HOW MANY CARDS?

By Isabel Ostrander

Copyright, 1920, by R. M. McBride & Co. Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.

SYNOPSIS

A would-be thief enters the palatial home of Eugene Christopher Creveling. He runs out again instantly into the hands of a detective. He protests he had "nothing to do with what's in here."

On the floor of the room lies a man in evening clothes, the front of his shirt crimson with blood and by his side a huge automatic revolver. The table is laid for two, with champagne on ice still unmelted. The house is empty of human beings. Everything had led a quiet life. He associated with the wealthy and at one time was spoken of as "the million-a-month man." Mrs. Creveling is insatiable in her efforts to bring the murderer to justice. Her partner in business is Crevel, her uncle is Mrs. Creveling objects to publicity and desires to unearth the mystery. The dead man is reported to have quarreled with Douglas Waverly, a friend. There has been a robbery of the jewels and Isa. Mrs. Creveling's maid was arrested, let out on bail and exonerated.

Creveling's valet had been placed in jail on suspicion of the murder, but released for the assistance of the detective who kept watch of his actions.

And Here It Continues.

Without further speech he shed his coat and hat and began to clamber up as agilely as a monkey while McCarty waited from below in a state that was almost ludicrous material. At length he reached the third floor and perching himself on a bread window ledge, peered over the high wall into the blind alley at the rear of the Creveling house.

"What do you see?" McCarty demanded in a hoarse whisper.

"Nothin," responded Dennis hoarsely. "'Tis as bright as day, the light is streaming out from the windows at the back and the door, whatever it is, is as bare as the palm of your hand."

"Do you see no sign of an opening?"

"There's a back door to the house, but it's closed tight." Dennis leaned over and craned his neck downward. "If it's in the wall you mean, there's not so much as a loose brick. Is that all you wanted to know?"

He prepared to descend, but McCarty halted him.

"Not by a long shot, it isn't! You'll stay where you are, Denny, my lad, until something happens or we're sure that it won't, and you'd best be making yourself comfortable, for it's likely there'll be a long wait ahead of you. 'Tis barely 9 o'clock now."

And a long wait it proved to be. Dennis shifted about from time to time, but stuck faithfully at his post and McCarty paced back and forth upon the narrow strip of sod which lined the fence. An hour passed, then another, and the lights in the rear of the neighboring houses began to go out, one by one, but still there came no muffled honk from the horn which McCarty had given to Martin and no sign from the watcher above.

The back of the Creveling house had long since been dark and no sound issued from it, McCarty began to feel an inward misgiving. Had his train of reasoning been at fault? There was so much to be done, so many loose threads to be gathered up in this strange tangle of events. Was he wasting precious time? Had he allowed himself to be turned aside from the main issue by the chance hit of a gossiping servant while the real slayer of Eugene Creveling escaped?

He told himself miserably that he should have had them watched, the whole lot of them! Mrs. Waverly and Mrs. Creveling were out of it, and the O'Rourkes were not even to be considered, but anything could be expected from the rest of them! Even that alibi of the Fords might have been cocked up between them and Cutter, though what common interest they all had in blocking the investigation——

"Whist!" A sibilant command from Dennis broke in upon McCarty's pessimistic meditation and brought him up standing. "There's a light just flashed up for a minute in the third floor window near the farther wall! You'd have seen it yourself if you'd not been sleep-walking! Look up! There it is again!"

McCarty was already straining his eyes up into the darkness and now he saw a tiny pinpoint of light gleam out over the wall from the direction of the window indicated, sweep across space like a streak of distant lightning and vanish.

"Pocket electric torch!" he ejaculated softly, prancing in the sudden excitement of renewed hope. "What's going on, Denny? I can't see through a brick wall——!"

"For the love of God, stop your havering!" came from above in a fierce, far-carrying whisper, and McCarty subsided, mentally cursing the increasing girth and lack of physical practice which prevented him from reaching the point of vantage held by his companion. He had not long to remain in suspense, however, for almost immediately the silence of the night was broken by the sound of a window being stealthily raised.

Dennis gesticulated violently and then shrank back into the concealment of the overhanging lintel while McCarty gazed breathly but impotently upward.

There came a curious scratching noise which seemed to be receding; the light flashed again fainter than before and then came the sound of a soft thud. In an instant Dennis' long arms and legs writhed out of the shadows and he scrambled down with perilous haste to land at McCarty's feet.

"Some one—a man—got out of that window, straddled the wall and climbed down the back of that next house!" he exclaimed. "He'll be off across fences to the next street north and we'll lose him!"

