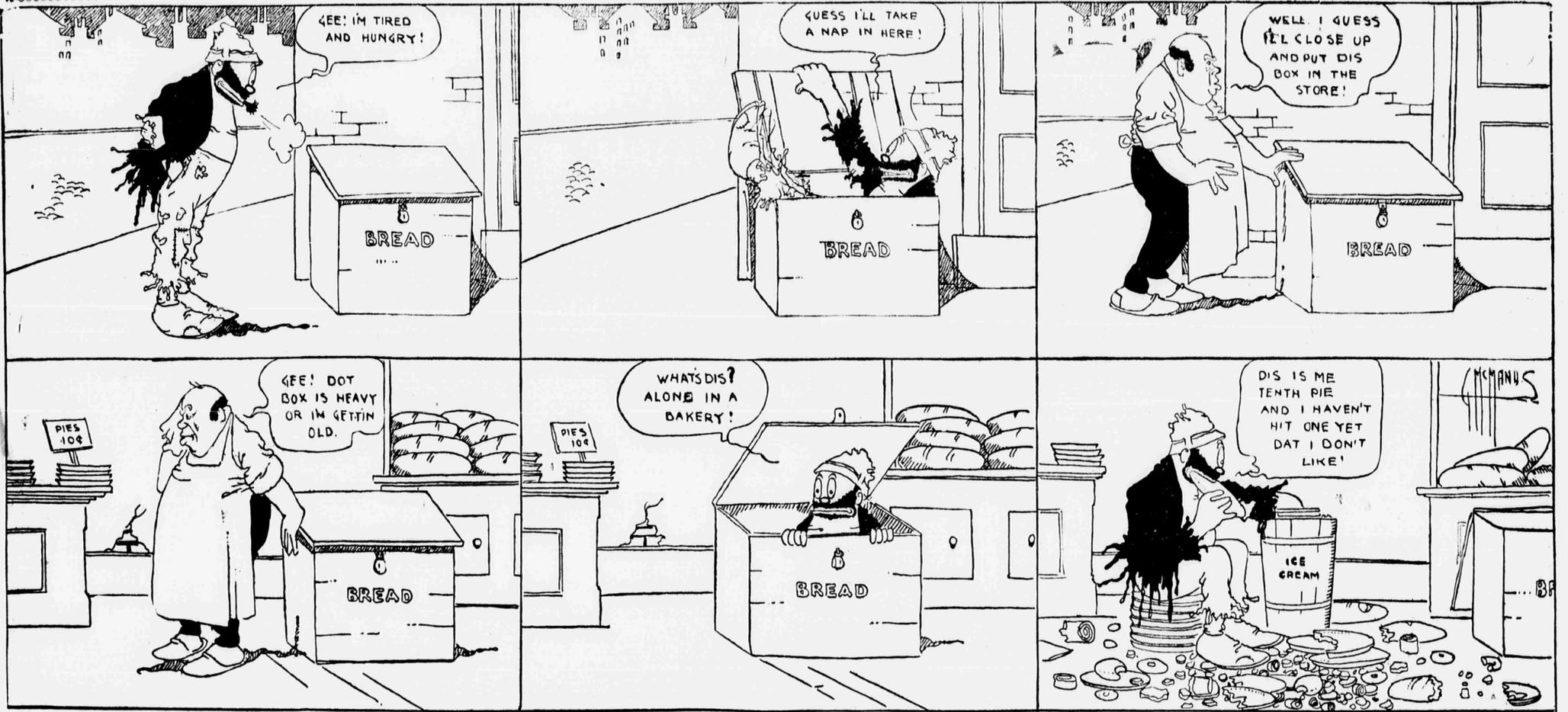


Panhandle Pete Wakes Up in a Bakery

By George McManus



The Madison Avenue Mystery

By Seward W. Hopkins, Author of "Nightstick and Nozzle."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Beattie Winthrop is a Barnard College girl, daughter of a Wall street broker. Her father is found lying dead, a pistol in his hand. Winthrop had been looking for money on Wall street and has apparently committed suicide. Beattie's chum, Maria Le Grand, summons the police. Young Patrolman Hammerton responds to the summons. He is in love with Beattie, offers her the money which his father had left her, and she declines. Beattie is called to Europe by her brother-in-law and Hammerton is hurt in a plot. Beattie, leaving the young man and his mother without funds, becomes chauffeur to Kendrick Maple, a man about town. Beattie, while looking for work, meets Kendrick Maple, who is in the hotel where she is staying. Kendrick Maple offers to take her home in his automobile.

