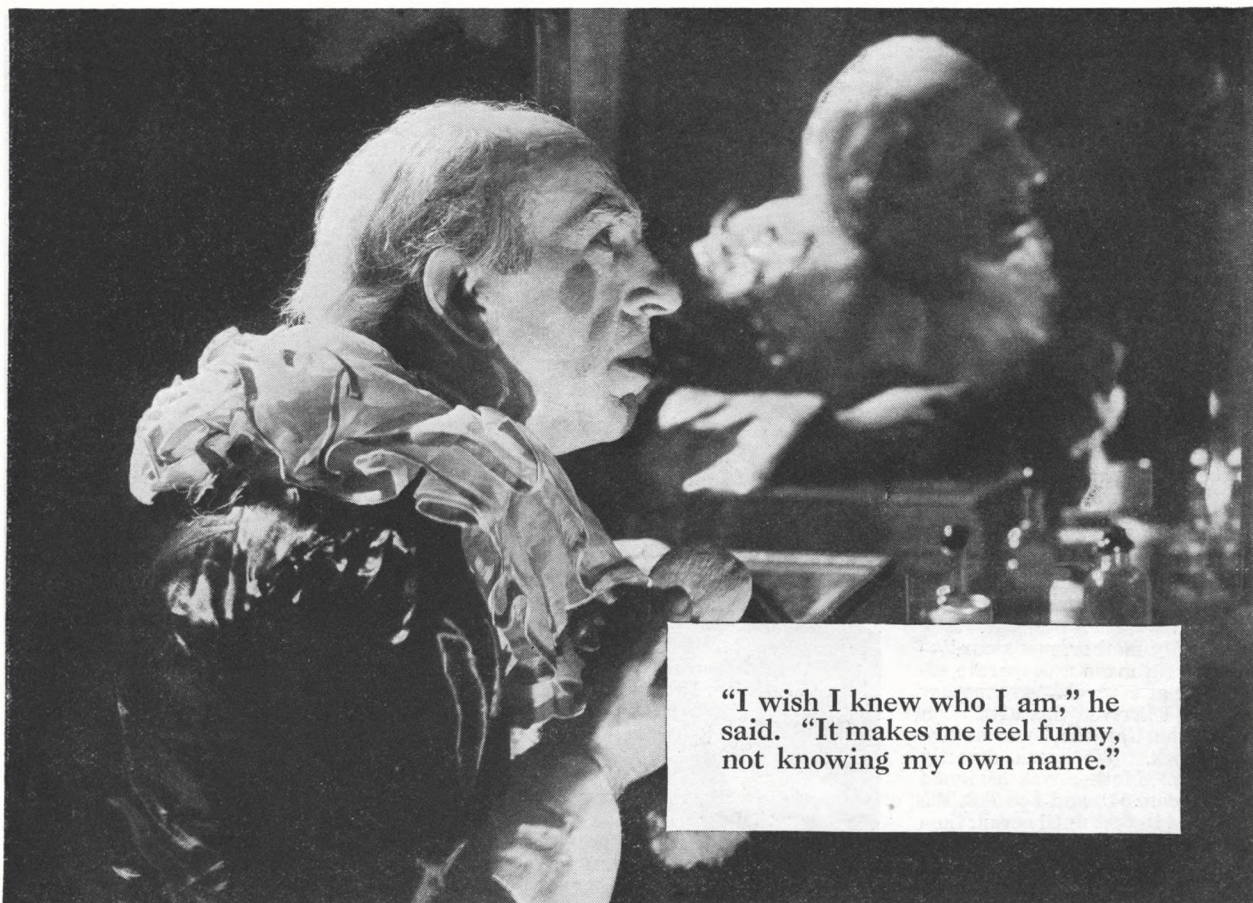
"I need help," said Marcia with simple fervor.

"I've inquired about the trouble," he interrupted, "and a few people who might help to clear things up have been assembled. Are you strong enough to talk?"

(Please turn to page 85)

*Look for the Black Cat each month —  
it means a guaranteed mystery story!*

*"And now I am about to attempt my most difficult feat," announced the Clowning Conjuror as he asked for a human target from his audience. But nobody anticipated the strange result*



"I wish I knew who I am," he said. "It makes me feel funny, not knowing my own name."

Tower Studios

# Please, May I SHOOT You?

MRS. MILTON paused at the door with a smile on her lips and a letter in her hand. From inside came the voice of her husband, solemnly rehearsing his patter.

"And after the 'Powder-Puff,'" she heard him say, "which, if I may say so, is a trick I invented especially for the delectation of the ladies, we come to another even more marvelous illusion. I always attempt to be strictly impartial between the sexes, and this is therefore more particularly for the gentlemen among the audience. Now, will any gent . . ."

Mrs. Milton knocked.

"Come in," he said, and not until then did his wife open the door.

"You've got the job," she told him. "You know, the Christmas Eve show at Brackworthy."

She was really rather proud of herself over this triumph. It had been quite by accident she had seen in the paper that the American racing gentleman, Mr. Robert G. Stubbs, was intending to give a genuine old-fashioned entertainment, but she lost no time in making the most of that accident—and here, as a result, was her husband with a fat fee coming in, and here was she with another feather in her cap.

It pleased her immensely to think how he depended on her to find his engagements. He always had depended on her since that very first night when she, as the blonde barmaid of the "Jolly Sailor," had discovered

She smiled. "From the way you handle things, you must have been a magician always."



His wife was proud of the first fact and glad of the second, for it was she who had selected his career for him and set him on the road to a comfortable income.

"You know," Mr. Milton said to his wife one day, regarding his fingers with pride and affection, "I was starving when you picked me up that evening, but I'd rather have starved than done any manual work that might have hurt my hands. Perhaps I may have been a conjurer before I got that rap on the head. It might account for my feeling like that."

"From the way you pick things up," she said, "I should think it was a certainty. Those hands of yours were trained; they didn't grow that way naturally, my lad."

"I don't suppose they did," he answered, wistfully. "But I wish I knew. It makes me feel a bit funny not knowing."

That little talk had taken place before his name became known. For the past few years, however, Mrs. Milton had been much too busy to worry about the mysteries of a past that did not concern her and her activities had resulted in almost as strenuous a life for him.

MR. MILTON climbed out of the train and found a very tall and dignified chauffeur waiting for him on the platform.

"Are you the conjurer?" demanded this personage, coldly, and on receiving a meek affirmative, waved a hand in the direction of a luxurious limousine that seemed to occupy the greater part of the station yard.

He made no attempt to assist the little man with his bulky luggage, but remained woodenly gazing at nothing until the boxes were all loaded up and Mr. Milton had lowered himself with a sigh of contentment into the soft embrace of the upholstery.

"If Mabel had been along with me," he thought, "she'd soon have taken that young buck down a peg or two."

Mabel was always looking for slights, real or imagined, against the dignity of the "Clowning Conjurer," but for himself he didn't really mind at all so long as he got his money and he held his audience.

He preferred naturally to be treated as something human when he wasn't on the stage; but if he wasn't, he couldn't see that making a fuss helped matters much.

It was perhaps just as well that he held such philosophical views and also that Mrs. Milton was absent, for when he arrived at the house the butler conveyed him to his room so disdainfully that the little man could almost see himself as a dirty mongrel pup attached to half a brick with a bit of string.

Presently his lonely meal was served by a maid-servant who sneered obviously at his painted face and red-and-white clown's dress, but still he managed to be amused rather than annoyed, and when he was finally escorted to the study of the great Robert Stubbs himself he was so overwhelmed by that gentleman's volcanic personality that all his feelings were swept away as though a sudden hurricane had hit him and blown everything movable a mile down the road.

Mr. Stubbs was not good to look upon, but he did have power. He was large, aggressively American, bald, and flashed a mouthful of gold when he smiled. There was no doubt in regard to the quality of his brains, but a great deal of doubt as to his honesty.

The fact that it remained "doubt" was the best possible proof of his sagacity, for whenever a mushroom company prospered momentarily before its carefully planned crash it was certain that the bald head of Mr. Stubbs was evolving schemes somewhere in the background and equally certain that his fat hands were steering in the direction of his own pockets the investments that his golden phrases had coaxed from the pockets of the easily gullible.

He waved little Mr. Milton in the direction of a chair and went on writing without taking any further

him in a corner crying his poor eyes out because he couldn't remember who he was, where he had come from, or what he had intended to do.

A poor little misery of a man he had looked, to be sure; but even then she couldn't help noticing his wonderful hands. Not a bit like the hands of the other men she knew; not much like her own, for the matter of that—slender hands with long, supple fingers.

She had been intensely sympathetic and intensely curious, so to satisfy the first feeling she married him, but the second emotion was never satisfied. He remained a harmless, docile mystery with amazing fingers.

The reason of his condition was soon apparent. There was a scar on his head that split it neatly across the top. The marvel was that he was still alive—but there he was, hale, hearty, and totally devoid of memory, except for the one vague feeling that seemed to be the only thing left to him from the blank background of his previous existence—on no account must he do anything that might lessen the abnormal powers of his hands.

That had been ten years ago, and now he was a well-known conjurer, bearing her maiden name because he knew no name of his own by which to call himself.

## By Edward D. Dickinson

notice of him until at least five agonizingly slow minutes had drifted by. Then he raised his head suddenly and barked:

"Clowning Conjurer, eh? You want a whole heap of dollars for half an hour's show. Think you're worth it?"

Something happened to Mr. Milton. When that beefy red face was turned towards him, a queer tingling little bell of memory went ringing in his head, trying to rouse that dormant brain of his into life.

He experienced the vague beginning of an idea that he ought to know this man and even more strongly that he ought to hate him; that for some wild reason it would give him a fierce pleasure to drive his clenched fist against what might once have been the angle of the flabby roll of chin.

**T**HEN he heard the rasping voice again, and it brought him back to reality with a start.

"Well," it said, "haven't you got a tongue in your head then? Pretty queer sort of clown you must be if you can't answer a simple question!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Mr. Milton, all of a twitter with anxiety. "I'm sure I had no intention to be rude. I must have been dreaming. I can't think what came over me."

Mr. Stubbs sat back in his chair and raised his bushy eyebrows.

"I asked if you were worth your money. . . . Well, you're not. I can see that much with half an eye, I guess; but it's too late to change you for something with a bit of pep in it, so you'd better listen while I tell you what's wanted.

"I'm giving my guests a genuine one-hundred-per-cent old-fashioned English Christmas party. Before dinner there was a Christmas tree, guaranteed to be the largest ever exhibited in an English country house, and after that there was a Father Christmas, who flew over in an airplane, and in the dining-room there's a cracker for every one of them, that's six feet long.

"You're billed as the climax of the show, and just take a look at yourself! Going all dreamy when you're spoken to, and no more pep than a five-cent balloon with a hole in it!"

Again the strange tingle came bubbling up in Mr. Milton's brain, but this time he fought it back resolutely before it ran away with him. It was exciting and bewildering, but, more than anything else, frightening.

He answered submissively, but as decisively as he could in the circumstances.

"I've never had any complaints about my performance, sir. I can assure you I am an expert conjurer. You need have no fear whatever that your guests won't be pleased."

"Maybe," said Mr. Stubbs doubtfully, "you'll wake up a piece when you're on the stage. If you want to have a future, you'd better for your own sweet sake. If you mess up my show, I'll mess up your career so bad you won't get another job this side of your old age pension."

"I assure you—" began Mr. Milton again, but the other stopped him.

"It's up to you," he snapped, tossing him over a check. "There's your money, and you'll never forget it



Mr. Stubbs' face was ghastly, his hands went up. "For Heaven's sake! Don't—" he screamed.

if you don't earn it." The great Mr. Stubbs hurled his bulk out of the room with impatient violence.

**T**HE "Conjuring Clown" sat down again and refrained only just in time from spoiling his make-up by scratching his nose with a puzzled forefinger. He badly wanted to know why Mr. Stubbs affected him in such a peculiar manner.

Certainly he had never, either privately or in his professional capacity, met any one quite so rude, but there was more behind it than that. If this blatant American had only been abominably abrupt and brusque in his manner he might quite likely have desired to kick him, but he would certainly have been able to conceal his true feelings without any trouble.

After all, he was naturally a timid man, confessedly taking shelter behind the hard business efficiency of his wife. In the ordinary course of events he freely admitted that he was patient under affront to the point of cowardice, but this was different.

He wanted to kill Mr. Stubbs. The idea nearly paralyzed him with terror, but there it was, firmly fixed in that uncharted portion of his brain that had been so long dead. He badly wanted to kill Mr. Stubbs in the

He had begun the trick, a timid, little clown;  
he had ended it, a merciless killer.



most juicy way that he might be able to devise. . . .

"Kindly step this way, sir," said the icy and silent-footed butler suddenly, and Mr. Milton found himself following him down the passage into the ballroom, where a temporary stage had been erected on which he had previously arranged his apparatus.

In a moment he was facing his audience—and such an audience! He always felt at his best with children, but these people were more than grown-up. They were of the type that seemed never to have been young and equally certainly could never be old. All cut to a pattern, a diamond-hard, brilliant pattern of uncertain age.

The men stoutish and heavy about the jowl, but painfully immaculate; the women relentlessly slender, apparently poured, while in a molten state into the absolute minimum of gorgeous evening creations. Just the kind of crowd one would expect to collect round such a "star" as Robert G. Stubbs.

Not at all the kind of audience that any poor little devil of a "Clowning Conjuror" would have chosen. Still there was no hope for it. There was the great Stubbs in the middle of the front row fixing him with the full glare of a threatening eye, and for his own sake he must surpass himself.

But even while he capered and grinned, cracked his jokes and produced so uncannily his rabbits and colored streamers, somewhere in his head there still lurked that terrible germ of an idea—what he really desired above all things was to jump down off the platform there and then and cut that podgy overhanging throat from ear to ear. . . .

It was coming very near to the end of his allotted half hour and he was feeling very much happier. He had been a success—even before that crowd he had been a success.

His boneless white fingers had performed marvels under their very eyes and they had been thrilled and interested in spite of themselves, working themselves up into quite a state of enthusiasm. Mr. Stubbs was delighted.

MR. MILTON was in the middle of one of his most fascinating little problems. He was wandering round the room, pausing now in front of one woman and now another, holding in one hand a small opaque powder bowl and in the other a puff. At each pause he produced mysteriously the "shade" of powder that the lady chose and touched the faintest dab of it on her cheek with the puff.

It was a fine illusion and he was proud of it, but he was even prouder of his next and final production. Back on the platform he struck an absurd attitude and declaimed in the pompous manner that was so comically at variance with his absurd make-up:

"And now, after the 'Powder Puff'—which, if I may say so, is a trick I invented especially for the delectation of the ladies—we come to our last and even more marvelous illusion. I always attempt to be strictly impartial between the sexes, and this is therefore particularly for the benefit of the gentlemen.

"In a minute I shall ask one of them to assist me by allowing himself to be shot, but first of all let me show you the exceptional manner in which the shooting will take place."

He produced, from behind a small screen, a cardboard target and a small but workman-like-looking revolver, both of which he handed round the audience for examination, together with half a dozen "shells" of the usual pattern.

"Look at them carefully," he insisted, "because they are about to take part in a remarkable demonstration. The target is now whole; the revolver I shall load before your eyes with the cartridges you are now inspecting.

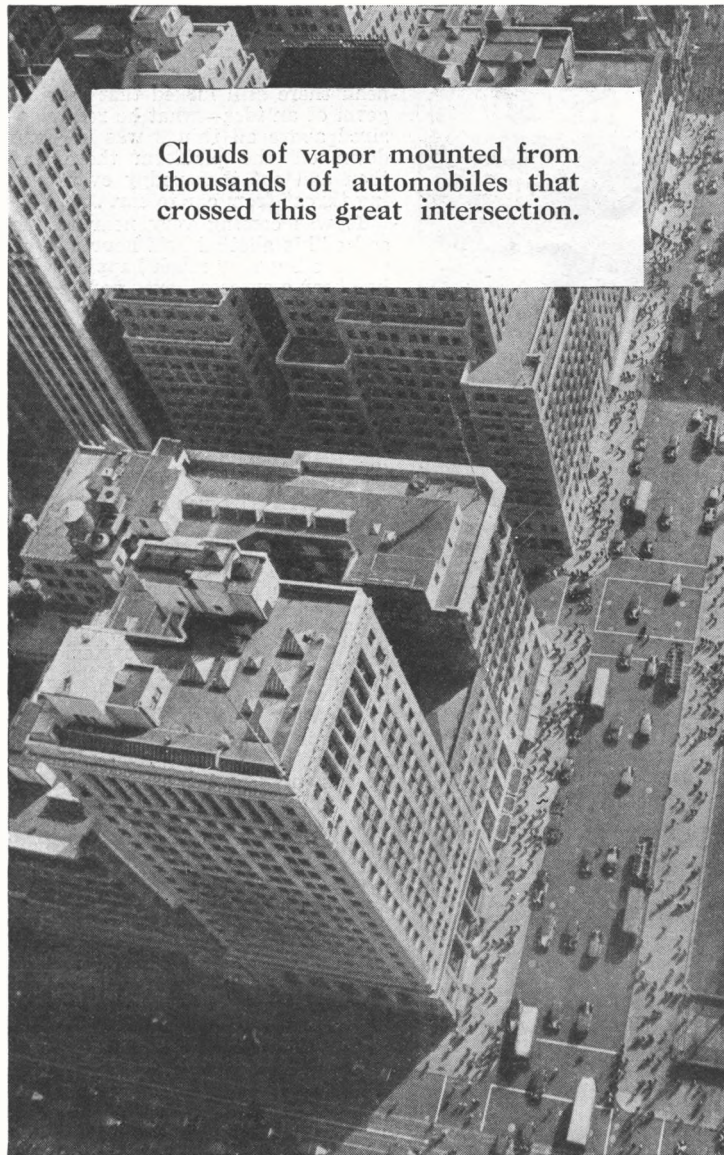
"Then I shall ask a gentleman to stand between me and the target, and I shall proceed to fire! My assistant will be unhurt, but the bullet will penetrate the bull's eye.

"Personally I have never been able to decide whether the bullet does actually pass through his body or whether it describes, as it were, a semi-circle in flight. . . . Now, will any gentleman be kind enough to oblige?"

Their host's next-door neighbor murmured gently in Mr. Stubbs' ear: "I'm sure there's nobody here as brave as you, Robert," and he rose in response, bowing.

"I guess it takes more than a gun to frighten this baby," he remarked and heaved himself onto the stage, adding: "Well, cock robin, where do I stand?"

*(Please turn to page 98)*



Clouds of vapor mounted from thousands of automobiles that crossed this great intersection.

*The most fashionable crossroads in the world, a green light—swift, double murder! A beautiful girl involved in a mad, weird jumble of mystery and danger*

NeSmith & Associates

# Headline MURDERS

By James Perley Hughes

**H**HEY there—what's the matter?" The red lights had winked out. Then came a flash of green. The shrill of traffic officers' whistles sounded up and down the congested length of Fifth Avenue. Clouds of vapor mounted from thousands of automobiles as engines were raced.

"Come on—come on!"

The traffic policeman in the center of 42nd Street gestured violently to the liveried chauffeur of a foreign-made car.

A sharp, commanding note from his whistle. Still the limousine did not move. Green-painted taxicabs on either side had glided forward, leaving the big machine holding up a line of angry drivers. In one was a gaunt, tall man of exotic type. His hollow eyes,

sunken cheeks and parchment-tone cheek blazoned him a Latin, but he had about him a Velasquez-like bearing that had in it the hint of nobility. In the second green cab was a huddled figure of a little man who seemed to shrink down until he was all but squatting on the floor.

"Gone to sleep, hey?"

The traffic officer was striding angrily toward the motionless limousine. The chauffeur was slumped against the wheel, as though in the depths of slumber.

The driver of a double-decked bus profanely twisted his wheel to go around the stalled vehicle. A young man with a mop of curly brown hair and heavily lensed glasses was sitting on the side next to the motionless limousine. With bored curiosity he looked down into



# COMPLETE MYSTERY LOVERS' NOVEL



Tower Studios

the interior of the richly appointed car. An exclamation, and stork-like legs uncoupled and he started down the narrow steps leading to the rear platform.

AS he reached the lower deck, the young man glimpsed a girl in the limousine. Her terror-filled eyes met his, seemingly beseeching his aid. He saw her glance toward the oncoming policeman. Then, the door on the opposite side of the car was swiftly opened, and a slender figure leaped out and dashed for the sidewalk.

"Gee—some peach," the young man muttered.

Meantime, the traffic officer had reached the limousine's side. He grasped the chauffeur's shoulder and shook it roughly. Then his jaw dropped and a grimace of bewilderment swept his handsome Irish face.

"Say, mister, somebody's—"

His words were addressed to a top-hatted, distinguished appearing man riding in the rear of the limousine. He, like his chauffeur, appeared to be sunk in a profound sleep, although a monocle was still held in his right eye.

"Say, gov'nor, somebody's— Gosh! They're both dead!"

A whistle was snapped to the officer's lips and a long, shrill blast brought the swiftly moving traffic to a grinding stop. A series of calls and several other police rushed to his side. A hurried conference and an empty taxicab was summoned from the line of impatiently awaiting cars and backed around until it was in front of the limousine. A tow rope was attached and the cab quarter-circled into Forty-second Street, a policeman standing on the left-hand running board of the limousine to manipulate its steering wheel.

THE taxicab and limousine were turning off the avenue when the young man made a flying leap that landed him on the limousine's running board. He peered into the interior. The silk-hatted figure on the rear seat lolled grotesquely as the car swept around. The monocle dropped from his sightless eye and dangled at the end of a black ribbon.

"Cripes and complications," the words came in half a whistle.

"Hey, youse, get off that running board," bawled a policeman riding in the taxicab ahead. "Who do you think you are?"

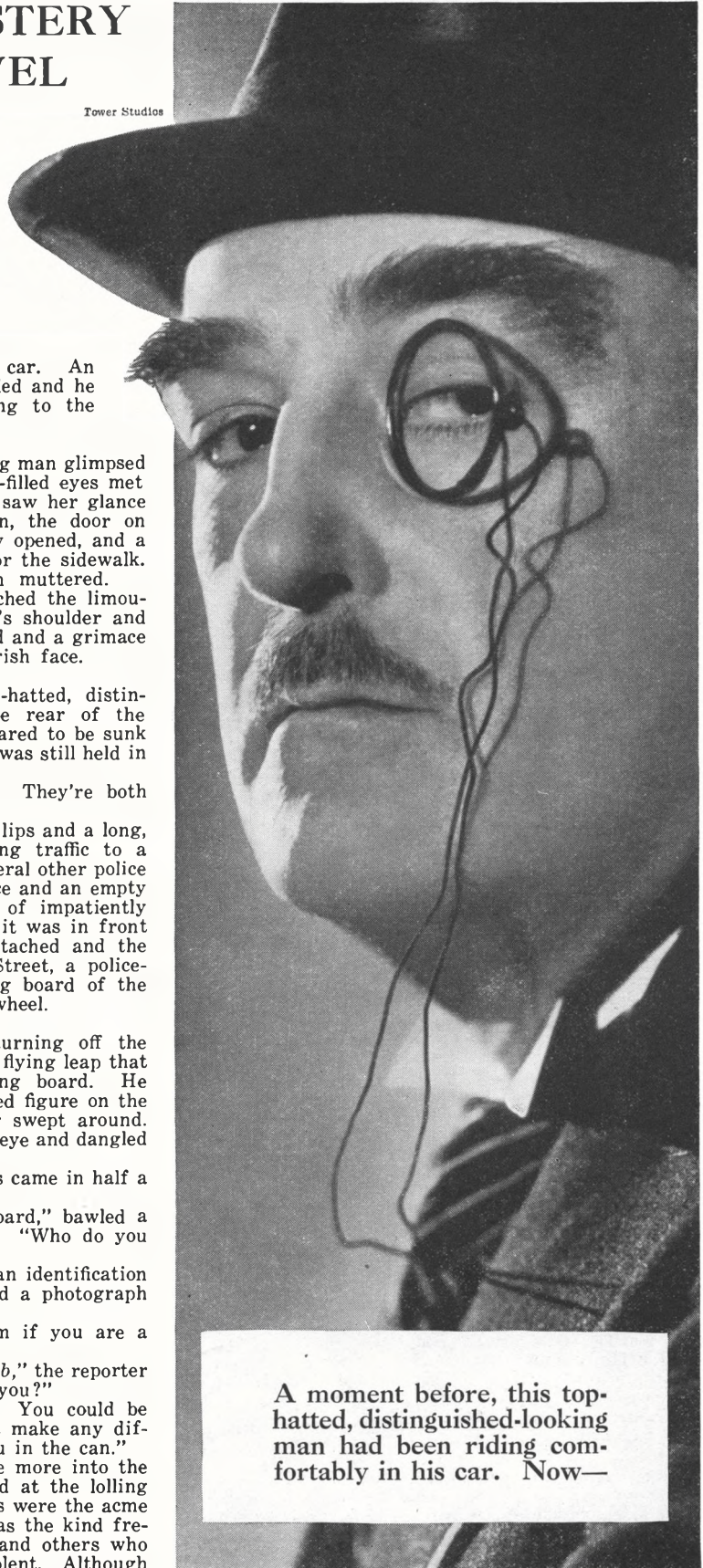
A flip of a small, leather wallet and an identification card was held aloft. Upon it appeared a photograph of the bearer.

"I don't give two whoops in Harlem if you are a reporter," bawled the officer, "get off."

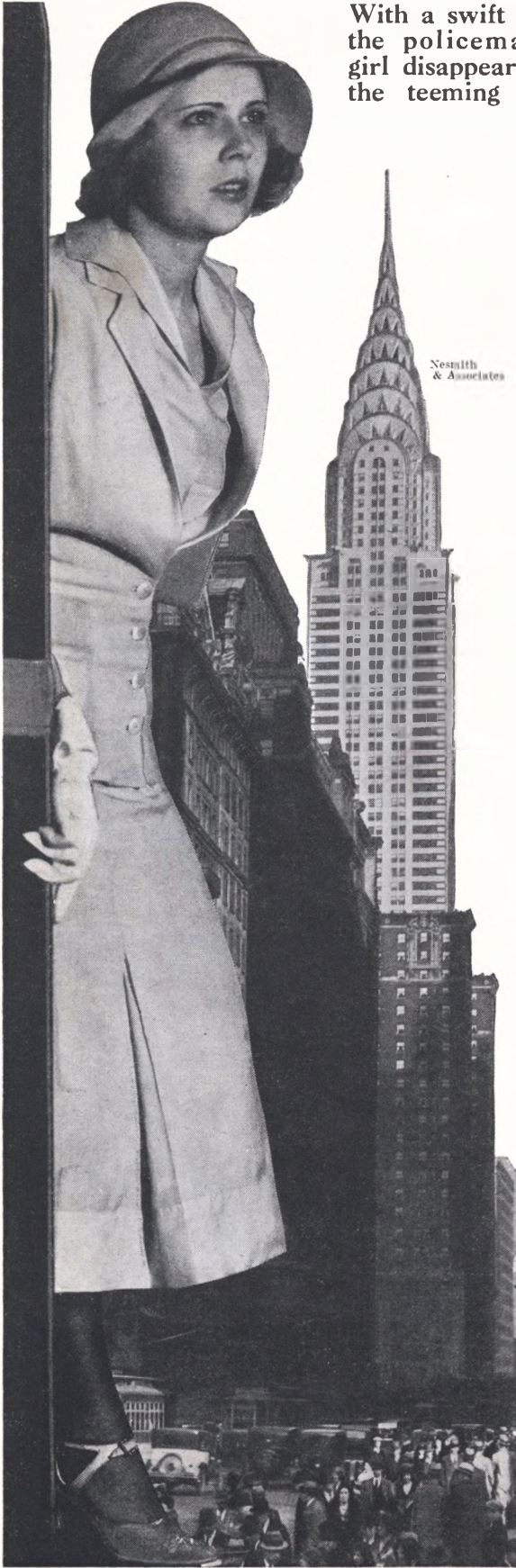
"I'm Kerney—Jack Kerney of *The Tab*," the reporter yipped. "You know who I am—don't you?"

"No, I don't—I don't even suspect. You could be Shakespeare or Hearst and it wouldn't make any difference—get off that car or I'll toss you in the can."

Jack Kerney of *The Tab* peered once more into the richly appointed limousine. He glanced at the lolling figure. Although the dead man's clothes were the acme of the tailor's art, he noted the vest was the kind frequently worn by detectives, gangsters and others who have reason to fear death, swift and violent. Although



A moment before, this top-hatted, distinguished-looking man had been riding comfortably in his car. Now—



With a swift look at the policeman, the girl disappeared into the teeming crowd.

of bullet-proof material, it had not saved its wearer's life. From one pocket protruded the grip of a small automatic pistol. "Get off that!"

THE policeman had stepped from the slowly moving taxicab and was reaching for Jack Kerney. With a flip, the young man swung down and then raced to where another cab was waiting at the curb.

"Follow that Rolls," he whispered to the driver. "It's going over to the precinct station; and stick around until I'm through. I'm from *The Tab*—savvy."

"Sure—I savvy."

The reporter's heavily lensed spectacles were fixed on the limousine rolling smoothly ahead of them. He was stirring his active brain trying desperately to remember.

The dead man ahead was a personage of distinction. Everything pointed to that. His limousine was marked with a coat-of-arms. He wore a silk hat, spats and a monocle, but—a bullet-proof vest and tiny automatic—who was he? Then there was that girl with a face like a picture on a magazine cover.

"Gosh, he's either a prince or a bootlegger," the young man told himself.

The limousine had stopped before a precinct police station and a dozen uniformed men clustered around it, repelling the swiftly gathering crowd.

Hurried summons was sent for a coroner's physician. Jack dashed into the booking desk. The lieutenant in charge was telephoning his report to headquarters.

"Some big bloke. Looks like a king or a duke."

"Cripes, that's the bird. I knew he—"

Jack Kerney leaped for one of the public telephones decorating the wall of the precinct station. The sound-proof doors swung to and the sergeant standing in front of the booking desk could see the young man barking frantically into the transmitter. The lieutenant's words had stirred Jack Kerney's memory and he knew he had a story that would stop the presses!

And, though a pretty face added flavor to any tragedy, the reporter made a sudden resolution to make no mention of the girl, whose fear-filled eyes had looked so beseechingly into his.

ALTHOUGH he was a thoroughly seasoned reporter, Jack Kerney could not keep the tremor from his voice when he heard the crisp tones of Allison, *The Tab's* city editor, answer the telephone.

"Kerney talking," he began, trying to appear nonchalant. "Here's a little item that might tickle the customers. You remember the Duke of Sunderland?"

"Sure—what's happened to him?"

"Chief—he's been murdered!" Kerney almost belloved. "He was plugged right through the bean in Fifth Avenue, right in the middle of traffic."

Jack Kerney stopped as he heard Allison bellow a command to some one in the local room. Then his voice came over the wire again. It was cool and incisive. That was why Allison was a city editor and not a reporter. The bigger the story, the cooler he became, and he was now registering about ten below zero.

"I'm putting Long on this yarn," Kerney heard him say. "Shoot the works. Give him enough for a flash and then talk to Murphy with the details. Who bumped the duke off?"

"I don't know."

"Then find out. And get a photograph of the murderer if our men can't. Ryan and Baum are on their way with the cameras. Who's the woman."

"I—I don't know."

"Find out, and get her mug, too."

"You know me, chief." Jack stalled, as a picture of blue eyes came before him. "You know me."

"To my sorrow; here's Long."

In another moment, Kerney was talking to *The Tab's* star rewrite man.

**HENRY LONG** was a genius, unknown except in the constricted circle of his profession. He had the gift of taking the most insignificant bit of news and making it appear of historical importance, without disturbing a single fact.

"Shoot!" Henry Long had clamped the receiver to his ear and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"The Duke of Sunderland was murdered at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue this morning at 10:35 o'clock while thousands of onlookers were gazing inquiringly at his sumptuous, crested limousine and—"

"Say listen, I'm writing this story," Henry Long snapped. "Give me the facts and don't get literary with me. Who bumped this bird off?"

"I don't know. Nobody does," Jack snarled. He had been thinking of a smashing lead for that story.

"Mysterious murderer does in duke," he heard Long muttering to himself, speaking in headlines, as was his habit.

Then came the buzz of his typewriter, and Kerney knew another masterpiece was being born.

"His chauffeur was killed at the same time," Jack added, without waiting for Long's question.

"What's name?"

"I don't know."

"Call him Hobbs in the first edition," Long barked. "Give me a flash as soon as you get the real moniker. Go on—wacha waiting for?"

"The Duke's limousine was halted by traffic light at Forty-second Street and the Avenue. When the green came on, the machine didn't move. Patrolman Eugene Monohan came up and found both chauffeur and the Duke dead. He called a taxi—"

"Where did the shots come from?"

"I don't know, I—"

"Say, for cripes sake, have you got a story or haven't you? I'm paid to do rewrite, not fiction."

"There were two Green cabs on either side of the Rolls-Royce—"

"Get their numbers? We can have them looked up—"

"The police didn't notice them. I saw them from the top of the bus I was riding. One had a gink that looked like a Greek or a Russian."

"Distinguished looking foreigner?" suggested Long.

"All right—go on."

"They towed the car to the precinct station," Kerney continued, "where a coroner's physician was summoned. Inspector Hayes and Sergeant Holohan of the homicide squad were put on the case."

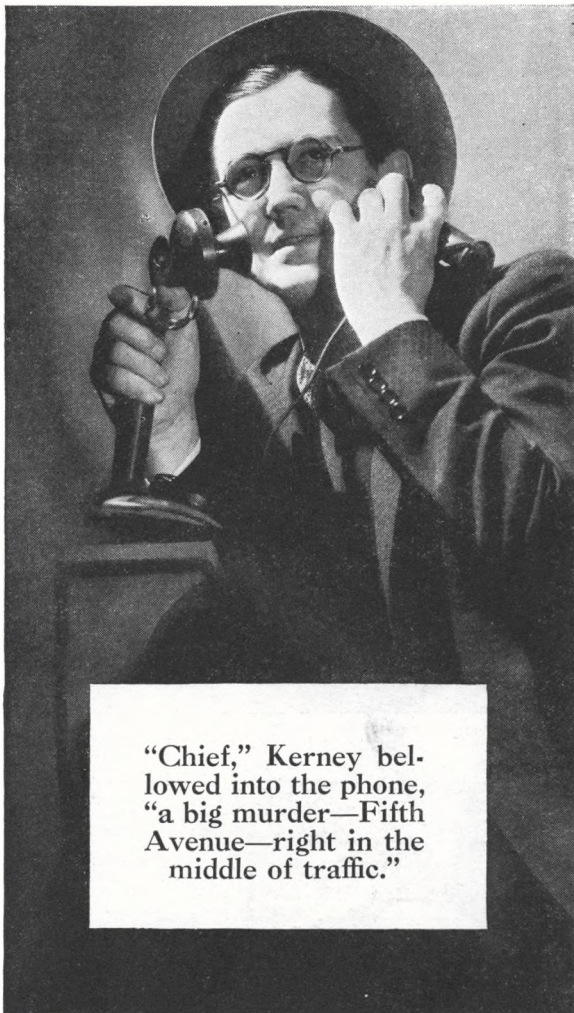
"That's a break for the murderer," mumbled Long, as his typewriter buzzed with: "The keenest sleuths from headquarters have been detailed on this baffling mystery, but Inspector Maurice Hayes confidently predicts that an arrest will be made within a few hours." Then into the transmitter, "Go on, give me the dope. What motive lies behind the murder?"

"I don't know, the—"

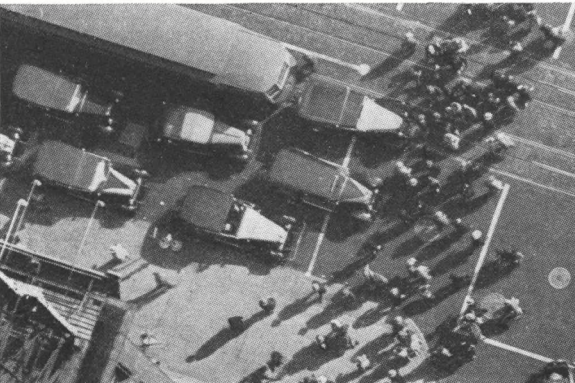
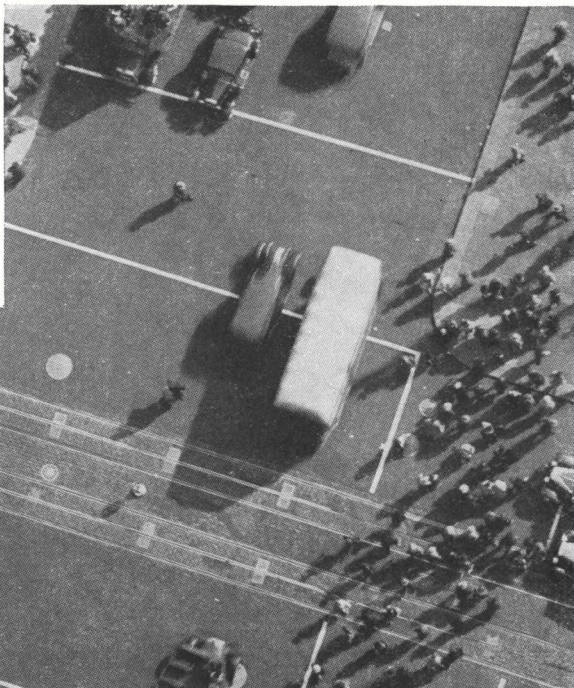
"Bellowing Tom Cats—what do you know?" Kerney heard him bawling.

