

The Man With a Billion

A Great Summer Story
Of New York

By John A. Moroso
Author of "THE QUARRY"

The Romance of a Master-Crook, a Mysterious "Girl in Violet," a Fifth Avenue Loiterer and a Strangely Stolen Fortune.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
The man who opened the door for Howson was the tall, stalwart, heavy gentleman who had entered the hotel...

CHAPTER VI.
JEFFREY walked leisurely west on Wall street toward Broadway. His commanding figure stood out from those of the hurrying men...

He stopped as he heard an auto horn sound from the street. A third car, a dark sedan, was picking him up out of the crowd and was jockeying his machine toward him...

and bright of eye. There was verve to his every movement and a smack of the adventurer to his general appearance.

After turning the machine into the garage around on Eighth street he hurried back to the hotel and reported for his duties as valet. He found his employer in his dressing room.

Not that in a blue moon was a stranger welcomed there. The fortunate person or family holding a lease on one of the apartments and having a suitable supper or lunch in the dining room possessed rare comfort and quiet in the city of flamboyant hotel living.

CHAPTER VII.
REFRESHING and resting himself with a careful toilet, Mr. Jeffrey dressed for dinner.

He tried to find ease and rest of mind in reading but the coming of Mrs. Bronson had excited him. He paced the room, smoking a fragrant cigar for a short time, and then dropped into the manager's office to inquire about the arrangements made for his "sister."

Do You Know?
Dwight L. Eimendorff told an audience, the other night, of an American who had spent a tour of Florence and Venice. To make the trip interesting for him Mr. Eimendorff jotted down such places as where Michaelangelo painted, where Dante was born, etc.

"What a charming woman she is and how kind she is always."

A little slip of a woman with a splendid mass of dark brown hair and bright brown eyes, dressed in a simple and becoming evening gown of faint violet silk, Mrs. Peyton was far more than attractive.

The One Game Where Two May Win—By Eleanor Schorer
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"I feel that I have never thanked you enough," she said, placing a hand on his arm in eager token of gratitude.

"They have me the third degree," she whispered. "They dragged me through my whole life again from the time I was sixteen."

Odd Facts.
One of the world's unsolved geographical problems concerns the source of the St. Lawrence River, in Tibet.

"Now do let her accept my hospitality to the door."

"I must be with her alone for a part of the evening," he replied. "May I let you know later?"

CHAPTER VIII.
JEFFREY was able to get a few moments alone with the woman and was very glad to see that she had been happily married.

The Vanishing of a Hoard of Wealth in Cash, Bonds and Jewels From the Guarded Treasure Vaults Under Lower Manhattan.

Woman to a chair.

"The woman had buried her face in her hands. She was afraid of him, although she loved him. He stopped beside her and leaned so that she would not miss a whispered word.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.
The Summer Girl.
Instead of spending the hot evening in a dance hall or to the noisy discotheque, go to the beach and enjoy the sea breeze.



Cupid "put one over" on the world and on the time-honored proverb—"Two can play at every game, but only one can win." For that cunning little rogue is the originator of a game of which two may win.—Eleanor Schorer

The Day's Good Stories

Louis XIV.
WASHINGTON statesman was describing a friend from the West through the social life of the national capital.

Incurable.
CLEVELAND man who makes a practice of showing his words with care, a practice which he has endeavored to instill into the family circle, made a memorandum of the unusual words uttered by his son and daughter during a recent breakfast.

False Evidence.
JOHN E. WILKIE, famous for the way he has handled his cases, has learned the value of real class and the discouragement attendant upon following bad cases.

His Mistake.
KANSAS CITY minister, visiting an Indian reservation in Idaho, inquired of a Government agent where the missionary could be found.

Mahonall Ap-Paw-Chee-Paw-Qua Keokuk Palmer. eleven months old of Cleveland, O., granddaughter of Oshema Niagara, otherwise Chief Thunderwater, was proclaimed a princess Sunday with elaborate ceremonies under the Horseshoe Falls on the Canadian side of the Niagara River.

Pittsburgh has a completed a fine new hospital. It covers four acres of ground, contains every modern convenience, will accommodate 500 patients and give every one of them an outside room, and represents an investment of over \$1,000,000.

What Tha Ding Ding.
SMATTER POP

"S'Matter, Pop?"