CHAPTER VI. Kidnapped!

THE big red touring car No. 11,100, owned by Kendrick Maple, stood under the glare of an electric light, as Mr. Maple, leading and supporting Beattie, reached it.

Brainard, who had so recently accepted service in Mr. Maple's employ, looked with straining eyes toward the ruins of the hotel. Then, as he turned to see who was approaching the curb, his eyes lit up with surprise and pleasure. A great weight seemed lifted from him.

"Beattie!" he exclaimed. "I've been sitting here trying to imagine you saved, but could not bring myself even to hope it. I knew you were on the sixth floor, and how could you escape from that awful blaze?"

"I am safe," she answered, with a tired laugh. "It was a miracle, so they told me, and I guess it was."

"How was it—but pardon me, Mr. Maple, I am your employee. I have no right to waste your time on such chit-chat as interest me. But you will excuse me when you know that she and I are college chums."

"Co-ed?" asked Mr. Maple, with a laugh.

"Scarcely that. But we have a small intercollegiate fraternity where the Barnard girls meet the Columbia boys in debate and music and good fellowship."

Reunited.

"That explains it," said Maple. "The story of how Miss Winthrop was saved can wait to be told to you by herself. I went into a drug store to intercept myself in a young lady I saw carried there by the fireman and police. I offered her a place for the rest of the night at my home. I was asked my name, and when she heard it she said that you were a friend of hers. I waive my right to hospitality, and now whatever plans you may suggest, I will have carried out."

"I thank you, Mr. Maple," said Brainard, and he meant it. "All that will be necessary is to permit me to run the machine to my mother's house. She still occupies the same residence, although she has offered it to my father's bank, and it has been accepted. I know perfectly well my mother will be glad to have Miss Winthrop as a guest."

"I can even improve on what you say," said Maple with a slight laugh. "Miss Winthrop is a friend of yours. Permit me to exchange places with you. If you will tell me where your mother lives I will gladly exchange places with you and drive you to the house."

Brainard hesitated a moment. Yet there was a peculiar ring that sounded like good nature in Maple's voice.

"The offer amounts to no great concession," continued Maple, "when I tell you that in a way I was Miss Winthrop's father's friend."

"She is exhausted!"

"I thought he had none," said Beattie. "Well—I had met him only casually. Of course, I was not acquainted with his financial affairs. Had I been I would gladly have helped him."

Beattie was silent. She had never heard her father speak of Maple, and remembered that Brainard had spoken of him disparagingly as a man. But Maple did not wait for any reply. The big machine started off, with Maple driving, and Beattie, with Brainard, in the tonneau.

The excessive weariness of Beattie was evident as soon as the automobile got in motion. Her exhausted frame slumped toward Brainard, and he placed his arm around her waist to support her.

"Maple isn't quite as bad a skate as I thought," he whispered. She made a slight motion of acquiescence with her head.

Maple knew his machine. They were going at a good rate of speed, and after he had swung into Fifth avenue away from the dismal smell and echoes of the fire, he increased it.

Weariness completely overcame Beattie. Her head lay close on Brainard's shoulder, and when he spoke to her she made no reply.

"She is exhausted," said Brainard. "She has gone to sleep."

"Is she really exhausted, or has she received too great a shock? I fear she is in a state of coma."

"She seemed sleepy, only," said Brainard.

The machine slowed down.

A Blow in the Dark.

"I am something of an expert on toxics," said Maple. "We'd better make sure. It would not do to take a dying girl to your mother's house. A mistake may have been made at the drug store."

He turned to examine the sleeping girl. Brainard relinquished her for a moment.

"Then something happened. The automobile gave a sudden lurch and swerved to the right curb. Brainard swung toward the side. And then something seemed to strike him on the head.