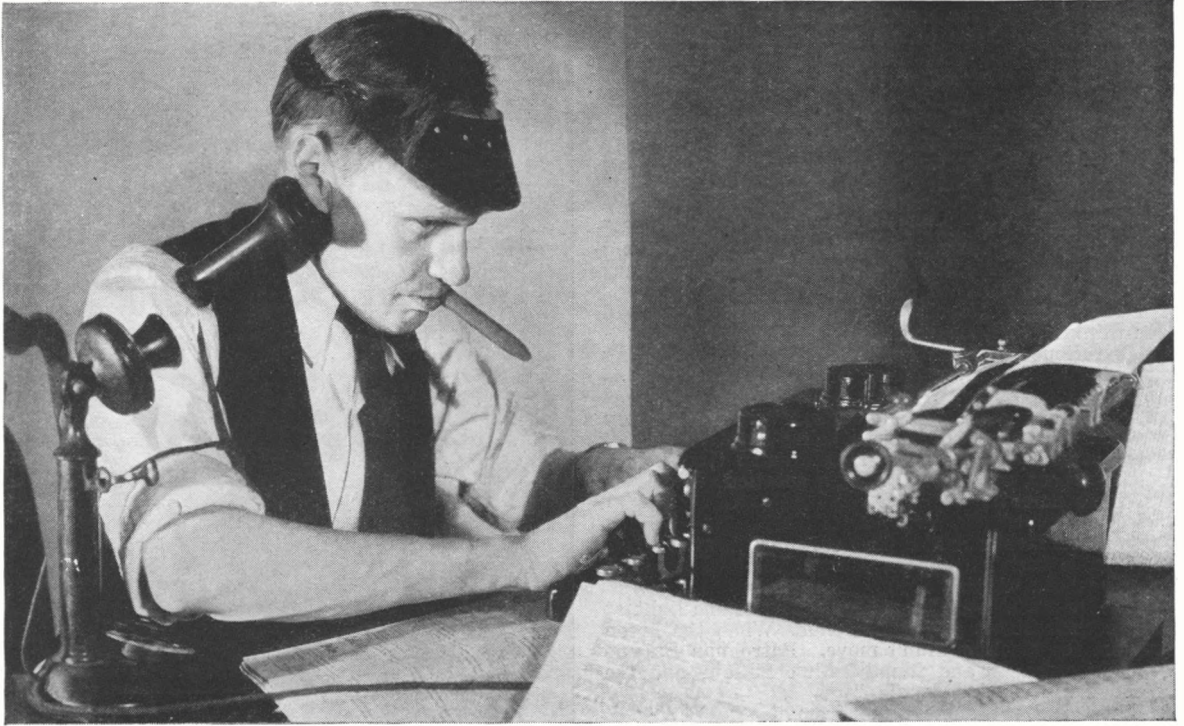
"Nobody knows as much about it as I do," Jack yelled into the transmitter, "and if you don't hump yourself, a lot of these penny rags that call themselves news-

Nesmith & Associates



"Chief," Kerney bel-  
lowed into the phone,  
"a big murder—Fifth  
Avenue—right in the  
middle of traffic."





"Say, I'm writing this yarn," snapped Long. "You give me the facts, that's all." Little did he realize the story he would have had had Kerney told him of *the girl!*

papers will be beating us to the street. I haven't got it sewed up and buried."

"Can the argument and shoot the story," Long spoke back into his own phone. "Who were the witnesses of this mysterious and sinister tragedy which is already baffling the best minds?"

Henry was talking as he wrote.

"I DON'T know. Nobody saw it as far as the police can find out. It was right in sight of several thousand people; yet—"

"I getcha. As thousands stared wonderingly, the hand of fate was writing the name of Henry, Duke of Sunderland, upon the book of those who die by violence, while Hobbs, his faithful servitor, likewise paid with his life for a loyalty that—"

"That's right, fluff it up and I'll get you some more dope," called Kerney. "Put Murphy on the line and I'll keep it open on this end. I'll have some red hot details in—"

"You'd better," barked Long. "Here's Murph now." Telling the second rewrite man to hold the line, Jack Kerney burst from the telephone booth and dashed out to where the police were battling with a constantly swelling crowd about the limousine.

The reporter's quick eyes recognized representatives of rival newspapers, who had already reached the scene. He saw one making for his telephone. The other booth was already occupied. Then he caught a glimpse of Barney Ryan, one of *The Tab's* staff photographers. He had just put a pair of freshly exposed plate-holders back into his carrying case.

"Say, Barney," Jack called, "hold this phone for me, will you? Murphy's on the other end. Tell him snappy stories until I get back."

Ryan knew his work. He neatly shouldered a reporter from one of the afternoon papers out of the way and took up the receiver Kerney had left hanging.



# HEADLINE MURDERS



"Ryan talking," he said into the transmitter, "Say, Murphy—did you ever hear the story about the two Scotchmen—"

JACK Kerney did not wait for the remainder of the aged anecdote. He dashed for the sidewalk. The biggest story that had broken in New York since the Rothstein murder was in his hands. The Duke of Sunderland was one of the most famous figures in the British nobility. There had been strange, dark tales concerning this nobleman. He had

armored—yes, to all intents, it was an armored car!

He went around to the other side. No glass was shattered; but the window on the duke's side had been lowered because of the heat of the day. Jack Kerney's eyes were held on the window for a moment. From it dangled a bit of narrow black ribbon, held together by a crested, jeweled clasp. A few minutes ago, an eye-glass had been attached to that ribbon. Now it was gone!

Some one had stolen the duke's monocle since the arrival of the limousine in front of the police station.

As Jack Kerney looked wildly around, he met the gaze of a tall, dark complexioned man, whose hollow eyes and sunken cheeks made him look like a Velasquez portrait endowed with life. In an instant a flash of recognition came to the reporter and he started toward that unusual figure, but the man turned and was lost in the press of the crowd.

"Gosh," the reporter muttered, "this is going to be some little story or I don't know my groceries."

Then he glimpsed two frightened blue eyes on the other side of the circle of spectators. He started violently. What the devil was she doing here?

Kerney strode quickly to where she was standing. She looked up fearfully as he touched her arm.

"I want to talk to you," he whispered. "Come over here where they won't hear us."

"What's your name?" he asked.

"I didn't do it; honestly I didn't," the blue eyes were looking beseechingly into his.

"What's your name?" he pressed.

"Mazie Lawrence. Please don't arrest me. I didn't do it. I didn't have any reason to. He told me we might have trouble and for me to look out, but I didn't—"

"What were you doing

**Dumfounded, Kerney bent over the dead figure of the man who had come to tell them what he knew.**



come to America but a few weeks before, bringing his valet, chauffeur and limousine with him. Now he was murdered under circumstances to which even the inventive mind of Henry Long, the rewrite man, could not add a single effective detail.

He had reached the side of the limousine. A start, as he noted that the dead chauffeur was also equipped with a bullet-proof vest.

The sides of the car were of heavy material, almost

in the duke's car?" he demanded, as she hesitated, looking around with fear-filled eyes.

"I was going with him to meet a man—downtown—a man he had an appointment with," she answered, reluctantly. "Then when we stopped, something hit him—and something hit Gibson, the chauffeur. I was the only one left alive and the police were coming. He told me to run if anything happened, and I did."

A thin smile came to Kerney's lips as she spoke.

"You—you don't believe me," she stammered.  
"Listen, Mazie, if that's your name," he looked deep into the upturned blue eyes, "you probably had a good reason for killing him. I'll give you that much of a break. You may not have done the actual shooting, yourself, but—"

"I didn't have anything to do with it," she protested.

"Maybe you didn't," he conceded. "Now, listen, sister, I said I'd give you a break. I will. But you've got to give me one. I've got to hustle to get the rest of this story into *The Tab*. I'm a reporter, not a detective. Wait for me at the Commodore—you can tell me a lot. I'll be back in a minute."

"I'll wait as long as you want," Mazie said, softly. Jack Kerney looked sharply through his heavily lensed glasses. The blue eyes were guileless. Then he turned to dash into the police station to question Inspector Hayes, who had arrived to take over the inquiry.

"THERE were two murderers—"

The local staff of *The Tab* was turning flip-flops over the greatest sensation of the year. Photographs were dragged from the office morgue, other rewrite men were pounding out reams of history concerning the strange history of Henry, Duke of Sunderland, whom death had overtaken in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare. Meantime Jack Kerney was on the firing line telephoning in the details as rapidly as possible.

"They were in Green cabs," he went on, almost breathlessly, "and were on either side of the limousine. Both men were killed by bullets from small automatic pistols, evidently equipped with silencers. In each case, the wound was in the back of the head."

"Wounds fatal?" Long inquired, soberly.

"Say, quit your kidding—this is a real story."

"I never write anything else. Have they made a pinch yet?"

"Naw! And say," Jack went on, "get this. The duke's monocle has been smooched. That's exclusive. He had it in his eye when they croaked him, and then somebody gloomed it while I was in giving you the first flash. It was gone when I came out."

"Naughty—naughty," gibed the rewrite man, "I suppose that is a red-hot clue. From that, you and Inspector Hayes should be able to deduct the motive and arrest the murderer in time for the last street edition. Hadn't I better hold it out until you make the pinch?"

"Boy, Gosh, Henry! Say, there may be something in that. Hold it out; I've got a hunch."

AS Jack Kerney winged his way out to where the girl would be waiting, he encountered a stocky little man who was pacing up and down the main room of the precinct station, wringing his hands and muttering to himself. After him walked several reporters shooting question after question. A glance out the door. The limousine had been taken away and Jack Kerney saw the motor ambulance of a prominent undertaking establishment getting under way. Then he turned his attention to the disturbed little man.

"Who's this bird?" he asked of Charlie Concannon, a reporter for *The Page*, *The Tab's* fiercest rival.

"Higgs—the duke's valet. Hayes has been giving him the works," the other answered.

"Hi knew it—Hi knew it," the little man kept mumbling as the reporters closed around.

"Knew what?" Concannon demanded.

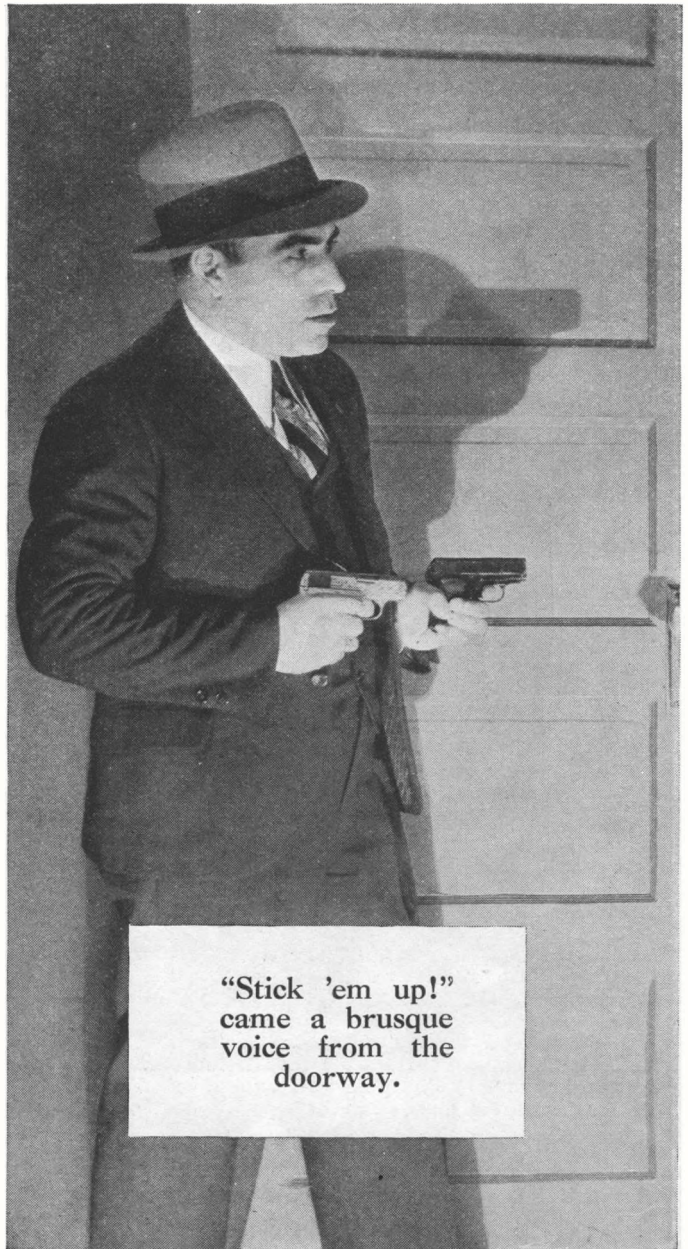
"That Hi'd be suspected," blurted Higgs, "'E says it's hup to me to prove my hinnocence. 'E thinks hi killed 'Is Graice."

"Nuts!" Concannon rasped. "You ain't in the can, are you?"

"But Hi sai—"

"Who's the woman?" Concannon demanded, edging closer.

"'Is Graice never 'ad a woman but there was a—"



"Stick 'em up!"  
came a brusque  
voice from the  
doorway.

"Then who are his enemies?" Jack Kerney started laying down a barrage of his own. He had promised to give Mazie Lawrence a break. He could not if the other papers heard of her.

"Henemy! 'E 'adn't hany."

"Just wore a bullet-proof vest to keep out the July chill?" snapped the reporters. "Why did he carry a gat?"

"'Cause, sirs—'E 'ad 'eard of your Hamerican gangsters and was hafraid of 'em, you know. We all was. That's why we went armed."

A commotion among the reporters surrounding Higgs, the valet. Then they began sliding for the public telephones nearby. A new feature had developed in the tale of the Duke of Sunderland. He wore a bullet-proof vest and carried arms. His servants were likewise accoutred. He was afraid of American gangsters. Charles Concannon was one of the last to hang on, hurling his questions at the shrinking valet.

"What made him afraid of gangsters?" he barked.

"'E 'ad warning, sir."

"Who from?" hissed Jack Kerney.



"I'd give anything for a photograph of him with those guns," Kerney muttered to the startled Fenton.

"Look—they've found it, Higgsy," he said. "Dog-gone-it, that kills that feature. There's the monocle you were looking for."

Eagerly the man took up the glass. As he held it to the light, Jack Kerney could see the man's hand tremble. A sputtered oath and he dropped it, leaving it dangling at the end of the narrow, black ribbon.

"That's not 'Is Graice's glawss," said Higgs, the valet, "Hit's not 'is at all. G'blyme, hif 'Is Graice were alive, 'e'd give some one beans for that. 'E thought more of his glawss than hanything in the world. Used to wear hit to bed with 'im and all that sort of tosh—railyly."

"Stay here just a minute; I'll be right back," Jack Kerney whispered, hoarsely, as he dashed for the nearest telephone.

"WELL, what's the alibi?" snarled Allison, *The Tab's* city editor, as Jack Kerney's excited voice sounded in his ear.

"Alibi!"

"That's what I said," the editor snapped. "Where were you sleeping when this gang threat against the duke was announced along with the fact that he carried a gat and wore a bullet-proof vest."

Jack Kerney could feel the floor sinking from beneath his feet. His mind had been so centered on the

monocle that he had forgotten completely to shoot in those details.

"After you've laughed that off, I have a couple of simple truths to tell you."

"But listen, chief, that monocle gag is the red hot low down. If we can hold it out—"

"You seem to be holding out all the news, but the other sheets are printing a few facts," Allison broke in with bitter sarcasm. "Another head spin like that and you're going to make a one-point landing on your nose, right on the hard, hard pavement in front of *The Tab* office. Get me?"

"Yes, boss, but listen—"

"I have been—for an hour and you haven't told me a thing."

"The dope is—"

Then Jack Kerney blurted out the discovery of the new monocle and its substitution for the one stolen from the body of the Duke of Sunderland. To the reporter's imaginative mind, the revelation told that the murderers of the British nobleman were still close to his lifeless body. The police and representatives of the district attorney's office were chasing far-flung clues, but he—

"I've got a hunch, boss—" Jack began in conclusion.

"So have I," snapped the city editor. "Mine is that there's going to be a new name on the pay roll next week, where once sparkled the distinguished cognomen of John F. Kerney."

Jack gulped, as he visioned the purport of his chief's words. He was threatened with being fired. He had permitted his enthusiasm over the missing monocle to grow until he had forgotten all about the bullet-proof vest and pistol carried by the murdered nobleman.

"Hi don't know—just a warning, you know."

Charlie Concannon was racing for a telephone. Jack Kerney glanced from right to left. For a moment he was alone with the duke's valet. Now was his chance.

"WHO stole the duke's monocle?" he demanded, accusingly.

The valet's pale face turned a slightly greenish tinge, and his bulbous blue eyes popped out until they resembled a snail's.

"'Is Graice's glawss stolen?" he gasped. "Hai sai, you can't mean hit? Hi came 'ere, 'specially to get hit, sir. Railyly, hit's frightfully himportant that hit hisn't lost."

"Perhaps I made a mistake," Jack answered, "Let's go to where they have taken the body. Maybe we'll find it."

Kerney wanted to get Higgs away from the other reporters. He had sensed that he was on a red hot trail and he was ready to play his hunch to the limit. Slipping out the door, Jack hailed the cab that had been waiting for him, its meter clicking all the time.

"Take us to the stiff shop." He barked to the chauffeur.

"We're going to the mortuary chambers where the duke is to lie in state—an undertaker's," he explained to the valet.

A few minutes later, Gerald Higgs stood beside the body of his former employer. The duke had not been prepared for burial and was dressed as he had been taken from his limousine. As Jack Kerney looked down upon the still figure, an exclamation sprang to his lips. About the man's neck was a narrow, black ribbon and attached to it was a monocle.



# HEADLINE MURDERS



Extra editions of the opposition were displaying this discovery in heavy type and Allison read a few selections over the telephone for his benefit.

"That's all apple sauce, boss," Kerney placated in his most soothing voice, "just hooey. Now this monacle thing—if we can hold it out a little longer and—"

"Hold it out! We'll throw it out. You'd better get down to work on this yarn. If you hadn't beaten the world on the break, I'd call you in now and set you to writing brevities. Get busy and show some speed."

The receiver was snapped into place and Jack Kerney returned to where Gerald Higgs still lingered beside the body of the man he had served.

"Hits all the fault of that ruddy monacle," the man babbled, as Kerney steered him into a small room opening from the reception hall, "Hi told 'Is Graice thet, time and gain. 'Your Ludship will come to no good hend with that bally thing,' Hi said to 'im. An' now 'ave a look."

Jack Kerney felt as though his ears were standing up like a police dog's.

"Why the bullet-proof vests and automatics?" he pressed. "Did the monacle have anything to do with them?"

"Well, rawther. That was the cause of all 'Is Graice's trouble. Some foreign chap wanted the ruddy eyeglawss and 'e gave the duke a bit of a scare. Hi'm a telling ye. Looked a bit murderous even hif he was as polite as a lord chamberlain. 'Ollow-eyed and ghostly-like, you know—looked like a blinking Hindian."

Jack Kerney all but stepped out of his shoes. Before him came the vision of the man with a Velasquez face and the air of a Spanish grandee.

"Then 'Is Graice got a letter," Higgs went on. "Hi ony got a kinda flash of it over 'Is Graice's shoulder—and then he burned the ruddy thing and got those bullet-proof weskits and pistols."

Leaping into his taxicab, shortly after leaving Higgs, Jack Kerney was rushed to the Commodore Hotel. He glanced around the lobby. No sign of the girl.

"Say," he asked of a bellboy loitering near the guests' chairs, "did you see anything of a blonde girl hanging around here? She had on a light canary-colored dress and—"

"I did see a girl in yellow," the boy interrupted, "she was hanging around here for a while but went off with a tall guy that looked like a 'Gyptian mummy come to life."

Jack Kerney's jaw dropped and his heavily spectacled eyes took on a look of consternation. If any two persons knew who had killed the Duke of Sunderland, the girl and the tall, dark man were the ones. In all probability they were the murderers!

He climbed back into his taxi once more and started for *The Tab* office. For the moment his thoughts were far more concentrated on the past, present and future of Mazie Lawrence than on the mystery surrounding the death of the Duke of Sunderland.

Presses were roaring when Jack Kerney reached *The Tab* office. A few minutes later the final day edition was on the streets and the missing monacle of a murdered British nobleman had taken its place in crime's hall of fame. It was an exclusive feature and *The Tab* smeared it over several columns.

**I**N the editorial rooms, the day staff was discussing its efforts with frequent self-applause, while the night force got into action preparing fresh sensations for the morning editions. Amongst those present was Jack Kerney. He still had made no mention of the girl's name.

"I have a hunch," he told Allison, the day city editor, "that when we find the bird who has that monacle, we'll have the murderer."

"You've told me your hunch, now I'll tell you mine,"



Chico knew he was through, but he was determined to fight it out.

the chief of the news staff replied. "You get your hands on him and I have a premonition that you'll cop a bonus next pay day."

An office boy entered the glassed-in office where Jack Kerney and his boss were talking.

"There's a yellar-haired dame outside who wants to see the guy that's writing this stuff about the duke's monacle," he announced; "and I don't know whether she means the gink in the office that fans the typewriter or the bird outside that legs the news."

"For Cripes sake, don't let her get away!" Jack Kerney was on his feet.

"And another bozo named Hilton Moseley," the boy went on, "who says that he's got the duke's eye-glass and wants to know what to do with it."

"Cripes and complications," swore the reporter.

Mazie Lawrence had not waited for him, but she had hunted him up at the office. Perhaps she had tired of being a fugitive and wanted to surrender. Maybe she wanted to give him the story and ask his advice. For a flashing instant, he wondered how he would explain to Allison his reasons for holding out all mention of the girl from the time he saw her in the duke's limousine until this strange appearance.

Jack's stork-like legs carried him two jumps ahead of the office boy to the reception room.

A frantic glance around. No one in sight. Both the man and the girl had departed. Why? Where? Who? Kerney swallowed hard and then gasped.

"Look!"

The office boy was pointing to a lumpy figure upon the floor. None but the dead could sprawl in such a position. A tiny, dark stream had started across the linoleum.

Jack Kerney leaped over the low railing dividing the reception room from the desk and chair of the attendant in charge. In another moment he was bending over the lifeless body. Bloodless hands still gripped a bit of narrow black ribbon, the string which had held the monacle of the Duke of Sunderland.

A hurried glance, and Jack Kerney was on his feet in another second.

"Tell the boss to stop the press. Get Harry Long! Shake a leg there, Chick, for the love of tripe! What a break—Gee—"





# HEADLINE MURDERS



Jack Kerney's long, thin legs were sweeping him toward the doorway leading into the public hall.

"But where—where—"

"I'm going to grab the guy or the girl who's got the duke's monocle," Jack yipped, as he whizzed down the hall.

Night had come and only one elevator was operating in *The Tab* building. A start of joy as Kerney noted the car had stopped at that floor and the door was open. If the murderer had gone down, Oscar, the operator, would at least give a description of the man and—

"Gosh!"

Jack Kerney was staring down at the upturned face

out and he whizzed for the steps. Down, down, down—three at a time—

"Gwuph!"

The wind was almost knocked out of Jack Kerney's body as he collided with the elephantine figure of a policeman in uniform.

"Ah—and I've caught you, red handed," the officer's beefy hand grasped Kerney's coat collar with a vise-like grip. "They said there was something doing up here. So you are Chico, the Wasp—huh?"

"Quit your kidding, officer—I'm Kerney of *The Tab*, and—"

"Thin show yer card, me boy."

Jack was not slow in producing his duly authenticated police card with photograph attached. Then he turned upon the thoroughly discomfited policeman savagely.

"Where did you get this dope about Chico, the Wasp?" he demanded.

"Why, Nick, the bus-boy at Blum's, and Moe, who's got the newsstand—"

"Come on, officer, there's a chance for you to win a sergeant's stripes and me to get a bonus."

A thorough canvass of the neighborhood took place, but the result was nothing. Nick, the bus-boy, had mentioned the name of Chico, the Wasp, but he knew less than nothing when Jack Kerney started to question him. Moe, the newsstand owner, was even more clamlike.

They returned chagrined to the editorial rooms of *The Tab* to find them humming with excitement. Oscar, the elevator man, had revived sufficiently to describe a small, swart man, whose English was decidedly foreign. He had come up on the first trip after the dead man and—a blonde girl in a light, yellow dress had come up at the same time.

"It looks as though that gang theory wasn't all apple sauce," Allison, the day city editor, turned to Jack Kerney.

"And I suppose the monocle had nothing to do with it," the young man retorted. "Believe me, chief, the gang element may be there, but it's secondary."

"If we only know who that man was that was murdered—right in our own office," Allison broke in, "and who that blonde is."

He had grudgingly surrendered his desk to the night city editor, who was now directing the hunt. Henry Long had been held over from the day shift and was making his typewriter play harmonics as he ground out a saffron tale. The presses were humming with a flash edition, and new details would be added as fast as they could be written. Once more Kerney and his chief were in the little glassed-in office, but Clarence Dillon, the night editor, was enthroned.

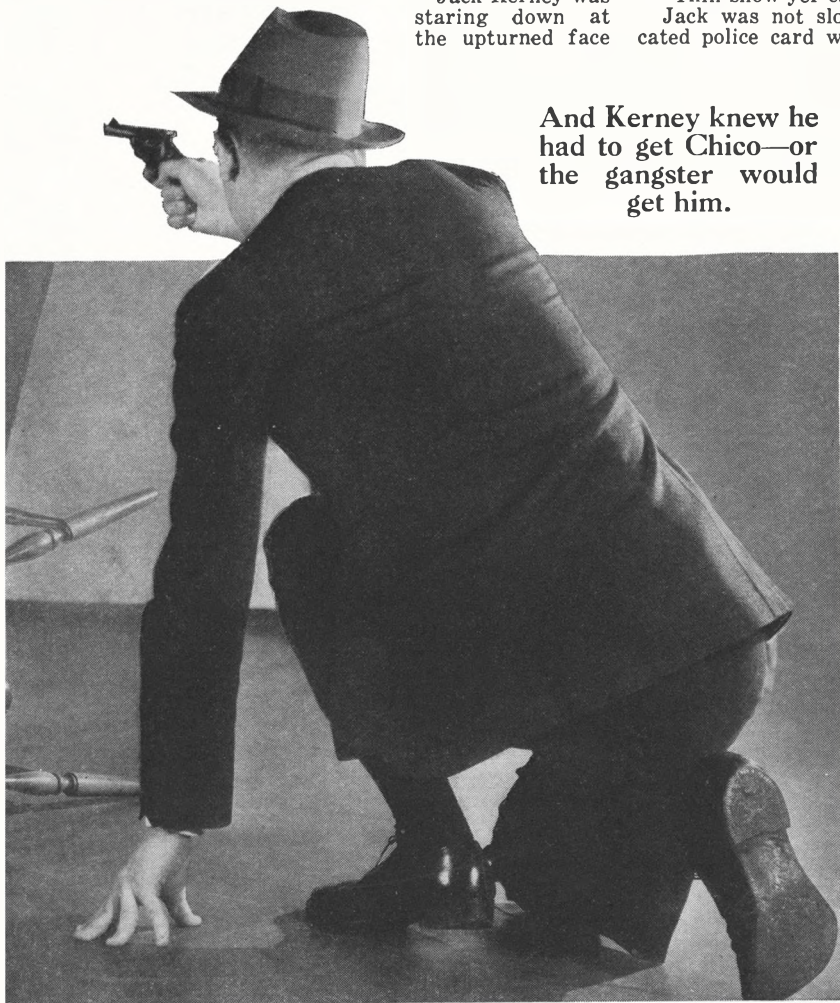
"We'll find out after that edition hits the street," Kerney replied, "There's always—"

The telephone buzzed and Dillon responded.

"City desk speaking," he announced in collected tones.

(Please turn to page 72)

And Kerney knew he had to get Chico—or the gangster would get him.



of the elevator attendant. The man was writhing and from his head came a crimson trickle. He was not dead, but—

"Oscar! For the love of Pete—Oscar—" Jack shouted.

A groan and muttered words, hardly distinguishable. A yell that brought scurrying feet from the editorial rooms and Allison, the city editor, charged in the lead of his pack.

"Oscar—Oscar," Jack called. "Where—"

"That—that way," the man gestured toward the stairs leading to the street several floors below. "Girl—a blonde—and—"

Kerney waited no longer. His attenuated legs reached

# TOMATOES

## Rise to FAME



**C**ANNED tomatoes — fancy, choice or standard—tomato pulp, tomato paste, and tomato puree, catsup, chili sauce, tomato soup and tomato sauce, not to mention baked beans, spaghetti, okra or sardines canned in tomato sauce. Every day of the year you doubtless include some one of these products in your bill of fare and during a large part of the season you partake of luscious, fresh, ripe tomatoes.

No less than 635 million pounds of tomatoes are put into cans annually in this country and no one knows how many more pounds of fresh tomatoes are grown in gardens for immediate use. Very easily this vegetable, which is really a fruit, takes the popularity prize in this country. And yet one hundred years ago it was virtually unheard of on American tables and even at a later date was looked upon with suspicion.

If any food staple could be called romantic, the tomato certainly deserves the adjective. Cradled in the region of the Andes in South America it was carried to Northern Africa at an early date and from that continent made its way across the Straits of Gibraltar or thereabouts to Spain. Here it won the favor that it still enjoys. From Spain it went to France, where owing to its supposed Moorish origin it gained the name of "pomme des Mores" — Moorish apple. But "pomme des Mores" sounds like "pomme d'amour"—just as asparagus suggests sparrow grass to some Americans; so by the time the tomato worked its way back to the New World it was definitely known as the love apple. That's what our grandmothers called it and because of the prejudice that always exists concerning a food with an entirely new flavor it was at first looked upon with suspicion. Or possibly it was felt that anything with so

By Anne Morton

*Within one hundred years, the maligned Love Apple has come to be one of the food staples of America.*

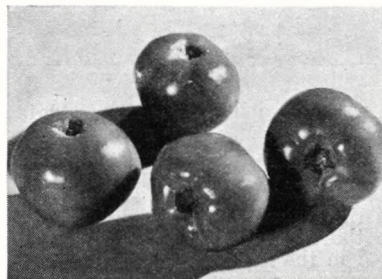
lovely a color as the tomato, coupled with so luscious a name as love apple, could not be entirely wholesome. At any rate the prejudice continued for a good many years, until finally the tomato won the fight against ignorance and hearsay. But it was not until 1830 that it was used to any considerable extent in this country. So there you are with a short short story of the tomato, a food staple that we could as hardly do without as salt and pepper, or bread and butter.

Everybody eats the tomato and many count it as their favorite vegetable, even though, strictly speaking, it is a great big berry. Within recent years the success of the tomato has been greatly stimulated by the findings of scientists who tell us that it is one of the most valuable of all vegetables on account of its high vitamin content. The low price of tomato products makes them one of the most valuable foods where strict economy is a household necessity.

Few foods have the faculty of combining with other less flavorful foods to such good advantage as the tomato. While inexpensive in itself, the tomato gives character and distinction to other inexpensive nourishing food such as rice, macaroni and spaghetti.

What is your favorite tomato recipe?

Think it over and then write out the recipe and send it to Anne Morton, care of the ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. The recipe may call for fresh tomatoes or any sort of canned tomato product. We will send you one dollar if your contribution is chosen as a winning recipe.



Fresh ripe tomatoes, delicious for salads, appetizers, or garnishing meat dishes, bring flavor to many menus.

# There's more Chicle in it ... that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA

CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

## Beech-Nut GUM

Makes the next smoke taste better

"And this line . . . shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette."  
"How do you figure that out?"  
"I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better."



## There is something NEW under the sun DIFFERENT DELIGHTFUL DELICIOUS

Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

# Beech-Nut CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.

# Dressing Up Your Home For Spring and Summer

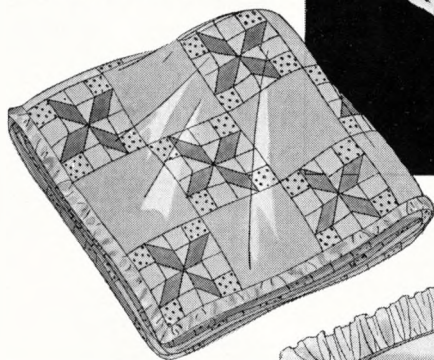
Here are bedspreads, curtains, rugs, quilts and other aids to a well-furnished house that you can make for your summer cottage or use to give new charm to your year-round home



My116—Make flowers of colored cellophane with the help of this circular.



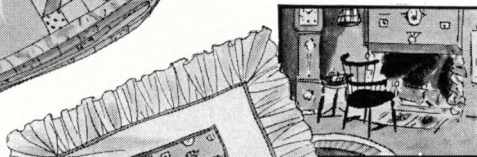
My117—Here you have clever mottoes to use in every room of the house.



My118—This contains patterns for three old-fashioned piece-work quilts.

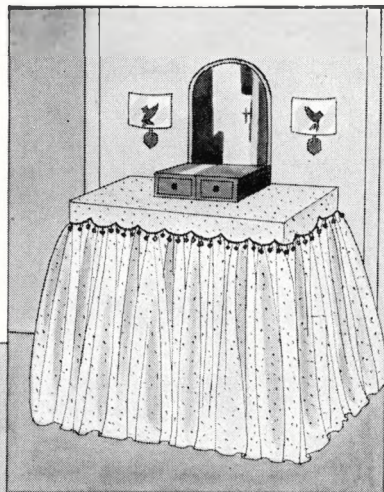


My119—Learn to make the new Italian table linen with net edges with the aid of this circular.



My120—Here's the new picture and pillow set made from chintz in Colonial design. Circular gives full directions.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars or twenty cents for all ten circulars. Be sure to indicate which circular you want by the number given beside the description.



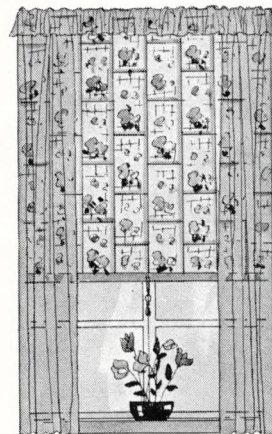
My121—Directions for draping three charming dressing tables are given here.

My122—Matching bedspread and curtains at left are explained in this circular.

My123—Here you have directions for making three old-fashioned rag rugs.



My124—Directions for making six crochet and bead-trimmed light and window-shade pulls.



My125—Use inexpensive paper shades and make harmonizing straight or tie-back curtains, described in this circular.

# Will the English House Win Out?

*It's off to an early start on the first returns, but the Colonial House seems a likely dark horse at this writing*

**V**OTES are pouring in from California to Maine. The four houses shown in recent months are being put to the test. Early returns in the race to decide which of the four types is most representative of American tastes give the English and French houses the edge. But the Colonial and Spanish houses are not far behind and it's still anybody's race.

Illinois and Michigan gave the lead to the English house in the first balloting; Wisconsin and Pennsylvania helped pile up the total for the French house along with surprise votes from California.

Rhode Island, California and Washington went strongly Spanish and Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Ohio were heavy supporters of the Colonial.

Next month we announce the final result of the voting and the resultant program of our home furnishing and building department.

The privacy of the English house appealed to a Jersey City voter; its compactness and hominess appealed to a young girl in Grand Rapids, Michigan, who will be married soon.

A Chicago voter finds that the Spanish house is truly her "castle in the air"; a Philadelphian who favors the French house approved its dignity and the Colonial house was picked by a voter in Holyoke, Massachusetts, because of its central hall and open stair; by a New Yorker, because she thought it would grace her country acreage.

Many voters who chose the Spanish house indicated that their choice was a general one—they liked it best but it didn't seem suitable to their location. Some who picked the French house, picked it as an ideal rather than as the house they really would build. But voters for the English and Colonial houses selected them as the houses they had dreamed of building and would build when the opportunity came.

From Connecticut where the inspiration for the Colonial house was found comes a letter from a Mr. Wilder of Hartford who says "the Colonial house is ideal and I should like very much to build it for myself. It seems only natural that I should prefer that since my ancestors were some of the original Wilders from England and have lived in New England for generations. It seems to me after looking at the other types of houses that only in the Colonial house can we find that perfect sense of light and airiness and simple space so desirable to true New Englanders."

From College Point, New York, comes a vote for the

English house with the comment: "This is the most sensible house for a family to build."

From the stamping grounds of Spanish American architecture—California—comes praise for the French House in particular from two Hollywood architects.

John R. Kibbey, former instructor in architectural design and history at Armour Institute in Chicago and designer of many motion picture celebrities' homes as well as California schools, clubs and hotels, writes:

"The four houses are excellently chosen for variety in room arrangement and exterior types of design to show very different possibilities in houses of approximately the same cost. The plans are all economically and conveniently arranged, the French House being, in my opinion, the best on both counts. Artistically, and regardless of personal preference for type or possible location, I also consider it the best exterior design.

