

Silver Sandals

A story of Mystery, Love and Adventure, in which thrill and a blind detective and a beautiful girl solve a great murder plot.

(Continued From First Page)

fascination. Age, terrible age; a hundred years, or just as well two hundred, was depicted in the network of deep-graven lines, woven, interwoven, crisscrossed with their thousand intricacies in the chin, the forehead, the hollowed cheeks. None of the softness of age was there; only the coldness, the bleakness of life's winter. Even the eyes, coal-black under the white brows, seemed to glitter with the coldness of black polar ice. The specter of age had stalked into the realms of youth, frivoltly, devil-may-care.

The moment of hush became a low-voiced murmur as she helped guide the man, with her arm through his arm, down the aisle of tables.

"Silver sandals." See the silver sandals! were the words that made the murmur as the diners caught flashes of them when her feet moved under the satin dress hem. They weren't of silver leather; that was a mistake. They were of the metal burnished, with straps of finely meshed links.

The woman paid absolutely no attention to the eyes watching her. She seemed aware that any one else was near. She walked as a queen would have walked between rows of curtsying women and bowing courtiers, accepting the attention of a stranger as a queen would have accepted her homage, unheeding, uncaring. After the first instant, the diners did not even see the man whose automatonic walk seemed only possible with the aid of the holding arms. The woman held all eyes; she was the whole picture.

A waiting captain, with the acumen of his kind, felt the chilling influence of the newcomers, and resented it; just as he resented anything that would detract from the life and gaiety of the after-theater crowd in the restaurant. He knew, too, that the man and woman were not of the type his men were in the habit of serving. And the waiter who helped the man was doing an unheard-of thing! His business was to serve food and wine. How he had happened to be at the entrance of the diningroom to offer his help was something the waiting captain was going to find out. There was a scowl, just a slight, apologetic scowl, on his face as he approached. He opened his lips to speak. The woman's smile was instantaneous. Her humbleness covered the waiting captain like a cloak. There had been no words because there had been no need of them. The cold eyes had commanded.

"Madame wishes a table?" He backed before her.

"It has been reserved." The heavy, guttural words came from the man with almost uncanny effect, for there was no motion in the head, and the thick beard hid from sight any movement there might be of lips.

"Ah, your pardon!" The head waiter apologized humbly with his lips and back, but the strange expression in his eyes as they darted toward the waiter, whose arm supported the bearded man.

"Mr. Carl took care of the reservation," explained the waiter simply. The waiting captain's eyes cleared. The manager had attended to it personally. The woman of the queer costume and the man whose limbs were paralysis were evidently persons of importance. Their table must be one of those attended to by the waiter who had been ordered to assist the incoming captain. He looked rapidly, still bowing, still under the spell of those cold eyes that had never glanced in his direction but for that single instant. Through the man had spoken, the waiting captain realized, as did every one else who saw, that it was the woman who was to be obeyed—to be honored with attention.

He pulled back a chair at the one end of the table, the waiter served. Carefully, gently, the servant and the woman helped the man seat himself. The woman's hand on her escort's elbow rested in a gentle, caressing motion. There was affection in that simple thing, and for an instant the wrinkled face seemed to contort with some inner emotion; but so quick was the transition that not even the waiter who held the other arm as the man's hand touched an empty wineglass appeared to notice it. Then the woman took the chair at the other side of the table.

Again the man spoke, with that curious lack of movement: "You have our order. Attend to it. We are on this earth but a little while. We come. We go. Wraiths in dreams we live. The end of one dream is but the beginning of another."

The heavy voice that came from the thick beard was pitched so low that it was but a wordless rumble a few feet away, yet the girl who sat at the next table, alone, seemed to hear. A shudder shook her slim body. The hand that held her wineglass trembled so that a few drops of the straw-colored liquid spilled on the cloth. The eyes of the silver-sandaled woman turned to meet those of the girl. The

GIRL COULD NOT WORK

How She Was Relieved from Pain by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Taunton, Mass.—"I had pains in both sides and when my periods came I had to stay at home from work and suffer a long time. One day a woman came to our house and asked my mother why I was suffering. Mother told her that I suffered every month and she said, 'Why don't you buy a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?'" My mother bought it and the next month I was so well that I worked all the month without staying at home a day. I am in good health now and have told lots of girls about it."—Miss CLARICE MORIN, 22 Russell Street, Taunton, Mass.