There was a short space of absolute darkness of mind and sight to Brainard. But when he recovered consciousness he was sitting on the stoop of a house quite near his mother's, and a man's strong arm was about him.

"Is that you, Mr. Maple?" asked the chauffeur, dutifully.

"No," was the reply. "I am an officer. My name is Hammerton. I found you lying here and knew that you were not intoxicated. I was waiting for the man on post to come so that I could send in an ambulance call."

"For me?" queried Brainard.

"Certainly for you. I don't need one."

"But where are they? Where are Beattie Winthrop and Mr. Maple?"

"Did you see Beattie Winthrop?" asked Hammerton.

"Yes. We were going to my mother's house."

"Do you mean the Beattie Winthrop who lived on Madison avenue and whose father committed suicide?"

"Yes, the same," replied Brainard.

"Did you know her?"

"No. (To Be Continued.)"

The "Ex-Tanks" Man Describes Another "Touch"

By Clarence L. Cullen.

No. 2—The Salve-Smearing Touch.



THIS one, unlike the H u r r y Toucher, doesn't amuse you. He has too great faith in his layout of lubricants for that. His idea of a workmanlike coin-engaging job is to thoroughly grease you up and then hurt the touch javelin as a sort of afterthought. All the same, he is pretty liable to know where you're going to be at a certain minute, and then a little duologue like the following is unrolled:

He—Hay-o, there, feller. Gee, you're all fussed up like Astor's goat, as usual, ain't you? Look like all the Huylerinos.

You—

He—Bunk, nothing! I mean it. I often hear the bunch wondering how you manage to look so spick and span and trim and cool and all like that in hot weather. Say, that's a corking new suit you've got there. Wine sawed and split it?

You—

He—Ay-ay, you don't mean to hand it to me that you've been wearing that suit three years? Well, you're a wonder! If I'll wear a suit for three years I'd be getting pinched for a vag if they caught me with it on. Great coat of tan you've got. Been giving the dolls a treat on the board walk?

You—

He—Aw, say, old mesmate, stow that Ma there with the oil. Well, I should say nix! 's a matter of fact, I'm generally Montgomery with the Miller, and

a guy has got to be just right to have me stake him to a plug right to his face. Saw you on a roof the other night with a mighty peachy looking article of bisque. Say, where d'ye trap these lookers? Naughty, naughty!

You—

He—Oh, she was your wife's sister visiting here from South Bend, Ind., eh?

Well, anyhow, danged if I can dope it out how a big, bulky smoozer like you can mooch around all day in hot weather like this without so much as winking a collar. You look as chillin' as a Rocky Ford in the bottom of the ice box, and everybody else I've met up with to-day looks like a shriveled sog. Get a flash at me—I look and feel as if

He—You haven't even glanced at the smoozer this season? Then I guess the gung that told me got you mixed with somebody else. But you sure need to be here with that plucking thing. 'Member that time at Jamaica you handed me that 10 to 1 trick, and I couldn't see it, like a fat rat, and stayed off, and it win from here to Bayonne? Hey, party, let's have a look at that walking stick of yours. Looks like one of those Jap lacquer canes that set you back about a hundred bones. Some naval officer give it to you?

You—

He—Aw, say, pal, can that kidding! I'll buy all that kind of swish clubs I can find in New York that are selling at half a buck. B'jinks, that reminds me, I couldn't buy the Plaza to-day if it was offered to me for \$120. Got cleaned down to the collar button in a little game of stud last night—dub had the fourth tray in the hole against me, and me sitting behind a king full and sweating up! Lucky I ran into you. I guess a tennorio 'll get me through the evening. Check for four hundred and a half zephyrs along my way from Kansas City by the first mail in the morning, and I'll beat the 400-metre record slipping the tencky back to you.

You—

He—Ha, ha! It's a laugh, if it is bum comedy. You down to the price of a subway ride, when you look like all the kals in the world and then some odd change in bunches of doubloons! Well, spin over with the sawbuck, off top, and I'll be nudging along. I'll bet she's looking her head out of the window now, looking for the taxt.

You—

He—There you go again! Who's a lubricator? I guess not. Feel more like biting somebody's arm off. Say, somebody told me that the other morning you picked the hull Brighton card and didn't go to one of 'em. Did a little rumbling with yourself when you found they'd all connected and you weren't down, eh?

