

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

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"You won't find anything, of course," the officer remarked. "But just for satisfaction let's have a look-see and a chin-chin with Sing Wah."

They entered the shop just as a Chinese was closing a panel door after Drake, who had come to make his promised attempt to win Ruth's confidence. Sing Wah was nowhere to be seen.

After some futile parley with the Chinese, whose ignorance was complete in every detail, the two officers agreed that they were wasting time.

"Old Sing's the boy to see," said the house detective. "Let's wait awhile."

Now, Sing Wah had pondered the affair during the night, and the more he thought over having a lovely white girl in the cylindrical room the less he liked it. It was deadly dangerous. Courts might be lenient with the smuggler and the go-between. Sing Wah knew that if even a suspicion got abroad that a young white woman was imprisoned in his quarters a ravening mob would tear his place stick from stone and hang him without trial. He was determined to get the girl away immediately. So he was unfeignedly glad to see Drake.

Drake attempted to explain what Wilkerson wanted, but the Chinese cut him short.

"Harry is insane," he said quietly. "He is mad over that woman. I have done all I can. You must get her out of here."

"But how?" demanded Drake. "She doesn't know me very well, and she'll scream her head off, and I'll be arrested, and we'll all be in a muck."

Sing Wah nodded thoughtfully. Then he looked up and listened to the low words of one of his clerks. Dismissing him with a single grunt, he turned to Drake.

"There's not much time," he said softly. "They are on the trail already."

"Who?" "The police." He motioned Drake to a chair in the little alcove, where they stood and went on: "Stay here a moment. I will see for myself." He pulled a lever, and the room swung around till the door was opposite him. With long, slender fingers he slipped back the panel and vanished.

Ruth lay on a couch, open eyed and white faced. Beside her a richly dressed Chinese woman crouched, whisper-

way down a dark passage to stairs lit by a mere glimmer of gas. Ruth drew back, but he indicated that she must go on. Even as she obeyed his imperious gesture there rang out the muffled clangor of revolver shots. Then again came the sound of doors yielding to violence and the shouts of wrathful men.

Sing Wah hurried her on, down steps, along shadowy passageways and



"You must come," said Sing Wah, under low arches till she felt a sudden cool, salt breath on her face. At her feet she saw the glimmer of water and a boat riding to a long painter. Quickly and silently Sing Wah drew the little craft alongside and motioned to her to get in.

By this time the tumult had died down to a mere muttering of shots with an occasional yell, muffled by walls and the distance. She stared fearfully about her, at the great arches of dripping brick overhead, at the little landing under foot, at the dark vista of the tunnel through which the water streamed in a swishing tide. She drew back and let her voice out in one long, forlorn scream, the pent up agony of many hours, her final call for help against the dark powers that had seized upon her.

With swift strength Sing Wah reached out his sinewy arms, raised her up and seated her in the stern of the boat. A moment later he had cast off the painter and slipped the oars. The boat slipped silently away on the current into the murk.

After some talk between the officers John Dorr was informed that if he liked they would enter Sing Wah's and make a thorough search.

"Not that I think we'll find anything or anybody," said one of the policemen, "but it never does any harm to take a look-see through Sing Wah's, and the lieutenant is coming down now to take charge."

A moment later that officer arrived, and John Dorr made his tale as convincing as possible. The lieutenant seemed dubious.

"It isn't like the old rascal to run his head into danger that way," he insisted. "I think you are on the wrong trail. Who did you say was the man who did all this?"

"Wilkerson—Harry Wilkerson," John answered bitterly.

"Wilkerson?" repeated the lieutenant. "That puts another color on the matter. Wilkerson and Sing Wah used to be pals. This'll bear looking into. Come on, men."

With wonderful quickness the officer disposed his men so that every known exit was guarded. Then he motioned to John to follow him and went boldly up to the shop door and entered.

Followed again a futile parley with a Chinese who professed to know no language but his own. The lieutenant's quick ear caught a sound of something moving directly behind the impassive clerk. Brushing him aside, he smashed in the door in the partition and strode into the hallway beyond. John Dorr was close at his heels.

The next few moments were to live long in John's memory as the strangest of his life.

"Be careful!" warned the officer. "The rascals may start shooting."

Even as he spoke there was a ruddy flash down the dark alleyway, and Dorr staggered back.

"Only my arm," he muttered. "Come on! Don't give 'em another chance at us here! Rush 'em!"

An instant later they stood in the cylindrical room. John stared about him, but the lieutenant merely remarked, "This room was built merely for tourists' consumption. Let me see that arm of yours?"

Examination proved the wound to be slight. They glanced up from it to see the doorway swing slowly away as the room revolved.

"Trapped by smoke!" said the lieutenant. He laid a warning hand on Dorr's arm. "Keep quiet. We've lost our directions and we must wait a moment till we discover where that doorway is."

(To Be Continued Monday)



"I have come to take you back to your friends."

ing soothingly. At sight of Sing Ruth Gallon suddenly sat upright in silent horror.

"I beg your pardon, miss," Sing said in his silkiest English. "I have come to take you back to your friends outside."

"The girl shrank back. "No, no, no!" she moaned. "They are not my friends."

"Surely Harry Wilkerson"— Sing suggested craftily, to see how the land lay.

"Wilkerson!" she whispered. "Is he — was he here?"

Her tone conveyed all that he wished to know. He motioned to the woman to leave and when she was gone pulled a cord, which let down a light rope ladder.

