

THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By Harold MacGrath

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for 18 years. Hargrave one night enters a Broadway restaurant, and there comes face to face with the gang's leader, Braine.

so we let him have his coke when over he really needs it. But this man Felton has seen my face. Some day he'll see it again, ask questions, and then...

The Countess' Coaching Party

"Did you get the range?" asked the countess, when late that night Braine recounted his adventure. "Range?" he snarled. "My girl, haven't I just told you that I had to fight for my life? My boat was in flames. We had to swim for it...

We Will Pay

Five Months' Dividends Jan. 1 on all funds left here on or before Aug. 5

This association is operated as a MUTUAL SAVINGS SOCIETY under the strictest of state laws.

The funds left without by members are invested in first mortgages and in approved federal and state bonds.

The state law stipulates that our entire earnings, less running expenses, shall be paid to our members twice each year in dividends.

Payment of \$1.00 or more makes you a member.

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Our booklet explains more fully. Out-of-town funds may be sent through the mail.

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A Mutual Savings Society Established 1901 222 Pike St.

THIS is the sixth chapter of the great novel, "The Million Dollar Mystery," Harold MacGrath, which is to be printed exclusively in Seattle in The Seattle Star by an arrangement with the Thambauer Film Company. The novel has been filmed, and is being shown at the Colonial theatre.

A prize of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the solutions of previous chapters will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

The last two reels, which will give the \$10,000 prize winner's solution of the mystery, will be presented at the Colonial and other theatres throughout the country which will run this feature, as soon as it is practical to produce them.

With the last two reels will be shown the pictures of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features.

reporters were banging away at the typewriters, and intermingling clicks could be heard the ceaseless clatter of the typewriter.

The managing editor came out of his office and approached the desk of the night city editor.

"Twenty minutes ago," said the night city editor, "I wanted a stick on that Panama rumpus."

"Too late," said the managing editor. "Where's Jim Norton?"

"At the Chamber of Commerce banquet. The major is going to throw a bomb into the enemy's camp."

"Nothing on the Hargrave stuff?" "No. Guess I'd better put that in the cubbyhole. He's dead."

"No will found yet?" "Not a piece as big as a postage stamp."

"That will leave the girl in a tough place. She will, no birth certificate, and worst of all, no photograph of the old man himself."

"But doesn't follow me. That's odd. What the devil is his idea?" "I'd give a good deal to learn."

"The shadow and the glowing cigarette disappeared around the corner, and the lights in the apartment were turned on again."

"He's gone. You really think he's watching this apartment, I know that much."

"And even at that moment the watcher was watching from his vantage behind the corner."

"Suspiciously murmured, tossing the cigarette into the gutter. 'They're watching me for a change. I'll drop out. I know what I know. It's a great world. It's fine to be alive and kicking on top of it.'"

"He went on without haste and took the subway train for downtown."

"Is there anything I could get near him?" asked Braine. "Tomorrow night you might leave by the janitor's entrance. I'll keep the lights on till you're outside. Then I'll turn them off and you can follow and hear what he is."

"It's mighty important." "Don't scowl. At your age a wrinkle is apt to remain if you once get it started."

"He laughed. 'Wrinkles!' She could talk of wrinkles."

"They are more important than you think. Every morning I rub out the wrinkle I go to bed with."

"I wish you could rub out the general stupidity which is wrinkling my brain. I've made three moves and failed in each. What's come over me?"

"Perhaps you've had too many successes. The wheel of chance is always turning around."

"May I smoke?" "Thanks. At least it proves you still have some consideration for me. You would smoke whether it was agreeable or not. But I like the odor of a good cigar. And it always helps you to think."

"Braine lit the cigar and began his customary pacing. At length he paused. 'Suppose we have a real old-fashioned coaching party out to the old mansion we know about?'"

"And what shall we do there?" "Make the mansion an enchanted castle where sometimes people who enter can't get out. Do you think you could get her to go?"

then it may not." "I'm going back into the house and hide behind a secret panel. I've got my revolver. You go to the stables and take a try at my car; see if she works smoothly. We may have to do some hiking. Where is the countess in this?"

"Leave that to me, Mr. Norton," said the butler with his grim smile. "He off; they are moving toward the house."

So Norton carried the basket around to the lawn, where it was taken from his hands by the regular servant. He sighed as he saw Florence, laughing and chatting with a man who was a stranger and whom he heard addressed as count.