"It is not for an architect to express or even feel a preference for English, French, Spanish, Colonial

or any one of the many types. All types are good if well done and well fitted into surroundings that are suitable to that particular style. The final result should be a pleasing picture in which background, surroundings and house seem fitted to one another.

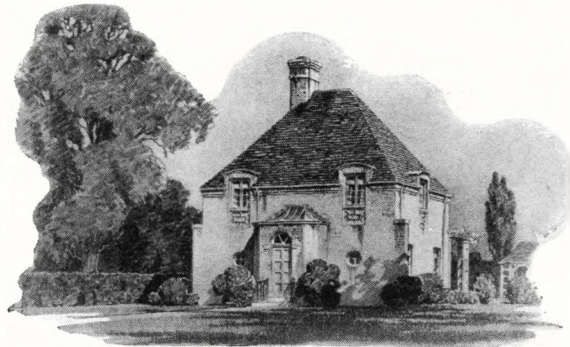
"In choosing a type, climate is a big factor. Eastern sections of the country with much rain, snow and dull weather call for formal designs, dark colors and conventional treatment. Western sections with much sunlight, warm weather and brilliant coloring in the country call for bright colored roofs, light-colored walls and unconventional, playful treatment in design.

"Fixed rules are impossible but, in general, countries that have great stretches of seemingly flat land, or slightly rolling country, call for low rambling buildings with flat or low pitched roofs. Mountainous countries call for building two stories, or part one story and part two stories, high, irregular in outline with steeper pitched roofs.

"The type, or style, will depend upon which one best fits into the particular location.

"On city or suburban lots, where different types of architecture are all mixed in together, the type of design becomes a question of individual taste and the problem of completing the picture becomes one of landscaping the grounds with the proper planting to fit the type used."

Roy Seldon Price, architect (*Please turn to page 113*)



The French House which is capturing votes in Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin is close to the lead.



Illinois and Michigan are chiefly responsible for putting the English House first in the polling.

*His too-perfect alibis pointed to the imperfect crime. The constructed, well-planned "setting" was an open book*



Tower Studios

# Where SCIENCE Failed

**D**ESPITE all that is written about scientific crimes and criminals, the scientifically trained individual often proves a very dumb ox indeed when he turns to crime.

By Anthony Pelcher

A Chicago murder of some years back proved to be a case in point.

The desk sergeant in a police station centering a fashionable residence district was startled one early morning by a phone call from a man who said he was Dr. Clemmenson. "My wife has been murdered by burglars," came over the wire in rather too even a voice. Then the voice gave the address and the phone was hung up.

As is usual the coroner was notified and soon he, together with two homicide division detectives, appeared at the Clemmenson home. This was a detached house in a good neighborhood. The Clemmensons—a young doctor and his wife of a little more than a year—had occupied the second floor of the premises.

The police found the rooms in a state of wild disorder. Silverware, dishes and clothing were thrown

about. Furniture was upset and the place had the general appearance of having been hit by the proverbial cyclone. It could not have been more upset.

This was the appearance in the dining room, which also was a living room. In the bedroom things were not so disordered. On the bed, with the sheets drawn up about the shoulders, was the dead body of a woman, the doctor's young wife. Across her mouth was a chloroform pack, tied tightly into position with a gauze bandage. The woman was dead and an autopsy and chemical analysis proved she had been done to death with chloroform.

Dr. Clemmenson stated that he had returned home early in the morning from a hospital where he was employed as an interne. He had discovered his apartment ransacked and his wife murdered.

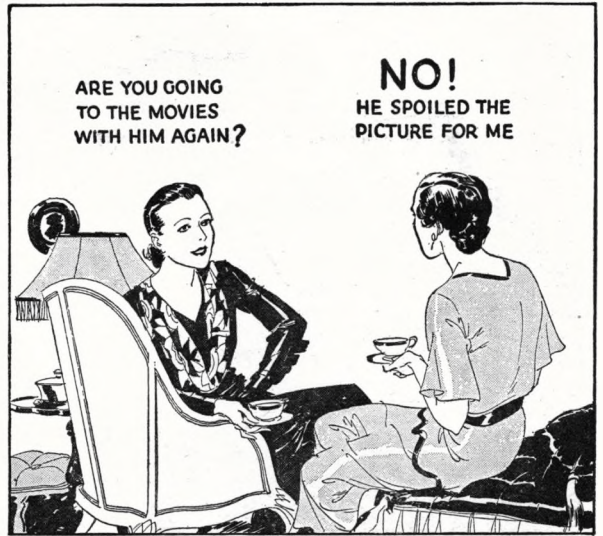
He stuck to his story, but in a few hours he had been formally charged with the murder. His scientifically trained mind had been his undoing. The coroner's physicians had noticed that the chloroform pack was a degree too scientifically (*Please turn to page 112*)

# NANNETTE SAYS "NO" . . . by ALBERT DORNE



ENJOY YOUR DANCE, NANNETTE?

**NO!**  
HOW CAN HE BE SO CARELESS?



ARE YOU GOING TO THE MOVIES WITH HIM AGAIN?

**NO!**  
HE SPOILED THE PICTURE FOR ME



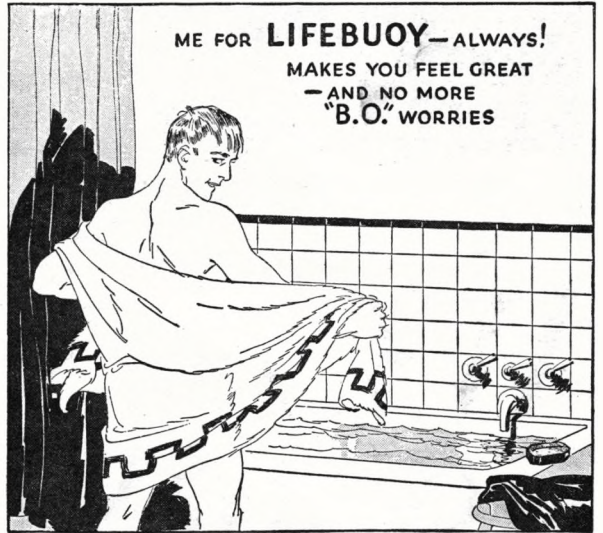
WONDER WHY NANNETTE DOESN'T LIKE ME?

CAN THIS BE THE REASON?

**WATCH OUT FOR B.O.**

*You may have it and not know it. Yet no one dares tell you—why take chances?*

*Characterize your "B.O." today. For you may not know it until it's too late. It's a real complexion soap that cleanses and deodorizes. It's a real complexion soap that cleanses and deodorizes. It's a real complexion soap that cleanses and deodorizes.*



ME FOR **LIFEBUOY**—ALWAYS!  
MAKES YOU FEEL GREAT  
—AND NO MORE "B.O." WORRIES



TWO MONTHS LATER

GOING TO TURN ME DOWN THIS TIME, NANNETTE?

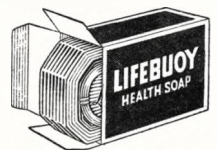
DARLING,  
**NO!**

You may be guilty of "B.O."  
(Body Odor)  
... and not know it!

WE quickly get used to an ever-present odor—seldom notice "B.O." (body odor) in ourselves. But how soon others are aware of it—especially as the weather grows warmer! Take no chances. Wash and bathe always with Lifebuoy. Its rich, creamy lather purifies and deodorizes pores—ends all danger of offending. Removes germs from hands—helps guard your health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you, better than words how Lifebuoy protects.

**A real complexion soap**

Lifebuoy's gentle, yet thorough, cleansing keeps your complexion clear, healthy. Pore-clogging impurities are gently washed away—skins glow with new radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.





Tower Studios

## SLEUTHING *for* BEAUTY

By Pamela Pinkerton

**S**HIRLEY started it all. Generally my docile assistant, all of a sudden she began to pick on me right and left.

"Pam, you've got to get some new clothes. Those old things you've been wearing around lately don't help the atmosphere of a beauty detective's office."

"What's the matter with them?" I countered. "Why, th's little blue dress you said yourself was the most becoming I ever had."

"Yeah, when it was new, maybe. But now! It's just out of date—like your figure. As a matter of fact, it's your figure that's the real trouble. I'd just been hoping to get you to buy some new clothes so you'd realize how out of date your once swell straight lines are."

# New FIGURES *for Old*

*Curves are in again, but Pamela finds that it takes a bit of exercise to gain a figure that will fit into the new clothes*

I stared at her open-mouthed. This was mutiny in the ranks.

"I don't agree with you at all," I said, finally, in a cold, hard voice. "And, furthermore, it's none of your business. And, in the third place, I'm not all straight lines. And, after all, what's so good about your figure?"

I flounced out of the office and sat down in the reception room to cool off and think a bit. Maybe she might be right after all. I had been neglecting my own charms for the clients. There was nothing for it. I'd have to apologize and take my punishment.

When I walked back in, Shirley had donned a practice suit and was giving herself the once-over in the mirror.

"You win, Shirley, old girl," I said. "You win and I'll have to admit there's nothing wrong with your figure. Now diagnose mine and I'll sit and take it."

"Not sit, you won't. I'm sorry I hurt your feelings, but maybe I'll hurt them more before I'm through. You'll have to stand up and let me take a few measurements."

"You see, you need more curves. Incurves, I'd say, rather than outcurves. Your hips are all right—36 inches isn't at all bad for your height—let's see, it's 5 feet 6 inches. But your waistline could stand a little whittling. But a 27-inch waistline, my, my! We'll have to do something about that."

I hadn't noticed that my waistline wasn't much to write home about until then. So I was properly downcast.

"What do you think it should be?" I asked meekly.

"Oh, about 25 inches. Just a difference of two. But it'll take time and some hard work on your part to shear it down. I prescribe a little of that good old-fashioned bending. You know—up and down, touching your fingers to the floor, then your knuckles and finally getting so you can touch the whole palm of your hand."

Shirley was my exercise specialist, anyway, so I guessed she ought to know. But I wanted something different.

"Haven't you any nice new exercises up your sleeves, Dr. Watson? I hate to be ordinary."

"Well, try this one then. Only I warn you, it may be different but it's difficult, too. Stand up! Now bend down and touch your hands to the floor about 10 or 12 inches in advance of your toes. Let your weight shift to your hands and walk (*Please turn to page 112*)





THIS WIFE GREW CARELESS AFTER MARRIAGE . . . .



THE "OTHER WOMAN" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF!

## THE "Other Woman" IS ALWAYS SURE OF HERSELF

The moment the telephone jingled Mary knew. Tom was staying at the office. An absurd little fear prickled at the back of her neck as she took down the receiver and said, "hello." She hated to have her voice tremble that way. But somehow she simply couldn't help it.

She knew exactly what he was going to say. Same old excuses — desk piled high with work — important meeting tomorrow — don't wait up, darling, I'll be home as early as I can.

Of course all wives have to expect little disappointments like this. She was a jealous little fool to imagine anything. Still, this was the third time this month.

Was it possible? Could there be, ever — another woman?

### Does Familiarity Breed Contempt?

After-marriage carelessness leads to more unhappiness than most wives realize until it is too late.

Despite her desire to please, often some little familiar liberty she takes may become the fabled "molehill."

In the case of the complexion, for instance, a good night cream is of course a necessity if one is to keep one's skin fresh and youthful.

But fortunately it is no longer necessary to go to bed with a face all smeared with greasy cream, a condition that most men frankly find disgusting.

Try this *Marvelous New Greaseless Texture Cream*

With the introduction of a new line of cosmetics, A. S. Hinds Company, for 56 years producers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, presents *Hinds Texture Cream*, a skin-softening cream for night use, that is absolutely greaseless.

If you wash your face with soap and water, you will find this cream of

wonderful assistance in correcting dryness and in keeping the skin soft and smooth.

When applied after cleansing with Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Toning Cleanser it produces really remarkable results, leaving the skin velvety soft and youthful.

You will be surprised, quite agreeably, by the reasonably low price of *Hinds Texture Cream*, only 40 cents for a generously large jar. Later, of course, once you have learned its benefits you will want the larger, 65-cent jar which is even better value.

Why go on smearing your face with greasy night creams that soil your pillow and make you look so dowdy and unattractive? Ask for *Hinds Greaseless Texture Cream*. It is sold by all drug and department stores.

### A Special Limited Offer

To acquaint you with two other very important Hinds beauty aids, we are making the following offer for a limited time only. Send 10c at once (in coin) to cover posting and we will forward you a trial tube of Hinds Cleansing Cream and a bottle of Hinds Toning Cleanser (liquid). Address A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-62, Bloomfield, N. J., makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

*This offer expires July 1 in U. S. A. — Not good in Canada*

### Hinds Preparations For Cleansing and Toning (SEE SPECIAL OFFER)

**HINDS CLEANSING CREAM:** Because it melts 2 to 7 times faster, Hinds Cleansing Cream flushes deeply into pores, soaks up dirt, dust, make-up. Cleanses thoroughly, safely, leaving the face as refreshed as a dew-kissed rose. In generous-sized jars, 40c and 65c.

**HINDS TONING CLEANSER:** A delightful liquid pore refiner and cleanser. Penetrates deeply and thoroughly — refines the texture of the skin by reducing enlarged pores. Non-drying. Apply after using Hinds Cleansing Cream, before using the *Texture Cream*. Also excellent for morning use. In flacons, 65c.

# HINDS Greaseless TEXTURE CREAM

© 1932, Lehn & Pink, Inc.



# HEADLINE MURDERS



(Continued from page 65)

A tense interval in which Jack Kerney stuck a cigarette into his mouth, when it was already holding one. Dillon continued to talk calmly, although his pencil was scratching feverishly. Then he spoke in an unemotional voice.

"Perhaps you'd better come down here, Mr. Fenton. Something rather serious has happened to your friend—Hilton Moseley."

"What the—" Kerney could scarce keep his stork-like legs from taking him—somewhere.

"But why?" Dillon was asking. "We'll send a squad of police up and escort you down in safety, if you wish. Just give me your—"

A sudden silence and the night city editor swore a purple oath.

"Hang up?" asked Allison, the day chief.

"I'll say he did. He's the man that had the duke's monocle and sent it down to us. He says his name is Cyril Fenton and—he won't tell where he is."

"That's the bird I'm going to find." Jack Kerney was on his feet once more.

When Jack left *The Tab* office he adjourned to Blum's all-night restaurant for a slab of pie, a cup of coffee and reflection.

The developments of the past few hours had vastly complicated the problem, and the girl was more prominently identified with the tragedy than ever. Had she killed the man who had sought to give the duke's monocle to *The Tab*? Or had the man called Chico the Wasp? Even if she hadn't committed either murder, the girl knew enough to send her to the Tombs.

He was assaulting his second piece of pie when a flash of yellow caused him to look up. He found himself staring into blue eyes. A pretty mouth parted in a smile of greeting.

"Hello," she said, taking a chair on the opposite side of the table. "I've been looking for you."

"Maybe I haven't been looking for you," Jack sputtered, almost choking on the mass of pie he had stowed in his mouth.

"I went up to your office and—"

"Then killed a guy and beat it before you saw me," Kerney finished. "Say, sister, do you kill 'em where you find 'em and leave 'em where you kill 'em?"

The blue eyes were wide with new horror.

"Did they kill the little dark man?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Don't kid papa, now," Kerney admonished. "You can't keep bumping guys off and retain your baby stare."

"But, honest, I never killed anybody—never in my life. What happened? I ran away when I saw the little man—he had a gun and acted as though he was looking for someone. Who—who did they kill?"

"The other man—Milton Moseley's his name."

The pretty lips were trembling, but his conscience prodded him.

"Where's the duke's monocle?" he demanded. "Did you get it?"

A start from the girl.

"Come on, Mazie, don't hold out on me. If you do, I'll give you over to the D. A.'s office."

"But I haven't done anything," she protested. "I'm just trying to help you. I waited for you this afternoon for the longest time and then—"

"And then went off with one of the gang," Jack rapped.

"Gang?" A grimace of puzzlement came to her face. "No—it was Mr. Rodriguez. He used to call on the duke. I let him in one time myself. He wanted to know where Mr. Fenton lived."

Jack Kerney almost choked on his coffee.

Rodriguez—that must be the Velasquez-type man. The name fitted. Fenton—Cyril Fenton—he was the man who had called up and then suddenly had broken off the connection. He was the man for whom the night force of *The Tab* was searching wildly.

"Where is Fenton?" he managed to gasp.

"In his rooms, I suppose," Mazie answered, soberly.

"That is where we were going when the duke died."

Jack Kerney was on his feet before she had finished. He grasped her hand as though she were a little girl and hurried toward the door, tossing a dollar to the waiter for his coffee and pie.

"We're going places and see things," he whispered, hoarsely, as Mazie murmured her surprise. "Where does that Fenton bird live?"

"On Gold Street," she told him. "Forty-five Gold Street—I think that is the address the duke gave to Gibson."

They had reached the sidewalk, the reporter still holding the girl by the hand. A night cruising taxicab came into view and he signaled it.

"Hurry up, Mazie, you'd better come with me or you're liable to land in jail. The cops are looking for you."

"But I haven't done anything," she protested once more.

"At times I almost believe it," he retorted with a grin.

"At others, I know I'm goofy."

The taxicab hurried downtown toward the Gold Street address Jack had called to

the driver. As he glanced at the girl seated beside him he could see that she was almost dead with fatigue. He had been on the keen gallop for almost twenty-four hours, but a tabloid newspaper reporter soon hardens to the hectic life. But the girl—weariness and fright were bearing down upon her. A feeling of tenderness came to the man and his hand reached down to take hers.

"Don't worry, Mazie," he whispered, "I'll see that they don't bother you. Just leave it to me."

The blue eyes met his, swimming with gratitude. Her tired body relaxed as she leaned toward him. He switched off the dome light in the top of the taxicab. He put his arm around her. (Please turn to page 74)



A picture of pretty, blue eyes was constantly in Jack's mind.

# “Sure, I use Colgate’s! I like it . . . that’s why!”



She’s a good scout—my mother is! She’s going to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts—even if I did tear my pants a little comin’ through Bailey’s fence. Ma believes in lettin’ a feller do things the way he likes to do ’em. That’s why she buys me Colgate’s to brush my teeth with. I like it—that’s why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she’s doin’. Doctor Ellis told her there ain’t any toothpaste can beat Colgate’s for keeping teeth clean—says more people use it than any other kind. An’ Ma says ’cause Colgate’s only costs a quarter—mebbe she’s savin’ to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don’t have to bother about me brushin’ my teeth reg’lar—so I guess she’s satisfied, too.

Would you like this picture of the little fisherman, in full color, without advertising matter, suitable for framing? We’ll gladly send you one, without cost. Address: Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, Dept. 157, P. O. Box 1143, Chicago, Illinois.

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



Also in handy  
10¢ size



# HEADLINE MURDERS



(Continued from page 72)

No words passed between them. The car rolled on, following Broadway's winding course.

Next they were entering a narrow side street. Kerney nooked out to see the driver scanning the numbers over doorways. They were on Gold Street. A stop, and the chauffeur pointed to a battered entrance over which was a feeble light and the single word "Rooms."

"That's the joint," he said.

"All right." Jack turned to Mazie. "Come on, sister, here we—"

The girl was asleep, her slow, measured breathing told him that it was unassumed.

He stepped out onto the sidewalks.

"Wait for me," he said to the driver, "and see that nothing happens to my girl."

DAWN was at hand, but the gloom of the graying light only added to the miserable appearance of the neighborhood. It would be in a place like this that he would be most liable to meet Chico the Wasp.

He lit a cigarette and then thrust open the door of the cheap rooming-house, which bore the number of 45 Gold Street.

"I wish I had a gat," he mumbled. "All I have is a pocket camera, and that is about as good as a fountain pen in this joint."

He stumbled up the creaking stairs to stop in a bare hall. A small shiver went down his spine as he saw a hulking shape coming down the steps from an upper floor.

"Who you looking for?" a growling voice inquired.

Jack Kerney gulped. It couldn't be Chico the Wasp. He was far too big. Still—

"I'm asking who are you looking for?"

"Mr. Fenton—Cyril Fenton—I heard that—"

"Fourth floor front—and don't attach the furniture, 'cause it isn't his," was the muttered response.

"All right, I won't," Jack answered as he squeezed by the hulking figure, still standing on the stair steps.

Up, up—each floor was barer than the first. Then he went down a creaking, uncarpeted hall to knock on the door nearest the front. A light was burning within. Jack could tell by the bright streak below the ill-fitting door.

"Who is there?" a voice inquired.

"Kerney—Jack Kerney—I want to have a talk with you," the reporter answered. "You called up the office and—"

"Oh—you're from *The Tab*? Come in."

Cyril Fenton was a young man, hardly past twenty-one, but his features were gray and lined as he turned to Jack Kerney. A start, as the reporter looked into his face. For a moment he had the sensation that he was looking into the dead eyes of the Duke of Sunderland.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Kerney?"

"Well—in the first place—how did you happen to get possession of the Duke of Sunderland's monocle?" Jack shot the question without preliminaries.

"A man gave it to me because—because he thought I ought to have it," was the guarded response.

"Who gave it to you?"

"Some one whose name I do not know," with a quiet smile. "I don't suppose you believe that."

"I'd be a sucker if I did—but I guess I'm a sucker," Jack answered with a grin as his mind went to Mazie Lawrence. "See if you can give me as convincing an answer to this: Why did you send Hilton Moseley to *The Tab* office with it when you knew it would end in Moseley's death?"

Cyril Fenton half sprang across the small room as Kerney spoke these words.

"Hilton—Hilton Moseley dead?" he asked, his face suddenly becoming livid.

"I'll say he is. Didn't Dillon tell you—our night city editor—didn't he?"

"He said that something serious had happened. I supposed that perhaps he might have been arrested. But who killed him?"

"Chico the Wasp—as near as we can figure it out."

"Chico? Chico the Wasp?" Cyril Fenton muttered the name as though trying to place it.

"Why did you want to give us the monocle?" Kerney took a new tack in his questionings.

"Because—I didn't want it. Your paper said it was important. I had no use for it. Your account of the murder intimated that the man possessing it might be the murderer. I think that is why it was given to me by a man I never saw before. I suppose you think I'm still lying?"

"Strangely enough, I believe you," Kerney answered, "but you'd never get a cop to, I can tell you that."

"I know. That's why I was afraid. You see, my mother—I didn't want to disgrace her, and she—she wouldn't understand."

"Where is she?"

"Out West—in Gila Bend, Arizona. That's where I used to live. My dad was a prospector. Some people called him a desert rat, you know. He's been dead a long while."

Jack Kerney responded to the prodding of another hunch as he listened to Cyril Fenton and studied his earnest, care-lined features. His hunch on the monocle was not paying any too good dividends, but still—

"Have you a photograph of your father?" he asked, almost carefully.

"Why, yes, I believe I have. Let me see—"

A hurried rummaging in a battered trunk. Then he handed a faded cabinet photograph to the reporter. Dancing rays of sunlight were beginning to steal into the room as Kerney held the picture toward the light.

"Good-looking man. Looks like—"

"Yes, I look like my father, but—"

A crash as the door leading (Please turn to page 76)



"Never mind, kid, I'll give you a break," said Jack Kerney, the reporter.

**"WE'LL GIVE THE STORK SOME GOOD ADVICE!"**



● "Oooh, Bill—see what the papers say!  
 'The Stork—Expected Here To-day!'  
 My goodness... he should know the news  
 About the powder babies use!"

*Baby powders differ—  
 and your thumb and finger  
 will prove it!*

Do this. Rub several different kinds of baby powder between your thumb and finger, one at a time. Some kinds, you'll discover, feel harsh and unpleasant to your touch. Now . . .

Try Johnson's Baby Powder! Feel the velvety softness—the fine, silky smoothness!

What makes this great difference? . . .

Johnson's Baby Powder is made from finest Italian talc, which is composed of soft, tiny flakes. But —the inferior talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, needle-like particles! You wouldn't want them to touch your baby's skin!

Another thing to remember: Johnson's Baby Powder contains no stearate of zinc.

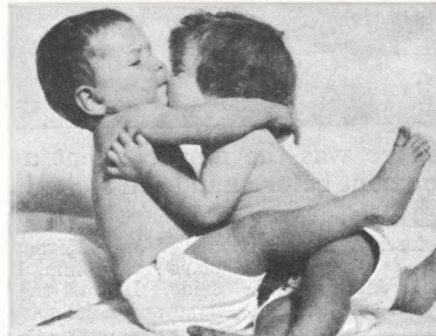
*Be careful, too,  
 about your baby's soap! . . .*

Try Johnson's Baby Soap! Notice its

**Johnson's  
 Baby  
 Powder**



● "I'll call him now!—Hello—hello—  
 Say, Mr. Stork, you ought to know  
 We have a baby powder here  
 That makes the chafing disappear!"



● "Oh Bill—I can't help hugging you!  
 And think how glad the stork is, too!  
 For now he knows as well as we  
 That babies can live comfortably!"



smooth rounded edges and delicate fragrance. See how quickly the rich lather comes—how gently it cleanses—and how swiftly it washes away! Even the finest, most expensive castile soaps cannot equal Johnson's Baby Soap—for it is made especially for babies, from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. Try it—*to-day!*

*To give your baby extra comfort,  
 use this cream . . .*

To relieve chafing, chapping "diaper rash", prickly heat, and other mild irritations of the baby's skin, use Johnson's Baby Cream. It is made from purest ingredients, and is bland and soothing. It will prevent windburn and sunburn, if you rub a little on your baby's face and hands, before going outdoors.

**FREE SAMPLES!** Send for our free Gift Box containing a generous sample of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. F5, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

**Johnson & Johnson**

World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, "Z O" Cartridge Spool Adhesive Plaster, etc.



# HEADLINE MURDERS



(Continued from page 74)

into the hallway was thrown open and Jack Kerney glimpsed a stocky, swart man with an automatic pistol in each hand. A quick step and he was inside the room. His weapons pointed at Fenton first and then at Kerney.

"Put 'em up high," he commanded.

"Gosh," muttered the reporter, "I'd give a week's pay for a photograph of that bird—with those gats."

"Put up—"

"Cripes, I'm scratching the ceiling now," Jack protested. "I'm tearing the sleeve out of my coat and—"

His words stopped as he looked over the little man's shoulder to see Mazie Lawrence's pale face in the hall. Then it disappeared from his range of vision.

"And she put me on the spot—just like she did the duke," the thought raced through the reporter's mind. "Pretended to be asleep. Gee—and the way I fell for her. Of all the prize boobs!"

**T**HE little man with a gun in each hand kicked the door shut behind him. Then he advanced toward Kerney and Fenton.

"The Spanish map—where is it?" he demanded.

A grin from Cyril Fenton. Then he nodded toward the trunk from which he had taken his father's photograph.

"In there—gosh, you could have had that without any gun play. Help yourself."

The bandit turned to the battered trunk, walking around it until he faced the two. Then he pocketed his left-hand pistol and began to rummage. Snarls of disgust broke from him occasionally as he tossed out papers after briefly scanning them.

"Mostly bills—unpaid. I've not been working lately," said Cyril Fenton.

"What you want to work for?" snapped the swart little man, with scarce a glance at the speaker.

A knock sounded on the door of Cyril Fenton's room, a knock so peremptory that all three men started with surprise.

"You two keep still," hissed the marauder.

Once more he stooped over the trunk, searching through it with reckless speed. He tossed papers onto the floor, to spray them with whispered curses as he failed to find the map for which he was hunting.

Another knock upon the door. This time an importunate summons such as might be made by a policeman—or bill collector.

A ripping curse from the stocky man. Then a half-choked cry of joy. From the bottom of the trunk he snatched a yellow sheet of parchment upon which appeared the dim outlines of a map.

Next the intruder was gliding toward the door, his weapon held first on one, then the other. A lightning whirl and he swung the portal open. At the same moment Jack Kerney saw the hulking man he had encountered in the hall.

"Say, Fenton—are you going to pay that bill or—"

The big man stopped. He found himself looking into

a menacing pistol. Jack Kerney lunged across the room as the swart little figure started into the hall.

"Grab him—it's Chico the Wasp," the reporter shouted.

A squeak as Chico found himself grasped by the powerful man who had knocked upon the door.

"Get the map in his—"

Then Jack Kerney had another hunch. The sun was streaming into the hallway and he snatched out his pocket camera. A hurried focus and he snapped the shutter.

"I guess that ain't getting an exclusive when—"

A stab of flame and the big man who had grasped Chico the Wasp reeled backward. The clatter of feet as the little man raced down the bare stairs.

"Hurt badly?" Jack was bending over the hulking form of Chico's victim.

"He hit me, but not very bad," the man muttered, "but enough to get away. Say—there was a girl out there in the hall a minute ago. A girl with blonde hair and a yellow dress. She acted as though—"

"Yes, I know," Jack Kerney said, grimly.

With Fenton's landlord on his way to an emergency hospital, Jack Kerney led Cyril to the cab that had been waiting for him. Mazie Lawrence had gone.

"That girl of yours saw a couple of guys come down the street and she followed them into the house," the chauffeur told him. "She seemed to know her carrots, so I didn't chisel in none. Then, when she came out, they had her between them and one of them had a couple of gats that looked like young cannons. I didn't say nothing. Just pretended to be asleep."

The sting of outrage flicked Jack Kerney as he thought of how Mazie had played with him, but he pushed his angry thoughts aside. He had the mystery of the duke's monocle in hand and must solve it soon. He gestured Fenton into the cab's interior.

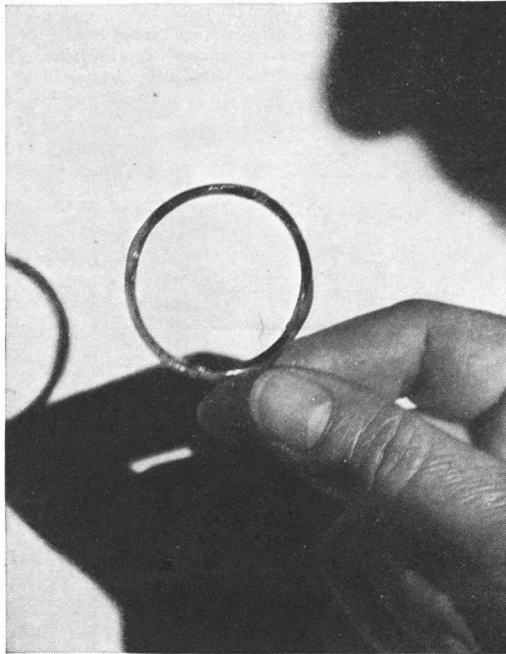
"How'd you like to take a little ride?" he asked.

"In the country?" Fenton asked with a grin.

Through Manhattan's awakened streets and then out the tree-bordered Bronx River Parkway, as their cab rolled smoothly along, Jack Kerney plied Cyril Fenton with questions. Before starting on the ride Jack had telephoned his office and had sent in his exposed film of Chico the Wasp for development and publication. It would be on the street within a comparatively few minutes, and Kerney wanted to keep Fenton as far away as possible from the representatives of other newspapers.

He could depend upon Allison, his city editor, to send a score of reporters scampering through the city, looking up every clue which might involve the mysterious Chico. Meantime he had Fenton with him, and he made up his mind to play his hunch for all it was worth.

"Why the monocle—why the map?" were the questions he kept asking himself. (Please turn to page 78)



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# HEADLINE MURDERS



(Continued from page 76)

Then he directed the second interrogation to Cyril Fenton.

"Why, I don't know," was the frank reply. "I've had that old sketch since I was a boy. No one ever bothered about it before."

"What did it show?" Kerney pressed.

"Part of the mining country where my father used to prospect," Fenton answered, "but not much. Quite a bit of the map was blank. I've been over the ground a number of times since I grew up, but there's nothing there that I could see."

Another interval of silence.

"Could the duke's eye-glass have anything to do with the map?" he asked Cyril.

"Not that I know of."

"But why would Chico want both. Why would he kill one man for the monocle and take a chance with us for the map? There must be a reason."

"I know, but—"

Fenton stopped as he saw a new light shining through Jack Kerney's heavily-lensed glasses.

"Listen, Cyril, don't kid me; but tell me who gave you that monocle?"

"I told you I didn't know his name."

The young man had grown to like Jack Kerney in the short time they had been together and besides—he was bursting to tell some one the strange experiences he had had within the past thirty-six hours. Jack could see his companion was making ready to give up some important information and he urged him to speak.

"Go on—spill the yarn," he prompted.

"The duke's monocle was given to me by a man who said that it was more mine than Henry of Sunderland's," the young man began. "He said he was a friend of my father's and had known His Grace years ago in Arizona. He was a man about sixty years old with—"

"—with hollow, black eyes, a stringy, gray moustache and cheeks that looked as though they had been caved in," Jack Kerney finished.

A startled glance from Cyril Fenton.

"Yes, that was the man. Who is he?" he asked eagerly.

"I'd give the Grand Central to find out," swore Jack. "His name is Rodriguez, but that's all I know."

"Is he—the man who killed the duke?" Cyril questioned.

"I'd give the Penn Terminal to find that out," declared the reporter.

"The man we both have seen spoke to me in Spanish," Fenton continued. "I speak it and I am sure by his accent that he is from the American Southwest. He said that if I used the monocle as my father—"

The taxicab in which they were riding along the parkway lurched heavily. An oath from the chauffeur as a big town car all but forced the machine into the ditch. Then Jack Kerney got a glimpse of the strange man with the hollow, black eyes, stringy moustache and sunken cheeks—Rodriguez! He was shouting through cupped hands as his machine slowed down.

"*Quidado! Quidado! Ellos vienen,*" were his words.

"What the deuce?" barked Jack.

"He says, 'look out—they're coming,'" Cyril answered, then as he

whirled to look out the rear window, "Look!"

The town car had lunged on, but as Jack Kerney stared out the rear window he saw a Green taxicab racing after them. Upon its front seat sat a short, swart figure, while in his hands was a strange weapon from which protruded a long brazen stick.

"Gosh—what is he—"

B-b-b-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

A flicking burst of flame from the gun in the hands of Chico the Wasp. The high shriek of bullets. Splintering glass. A lurch as their taxicab leaped ahead when the chauffeur pressed down on the foot throttle. Madly they roared down the winding roadway beside which the tiny Bronx River rippled serenely.

**Jack rushed to the reception room! No one in sight! Then he gasped. A lumpy figure lay sprawled upon the floor—dead! Jack shouted frantically for his editor, and rushed to the elevator. There, he stopped, staring down at the elevator man, writhing on the floor—a bullet in his head!**

"Holly Gee!" shouted the reporter. "If I can only get to a telephone before they nail me! Cripes, if I only had my camera!"

And then as a vision of Mazie's blond beauty came before him:

"I wonder if she had anything to do with this?"

"**WHAT** are they after us for?" Cyril Fenton demanded, as he turned to see Chico fitting another clip of bullets into his machine-gun.

"They don't want you," Kerney yelled back. "I'm the bird they're gunning for."

Bam! Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z.

Kerney's taxicab gave a wild leap and then dodged crazily across the road. The spraying shots of the machine-gun had ripped into the rear tires.

"For the love of Mike—look out," they heard their chauffeur bellow.

His car had swung across the parkway in spite of his most frenzied efforts. At the same time a huge town car screeched down the roadway, New York bound. For a moment it headed straight for them. Then its driver twisted frantically at the wheel. Jack

Kerney got a glimpse of the death's head face of the man with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks. A flash as the big machine went by. The screeching brakes and then—

A crash of metal as the town car hurled itself in front of the Green cab, which miraculously managed to avoid a serious collision. The scream of a woman was heard. Jack Kerney looked up to see Mazie Lawrence's distracted face staring out of the window. Behind her were the swart features of another gangster. Jack leaped from the partially damaged taxicab and charged forward. He was unarmed, but—

B-b-b-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

The Green cab had been damaged, but not wrecked. Chico the Wasp had dropped behind the machine and was firing rapidly. At the same time the hollow-cheeked man, Rodriguez, sprang from his seat. Jack and Cyril threw themselves upon the ground.

Rodriguez was advancing toward Chico, a pistol in his hand. It was a foreign-looking weapon, equipped with a Maxim silencer. It was with just such a thing that the Duke of Sunderland had been murdered.

As he advanced toward Chico, the little man turned his machine-gun in his direction. A flicker of flame.

B-b-b-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

Rodriguez's slender figure seemed to melt like a candle struck by the flame of a blast furnace. He sank to his knees and then slid forward on his face.

"He got him," Jack growled.

He found himself crawling forward toward the body of the man. There was a weapon there. With that, he might kill Chico and take Mazie Lawrence from the gangster's hands. He did not care how many she had murdered, how often she had put him on the spot. He was in love with her and she was in danger. If he could get that pistol, then—

B-b-b-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

Chico's machine-gun was kicking up the dirt around him.

It had reached the end of its brazen clip. Chico leaped into the cab. Then his arm came out, a foreign pistol in his hand. It was the twin of Rodriguez's weapon. As Jack Kerney saw it, he knew that the murderers of the Duke of Sunderland were before him. One was dead, killed by his confederate. The other held Mazie Lawrence his prisoner.