Thousands of girls suffer in silence every month rather than consult a physician. If girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a safe and pure remedy made from roots and herbs, much suffering might be avoided.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. (confidential) for free advice which will prove helpful.

coal-black eyes seemed to soften as they rested on the beautiful face, with its full, red-curved lips and pink, health-tinted cheeks that were framed in great waves of burnished gold hair, dressed low over her ears. Then the coal-black eyes went hard again; the lines around the withered lips tightened as the teeth clamped together behind them.

The captain hovered over the table, fearful lest these favored guests should find something wrong. The woman glanced at him once more; he unweaved, and hurried away, obeying the unspoken command of the girl who had been spoken. Something in that look had told him that he was not wanted; he understood without knowing why he understood.

The girl's hand shook as she lifted her glass to take a sip of wine. But she did not look toward the other table. She, too, had obeyed the unspoken command.

The waiters, more blasé, probably, or more typically New Yorkers, stared frankly at the strange couple. The woman sat straight in her chair, unmoving, finer tips touching the table edge. The man's left hand still rested, palm down, on the cloth, where the woman's hand had left it. The fingers of his other hand, relaxed, were around the stem of his wineglass. His gaze never left the woman's face; his stare was unblinking, uncanny; his eyes were bright.

The murmur of comment still went the rounds of the tables. The silver sandals, the silver girdle, the gown of black satin, that was cut according to no prevailing mode, but seemed, somehow, to be eminently in keeping with the man's face, were slowly discussed, speculated upon, wondered at.

The waiter approached the couple's table with a silver wine-cooler. The diningroom captain hurried over, napkin on arm, to assist. The waiter was a new man, and nothing must go wrong. The waiter held the bottle so that the man could see the label. "That is right." Once more the words came from the beard with no movement of head or body.

The diningroom captain saw the label, and a look of wonder crossed his face. The wine was Col Roger '56. In all his years of serving he had never known of a bottle of the famous wine being in the place. He watched every movement of the man as he poured the wine into the waiter's glass; a look cautioned care as the serving man turned to pour the wine into the glass loosely held by the man's relaxed fingers.

The man spoke again, solemnly: "Life is wine. Wine is life. Its bubbles come from the depths, to break into the free air of the higher atmosphere of a glass, man. I do not wish to drink."

The waiting captain turned away. A strange man, surely! He glanced at the lone girl, and surprised at her look of fear on her face before she lifted her wine glass to her lips and lowered her head. A girl without an escort in this Broadway diningroom! How had she entered? He had she passed the men at the door? He must tell her of the Broadway rule regarding unescorted women.

As he took a step toward the table, the waiter unceremoniously brushed past him and spoke to the girl. "Mr. Smith is at the telephone, miss. He will return in a minute."

He took the bottle of wine from the cooler on the stand at her side and held her half-emptied wineglass. There was no doubt of the captain's scowl this time. He knew that the waiter had deliberately pushed past him to forestall his request that the girl leave the restaurant. And the lie had been so obvious! What interest had the new waiter in the girl with the hair of burnished gold? Why was she waiting, alone? His raised finger beckoned the waiter. The thing must be settled. The man must know his place.

"Man!" The command came sharply from the bearded man at the table with the strange, silent woman.

The waiter, who had started to obey the raised finger, hurried back to the table.

"Fill my glass. The bubbles of life have ceased to rise."

Silently the serving man obeyed, pouring the wine slowly. When he straightened up to replace the bottle, the captain had gone to attend another table. His eyes met the eyes of the woman. His head lowered slowly in a nod of thanks!

The silent woman of the silver sandals lifted her untouched glass. For a moment she held it toward the man with a look of gratefulness as that of a queen drinking the wine of her liege lord, she slowly drained her bubbling wine. Almost reverently she set the empty glass and brushed her withered lips with a napkin. Rising slowly, as unconscious of the man's watching eyes, she walked around the table, her silver sandals flashing under the light of the restaurant. She leaned forward, and a hundred half-suppressed gasps went up as her lips lightly touched the forehead of her escort. Only a heavy-voiced, simple "Thank you" came from the bearded man. The silent woman turned and left the diningroom as she had entered it, cold eyes apparently seeing nothing, body erect, regal.

med library glasses he wore. "Attend to your duties," he ordered the captain, as he started through the aisle of tables to the other side of the restaurant, bowing and smiling to the diners whom he knew, as though not a trouble was on his mind.

"Good-evening, Mr. Carl," greeted the man with the smoked glasses, as the manager neared the table.