"Like hell we will!" McCarty seized the despised ladder and setting it against the fence of the De Forests' yard he swarmed up it and hanging by his hands, dropped with a grunt to the ground. Dennis was after him in a twinkling and they tore through the scullery and kitchen, nearly bowling over the astonished cook who met them in the front hall.

Without a word to her they dashed out into the areaway and once on the avenue McCarty paused only to produce his horn and sound it twice before he set out on a run for the northern corner.

The street was deserted save for the solitary figure of a man walking rapidly eastward far down the block, and without wasting speech or looking backward for their ally they took up the trail.

It proved to be a straight one for several blocks and the two following in the shadows exercised all the more caution for that, but the man appeared to have no suspicion of their espionage. Intent only upon his errand the rapidity of his stride increased until he all but broke into a run, but at Third avenue he halted abruptly.

"If he picks up a taxi by any chance of dumb luck we're lost!" McCarty panted. "There don't be but one night hawk along this way before dawn!"

But no taxi appeared and the car tracks stretched away blankly into the darkness. After waiting irresolutely for a minute or two the man turned south and started off once more with his quick, nervous stride and McCarty and Dennis trailed along, but more cautiously still, for now their quarry glanced constantly back over his shoulder.

He was almost two blocks ahead when he halted again at the curb, and at the same moment there came to their ears the hum and rattle of a car approaching from behind. Without giving himself time to think McCarty sprang out into the middle of the avenue and swung aboard the car as it passed, while Dennis clung tenaciously to the upright bar, heedless of the profanity of the outraged conductor, and succeeded in scrambling up, narrowly missing a pillar on the elevated railway structure.

McCarty had already produced two nickels and they made their way to the forward part of the car, seating themselves with hunched shoulders turned to the entrance.

"That was a narrow squeak!" breathed Dennis. "We've lost Martin now if ever he was trailing behind. 'Twill be a fine note if the car don't stop for your man, Mac, or if he changes his mind!"

"If you borrowed money the way you borrow trouble, Denny, you'd not have a friend left in the world," McCarty observed. "The car's slowing down now, and as for Martin I never knew him to get left yet!"

The car did indeed stop at the second corner, and as it resumed its way Dennis could not resist a swift glance over the few passengers behind.

"It's Hill, all right!" he announced in a sepulchral whisper. "He's dropped into a seat by the rear door and he looks like the ghost of himself! Something must have happened him, the night, since he went back to the Creveling house!"

"'Tis what's on the mind of him, more like," surmised McCarty grimly.

"You think 'twas him killed——?"

"I do not!" McCarty interrupted. "If I did I'd have my two hands on him now, and well you know it! Don't look around again till you hear the buzzer."

To Dennis' edged nerves the ride downtown seemed interminable.

Twice the buzzer sounded and twice his eyes nearly crossed in the haste and eagerness of his backward glance, but Hill still slumped in his seat with his head dropping over upon his breast.

"Is it to the Bowery he's going?" he muttered after the second disappointment. "No wonder he stood looking for the car! 'Tis a fine walk we'd have had——!"

"Are you a cripple?" demanded McCarty. "We're not even to Thirty-fourth street yet, and 'tis not a fire we're going to, you know! There goes the buzzer again."

"And it's him! He's reaching up with his finger on the button!" Dennis made as if to rise, but McCarty laid a heavy hand on his knee.

"Sit still and let your head fall over as if you were asleep!" he ordered. "The fellow's got to pass us to get out front. Don't move till I say the word!"

The two relaxed figures apparently lost in slumber were not calculated to arrest the eye of a fellow-passenger making for the exit and Frank Hill's glance did not even include them as he passed and descended from the car. As it started again Dennis straightened and looked quickly out of the window.

"He didn't cross the tracks; he's heading west," he observed. "After coming all this way are we going to ride on——?"

But McCarty had risen and sounded the buzzer in his turn and when the car halted again at the next corner they literally flung themselves off. Frank Hill was nowhere in sight, and the avenue itself seemed utterly deserted.

"There, you see!" exclaimed Dennis disgustedly as they hurried back to the street at which the valet had alighted. "I told you we'd lose him! If you'd have listened to me—there's no one at all in the side street either way."

For answer McCarty stopped abruptly at the corner and pointed through the glass show window of the all-night drugstore, the lights of which were the only oases in the desert of darkness about them. Hill was standing at the cigar counter engaged in conversation with the weary-eyed clerk and it was evident that they were old acquaintances.