You—

He—Yes, you get it trimmed that way by a little Dutch barber in the Bronx, who has only one chair and who only soaks you two ... for that kind of a hair-cut—uh-huh, I know you do!

He—You haven't even glanced at the smoozer this season? Then I guess the gung that told me got you mixed with somebody else. But you sure need to be here with that plucking thing. 'Member that time at Jamaica you handed me that 10 to 1 trick, and I couldn't see it, like a fat rat, and stayed off, and it win from here to Bayonne? Hey, party, let's have a look at that walking stick of yours. Looks like one of those Jap lacquer canes that set you back about a hundred bones. Some naval officer give it to you?

You—

He—Aw, say, pal, can that kidding! I'll buy all that kind of swish clubs I can find in New York that are selling at half a buck. B'jinks, that reminds me, I couldn't buy the Plaza to-day if it was offered to me for \$120. Got cleaned down to the collar button in a little game of stud last night—dub had the fourth tray in the hole against me, and me sitting behind a king full and sweating up! Lucky I ran into you. I guess a tennorio 'll get me through the evening. Check for four hundred and a half zephyrs along my way from Kansas City by the first mail in the morning, and I'll beat the 400-metre record slipping the tencky back to you.

You—

He—Ha, ha! It's a laugh, if it is bum comedy. You down to the price of a subway ride, when you look like all the kals in the world and then some odd change in bunches of doubloons! Well, spin over with the sawbuck, off top, and I'll be nudging along. I'll bet she's looking her head out of the window now, looking for the taxt.

You—

He—There you go again! Who's a lubricator? I guess not. Feel more like biting somebody's arm off. Say, somebody told me that the other morning you picked the hull Brighton card and didn't go to one of 'em. Did a little rumbling with yourself when you found they'd all connected and you weren't down, eh?

You—

He—Yes, you get it trimmed that way by a little Dutch barber in the Bronx, who has only one chair and who only soaks you two ... for that kind of a hair-cut—uh-huh, I know you do!

He—You haven't even glanced at the smoozer this season? Then I guess the gung that told me got you mixed with somebody else. But you sure need to be here with that plucking thing. 'Member that time at Jamaica you handed me that 10 to 1 trick, and I couldn't see it, like a fat rat, and stayed off, and it win from here to Bayonne? Hey, party, let's have a look at that walking stick of yours. Looks like one of those Jap lacquer canes that set you back about a hundred bones. Some naval officer give it to you?

You—

He—Aw, say, pal, can that kidding! I'll buy all that kind of swish clubs I can find in New York that are selling at half a buck. B'jinks, that reminds me, I couldn't buy the Plaza to-day if it was offered to me for \$120. Got cleaned down to the collar button in a little game of stud last night—dub had the fourth tray in the hole against me, and me sitting behind a king full and sweating up! Lucky I ran into you. I guess a tennorio 'll get me through the evening. Check for four hundred and a half zephyrs along my way from Kansas City by the first mail in the morning, and I'll beat the 400-metre record slipping the tencky back to you.

You—

He—Ha, ha! It's a laugh, if it is bum comedy. You down to the price of a subway ride, when you look like all the kals in the world and then some odd change in bunches of doubloons! Well, spin over with the sawbuck, off top, and I'll be nudging along. I'll bet she's looking her head out of the window now, looking for the taxt.

You—

He—There you go again! Who's a lubricator? I guess not. Feel more like biting somebody's arm off. Say, somebody told me that the other morning you picked the hull Brighton card and didn't go to one of 'em. Did a little rumbling with yourself when you found they'd all connected and you weren't down, eh?

You—

He—Yes, you get it trimmed that way by a little Dutch barber in the Bronx, who has only one chair and who only soaks you two ... for that kind of a hair-cut—uh-huh, I know you do!

One of the Noises of New York.

It Makes a Sound Like Real Acting.

By Joseph A. Flynn.



Suddenly the door opened and a tall, swarthy looking man strode into the room and faced her. She looked up with a happy smile on her ruby lips, but the moment she saw who it was the expression on her face changed to one of abject terror, and she shrank back among the sofa cushions like an affrighted deer.

