

far-reaching field.

been six when I arrived—it was

about seven-thirty now. It was Oc-

tober, and already dusk; the land-

scaped ground below me was in

I hadn't really seen the place in

lighter stretch of gray.

of the facade of the house.

them I could imagine people dress-

one wide window was uncurtained

and a man's figure was silhouetted

She seemed to whirl in, to come

to stand before him a moment. I

could see no faces, no movement

of the outline of her face; but I

I saw his arm go out, in an un-

removed whatever veneer any train-

I was feeling much better by then.

leged masterpleces that had been

The man had said the gallery

was on the same floor, across the

front of the house, so I went out

into the hall. I passed the head of

the stairs—the main staircase ris-

ing from the first floor branched

right and left to gain the second

floor, and a stair rose then to the

third-and turned to the door at

The place was dark as a tomb

the curtains drawn, I surmised,

against any sun, so that not even

the pale oblongs of evening were

the left. I pushed the door open.

he struck her.

were both out of sight.

ing had put upon them.

old Hiram Keller's vaunt,

CHAPTER I

hadn't been so angry, through Paris in the matter of the Da Vinci, d through, with the blood so basing my belief on the evidence of my face that I flung open of the analysis of the pigment of the five blue stars in the saint's air, I would never have robe, and won—and the alleged at blow. And I would never finder confessed—why, then I was n that blow. And I would never

It was ridiculous, my anger. Risto feel that anything these I had been sent for now, to go ple might do could hurt me. But through the famous Keller collece treated like a plano tuner, like tion and offer my judgment on the a plumber, like one sent for to ne menial job about the house! father of the present owner had Leils Seton, better born and bet- believed he bought. bred than they-not good enough or their house-party. Given a tray my bedroom!

It was silly to let that get me ought to have laughed it off; but ehow I had been childishly ager about this week-end and all emed to promise, and I had ent more than I could afford for the dinner-gown I was so sure I ould need-and, then the sight of all those people downstairs, standabout with the cocktails that e the fag end of the tea-hour, laughing and talking, had me tingling with anticipation as I followed the man with my bags up the stairs. I already knew who some of mem were. I knew-from the pa-

pers-that Alan Deck, the critic, is to be there. I loved his dry, biting sentences. I had hoped for him beside me at dinner - literature and art might be paired toether; and I'd had little dreams of his finding me understanding and merry—and likable. In my new blue satin!

And the Harridens were to be there—that amazing couple whose nsational accusations and reconciliations New York still rolled under its tongue. However my New pland blood might register disapproval of the goings-on of this spoiled super-gilded set, my unregenerate soul had been thrilled at denly a woman's figure came into the thought of meeting Nora Har-iden, the enchantress.

I had wondered, passing through the great hall, whether that slight creature in gold pajamas, rather apart from the others, were she or not.

I had said, as the man put down a suitcase on the little folding stand: "You will tell Mrs. Keller I am here?" Naively I had thought it odd he hadn't announced me when I arrived.

"Oh, yes, Madame, she will be informed," he said perfunctorily. wanted to know.

The man had looked vague. "Oh the usual hour, I expect. At eight. But you can have your tray sent at any time you wish. A little earlier?"

I was afraid I stared. As quickly as I could, I said, "No-at eight, tion," and my voice was not successful, either, in cloaking what I

For the sake of saying some thing indifferent-sounding, I asked quickly, "Just where is the art gallery here?" and he told me that it was around the corner from my room, on the same floor, across the

front of the house. Then he shut the door with prossional quiet, and I pretended to be busy about the room, unpacking my sultcase, trying to admire the spacious comfort, the black lacquer of the Chinese furniture, the note of lovely rose in the deep-cush-oned chair. But I was just getting re angry inside. A warm bath didn't soothe me, nor donning the red frock I had brought for "five o'clock." My cheeks were flaming. I found myself dwelling on the noble origins of my ancestry, and the presumably ignoble money-grubstrains in these upstarts absurd, the intensity of childish emo-

tion I wasted on that experience! Of course, my disappointment was making itself felt, for it was not only a blow to my pride, but to the little vague, excited hopes I had en cherishing ever since I had been ven the commission to go over the liler collection, and the Keller secretary—through whom the arrangements had been made — had asked me to come down Friday afternoon. Why Friday afternoon, if I was not to be part of the house-

erry that the papers said the Kellers were assembling? Why, I was an artist! Not s painter—but an authority on old masters. In studying abroad I had orked under Berenzen, fascinated y his science of detecting impos-ures, and had given myself to atudy of the past. I knew canvas, threads, pigment. I might have known them, unrecognized, for long years; but by luck my discovery

