

SILVER SANDALS

A Detective Story of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

By Clinton H. Stagg.

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She was coming to town last night, and he wanted to take her to the theater. I offered to lend him money, but he said he had enough of what he had earned. Then, shame-facedly, he told me what he did want. He wanted to borrow my small car for the evening. He'd told her, lying, as he admitted, that he owned a machine. Colton, he was the son of the greatest friend I have on earth. He had apparently braced up. The thing he asked was a simple thing; perhaps it meant a whole lot. Women are funny, you know. He walked the length of the steps again; his face seemed to have aged years in the seconds. He spoke again. "But there was a bigger thing than friendship involved in the case I took when I became district attorney."

In the fashionable Beaumonde had aroused the interest of the whole city. Two million insatiable readers of the daily newspapers waited eagerly for the meager facts each edition brought them. The stories in the morning papers had excited the appetites for more. In the early evening papers, on the streets before the average businessman had even thought of leaving his bed, were stories that bristled with lurid speculation. But that was all. There was nothing beyond the actual finding of the dead man, the woman who had come with him, and the astonishing fact that he had been brought to the restaurant dead. There all facts ended and reportorial imagination ran riot. Every paper had its own theory, wild, wonderful, ridiculous. Each proved its facts after its own style. But what every one who had been in the dining-room had seen was all that any one seemed to know. There was not a thing that would tell who the man was nor whence he had come. The pockets had been absolutely empty. The woman was a mystery; not one of the hundreds of keen-nosed newspaper sleuths who were scouring the city had had time to connect the clairvoyant of the Peck Slip district with the strange woman who had entered the restaurant. The waiter who had helped, and then disappeared, was being searched for in every nook of the city. But he had disappeared completely. The woman, too, had gone from the hotel to step into oblivion. According to the taxi starter, she had refused a cab, and had walked around the corner. If there had been another machine waiting there no one had seen her enter it. An interview with Manager Carl at the Beaumonde was very brief. It consisted of a newspaper man's questions and a slant of the office room in his face. Interviews with Captain McMann and Coroner Bierbauer were equally terse. "Come to the coroner's inquest at ten o'clock," was the gist of both. So the coroner's suite was filled when Bierbauer, with the pompous authority that marks the official business of the city, started the proceedings. Newspaper writers, reporters, elbows with newspaper artists in their cramped space. Women sob writers, who sought eagerly the one touch of human nature in the case that yielded no straight facts, wrote notes about the crowd of morbidly curious that infested such places at such times. Bierbauer selected his jury with the dispatch of long practice, and neckties were craned eagerly for the first witness. "Doctor Brown!" called the coroner, and a well known police surgeon took the stand, crossed his legs, uncrossed them, cleared his throat importantly, and leaned back comfortably, conscious that he had made a good impression on the newspaper men. He carefully kept his profile toward the lean-faced young man whose pencil was busily working over a "sketch from life."

"Going to take no chances of his own judgment being wrong, went the witness after the reporter, elbows with newspaper artists in their cramped space. Women sob writers, who sought eagerly the one touch of human nature in the case that yielded no straight facts, wrote notes about the crowd of morbidly curious that infested such places at such times. Bierbauer selected his jury with the dispatch of long practice, and neckties were craned eagerly for the first witness. "Doctor Brown!" called the coroner, and a well known police surgeon took the stand, crossed his legs, uncrossed them, cleared his throat importantly, and leaned back comfortably, conscious that he had made a good impression on the newspaper men. He carefully kept his profile toward the lean-faced young man whose pencil was busily working over a "sketch from life."

CHAPTER VIII Question and Answer Unique in the annals of New York death mysteries, and with none of the sordid, revolting details that usually attend the daily murder of the metropolis, the strange dead man who had sat with his glass of wine at the table

HERE'S A CHEW THAT IS A CHEW "American Navy" is Rich in Quality and Fruity in Flavor TASTIEST TOBACCO MADE

Do you chew tobacco? If you don't you're missing a lot of wholesome enjoyment and healthful satisfaction. If you do, what form of tobacco do you use? A plug is the only chew that perfectly retains all the natural juices of the leaf. American Navy is a high-grade "scrap" chew in plug form. It's made of the same type of leaf as "scrap," but the leaves used are whole instead of "cuttings."

If Too Fat Get More Fresh Air BE MODERATE IN YOUR DIET AND REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT. TAKE OIL OF KOREIN

Lack of fresh air it is said weakens the oxygen carrying power of the blood, the liver becomes sluggish, fat accumulates and the action of many of the vital organs are hindered thereby. The heart action becomes weaker, work is an effort and the beauty of the face is destroyed. Fat put on by indoor life is unhealthy and if nature is not assisted in throwing it off a serious case of obesity may result.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SHIRTS SIDES & SIDES

BE-LANS Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.