Dennis and McCarty had only time to withdraw into a neighboring doorway when Hill reappeared and rounding the corner started briskly westward. The others followed just in time to see him almost collide with a second figure which had been lurking in the deeper shadows of a high stoop. Both sides stepped instantly and Hill continued his way, but though he walked fast, even faster than before, his shoulders hunched forward despondently, almost furtively, and a certain elasticity seemed gone from his stride.

"Martin!" McCarty swore beneath his breath as the figure approached them sheepishly. "So 'twas you pulled that bonehead play! 'You're a disgrace to the force!'

"However in the world did you get here?" Dennis expounded adding with sly satisfaction: "You've scared off out bird all right! Any one could tell a mile off—Martin, that you were on the job!"

"I rode down on the same car with you, on the fender at the back," Martin responded, chagrined. "How was I to know he'd run into me like that? It's just the luck of the game. Shall I trail him, Mac? Maybe that clerk in the drugstore is a kind of a go-between in whatever business brought him out and he's finished what he came for. He's certainly walking as though he was through in this neighborhood!"

"And good reason!" McCarty commented. "However, 'tis no good palavering over. Trail him, Martin, but if he starts uptown on a car or in a taxi he'll be on his way back to the Creveling house with nothing more doing tonight as far as he is concerned, so you come back here. I'm going to see what that clerk knows about him."

The abashed Martin hurried off upon his task and Dennis and McCarty retraced their steps to the cigar counter, where the latter purchased three of the most expensive cigars in the case and remarked casually as he lighted one:

"Thought I saw a fellow in here that I know but now as we were passing, tall, thin fellow, dark, with a smooth face."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Hildreth?" the clerk interrupted pleasantly. "He and his wife live just around the corner and they drop in here a lot."

McCarty removed his foot hastily from the ascending pressure of Dennis' big brogan, and nodded.

"That's my friend all right, but he could have lived in the Sahara backyard long. They used to have a flat upon the West side. Mrs. Hildreth is a mighty fine-looking woman, big and blond——"

"She's a fine woman every way!" the clerk interrupted again, his tired face lighting up with a smile. "They have only lived around in Lanahan's apartments a little more than a month, but it's easy to tell. She don't come in often herself, but she's always put a kind word about the children," he added irrelevantly. "I lost my own wife a year ago."

"Tough luck!" McCarty said sympathetically. "I'll drop in on the Hildreths one of these evenings. Which apartment house is Lanahan's?"

Continued Tomorrow.

Leaned on Wrong Post.

A Dublin magistrate asked a prisoner to explain why he was found lying in the gutter.

"Shure, yer honor," answered the inebriate, "I just happened to walk beyond two lamp posts an' landed again the wrong one."

Discuss International Politics at Williams College Institute

Left to right: Viscount Bryce, President Harry A. Garfield and Chief Justice Taft, photographed on Williams college campus.

Famous authorities on the subject of international politics are the speakers at the summer institute of Williams college, whose president is Harry A. Garfield. Among the celebrities who have addressed the institute are Viscount Bryce, formerly British ambassador to the United States, and ex-President Taft, who is now chief justice of the United States supreme court.

State Briefs

ENID—Recent rains have made plowing much easier, and farmers expressed the belief that fall crops would be practically "made" with little more moisture.

OKMULGEE—For the first six months of 1921 the Okmulgee oil field increased 815,037 barrels over production for the same period last year, according to figures made public at headquarters of the Okmulgee chamber of commerce.

ENID—The Kiwanis club here plans to send more than 50 delegates to the district convention to be held this fall at San Antonio, Texas, it was announced at a recent meeting here.

OKMULGEE—A motor bus system between Okmulgee and Haskell by way of Bald Hill and Morris, has been established, it was announced at company headquarters here.

PAWHUSKA—"All signs point to Pawhuska county," according to citizens who recently completed marking all roads outside the county. The marking was done by citizens of Pawhuska, Hominy, Burbank, Fairfax and Foraker.

ARDMORE—Boy Scouts of this city plan to attend the Norman council camp at Camp Turner, August 18 to 27, this year, the scout executive here said.

BARTLESVILLE—The Bartlesville Enterprise announced establishment in new headquarters on Osage avenue here, and the installation of a new rotary and stereotyping press.

DRUMRIGHT—Police court action here in one morning netted the city more than $150 in fines imposed on convictions of intoxication.