Out of the darkness a voice spoke o suddenly that I jumped. I hought for a moment, still obsessed by my European experience, that

I heard somebody walking toward Then my fingers found the switch, and the lights sprang on. And before me the face of a man in evening dress seemed to spring out at me with the lights, it was so white, so startling. It was a beau-tiful face, narrow, high-bred, challenging, like some of the portraits of gay young aristocrats in old English canvases. But the expression was queerly desperate. It was the most bitter and tormented face I had ever seen.

A little breathlessly I said: "Oh! I thought it was the watchman. I just wanted to see the pictures." His words pricked me with em barrassment at having blundered on some rendezvous.

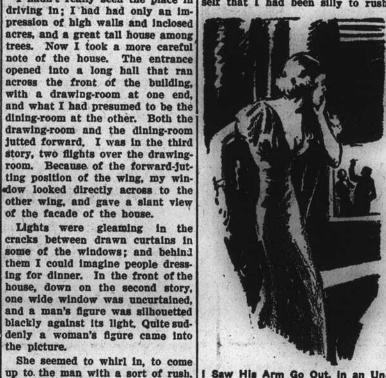
"I was just-waiting," he said a little vaguely. "You-we haven't an authority in my own narrow but met before-have we?"

"No-oh, no," I stammered. "Ijust came to see the pictures." And I turned to be gone, before that girl for whom he was waiting should arrive. masterpleces that the great-grand-

"You can't see the pictures you go," he reminded me with a sort of negligent amusement, I flung open the long window and "They stay on the walls." offered myself to the night. It had

"I mean - I just came to the house to see the pictures—to examine them," I explained. "I'm not part of the house-party. I'll see them better by daylight."

shadow, the Sound, far below, a And as he said nothing to that, went. Back in my room, I told myself that I had been silly to rush



Saw His Arm Go Out, in an Un-

away like a school-girl, for if there was any part of the house to which had an impression, somehow, that I did have a right of entry, it was she was talking rapidly. And then the gallery.

I wondered about his rendezvous and its strange secrecy. Surely, in mistakable blow. Not a thrust, but a house like this, with all its oppora savage smack. And then they tunities for meeting, there must be something desperately intimate be-I was still staring out when the tween two people, to draw them curtains were suddenly drawn. And to an unfrequented gallery for a then I grinned to myself. I told few minutes together. . . And his myself that I was quite as well off face had been so queer. It did not Mitchell claimed my attention. He up here as dining with such guests; look as if it were rapture he was for evidently their cocktails had awaiting.

I was beginning to think about my tray, for I had a healthy appetite, for all my indignation, when I thought about the pictures and the houseman appeared suddenly ran over in my mind the list of al- at my door with a message.

"Mrs. Keller would be pleased, Madame, if you come down at din-

My first impulse, beyond the sudden surprise, was to refuse. Mrs. Keller hadn't wanted me once-my pride was as high as hers. It was a little after eight. I was not dressed for dinner-why should I trouble myself because some guest had failed and upset her table, and she had taken the whim to send for me?

"I'm not dressed-" I began doubtfully. "She said to come down as soon discernible, I fumbled for a switch, as you could,"

A Chilling Mystery - A Poignant Romance

Begins Today With This Opening Installment of

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Author of "Murder in Room 700"—"Caravans and Cannibals"—

"Fevor of Kings"—"On the Gorilla Trail"—"Road of Desperation"

"Mixing a love-story and a murder, the first as ro-mantic as the second is baffling, Mrs. Bradley has produced an entertaining novel," the Boston Tran-

USCOS FESS

script says of this new serial novel.

But I did want to go. I wanted terribly to see what was happening downstairs, what lay behind that invitation. And I told myself that it was more dignified, more imper-vious to any feeling of slightedness, was some watchman of the gal-ry, and I said, quickly: "It's all of indifference.

"You can tell her I'll he down." I said casually. When he was out of the room, I fairly flew.

The blue satin now. chiffon stockings. The blue-and filver slippers. The crystal chain and bracelet. A stroke at my hair with a comb.