"Well, I am here as I promised," he exclaimed, lighting a gold-tipped cigarette. "As I told you last night in the magnolia grove, I love you as no woman has ever loved before, and I have sworn by the stars to win you or die in the attempt!"

The maid shrank back further among the cushions, but did not speak.

"I am waiting for your answer," he went on, throwing away the cigarette and grinding it under his heel on the priceless carpet. "What is it?"

"My answer is 'No,'" she replied in a high pitched voice, boldly rising and facing him. "I do not love you, Edward de Fresno, and cannot be your wife because I am pledged to another."

The man laughed bitterly.

"You do not know me," he said, folding his arms and gazing down at her with a devilish look on his features. "I am called the Demon in the Street on account of my great determination, and

once I set my heart on an object I usually get it, no matter what the cost. So come, Isabel, be sensible and look with favor on my suit!"

For answer the maid deliberately turned her back on him and went on reading the letter.

"I have money and estates," he continued, "and if you but promise to be my wife all will be yours!"

"I don't want you or your money!" she replied, turning and facing him again with flashing eyes. "You have my answer, so go!" and she pointed toward the half-open door.

"Then you refuse me!" he almost hissed.

"Yes," she replied, "rather than marry you I would die first!"

"All right, my proud beauty, you'll get a chance to die!" he snarled, and drawing a coil of rope from an inside pocket, advanced toward her.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I mean to bind you hand and foot and carry you off to my retreat in the mountains!" he hissed. "There, perhaps, you may come to your senses!"

"Heaven help me!" she cried, sinking to her knees; but the fiend was upon her, and, despite her screams, bound her hand and foot. Extinguishing the light, he opened the door, lifted her up in his arms as if she were a mere infant, and had one foot across the threshold, when there was a crash of breaking glass, and a manly figure sprang into the room and grappled with De Fresno.

Is this a tragedy? No, it is not; neither is it a chapter from one of the best sellers. This is just a sample of the scenes being enacted daily all over our helpless city by would-be Theophrastus rehearsing for coming plays, much to the annoyance of cash customers in adjoining rooms. The agony usually commences at midnight, and if you are one of the poor victims we feel sure you will agree with us that these elocutionary explosions come under the head of "unnecessary noises."

then sent a postal. I still received no answer. I am sure she received the letters. I have done nothing to offend her. What would you advise me to do, for I like her very much. C. A.

It is best to forget the young lady appointments with me which I fulfilled. One night last week he made an appointment with me, but somehow we missed each other. Ever since he has acted very cool. Will you please tell me how I can gain this young man's friendship again. K. B.

Evidently the young man thinks you purposely failed to meet him. When you see him again explain the reason of your non-appearance. Do not, however, appear too eager to gain his friendship. Act coolly to him and if he wishes your friendship he will seek it.

A Youthful Friendship.

Dear Betty:

I AM sixteen and am acquainted with a girl, also sixteen, whom I have known for eight years. I have not seen her for two years, but we correspond weekly. Are we too young to correspond. M. S. B.

You are not too young to correspond with a girl you have known for eight years, provided the correspondence is carried on in merely a friendly vein.

A Matter of Choice.

Dear Betty:

COMING home from a dance last week with two girls I walked on the outside nearest the curb. My brother criticized me for doing so. What was wrong? J. M.

It is merely a matter of choice whether one walks nearest the curb or in the middle when escorting two young ladies.

Best to Forget Her.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty-one and was introduced to a girl to whom I took a great liking. I recently took her home from a friend's house and asked if I might call. She said yes, setting the following Wednesday for my call. She was out when I came, so I wrote her a letter asking why she had failed to keep the engagement. I received no answer.

"What's the—"

"Boo-hoo! I lent Bill dere fifteen cents, subject ter call, an' now he says he's completely lost his hearing!"

"What's the—"

"Boo-hoo! I lent Bill dere fifteen cents, subject ter call, an' now he says he's completely lost his hearing!"

"What yer fishin' dere fer?"

"Jest for practice."

"What's the—"

"Boo-hoo! I lent Bill dere fifteen cents, subject ter call, an' now he says he's completely lost his hearing!"