"How do, Mr. Colton?" There was a nervous tremor in the manager's voice that the man detected instantly, for a look of interest came to his face as he asked: "That strange couple Sydney has been telling me about? The man who is sitting there alone?"

"Yes, I think there is something wrong. Would you mind going over there with me, as though you wished an introduction? If there is nothing wrong, I can apologize. If there is, you can tell me without alarming the guests. The man did not move nor answer when I spoke to him."

Thornley Colton, blind problemist, to whom crime puzzles were the one great recreation of his life, rose. "I will return in a few minutes, Sydney," he said to the apple-cheeked, black-haired young man who sat at the table. Then he spoke once more to the manager. "The man interested me from the moment they entered; especially the voice of the man. Is he still sitting with one arm resting on the cloth and the other hand at the stem of his wineglass?"

"Yes, the captain says that he has not moved since he sat down, and he hasn't said a word since the woman left."

Back between the tables they went. On all sides of them were laughter and richly-dressed women, and wine-flushed men, who had already ceased paying attention to the lone man at the table, and were once more thinking only of their own good time. The manager stopped at the table as though to speak. Colton stepped around him and touched the wrist of the arm that lay palm down on the table. His long, slim fingers encircled the wrist. He raised his head. His nostrils quivered as though some strange odor had come to them.

"The wrist artery has been slashed in three places," the blind man said quietly. "He has been dead for hours!"

A tingling sound came from the next table as a convulsive movement of the girl's fingers shivered the straw stem of her wineglass.

CHAPTER II
The Problemist

"Dead!" The horrified whisper came from the lips of the manager before he could choke it back. Then he remembered the crowded diningroom. The axiom of his days, made a very part of him by the years, governed his next speech. Experience had taught him that paying guests should never be disturbed or annoyed.

"Come outside to my office," he pleaded huskily.

Colton nodded. "A moment, please; I want to speak to my secretary." He turned and retraced his steps through the winding aisle of tables, swiftly, unerring in his crained brain counting the paces automatically and with no conscious effort. He spoke a few low-toned words to the apple-cheeked young man who had patiently waited. Sydney Thames' face, which could never mask emotion, lost its color as he glanced at the table with the silent dead man. Then he inclined his head in acquiescence to the evident order.

The manager waited at the door, his eyes troubled as they looked over the big room. He saw that the diners were beginning to whisper among themselves as they watched the bearded man at the table and the blind man who had touched his shoulder and felt of his wrist. Quick to catch the influence of the unusual, the tragic, as are all highly keyed New York habitués of restaurants, the suspicions of the diners had already been aroused; the gawdy and laughter were becoming strained.

The manager glanced in the direction of the order. Carl mopped his sweating brow with a handkerchief held in a trembling hand. His face was colorless, and the strain of having concealed his feelings outside showed in the haggardness of his expression.

"My God, Mr. Colton!" he choked, flopping into a chair with the inertness of a jellyfish. "This is terrible! This is terrible!" His tone suddenly became vehement. "It couldn't be! It isn't possible! His wrists couldn't be cut without attracting attention, and—his voice was almost childishly triumphant as he eyed the man at the table. "There would be blood!"

The August Furniture Sale

Everything for the home is included, and this week we specially feature

DAVENPORT BEDS & DAVENPORT LIVING ROOM SUITES

Months ago we planned this special event August Sale, and are showing a surprising selection in all the various finishes and coverings. So great has been our preparation that, where the average store is content to show a few suites, we have given over the greater portion of our main floor for the Davenport display.

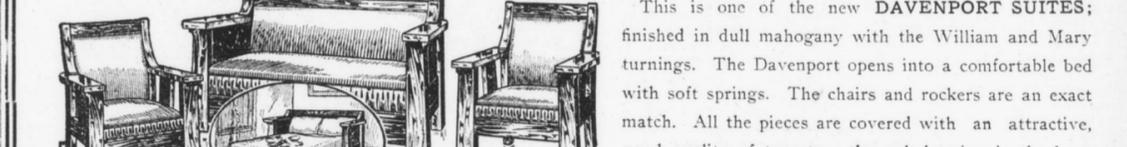
Of unusual interest are the values—everyone being especially priced for the August Sale—values that under no circumstances could we duplicate today—prices only made possible by our foresight in buying when the cost of manufacturing was lower and the special discount we secured on account of the large quantities we bought. Every home will want one of these Davenports.