"I am sorry, madam," he said quietly, "but I shall have to ask you to climb up this. It is the only safe way out." He laid one hand gently on her arm.

Now, Ruth was California bred, with all the prejudices for and against the Chinaman. She screamed. At that instant there was a crash of a shattered door in the distance and the sound of men talking in excited tones.

"You must come," said Sing Wah. "I will take you to a place of safety. All I ask of you is to follow me and be silent."

His earnestness was unmistakable, and Ruth yielded. A moment later they both stood on a small landing place above the cylindrical room. Sing Wah carefully drew up the ladder and coiled it again on the wooden trigger that had released it. Then he led the

Doutrichs

Always Reliable

January Reductions

ON ALL

Suits and Overcoats

Of Our Entire Stock

We appreciate that ever-increasing measure of public confidence in this Live Store which has helped us make a new high record in volume of business for this year. We never abuse that confidence through make-believe sales or something-for-nothing offerings. But at the season's end we make a clean sweep of every Suit and Overcoat in the store at legitimate, price reductions, for we never carry goods over from one season to another.

Having done a straight business with straight merchandise at straight prices every day of every week, these January reductions on all clothing on hand involves not the slightest question or doubt as to the quality of the merchandise nor the exact amount of money you can now save.

This DOUTRICH event has nothing in common with other so-called reduction sales. It is not the result of bad merchandising judgment or anybody's mistake. It is simply a stroke of good business—a method of keeping the pledge we have made to Harrisburg people, and we say it sincerely and in all earnestness; profit is a secondary consideration with us now. For what we lose in money, we more than make up in the measure of good will which such events as this have won for the Live Store.

Reductions Begin Tomorrow, January 2nd.

- \$15 Suits & Overcoats, \$12.50
- \$20 Suits & Overcoats \$16.50
- \$18 Suits & Overcoats \$14.50
- \$25 Suits & Overcoats, \$21.50

Boys' Suits & Overcoats at January Reductions

Purse-wise mothers and fathers won't overlook an opportunity to fit out the "master" of the family at prices like this.

- All \$3.50 Suits and Overcoats, \$2.75
- All \$7.50 Suits and Overcoats, \$6.25
- All \$5.00 Suits and Overcoats, \$3.95
- All \$8.50 Suits and Overcoats, \$7.25
- All \$6.50 Suits and Overcoats, \$5.25
- All \$10 Suits and Overcoats, \$8.50

Similar Price Reductions on Mackinaws and Raincoats

Doutrichs

Always Reliable

304 Market Street

Harrisburg Pa.

CUMBERLAND JURORS DRAWN

Men Who Will Serve From Lower End of County

Special to The Telegraph
Mechanicsburg, Pa., Jan. 1.—To serve as jurors, the following men from the lower end of the county have been drawn for the February term of court:

Grand Jurors—Mechanicsburg, Victor Harlacker; Lemoyne, George Coover, George Haggerty; West Fairview, Edward Hippensteel; East Pennsboro, S. P. Horst, W. E. Reed, George Shuey; Lower Allen, J. S. Lefevre, Wesley Nelson, Benjamin Vogelsson; Silver Spring, C. E. Melly; Upper Al-

len, John S. Stansfield; Wormleysburg, Albert Yost.

For Week of February 1—Mechanicsburg, George Ducey, S. M. Hertzler, E. E. Naffor; Silver Spring, Melvin Albright, J. A. Keller, John H. Souders; Wormleysburg, W. Scott Coble; New Cumberland, Lester Cook; Hampden, W. C. Forney, G. T. Hummel; Lemoyne, William Petrow, J. W. Reeser; East Pennsboro, Ed. Knowley, John Ruth; Lower Allen, William Madden, A. G. Rupp; Monroe, R. C. Myers, Jacob Rowe; Camp Hill, P. L. Myers; West Fairview, Joseph Pyne, Milton Smeltzer, William Smeltzer.

For the Week of February 8—Mechanicsburg, William Koller, J. V.

Weber; Monroe, Frank Boyer; Silver Spring, J. D. Bowman; West Fairview, Joseph Best, Charles Honch; Upper Allen, James Devenney; New Cumberland, E. E. Flurie; East Pennsboro, Charles Gutshall, H. M. Hess, J. P. Weaver, C. W. Snyder; Camp Hill, Nelson Gleim; Shiremanstown, J. T. Snyder; Lower Allen, George O. Seip; Hampden, A. W. Shuman; Lemoyne, A. A. Thumma.

SPEND WINTER IN FLORIDA

Special to The Telegraph
Mechanicsburg, Pa., Jan. 1.—This morning a number of people left for Florida to spend several months.

From Baltimore via the Merchants and Miners line they will go to Jacksonville, Fla., stopping at Norfolk, Va., and Savannah, Ga. From Jacksonville the party will proceed to Ocala, Fla., where they will see the celebrated Silver Spring, Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth, by way of Tampa. From this point they will go to St. Petersburg, where they expect to spend the winter. The party included Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Huber, Miss Marie Huber, Miss Thelma Huber, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harlacker and son Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Snively, Miss Dora Rowe, Miss Dolly Martin and John Kutz.

OBSERVES 90TH BIRTHDAY

Special to The Telegraph
Halifax, Pa., Jan. 1.—Samuel Shepley, who resides with his son, Lincoln Shepley, on the homestead farm, two miles east of town, observed his 90th birthday on Thursday. Mr. Shepley enjoys fair health and is able to move about the farm and do light work. He was born and raised on the farm where he now resides. It was a tract of land cleared by his father, who came to this country from Germany.