Some friend of the countess, no doubt. Where was all this tangle going to end? He wished he knew. And what a yarn he was going to write some day! It would be read like one of Gabriel's tales.

He turned away to wander idly about the grounds, when beyond a clump of cedars he saw three or four men conversing lowly. He got as near as possible, for when three or four men put their heads together, one of them usually means a poker game or something worse.

He caught a phrase or two as it came down the wind, and then he knew that the vague suspicions that had brought him out here had been set in motion like one of Gabriel's tales. "Florence" and "the old drawing room"; and that was enough.

He lurked about for Jones. It was pure luck that he had had old Meg show him through the house, otherwise he would have forgotten all about the secret panel in the wall and the painting. Jones shrugged resignedly. Were these men of the countess' party? Norton couldn't say.

Norton made his hiding place in safety; and by and by he could hear the guests moving about in the room. Then all sounds ceased for a while. Norton strained his ear against the panel. A door closed sharply.

"No; here you must stay, young lady," said a man's voice. "What do you mean, sir?" demanded the beloved voice. "It means that no one will return to this room and that you will not be missed until it is too late."

The sound of voices stopped abruptly, and something like scuffling ensued. Later Norton heard the back of a chair strike the panel and some one sat heavily upon it. He waited perhaps five minutes; then he gently slid back the panel. Florence sat bound and gagged under his very eyes! It was but the work of a moment to liberate her.

"It is I, Jim. Do not speak or make the least noise. Follow me." Greatly astonished, Florence obeyed; and the panel slipped back into place. The room behind the secret panel had barred windows. To Florence it appeared to be a real prison.

"How did you get here?" she asked breathlessly. "Something told me to follow you. And something is always going to tell me to follow you, Florence."

She pressed his hand. It was to her as if one of those book heroes had stepped out of a book; only book heroes always had tremendous fortunes and did not have to work for a living. Oddly enough, she was not afraid.

"Who was the man?" he asked. "The Count Norfeldt. Some one has imposed upon the countess."

"Do you think so?" with a strange look in his eyes. "What do you mean?" "Nothing just now. The idea is to get out of here just as quickly as we can. See this painting?" He touched a spot on the wall and the painting slowly swung out like a door.

"Come, we make our escape to the side lawn from here." "The stable they were confronted with the knowledge that Norton's car was out of commission; Jones could do nothing with it. Then Norton suggested that he make an effort to commandeer the limousine of the countess; but

ousine was out of the question. "Horses!" whispered Jones. "There are several saddle horses, already saddled. How about those people, the owners?"

"Oh, they are beyond reproach. They have doubtless been imposed upon. But let us get aboard first. There will be time to talk later. I'll have to do some explaining. I'm taking these nags off like this. We won't have to ride out in front where the picnicers are. There's a lane back of the stable, and a slight detour brings us back into the main road."

The three mounted and clattered away. To Florence it had the air of a prank. She was beginning to have such confidence in these two inventive men that she felt as if she was never going to be afraid any more.

When the Countess Olga saw the three horses it was an effort not to fly into a rage. But secretly she warned her people, who presently gave chase in the limousine, while she rattled and jested and laughed with her company, who were quite unaware that a drama was being enacted right under their very noses.

The countess, while she acted superbly, tore her handkerchief into shreds. There was something sinister in the way

all their plans fell through at the very moment of consummation; and that night she determined to ask Braine to withdraw from this warfare which gradually decimated their numbers without getting them anywhere toward the goal.

Jones shouted that the limousine was tearing down the road. Something must be done to stop it. He suggested that he drop her and leave his horse, and take a chance at putting a tire from the shrubbery at the roadside.

"Keep going. Don't stop, Norton, till you are back in town. I'll manage to take good care of myself." (To Be Continued.)

'400' TANGOS ON BOARD WALK



When society's tango in the sands at the seashore met instantaneous popularity among the proletariat, it at once became too common for the fashionable Rhode Island resorts, and the board walk tango was hastily improvised to take its place. The picture shows Miss Brock dancing with A. McGoord among the canopies at Narragansett pier.

PHOTO PLAYS

IN THE NEW SUNDAY PROGRAM at the Grand Opera House, people are offered a contrast of the people's story of a girl with false ambitions, and "Farmer Rodney's Daughter," telling of a happy marriage.