The green machine roared down the highway. Kerney leaped forward to snatch up Rodriguez's weapon. Too late, he could do nothing. He turned to examine the battered town car. One wheel was smashed. He could not pursue. Cyril Fenton was bending over the body of the dead man. It had been riddled by that vengeful stream of bullets. A wallet containing a sheaf of bills had fallen in the roadway. In it were a number of cards with the engraved name of Vincente Rodriguez.

"Say, give us a hand, will you?" Kerney called to the chauffeur of the town car, as a number of automobiles slowed down and came to a stop near the scene of the tragedy.

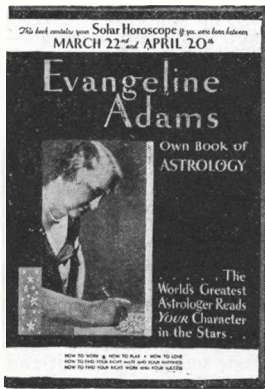
No answer. He was seated at the wheel—dead. Another notch for Chico's flaming guns. Letters gave the

(Please turn to page 80)



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## HEADLINE MURDERS

(Continued from page 78)

man's name and address. Jack Kerney made hurried notes and then looked wildly around for a phone.

JACK KERNEY'S latest flash first stopped the presses and then started them to thundering once more, but a peremptory order from Allison, the city editor, postponed his search for Mazie Lawrence. He dashed back to *The Tab* office, after hiding Fenton in his own rooms. Before leaving the young man, he extracted a photograph of his father. This he carried with him. "I've got a hunch that this will get us something," he told Allison, when he had reached the editorial citadel. "It's William Fenton."

"Tell Cohn to include it in the layout," was the order.

Held prisoner in the office pending a new break in the seething drama surrounding the death of the duke, Jack Kerney paced the floor and pulled his shock of curly brown hair. Something was happening to Mazie, he was sure, but he could not get *The Tab's* powerful aid in finding her. To *The Tab*, she did not exist.

"Gosh—I've got to do something," he kept mumbling, "I've got to do something."

Then came a new twist that took his mind off Mazie Lawrence for the moment.

With the publication of the Wasp's picture and the photograph of Cyril Fenton's father, new revelations came pouring into the office. Residents of New York, who once lived in Gila Bend, Arizona, telephoned or came to the newspaper office. Chico the Wasp was identified as a former resident of that far-away place and then—

"That picture you printed of William Fenton is a fake," bellowed a man from the Far West, across the desk of Allison, the city editor.

"Just a minute," the chief of the local staff retorted, "just one minute. Boy! Tell Mr. Kerney to step in here, will you, please?"

The reporter entered his editor's office and faced the visitor.

"This gentleman says we are printing a fake," Allison informed the young man. "He says that photograph you brought in as that of William Fenton is—"

"Bill Stratton—I knew him well—fine fellow. I heard he was killed up near Tombstone, years ago. He and I prospected all over the desert country from the Gila to Death Valley. Not know Bill Stratton and his glass eye—huh—I guess—"

"Stratton—William Stratton?" Jack Kerney was posing himself on his toes. "Sure, that's Bill Stratton."

"Cripes and chrysanthemums," the reporter yipped. "Stratton is the family name of—" then he turned eagerly upon the former resident of Arizona. "What's this thing about a glass eye?"

"It wasn't a real glass eye, but one of those things Englishmen wear," Appleby responded. "Bill Stratton used to have one."

"Boy!" yelled Jack Kerney, entirely disregarding the fact he was in the private office of his chief and in the presence of a highly indignant visitor. "Boy—get me Burke's Peerage."

"And as I was saying," the stranger went on. "I knew Bill Stratton the minute I saw his picture. He was a

Britisher, but a regular desert rat at that, always out locating ledges and making maps of their location. I remember one map he made in which he left out the exact position of the ledge. He and a Spanish mining engineer located it. This Spaniard was—I don't remember his name but—"

"Chico—sometimes called the Wasp?" gasped Allison.

"No, that's not it. This fellow was a regular *hidalgo*. Vincent, Vincente Hernandez, or—"

"Was it—" Jack Kerney's voice broke with excitement.

"Gosh, I've forgotten," the man mumbled, "but that ain't the point, anyhow. The thing that makes me sore is that you print a picture of Bill Stratton for some low life mixed up with a gang murder when he's been dead for years."

"You're quite right, Mr. Appleby," Allison, the city editor, had raised his telephone to his ear. "Press room," he said softly to the operator.

"We'll only be too glad to make a correction," crooned the head of *The Tab's* news staff. "I'm stopping the presses now. This error will be allowed to go no further. Thank you very much, Mr. Appleby."

"Mr. Kerney, will you call a cab for Mr. Appleby. Have a couple of men escort him through the crowd in front of the building. Get Ryan or Baum—don't forget Fitzgibbons—he can elbow his way through a brick wall."

"Yes, sir." Jack had caught the city editor's signal. Ryan or Baum, staff camera men, were to photograph Stephen Appleby, while Fitzgibbons was to follow the visitor and see that he was not bothered by the clinging presence of rival reporters.

AS the door closed behind the man from Gila Bend, Allison and Kerney made a double dive for the thick red volume containing the roster of the British nobility. Burke's Peerage was a ponderous tome, but it contained the information.

"Here you are, boss," Jack Kerney was pointing to a finely printed column, topped with the ducal arms of Sunderland.

STRATTON—Henry Francis John Charles Cyril, ninth Duke of Sunderland, Marquis of Cleighton, Earl of Penrose and Baron Harrington. Succeeded to the title on the death of William Francis Cyril, eighth—

"That doesn't say anything about—" Allison began.

"No." Jack's eyes flashed down into the small agate type below, "but this does."

William Cyril Prosper Henry Stratton, died in America in 1905.

No known heirs. "Gosh," gasped Jack Kerney, "I've got a duke hived up in my five-dollar-a-week room, and I staked him to breakfast money this morning."

"A duke! How come? This bird that got killed on the avenue has several sons."

"I know that, but Dukie was a younger son," Kerney pointed out. "Fenton's father was the heir but they lost track of him—Oh, boy, what a break. Say, boss—we'll make those other rags look cheap!"

He stopped at the desk telephone

## Headline Murders

rang. Allison answered and handed the instrument to Jack Kerney.

"Nix on the dames until this case is finished," he warned.

The reporter's cheeks were tinted like a well-boiled beet as he breathed into the transmitter.

"Jack—" he recognized Mazie's voice coming over the wire, "get Mr. Fenton into a safe place. He's in danger."

"But where are you?"

"Never mind me—get him away."

A frightened cry and a click told Jack Kerney that the telephone had been hung up.

**MAZIE** had voiced a warning. There must be a reason. What did she mean? Was Cyril the murderer?

"I'll see what he has to say first," he told himself.

Conflicting arguments raced through his mind as he hustled down the hall of the third-rate hotel in which he had his room. He opened the door with a cheery greeting, and stopped as he noted a startled expression which seemed to have gripped Fenton's face. In the young man's hand was a note he was holding forward.

"What the deuce?" the reporter asked.

"Look! They know where I am. A bellboy brought this to me just a minute ago."

Jack Kerney took the paper and scanned its contents hurriedly.

"Just so much Greek to me."

"It's Spanish," Cyril Fenton answered. "It says that my mother will be murdered unless I disappear and leave New York."

"Who sent that note—Chico or somebody who's a friend of that skinny bird, Vincente?"

"Vincente Rodriquez? He's dead, you know. I remember his name now. He used to be a close friend of my father; but listen, Jack, I've got to do something to protect my mother. This letter says if I even talk to the police they are going to kill her."

"Don't see any cops. I've got you fixed where you won't be bothered. If you want to leave town, I guess *The Tab* can stand the cost, if you keep in touch with us. Now tell me, how does it seem to be a duke?"

"Don't kid me, Jack."

"I'm not kidding you. You're the Duke of Sunderland. I've got that straight out of Burke's. Your mother is the dowager duchess; and what I want is a nice exclusive interview with His Grace."

"Listen, Kerney, if you want to save my mother, let me get out of here. I'll tell you all I can as soon as I'm where she won't be in danger."

"All right, my boy, just leave it to me."

A thundering knock on Kerney's door. Cyril Fenton's face paled.

"Well, what do you want?" Jack demanded, swinging back the portal.

A gasp of astonishment as he saw four hulking men dressed in plain clothes. "What do you dicks want?" he demanded, hotly.

"The Inspector wants to see your friend, Mr. Fenton," said Sergeant Detective Holohan, in charge of the squad.

"And for what?" Kerney was highly sarcastic.

"For the murder of his uncle, the Duke of Sunderland," was the surprising response.

"Nix, Holohan, nix," rasped Kerney.

(Please turn to page 82)



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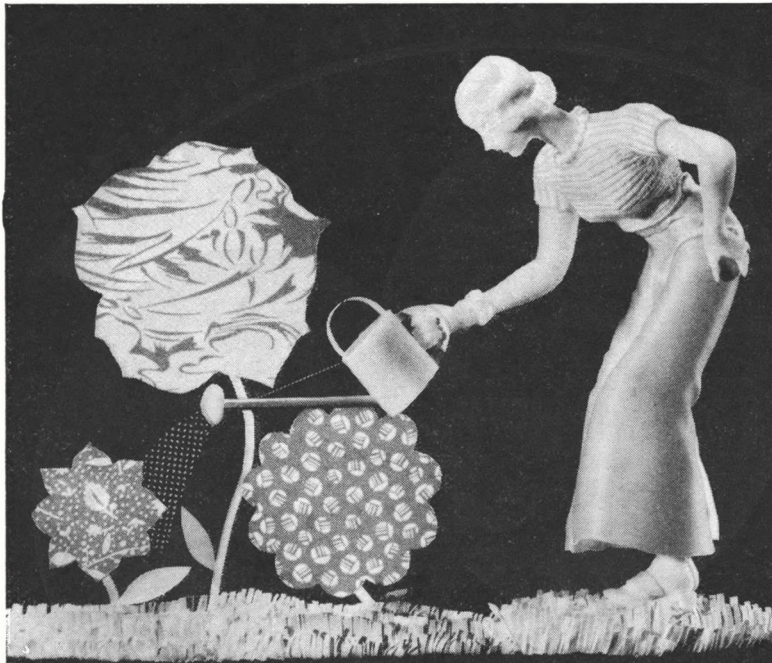
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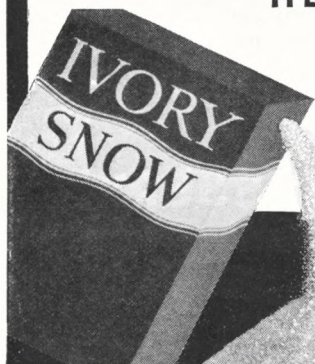
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## Headline Murders

(Continued from page 81)

"Lay off. This bird is A-one, get me, and you'll spill a lot of beans by throwing him in the can."

"I'll throw you in with him, if you give me any lip," snapped the sergeant.

Cyril Fenton cast an appealing glance toward Jack Kerney. He had received a warning that if he got in touch with the police, his mother would be slain.

"Go with 'em, Cyril," Kerney advised. "I'll have you sprung out of there within an hour."

"Just try it," mocked Holohan, and then to the prisoner: "Come on, Fenton. Tell it all to the Inspector. Maybe he'll give you a break."

The party filed out into the hall, two detectives marching ahead. Jack Kerney moved swiftly toward the telephone installed in his room. Another twist in the mystery surrounding the death of the British nobleman. Impatiently he dialed the number of *The Tab's* local room. Cyril Fenton was being taken to prison, charged with his uncle's murder. Many facts might be made to point to him as a slayer, but Jack Kerney was sure that—

"Jack—Jack—he's coming," he saw Mazie Lawrence standing in the door. "I beat him here, but—Oh, Jack, he'll kill you and Mr. Fenton and me and—"

"Who's here—who's going to kill—"

B-b-b-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

The sinister sound of a machine gun sounded like a cannonade in the hotel hallway. Jack Kerney leaped toward the door.

B-b-b-r-r-r-r.

He glanced out. To his widened eyes it looked as though the floor were carpeted with the writhing forms of men.

"Listen, Mazie," he said, hoarsely, "you stay here. Turn in a riot call and then get *The Tab* on the phone so we can shoot in the details. Keep low, Mazie."

He took an automatic pistol from his bureau drawer and strode toward the door. Death was reaping its harvest out there, but if Chico the Wasp ever reached the room, he would soon end the life of Mazie Lawrence. She had come to warn him, and men like Chico slew those who carried warnings.

JACK KERNEY'S lips tightened as he dashed into the hall. He was fighting for two lives, his own and Mazie's. Doubts that come like haunting specters were cast aside. He did not understand the girl's part in the Duke of Sunderland's tragedy, but he was sure she was no murderer.

Once in the zone of combat, he saw quick evidence of the bloody effect of Chico's machine-gunning. A glance told him that two detectives were down. Then he glimpsed the writhing form of Cyril Fenton. A run and a jump and he was at the young man's side. The fight had turned down the hallway and he dragged Fenton back into the room. He had been grazed across the skull and was partially conscious.

He charged back into the hall again. One of the detectives was dead and he snatched up his pistol to add it to his own. Sounds of battle came from around the corner. He hurried to the scene.

Although Chico the Wasp had sought to slay the police and their prisoner in one murderous burst, the element of luck saved two of the detectives from sudden death. Now they were battling

## Headline Murders

savagely with the slayer. The man had sought to run down the hall leading to the stairway, but had made the wrong turn and had been brought to bay in a blind passage.

Now he was standing off his assailants from behind a pile of furniture that had been placed outside a room while renovators were at work.

B-b-b-r-r-r-r.

The detectives dodged back around the corner. Then they peered into the hall again, as the machine-gun's fire stopped suddenly.

Jack Kerney lunged ahead, a pistol in either hand. Mazie Lawrence would be in danger of death as long as Chico the Wasp lived and he had determined to end that murderous career as soon as possible. He saw the two detectives desert cover. They could see Chico laboring with the breech mechanism of his Thompson gun and the two men charged fearlessly.

Zing-zing!

The little man had drawn an automatic pistol. It was fitted with a Maxim silencer. The impact of the bullets made more noise than the weapon's discharge and for the moment Jack Kerney feared he was being shot at from another direction. One of the two detectives ahead of him was down, clutching at a wound in the breast. The second was on his hands and knees, crawling toward Chico, pausing to fire and then advancing like a skirmisher on the battlefield.

Jack flung himself upon the floor and began firing, edging ahead like the detective was doing.

Suddenly the detective ahead had jumped to his feet, preparing to charge the gangster. Then he had pitched forward and now was sprawled upon the carpet, his great body quivering. Chico had aimed carefully, and his bullet had found the big officer's heart. Only Jack and the murderer remained in that hallway. To the reporter came the realization that he was facing one of the most desperate gunmen in the world and the man had demonstrated his ability to shoot.

He edged forward toward the ferret-eyed little gangster.

No thought of retreat came to him. He steadied his right arm with his left hand and glanced along the barrel.

He squeezed upon the trigger slowly, and the pistol all but leaped from his grip with the recoil of the discharge. He heard a muttered oath from Chico and saw the little man's right arm drop. Kerney's shot had struck him in the shoulder.

Now the gangster was firing with his left hand. He had not the deadly accuracy with it that his right possessed, but—

The bullets were ripping into the carpet on either side of Kerney as he steadied himself for another shot.

Zing-Bam!

Jack Kerney felt as though some one had struck him on the left forearm with a hammer. He had been supporting his right wrist with that hand and now—his pistol dropped to the floor. He snatched it up again as Chico started to rise and fired twice, almost blindly. A screech of laughter from his opponent. Then the swart man resumed his methodical fire.

Slowly Jack Kerney crawled ahead. He was feeling weak now. His left arm did not pain, but the blood flow was rapid. He must get Chico.

(Please turn to page 84)

## do smart business women wear tinted nails or natural?



Miss Jerry Maxwell, Fashion Publicist, Saks-Fifth Avenue

**Both! . . . Like other smart women they vary their nail tints with their gowns . . . says world authority on the manicure.**

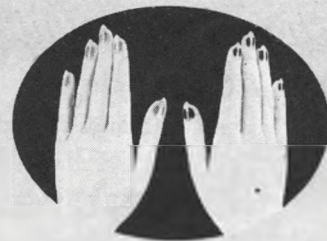
You absolutely can't tell the Girl with a Career from the social butterfly these days. She wears the same elegant clothes, lunches at the same smart restaurants, and goes in for the same alluring *Variety* in nail tints.

The truth is they both know they can't afford *not to be smart*. And to be smart—in or out of business today—you simply can't stick to a single shade of nail polish.

Besides, *Variety* in nail tints actually PAYS. Rose nails can make the simplest little dark blue frock look like a Paris original! And Coral finger tips with the new beiges make your arguments twice as convincing!

Don't worry about choosing the right shade for the right gown. You can always refer to the panel on the right.

And remember, there's the necessity for quality as well as color. Cutex is famous for both. You can depend on Cutex Liquid Polish to have a grand lustre, go on smoothly, dry almost instantly, and never crack, peel, streak or fade.



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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the new Maybelline.  Black  Brown

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## HEADLINE MURDERS

(Continued from page 83)

Zing—zing!

The gangster was fighting carefully. As Kerney drew nearer, the gunman used greater pains. With his right hand, he could have ended the battle before this, but—

"You're not going to bump me off and let some of those lousy reporters cop my girl and beat *The Tab* on this story," Jack Kerney swore, as he continued to crawl forward.

He unleashed a burst of fire that caused Chico to hug the floor. Shot after shot crashed into the pile of furniture. Then his gun went silent.

A screech of laughter, demoniacal laughter.

A blow upon the head that almost knocked him out. He felt a warm stream come down his forehead and something wet and sticky half blinded him.

Through the red haze before him, he could see Chico the Wasp stealing from behind the pile of furniture. Chico was advancing, his pistol gripped by the barrel. He, too, had used his last shot and was coming to beat his victim to death.

The swart gangster had almost reached him.

B-b-b-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

A ripping burst of machine-gun fire sounded from behind them. Through the red haze Jack Kerney saw Chico the Wasp sink into a riddled heap.

A RUSH of heavy feet and a detail of police dashed down the hall. Jack Kerney struggled to get to his feet. Tender hands aided him. The world was whirling giddily. Finally, he reached the telephone in his own room. He took up the receiver as Mazie steadied his swaying body.

"Say, boss, Kerney speaking," he said, weakly, into the transmitter. "Here's one that'll stop the press."

Then, haltingly, he gave the details of the last tragic act in the drama of the duke's monacle.

Propped up in bed in the hospital, Jack Kerney addressed Allison, the city editor of *The Tab*, gesturing with his head. One arm was in a sling and his other hand was entwined with that of a blonde girl, whose great, blue eyes were held upon his face.

"I didn't exactly hold out on you, chief," he explained, "for it's newspaper etiquette not to mention members of the family of the staff in a story like this."

"Family—you haven't any more family than a piece of cheese."

"I've got a wife," Jack boasted. "Here she is—exhibit A. Married her right after I came out from under the chloroform."

"A year from now you'll be saying you hadn't come out," said the hard-boiled Allison. Then as he looked into Mazie's blue eyes, "I don't mean that, Mrs. Kerney. He just asked for it."

"Well—as I was saying," Jack went on, "Mazie was hired as steno by the duke and he told her to look out for somebody who was out to get him. They did, but she beat it. Then, to make a short story long, she and I fell for each other like two tons of brick and she did everything she could to help me get the yarn; and I guess I didn't, huh?"

"Chico the Wasp got next to what she was trying to do and he grabbed

her down there at Fenton's, but she managed to get away."

"But how about the duke's monacle?" Mazie asked, tightening her hold on her young husband's hand.

"That's the only part of the story I didn't turn up," the modest Kerney replied, "but it's in *The Tab*. After I gave the office the tip, they got busy on the wires with Gila Bend, Arizona. They got the real dope there. The only bad hunch I had was thinking that Vincente Rodriguez killed the duke. Chico got both him and Gibson, the chauffeur. I should have guessed that, but the fact that one was shot on the right side of the head and one on the left crossed me up. The cops caught the man who was driving Rodriguez and he told them that Gibson was shot when he turned around to see what happened to the duke."

"But the monacle?" Marie pressed, smiling up into Jack's earnest face.

"That's what I was getting to," he retorted. "Rodriquez was trying to get it so he could give it to Cyril Fenton. He didn't want to kill the duke, but he had Chico along in case somebody started shooting."

"But why did Rodriguez want to give Fenton the monacle?" the bride's blue eyes were puzzled.

Jack leaned over to kiss her and then began:

"Long before either you or I were born, this duke person killed a man in Arizona who happened to be the brother of Vincente Rodriguez. It was a big shooting brawl in which Stratton himself was implicated. Our duke swore that Bill Stratton, Cyril's father and heir to the dukedom was the murderer; and even made Stratton believe it and induced him to change his name and run away. At the same time he stole William Stratton's monacle."

"It seems to me a funny thing to steal," Mazie murmured.

"It was; only the monacle was a key to a map that showed where William Stratton had discovered a phenomenally rich gold deposit. He didn't put down everything on the map, but scratched lines on the monacle that filled in the vacant spots on the paper. By holding the eye-glass a certain way, the position of the mine was shown."

"Vincente Rodriguez knew about this and when he learned that it was the duke and not William Stratton, who killed his brother, he decided to take justice into his own hands and he did."

"But Chico—where did he come in?" she asked.

"Chico was hired as a bodyguard, but when he found there was a chance to get rich, he started killing and didn't stop until he was full of lead himself. They got the monacle and map both off his body; and Cyril Stratton, or Cyril Fenton, as we know him, not only inherits a dukedom, but a real gold mine besides."

Mazie's blue eyes were sparkling as she listened. Then she took up a sheaf of papers that had been scattered on Jack's bed.

"Oh, Jack, you've been teasing me," she protested. "There's nothing in here about the monacle or the mine or—"

"Of course not, not in those rags," retorted her brand new husband. "If you want the news, you've got to read it in *The Tab*. Here you are—everything in detail."

## The Empty Room

(Continued from page 51)

"Oh, quite. And anyway," said Marcia, confidently, "you'll be able to set things straight. It's about my mother."

As he did not immediately respond, she repeated: "My mother, you know. She was with me at the station."

There was a stir in the group and a newcomer came to the fore. The interruption took Marcia's attention momentarily from Claude Willet's face—else she might have caught its look of embarrassed distress as she so confidently summoned the help of the young vice-consul's memory.

Welcoming the diversion, Claude Willet gestured to the newcomer, a distinguished Frenchman with a red rosette in his lapel.

"The hotel management has taken the liberty—with my consent—to summon M. Armand, the police *commissaire* of the district. Oh, M. Armand's been called quite unofficially, you understand. But he has been most helpful in assembling all the people who saw you—"

"And my mother!" insisted Marcia. "Quite so," stammered Claude. "Well—er—they're all here—the station porter, the cab man, your bellboy."

"I'll talk to them now."  
Some low-voiced commands from M. Chupin brought the well-remembered apple-cheeked boy in service uniform before Marcia. She looked levelly at the lad, who returned her gaze with eyes apparently frank.

"You remember me, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes, mademoiselle," said the boy. "To what room did you take me?"

"To number 713."  
"Yes; but, before that—to what room did you take my mother and myself?"

The silence which followed her question was strained. Marcia held her breath. The lad's voice was steady and his gaze unflinching as he made his answer:

"Mademoiselle went directly to room 713. She was unaccompanied."

MARCIA battled against a return of sickening despair. What was the meaning of this monstrous concerted lie so unanimously upheld by these alien people.

Claude stepped forward. "Would you recognize the porter and the cab-man?" he asked.

"Yes, I'd know them both."  
There was a stir in the crowd and a stout red-faced man was pushed forward.

"You were the driver of our cab," Marcia promptly cried, and the newcomer bobbed his head in agreement.

"Who was with me?" challenged Marcia.

The answer came patly. "Nobody was with you, mademoiselle."

Marcia tottered as if struck a smashing blow.

"You think me mad!" She turned and swept the company with an accusing gaze. "You all think I'm mad." She seized Claude's arm with a grip that made him wince. "But you, Mr. Willet—you don't think I'm mad?"

He answered with slow deliberation. "No, Miss Taber. I believe you're as sane as I am."

She sought his eyes, eager to read there that he firmly believed what he

(Please turn to page 86)

## IS YOURS A *Good Morning* COMPLEXION



## WHEN YOU'RE READY TO SAY *Good Night?*

Retain your "9 a. m. Freshness" all day long with this simple 5-Minute Beauty Program!

● HOW FRESH you look in the early morning! Skin... clear, smooth and radiant as rose petals. As glowingly young as Spring itself.

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ders that won the praise of millions of women. Now, it is a complete range of exquisite make-up aids, each with a base of rich, luxurious Olive Oil.

Begin tonight—remove dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleansing Cream. It's so much more effective than mere soap and water. Follow with a thin film of nourishing Olive Oil Cream... *Two minutes*—that's all!

Tomorrow morning spend *three minutes* this way. First, apply OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener to awaken and "pep up" your skin. Then, for protection and a perfect powder base, smooth on a light veil of OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream. Now a touch of rouge for the lips and cheeks, using either the Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder if yours is a normal skin, or with *Lightex* if your skin is oily.

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5 Popular Shades

## OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil* BEAUTY PRODUCTS

## The Empty Room (Continued from page 85)



**THE** microscopic-bubble lather of the new formula Lavender Shaving Cream makes for greater economy as well as greater satisfaction. By softening your beard more thoroughly and in less time than any other, the bristles come off so easily—so much easier

—that you find yourself securing 1 to 3 more shaves to the blade.

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said—but he had turned away to bring forward the last witness summoned to this unofficial court of inquiry. Marcia recognized the man's bandy-legs at once, but checked her impulse to speak and allowed the police *commissaire* to question the porter.

"Did you carry luggage for this young lady when she arrived in Paris this afternoon?" M. Armand asked the man.

The porter peered at Marcia. "With a hat, a lady looks different," he said, dubiously, "but I think—yes, I'm sure I did."

"Of course you did," put in Marcia. "And my——" But she stopped short, fearful that once again she was to be disappointed.

"And who was with the lady?" M. Armand completed the question.

"Mademoiselle was alone."

"Take him away!" Marcia's voice rang out, angrily clear. She seized Claude Willet's hand and pulled him forward.

"Tell them!" she commanded him. "Tell them how awfully wrong they are. Tell them my mother *was* with me."

She went silent and stood rigid, awaiting his answer, which was delayed.

"Well, monsieur?" M. Armand broke the silence.

Claude Willet made a gesture of appeal toward Marcia and stammered: "I—I can't be positive. I—I——"

"You saw no one with mademoiselle; that is what you wish to say?" drily prompted the police official.

"I—I——" and Claude Willet dropped his head in a nod of assent. "I wish I could say otherwise, but it is true; I did not notice that Miss Willet was accompanied."

Marcia shook with emotions among which wild rage was uppermost.

"You, too!" she cried and, obeying a blind impulse, placed a small gloved hand against his broad chest and pushed with all her strength. Nevertheless, it was Claude who caught her as she fell—and he allowed none to help him carry the inanimate form through the lobby, to the elevator and finally to the room where he tenderly deposited his burden on the bed.

**ON** a November day, in the American Consulate, following the civic ceremonies closing the Exposition, Claude Willet stood before his superior officer, the distinguished, elderly gentleman in whose company he had once been seen by Marcia. With a mixture of deference and familiarity, Claude greeted the older man: "Have you a few minutes to listen to me, Uncle Bob?"

The older man tipped back in his chair and considered his nephew studiously a moment before he spoke. Then:

"I suppose it's the Taber thing again," he said, with a slight frown.

"Yes." Claude stole an apprehensive glance at his uncle and then went ahead, resolutely. "I hate to drop the case without a solution. I've just heard that Miss Taber is well enough to leave the sanitorium and is coming back to the city. Can't I have one talk with her before we close the file?"

"Solution?" grumbled Pauling. "The matter was solved long ago. It's obvious that the young lady is suffering from some kind of delusion induced

by a shock. Everything we've been able to dig up about the case indicates that she lost her mother some time before she arrived in Paris and that the shock left her unbalanced."

"Let me see her once before we accept that solution," begged Claude. "After all, it's a serious matter—this deciding that an American citizen is insane."

For a moment, the elder man withheld his answer as he nervously tapped his desk with a pen and studied the younger man. When he spoke, it was with the air of one who embarks on discussion of an avoided topic.

"Claude," he said. "I've watched your interest in this case. You've spent a whole summer thinking of little else. As near as I can ascertain, you've been down to this country sanitorium where Miss Taber is recuperating a dozen times. I'm a bit responsible for you, you know. I think you might get ahead in this diplomatic game. One thing has to be considered by any young man in this profession. You must not go off at a tangent and get deeply involved with the wrong kind of girl."

"Meaning," said Claude, steadily, "that if I were such a fool as to marry a lunatic I might as well quit my post." He waited for his uncle's nod and then continued levelly: "Tell me—if Marcia Taber is quite sane and that sanity is proved by the facts in this case—would there be any other objection to her—as a wife for a budding statesman, I mean?"

The older man cleared his throat, spluttered for a moment, but finally gave the only answer he could. "No real objections. The inquiries about the Taber family got favorable replies. You might have looked about for more money, of course, but I'm ready to admit that's your own affair. No, the girl's the right sort, but——"

"I know what that 'but' is," interrupted the younger man, eagerly, rising as he spoke. "And let me set your mind at rest. I give you my word, I shan't marry a mad woman." A rueful thought struck him. "In fact, I don't think you need to fear that I'll marry Miss Taber at all."

"Eh?"  
"My courting isn't getting on—not at all. She won't see me."

"Won't see you? How about those trips to where she has been staying?"

"She has always refused to see me. She has given orders I am not to be allowed to enter her room."

The elder man's eyes twinkled as he considered his handsome young nephew with evident approval.

"And you say she isn't mad!" he slyly said.

**L**ATE that evening, Claude Willet stood waiting on a platform of the St. Lazare railway station as a suburban train rolled in. A small number of passengers alighted from the late train and hurried away. Willet soon identified the one he had come to meet and strode forward to intercept a slight figure with ash-blonde hair.

"Marcia—Miss Taber," he implored. "I have to see you—please."

She darted to left and right, seeking to pass, but he determinedly stood in her way.

"You were with them. You were on their side," she chokingly protested. "You told the same lie they all told."



## The Empty Room

"But I did not lie," he cried. "You must listen to my explanation.

"I said that I did not see your mother with you and I said the truth," he stammered. "And the explanation is very simple. When I looked at you, that time, you were the only thing I saw. As for your being with your mother—you might have been surrounded by mother and father and twenty uncles and aunts and I wouldn't have seen one of them."

He stopped, as he saw a pair of brightly inquisitive eyes peep out from under the brim of a floppy hat to examine him. He had the sense to hold his tongue. He walked by her side, trying to measure his stride to hers, and tripping awkwardly. They were at the cab stand and he hailed a driver. She did not draw away when he offered her the aid of his arm. He got in by her side.

"Where to?" he asked.

"The Hotel Minervoiss," she called. The cab moved on.

Presently he saw the crown of the floppy hat turn and tilt. The pair of blue eyes peeped up at him again. They were merry now. They lingered on his for a moment. The cheeks below them grew red and the eyes were hurriedly turned away. Claude Willet was left staring again at the crown of a hat of brown straw. He smiled and addressed the piece of millinery.

"You know," he calmly stated to the hat, "I've just promised I won't marry you if you're mad." He waited. No answer came. "What do you say to that?" he demanded.

He had to lean to catch the small answer.

"I say that you'll have no trouble keeping your promise."

"Wait a minute," he urged. "You have to follow my argument, which is this: if I'm not to marry you mad, I certainly intend to marry you sane." His arms sought her and drew her close. She was unresistant, but as if inanimate, so that he turned her to him by sheer force. The blue eyes looked into his, unblinkingly, as if held fascinated by fright. He shook her.

"Are you—" he insisted, almost with irritation. "Are you sane?"

"Not awfully!" the answer faintly came, and he crushed her to him.

AGES seemed to pass and then they spoke of practical things. She pulled away and restored the floppy hat from a crazy angle to its proper one. The cab stopped. Claude looked around, a little bewildered and recognized the facade of the Minervoiss. He asked a question which had flashed through his mind earlier but had ceded utterance to weightier things.

"Why are you coming back to the Minervoiss, darling?"

For answer, she pulled a blue telegram sheet from her purse and handed it to him. He read:

"The Minervoiss management wishes to make a statement of great interest to you. If you will call or indicate where I may wait on you, I shall be much obliged. CHUPIN, Manager."

"I think," she commented, gravely, "that I am about to learn whether I am mad or sane."

In a secluded parlor of the hotel an impressive company stood up as Claude ushered in the girl. M. Chupin came forward. Behind him stood Police

(Please turn to page 88)

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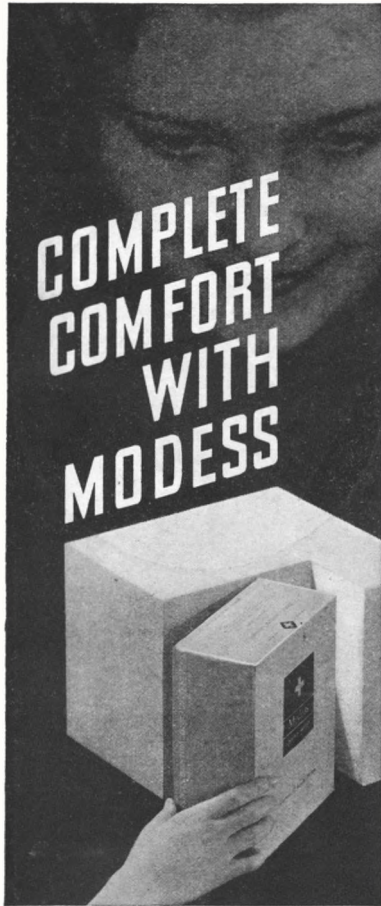
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General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario

Your grocer sells La France and Satina. Both are products of General Foods Corporation.

# The Empty Room (Continued from page 87)



## AT A NEW LOW PRICE

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. U. S. A.

**Modess**  
SANITARY NAPKINS

Commissaire Armand and a group of civic functionaries, men who had been drawn officially into the curious case of the mystery of the lady of room 513. M. Chupin bowed Marcia to a seat with great formality. He questioned the others with his eyes and their nods elected him spokesman.

"Mademoiselle," he gravely began, "the City of Paris—myself—my hotel—we all owe you the most heart-felt apologies and, beyond that, any reparation which it is in our power to make. However, as you bear with me and hear to the end my recital of the most amazing circumstances of the case, perhaps you will be able, at the end, to sympathize with us and acknowledge that we have done what we had to do. May I go ahead?"

"My mother!" cried Marcia, frantically. "My mother! You know where she is!"

"Your mother," said M. Chupin, gravely, "is dead."

Marcia's reaction to the news was simple and affecting. She experienced a long shudder and then, seeking Claude's hand and holding it firm, she summoned self-control. "Thank God!" she murmured. "At least—now I know." Then, impatiently, she urged M. Chupin to speak. "Tell me the truth—all of the truth. I shan't stop you again."

"Let me say first," began M. Chupin, impressively, "that there is no city in the world like Paris, whose citizens love her so well and are able to act in concert whenever she is menaced. We who are here in this room are Parisians, first, last and always, and we accept full responsibility for what we have done—for Paris!"

M. Chupin looked full at Marcia, as he continued:

"Well, then, you will remember last June and your arrival here. You wanted a suite—you and madame your mother. We had no suites and you accepted separate rooms. Madame was assigned to 513 and you, mademoiselle, to 113, two floors above. Now, recall the sequence of events.

"Your mother sent the boy for drinking water. He returned and conducted you to your room. You must have been still in the hall when your mother rang once again and demanded a doctor. We sent the house physician. After attending the lady, Dr. Boyot came directly to me. He was white with fear and could hardly speak. He dragged me into my private office, locked the door, and put his hand over the key-hole. I thought he had gone mad.

"The woman in 513!" he said in a loud whisper. "The missionary! The lady missionary!"

"Eh bien," said I. "What has she done?"

"She is ill," he cried and let me have the truth like a bullet in the chest. "Madame Taber is down with the—the—plague!"

"Mademoiselle, you blanch. You are overcome. Even so did I blanch and tremble when I heard the dreadful news. Dr. Boyot made it emphatic. 'The lady,' he said, 'has the plague in its most infectious form.'

"That aroused me, mademoiselle. Here, in the heart of Paris, in my beautiful hotel—a case of that awful epidemic disease, the bubonic plague!

"Mademoiselle, you remember that my friend, Commissaire Armand, was

early on the scene. When you saw him, your fate had been decided. We had thought of every way of handling the terrible situation and were forced to choose the one which made you a victim, but which saved Paris. I do not exaggerate, mademoiselle, when I say Paris was saved. Had it ever become known that our over-crowded, festive city, on the eve of its great day, was host to the dread pestilence, it would have emptied overnight. The great Exposition would have been a fiasco. The one word—'plague'—could have done France more harm that day than the loss of a great war."