BELL-1001-UNITED

HARRISBURG, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1916.

FOUNDED 1871

Enter September--Our Greeting Is This Timely List of Unusual Friday Bargains

Women's Handbags

A limited quantity of genuine leather handbags, in various styles; fitted with purse and mirror. Friday price, 79c.

BOWMAN'S--Main Floor.

Dress Fabrics

Crepe de Chine -- 40 inches; perfect shades of Copenhagen, black, navy, rose, reseda and delft; six full pieces. Friday price, yard, \$1.39.

Silk and Cotton Poplin, in wanted shades; 36 inches. Friday price, yard, 59c. Silk and Wool Poplins, in street shades; 40 inches. Friday price, yard, 95c.

BOWMAN'S--Main Floor.

Dress Gingham

1,500 yards of the best quality gingham. Stripes of the newest styles. Friday price, yard, 9c.

BOWMAN'S--Main Floor.

House Dresses at 59c

Another purchase of the better kind of house dresses. Chambrays, percales and gingham, in stripes and bars; wanted colors. All sizes.

On sale on the main floor.

Footwear

Women's Gun Metal Button Boots for Fall wear. Just a special lot that are worth considerable more money. Friday price, \$1.98.

Women's White Kid Lace and Button Boots, slightly soiled. High grade goods. To close out quickly. Friday at \$3.98.

Special No. 1 -- Women's Pumps and Colonials, final clearance, \$1.00 pr. Less than half former prices.

Special No. 2 -- Men's Low Shoes, black and russet; welted soles. Pair, \$1.98. Some few high shoes in the lot.

BOWMAN'S--Main Floor.

Store Open Friday Until 5:30 P. M. Open Saturday Until 9 P. M.

On the Carpet Floor

WOOL AND FIBRE RUGS

Reversible patterns of blue, brown or green; 9x12 size. Friday price, \$4.69.

JAPANESE LANTERNS For the Kipona Carnival. In assorted colors and designs. 11 inches high 7 1/2 inches diameter. Friday price, 35c doz.

WINDOW SHADES In assorted colors; light and dark; in oil and water color. Some slightly damaged from handling. Friday price, 19c.

BOWMAN'S--Fourth Floor

China

White Porcelain Cereal Jars -- gold line decoration; for coffee, tea, rice or sugar. Friday price, 15c.

American Porcelain Milk Pitchers, floral and gold decoration; 1-qt. capacity. Friday price, 19c.

White Porcelain Casserole Set -- strictly fireproof; blue line decoration; 8-inch casserole and cover; 7 and 8-inch pudding bowl and six small custards. Friday price, set, 69c.

American Porcelain Cups and Saucers, floral carnation and gold decoration. Friday price, 6 cups and 6 saucers, 40c.

BOWMAN'S--Basement

Women's Crepe de Chine Handkerchiefs, in all the wanted colors. Friday price . . . . 12 1/2c

BOWMAN'S--Main Floor.

Unbreakable Dolls, of all styles, dressed. Friday price, 75c.

BOWMAN'S--Second Floor.

White Goods

Swisses--dots and checks; fine quality; 40 inches. Friday price, yard, 13c.

Mercedized Plisse -- fine grade; 31 inches; requires no ironing. Friday price, yard, 14c.

Mercedized Batiste -- silky finish; 40 inches. Friday price, yard, 13c.

Soisette -- in short but useful lengths; 32 inches. Friday price, yard, 13c.

Seed Marquisette -- fine quality; extra special; 38 inches. Limit, 10 yards to a customer. Friday price, yd., 17c.

BOWMAN'S--Second Floor.

Out Doors

8-ball Croquet Sets, with heavy mallets, at the reduced prices of 98c, \$1.49 and \$1.98.

Lawn Benches reduced to 69c, \$1.19, \$1.49 and \$1.89.

Folding Hammock Chairs, at 98c and \$1.25.

4-ft. Fumed Oak Porch Swings, at \$1.69 and \$2.69.

BOWMAN'S--Second Floor

Men's Shirts

Blue chambray work shirts; good quality. Friday price, 46c.

Men's Hose -- linen heel and toe; very good quality; in black only. Friday price, pr., 11c.

BOWMAN'S--Main Floor.

Hosiery and Underwear

Women's Hose -- black and tan in plain and silk lisle; double soles and wide garter tops. Friday price, pr., 19c.

