TODAY'S MYSTERY STORY

By PHILIP FRANCIS NOWLAN

Saturday's Mystery Solution

IN THE case of "The Anonymous Letter" Harvey Hunt knew that the stenographer had written the letter by a comparison of the light and heavy impressions on various letters, and the spacings between the letters in the two messages.

It is a fact that the touch of no two typists is the same, and that a person's typing is almost as strong an indication of identity as handwriting. Unless a message is pounded out with one finger, letter by letter, the individuality of the typist will crop out in the tendency to closely space certain groups of letters and to press strongly on some keys and lightly on others.

The girl in this case did not know Danzman at all, having seen him only upon the few occasions on which he consulted Dr. Frobish. But in her wild and romantic imagination she had fallen desperately in love with him, and in a wild moment had written the anonymous note to her employer. Overcome with fear, after Dr. Frobish had dictated the letter to Hunt, she had resigned her position that night.

* * *

CII

Can you solve this case of—Inky Evidence

"I THINK I have it all straight, Hunt, but I can't find the weapon, and as it's all more or less circumstantial, I want that weapon to confront the murderer with when I accuse him." The speaker was Detective Ringman.

As he outlined the case to the criminologist, George Reckham, a wholesale silk merchant had been killed in the library of his home in Rosedale. Reckham was living alone in the house at the time, all the members of his family being in the mountains. But he had had a caller that night. Three persons in the neighborhood had seen a man enter and leave. One of these three was under the impression that it was Isaac Lober, a merchant with whom Reckman did a good bit of business. Detective Ringman had traced out Lober's movements on the night of the murder, but could not quite piece them all together. Ringman was sure he was the man, but the rest of his case would not amount to much if he could not show just how Reckman had been killed.

They had found the body slumped down in the chair before the desk. He had been stabbed to the heart. The medical examiner declared the weapon must have been a round, stem-like affair, not an ordinary knife. The wound looked as though great force had been necessary to drive it into the body. But there was no such weapon to be found on the premises.

On the desk itself there was nothing but an overturned inkstand, and a few letters of a personal nature. The ink had formed a big pool on the glass top of the desk.

Adjoining the library was a little lavatory. At the time the crime was discovered there was evidence that the wash basin had been recently used. The soap was still wet. But no traces of blood remained in the basin or had been wiped off on the still damp towel.

But spattered about the window in the east wall of the library, which window looked out upon the garden, there were some small ink splashes.

"Was the overturned inkstand in such a position that it would have been upset in a struggle?" asked Hunt.

"No," replied the detective. "That's what puzzles me. I can't understand how it came to be overturned."

"Why, that's the very thing that makes clear the whole story of what happened," said the criminologist. "It shows what the weapon was and tells you where to look for it."

* * *

Can you figure out what deductions Harvey Hunt drew? What the weapon was and what had become of it?

The answer will appear tomorrow.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Third Princess

By CHRISTIE HAYES

Most people said that the only remarkable thing about Celia, belonging as she did to an unusually talented family, was that there was nothing remarkable about her, unless, of course, you counted her smile. And Carter Llewellyn had always taken most people's word for it, so he continued to do so even after he attached himself to Norma's galaxy of admirers and spent a great deal of time at the Hunnewell house.

There were seven Hunnewells—Hazel, who was studying music; Bill, who, like his dad, was a cartoonist; Mrs. Hunnewell, who was prominent in settlement work; Barry, a married daughter, who wrote, and Norma, who was beautiful; and Celia.

Celia was, Carter thought, agreeing again with most people, a very nice girl with a way of smiling with you instead of at you, as Hazel did, and an apparent fondness for the affairs of the house; at least, she was nearly always engaged with them. She appeared competent, too, in an unostentatious way. The other Hunnewells were in the habit of making demands upon her, which they always seemed confident would be satisfactorily met.

In so large a family, even with the assistance of two maids, there was always plenty to do, and the others were always too busy to do it. Hazel's expenses were large; Norma must have the right clothes, for it was hoped that she would make a brilliant match. So it seemed quite natural that as funds were short and Celia was clever at making over, Norma's clothes should fall to her, because, it was argued, not having any special talent she did not have to be in the public eye.

Celia never consciously resented this state of affairs. Perhaps she was too busy to think much about it. And as she was usually cheerful no one else thought much about it either; not even Carter who, having fallen out of the way of coming to see Norma, came rather regularly just as a friend of the family. That is, he did not think much about it till returning one evening from a two months' trip he found the Hunnewell house unaccountably quiet. No one answered the bell, although there were lights in the hall and library. Puzzled, he tried the door. It opened easily, and he entered. In the room down the hall some one was speaking—"And for all I know they are running yet."

Surprised into eavesdropping, Carter hesitated, and presently Celia tiptoed out and closed the door softly. Before Carter had time to be embarrassed she saw him.

"Back, Carter? Have a good trip?" she asked cordially. "Barry's twins are just over the scarlet fever, and I still keep the bell muffled. The folks have gone to the beach early on account of the twins. Hazel couldn't risk contagion on account of her voice, and if anything should happen to Norma's eyes—" There was no apology in Celia's tone—"Mother's on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and daddy and Bill are our income, of course. Barry goes all to pieces at sickness, so I persuaded her it would be really better for the twins if she didn't stay, because I've always had a knack for nursing. The quarantine is off now and they're getting along nicely; before long they'll be running around again. There are some new magazines in the library. I think I'll go out on the porch."

Her voice broke oddly on the last word, and suddenly Carter realized that she looked white and very tired. He realized a number of other things, too, and wondered why he had not seen them before.

"I'd rather go out on the porch, too, please," he said.