M. Chupin paused, looked anxiously at Marcia and poured her a tumbler of water. She pushed the glass away. "Go on," she said, tonelessly.

"Well, my poor young lady, we did what we had to do. We knew at once that you were the sole obstacle to our plan. By discovering us at our work you might have made the whole thing public. You sent for drinking water. The water you drank, mademoiselle, was infused with a safe drug. It could not lastingly harm you, but you slept seven hours! Madame, your mother was quickly and quietly removed to the pest-house of St. Lazare. She offered no resistance, being already in the coma which was prelude to the inevitable end."

M. Chupin held up his hand and looked earnestly into Marcia's face. "Yes, your mother died. You may be assured that the remains were given the greatest respect and that when you visit the grave you will find that we have done what we could to express our reverence for the person we so cruelly but necessarily wronged."

"But, the empty room!" Marcia cried.

"Ah yes, the emptiness of room 513," said M. Chupin. "You nearly guessed our secret when you so unexpectedly entered that room. You see, you did not sleep as long as we expected, and you found us in the midst of our arrangements. Of course, we had stripped the room of every object in it. Before that night was over, they were incinerated. The maid was making preparations to fumigate the place when she discovered you in the door and had to face your questions.

"It was so imperative to play our parts well! All had to be coached—everybody who had seen you—the porter at the station, the cabby, the staff here. We overlooked nothing. The hotel register was expertly altered—your mother's name obliterated, another written in. Do you know whose name appeared in the place where your mother had signed? That of a young hospital interne—a hero unsung, mademoiselle—who volunteered to inhabit the dreadful room through the ensuing weeks, which he spent fumigating the chamber and watching himself for any signs that he had contracted the plague. Fortunately, he survived."

M. Chupin rose. Instantly, Claude was on his feet, too.

"One moment," he angrily cried. "Do you mean to say that there was no other way?"

M. Chupin shrugged. "None, Monsieur. We were terrified lest mademoiselle, too, had contracted the disease—but when the doctor assured us that she merely suffered from shock, we were relieved of that worry."

## The Empty Room

"But the heartless cruelty of it!"

M. Chupin made as if to retort as excitedly as he had been addressed, but thought better of it and said. "There is one remark I could make, but I could not decently do so in the presence of mademoiselle."

"I know what M. Chupin would say," put in Marcia. She stood up, completely mistress of herself, pale but serene. She nodded to the hotel manager. "You would have said: 'Of what importance is the daughter of an obscure missionary compared to a whole city—and that city Paris? Isn't that what you would have said?'"

M. Chupin's only answer was an expressive shrug which lifted his shoulders above his ears.

Marcia turned to the assembled officials. "As for complaints, demands for reparations, recrimination—anything of that sort, expect none from me. I am a guest of France. I shall accept the French point of view."

The gentlemen of France bowed low as she left the room.

"... Tomorrow, I shall visit her grave, but today—just let me walk and think—and lean on you."

Marcia was speaking, as she walked by Claude's side in the sequestered paths of the Parc Monceau. They continued on a while and then Claude stopped short.

"Darling," he said, earnestly, "do you know what you just did—back there in that hotel parlor a while ago?"

"No; what?"

"You gave me a lesson in my own trade—diplomacy. He quoted her words from memory: 'I am a guest of France: I shall accept the French point of view.' You summed up the whole duty of diplomats in a dozen words."

And suddenly he leaned to kiss her. Primness was a basic quality in her and she cried: "Oh—in public Claude!"

He pointed and she looked—at two French lovers, embracing on a nearby bench, unconscious or scornful of the eyes of the world.

"That," said Claude, "is also a French point of view."

## A Strange Experience

OLD man Johnson was dead: a very rheumatic wreck was he, bent nearly double from a stroke he had received early in life. How the undertakers had placed him in his coffin was more than I knew at the time, but nevertheless I volunteered with the balance of the community boys to stay that night and sit up to keep company with the rest of the family (as was the custom in Nebraska).

All was quiet at midnight until old man Johnson sat up in the coffin and groaned! Then everyone left by window and door, not minding whether they were closed or not.

I later learned that the undertakers had placed a strap across the chest of the corpse and one across the feet, thereby drawing the doubled corpse straight. How it happened I never knew, but the chest strap broke, and the corpse, which was held like a spring, sat up. The reaction in his lungs caused him to groan.

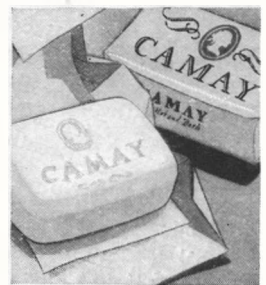
J. A. N., Palmyra, Tenn.

# How to win the BEAUTY CONTEST you engage in every day!

Eyes glance your way—and you are in another of life's Beauty Contests! Today—get a dozen cakes of Camay. Use only this gentle, safe beauty soap, and your skin will be so fresh, so soft and flower-like, that all eyes will find you charming!



Fresh, glowing cleanliness—it is the first step toward natural loveliness! But never let any soap but the delicate beauty soap, Camay, touch your skin.



Here it is—Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the finest beauty soap you can buy... luxurious, gentle, safe for your precious skin!

This girl is in a Beauty Contest—just as you are, wherever you go. And if your skin has the lovely, soft, clean look that always attracts others, you will win!

The beauty of your skin depends on the soap you use. Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure, creamy-white soap, free from coloring matter, free from the "chalkiness" that dries out the skin. Camay is so delicate, so safe, that 73 leading skin doctors praise it! A brief minute with Camay's luxurious lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiantly clean, smooth as satin. Today, get a dozen cakes of Camay, take care of your skin with it, and you will find yourself winning so many of life's little Beauty Contests—and big ones, too!

# CAMAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

*I have a date  
every night—Now!*

"One night Mary and I went riding with a couple of boys. I was in front with the boy who was driving. He paid more attention to the road than was strictly necessary . . . if you know what I mean.

But I could see Mary in the rear-view mirror. She smiled.

The boy snuggled closer.

The next day I took the bull by the horns and frankly asked Mary if she knew why the boy with me had been such a joy killer.

Mary hesitated.

"If I were you, Jane," she said, "I'd do what I've been doing for years . . . chew DOUBLE MINT."

"You see, I've discovered," she explained, "there's nothing a boy likes so much in a girl as Nature's Own Sweet Breath!"

I took the hint. Now, I'm a DOUBLE MINT Girl, and what a difference it has made."



M-33

## Shivering In the Dark (Continued from page 30)

client, Lodge went to her apartment, while Jean hurried off to the theater. At the apartment, Michael Lodge was met with an instant manifestation of the malevolent force that seemed to stalk invisibly through those rooms.

House Detective Morton, who had stayed behind to guard the apartment in Jean Harlow's absence, was lying cozily on the rug apparently asleep once more. But Morton was not asleep. He was unconscious. Some one had slugged him from behind with a small club. When he awoke he could tell Inspector Lodge nothing valuable.

"One thing I know," he stated dazedly, "and that is there was nobody in this room. I searched it. And I locked myself in. And I hid in the closet and waited. The door was shut. And I was hit on the head in there. And somebody dragged me out here."

Lodge nodded thoughtfully and sent Morton away to have his head bandaged. Alone in the rooms, he made his own search, but with no impressive results. There seemed to be no clues. Presently he was joined by May Carey, his beautiful girl assistant, and the two of them talked out the case, as was their habit, at great length.

Their talk did not lead them very far, at first, but they had yet to talk to the manager of the apartment house, who was inclined to be a little skeptical of Jean's story. Many an actress had stayed under his roof, he didn't mind telling you. And sometimes they had queer notions.

"Who else lives on this floor?" demanded Inspector Lodge, by no means impressed with the manager's skepticism.

"The Princess Kropotkin is staying on the left. She lives there with her husband, Lorimer Hammond, the journalist. They are both friends of Miss Harlow's. To the right, there is a single room which has been reserved, but not occupied as yet. A Mr. Dingle engaged it by mail and had his baggage sent in. We are expecting him any day."

"We'll visit both places now, if you don't mind."

In Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's suite, they found a fluttered maid, who said that her mistress was expected back at five o'clock. Lodge asked a few routine questions, but did not spend much time there. The vacant room on the other side was equally disappointing. The shades were drawn, and in the middle of the floor stood two suitcases and a trunk labeled with the name of "John P. Dingle." The place had evidently not been occupied for some time.

RETURNING to the Harlow suite, he went over every inch of the three rooms in a hunt for clues, then gave it up, shaking his head.

"I can't find a thing," he said to May. "No tracks or fingerprints. Nothing dropped from the guy's pocket. It's too bad we weren't called earlier."

At that moment, Jean Harlow came in, breathless. Lodge was glad to see her and presented May Carey.

"I'll be asking you, of course, whether you know of any enemy who might go to such desperate lengths to injure you," Lodge began.

"No, Inspector!" The platinum blonde beauty was positive about that. "You haven't quarreled with anybody

out at the Hollywood studio? Haven't given cause for professional jealousy?" he persisted.

"Not that I know of."

"Well, this has the earmarks of vengeance by a criminal maniac—probably a man—who's out to torture you mentally before he goes to something worse. It's serious. One act of vandalism might have been just a malicious stunt, but a series of them points to a plot. Hm!" Lodge changed the drift of his remarks brusquely: "By the way, have you used the radio since you last cut off the ghost music?"

She shuddered.

"I'd have died rather than touch it." "Good!" he exclaimed, thinking as a detective and not of her feelings.

"Then the knob used to tune in may carry the skulker's fingerprints."

He moved over to the radio cabinet and carefully unscrewed the part in question, which he handed to May.

"Take it down to the office, me darlin', and have 'em put through a rush job of developing the evidence and making an enlarged photograph. Get the print to me as quick as you can."

The girl operative was gone in an instant, and Lodge turned back to Miss Harlow.

"I've been thinking up a scheme," he announced. "I want you to throw a party tonight."

She stiffened, as though she resented his making fun of her.

"A party—feeling the way I do!"

"I'm not kidding. You have no shows tonight. Ask a bunch of friends for after dinner. You can take them a little into your confidence—but only a little. Tip them to pretend to go home early. They all leave—except May and myself, who will remain in the kitchen and the living room. You, Miss Harlow, must go to bed. Put out all your lights. We shall leave the back door in the corridor unlocked—your friends slip back into the living room. In the dark—all silent—difficult as it is, I can manage every bit of this—see?"

"Yes—and no! You expect to catch the creature with the help of all my friends?"

"If you put it that way—"

"But why not detectives all over the place, instead of my friends, who might be scared out of their wits?"

Lodge smiled.

"Now you are asking for a lecture on criminal psychology. I haven't the time—only get this. Vanity is the undoing of most criminals. I think our fellow will discover our plans in advance. In fact, I'm counting on it. But his vanity will make him so anxious to impress all these celebrities—"

Jean laughed.

"Do you really believe that?"

"I've been chasing criminals for forty years," Lodge reminded her.

Jean did some rapid thinking.

"I've been promising to give a reception for John Mulholland, the magician. He's terribly busy, but I shall try to get him to come on short notice. Then there's the Princess Kropotkin and her husband, from next door."

"Okay. Who else?"

"I could ask Arthur Garfield Hays. Any number of writers—George Creel, George Sylvester Viereck and his wife, Charley Paddock, the sprinter, and his pretty wife. Carol Hill, Carl Brandt, Nannine Joseph, all literary agents. Beatrice Doner, a singer, who lives in the house. I'm picking people who are

## Shivering In the Dark

all within easy reach. Then I expect my mother and stepfather home tonight, too."

"Fine," said Lodge. "If you think of a few more, ask them, too. Now I advise you to dine out and try to forget this business for a little while. You may need all your nerve for later on. I want you to be in bed by eleven sharp."

LEFT to himself shortly afterwards, Lodge resumed his investigation. He unearthed no clues, but then he had not expected to do so. He was dealing, he felt certain, with a crafty and blood-thirsty creature who had charted his course in advance and would be hard to catch. Though he had stopped short of saying it to Miss Harlow, Lodge believed that the mysterious fiend was working up to a murder.

At seven o'clock, the detective coolly abandoned the rooms and went downstairs to eat. He hoped that his foe would enter during his absence and perhaps leave a trace of his passage. But in this he was disappointed. He found only May Carey waiting for him outside the door of the suite. She handed him the photographic print he had ordered, and his eyes lit up.

"Snappy work, me darlin'," he said. They went in together, and he turned on the lights to examine the photo. He scrutinized it for a long time in silence, then raised haggard eyes. May's face, also, was touched with panic.

"Why, the fingerprints on that radio knob are as small as those of a baby," he muttered. "A seven-year-old child would have left larger marks."

She nodded. "I saw that. Wh-hat on earth can it mean?"

The detective was astonished at the swift flood of Irish superstition that had welled up in him. But the next moment, the two of them took a grip on their imaginations, and became keen, logical detectives once more. Jean Harlow found them intently on the job when she returned from dinner.

Soon the guests began to arrive, and by nine o'clock more than a dozen were present. The hostess had asked several whom she had not mentioned when first making up her list. Gaiety effervesced as if no one had the least idea of impending tragedy. Yet all knew, at least a little, of the excitement that might be impending. Her stepfather, Dr. Marino Bello, never went far from Jean's side, and his watchful eyes were on the alert for any danger that might suddenly threaten this beautiful screen idol.

The magician, John Mulholland, most brilliant of the younger practitioners of an ancient art, set out his props on a little square table and proceeded to amaze the visitors with his dexterity. He performed the birdcage trick, in which canary as well as cage disappeared inexplicably when thrown into the air. He linked and unlinked a series of apparently solid metal rings. He filled a cup with water plucked from the air. Calling upon Arthur Garfield Hays and W. Adolphe Roberts, the writer, to act as magician's assistants, he performed marvels such as no one present had seen or dreamed of, with a pack of playing cards.

At a prearranged signal by Inspector Lodge, however, the party apparently broke up. Jean Harlow retired to bed and the suite was plunged into darkness. (Please turn to page 92)



## Gives your hair an alluring loveliness—unobtainable by ordinary washing.

Why proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it soft and silky, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly,

but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how

it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.



# MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

# Nestle SUPERSET



Nestle Permanent Wave, long bob, set with SuperSet Finger Waving Lotion.

*Make*  
**EVERY WAVE**  
*More Glorious*

**T**HERE is a captivating glamour to the SuperSet wave you can obtain in no other way. SuperSet makes the hair soft, fluffy and lustrous . . . and it makes every finger wave or water wave longer lasting and more alluring. You will prefer SuperSet because it is faster drying, economical, and altogether free from grease. There is no after deposit or sediment. Beauticians everywhere recommend SuperSet. Use SuperSet on your next wave . . . and make a friend for life!

## COLORINSE

Enhance your hair with new tone color. Simply add Nestle Colorinse to the after-shampoo wash. You will be enchanted with the glimmering sparkle and liveliness it imparts to the hair. It is simply harmless vegetable compound, neither a dye or a bleach, and you have twelve shades to choose from. Two rinses in one package for 10c.

## Combination Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo

Restore the natural health and vitality of your hair with this famous Nestle treatment. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and revitalizes lifeless hair. Free from soap or alkali, it also makes the preferred shampoo. *The Nestle-Lo Mar Company, New York City*

**10c** Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores  
large size at your beauty parlor.

# Shivering In the Dark (Continued from page 91)

ness. Then, one by one, the celebrities sidled back in from the corridor and took their places in chairs, or standing tightly packed against the wall farthest from the windows. Lodge had posted himself nearest to the door of the bedroom, which had been left open. He had calculated how to reach in a bound an electric switch by one of the windows that would light up the whole apartment.

A complete and eerie silence reigned. The guests were controlling their very breathing. So still it was the place might indeed have been untenanted. Yet the cards had been cleverly stacked against the intruder, should he come.

Without warning, the quiet exploded in a hell of noise. A crashing and splintering of glass was heard in Jean's room, and some heavy object fell to the floor with a jangle of additional breakage. Like a lost soul the motion picture actress screamed in her bed. The other women joined their shrieks to hers, and the men swore.

Lodge leaped toward the switch, as he had planned. But before he could press it, a small, furry, crouching thing that seemed neither human nor animal whizzed past him and vanished through the open window. He caught one glimpse of the creature—a bear-like monstrosity. In all his years of crime hunting, the Inspector had never known a thrill of horror to equal the one that beset him now. His scalp tingled and his spinal column turned to ice.

He had lost no time, nevertheless, in turning on the lights and then dashing into the bedroom, with sturdy Arthur Garfield Hays and the miracle-man Mulholland closest at his heels.

**J**EAN HARLOW was lying face down, her platinum hair spread over the pillow and covered with fragments of chipped glass. She turned over, brushing away the debris, and sobbed:

"The—the thing jumped out from under the bed. It had—had been hiding there."

On the floor were the remains of a huge mirror, which had missed Miss Harlow by inches. That it had been intended to fall squarely upon her and crush her to death could hardly be doubted. It had been hanging in a position which rendered this probable, but the frame had struck the head of her bed sidewise and had been deflected.

Lodge assured himself that she had not been wounded, then left her to the ministrations of her friends. He returned to the living room. The detective went straight to the window through which the mysterious being had seemed to catapult itself. There was a sheer drop to the street of several hundred feet!

Could the monster fly? As Lodge leaned out and flashed his pocket torch in search of evidence, he saw that there was a ledge connecting all the windows on that side of the building. But it was a ledge far too narrow even for an acrobat. Nevertheless, Lodge felt suspicious. The apartment next to that particular window was the one that had been reserved for the individual named John P. Dingle. And Lodge had been wondering about the absent Mr. Dingle.

Swinging around, Lodge beckoned to May, and then dropped his hand on George Sylvester Viereck's shoulder.

"Will you come along and help us?" he asked in an urgent voice. "Certainly," replied the author.

The three left the suite, and with a pass key, the detective unlocked the door of the adjoining room. It was still unoccupied and innocent-looking, the shades down, and the trunk and two suitcases in the center of the floor.

"Please stand by and see that no one gets through the doorway," Lodge asked Viereck, and without waiting for an answer he started on a rapid tour of the place.

He searched in the bathroom, in the single closet and under the bed. But strangely, he seemed half-hearted in his search. His eyes kept turning back continuously to the apparently harmless pieces of baggage on the carpet.

Then, with a brusque movement, he leaped towards them. He seized the lid of the trunk and wrenched at it, ignoring the lock. It cracked and gave way a little. Something that was not a steel bolt was holding it from the inside. It came up a few inches, and finally yielded with a rush.

As the lid flew up, the astounded May and Viereck, goggle-eyed, saw, hanging on to a leather strap in the form of a loop, fastened on the inner side of the lid, a tiny creature, alive and human—a manikin—a midget!

Lodge caught the creature by the scruff of his neck, pulled him loose and stood him on the carpet. He was not more than two feet tall, a correctly proportioned man dressed in a swallow-tailed coat and with an old-looking, wizened face.

"You're a circus midget—on the same bill with Jean Harlow—that's what you are," the Inspector charged. "What the hell's the idea of this monkey business?"

The midget did not answer. His lips twisted in an evil grin. His eyes seemed unnaturally bright.

"Looks as if he was out of his mind," Lodge muttered, and still holding his captive by the collar he peered into the trunk.

One by one, he removed a bear-skin costume and a luminous mask which represented a human skull. Then a hammer, a knife and a short length of stove pipe.

He looked more closely and felt the inner surface of the trunk with his hand.

"Holes have been bored in the sides—air holes. It's as clear as mud that this fellow engaged the room so as to be right next to his victim, and then had himself shipped here in the trunk. It's been his hiding place ever since, of course."

The midget maintained a stubborn silence, until Lodge barked at him:

"Speak up. Why did you do it? Come clean."

"I loved her," the little man cried, shrilly.

Viereck gasped. "What next!" he cried.

"An obsession of the kind is the thing to look for in these cases," explained Lodge, gravely. "We'll just take him in to Miss Harlow and see whether she recognizes him."

They dragged the midget to the adjoining suite, where they found the visiting celebrities condoling with the star, as she recounted the sensations of terror she had so recently suffered. The moment she laid eyes on the prisoner, she gasped:

## Shivering In the Dark

"It's Joe Gobbo. He's been working in the same theaters with me—"

"I thought so. What did you do to hurt his feelings?"

"Hurt him—I? Why, Inspector, I scarcely knew him. I never—"

The midget interrupted. In a piercing, thin voice like a bat's squeaking, he told how he had adored her, and how once when he had hinted on the lot that he would like to see her alone, she had laughed carelessly. He had brooded over the rebuff, as he considered it. He had taken to drink, and his grief, becoming more and more intense, his love had turned to hate. With gruesome reiteration, he boasted that he had intended to destroy her at the end, and now he wished that he could die.

Lodge thought:

"It'll be a nasty job putting this pathetic fellow through the works and sending him to State Penitentiary."

But Joe Gobbo spared him the ordeal. By the time that he had finished his confession, he had gone hopelessly insane.

The keepers of a certain sanitarium say that the midget is quite harmless now. His only amusement is cutting pictures of Jean Harlow from magazines and newspapers, and pasting them upon the walls of his pleasant little room.

## The Million-Dollar Jumping Jack

(Continued from page 35)

Jim? She was just coming to that when you walked in."

Both men turned and looked at the girl. She nibbled at a polished indigo nail and furrowed her brow. "I did some figuring and—seeing we're all friends—why, how about five thousand?"

She was talking to practical gentlemen—men who contemplated the giving or taking of a bribe as they would any other business expenditure. Mr. Regan continued to swing his leg. Mayor Jim pursed his lips and coughed discreetly. Miss Day found it necessary to repeat herself:

"Five grand, and I forget what I heard."

"It's not the money," said Mayor Jim, slowly, almost meditatively. "No, I don't object to the price."

Mr. Regan's leg stopped swinging. "Object?" he cried, betrayed into something as near an evidence of surprise as he had ever known. "There's no question about your paying, is there? After all I've done for you? All I'm going to do for you?" Mr. Regan was shocked into a display of weakness. He pleaded his worth. "Listen, I've got the South Side mob where we want them. I placed that two grand yesterday where it'll do the most good. The boys'll come in strong at the finish. You can count on coming down to the swell precincts with 15,000 votes to the good. Ain't that good work?" he pleaded, anxiously; and subsided into a tremulous whine. "I don't want to go back to that jail! That jail gives me the willies. And now you're stalling about coming across with a little dough to keep me out of a jam!"

"Not about paying, Frank, but— That darkey over in the jail. He'll (Please turn to page 94)

# Which woman are You?



• The Victorian-minded woman who still asks "DO I REALLY NEED IT?"



• The keen modern woman who says—"YES I NEED AND USE MUM."

IT'S a hangover from Victorian days—the idea that perspiration odor may, and indeed does, afflict other women, but that *our* daily bath, in some mysterious way, *guarantees us* freedom from this unpleasantness!

The modern woman says, "I am no different from other women. We are all made alike—with underarms that are the source of very disagreeable odor if we don't watch constantly. They need special care—something more than soap and water—just the same as our teeth and fingernails."

Having accepted the facts, these smart, up-to-date women promptly go about the business of caring for their underarms properly, as a matter of course.

They don't make an annoying, difficult problem of it. They do it in the quickest, easiest, simplest way. With Mum! It takes only half a minute to use

Mum. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, and it's done for the day. It's as simple as that!

Mum is instantly effective. And the nice part of it is that you can use Mum any time—when you are dressing or afterwards. For Mum is perfectly harmless to fabrics.

And it is so soothing to the skin you can even use Mum right after shaving.

Remember too, Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes. It simply destroys hateful odor. You can easily prove its effectiveness by rubbing a little on your hands to remove the clinging odors of fish and onions.

Take no chances on underarm odor! Protect yourself—easily but completely—with Mum. At all toilet counters, 35c and 60c a jar. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO—Mum is such a comfort to women in this way, too. Use it as a deodorant on sanitary napkins—and enjoy complete freedom from worry on this score!

# The Million-Dollar Jumping Jack

(Continued from page 93)



↓ *this*  
**NEW**  
**BATHROOM**  
**CLEANSER**  
*offers these*

**10¢**

15¢ West of Mississippi River  
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**5 advantages**

- cannot scratch—leaves no grit
- harmonizes with any color scheme
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- handy top — no cap to lose

MO-ZEL the Bathroom Cleanser is excellent for use on bathtubs, basins, tiling, windows, mirrors, woodwork, painted walls, metal surfaces . . . it's even good for the hands. Every day in dozens of ways it will save you time and work.

## A Smart Package . . . for Smart Bathrooms

In a modern, new black and silver package MO-ZEL adds a decorative note to every bathroom . . . you're never ashamed for anyone to see it . . . you can let it sit out in any convenient spot.

## Acts Like Magic!

Learn for yourself the magical way in which MO-ZEL the Bathroom Cleanser will help you do your cleaning so much easier and quicker. Available today in some Woolworth stores.

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get the limit. How about *his* being in jail?"

Mr. Regan's jaw dropped two inches. He stared at Mayor Jim in stupid amazement. "Well, I'll be—worrying about a shine!" Then he guffawed. "Why, Jim, those black boys—they just love jail!"

Mayor Jim picked up his hat. The girl named Vi leapt to her feet tigerishly. "How about my money?" she challenged, shrilly.

Mayor Jim circled around her on his way to the door. "You don't suppose I carry sums like that around with me, do you? And you know I won't give a check. Don't worry, you'll get your money. Be here after dinner. Make it a bit late—say nine."

The girl looked irresolutely from one man to the other.

"Jim's right, Vi," put in Regan. "You'll have to wait. You'll get the five bills."

DOWN below, in the street, Mayor Jim could face the prospect of family dinner with a calm that was almost pleasant. On most evenings he found some pretext for staying downtown to dine. Tonight he was glad to turn up Cedar Street and put distance between himself and Bellamy Square.

Mayor Jim's wife was waiting for him on the veranda. She was small and tired, with a once pretty face worn by work and worry. Tonight, had he been the sort to notice such things, he could have discovered an unaccustomed light in her faded eyes.

"Is supper ready?" he mechanically inquired.

"It's been ready an hour," she replied. "We kept the baby awake."

"Is—it going to eat with us?" he asked, in some alarm.

"I thought you'd like it, just the first evening," she said, as if begging pardon for a fault. "And—oh, father—you haven't forgotten—he's a boy; your grandson!"

"That's right, that's right," the mayor pumped up heartiness. "Well, it'll be fine for you, having a kid around the house again."

He wondered what his daughter would look like. She would be a stranger to his eyes. Somehow, that worried him, and the thought that he had put his own child out of his mind for many years effected a restraint in his manner when a tall, young woman, modish, at odds with the atmosphere of this rusty old house, came out on the stairs and greeted him as: "Dad."

"Glad to see you, Beth," he said. "Glad to be here, dad," she replied, unemotionally, and presented her cheek for a duty peck. Yes, she was a stranger.

Then, from behind the screen of the young mother's skirts came a small figure—a little boy about four, smiling, sturdy, rosy and puffing with the excitement of travel and contact with new friends.

The boy looked up unwinkingly and held out a chubby hand.

"Hello, grinfather."

"Grandfather," some one corrected in a loud whisper.

"Hello, granfezzer," repeated the child and, moved by infantile sense of humor, broke into piping laughter.

Throughout the dinner, the mayor was able, unaccountably, to evoke that piping laugh again and again. Ap-

parently, there was about him something intrinsically funny to childish eyes. And the mayor found himself relishing the fact that he had but to open his mouth or make a familiar gesture to cause a baby to shout with glee.

After the meal, when the family congregated on the front porch, the mayor broke a habit of years and failed to set down his coffee cup with the remark which had become ritual: "Well, I have to go back for an hour or two."

Instead, he lingered, cuddling his grandson in his lap. The little boy was feeling the back of Mayor Jim's hairy hand.

"I know why you name's granfezzer," he confided. "Because you got fezzers on your hand." And, on a note of deeper confidence still: "Granfezzer, I like it at your house."

Mayor Jim clutched the child closer. He shut his teeth tightly and looked out at the city—his home town—the town that hated him and was fighting him tooth and nail. This boy might have come home to a different grandfather. Mayor Jim wished, for a moment, that he had. Then, in the distance, he heard the courthouse clock strike eight. He sat rigid for a moment, sick to his very soul. The clock was warning him that he must rise and return to face the ugly issue created by the years of his ruthless reign. He gently put the boy down and rose.

"I'd like to stay, but I've got an appointment at the office," he gently told his wife and went in for his hat. She was waiting for him on the garden walk as he left.

"Father," she said, a new gladness and life in her voice, "I've just loved your being so grand with the baby. There's only one thing—"

"Did I do something wrong?" he asked in alarm.

"Oh, no. But you did forget something. I know, you're terribly busy always. But the child—somebody said something about a present, and he's been waiting all evening for you to give it to him. He's such a little man. He didn't say anything, but—he was promised a jumping jack."

"A jumping jack!" Mayor Jim marveled to hear himself repeat the silly words. Then, brusquely, he turned away. "I'll look around," he gruffly promised. If he had lingered any longer he might have shown his wife that his voice was unsteady and his eyes wet and that would have shamed him intolerably. He fled.

As he walked up Cedar Street, rain began to fall. He did not hurry his step. Rather, he lagged, having somehow no liking for events ahead.

For a moment, after he entered his office, he thought he was to have the respite of a few minutes alone. Then, from the shadows came the voice of the woman, Vi.

"I got here early. I wasn't taking any chances on missing you."

Mayor Jim shivered, straightened his shoulders and switched on lights. He took a wallet from his pocket. "I've got the money here. You understand what I'm buying."

"Oh, sure," broke in the woman, her eager eyes on the pocketbook. "I'm a tramp but my word's good. I'll keep my mouth shut."

Some one ran through the outer office, and plunged into the mayor's room. It was Frank Regan. His gay



# The Million-Dollar Jumping Jack

plumage hung limp with the rain. Water dripped from his hat, from beneath which his face, deathly pale and wet with sweat and rain together, looked out like some evil thing.

"Have you paid it?" he cried. "For God's sake, hurry up and pay it! Give her the dough. Vi—you won't tell—swear you won't—" He paused for breath, leaning against the table for support.

They stared wonderingly at the limp, pitiable figure before them. The door of the outer room had opened and Louie had come in, but no one noticed him until he stood at the inner door. Then Regan jumped up and tried in vain to shut him out.

"Get out of here," he cried, wildly. "You're not wanted here. This is a private affair. Get out!"

But Louie stood unmoved just inside the door.

"I'll only be a minute," he said, in apology. "There's something happened I thought you'd want to know at once, y'onor." He paused to wipe the rain from his face. "It's about Judge Berkeley," he went on, slowly. "He—he just died."

The mayor swung slowly in his chair; it creaked mournfully.

"From the beating he got last night?" he asked.

"Sure," Louie answered. "Of course. It seems he was hurt inside somewhere." He paused. "I'll just be going," he finished.

THE silence following his departure was for a time unbroken, save for the lashing of the rain at the windows. Then the woman began to cry softly. Regan moved nearer her.

"Well, Vi," he whined. "Things have changed. Prices have gone up, I guess. Five's not enough, eh? What do you say to ten? How does that suit you? Ten thousand? What do you say?"

"I don't know," moaned the woman. "I'm afraid. I never thought of this. I'm afraid." Regan groaned and turned to Mayor Jim. "See me through this," he whimpered, "for God's sake help me through it. They're over there to lynch the man who did it. Stand by me. For years I've stood by you."

The courthouse bell rang out sharply above the roar of the rain. Regan uttered a cry, his knees gave way, he fell sobbing to the floor.

"Pay her," he screamed. "Pay her." But the woman drew away, shivering. "I'm afraid," she droned. "I'm afraid."

The door opened, and Louie again rushed in.

"Y'honor! They're ringing the courthouse bell," he shouted. "Don't you hear them? They're going to lynch the darkey."

"Lynch him?" repeated the mayor, thickly. "Why then—it's up to me."

He walked to the window and saw through the mist and the rain a great crowd gathered in front of the Commercial House. Men were coming on the run from all directions. He turned to Regan.

"Frank," he said, calmly, "I've worked some pretty low deals. You know that—you suggested most of them. But this—this won't do. I'm (Please turn to page 96)



HOUSECLEANING, BAH! I'VE SLAVED ALL WEEK, BUT THESE OLD CURTAINS SPOIL EVERYTHING

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Rit French Ecrú will make your faded old curtains like new in a jiffy . . . a beautiful soft French Ecrú shade . . . the very color of brand new curtains. You may have used Rit for years . . . but New Instant Rit is absolutely different. It is *not* a soap, and requires no rubbing. Just dip to tint! It dissolves completely in 40 seconds, leaving no particles to streak or spot. New Rit lasts like a fast dye . . . for 30 washings and three months sun. New Instant Rit comes in 33 smart colors. Use White Rit, too, for taking out all spots and stains from white goods.



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Rinse softens and lightly tints the hair. Far

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tints—from ash blonde to black. Dissolve

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at drug and department stores. Also Owl and Liggett stores on the Pacific Coast.

A million women, from Coast to Coast, have Duart Permanent Waves.

# The Million-Dollar Jumping Jack

(Continued from page 95)

sorry—it's an awful mix-up. But you've got to go."

"Go," cried Regan. "Go! What d'you mean? Pay her the money. He's only a shine—"

"He's a man, I suppose," said the mayor. "Now listen to what I have to say. You've got something coming from me. Tonight I'm paying off an old score. The Chicago train leaves at nine—in fifteen minutes. There's another train south in twelve minutes. If I was you I'd be on one of 'em—and I wouldn't let any one see me boarding it, either. Twenty minutes, Frank. Then I'm through with you forever."

"Through with me!" screamed Regan, ashen now. "I won't go! Haven't I done your dirty work for years? Now pay me the price."

Mayor Jim took hold of him by his narrow shoulders, and looked him coolly in the eyes.

"Sit here and let them do this thing?" he asked. "Is that the price you mean? It's too high, Frank. It's too high. Twenty minutes, Frank. That's my offer. I stay and hold the bag. You'd better take it."

He stopped and listened. Shouted orders came up from the street; there followed the noisy tread of many feet out of step. All over the town women hiding behind locked doors heard it, and screamed. A terrified, hunted negro, crouching in the corner of a narrow cell, heard it, and began a prayer to his long-forgotten God. Mr. Regan also heard it, and tears of rage and terror ran down his pale face.

The mayor glanced at his watch. "Ten minutes to nine, Frank," he said. "You haven't time to waste."

MR. REGAN'S mouth opened and shut several times, but he did not speak. He fell into a chair beside the table, and buried his face in his hands.

"I'm afraid," he shuddered, unconsciously repeating the woman's words. "I'm afraid. I'm sick."

The mayor shifted uneasily. The cry of a great crowd came from the direction of the jail. He ran to the door, past the woman, an abject heap in the corner.

He shook her and pointed at her lover.

"Get him out of town!" he screamed in her ear. She nodded vacantly and stared after Mayor Jim as he disappeared.

He ran as fast as he could, across Main Street, and through the wet park. The rain was falling very softly now. As he passed beneath the arc lights he looked pudgy and pathetic and funny all at once, waddling along on his short fat legs.

The yard of the jail was tightly packed with madmen. Mad himself at sight of them, Roper pried into them, pulled them apart, struck out wildly, and finally found himself on the steps facing the mob. They recognized him with an angry shout.

"Go back," he cried. "You're crazy! This man didn't kill Judge Berkeley. I can prove he didn't. There's a woman named Violet Day will swear to it. You're all wrong."

He saw that the two leaders wore masks and that the rain had plastered them to their faces, which looked like grinning skulls in the half light. He

drew back from them in sudden terror. "He didn't do it," he cried again.

"Who did?" shouted a voice in the distance.

He staggered back against the door in the horrible silence that followed. They were waiting for his answer.

"I—I can't tell," he stammered. "I'll tell tomorrow. Wait till tomorrow."

There, he faced the silent ranks and knew this was the turning point. He saw them falter; a half-hearted hope rose within him. Then from far in the rear came a jeer:

"Save the shine if you can. He's got a vote."

Mayor Jim knew he had lost.

"The negro's got a vote!" The refrain was taken up, and howled. A stone whizzed close to his head, and another. They came up the steps toward him, and he thought of the darkey in the jail as he faced them. It was five minutes past nine; during one of the lulls in the shouting he had heard the whistle of a train.

"Go back," he shouted. "I'll tell! I'll tell! He's been my best friend. You know that. You know why I don't want to tell. It was Frank—it was Regan—he did it! I don't know where he is—you can hang me in his place!"

He sank down on the steps. For a moment the crowd was hushed; then it drew back. No one questioned his word. One by one the men whose hands had itched for the feel of a rope slunk off, ashamed, into the night.

He rose wearily from the wet, stone steps and crept back to his office. Louie was there alone; in the air there was such an odor of perfume as might linger after a lady named Vi.

"I met them on the stairs," Louie said, "going down them like mad. Frank said you was—he called you some pretty strong names. What did he mean?"

The mayor walked to the window and stood bare-headed in the cool breeze that swept in with the rain.

"Those men over in the jail yard," he mused, "they used to be my friends, Louie—long ago. I went to school with them once. And tonight when I was doing the first decent thing of my political life—when I was saving a life, they said I was trying for the negro vote. That's what they think of me. Will they ever know different, Louie? Will they ever figure it out—that I just threw a million away?"