Late as I was, I passed for a last feminine peep at the girl in the glass. She was surely doing her best for me; she might have been twenty instead of twenty-six, with her fresh clear color,—only a hint reinforced!—her bright, light yellow hair, and the eyes that looked like deeper shadows of that frock.

I was quite poetic about myself as I hurried down the stairs. The sound of voices came from the open doors of the dining room beyond.

They hadn't waited—they had sat down. I walked to the open doors and looked in with uncertainty beating hard under my effort at composure.

It was a large white room with a black floor; there were about a dozen people about a long black table with the glitter of green glass on it. At one end a women in green, with hair that was either white or platinum, looked up and called to

"Oh, Miss Seton-so nice! There is your place."

It was the only vacancy between the black shoulders of the men. A butler drew back my chair; and as I seated myself, the hostess called down "That is Mr. Mitchell-and Mr. Deck."

The man at my left pushed a place card toward me. "I'm Mitchell," he said with a quick smile. He had bright little black eyes, a pince-nez with a black ribbon, and a bald forehead. The other man was the young man of the gallery. So that was Alan Deck! And I was beside him, after all.

"Monty Mitchell to my intimate," said the one at the left. "And I can see that we are going to be intimate . . ."

Mr. Mitchell took on the duties of host. "And this is Miss Van Alstyn, Miss Seton," he said of the young woman at his left, who gave me an instant's view of a vague smile and then turned back to the man at her left.

"And who is beside her?" I wanted to know.

"That's Harriden - don't you know him?" said the young man; and while I murmured that I didn't know a soul there, I was staring at the big, hard-boned face of the famous Harriden. I wondered where Mrs. Harriden was; then I saw the place-card before me with her name on it. So I was filling in for Nora Harriden!

There was a queer amusement in it. I had even the wonder if she was the woman whose face had been smacked, and so was staying away from dinner to hide the mark.

Mr. Deck made not the slightest effort to talk to me, but sat silent, as far as I could gather, while Mr. wanted to know who I was, and what sort of artistic work I did; and I was trying to put it into social words that would not reveal my too real enthusiasm when Mr. Harriden created an abrupt diversion by pushing back his chair and leaving the table.

Mr. Mitchell relayed the explanation. "He's gone up to see how his wife's headache is-she didn't come down."

It is important that I remember the dinner in the right intervals; at least, it is important to my story I believe it was only a very few moments when Mr. Harriden came back. He said, quite loudly: "I think she's sleeping-the room was dark so I didn't disturb her." And recall that Alan Deck looked down toward him intently, as if observing him a moment.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

what

High Hat Folks. BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

Once I thought the climax of utter self-satisfaction was attained in Massachusetts. When you met a Bostonian of Old Plymouth Rock stock who, in addition, had gone

through Harvard, it was as though

you met an egg which had been laid twice and both times successfully. Sometimes this type made me say to myself that maybe it might have been better if the Mayflower had been making a round trip.

But now this

coast takes the

chest-expanding

Irvin S. Cobb championship right

away from the eastern seaboard. Out here is a sojourning Englishman who heretofore was not notably distinguished; didn't have a single hyphen to his name. But he wrote home congratulating King Edward on his accession and has just had an acknowledgment signed by none other than the king's fourth assistant deputy equerry, and now the delirious recipient can hardly wait to be snatched up to glory so he may pause at the golden gates just long enough to give in his order for an extra over-sized halo and then, with that hallowed document clutched to his inflated bosom, stroll through paradise snooting the heavenly host.

Original Native Sons. RIGHT in the heart of Los Angeles the bones of perhaps our first climate-booster have just been dug up. If he lived 50,000 years ago, as some experts figure, that would seem to make him an original native son, but if, as others think, he only dates back 16,000 years, he was probably an early settler from the Middle West who got bogged down in the primeval coze on his way to an Iowa state picnic.

This certainly puts those upplty Florida folks in their place. The only thing they've dug up lately was a canal, and they may have to put that back. The celery growers don't like it, and when you come between a Florida celery grower and his celery it's just the same as trying to rob a tigress of her young.

Governor Hoffman's Motives.