The comedy is "Snakeville's New Writings," another of the Sophie Clatts series, and tells of a riot of fun in the dining room. The scenic shows the "Straits of Bonifacio," in Sardinia. The educational is "Hemp Growing in New Zealand," and offers an idea of what rope is made of.

Johnny Bunny is featured in "Pigs in Pigs," Vitaphone comedy, which heads the laugh makers on the new bill Sunday at the Colonial. There are two other comedies, a two-part drama, and another picture on the same bill.

Styles may come and styles may go, but Francis X. Bushman, leading dramatic man of the Essanay Film company, continues to wear his little white straw hat of 1910 vintage around the studio between scenes.

Clemmer until Saturday Night "What the Daisies Said," a Mary Pickford drama; "The Fable of the Champion," a George Ade comedy; "Qualifying for Lena," comedy; "The Man With a Glove," drama; "Wild Boar Hunting in Russia," and "Wine Industry in Marsala, Sicily," educational.

Class A Sunday until Tuesday "The Seventh Prelude," two-reel Essanay drama, with Gerda Holmes; "Across the Desert," Edison drama, with Mabel Trunnelle; "Desperate Battle at Hicks Boland," Kalem comedy, with Ruth Boland.

Melbourne until Saturday Night, "The Substitute," two-part Thambauer drama; "The Delicet," Ma-jestic drama; "Mutual Girl" and "Mistakes Will Happen," Royal comedy.

Grand until Saturday Night, "When Lieber Katrine Catches a Convict," American comedy; "The Angel of Contentment," two-reel Ma-jestic drama; "Soldiers of Misfortune," Keystone comedy.

Colonial Sunday until Tuesday Night "Three Men and a Woman," two-part Lubin drama; "Pigs in Pigs," Vitaphone comedy, with John Bunny; "Silly," comedy, with John Bunny; "All for Love," Lubin comedies, with another drama.

Mission Sunday and All Week "The Man on the Box," with Max Pigman.

RESIDENCE THEATRES

"At the Home until Sunday "Between Savage and Tiger," six-part feature.

At the Pleasant Hour until Sunday "The Madonna of the Shores," two-part drama; "The Plot That Failed," drama; Ford Sterling in "Neighbors," comedy.

Complete Report of Market Today

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various goods such as potatoes, onions, cabbage, cucumbers, beans, etc. Includes sub-sections for 'Prices Paid Producers for Vegetables and Fruit' and 'Prices Paid Producers for Butter, Eggs and Poultry'.

LEAGUE TAKES UP MILK PERIL

Reorganized committees of the Municipal League will this year work with the state tax commission for an amendment of the state constitution revising the taxation system. Also they will investigate a municipal dairy for distributing Seattle's milk.

3 WOMEN FILE DECLARATIONS

BELLINGHAM, Aug. 1.—Declarations of candidacy for office in Whatcom county have been filed by three women, Mrs. Frances Axtell, progressive, state senator; Miss Nellie Rogers, democratic candidate, renomination county treasurer; Miss Ethel Everett, republican, school superintendent.

BLIGHT SHOWS

ELLENBURG, Aug. 1.—Many orchards in this district have been attacked with blight, the pest showing in pears and apples whose skins were broken by the severe hail of storm two weeks ago.

CHURCHES TO GET TOGETHER?

One of the biggest plans of co-operation ever attempted is a proposed uniting of all Seattle churches in social service work, beginning next fall.

SUSPENDS TAPE

Anthony Caminetti, commissioner general of immigration, yesterday ordered suspended Frank H. Tape, Chinese interpreter of the immigration office here, pending an investigation of the charges that he was active in the smuggling of Chinese and in violating the Mann act.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

(Copyright, 1914, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.) Dick is still away from the office and they do not know where he is. I cannot help worrying about him and I am sure that Aunt Mary suspects something is wrong, but she is a dear—she doesn't say a word. However, when she came home from Waverly's this morning she looked much distressed and when I insisted upon her telling me the reason she said: "Margie, your Father Waverly is a very sick man. Sally doesn't realize it, but I am sure that he is not going to live very long. He is much discouraged and Jack's actions are worrying him into his grave. He could hardly get down to breakfast this morning and he did not eat anything, and I watched him as he boarded the street car and it seemed all he could do to pull himself up the steps."

(To be continued Monday.)