Louie looked at his boss uncomprehendingly. Nor could he understand why Mayor Jim smiled with his next words.

"When we get kicked out of here, Louie"—the mayor made a sweeping gesture taking in the room from which he had ruled the city for nearly twelve years—"when we leave here, have you got some place to go? Make your plans, Louie—make your plans."

"Why, y'onor!" grieved Louie. "Ain't we gonna win?"

"Win!" cried "Sunny Jim" on a note of positive glee. "Win? Louie, I've just won defeat!"

And Mayor "Sunny Jim" smartly clapped on his hat and marched for the door. On the threshold, he paused.

"Louie," he said, "you wouldn't happen to know—is there any place open at this hour where I could get one of those what-you-may-call-its for a baby? You know, Louie—the doojigger on a string—a jumping jack?"

# Mad Mountain

(Continued from page 25)

gloomy and tortuous, into unknown depths beyond. Cartwright developed the habit of looking back over his shoulder, hearing the mysterious assassin in every echo of his own footsteps.

For two hours they tramped, exploring, listening, sounding the rock for hollows, watching in vain for ambushade. Then they turned, defeated, and slowly retraced their steps.

Ellis led the way, a dozen feet ahead, swinging his lamp into every suspicious corner, while Cartwright brought up the rear. What happened as they turned into the main shaft again was never afterward clear to either of them. The first warning they had was a wild shriek, close beside them, followed by the rush of a heavy body.

Neither man had time to brace himself or to draw his revolver. Cartwright in the rear had a glimpse of a dark form which threw itself headlong on the man ahead, bearing him fiercely to the ground and extinguishing the light.

HE drew his revolver, but dare not fire for fear of hitting his companion. By the faint light of his own lamp, a few yards away he could distinguish the two writhing bodies—one a horrible, bestial creature, a thing of hair and claws and hideous human semblance.

He approached the struggling pair and watched his chance to end the monster's life. At length the opportunity came, and he brought down the butt of his revolver on the bristling head.

When at last the awful grasp relaxed, Ellis lay in a white heap, a red stain of blood on his forehead, while beside him, kicking in the last agonies of death, lay the "spirit of the mine."

From head to foot the creature was covered with a growth of long, fine hair, even the face, except the eyes, being thus hidden, while the nails were long and claw-like.

Cartwright shuddered.

"A wild man," he said, slowly. "Some poor devil gone to the bad."

He picked up the huge piece of silver ore which formed a rude weapon, and looked at it curiously.

"It oughtn't to be hard to find that vein now," he mused, as he poured some whisky from his flask down the injured man's throat. As he did so, something on the dead creature's left hand—if hand it could, indeed, be called—caught his eye.

He took the lantern close, then with a gasp rose to his feet, looking with horrified eyes at the thing before him. Ellis was moving now, and with all his strength Cartwright dragged the dead body into the gloom of a nearby passage and left it there.

He piloted the injured man, still somewhat dazed, into the air again, and got him home to bed. Then, offering liberal bribes to a half-dozen Indians, he had the body decently wrapped in a blanket and buried.

But it was not until Ellis was sleeping heavily under the influence of an opiate that night that he took from his pocket a gold ring, worn and scratched—a ring which he had taken from the hand of the murderous creature in the mine, and which bore, engraved inside, the name—Henry M. Ellis!



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## Please May I Shoot You? (Continued from page 55)

Little Mr. Milton, collecting his apparatus once more, set up the target against a pillar, and arranged his temporary assistant so that he obliterated it completely.

Then he loaded the revolver, apparently in full view, and took up his position with his back to the audience, raising his arm slowly as he did so, until the sights of his weapon were neatly aligned on the valuable stud that glittered on Mr. Stubb's capacious shirt front.

It seems hard to believe that the mental earthquake that followed all took place in the fraction of time taken up by the action of aiming; but it must have done—for he began the movement a timid little clown of a man, very frightened at a certain idea that was gnawing at the back of his brain, and he ended it a merciless killer, burning with the lust of revenge, and regarding the gun in his right hand as the most natural means of obtaining it.

He was no longer Mr. Milton. He was Bill Reddy, known to his associates by the proud title of "The Slick-fingered Britisher," and this man at the business end of his gun was none other than Big Jim Slack, his one-time partner in crime!

It all came back to him now. His discovery that Jim had double-crossed him, and meant to get away with every dollar of the loot they had scooped from the strong room of the Petersville Bank; his visit to Jim that evening, his utter foolishness in taking the drink that his partner had given him; their very attitudes were the same now as they had been at their last meeting. Himself in the grip of that doped drink, striving desperately to point the gun that wavered and wobbled in fingers too weak to hold it. Big Jim, just as he was now, standing astraddle with his hands in his pockets and a grin on his flabby fat face. That was only for one moment. The next, the big man had jumped at him, pushing the barrel of his useless gun aside, and something as big as the whole world had crashed on his head, beating him to the floor in a blinding roar of pain, and flashing lights. . . .

He dropped the barrel of his weapon a little until it wavered lovingly and caressingly from button to button of the elegant white waistcoat in front of him.

"Come on," barked the man who called himself Stubbs. "Get along with the shooting. I'm wide open and waiting," and he swelled his chest until those tempting buttons seemed about to burst.

"Ladies and gentlemen," boomed the little conjurer, "I am about to fire!" And then in a whisper, so minute that only his betrayer could hear him: "Don't you know me, Jim Slack? It's me—Bill Reddy—and I've found you at last!"

After that, things happened so quickly that nobody really knew exactly what did happen. The bulk of Mr. Stubbs seemed to shrink suddenly, so that his immaculate clothes hung baggily about him; the fruity color of his face drained away all in a moment, leaving it chalk white and ghastly. He took one faltering step backwards, throwing up his hands; his mouth opened wide, letting out a choking yell: "For Heaven's sake! Don't . . ."

And then came the crash of the explosion, and he sagged slowly forward on his face, rolling over the makeshift footlights and lying at last, gross and horrible, at the feet of the petrified audience.

MR. MILTON was recounting to his wife the story that he had related twice previously; once to the men who had seized him, and the second time to the police.

"How could I help it?" he demanded, pathetically, turning about on the couch which supported his shivering figure. "I didn't know he had a weak heart, did I? That's what he died of, the doctor said—a weak heart."

"Of course, I wouldn't have let him step up if I'd known, but how could I tell? I've done that trick hundreds of times, and nobody's been any the worse for it. I couldn't stop when he shouted out."

"My finger was on the trigger, and when he yelled I jumped and fired by accident. You know how nervous I am. I always jump when anyone shouts out suddenly."

His wife stroked his hand with a soothing gesture.

"Of course, dear," she said. "Of course. Nobody blames you."

He sat up, and rose to his feet. "I'll be going to bed," he said, weakly. "I don't want to talk about it any more. I'm all in."

WHEN he was alone in his bedroom, he stood quite still for a long while, staring at those wonderful fingers of his, and smiling in a way that would have surprised his wife more than a little.

Then he began to undress, folding each garment with scrupulous care, until he came to his shirt, and at that he paused and laughed with a vindictive whiplash of malevolence in his mirth.

"Big Jim Slack!" he said. "Scared to death by a toy pistol! It's darned funny," and he dragged the shirt over his head.

It was as though that action wiped away completely the alarming personality of Bill Reddy. For the tousled head that emerged belonged undoubtedly and forever to respectable Mr. Milton—the Clowning Conjurer; that timorous little mouse of a man who couldn't say boo to a goose, and who let his wife manage all his affairs for him.



**Y**OU have but to use Craig-Martin Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste a first time and your tongue will tell you that it cleans the teeth better. Your teeth will feel so much smoother and cleaner after you use this newly developed tooth paste.

Craig-Martin does more than clean, whiten and polish your teeth perfectly and without any

possibility of scratching. Its milk of magnesia content definitely counteracts mouth acids and the ferments of decay.

A further advantage of this distinctly better tooth paste is its economy. It is a guaranteed 50c quality that comes in a 25c-size tube yet costs only 10c. Let Craig-Martin be the milk of magnesia tooth paste you use.

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50¢ Quality

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### MINIATURE MEALS

Here's help for the young housewife who has to prepare meals for two—with menus and recipes that are economical and appetizing. Send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., and a set of loose leaf circulars—called COOKING FOR TWO—will be sent to you.

## The Pest

(Continued from page 8)

The bow-legged "rat" and the "lobster" stared open-mouthed at the peacemaker.

"What's it to you?" demanded the lobster.

The bow-legged rat slipped behind Benjamin and began to size him up.

"Nothing," Benjamin replied to the big man, "only I thought I might be able to help you."

"Aw, run along and sell your papers!" the lobster quoth in disgust.

**B**ENJAMIN'S Missouri muscles swelled, almost in spite of himself. "You're a sorehead!" he said, angrily.

But the lobster seemed suddenly to have lost his notion of fighting. He was grinning and pointing out over Benjamin's shoulder. Wonderingly, the youth turned and found that the red-haired, bow-legged rat had disappeared. So had the telescope-bag.

Benjamin looked wildly about, but the thief was nowhere in sight.

"By jing!" he burst out, turning to the big man, who was laughing now fit to kill himself, "if it hadn't been for you I wouldn't 'a' lost my satchel."

"Now don't you start nuthin' with me," the lobster threatened, and defended himself at the same time. "I never seen that bow-legged shrimp before tonight, and I was cleanin' him because he tried to cop onto my park bench. Now you beat it, son, and tell your troubles to the judge."

Slowly Benjamin walked away. He had to admit that the "lobster's" story was convincing; but how to go about recovering that old gray telescope full of cherished pictures—that was the question.

Thinking it over, Benjamin recalled that the "lobster" had told him to tell his troubles to the "judge." That sounded reasonable. Judge Peeler, back at Clay Corners, was a great man to settle difficulties; perhaps this New York "judge" was just as good at it.

On a street corner Benjamin found a policeman, and of him he inquired where he could find the "judge."

"Judge O'Donnell?" asked the policeman.

"Yes, I reckon," Benjamin replied. "What do you want of him?" the officer demanded.

"I lost a suit-case," Benjamin answered, "and I want the judge to help me find it."

The policeman stepped back two paces, looked the youth over from head to foot, and then whistled long and low.

"Say," he said, "are you a relative of the judge?"

"No, I reckon not," Benjamin answered, slowly. "But, come to think of it, I know some O'Donnells over t'other side of Clear Creek."

The policeman slapped his hand over his mouth, and Benjamin wondered why his shoulders shook.

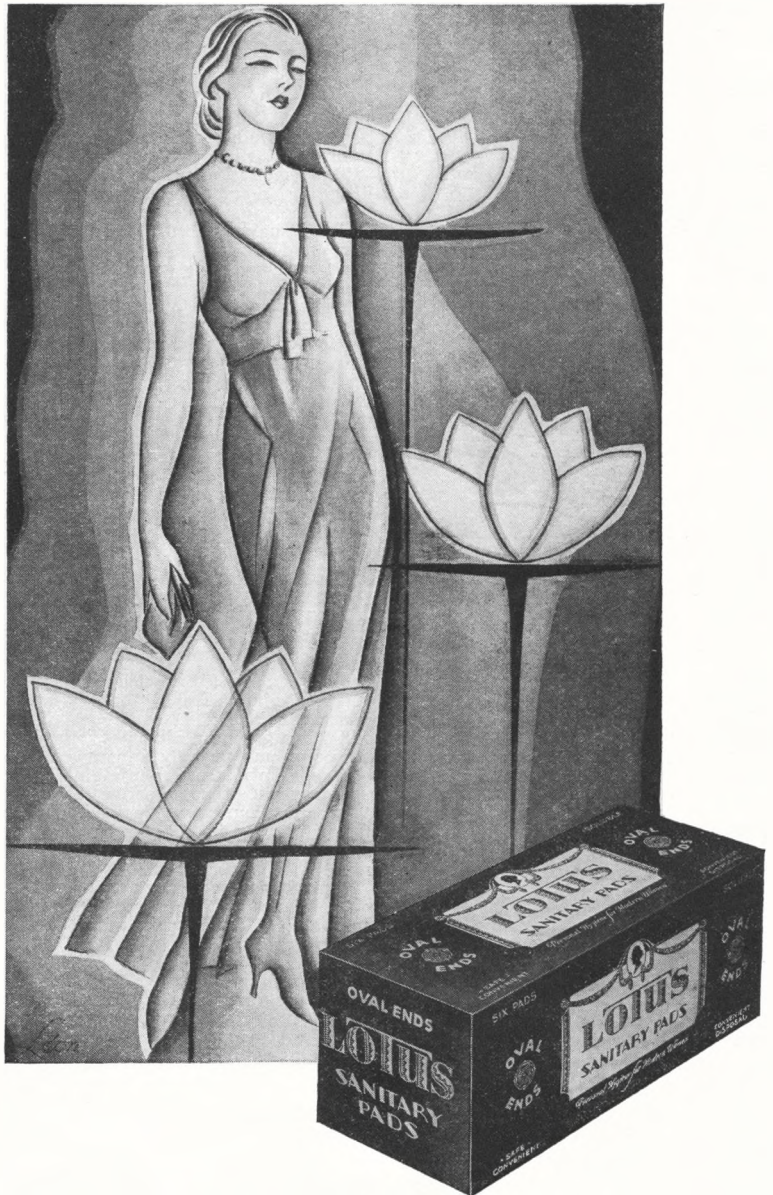
"Well," said the officer, finally, "you go up the street there four blocks, and you'll find the judge in the big yellow brick building, first floor. Take a front seat, and when you catch his eye tell him your troubles."

"Thank you," Benjamin replied, starting off.

"And say," the policeman called after him, "don't let 'em bluff you!"

(Please turn to page 100)

# LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS



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That unpopular Williams girl

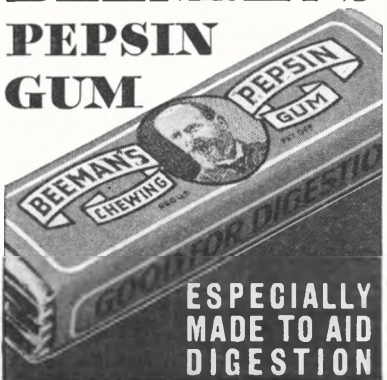


surrounded by stags

IT WAS too bad really, but who wanted to dance with a girl who never said anything. And looked so heavy-eyed and dull. Bad complexion, too. And then she found a way to end her indigestion.

Sometimes the difference is slight between radiant good health and annoying digestive troubles that spoil your good times. Many people have found that Beeman's is a great help in aiding digestion. Dr. Beeman was a real benefactor to make a delicious gum that would provide so much happiness. Chew Beeman's every day.

Chew  
**BEEMAN'S**  
**PEPSIN**  
**GUM**



BENJAMIN found the room where the night court was in session, and made straight for a front seat.

Here, right up against the railing, he could see the proceedings very advantageously, and was in a good position to catch the judge's eye.

But his honor was very busy listening to people who came and went in bunches, and he did not look once in Benjamin's direction. The latter had just about made up his mind to call out to the judge when his whole attention was turned to the latest arrival.

Two men in plain clothes were dragging a wonderfully pretty and handsomely gowned woman before the bench. She was struggling with great fury, and the men holding her by each arm were none too gentle in handling her.

Benjamin stared with open-mouthed wonder. It was monstrous, this brutality to such a lovely creature!

In one leap he was over the railing, and in one leap more he was upon the villains. He hit the one nearest him with such force that he flew against the bench with a crash and lay there.

Benjamin was drawing back to smash the second of the lady's abusers when no fewer than four policemen interfered. They didn't hit him; there were too many to allow free play of a club; but they dragged him down and sat on him.

Judge O'Donnell was livid with anger. He banged his gavel on the bench until the court-room sounded like a carpenter shop working overtime.

"Arrest him!" howled the judge. "Arrest him! Hold him! What do you mean?"

"We've got him, all right," the largest policeman proudly announced as he climbed down from Benjamin's chest.

Meanwhile the detective who had taken the count was revived, and the beautiful lady in distress had been removed to one corner, where she was made to behave.

"Now," Judge O'Donnell opened up on Benjamin as he was dragged to his feet and held before the magistrate's blazing eyes "who are you? What are you doing here? What do you mean by assaulting an officer of the law right under my very nose?"

"Well, sir," Benjamin began, as he wiped a bloody scratch on his chin, "if you want to know who I am, I'm Benjamin West, from Missouri, that's who. And if you want to know why I smacked that skinny shote over there, I did it because he's a coward."

THE whole court rose to its feet, and the sergeant at the railing was heard to exclaim: "Telephone for the reserves!"

Even Judge O'Donnell stood and wiped the cold sweat from his brow. He was too far gone for words, and he forgot all about his gavel.

"I don't know much about your habits around here," Benjamin went on; "but back home we take care of our women folks."

Judge O'Donnell fell limply back into the judicial chair. After staring silently at Benjamin for some time, he finally found his voice.

"How long have you been in New York?" he asked.

"About an hour," Benjamin replied.

And then, in answer to more questions from the bench, Benjamin told his

whole story. Long before he finished people around about began to titter, and the last part of the account was frequently interrupted by loud laughter, banging of the gavel, and roars of "Order in court!"

"And now," Benjamin finished, "would you be kind enough to tell me where I might look for my satchel?"

The judge grinned and whispered across the bench to a smart-looking young man who stood there.

"Prisoner discharged," said the judge.

"But, sir—" Benjamin protested as the police began to lead him to the gate in the railing.

"Take him away," thundered the judge.

"Just one second," Benjamin exclaimed, determinedly. "Who is that lady?"

"Light-Fingered Anne—slickest shop-lifter in the world," a policeman whispered to Benjamin as he was pushed outside the railing. "Get out now, quick, or you'll be fined for contempt of court."

Benjamin was very loath to leave the court-room; but almost before he knew it he found himself out on the street. There he felt some one touch his shoulder, and turned to behold the smart-looking young man to whom the judge had whispered a few minutes since.

"Mr. West," said he, "I want to give you a lift. Will you let me help you?"

"Sure," Benjamin replied. "I'd be much obliged."

The two started off down the street together, while Benjamin told all about himself and Grandpa West and Mother West and Father West and everything else. His new friend listened respectfully, bought supper for Benjamin, and helped him find a hotel.

"But now," said the kind acquaintance "you call me up tomorrow at the *Morning Indicator*, and I'll help you find your baggage. Ask for Parks."

"What is the *Morning Indicator*?" Benjamin wanted to know.

"The greatest newspaper on earth," the other replied, and departed.

NEXT morning Benjamin bought a copy of the *Indicator* out of respect for his friend Parks.

He was not very much interested in the blood-curdling aspect of the first page; but on the second page a big pencil sketch caught his artistic eye.

"Well, I'll be dinged!" Benjamin exclaimed.

The sketch showed himself leaping on the detectives in the court-room, and under and around the sketch was printed his whole life's history, including foot-notes and side remarks by Grandpa West and other Wests.

Benjamin felt a great pride rise within him. Two columns was more than even election news received in the Clay Corners *Bugler*. But the sketch worried him.

The more he studied it, the more he was convinced that it was not well done. The likenesses were bad; the figures awkward and stiff. He saw a hundred points which could be improved.

"I'll go over to the editor and tell him," Benjamin decided. "I've got to go around anyway to see Parks."

Benjamin found the plant of the *Indicator* much bigger than he expected, and he had to tell scores of

## The Pest

people what he wanted, and show the page bearing the sketch to as many more, before he was steered to the ante-room of the art department.

Here he encountered an office-boy, very small, but bright, who insisted on knowing his business.

"I want to see your boss," said Benjamin, moving toward a glass door.

"Nix," said the boy.

Benjamin made no verbal answer, but seized the boy by his collar and ankles, and after banging him on the floor four times, rolled him over and strode into the inner office.

HERE he came face to face with a bald-headed, angry-faced artist hunched over a drawing-board. He looked up and cast a furious glance at Benjamin.

"Are you Mr. Brand, the head of this department?" asked the latter.

"I am," the artist replied. "Who let you in?"

"I just came in," Benjamin answered, "to tell you how this sketch here is all wrong."

Mr. Brand stared at the paper in Benjamin's hand and then at Benjamin.

"Who the blazes are you?" he managed to gasp at last.

"I'm Benjamin West," the youth replied. "I'm the man you all wrote up. But I don't like this picture."

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Mr. Brand, impatiently.

"Here," said Benjamin, and explained his reasons.

"Say," the artist interrupted, "can you put those ideas in a sketch of your own?"

"Yes, I can," Benjamin replied. "Then do it right now," the artist continued. "Draw that court-room scene. Take your time, and your best."

In an hour Benjamin had finished his drawing.

The artist stared at it and drew a long breath.

"What salary do you expect to work for me?" he snapped, suddenly.

"Well," Benjamin answered, "I reckon as how five dollars a week wouldn't be too much for a starter, would it?"

Mr. Brand fell back in his chair.

"Get over there in that room," he said at last, "and go to work. But keep your mouth shut about salary. I'll fix that for you."

"Thank you," Benjamin replied.

"And now, will you do me a favor?"

"What is it?"

"I lost my satchel," Benjamin went on, "and maybe if you put a notice in your paper, I might get it back."

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# "I could not write a better prescription"

says a famous  
child specialist of  
this pure vegetable  
preparation



A mother was consulting an eminent child specialist not long ago about the little upsets her baby seemed to have with disturbing regularity.

**Mother:** "I am so careful about my baby's diet. He gets his milk, fruit, vegetables and cereal just as you advise. Everything seems fine for a time, then suddenly he starts fussing, refuses food—and I know he's in for another upset. Why is it?"

**Doctor:** "It's simply Nature's way of asking for a little help. Very small things cause upsets with a baby. A little too much of one food, not quite enough of another—it requires a delicate balance to keep little organs running smoothly.

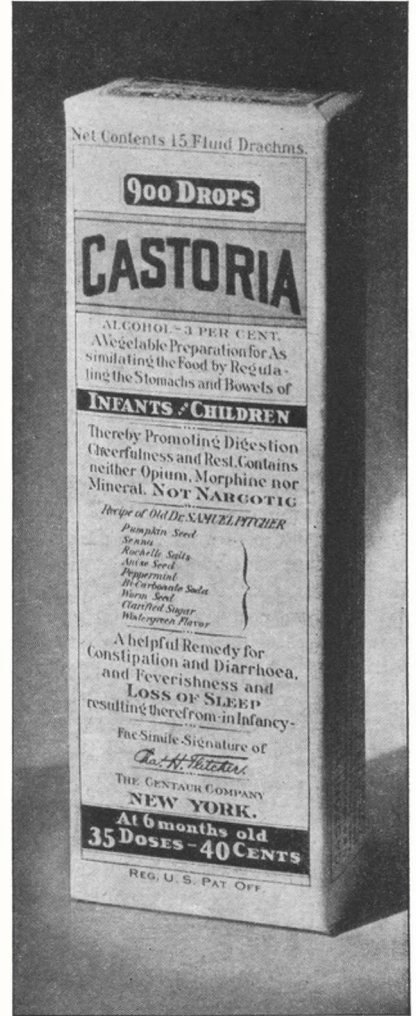
"In spite of careful feeding, bowels do need regulative help now and then in carrying off their daily load of waste.

"For babies and children I find Castoria gives just the prompt, gentle help needed."

**Mother:** "Is it perfectly harmless?"

**Doctor:** "Castoria is perfectly safe. It is a pure vegetable preparation specially formulated for children's delicate needs. It contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. It works mildly and gently, yet it is always effective. I could not write a better prescription.

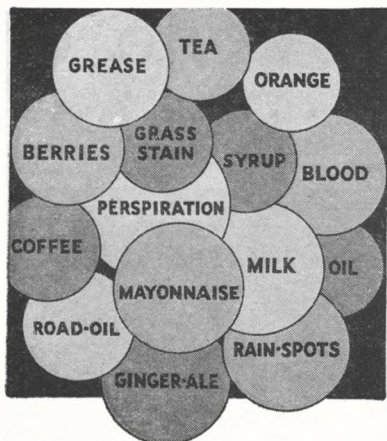
"These little upsets are not dangerous unless they are neglected. A safe, sensible thing to do as a first-aid measure when you see a cold, fever or digestive upset developing, is to give your baby a cleansing dose of Castoria."



Real Castoria always has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package. Castoria now comes in two sizes. The new family size contains about 2½ times the amount in the regular size.

We have a helpful booklet for mothers, "The Danger Age for Children," which we will gladly send free. Address Dept. 12, The Centaur Co., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y.





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and, it seemed, his last plan had failed. He was offered a position which would keep him alive, but the wage was a bagatelle. And to him, who had handled money in the gross insolence of its abundance!

He clenched the hand lying on the arm of the leather chair. Never before had he felt the panic of real despair. He sat staring at an object in the corner with unseeing eyes and a line between his brows. They were good brows, too, by the way, level and straight. And it was at this particular moment that the woman in the inner office looked up and into his face.

The door between the two rooms hung only slightly ajar, but through the narrow aperture the woman had a view of the man and the flare of the room behind and beyond him. Her fingers had been busily playing over the keys of a typewriter, and her brain had been full of the intricate details of a mass of business papers spread on the table at her elbow.

Now she looked up, and in the passing of a second she knew that the air was pregnant with something. She was a little woman, slight and frail, and the face beneath the faded light hair was thin and ordinary.

Her fingers stopped their busy play and she sat still, watching his face.

It was a fine face. The hair waved back from a full, high brow, the nose was straight and strong, the lips were sensitive—almost too sensitive for a man who must make his way in the great fight for existence. The eyes, she thought, if she could see them, must be open and straightforward like the rest of the face.

It was such a face that she had dreamed of, when she was a girl—in the days before she had realized that it was farcical for her to dream. Now she sat watching it with a sort of hunger, as if it was something that had once belonged to her, something that she had lost.

As she sat watching the man, a sudden panorama of her life drifted before her. Why had she never realized any of those old dreams? Why had her days been all of dull drab, with never one ray of joy, of triumph, of the glory that comes to woman by divine right? Why had she slaved her life away, wasted its best days?

She had fallen into a reverie, as deep as that which held the man she was watching, all because his face had wakened vague, dead dreams. For a long time these two sat in silence, alone in the high, cool offices. Then into the woman's consciousness crept some slow insidious thing, a feeling, a presentiment that tugged her mind back from its inertia.

At first she did not know what it was that had disturbed her. Then suddenly she knew that it was a look that had crept stealthily across the face of the man—a strange, awakening look. It was as if, without moving, he had straightened up, had tensed his body, had received some sudden knowledge that was exciting. He had not moved in reality, not even his eyes. He had simply become conscious through his fixed gaze of what it was he had been looking at.

The woman's eyes left his face and followed the line of his vision. The object in the corner at which he had been scowling was a small safe. By the carelessness of some employee the

heavy doors hung partly open, and she saw instantly what it was that had awakened him. Inside were several canvas sacks, their uneven exteriors plain telltales of the wrapped packages of currency.

For a moment the woman felt a chill of horror. Then she clenched her hands against the keys of the typewriter, and her very soul followed that of the unknown man in the outer office.

For a long moment the first look of awakening hung on his face like a veil. It was surprise and the knowledge of possibility, and at first there was no other expression. Then, slowly, visions began to float before him. She knew that, for the face grew a bit abstracted again, and he breathed a little faster, as one does when he sets his eyes on his heart's desire.

THE woman at the typewriter knew just when the full significance of his thoughts burst upon him. He moved a trifle, then sort of straightened up as if he had confronted some stupendous thing. The hand on the chair-arm opened and closed rapidly in an excited, uncertain manner, and for a moment a look of astonishment passed over his expressive features. It was as plain as writing that the revelation of what he had thought filled him with horror.

The woman knew instinctively that he had been honorable before. It was in his face. Something was driving him. He had never met this thing before. One does not know his strength or weakness until he proves it. He was meeting it—and he was going to fall. She knew that, too.

And he was the man of her dreams, her girl-dreams. She twisted her thin fingers in a real agony. If she could only save him! Not merely prevent this thing—that she could do by making herself known. Why could she not save him? The very air about her was tingling with some whisper of noble things. Why was she so ordinary? She could not go out there and say some grand thing, appeal to him.

He was worth saving—a big, fine man in the top of his youth. He was younger than herself by ten years. His life was all before him in which to eat out the heart of a thief. It was a dramatic moment, terrible, fraught with all the import that she had missed in a lifetime. The man had leaned a little forward and his eyes had narrowed with the tide of conflicting emotions that was beginning to sweep over him. The woman's face was pitiful in its tense desire, its desperate yearning. Suddenly she stared ahead with the light of revelation.

Out in those bags was a certain sum of money. She knew just how much each one contained. Uptown in a substantial bank was enough of her own to cover the value of one of them, the price of the years she had lost along with the dreams. What better ending?

It was a long chance—oh, a gloriously long chance! And it was more. It was the reason why she had lived, perhaps! It was a great thing! If it succeeded or failed, it was a great thing!

But how should she do it? Her plain, faded face was alive at last. She leaned forward over the worn keys of her forgotten machine, perfecting her plan even while she saw the body of



## The Chance He Took

the man tighten in every muscle, saw him lean toward the safe in the corner, saw the hand on the chair-arm grip the leather as he began to slip tensely out.

Then, without sound, with scarce a rustle of her plain gray dress, the woman rose, swung open the inner door and glided up to the man in the chair. His expression as he looked up at her was of blank wonder. He had thought himself so entirely alone.

She looked down at him, quiet, composed, and her heart thrilled at her own ability. She was living fast.

"I need a man's help," she said. "I have made a great mistake. One that must be rectified at once and I can't leave the office. Will you help me?"

She took it for affirmative, and went quickly over to the safe and threw open the doors. "I should have sent this up to a certain man in the Street forty minutes ago. It is imperative that it get there at once. I cannot wait to call a messenger. Will you take it for me?"

She was lifting out one of the dull, heavy bags as she spoke. With trembling hands she held it out as she approached. The man had risen in a daze.

"You want me to take that for you?" he said.

"Yes, to Barl, Demmer & Co. It is my only way to rectify my mistake. I beg pardon for troubling you."

"It is money," he stammered; "you don't know—"

"I know your face," she said, simply, "it is an honorable one; one I would trust among a thousand."

The fact that she was saying these words of faith and trust and high courage to this man, the man of her youthful dreams, even though she had found him too late and on the verge of ruin, filled her with exquisite joy.

"Will you take it for me?" she said.

Without a word the man took the bag, picked up his shabby hat and walked out, but the shoulders beneath the graying coat had an unconscious lift.

When the door closed the woman clasped her hands and stood where he had left her, eyes wide, the glory of a lifetime in her thin face. It was a long time before she roused herself to telephone Barl, Demmer & Co., to hold for her a package, if one should arrive. Then she sat down to the desk where she had spent the years to this end.

When the great man came in an hour later, his mass of work lay unfinished and his private secretary sat before the machine with inlaced fingers. But the great man never noticed things that were out of the ordinary.

He was deep in the intricacies of a railroad when the office door opened and the shabby young man stood before him. The great man had forgotten all about him.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, "but I will take the position you offered me."

"Good," said the great man; "report at eight tomorrow."

And he was straightway lost in his maze of figures.

As the man went out, the woman was trying, with shaking fingers, to fit a sheet of paper into the typewriter.

At the door he turned and, looking down, smiled deliberately into her eyes.

"You knew," he motioned with his lips. "You knew!"



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April Showers, the youthful Perfume that accents feminine appeal, fragrances a complete line of luxurious toiletries — including a Talcum, Face Powder and Toilet Water in a ten cent size — obtainable at all "5c and 10c" stores.

# April Showers

# CHERAMY

## PARIS

# The Wicked Widow

(Continued from page 45)

whether it was heads or tails. So we played rummy until the old grandfather clock on the stairs registered 4. It was really later than that, though, because some one forgot to wind the old relic, drat it!

"I'll tell you what let's do," I added, thoughtfully, having whispered knowingly to Gerry while her husband was out fixing his tie. "Let's play a new game, the three of us together. I just made it up. It's called MURDER."

"That sounds jolly to me," said Eustace.

"Jake with yours truly," put in Gerry, "and how do you propose to play this little 'game' of yours?"

"Well," I said, "we take three straws. One of the straws is shorter than the other two. We will place them in my right hand and each draw one straw. The one who gets the shortest straw allows the other two to kill him or her, as the case may be."

"That sounds fair enough," averred Eustace Quizzenberry, still alive.

Well, I wish you could have seen the look Gerry gave me when she heard her husband say that! So we were ready for the game. I held the straws carefully in my right hand, having previously told Gerry which one *not* to draw.

She drew a long one. And then a very odd thing happened. I turned to offer the short straw to Eustace and the old fox grabbed the long one. Was I in a predicament! Oh, boy!

"Well, Stoopnagle," laughed Quizzenberry, "I guess you're the one who

is unlucky enough to be murdered!" "Yes, I selected the short straw, Quizzy," I stated, "but remember, we said two out of three!"

So we drew straws again and again and each time Quizzy selected the short straw.

"Would you care to die with that suit on or would you prefer another?" I asked him.

"Oh, it doesn't matter much as long as I look neat and stiff," replied our hero.

His wife agreed and so we set about our pleasant task.

What transpired from then until the time of the funeral is nobody's business, except that we had to admit to each other that the job was pretty darned complete.

"AND what are your plans for the future, Lemmy?" queried my hostess, after the last of the flowers had been removed from the house. "Oh, I don't know, Gerry," I answered.

"Well, how's about you and me hieing ourselves away to some desert isle for a couple of years, kiddo?"

I didn't like that "kiddo" business. It sounded too much like Gerry wasn't the sweet, carefree girl I knew her to be while we were doing away with Quizzy. If she had said: "Well, how's about you and me hieing ourselves to some desert isle for a couple of years, *old thing?*" I would have felt better about it all.

So I decided then and there to choke her and choke her good and plenty.

This I did. Not a sound out of her, there wasn't. She just took the whole thing like the true little sport she was. "I most certainly hope I haven't killed you, Gerry, old skate," I whispered to her.

"I'm dead as a doornail, Lemmy," she cried, "and all on account of you choked me a trifle too much. There's only one thing left for you to do now. You must commit suicide. You must do away with yourself."

"I guess you're right, as usual," I replied and before you could say ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY I had smothered myself to death between the pillow marked YALE and the pillow marked HARRARD.

You can see, then, that this story can go no farther, for dead men tell no tales.

## Epilogue

MRS. J. EUSTACE QUIZZENBERRY looked at her watch. An hour had passed since she first looked at it an hour before. "Can I have been asleep an hour?" she said to herself. But there was no answer. Suddenly there were footsteps outside the door and her husband entered.

"Do you mean to tell me that you're not dead?" she blurted at him.

"I haven't said a word, my dear, as far as I know," he answered. "I have been playing golf this afternoon with that old wag, Colonel Stoopnagle."

Gerry Quizzenberry promptly fainted. And the rest is history.

# "No KISS . . . until you wipe off that PAINT"

THINK of my husband saying that! And he wasn't joking either. My lips repulsed him just when I was trying to look my prettiest!"

Have you that painted look? Perhaps you don't even notice it yourself! . . . Colors that look pretty by themselves or on other women may be actually revolting on *your* lips!

Correct this fault! Forget ordinary lipsticks . . . from now on, *Tangee* your lips!

Tangee can't possibly give you that painted look. It isn't paint. It changes color on *your lips* to match your individual complexion. It brings you new beauty.

It's permanent—won't smear off. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

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and TANGEE  
ROUGE—10c Trial  
Sizes at all 5c and  
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## The Manacled Lady

(Continued from page 42)

"There's been quite a lot o' talk!"

"People are inclined to connect Mr. Steele with the death of the woman?"

"What else can you expect?" returned the old fellow deprecatingly. "Elder Shirey's ready to swear anywhere that the woman he seen talkin' with Mr. Steele is the corpse."

"What about Quoddy Joe? Has he contributed anything to the discussion?"

"No. Joe's as tight-tongued as Dave is open-mouthed."

"And probably with better reason. I will look for you inside."

Within, a wizened man with dead-fish eyes stalked to and fro on a platform beside which a hastily constructed coffin with a hasped cover stood on three saw-horses. Nearby slouched the sheriff, his face red and streaming. Perspiring men and women were scattered on the benches. Outside a clock struck eleven. There was a quick inflow of the populace. The man on the platform lifted up a chattering voice.

"Feller citizens, as medical officer of this district, I declare these proceedings opened. Anybody who thinks he can throw any light on this business can have a hearing. Then those as wants may view the remains. The burial will take place right afterwards, in the town buryin'-ground, our feller citizen and sheriff, Irv Dettrow having volunteered the expenses."

"That man," said Steele in Ross' ear, "is a great deal more nervous this minute than I am."

"Perhaps he has more cause to be," whispered the scientist. "Here comes the first witness."

A sheep-herder had risen in his place, and without the formality of an oath, told of sighting the body at the edge of the surf at seven o'clock in the morning. Others, following, testified to the position on the beach, the lashing of the body to the grating, the wounds, and the manacles. Doctor Wenck announced briefly that the deceased had come to her death by drowning, and that the skull had been crushed in, presumably, when the waves hammered the body upon the reefs.