Women's Cumfy Cut Union Suits, silk tape neck and sleeves; lace knees. Friday price, 42c.

Men's Oxford Mixed Shirts and Drawers; short sleeves; ankle length. Friday price, 19c garment.

Men's Union Suits -- long sleeves; ankle length; medium weight cotton. Friday price, 39c.

BOWMAN'S--Main Floor.

Embroidery

Flouncings

40-inch Colored Voile Flouncing, yd., 49c.

30 yards 40-inch Organ-die Flouncing, yd., 49c.

All over Embroidery Remnants, yd., 25c.

BOWMAN'S--Main Floor.

Stamped Goods

Ready made gowns, stamped, at 49c.

36-inch stamped Center Pieces, lace edge, at 29c.

Turkish towels, stamped, pink and blue borders, at 19c and 39c.

Cushion tops and table runners, stamped in various designs, at 19c.

Children's stamped hats, at 19c.

BOWMAN'S--Second Floor.

All Parasols Reduced to \$2.50 Some sold for double this amount.

Domestics

Simpson Calico -- fancy patterns; cut from the piece; used for coverings. Friday price, yd., 5 1/2c.

Cretonne -- 36 inches; cut from the piece; new patterns and fast colors. Friday price, yd., 10c.

Awning Stripes -- sun and rain proof; useful lengths in blue and brown. Friday price, yd., 15c.

Plaid Blankets -- wool finish; large size; various colors; good weight and nap. Friday price, pr. \$1.98.

Bolster Cases -- bleached; made of good quality muslin; 42x72 inches. Friday price, 22c.

Bleached Muslin -- 35 inches; Langdon, Fruit-of-the-Loom and cambrics included; useful lengths. Friday price, yd. 8c.

BOWMAN'S--Basement

Kitchenwares

Serving Trays -- white enamel frame, glass center; bluebird decoration; 11x17 inches. Friday price, 83c.

Aluminum Casserole, with aluminum receptacle; 8-inch size. Friday price, 98c.

Fireproof Casserole -- made of brown crockery white lined, with nickel plated brass receptacle; 10-inch size. Friday price, 49c.

Household Food Chopper, with five steel cutters. Friday price, \$4.5c.

Extension Window Screens -- walnut stained frame; 15x33 inches. Friday price, 2 for 25c.

E. J. Folding Wood Dish Drainer -- made of clean lumber. Friday price 10c.

Nursery Refrigerators -- galvanized lined; mineral wool packed; water tank and nickel plated spigot; size 13x13x23 inches. Friday price, \$2.39.

BOWMAN'S--Basement

batim the words the blind man had used.

"You examined the framework that supported the body and gave the impression that the dead man was merely a victim of partial paralysis."

"That is the most ingenious thing I have ever seen. It must have taken years of study and work. Its designing and building show a keen insight into the anatomical structure of the body."

"Would it be possible, in your opinion, for such a frame to be fitted to any body?"

"Most emphatically not!" "You mean that the frame was made for the body it fitted?"

"It would work on no other, unless the one chance in a million of another body with exactly the same measurements and of exactly the same weight."

"Could the frame have been fitted quickly to a dead body?"

"It could not. The fine adjustments of the thirty-three places where the silver circlets and steel springs were placed would have taken hours."

"Five?"

"For a full moment the police surgeon sat in deliberative silence. His eyes looked over the heads of the eager men and women who leaned forward so that they would not miss a word. Finally he answered the question."

"My own personal opinion is--that another of his impressive pauses--that one person could not have fitted the frame on the dead body. It was the work of two, or probably three, persons. One person could not have committed the murder and attended to its following details."

"Then it is your professional opinion that it was murder?" The tone of the coroner told that this was his last and clinching question.

"Unqualifiedly yes! Fiendishly planned and devilishly executed!" The surgeon's eyes searched the faces of the newspaper men to see that they had gotten that last well-turned sentence.

"Thank you, doctor, that is all." Coroner Bierbauer waved a dismissal with one pudgy hand, and glanced at a sheet of notes at his elbow. As the physician stepped down, the newspaper men were writing. The morbid element whispered its satisfaction. A good murder! This had been the unanimous verdict of all who had heard the doctor testify. A brutal killing, with a strange new twist of the restaurant and the silver-sandaled woman, and the framework that had been made for the body of the murdered man.

coroner looked up from his notes. "Adolph Heindle!"

A well-fed, well-dressed German mounted the stand nervously.

"Business?"

"Captain of waiters at the Beaumonde." There was just a trace of accent, but it was in the harshness of consonants rather than the pronunciation of words.

"How long have you been at the Beaumonde?"

"Fifteen years."