M'ALESTER—Constable Clarke of this city was recently commended publicly for his work in capturing, in a hand-to-hand fight, a negro nearly seven feet in height. Constable Clark is less than five feet tall. He threw a chain around the negros neck, as the latter was in the act of rifling the postoffice, according to reports at police headquarters.

DUNCAN—Paving here was stopped when all the workers struck for an increase of 20 cents an hour in wages. The strike followed alterations over alleged importation of Mexican labor.

LAWTON—A permanent organization of old settlers of Comanche and Kiowa counties was effected here at the twentieth anniversary celebration of the opening of the Kiwa Comanche counties.

BARTLESVILLE—The women of Bartlesville have formed an "old clothes" organization here, resolving to give all they could to the near east relief program.

OKMULGEE—In a proclamation in which it was declared union building craftsmen "failed to give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay," the Okmulgee Builders' association announced that an open shop policy is contemplated.

MUSKOGEE—Jackson Barnett, wealthy Creek Indian, who recently toured southern Canada, has announced here he intends to purchase a race horse for training here in order to have an entry in the Windsor races next season.

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM

tobacco makes 50 good cigarettes for 10c

The American Tobacco Co.

KILLS ROACHES

Roaches are such slimy things. They come from sewer drains, damp basements and other unhealthful retreats, to infest your cupboards and refrigerator. They carry the filth of their dens to the food you eat.

Hofstra Smokes 'Em Out

Spray Hofstra under the sink, in the cupboards, in the basement and in musty closets. It floats and travels right into where Mr. Roach lives. It suffocates them by sealing their skin pores. Not a poison. Safe anywhere.

Loaded Metal Guns 15c—Refill

from package Hofstra in 30c, 60c and $1.20 sizes. At grocery and drug stores.

HOFSTRA MFG. CO.,
311 N. Cheyenne, Tulsa, Okla.

ALSO KILLS—

—flies, ants, fleas, mosquitoes, bedbugs, chicken lice, cabbage worms, potato bugs.

HOFSTRA GUN

HOFSTRA

The National Insecticide

Good Judgment

We respect very much the judgment of our customers, for we know it is good judgment for them to do their shopping here. This would not be the case if we did not KNOW in our own hearts that we are serving them to their best interests.

You have always got Full Weights and Measures, you have always found us dependable. You have always found our prices low and consistent. You have always been protected by our Good Goods Guaranty. We have the **finest store** in the state with the **lowest prices,** clean, easily accessible, convenient, with good parking space, uptown yet out of the highly congested district and out of the high rent district.

It Will Pay You to Make This Your Store

Best Nut Oleo	19c	Good Fat Bacon	25c
Dry Salt Jowls	19c	Good Light Bacon	38c

You will not want much meat in hot weather, but it must be good—Our meats are Super-Quality.

Ideal Peanut Butter in bulk, per pound	18c	Ice Cream Salt	2½c
Jiffy Jell, per package	9c	Old Dutch Cleanser	10c
Matches—Good and dependable			5c

We Handle White City Jersey Farm Milk

10 Bars Good White Naphtha Soap	48c	10 Bars P and G Soap	65c
10 Bars Bob White Soap	58c	3 Bars Palm Olive Soap	25c
10 Bars Crystal White Soap	65c	2 Bars Sayman's Soap	25c

We know you will appreciate the quality of our meats. The high standard of our meat department will be zealously maintained.

24 pounds Standard Flour	98c	24 pounds Good Goods Flour	1.23
48 pounds Standard Flour	1.78	48 pounds Good Goods Flour	2.43
98 pounds Standard Flour	3.48	98 pounds Good Goods Flour	4.73

Prices mean nothing unless honesty goes with it. Count, weigh and measure what you buy.

Hawaiian Sliced Pineapple, size 2½	26c	Standard Corn No. 2 size	9c
Paul's Pure Preserves, 35c to	39c	Tall Compound Milk	9c
Puritan Luncheon Rolls	39c	Tall Danish Pride Milk	10c
Standard Tomatoes No. 2 size	9c	Tall Rosebud Milk	11c
Tall Carnation Milk			13c

Traders No. 4

Buick Building, Second and Boulder

JULIUS HENKE, Proprietor

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The new Victrola No. 300
Mahogany or English Brown
$250

No. 300

Latest addition to the Victrola line

While this new model marks a distinct departure in design, it still embodies the patented features which have won for the Victrola the universal recognition of superiority.

The design of the Victrola is necessarily governed by its function as a musical instrument, and in this new style, as in all Victrola models, are represented the knowledge and experience gained in nearly a quarter-century devoted exclusively to the talking-machine art.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.