"Then the corpse must-a been awash a good spell," declared old Chantey Dunn, "for the reefs wouldn't catch it at that tide."

Elder Dave Shirey was the next and last witness called. He delivered his story with skill and fervor. He sketched the encounter between the artist and the dead woman vividly. As he proceeded, the glances turned upon Steele darkened from suspicion to enmity. Professor Ross was almost ready to wish that he had come, armed.

To his surprise, the artist got to his feet. In a steady voice he said:

"I presume I have the right to be heard in my own defense."

"Nobody's accused you yet," growled the sheriff.

"Not in so many words, perhaps. But the purpose of Shirey's testimony is plain. His account of my meeting with the woman is substantially true. But I never saw her before and I have not the slightest idea who she is. She seemed not quite sane to me. She spoke of meeting someone and going aboard a ship. I saw no sign of a ship."

"Can't see much of the ocean from your house, can you?" inquired the medical officer.

(Please turn to page 106)

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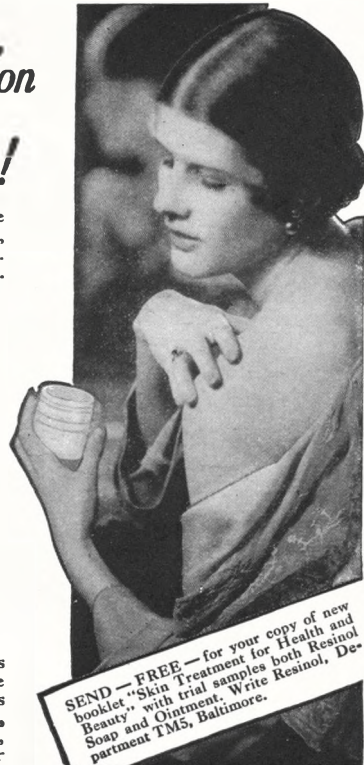
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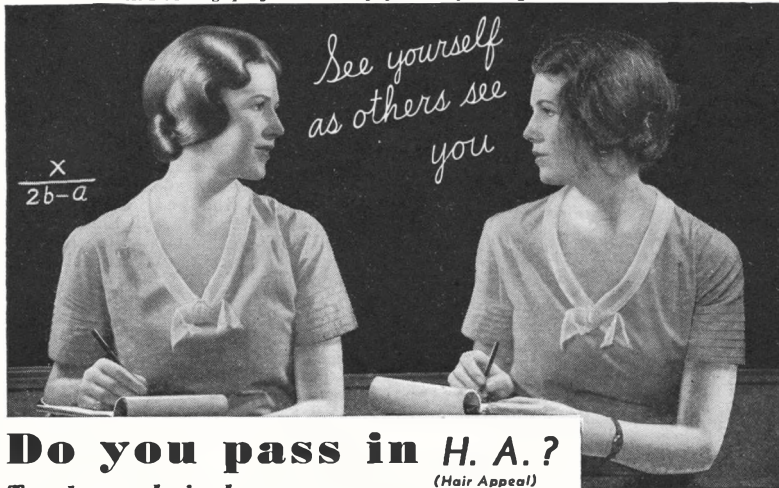
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## The Manacled Lady (Continued from page 105)

"Only a small stretch. But I walked on the cliff later." A murmur went through the court room. "I could see nothing of the woman, though I looked. As for throwing her out of a ship or any such nonsense I can prove that I was back in my house by nine-thirty."

He sat down coolly enough, but his eyes dilated as the scientist whispered to him:

"Keep your nerve. The probability will be shown that she was killed before ten o'clock."

Dr. Wenck stepped forward. "Form in line, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "and pass the coffin as spry as you can."

At this the sheriff stepped forward to loosen the hasps and lift the lid. "The body has been left," he announced, "just as—" His eyes stared and stiffened. A convulsive shudder ran through him. The lid fell, rattling, and with fingers that drummed on the wood, he adjusted it and forced the hasps into place.

"She's come to life!" cried a voice. "No, no!" rumbled the sheriff. He whispered in the medical officer's ear. That functionary turned ghostly.

"Fellow citizens," he quavered, "the program will not be carried through as arranged. The—the—well, the condition of the deceased is not fitten—"

He stopped, mopping at his brow. Yankee curiosity was not so easily to be balked. It found expression through Lawyer Morse.

"That ain't the law, Doc," he said. "I'm the law here," declared Detective Dettrow, planting himself solidly before the coffin. One hand crept slowly back toward his hip.

"Don't pull any gun on me," retorted the lawyer. "It ain't necessary."

"You heard Doc Wenck say the body wasn't fitten to be viewed," pursued the sheriff.

"That's all right, too. But the doc hasn't got the final word. The law has."

A mutter of support passed through the room.

"And the law says," continued its exponent, "that the body shall be duly viewed. Otherwise, and the deceased being buried without view, an order of the court to exhume may be obtained."

"Look at Wenck," whispered Professor Ross.

The medical officer's lips were gray, as he leaned forward to pluck at the sheriff's arm. There was a whispered colloquy between them. Then the doctor spoke, with a pitiful effort at self-control.

"Lawyer Morse's point is correct. But the body's got to be prepared. Will six citizens kindly volunteer to carry the casket back to my house?"

Ten times six struggled to share the grisly and coveted privilege.

### CHAPTER VI

MOST of the crowd followed the bearers out. Professor Ross, however, stuck to his place, and with closed eyes and tight-pressed lips seemed concentrated in thought. His companion, looking idly about, was brought up sharply by the glare of a pair of eyes outside the nearest window. Their expression was malevolent. Steele met the regard coolly, and spoke under his breath:

"Ross! There's an Indian-looking chap looking murder at me through the window."

"Eh?" The professor's bent head was lifted. "When?"

"He's gone. He was right there." The artist pointed.

"Quoddy Joe, probably. He favored me with his attentions outside."

"What's his special interest in us?" "Haven't a notion. He seems to be mixed up in the case. Had some dealings with the sheriff on the beach. I'm not concerned with him just now."

He reverted to his silent absorption and so remained until the hum and bustle of the returning crowd roused him. Daniel Webster Morse entered and sauntered across to them.

"They're fetching it back."

"What occurred at the house?" "Nobody knows. The bearers took the coffin into the front room and came out, and Irv Dettrow locked the door after 'em. Then all the shades were drawn. They were in there half an hour."

While the scientist was thinking this over, the sheriff entered the hall following the coffin and followed by Dr. Wenck. The physician was visibly at the fag end of his self-control. Even the burly sheriff looked a sick man, as he set aside the coffin lid and addressed the gathering in a subdued voice.

"There was reasons, neighbors, why the corpse wasn't suitable to be looked at. Nobody had seen it since last night. We've fixed it up as good as we could, and you'll now please pass by as quick as possible."

In the line that formed, Professor Ross fell into place behind Elder Shirey, who announced that he was going to take one more look for good measure. The look was a productive one. No sooner had it fallen on the face of the dead than the Elder turned excitedly to the sheriff.

"Hey, Irv! What's this?"

"What's what?" "There's a cut on the lady's cheek. That wa'n't there when I seen the corpse last night."

"You're crazy," snapped the sheriff. "Of course it was there."

"I'd-a seen it, wouldn't I?" persisted the other.

"Oh, you just want to hog the lime-light," put in the medical man. "I saw it plain enough."

Discomfited by this thrust at a recognized weakness, the Elder moved on. But Steele, whose attention had been fixed upon the scientist, saw a curious gleam flicker and fade across the long-jawed face. A titter ran through the room.

Professor Ross, already conspicuous in his spotless flannels, had added to the effect by drawing out a monocle and deftly fixing it in his right eye. He leaned over the body to look into the face, and his head jerked back the merest trifle. Bending lower, he scrutinized the unmanacled right wrist. When he passed on his lips were pursed in the manner of one who whistles noiselessly.

He resumed his seat beside Steele. His monocle, which had dropped from his eye as he turned from the coffin, dangled against his head. Chancing to look down at it, the artist started and stared. Ross' knuckle, as seen through the glass, stood forth, monstrous and distorted, every line of the bronzed skin showing like a furrow.

The monocle was a powerful magnifying lens!

The sheriff's heavy voice rose. "Any



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**The Manacled Lady**

one here present recognize or identify the deceased?" he droned; and, without waiting for a reply, set the lid in place and signaled to the medical officer.

"Fellow citizens," began the sweating physician, "we don't need any jury to find that this unknown drowned woman—"

"This what?" It was the scientist's first interposition into the proceedings.

"The drowned woman," repeated the speaker with a throb.

"How do you know the deceased was drowned?"

"Any fool could tell that," declared the sheriff.

"Did the autopsy show water in the lungs? Was there any autopsy?"

"There was no call for one," retorted Wenck. "We got plenty of testimony without. We all heard the witnesses that saw the body on the grating it washed ashore on."

"The body never washed ashore on that grating."

A MURMUR ran through the crowd. "How do you figure that?" called a voice.

"By the cocoon of a common moth that I picked off the under side. If it had been submerged long the water would have soaked through and killed the insect inside. The insect was alive."

"How'd the grating get there if it wasn't washed in?"

"Dragged down from the high-water mark on the beach. You could have seen the marks if you had looked. Moreover, it was an old, half-rotted affair such as no ship would carry."

"That's true," confirmed Chantey Dunn from beside him.

"Look at the face," said Ross, with finality. "This is a bad coast. Most of you have seen drowned bodies. Did any one ever see an expression of such terror and agony on the face of one who came to death by drowning?"

"No, by God! He's right," shouted a man.

"What are you trying to get at?" threateningly demanded the sheriff.

"The truth. What are you?"

"Look out it don't lead you where you don't want to go," retorted Detroit, with a significant glance at Foster Steele.

"This is as far as it has led me," said the scientist in his composed and exact voice. "The body, already dead, was dragged down and soaked in the sea before being lashed to the grating by a man who probably is or has been a sailor."

"Then," put in Lawyer Morse, "the deceased met her death on shore and probably by violence."

"It's murder!" cried a woman, hysterically. "Bloody murder! That's what it is."

"Murder!" echoed a voice from the doorway. Quoddy Joe, his half-Negro, half-Indian face alight with fury, stood pointing with stiffened hand at Steele. "Dah de murderer!"

No one moved in the courtroom. "Whah was he the night of the killin'?" cried Quoddy Joe. "Ast him. Whah was he?"

"Where was you, if it comes to that?" retorted the sheriff, and bit his lips with a scowl.

"This hearing is adjourned," twittered the medical officer. "Burial of the unknown will take place at once in (Please turn to page 108)

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## The Manacled Lady (Continued from page 107)

Amoska Churchyard. All are invited." "Invitation respectfully declined," muttered Steele to his friend. "I don't know that I'm exactly frightened, but I think I'd breathe easier in the open country."

"Well, I'm exactly frightened," returned the professor in the same tone. "I want to run, which would be the unsafest possible procedure. Curious about those handcuffs, isn't it?" he went on, in a louder and conversational tone.

During their slow progress to the door, he kept up a running comment which his companion supported with equal coolness. The crowd, glooming and undecided, evinced a tendency to block them from the door. Lawyer Daniel Webster Morse, carrying a stout, thorn stick edged his way to them. At the same time, Professor Ross was amused and touched to see firm old Chanty Dunn produce a dirk knife the size of half a cutlass and proceed to whittle a pencil with it. It was good to know that they had stout friends in that gathering. Some one touched the scientist's shoulders. He turned to face Dettrow.

"Better get out of town quick," advised the sheriff in a half-whisper.

"Think so?" returned Ross, calmly.

"Where can I get some tobacco?" "Sterrett's grocery," said an obliging informant back of him. "End of the Square to the right."

"Much obliged," said Ross, and strolled leisurely to his car, followed by Steele.

Both of them went into Sterrett's store. And came out again to a considerable part of the populace.

As they got into the car, Sheriff Dettrow set his foot on the running board. "Elm Street's the quickest way out," he said, significantly.

Professor Ross smiled. "No arrest, then?"

"Not just now."

"Nor at any other time, I suspect." The car slid away leaving the sheriff looking annoyed; and the crowd which might so easily have become a mob, passive and inert.

### CHAPTER VII

**T**O his surprise, Ross, turning into the village square, found the crowd still lingering. A new focus of interest had drawn it to a spot opposite Sterrett's store, where a hooded car of the delivery wagon type, decorated in the most advanced style of circus art, shone brilliant in yellow and green. Bright red letters across the front presented to public admiration the legend:

SIMON P. GOODE  
SIMON PURE GOODS

A stout projection rested on one of the rear wheels. Here stood the proprietor of the vehicle, while behind him in a window were displayed his wares. It was evident that Simon P. Goode followed the romantic career of an itinerant hawker, dealing in medical panaceas for man and beast.

"There, gentlemen and ladies," the itinerant was saying, "there in that place of vast silences and unfolding shadows I met and addressed one who was soon to be no more. 'Madam,' I said, 'you are worn. You are wan. You are weary. Trust the chivalry of one who might be your father. Rest and be comforted as with balm.' Standing by the roadside, she drooped

like a flower. 'There is no rest for me in this existence,' says she in mournful tones. 'I must away upon my mission.' 'Stay,' I bade her. 'Ere you go, but touch your lips to this revivifying flagon. Dr. Lorimer's Life-Giving Tonic, free from intoxicants, poisons, and deception, a boon to the blood, a balm to the nerves, a prop to the flagging spirits.' She looked, she tasted, she drank. New color sprang to her cheeks. Her form pulsed with joyous vigor. 'Aged sir,' she said, 'I know not your name; but if the blessings of a harried spirit avail anything, your sleep will be sweet this night.'

"Of this wonderful balm, ladies and gents of Amoska, I have a few bottles left at the low price of half a dollar each. Sickness flies before it. Amalgamating at once with the blood, it clears the precious life fluid of all impurities, and rehabilitates man, woman and child, body, soul, and mind."

The shrill voice rose and fell. The wide beard quivered with the passion of salesmanship, the gaudy bottles on the shelf were replaced by half-dollars, until the market flagged. Whereupon, again, the orator took up his tale.

"Ever shall I give thanks for that inestimable privilege, the privilege of having given cheer to one on the brink of a dreadful doom. She vanished, that fair creature, into the forest. I looked at my watch—the unerring, warranted, sixteen-jeweled chronometer which I shall presently have the honor of showing to you at the unexampled price of three-seventy—and saw that the hour was exactly—for these timepieces vary not one fraction of a second in a day—eight-forty-five. When next I looked at the face of Father Time's trustiest accountant, it was to mark the hour of the horrid shriek that shook my soul; precisely nine-thirty-one. And later, when I heard the dread news, I realized that my ears had thrilled to a death cry."

Professor Ross moved away, his chin pressed down upon his chest. He walked slowly to the office of Lawyer Morse and spent an hour waiting with his feet propped up on the desk. When the lawyer entered, his new client remarked:

"You rather put our two official friends in a hole this morning."

"Just a mite, maybe. But they crawled out. I guess I spoke too quick."

"How so?" "Well, if they'd gone ahead and buried the body as it was, we could have had it exhumed. And then we'd have seen what we'd have seen."

"True enough. And you didn't see it as it was?"

"See what? Did you?" The scientist's quiet smile sidled down from the corner of his mouth.

"Suppose," he said, "you give me the fullest possible character sketch of our impulsive friend, the sheriff."

Half an hour was consumed in this process. At the end of the time Professor Ross strolled back to the Square where Simon P. Goode had been discoursing. There he found the ornate wagon closed, and its ornate proprietor whistling over some minor repairs that he had been making. An invitation to take a ride in Ross' car was promptly accepted.

"Business first," said its owner. "You're a seller. I'm a buyer. You've got some information that I may want.

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## The Manacled Lady

If so, I'm ready to pay. Was any of your talk true?"

"Yep," replied Simon P. Goode, austerely. "It was all true but the frills." "Will you trim off the frills for ten dollars?"

"Fair dealing for a fair price is my motto. You'll find it in gilt lettering on the back of the car. I will."

"What were you doing on Hawkkill Cliffs?"

"Sleeping in the outfit." "And you really met this mysterious wanderer?"

"Sure as you're standing there."

"What actually passed between you?"

"I gave her good evening and she spoke to me fair enough but queer, and said that my children's children might remember the day. Now, I ain't got children to have children; so I wouldn't have thought of it again but for the man that came inquiring after her."

"When was that?"

"Not fifteen minutes after."

"Did you tell the crowd here about that?"

"Yep."

"And you heard the woman cry out less than an hour later?"

"That's a curious thing. I'd have almost sworn it was a man's voice that yelled. It went through me like a sharpened icicle."

"All this was night before last. What have you been doing meantime?"

"Drove over to Marcus Corners to trade yesterday. There I heard about the murder and came back here to make a little business of it. I've done fine."

"You made no attempt to trace the woman?"

"Look here!" said Simon P. Goode, after a spell of thoughtfulness, "would it be worth five dollars more to you, likely, a relic of the murderer?" suggested the old man.

"Quite probably."

"Mum's the word, then, for my part in it. Next morning I followed her trail a ways. You see, the yell in the night had got me interested. It was an easy trail to follow for a man like me acquainted with the woods. She'd met somebody in a thicket. I found the string and the paper of the bundle she was carrying there. Then there was a mixup of some sort; for the twigs were broken right to the edge of the thicket and the ground stamped down. One or both of 'em must have broken out into the open and I lost the trail. But this is what I found on a blueberry bush. Do I win the five on it?"

Professor Ross' eyes drooped, fixing themselves on a small object which the other had laid on his knee. His lips pursed, he produced a bill which he handed over, and still whistling, took possession of Simon P. Goode's "relic." It was an embroidered silver star, with a few torn wisps of cloth clinging to it.

(To be continued)

What mysterious events enclose Foster Steele in their sinister grip? What incredible horror prompted the amazing actions of Sheriff Dettrow and Dr. Wenck? What do they know of this strange dead woman who has involved the lives of Foster Steele and the woman he loves? No more amazing mystery story has ever been written. Don't fail to get the thrill of your life, in the third instalment of **THE MANACLED LADY**. The June issue—on sale in the Woolworth stores, May 14, 1932.

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28x5-50-19	3.10 1.25	83x4 3.20 1.88
28x5-50-18	3.20 1.80	82x4 3.20 1.88
28x5-50-19	3.20 1.80	83x4 3.45 1.88
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# The Man Who Was President

(Continued from page 14)

the head official of the road, a large man of florid countenance, wearing puffy side-whiskers and nose glasses.

"This is the gentleman of whom I spoke," remarked the conductor by way of introduction.

The president shot a quick glance at the pseudo employee.

"What's the name?"

"Norman Grier, sir."

"And you are with the executive department?"

"Yes, sir."

The president knit his brows in thought.

"I don't seem to be able to place you," he finally declared. "Let me see—Grier—Grier."

Then he looked up at him, his face brightening.

"Oh, yes, yes. I have you located now. You see, there are so many men in my department I can scarcely keep them all in mind. It's all right, conductor. Carry this gentleman to any point to which he may care to go. Sit down, Mr. Grier. Here, have a cigar," and Grier received a great black weed, a duplicate of which the president placed between his own lips.

Grier followed the other's example in a listless manner. He was endeavoring to collect his thoughts and fathom the official's action in vouching for him as an employee.

He was wakened from his reverie by a flaming match held before his face.

"Have a light?"

"Oh, yes. I thank you."

As they sat puffing at their cigars, the president drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"I see that fellow they call 'Elusive Ed,' who has been holding up passengers in this section, is still at large. It strikes me the sheriff must have a brainless lot of deputies working on the case. They are continually allowing the fellow to walk away right before their eyes. That was a neat trick he turned on us last week. Traveled on the Pullman as a preacher and held up every passenger in the car. That was on this very run, too."

He glanced from the window.

"In a few minutes, we shall round a curve and consequently reduce speed considerably. It was there the fellow dropped off. There is a strong posse on guard at that point now."

"Looking for him to repeat the performance?" inquired Grier.

"Looks that way. But I don't consider the fellow such a fool. I expect to see him employ some new method on his next venture. I'd like to meet up with him." And the president's hand traveled significantly to his hip-pocket.

The subject of the train robber having been dismissed, the president started on a new thread.

"I understand you are on company business, Mr. Grier?"

Grier felt himself being drawn into dangerous waters.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"At Silverton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am on a little of the com-

pany's business myself. I am going to get off at Summit. It's just a bit of a place. Not even a station, so I have sent the engineer orders to slow down as we pass. We are nearing there now."

This information resolved Grier upon a course of action.

"I want to thank you, sir, for getting me out of my difficulty with the conductor," he said.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Grier."

"But I must, sir," insisted the other.

"That's all right. As an employee, you are entitled to ride gratis."

"But I'm not an employee!" blurted out Grier. "Please don't think hardly of me. You are so kind that I cannot go on deceiving you."

"You are not an employee?" The official could scarcely credit his ears.

He paused a moment and then:

"Don't let that worry you," he said.

"I am not the president!"  
It was now the other's turn to evince surprise.

"You—you are not the president?"

"I certainly am not," said the speaker as he removed the puffy side-whiskers and glasses.

"Then who are you?" demanded Grier.

"Elusive Ed—at your service!"

The man rose, his hand again traveling to his hip-pocket. This time, it brought to view a wicked-looking revolver.

"Come along," he invited as he started toward the door, "and I'll give you a practical demonstration of the hold-up game before I drop off at Summit."

"Just a moment, Mr. Elusive," called Grier, and the desperado turned—to face a leveled revolver equally as wicked-looking as his own. "There is no special hurry. We don't reach Summit for five minutes yet. Just place your revolver on the seat. Thank you," and Grier took up the weapon, pocketing it.

"Now, sit down," he continued. "What made you think you could deceive anybody with those fake whiskers? That was a bum chance you took when you sent for me."

"I know it. I just simply couldn't help it. The conductor suggested it, and I had to keep up the bluff. I was ready to draw my gun any minute when he brought you in."

"Well, I have to give you credit for having nerve. You might have fooled me when I saw you in the station back at Billings, only I had been talking with the president himself, just about an hour previous to spying you in your presidential get-up."

"That thousand dollars reward looked pretty good to me, and, as I didn't want to let the train crew in on it, I pulled off that employee stunt on the conductor in order to get in touch with you."

"Say, who in thunder are you, anyhow?" growled the train robber.

"Oh, I'm merely one of the sheriff's brainless deputies. The train's slowing down for Summit. Come on—we'll both get off."

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# Nemesis

(Continued from page 31)

inside in the sack. All we could tell in the dark was that it was a man. We refilled the hole and replaced the few wilted flowers we had found on the bare red clay of the mound.

"I, for one, was darn glad to leave, and I almost ran with that barrow, while Herb and Willard gathered up the tools and the lantern. The back door of Heighner Hall was unlocked, and I trundled my burden inside. Willard bolted the door, and we all collapsed with the relief of being back. Herb was white and shaken. Willard, here, was sick. And I didn't feel so hot myself. Herb dropped on a box and held his head in his hands. The thing in the bag gave me the willies.

"Presently, Herb hopped up and said to me, 'Come on. We've got it. Let's use it,' and he was already untying the ropes before I'd pulled myself together and joined him. Willard was still sick and looked dazed. We stripped the clothes from the body and stuffed them into the furnace.

"Then we stood, one on either side, studying our find. The body was so shrunken and shrivelled that it almost seemed that the poor fellow had starved to death. I felt sure that he could be hardly more than fifty, yet his hair was snow-white and his face was drawn and pitifully emaciated. His hands were like claws. Willard shook his head. 'Lord, I'd hate to die like that! Such a damn slow death!' I agreed, and made a mental note of my own good fortune.

"I felt much less shaken once the body was on the dissecting table and we had started cutting. My white coat was in the lab, and so was Willard's. Herb went to get his from his locker and I shouted after him to bring back his scalpel. Mine was dull.

"When he returned, he mentioned having seen Alex Heath's locker open and a light in 404. 'He must be catching up on what he's missed,' Willard suggested, cutting skillfully along the abdominal wall. 'How he keeps going, with medical school, a job, and as little as he eats, is more than I can see. His eyes are always half-closed. It must be tough having no money!'

"Go get him, Herb,' I suggested, grabbing the loosened flap of skin with my forceps to hold it back out of Willard's way. 'He'd appreciate our find.—Say, Willard, look out! You're cutting into the liver!' The scalpel made a queer sound, 'rip, rip, rip,' as Willard loosened the connective tissues and laid back the other flap.

"WE heard Herb and Alex talking in the hall outside, and just as they entered Herb was saying, 'You won't find it hard catching up.' He stopped, sniffing. 'That damn formalin sticks around here like a swarm of flies!' But we were not looking at him. We were looking at Alex—as he walked over to the table where we had been working.

"His face was ghastly. And his lips curled back until his gums showed. His muscles were tensed and knotted. There was horror in his eyes, horror and something else. It was anger, the most insane anger. Before anyone so much as realized what he intended, he had grabbed the scalpel, which I had taken from Willard and was now holding loosely in my hand, and aimed for  
(Please turn to page 112)

## SHE NEVER WALKS HOME

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Name.....  
Street.....  
City.....State.....  
Color of your hair?.....

## Nemesis

(Continued from  
page 111)

my heart. I put up my arm and he caught me in the shoulder.

"Then he collapsed in a heap on the floor at my feet, and commenced to sob—those awful dry sobs without tears—the kind that rack a man's whole body. The scalpel he had left in my shoulder, and Willard drew it out; so that blood spurted from the hole. Alex saw it dripping on the floor, and sobbed the louder. Herb knelt beside him and tried to stop him. But Alex never said

a word. Willard hustled me over here, and we left them, still on the floor.

"Now, why the devil do you suppose he did it?" Kirk asked Mac.

Before he could answer, Herb burst into the room, and we all four turned toward him, expectantly. When we saw his expression, we stopped short, swallowing our questions. He started to speak and choked. Finally, he blurted out, "That was Alex's father, Kirk!"

## New Figures for Old

(Continued from  
page 70)

them farther and farther ahead—first one then the other until you're resting on your toes and your hands with your body suspended.

"There, that's right. Now, shift your hands a little, bend your elbows and lower yourself slowly to the floor. Not so easy is it?"

I was gasping and didn't bother to answer. But my best friend and severest critic was a slave driver, and how!

"Now, lift yourself up again," she ordered, "and just reverse the process until you're on your feet again."

"On my feet again," I rasped. "I'll never be on my feet again after this."

"Oh, it really isn't so bad," she assured me, "after you get used to it. And it will do more for you than thin down your waistline. It'll help give you the smooth curves you can't do without if you're going to buy a new dress."

Well, she made me do a back bend, trying to see how close I could bring my head to my feet without breaking in two. And then I had to hold on to a door and kick back and forth as hard and fast as I could because my thighs weren't as slim as they ought to be in comparison with my hips.

There were a lot of others, too—lying on my back and pulling my legs up as slowly as I could; reversing the process and rising to a sitting position and reverse. Anyway, by the time I was through I felt like an old dog that had been put through a few too many tricks.

Then she showed me a table she'd made and hadn't mentioned until then. When any of the clients seemed to have a particularly good figure, she would mark down their measurements. Most of the girls she had chalked she said were models and most of them had extraordinarily slim hips.

"It isn't entirely their fault," she said, "that they have small hip-bones and can trim down slimmer. But they keep their waistlines very thin these days so that they can't be accused of having an old-fashioned figure."

She averaged them up for the girls that were 5 feet 7 inches tall and found that the average weight was 119 pounds—a bit low; bust measure, 33 inches; waist, 25½ inches; hips, 35½ inches. The best of the group, though, she said, had these measurements—34-inch bust, 25-inch waist, 37-inch hip, and weighed 126 pounds.

The most effective of the 5 feet 6 girls weighed 122 pounds, with a 33-inch bust, 25-inch waist and 36-inch hips. The 5 feet 5 inch group averaged: bust, 32; waist, 25; hips, 35; weight, 115. Those 5 feet 4; bust, 31½; waist 24½; hips, 34½; weight, 110. And then the girls in the 5 feet 3 inch classification pulled a surprise showing larger measurements than those of the girls an inch taller; bust, 32 inches; waist, 25 inches; hips, 34 inches; but the weight was lower—108.

Shirley had found fewer good figures among the girls who stood five feet 2 inches. There was one very young girl who weighed 101 pounds and had very small bones; her measurements—bust, 30 inches; waist, 23½ inches; hips, 33 inches. The average weight, however, was 105 pounds, 31-inch bust, 24-inch waist, and 34-inch hips.

They were impressive figures to me—particularly the small hip and waist measurements. Some of the girls—the ones who make good as chorus girls and models had even smaller measurements than these.

Well, I'm going to work. And I guess I've turned figure conscious. Anyway, I see where my clients get a taste of what I got, from now on.

## Where Science Failed

(Continued from  
page 68)

applied and too deftly adjusted.

TO make the case stronger the doctor had inflicted fingerprints on the woman's throat to make it appear that she had been choked back onto the bed during a struggle. The doctor's scientifically trained mind had neglected to recall that he was in the habit of cutting his fingernails square and that the fingermarks would show these square-cut fingernails.

Then there were other facts. To begin with it was learned that Clemmenson was poor. There was nothing of any great value in his apartment to steal. It was illogical to believe that burglars, of a degree of intelligence

that would cause them to scientifically adjust a poison pack, would not have sense enough to go where better prospects offered.

The upsetting of the household effects was a degree too strenuous. Things were displaced that a burglar would have no reason to displace. Altogether the scientific man had made an awful bungle of his criminal efforts.

Dr. Clemmenson finally confessed that he chloroformed his wife within an hour before he phoned the police. He was executed after a trial in which mute evidence against him was the most damning. His greatest trouble was that he was altogether too scientific.

## Will the English House Win Out?

(Continued from page 67)

for the home of the late Thomas Ince, as well as those of Raoul Walsh, Lita Grey Chaplin, Carl Laemmle and others of the movie colony writes:

"The English house in your December issue with its closely knit plan is economically arranged.

"The living room would be pleasant with its three exposures. It appears to have that happy balance of



The Spanish House has many followers in Rhode Island, Washington and California.

windows and wall space which is so essential to a livable, comfortable room. Although the kitchen arrangement is very unusual, it would indeed be cheerful as well as practical.

"The front elevation is a simple expression of the plan without useless extraneous ornament or meaningless bric-a-brac. So many small homes are spoiled by attempting to incorporate too many motives or features and, as a rule, the smaller the house, the greater is the need for simplicity and restraint.

"Your February Spanish house has a nice balance between simple dignity and picturesque charm. I would suggest, however, that, if the garage doors were panelled or studded in Spanish fashion and painted in a light color similar to the plaster, the design



Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Ohio are favoring the Colonial type of house.

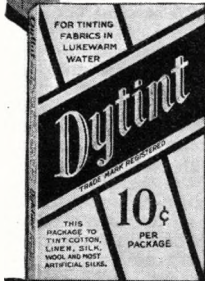
would be improved. The plan is practical, extremely livable and has no expensive uneconomical construction features. The living room with its windows to the patio and porch, can be made very fine. The front bedroom with its three exposures and patio outlook would be enjoyable.

"The design of your French house is fine indeed. It has a quiet distinction and, of all of your designs, would attract the most attention. It takes no great skill to design a formal symmetrical house such as this is and yet this design has a certain individual flare seldom found in a small house."



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—Nile Green	—Orange	—French Blue
—Jade Green	—Gold	—Copenhagen Blue
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"We are headed for Grand Central," he explained, crisply. "You are leaving for Chicago within an hour now. He intended at first to come to New York to meet you. I gather that he preferred to have you see him in his own—er—atmosphere."

Tony could feel his grandmother shudder slightly as if from chill.

"You are to go to The Ritz in Chicago, as soon as you get in," Grandpa continued. "Room 603. Your father will be there, or come there, to meet you."

"Damn'd mysterious," grunted Tony; and finding no opinion offered, hunched back with a frown, studying the road ahead.

TONY'S gravest concern, quite secret from his grandfather, was a girl. All things being normal, old man Shields would be overjoyed at the idea of Tony's attachment to Muriel Craven. It was the sort of marriage that would thrill the hearts of both grandparents, for Muriel was the outstanding debutante of the day, a girl of unimpeachable standing, enviable position, exquisite beauty and unquestionable charm. Tony had been on the verge of proposing on his twenty-first birthday—and then he had heard about his father, and hesitated.

Sitting in the train now, he puzzled over the effect that this trip would have on his whole life. Suppose his father were really worthy of the bitter hatred and contemptuous disapproval of Grandpa Shields? One could hardly crash into Muriel's family with a disgraceful parent, could one? Suppose his father were an imbecile—a jailbird—a rioting communist—a thief—a murderer?

Tony, sleepless, tossed and pondered all night, thankful that he hadn't spoken to Muriel nor to his family.

His fingers, it must be confessed, trembled a bit the next morning as he shaved; but when he arrived at the Ritz, and was duly shown to room 603, he was as sleek, as nonchalant and swagger as will-power and self-control permitted.

The room was large, sunlit—and empty! Tony, alone, wondered why it seemed to smack of apprehension. In restless silence, he sat and smoked. Rose to pace the floor, or stare out of the window at the crumb of lakeview that sparkled a few blocks away.

A knock and Tony stiffened.

"Come in!" he called.

But the knob rattled and the knock was repeated. Urgent . . . excitable. . .

He strode over, released the lock and opened the door, standing back, expectantly.

A woman entered, closing the door softly and hurriedly behind her. A small alert woman with a full, rounded figure that advertised her sex like a shrieking billboard. A blonde woman with a harsh and obvious beauty, and brittle, calculating eyes that measured him swiftly. A tough, cheap, gutter-pup that well-tailored clothes and soft sable scarf could not transform into a lady.

"You—you're Antonio Lori?" she gasped in a throaty, half-whisper.

Tony nodded impatiently.

"My God! No wonder!" she muttered.

"What do you want?" snapped Tony.

"If you. . ."

"I want you to go." The woman

straightened defiantly, her insolent eyes blazing. She turned and glanced suspiciously at the closed door, and edged closer to Tony, speaking rapidly, breathlessly, with an alcoholic slur. "You're here to meet your father. You don't know who he is, do you? Well, I'll tell you. I'll tell you who he is. Alfredo Tavazzi! Al Tavazzi!"

Tony's hand clenched at his sides, his lip quivered, and then straightened into a tight line.

"Tavazzi!" he repeated, dully. "Public enemy number. . ."

"Shut up!" the woman cut in swiftly. "The carpets talk here. Besides, he's coming—any minute. I'm just telling you straight. Get out, while you have a chance."

She screamed suddenly—a muffled shriek of fear through the fingers she clapped against her mouth. She was staring past Tony, and he wheeled around, his fists clenched prepared to face the armed attack that his upset imagination pictured.

Instead he stared at a quiet, tall, business-like figure, who had evidently emerged from the closet, and who stood gazing with cold disapproval at the cringing woman. A quiet, slightly-grayed, scholarly-looking man, figure erect and taut under his fine English tweeds, his eyes alone conveying the menace that was sufficient to strike terror into a less guilty creature than the woman who, with an inarticulate mumble, turned and fled out of the room, and down the silent corridor.

The professorial figure relaxed, and a thin almost apologetic smile softened his lips. He crossed to close the door and then held out his hand to Tony.

"Hell!" exploded Tony, angrily.

"What is this, anyway?"

"It is," smiled the other, soothingly, "a most unfortunate occurrence. For you, at least; and I'm frightfully sorry it happened. For us, it has its benefits. I had suspected that woman for some time. This closes the matter, once and for all."

Tony, stared, frowning.

"And you?" he demanded.

"I am here for just such possibilities—such emergencies—until your father arrives."

"Guarding me—then!"

The man shrugged, and offered Tony a cigarette, from his black, enameled case.

"Sit down. I want to talk to you. You see, I happen to be exceedingly close to your father. He trusts me more than any one. I have been his lawyer for the past ten years—with considerable success, as you may have gathered if you read the papers. Howard Salter is my name.

"I had no intention of discussing your father with you. That was understood between us. But since you've been informed so rudely of his identity, I feel justified in. . ."

"I don't want to talk about him," decided Tony, a bit rudely. "I don't know who you are or anything about you. I don't know if you or that girl is. . ."

"Certainly," nodded the lawyer, understandingly. "We'll talk of something else then. Tell me of your graduation yesterday. Your father is very proud of you. You know that is my Alma Mater too. You're a Phi Gam, aren't you? So am I. Shake."

Bewildered, Tony leaned forward to meet the hand proffered for the second time. But again came a knock, and instantly Salter was on his feet. Tony

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## The Man from Chicago

watched him, glimpsing more than one figure in the hallway, straining to hear the lowered voices. Salter walked off with the others, and for a few breathless moments, the threshold was empty, the door standing open.

Then a man appeared, and stood hesitatingly at the edge of the room. Tavazzi!

Tony knew him. Knew him from his pictures—as the smallest boy on the street knew that hard, thick-set face, and the bulk of power in the huge shoulders. Hair like Tony's, yes; like Tony's, deep-set, smoldering and soulful eyes that gazed out upon the world. For one tormented moment, father and son stared across the room at each other; and then, the older man smiled. An ingratiating, trustful, hopeful smile that wiped all homeliness from the heavy jowls.

And Tavazzi, beaming, closed the door and walked over to his son, laying heavy, possessive hands on both shoulders, and shaking them gently.