The dead man, and the woman who accompanied him, sat at one of your tables?"

"Yes."

"Tell us what you saw."

"The captain described how he had seen them entering the restaurant with the waiter who should have been at his tables. He told of the effect of the woman's eyes on him, the bottle of rare wine, the curious words of the man, and the reservation of the table through the manager. This last with a trace of hurt pride, and a glance toward where Carl sat scowling awaiting his turn to testify."

"The waiter was a new man, wasn't he?"

"He had been at the hotel two nights."

"An experienced man?"

The waiting captain hesitated before he answered. "He seemed to know the dishes and silver," he said slowly, "but he was a poor carrier. Had he not been put on by Mr. Carl, I would have spoken for his discharge."

writers' pencils were flying now; their part of the story had come.

"Did you see her enter?" quizzed the coroner.

"Is that usual?"

The captain seemed to take this as an implication of personal neglect. "Not at all," he assured, darting another hurt look at his manager. "But two of the other captains had been allowed a night off, and I had three table groups to attend."

"Then you did not see the couple enter the restaurant?"

"No. When I first saw them they were at the fourth table from the lobby entrance. It was early, and the diners had all been shown to tables in the center of the room."

"That is all. Thank you."

Again the coroner referred to his notes. Heindle made his way nervously down the center aisle with an uneasy glance or two over his shoulder as a small group separated from the crowd of reporters and started after him. The uneasiness became real fright when a square-jawed detective took him by the shoulder and whisked him out of the room before the newspaper men had a chance to pump him further.

Two pages, whose duty it was to stand at the lobby entrance of the restaurant to take hats and coats that had passed others of their kind, added a new element of mystery. They had not seen the strange couple enter from the lobby. Both had been busy with hats and coats inside the room. The hotel clerk declared that the man had not been registered as a guest, and he had never seen him.

There was a stir when Manager Carl was called. The table had been reserved through him. He must know something of the strange couple. But Carl was sullenly antagonistic, and showed it in his manner, his words, and the very way he sat in the witness chair. The police had evidently badgered him to the point of distraction, and he apparently saw his dining-room business ruined.

"How long have you been manager of the Beaumonde?" Coroner Bierbauer asked the question brusquely, and his manner showed that he was not to be trifled with. He had evidently had enough experience with the irate manager the night before.

"Nine years," answered Carl curtly.

"Do you know anything of the man and woman who came into the restaurant last night?"

"No." "The table was reserved through you wasn't it?" "Yes." "How?" "Note."

jowls of the coroner. "Show me the note, and answer the questions fully!" he snapped.

A sneering smile on the lips of the hotel manager was the only answer to this as he handed over the papyrus note. The coroner took it scowlingly, cleared his throat ponderously, and read to the juryman:

Manager Carl: With this note are fifty dollars. Is this sufficient to reserve the fifteenth table from the lobby entrance, which is the fourth table from the east wall, for an hour before your time of midnight? The

service must be for two. I wish to be served this bottle of wine which I send.

(To Be Continued.)

LARGE PEACH CROP Special to the Telegraph New Germantown, Pa., Aug. 31. -- Although the peach crop in Perry county has been almost a failure, yet the trees in Henry Eby's orchard are well loaded. On Monday afternoon the orchard was full of buyers until dark.

And this National Government Public Health Service says:

"One reason that each summer sees the slaughter of the innocents is because milk, as ordinarily marketed, is absolutely unfit for human use."

In the face of these words can any mother who loves her baby give him raw cow's milk full of tough indigestible curd? Cow's milk brings summer complaint, the dread scourge that takes so many babies from their mothers' arms each summer.

Nurse your baby--as long as you can, of course. If you can't, wean him on a food as free from sickness as mother's milk itself--

Nestle's Food (A complete food--not a milk modifier)

Nestle's is safe, because no hand touches it and it doesn't sour. Nestle's is safe because it contains just the right amount of proteins and carbohydrates your baby needs to build a sturdy body and an active brain. Cow's milk is the basis of Nestle's--but cow's milk from sanitary dairies--purified, with the calf needs modified and the baby's needs added. It comes to you in a powder--packed in an air-tight can. You add only fresh water and boil.

Save your baby from the terror of summer complaint.



Your Baby is in Danger From Cow's Milk Do you know that in Washington, the Government of the United States has a Public Health Service, that is working day in and day out to find out the best way to keep your baby well?

Send the coupon for a sample can (enough for 12 feedings) and see how Nestle's makes him happy.

NESTLE'S FOOD COMPANY, Woolworth Bldg., New York Please send me FREE your book and trial package. Name..... Address..... City.....