DAVENPORT BED \$95
LIVING ROOM SUITE \$95



This DAVENPORT is easily converted into a bed by lowering the back. The frame is solid oak, nicely finished; the seat is covered with a good grade of imitation, brown Spanish leather, that wears well and can hardly be distinguished from genuine leather. By raising the seat you have access to a roomy wardrobe.

We don't think the piece can be duplicated under \$30.00.



This is one of the new DAVENPORT SUITES; finished in dull mahogany with the William and Mary turnings. The Davenport opens into a comfortable bed with soft springs. The chairs and rockers are an exact match. All the pieces are covered with an attractive, good quality of tapestry; the upholstery is the best, with good, substantial springs.

We don't think you could furnish a living room more attractive than with one of these suites, and in addition, it adds another sleeping room to your home. The mechanism of this bed is so well concealed that you would never suspect that it can be converted into a bed.

KROEHLER Davenport SUIT
DAVENPORT BED, CHAIR AND ROCKER \$52.00

This suite is solid oak. All the pieces match, covered with brown, Spanish imitation leather; the chair and rocker are very comfortable. The Davenport is easily converted into a bed.

DAVENPORT \$29.50
DAVENPORT \$42.00

Short length Davenport that can be converted into a bed, which is roomy enough for two to sleep comfortably. The frame is oak, neat design.

Genuine Pullman, choice of either genuine quartered oak or dull mahogany finish; massive frames, and chairs and rockers to match if you wish.

BURNS & COMPANY

28-30-32 S. Second St.

act; James and Marlon Harkins, who entertain with singing, talking and dancing, and the Clown Seal, one of the best trained animals in captivity.

Hyams and McIntyre, well remembered for their success in "The Girl of My Dreams," will be seen again this season in their new musical comedy success, "My Home Town Girl." They will be seen at the Orpheum next Saturday, matinee and night. The play, which is produced by Perry J. Kelly, made a tour of the larger cities last season and was greeted with capacity business, a characteristic of any piece in which Hyams and McIntyre appear.

"The Purple Lady" is a five-act picture play based on the comedy of the same name, which was written by Sidney Rosenfeld. It is the sort of picture that has something startling and amusing to present upon the screen every minute, and one that always makes you feel in a pleasant mood. For to-morrow, "The End of the World," with Bushman, in "A Virginia Romance."

AMUSEMENTS
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW
A PICTURE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS

Douglass Fairbanks
the original funny fellow of the motion picture screen.

"THE HALF-BREED"
a romantic five-act drama adapted from the famous Bret Harte story.

"IN THE CARQUEZ WOODS"

THEATRE
PICTURES
ARE SHOWN
at the
Stanley
Theatre
at 2200
Market
Street
HARRISBURG
PA.
HOPE-JONES UNIT
EQUALS 50 DICK OVER

TO-DAY ONLY
"THE PURPLE LADY"
featuring
RALPH HERZ
Taken from the play of the same name.

To-morrow!
"THE END OF THE WORLD"

REGENT
EMACARO-WINER
Big Double Bill
BERT WILLIAMS, celebrated comedian of Ziegfeld Follies in
"A NATURAL BORN GAMBLER"
and ANN PENNINGTON in a photoplay of Broadway,
"SUSIE SNOWFLAKE."
Added Attraction - Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures.
Wednesday and Thursday
PAULINE FREDERICK in
"THE WORLD'S GREAT SNARE"

AMUSEMENTS

AMUSEMENTS
Majestic Theatre

6 GREAT HITS
For the Opening TO-DAY
5 KEITH ACTS
and Pictures

To-day and to-morrow Douglass Fairbanks will amuse and thrill the patrons of the Colosseum Theatre in his new five-part dramatic drama that is being shown at the Colosseum Theatre.

The screen from the Bret Harte story, "In the Carquez Woods," which is shown at the Colosseum Theatre, is the central figure of this new play is Lo Dorman, the son of a white father and an Indian mother. Just when Lo is emerging from boyhood into manhood he is left alone to do battle with the world. Fast and furious events map out his pathway for him, until fate has assured him a motion picture career. Completing the bill are: Rose and Dell, comedy bicyclists; Golei, Harris and Morey, in an instrumental and singing

To-day marks the opening of another vaudeville season at the Majestic Theatre. For the first half of the week the stand at the Majestic Keith acts are booked, headed by "The Maids of the Movies," the girls furnish the beauty and song in the attraction, while the two comedians inject comedy. Completing the bill are: Rose and Dell, comedy bicyclists; Golei, Harris and Morey, in an instrumental and singing

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