"La cabra tire al monte," he chuckled, reflectively.

"I wonder if that's true—in everything," answered Tony in Italian.

His father raised a speculative eyebrow, and then laughed appreciatively.

"So you speak my language!" he crowed, and punched his son's chest with a forceful but approving fist.

"I don't know, sir," Tony answered, easily. "I doubt it."

"That would be as well," Tavazzi let himself heavily into a chair. "I prefer you speak the language the good Shields family taught you. You are a Lori. You seem to be worthy of carrying on the name. Myself, I gave it up, when I gave you up. I would never entangle it in questionable pursuits. I took my sainted mother's name of Tavazzi. And she brought me luck, huh?"

TONY frowned quizzically at the good-natured explanation. He felt drawn, against his will, to this stout, middle-aged father.

"Stick to your own kind. The Lori's were always fortunate in their choice of women. The women, I am afraid, were not so fortunate. It was no fault of mine—at least, no deliberate fault—that I made your beautiful mother wretched. I wish you to understand that. I would have given my life for her—or for you. I became involved in the slot-machine racket in order to give her the comforts she needed, when she was expecting you. Her family had cut her off, you see. Ah, well—she was used to luxuries and I was not going to see her want. I was shot the night you were born and did not see her before she died. Life is tragic, but she was spared the knowledge that would have broken her heart. The knowledge of my source of income."

"You want me to follow in your footsteps?" Tony questioned.

"No. Oh, no. God forbid! Not for that have I been pouring money into the Shields household, so that the saintly old gentleman would be free to be a gentleman and teach you to be one. No. You have your career. You will be a great artist. And one day, escorted by my body-guard, I shall attend your performance, armed to the hip-pocket, and sit back to bask in the glory of the name Lori. You will go back to the Shields. You will marry your exquisite Muriel Craven. . . ."

"How did you. . . ?"

(Please turn to page 116)

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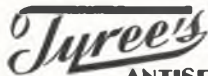


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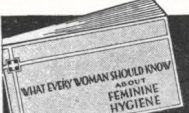
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City .....

## The Man from Chicago (Continued from page 115)

"But I am your father!" Tavazzi's hands went out in protesting explanation. "I know everything you do.

"And when you and the beautiful Muriel have a son, maybe you might name him Alfredo? Huh? After the king, who gave it to my father, who gave it to me?"

Tony flushed, and gulped, thankful that Tavazzi laughed again, with a humble, apologetic note.

"So, my son," Tavazzi stood up, "you and I will know each other for what we are, and the world will be hoodwinked as usual. If you like, we will stay here until train time. Or, if you wish to make me happy, you will come with me to my home and spend a few days with me before you return. I have a Stradivarius for you. My gift to the one who will redeem the Lori name. I would hope to hear you play—tonight perhaps—for me alone. But I do not wish to press you."

Tony stood up, measuring eye to eye with the gorilla figure that watched him with such hopeful, questioning eyes. And Tony's hand shot forward, to be grasped firmly and silently.

"We go home then," sighed Tavazzi, gratefully. "Here, take this. One never knows in this town."

Again the transforming smile of trust as Tavazzi took a revolver out of his pocket and handed it to his son.

"Come," he nodded, happily; and Tony thrust the gun in his coat pocket, picked up his hat, and followed the stalwart, doughy figure to the door.

At the threshold, Tavazzi thrust his hands into his pockets, and looked quickly from end to end of the corridor. He started forward with measured tread, and silently Tony followed. He remembered the stories of Tavazzi's bodyguard, and wondered if they were trailing behind, or if they would be waiting below.

Noiselessly they single-filed down the long corridor, and Tony behind, studied the careless stride of his father. The man was magnificent, he decided. Magnificent—and pathetic!

Suddenly he caught his breath. At a juncture of the corridors he saw a flutter and a gleam. . . . His father had already passed by when he saw the flutter of a soft sable-head, and the gleam of a nozzle, pointing with deadly aim at his father's back.

In one instant, before actually figuring out his move, Tony's hand grasped the gun in his pocket, and without taking the time to whip it out, he shot straight through the cloth.

No resounding explosion in answer to his deliberately pressed finger! Only a sharp, muffled click that was almost entirely drowned by a strangled moan of pain, and the sound of a body crashing to the floor!

The lack of sound, more than anything else, perhaps, shocked Tony into

confusion. A silent automatic! He leaned against the wall, barely conscious that Tavazzi had turned with the crouch of an animal ready to spring—and that from nowhere, silent figures appeared . . . gruesome, horrible silence, as the figures moved rapidly, with military perfection. . . .

Tony, leaning against the wall, watched and did not see . . . watched as a man stooped to pick up the limp figure with gaping mouth, pitiful high heels, and dangling sabres . . . disappearing with it back and away—toward the service elevator . . . watched the figures disperse as silently as they came, so that the entire incident was over in less time than it took the gun, still in his numb fingers, to cool. But he did not clearly see, and forever after could not remember clearly. . . . For his mind was shrieking with the realization of his impulsive deed—the swift unreckoning natural answer of gun for gun, hidden shot for hidden shot. . . . "What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." Those were the words with which his father had greeted him in Italian. . . . They did speak the same language of steel. . . . Like father, like son. . . .

He felt the forceful, affectionate punch of a heavy fist on his chest, and blinked half-seeing into his father's face. Into Tavazzi's eyes, swimming in tears—proud, loving eyes—grateful, unquestioning eyes.

He moistened his lips, gulped dryly, and stared at the approaching figure of Howard Salter, quiet, business-like, grave and unassuming, approaching them down the corridor, followed by a bellboy loaded with Tony's luggage. In silence, Salter passed by, the bellboy at his heels.

"You go now," whispered Tavazzi, hoarsely, his two hands gripping Tony's. "You go now with him. Quickly. Here is a spring coat. Put it on. Mail me that suit."

Obediently, Tony climbed into the gray overcoat held for him. His own coat—evidently taken from his own suitcase! He was acutely aware now; aware that Tavazzi had taken the gun from his pocket and put it in his own with one swift gesture.

"You go with Salter," Tavazzi smiled triumphantly. "He will put you on the train within the hour. Go back to your own world, son, and never come near me again! I will send you the Stradivarius."

Tavazzi had propelled him by the arm to the elevator. The door swung open. Salter entered, and Tony, by a resounding slap on his back, was half pushed after the lawyer. The bellboy entered. The door slammed shut and the elevator started down.

Salter turned to Tony, magnificently casual, indifferent, and offered the black, enameled cigarette case.

## Detectives' Puzzle Party (Continued from page 10)

many as . . . on a forest lake, though I make fewer dollars than a Chinese laundryman makes. . . . ; and I claim that my . . . is fairly clean. At . . . you'll admit that I only . . . . .

"You've left out a lot of words," said Father Brown at last.

"Yes," replied the author, strolling away, "and if you'll take only five letters you can use 'em to make dif-

ferent words that will fill the blanks and make sense of my statement."

This sticker seemed to bother the detectives. In fact, Sherlock Holmes had to ask Father Brown the answer. But he didn't tell Watson this; and when the latter complimented him on his skill, Holmes replied, as usual—(See Illus. A—the pictures and letters represent the syllables of Holmes' reply). (Please turn to page 117 for answers)



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## Edgar Wallace

(Continued from page 19)

day night and through the whole of Sunday, and late on Sunday night, when his task is finished, he opens a convenient door and slips out.

You would imagine that a man who is a specialist and a brilliant mechanic, as he is, and quite an intelligent individual, would, in the course of his fifty-six years of life, have accumulated quite a large fortune. And that, with all his experience, he would have a minimum of convictions. Yet an examination of his records shows that in thirty-two years of criminal practice he has been sentenced to nearly twenty-eight years' imprisonment; in no case has he got away with more than seventy pounds, and on that occasion he was arrested before he could spend it.

I know another professional thief who has spent over thirty years in prison, and whose earnings, spread over the period of his freedom, have averaged fifty cents a week.

In fact the only successful criminal I have known, and he belonged to the specialist class, was a card sharper who traveled the North Atlantic, and who accumulated a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds, had a beautiful house on Long Island, and an apartment in New York. He lost every dollar he had made in the big Stock Exchange slump two years ago, and is now working the boats again, at an age—as he pathetically said to me—when he was entitled to a little rest and comfort.

### Answers to the Detectives' Word-Puzzle Party on page 10

1. Understood, revelation, eighty-three, photosphere, manana, Hannah, horrify, mother, air, ai. When the letters are placed under their proper numbers they form the well-known quotation:

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

2. IDEA, IDES (This is the Roman date mentioned by Sherlock Holmes), ODES, ODDS, ADDS, AIDS, BIDS, BINS, BIND, BOND, BOLD, BOLT, BOOT, BOOK.

3. V e r i f i e r  
s I d e s l i p  
p e r f e c t s  
f r i g h t e n  
i n i m i c a l  
p r o v i n c e  
e n d g r a i n  
D a l m a t i a

4. "My thoughts are as many as TEALS on a forest lake, though I make fewer dollars than a Chinese laundryman makes TAELS; and I claim that my SLATE is fairly clean. At LEAST, you'll admit that I only STEAL STALE TALES."

5. "Elementary, my dear Watson." (El, M, N, Tree, M-eye Deer Watts Sun.)



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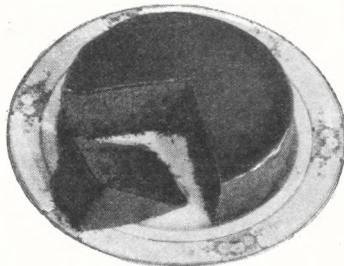
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# PRIZE WINNING CHOCOLATE RECIPES



**RECIPES** for delicious chocolate dishes have been coming in from readers all over the country for many weeks, in response to the request made in "Chocolate Treasure" in the February issue of this magazine. All the recipes were interesting and so many of them were exceptionally good that the task of choosing the prize winners called for considerable deliberation. Here they are:

### Chocolate "Prince" Cake

One cup grated chocolate, yolk of 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk. Mix together and stir on stove until thick. Add 1 cup sugar, the white of the egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1 cup flour, lump of butter size of a walnut, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Bake in a long pan. When done, cut down through the center, making 2 pieces. Put one upon the other and make the following frosting:

### Frosting

White of 2 eggs beaten to a froth, 1 cup powdered sugar, 1/4 lb. grated chocolate wet in 4 teaspoons of cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat the sugar in the whipped whites, then the chocolate. Whisk all together hard for 3 minutes before adding the vanilla. Let the cake get quite cool before spreading. Reserve a little of the mixture for the top and beat in more sugar for a firm icing. All my friends think this is wonderful. I called it "prince" because my nephew thought it princely.

Miss Frances V. Curtin,  
170 Vermilyea Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

### Brazilian Chocolate

4 level teaspoons grated chocolate, or 8 level teaspoons cocoa  
8 level teaspoons sugar  
1 cup boiling water  
2 cups boiling coffee  
1 cup scalded milk  
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Mix chocolate, cinnamon and sugar, add the boiling water and coffee and boil for two minutes. Add the scalded milk and bring the whole to a boil, stirring constantly. Serve with a 1/2 teaspoon whipped cream.

Vee Dahlquist,  
97 Linden Ave.,  
Middleton, N. Y.

### Mocha Chocolate Mallow

15 marshmallows  
1 square chocolate  
1 cup strong coffee

Few grains salt  
1/3 cup chopped nut meats  
1 cup whipping cream

Melt chocolate in double boiler with the marshmallows. Add the coffee and salt. Cool. When slightly thickened add the cream which should have been whipped and the nuts. Pour into the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. Freeze from 6 to 8 hours before serving.

Mrs. Alma Portegal,  
326 West 47th Street,  
New York City.

### Chocolate Walnut Cookies

1/2 cup butter or other shortening  
1 cup sugar  
1 egg  
2 tablespoons milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
2 1/2 cups flour  
1 teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 cup chopped nuts  
2 squares of chocolate

Cream butter and sugar. Add egg slightly beaten. Add milk, vanilla, sifted dry ingredients and walnuts. Add the melted chocolate and form into roll 2 inches in diameter. Chill. Cut in 1/2 inch slices. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) 8 to 10 minutes. You will find these particularly good.

Mrs. A. Gasparotto,  
3717 W. Iowa St.,  
Chicago, Ill.

### Patsy's Favorite Chocolate Muffins

3 cups flour  
3 eggs  
3/4 cup butter  
1 cup sugar  
2 teaspoons cinnamon  
1 cup seeded raisins  
3/4 cup sour milk  
1 scant teaspoon baking powder  
1/2 cake chocolate or 2 tablespoons cocoa

Cream sugar, butter, add eggs, well beaten, alternate with flour and milk add soda, raisins and chocolate. Fill muffin tins 3/4 full and bake in moderate oven—30 minutes. Ice with chocolate icing.

These recipes are of my own origination and I hope you like them. Will welcome any you have to send me as we are lovers of chocolate flavor.

Mrs. Lewis A. Carpenter,  
1509 Morton St.,  
Covington, Ky.

(Please turn to page 121)



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5c PER FOOT



## How BLONDES hold their sweethearts

**MEN STAY** in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde color to stringy, faded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles instantly into a frothy, searching foam that routs out every bit of scalp dust—stimulates hair roots. Leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettably alluring. Try it today and see the difference. At all drug and department stores.

## Who Killed John Stone?

(Continued from page 47)

looked as though old Stone had made good his frequent threat. A new bottle of medicine had been bought that day; nearly half of it was gone, and the old man's water-glass was empty.

Swales and his wife told the doctor that they had gone to bed about ten o'clock the previous evening, after saying good-night to Stone. Evelyn had gone out to a party immediately after giving her uncle his medicine, planning to spend the night with her hostess. A neighbor happened to drop in, alarmed at seeing the doctor's car at the door so early, and when informed of the event remarked that he had seen the old man's light go out at some time after midnight. Evelyn was telephoned for, and returned in a few minutes.

The room was as it is shown in the photograph. The doctor asked at once if anything had been moved; on being told that it had not he made a remark about having to notify the authorities of the suicide, and went to the telephone. There he made a hurried but quiet call to Police Headquarters, stating that murder had been done.

The police discovered that Stone had handsomely remembered Swales and his wife in his will—each of them received \$10,000—a large bequest, plenty to inspire greed in their hearts. Stone was insured for \$25,000 in favor of his beloved niece, with double indemnity in case of death by accident or murder.

Evelyn had, of course, a complete alibi. The Swales each swore that neither of them had been up after going to bed. Nevertheless, by a clever piece of deduction, the guilt was determined, and the guilty party confessed on being confronted with the evidence.

The questions are really two: How did the doctor know that Stone had been murdered? and What pointed to the murderer's guilt?

### Solution to April Puzzle—April Winner Will Be Announced in June Issue

**THE** manservant, Oberlin, did the killing. Detective Brophy pointed out that Oberlin had placed the wood-basket close to the rocking-chair under the window; and that Hord, when he was killed, was seated naturally in his chair. It was impossible to imagine any burglar climbing onto the ashan outside and making his entrance over the chair and wood-basket without disturbing Hord. It was clear, then, that he was killed by some one he knew—whose presence in the room would not disturb him. The cigarette-butt had been planted by Oberlin to direct suspicion at Blayne. Detective Brophy pointed out that there was no trace of ashes in the tray or of the action of heat and burning tobacco on the polished trough. True, Blayne might have thrown his ashes into the fire, but the cigarette in going out would have left a brown "sweaty" stain on the metal.

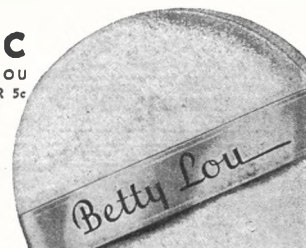
But the convincing proof that Oberlin had lied lay in the check. The handwriting shown in our picture is that of a man who bears heavily on his pen—broad strokes, using a great deal of ink. The final flourish on "Hord" is especially heavy. A pen, particularly a

(Please turn to page 121)

*No one has to tell me that Betty Lou is a safe powder puff to use*

Betty Lou powder puffs are **STERILIZED**—making them the safest for you to use. Made with the utmost skill, with a special weave that imparts a caressing softness. You'll play safe every time if you use a Betty Lou Powder Puff.

10c  
BETTY LOU  
JUNIOR 5c

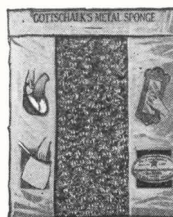


Sold Exclusively at  
F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 and 10 STORE

### MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.  
The MHNENITT COMPANY, Limited  
955 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

## Insist on THE ORIGINAL-GOTTSCHALK'S METAL SPONGE in the Sanitary Cellophane Bag



Now twice the size for the same price. The biggest value ever offered. It cleans and scours everything with less effort and does not scratch—never a splinter to harm the hands. The choice of particular housekeepers. Get one today and be sure it's Gottschalk's.

"The Little Fellow That Does the Big Job"



METAL SPONGE SALES CORP.  
2726 Mascher Street, Philadelphia

# One Gray Hair today 20 Tomorrow



The worst of GRAY HAIR is that it gets GRAYER and GRAYER. Are you satisfied to see your pretty hair go to pieces when your friends are "touching up" theirs with FARR'S, a modern type of preparation, easy to use, clean, odorless, not sticky? They use FARR'S with no thought of deception, simply to LOOK and FEEL their best. FARR'S is absolutely harmless. Gives the hair a soft, NATURAL, lively appearance. \$1.35. Sold everywhere.

## FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

FREE SAMPLE

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. T.M. 4  
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.  
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....  
STATE ORIGINAL COLOR  
OF HAIR

## Callous-ease



**New Medicated MOLESKIN Cushions, Absorbs Painful Growths**

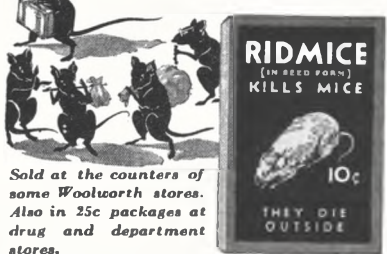
Quick, lasting relief now, for sore, calloused, tender feet. Velvet-soft moleskin, treated with KINOX adhesive medication ends pain of Callouses and corns soon as applied. Hard growths are gently absorbed. Antiseptic; cannot harm healthy tissue. Liberal 10c size sold in many WOOLWORTH STORES, or we will send big, wide, family-size spoon for only \$1 postpaid. Many applications, to suit as desired. Money cheerfully returned if not delighted with quick, permanent relief.

KINOX CO., Inc., Dept. W, Rutland, Vermont

## RIDMICE (IN SEED FORM)

It's easy now to rid your home of destructive, disease-carrying mice. They eat RIDMICE seeds and leave the house to die. Easier than traps, safer and less expensive. RIDMICE seeds are too small to attract children or pets. A complete exterminating job at small cost.

HICKS LABORATORIES, Inc.  
433 East 70th St., New York, N. Y.



Sold at the counters of some Woolworth stores. Also in 25c packages at drug and department stores.

# Luxury Thief (Continued from page 37)

her detest him. But a song was in her heart and on her lips because she knew the end was near, an end which she had hastened, and, beyond, the promise of a glorious future stretched out endlessly.

Sarah left at five. Shortly thereafter the doorbell rang. Eric was early. With a grimace of disgust Gwen rose from her vanity and drew her flimsy dressing-gown about her slim figure. There was a sharp reprimand on her tongue for his too-early appearance as she opened the door. But she never spoke the words.

Framed in the doorway was a tall, stalwart young man. A lock of wavy, black hair, carelessly combed, fell across his temple. His face was long and lean, ending in a strong, square jaw. In his large dark eyes there was a steadfast gaze.

Gwen stepped back in surprise. "John! You startled me. I thought it was Eric . . . he'll be here any moment."

The inflection of her voice strove to deny John an invitation to enter. John Robbins disregarded it and crossed the threshold, closed the door and put down his hat.

"But, John, what will Eric think if he finds you here? You know how jealous he becomes at the least thing."

"Eric won't be here this evening." He motioned to the lounge and sat down beside her. He seemed to be searching for words with which to begin. The effort was a failure for he came out bluntly with the truth.

"Eric was arrested today. He confessed to stealing over sixty thousand dollars from the bank. They've locked him up."

"They finally caught him!" He turned sharply toward her.

"You knew?" "Of course, I knew. You've been on our parties, you know the presents Eric's always insisted on giving me . . . didn't you suspect where the money came from?"

"I never thought about it. But some one must have suspected for there's been a detective working at the bank for months. Eric's been pretty clever about it and only today they finally caught him with the goods."

GWEN was silent for a long moment, a faint smile playing about the corners of her mouth. Then she leaned closer to John and her hand went out and held his tightly. She forgot all except the closeness of the man she wanted.

"John . . . don't you know what this means . . . to us?"

He did not reply. He was trying to hold his own emotions in check. She drew closer to him. Her arm went about his shoulder and he felt the tight pressure of her hand as she held his arm. Her gown fell back and the perfume from her body rose to his brain with a stirring sense of sweetness. Her hair caressed his cheek so that a tremor went through his body.

"John . . . you love me! You can tell me now! I want you, John. . . . I've been waiting for this moment from the first day you came here."

He felt her soft body pressed against his. All reason departed and impulsively he crushed her in his arms. Her lips were soft and yielding. His lips touched her velvet cheeks and at her

ear he spoke choked words of madness. The tide of emotion, held back for months, swept over them like a deluge. She gave herself up to it completely. There was no reckoning of time until he rose slowly from the lounge.

"I must leave, Gwen. . . . I meant only to tell you what had happened and then go."

"Why, John?" She reached out and took his hand holding him. "If you only knew all I've done for you. It was I who caused them to put the detective in the bank. They never knew who warned them, but I did it because of you . . . so there wouldn't be anyone between us. You can't go now when there's nothing more to keep us apart."

JOHN became a little calmer as she spoke. Finally, when she released his hand, he walked to a chair and sat down. She watched him anxiously. At last he looked toward her, quite calm. "There are things we can't overlook, Gwen. This ease and luxury you're used to. . . . I couldn't give you that. Soon it would make you hate me."

She held out her hand with a soft, pleading smile. He arose slowly and came toward her. Again she took his hand and held it against her cheek.

"Nothing matters except you, dear," she said, softly.

There was still a troubled look upon his features as he sat down beside her.

"I'm afraid, Gwen," he said. "You know, I, too, could steal for you. With my paltry salary at the bank I'd be tempted to. You must forget a poor fellow like me before it's too late."

"I couldn't go on without you, John. Don't you see it? You make me tell you everything I've done for your sake. Well, you can give up your job at the bank and we'll go off somewhere, far away."

"I couldn't take you very far." John smiled bitterly.

"Must I tell you, John? How much money was missing from the bank? Sixty thousand dollars? Well, I've gotten most of it . . . for us!"

Gwen rose abruptly and went into her boudoir. At the door she turned and called to John. He followed her, a tense, drawn look on his face. At the door he gazed in and saw her opening a strong box she had taken from a closet which was built into the wall like a safe. She held the strong-box open and came toward him. His steps faltered a bit as he walked to meet her. She held the box up triumphantly. He looked into it. There were sheaves of banknotes and many jewels.

"This is part of forty thousand dollars, John . . . that's enough to start us right. Can't you understand how much I love you?"

His head dropped and his gaze was directed to the floor.

"I wanted to go away. . . . I asked you to let me go."

He was holding something in his hand. Her eyes were attracted to it and held. He went on.

"Now I must take you with me. That letter which started us on Eric Howard has led to you, as his accomplice."

Gwen was still gazing at the thing John held in his hand. Her eyes were filled with terror and her cheeks were drawn and sunken under her rouge. What he held was the bright shield of a detective.



## How an UGLY DUCKLING found Happiness!

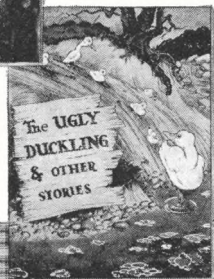
**H**OW an Ugly Duckling found happiness; how a little Brownie led a gay, adventurous career; how a little girl named Alice had an exciting time in a fairy world called Wonderland; these are the youthful classics which children can enjoy in Tower Books. The type is clear and large, the illustrations the kind children like.



Fond Parents, kind aunts, devoted grandmothers please note!

The price is ten cents a book, plus three cents postage.

Fifteen cents in Canada, plus postage.



**TOWER BOOKS, Inc.**  
55 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

## Prize Winning Recipes

(Continued from page 118)

### Chocolate Waffles

This is especially nice as an extra treat on Sunday afternoon:

- ½ cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup milk
- 1½ cups flour
- 2 squares chocolate
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream the shortening and the sugar and add the egg yolks, well beaten. Melt chocolate over hot water and add to first mixture. Mix thoroughly. Sift the flour, together with the baking powder and salt. Add this with the milk to the chocolate mixture. Add flavoring and fold in beaten egg whites.

Bake on a hot waffle iron. Chocolate Waffles are delicious served with whipped cream or ice cream!

Miss C. Hastings,  
Mill Valley, Calif.

### Sugar-Coated Chocolate Doughnuts

- ¼ cup butter
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup sour milk
- ¼ teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- 1¼ cups sugar
- ½ cup cocoa
- 4 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Cream butter. Add sugar gradually. Add eggs well beaten. Add sour milk to which soda has been added. Add salt, cinnamon and vanilla. Mix cocoa, flour and baking powder and add to above.

If necessary, add more flour to make stiffer than plain doughnuts.

Roll, cut and fry as usual. Roll in granulated sugar, while warm.

Mrs. H. D. Grant,  
4 Circular Avenue,  
Natick, Massachusetts.

## Who Killed Stone?

(Continued from page 119)

cheap one, to give that much ink must have been well-filled. But the pen, broken in the pocket, had not even stained the handkerchief! Hord could not have written the check with the empty pen!

The fact that Arthur Brodski and Albert Blayne had the same initials was merely a coincidence. Oberlin, confronted with his lie, confessed.

The only confusing fact was the date on the check, and this he explained by saying that Hord had given him the check on the first of February. Oberlin had kept it to use as a possible alibi in robbing his employer. By simply adding a 1 to the date he made it read the 11th.

### Other Correct Solutions to March Puzzle Sent By:

- A. A. Cagne, Sanford, Maine.
- L. Kohen, Brooklyn, New York.
- Martha Anderson, Detroit, Michigan.
- E. Saunders, New York City.
- E. C. Ulrich, Wilmington, Delaware.
- Helen F. Lamberton, Washington, D. C.
- L. B. Petery, Lebanon, Ohio.



JEANETTE LOFF—POPULAR STAR

## Her little secret!

(Would you care to share it?)

Nobody knows just what Helen does to keep her hair so attractive looking. It always sparkles! It never seems dull (like so many other girls' hair.)

What is her secret?—You'd be surprised! A simple little shampooing hint that a famous beauty specialist gave her. Yet you may share it, too! Just one Golden Glint Shampoo\* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

*\* (Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tiny"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shades of hair!)*

J. W. KOBI CO.

601 Rainier Ave., Dept. E, Seattle, Wash.  
Please send a free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_

Look at your local grocer's for the foods you find in Tower Magazine articles and advertisements and give your menus new zest and variety.

## New! FACEL - introduces - FRILLED EDGE CLEANSING TISSUES

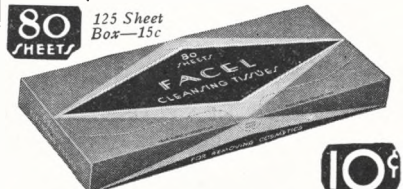
FOR A HOST OF USES



Unlike ordinary tissues with raw edges, Facel is now made with a finished Frilled Edge. And Facel costs you less. 80 sheets for 10c.

- Chamois finish texture
- Leaves no lint
- Easily disposed of
- Sanitary dust proof container.

80 SHEETS  
125 Sheet Box—15c



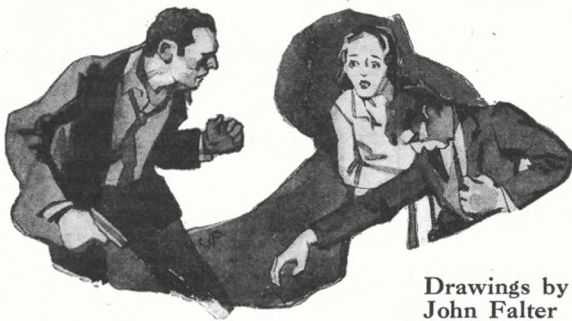
ASK FOR FACEL CLEANSING TISSUES  
If you do not find FACEL at your favorite 5c and 10c store, mail coupon below with 10c for full size package.

National Cellulose Corporation Please enclose 10 cents  
366 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

# QUAINT NEWS

*Strange and unusual news flashes from all over the country—  
a coast-to-coast network—brought to you through the courtesy  
of THE ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE*



Drawings by  
John Falter

## LEWISTOWN, MONTANA.

**B**ECAUSE his aim was bad, Jesse A. Reetz will only have to spend the next twenty years of his life in prison. He killed his brother-in-law. The slaying was accidental, he pleaded, for he was shooting at his wife and missed her. The brother-in-law was just unlucky.

## SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

**F**OR tickling his wife in the stomach—with a knife—Thomas Lewelling was arrested for murder. Mrs. Lewelling died in a hospital from an abdominal wound. The husband was charged with her death.

"I just tickled her with the knife," he said, "across the stomach—like that." He illustrated the maneuver. "It would not have hurt if she hadn't jerked." The blade penetrated deeply and death resulted.

## PROVIDENCE, R. I.

**M**ORALISTS have always held that carelessness is expensive. Are they telling Luke E. Field?

This young man about town paid eighteen months for his carelessness, which was manifested in the following ways: First, he broke into his brother's house to appropriate a seven-dollar watch. Then, with time on his hands, he tarried to filch a bottle of milk from the ice-box, carelessly leaving his fingerprints on the container.

Field's brother had him jailed and the judge gave him a year and a half for his carelessness, which in the eyes of the law amounted to burglary.

## LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

**W**HAT these crooners can do when they turn their personalities loose!

Mrs. Susan B. Ball tells what one did to her in her suit for \$10,000 against an amusement company operating a theater here. The soft-voiced tenor stood in the aisle beside her seat and sang to her under the spotlight. He caused her to become hysterical and to faint. She was tantalized, insulted, embarrassed and harassed and her name was "brought to public ridicule, scandal, infamy and disgrace."

## MORGANTOWN, WEST VIRGINIA.

**J**ESSE JOLLIFFE had decided to end it all. Life was a futile quest for something or other. He paid the butcher and grocer. Then he called upon Fred Derring, undertaker, to ascertain the cost of a funeral. Derring told him, and Jolliffe was outraged. There ought to be a law against its costing so much to die. Derring called the police.

A gun was found on Jolliffe which, he declared, he had intended using on himself, until he discovered the high cost of funeral service. Six months for gun-toting gave him time to make other plans.

## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**I**T is getting so you can't get away with a thing. John H. Baldwin stole his own automobile, and the police got him. He was charged with theft.

Several months before he had violated a traffic law and could not pay the fine. His car was impounded, but he needed the car. So he "stole" it from Police Headquarters. Weeks later he was arrested by an alert officer who recognized the machine.

## ST. LOUIS, MO.

**"S**A<sup>M</sup>E to you" was the gist of the greeting extended by L. G. Dowling, vice-president and cashier of the Midland Savings Bank, when two bandits threatened to shoot him. Dowling seized his revolver from a drawer and shot it out. One bandit, Bennie Bethel, dropped with a bullet in the heart. The other, Jimmy Woods, took one in the lung, staggered out of the bank and dropped. Both were St. Louis gangsters.

Dowling himself wound up in the hospital, wounded in the leg. Another bullet started for his stomach, but struck a vest button and was deflected. His bank had been held up twice previously and he admitted being a bit fed up with robbers.

## MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

**T**HEN there was the case of Mrs. Bessie Thompson, of this place. She was the central figure in a case which was just the opposite of the Lewistown, Montana, mistake. This twenty-eight-year-old wife and mother followed her husband to a speakeasy one morning about five o'clock. He refused to leave at her insistence, whereupon she took a revolver from her handbag. Thompson only laughed.

"You couldn't hit me if you tried," he taunted her.

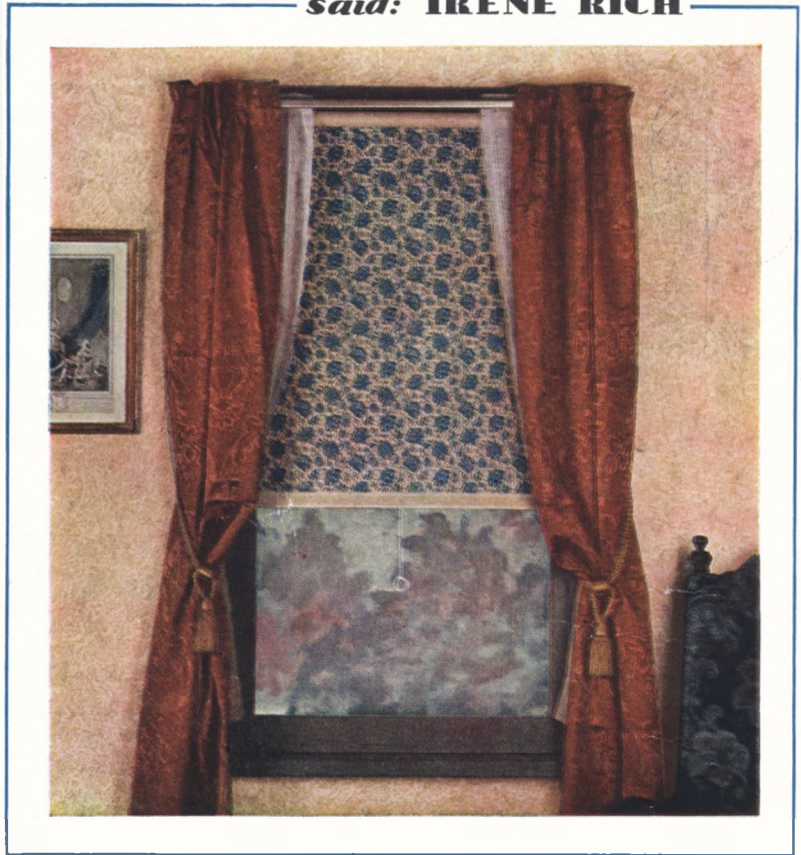
He was right. She fired twice and missed him both times, but killed her husband's party companion, John Palmer.

"I'm sorry," she commented after her arrest. "I didn't mean to shoot him. I was shooting at my husband."



"**10¢** for that **Window Shade?**  
*..why, you must be wrong!*"

*said:* **IRENE RICH**



**I**T looks as if it cost five or ten times that much," said Miss Rich. "It is an extremely good-looking shade, and would look well in any room. I just can't believe it cost only a dime!"

Clopay shades *are* hard to believe — but they are true! They look like more money, and they wear like more money. But they are so inexpensive that you can have fresh, colorful, new window shades all through your house for less than the cost of cleaning old shades.

Made of a tough, durable fibre material that is crack-proof, fray-proof and sun-proof. Not even any rollers to buy. Attach in a jiffy to your old rollers without tacks or tools.

In solid green, tan, white and blue, and also in charming chintz patterns, as illustrated below. See CLOPAY shades at 5 and 10c stores everywhere. 10c each.

Available in solid colors and in attractive chintz patterns as illustrated below.

*(Clopay Window Shades are fully protected by U. S. Patents.)*



Ecru



Chintz Pattern No. 4



Dark Green



Chintz Pattern No. 15

**CLOPAY**  
**WINDOW SHADES**

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1246 York St., Cincinnati, O.

**NEW Clopay Throw-Away Vacuum Cleaner Bag**

No more dirty, germ-laden vacuum cleaner bags to empty. Attach a new CLOPAY *Throw-Away* bag, and when it's filled, throw it away! No muss, no dangerous filth. The cost is trifling. Requires four to six weeks of constant use to fill bag once, and each bag costs a few cents. See them in home furnishings departments of leading stores or get them from a CLOPAY home demonstrator . . . send 25c for one bag and metal adapter which attaches permanently to your cleaner. *Be sure to specify the make of your vacuum cleaner.*



*Old Way*      *New Way*



**CED-R-TEX** a sturdy, scientifically constructed, full size, roomy, moth-proof bag for 10c. CED-R-TEX bags will protect your garments just as thoroughly as much higher-priced bags. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. At 5 and 10c stores everywhere. Insist on the genuine. Ask for CED-R-TEX bags by name.





Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

## She smokes **FRESH** cigarettes *... not parched or toasted*

**W**HEN you buy Camels you get *fresh* cigarettes. That's why women particularly prefer them.

Cool, refreshing smoke that is mild all the way down, with no trace of parch or bite to sting the tongue or rasp the throat.

That's because Camels are *made* right and *kept* right.

*Made* of choice Turkish and sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that are properly conditioned; that contain just the right amount of natural moisture.

*Kept* in factory-prime condition until they reach the smoker by the air-sealed, Camel Humidor Pack.

The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
 Winston-Salem, N. C.

# CAMELS

**Made FRESH — Kept FRESH**

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S  
 COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

*Camel Quarter Hour*  
 Columbia Broadcasting System

*Prince Albert Quarter Hour*  
 National Broadcasting Company Red Network  
 See radio page of local newspaper for time