"All right," she laughed, "but don't expect me to talk. I'm hoarse from telling fairy stories."

It was dark and cool on the porch, with a round orange moon coming up over the black boxwood hedge. Carter, seated on the top step with the wooden column at his back, watched it reflectively.

"I'm rather good at telling stories myself," he said at last, "true ones, though."

"Oh!" said Celia. "Won't you tell me one, if I'm good and don't interrupt?"

Carter leaned back more solidly against the wooden column. "If you won't interrupt till I'm through," he agreed.

"This one is called 'The Golden Gift.' Under the spell of his even, pleasant tones Celia's tired nerves relaxed gratefully.

"Once upon a time there was a queen who had four fair daughters. The fairies came to the christening of each. To the first they gave a golden pen, to the second very beautiful, golden hair, and to the fourth a golden voice. But the christening of the third princess fell on a festival day in fairyland, so that the fairies in their haste forgot to bring a gift. 'We will send it,' they promised, 'but because we forgot it, it will be invisible and we may not tell you what it is. That you must find out for yourselves.'

"The years went on and the royal family wearied of looking for the promised gift.

"'I fear,' the queen mother often said, as she drew the third princess to her affectionately, 'that the fairies were mocking my little daughter.'

"This rumor persisted. Every one believed it, and the third princess was quite naturally, affectionately, and good-naturedly pushed into the background. The queen really loved her third daughter, but she was so busy displaying the golden gifts of the other three that she had no time for her.

"The little princess did not seem to mind. She was never the least bit envious. She sang all day long and ran about serving every one and making all people happy who came to the palace to marvel at her sisters' gifts. She was so willing that the rest of the family grew to take her services as a matter of course. 'How sweet she is!' they would exclaim. 'What would we do without her? But they never said, 'What may we do for her?' Of course she always seemed so self-reliant and cheerful. Let us make excuses for them.

"One day, after all the princesses had grown tall, a brown beggar came to the palace door. And, of course, it was the third princess who answered when he knocked.

"'I am dying,' cried the beggar, 'and only one thing will save me. If you will give me your golden gift it will restore me.'

"'I would gladly!' answered the princess, 'but I have no golden gift.'

"'Ah, yes!' insisted the beggar, 'your golden heart!'

There was a tense silence. The night had grown silvery.

"Did she—give him—her golden heart?" asked Celia.

"I don't know——" Carter's voice was tenser than the silence had been. His eyes looked deep into Celia's. "Did she—Celia? For I am that brown beggar and you are the third princess and I want to know. Because if she did—she stretched forth her hand,' and though the beggar took the golden heart still her hand was not empty, for in it lay shining the jewel called love."

"And the brown beggar," said Celia softly, "was not a beggar at all, but a prince from a neighboring country."

Next complete novelette—Some Job!

CLARA BARTON MEMORIAL

Homestead of Red Cross Founder Transferred to Missionary Society

North Oxford, Mass., March 14.—(By A. P.)—The North Oxford homestead of Clara Barton was transferred today by Carl O. Carlson to the Woman's National Missionary Society of the Universalist Church, which is to restore the place and make it a memorial home to be used as a resort for visitors.

All available relics of Miss Barton's Red Cross work are to be gathered from all parts of the world and made a part of the memorial.

LEGION LEADERS ADOPT TAX PLAN

County Committee Empowered to Collect 25 Cents From Every Post Member

The Philadelphia county committee, American Legion, has announced the resolution empowering it to levy a per capita tax of twenty-five cents per member on the posts, based on membership for the year 1921, has been carried by a practically unanimous vote. The tax is to be remitted by the posts in the same manner and at the same time as the state and national dues are sent.

With the change in federal administration the Legion is sounding out the possibilities of increasing the relatively low number of war veterans at present employed by the government, through the civil service. At present only about one-twentieth, according to Legion figures, are so employed.

A total of 20,000 veterans are employed in civil service, though about 74,000 have passed examinations for positions and are on eligible lists throughout the country. Since January 1 last in Pennsylvania, Legion posts have enrolled 40,000 members, 60 per cent of last year's total membership.

Thomas Roberts Reath Post, No. 186, will have a "marine reunion" tonight, at the Hotel Lorraine, Broad street and Fairmount avenue. After supper, an entertainment will be put on, including several boxing bouts, which will be refereed by Major Anthony Drexel Biddle. It is expected that Earl Hartman and Earl Clark, both of whom represented the United States at the last Olympics, will participate.

Yeomen Post (F) No. 50 will meet Tuesday night at the Parish House, Locust and Sydenham streets. Victory Medals, issued through the navy recruting office here, will be presented to all members. The post commander advises all members to bring their discharges to the meeting in order to get the medals.

The monthly meeting of the Taylor E. Walthour Post, No. 282, was held Thursday night, in the Meridian Club. The usual dinner preceded the meeting and an entertainment of six vaudeville acts followed. At the business session a resolution condemning the activities of foreign propagandists was adopted and members were urged to spread doctrines of Americanism to combat this menace.

Harry L. Greenwood Post held their monthly meeting, Thursday, at 2771 Frankford avenue, at which it was announced the recently organized ladies' auxiliary will hold their first meeting March 23. A supper and dance will be given at the post headquarters April 28.

On next Thursday night, Walter M. Gearty Post, No. 315, will hold their monthly meeting and a "fathers' night" at the First Regiment Armory, Broad and Callowhill streets.

WOMEN

Every woman reader of the Evening Public Ledger will receive upon request, free of charge, our new color card showing 50 latest colors that will be used this season for hand knitting. PURITAN WORSTED MILLS, 121 N. 7th St.

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