NOTWITHSTANDING the accusations of critics in his own state, it's hard to believe New Jersey's Governor Hoffman was actuated by political ambition in the course he took in this ghastly Hauptmann case, because, while he created for himself a strong personal following, so many of the boys who'd probably like to vote with his side are unfortunately being de-

where there's no voting done. Lady Luck's Favorites. ONE of the main winners in the recent sweepstakes, a mere youth, lamented being alone in the world and having nobody to share his good fortune with. That'll be the smallest of the young man's

tained at present in places like Sing

Sing and Alcatraz and Leavenworth,

Inside of forty-eight hours he'll have more kinfolks than a Potomac shad. By the end of a week he'll be entirely surrounded by an impenetrable forest of previously unsuspected friends and well-wishers. Also stock promoters, automobile salesmen, income tax collectors and life insurance agents; affectionate females (object, matrimony and allmony in the order named) and citizens on foot or hitch-hiking. As for distant relatives, he'll begin thinking he must be part Belgian hareand they won't stay distant, either.

Nothing renews old family ties like coming into a large chunk of unexpected currency.

New Spring Finery. WHY do the new fashions always light on the wrong females, or vice versa, as the case

may be?

When white shoes prevailed the lassies with the most robust feet went to them unanimously, probably because a white shoe makes any foot look bigger.

As skirts climbed knee-high and then on 'way uptown, 'twas the maiden with the bow-legs who wore hers the highest. She would.

The damsel who's kind of startled looking anyhow just will pluck her eyebrows, thereby enhancing the suggestion of a skeered squinch owl.

And now that bangs are coming in-and coming down-the style won't be favored first by the young girl who already resembles a newly hatched robin and so could get away with that sort of thing. It'll be none other than the middle-aged sister who is, as the poet says, kind of horse-faced to start with, and then all she'll need is a floral horseshoe around her neck to look like a

derby winner. Were it not for the foolish things on wear, we safely could say the foolish things women wear are the foolishest things anybody ever wore.
IRVIN S. COBS.

a-way service. Tall Tales

FRANK E. HAGAN and ELMO SCOTT WATSON

As Told to:

A Tribute to the Master IT MAY be news to some that Baron Munchausen, champion liar of all times, was a real person

who really did exist. (No foolin'.) The real Baron Munchausen was born in 1720 in the little town of Bodenwerder, on the Weser river, Germany. Like other German youths of his day he served as an officer of the Russian army against the Turks. Retiring at the age of thirty, he returned to live and to talk.

The baron's delightful conception of a talk was to seat himself at a generously supplied table and relate his fabulous adventures to a charmed circle. All his tall tales were about himself; most of them concerned also his famous horse. Once he almost lost the horse.

Riding over snow at night, the Baron, so he said, hitched to what seemed to be a post. He went to sleep, and, on awakening, found the snow melted and his steed hanging by the bridle from a church steeple!

The old home town of Bodenwerder has erected a monument in memory of its most distinguished son. The monument shows Baron Munchausen seated on his famous half-a-horse, the latter drinking at a fountain but unable to quench its thirst because all the water ran away.

The baron didn't know it but the sturdy horse had been cut in two by a falling portcullis as his master rode hastily into a besieged town.

"Relatively Speaking-" GORDON C. LYNCH of Wil-mette, Ill., is a gentleman farmer forced by economic conditions into the path of self-preservation.

"When I started production of superior eggs west of Waukegan, Ill.," says Lynch, "my setup consisted of 257 laying hens; but within eight days the establishment increased by exactly nineteen of my own and my wife's relatives.

"These volunteer devotees of drum sticks and white meat made serious inroads on my supply of hens. Something must be done.

"At great trouble and expense I obtained two flamingoes and three: swans which I permitted to intermingle with some chickens in a special pen. Soon we began to hatch a peculiar species of fowl, featuring a neck which stretched from one room's end to another. One neck, indifferently cooked and laid out on a special table, provided food for all my visiting relatives. Two of them pretty nearly satisfied the kinfolk of Mrs. Lynch.

"Our food problem was solved but other hazards arose. Relatives continued in such numbers I was afraid the laying hens would become excited. The relatives were jolly, carefree, distinctly informal. So I added a penguin to the special pen and his correct, black-and-white attire soon contributed a quite formal flavor to the necks which discouraged guests. Relatively speaking, we are now free of all prob-

Hat Fit for a Quees SHERIDAN GALLAGHER says that his annual income is the highest in Chicago. That's because he manages the Board of Trade observatory, more than one-ninth of a mile above the pavements.

Gallagher's office is directly below a statue of Ceres, pagan goddess of grains and harvests, whose featureless face and aluminum form serve also as a smokestack for its own and an adjacent building. "Some folks are difficult to

please," Gallagher philosophizes, squinting up at the statue. building next door is so much lower a terrific draft is created by our smokestack. It's necessary for shovels and other articles to be fastened in the engine room, else they'll come flying out around the feet of Ceres.

One sparkling day a woman visitor arrived in the tower. The wind was right and even the sand dunes across Lake Michigan were visible. But the marvelous sight failed to impress the lady.

"As she turned her back on it, a handful of woman's apparel came scooting out of the smokestack, a small hat actually whirling until finally it rested at a rakish angle across the smooth brow of Ceres.

"Actuaries tell me the chances are 143,497 to 1 against such a remarkable performance. But the woman visitor merely shrugged her shoulders and departed. The hat, she remarked coldly, was a last year's model."

@ Western Newspaper Union The Rattler's Years

Biologists do not believe a lot of the notions about rattlesnakes. They say a rattler's years are not the same as the number of rings e has accumulated on his shaker Normally one ring is added every time the skin is shed, and this is usually three times a year. But not all these snakes are alike in shedding. Some shed twice a year

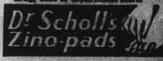
Justice Has to Fine Wife \$10 for Speeding in C

Earl A. Freeman, justice of peace of Yuma, Aris, fined his 1 \$10 for speeding. "I've known y husband for a long time and sought to teach members of his filly to drive carefully and observe traffic laws," Judge Freeman a "Your fine will be ten dollars." this mine or your ten dollars?" asked when she paid. "Yours," replied, "I'll get another one night."



A Place in the Sun No man can make for himself place in the sun if he is continu seeking shelter under his family tre

Apply New De Luze Dr. S Zino-pads on any sensitive on your toes and feet, or on callouses or bunions. In on ute discomfort will be gone! ging shoe pressure or stopped. New or tight sh hurt or cause sore toes o Get a box of these flesh col



Shiftless People Shiftless people don't apologie They're past that.

Bad Elimination Makes It Easier to Catch a Cold With the right sort of food proper exercise, constipation in be rare, but in actual living ex tions, how few manage to escape Mr. Clyde Martin, of Ona, W. V

mr. Clyde Martin, of Ona, W. Varecently wrote:

"If I let myself get constipated," he explains, "and my system filled with impure matter, I feel bloated take cold easily, and feel out of sorts in a lot of ways, I will take shout two good doses of Black-Draught. It seems to cleanse my whole system and I feel like doing my work."

BLACK-DRAUGHT

Tormented Kesinol

Don't be BALD

Don't give up!
Raithful use of
Glover's Mange
Medicine and
Glover's Medicated
Soap for the shampoo
helps ward off excesive Falling Hair and
Dandruff; promotes
scalp health. Start
coday! Sold by all Dru

GLOVER'S

No Need to Suffer "Morning Sickness"

"Morning sickness"—is caused by an acid condition. To avoid it, acid must be offset by alkalis—such as magnesia. Why Physicians Recommend

Milnesia Wafers Milnesia Warers

These mint-flavored, candy-like wafers are pure milk of magnesis in solid formathe most pleasant way to take it. Each wafer is approximately equal to a full adult dose of liquid milk of magnesis. Chessel thoroughly, then swallowed, they canacidity in the mouth and throughout the digestive system and insure quick, complete elimination of the waste matters the cause gas, headaches, bloated feelings and a dozen other discomforts.

Milnesis Wafers come in bottles of 20 mil

Milnesia Wafers come in bottles of 48, at 35c and 60c respectively, convenient tins for your handbag of ing 12 at 20c. Each wafer is approxi-one adult dose of milk of magnes gooddrug stores sell and recommen

Start using these delicious, of anti-acid, gently laxative water Professional samples sent free to physicians or dentists if require on professional letterhead, lates on professional letterhead, 5 ac. 4402 23rd St., Long life

The week-end houseparty was proceeding gaily. Guests mingled amouthly, unrestrainedly. It was the absence of the alluringly beautiful New Yorker, Nora Harriden, from the dinner and the spectacle of her empty room that first announced something was wrong. St. her window. A murderer, impelled by some obscure motive, molded a chain of malignant false clues that drew Leila Seton, youthful but clever art critic, into an insidious web of guilt. How Leila broke that chain and made her heart's choice between two men provides a modern mysterytwo men provides a modern mystery-ce at once baffling and charming. Start This Thrilling Story Now-Follow It Serially in This Paper