

A NOVEL A WEEK

NEXT WEEK—"The End of Her Honeymoon" By Mrs. Bellac Lownders

"CAB NO. 44"

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BEGIN HERE, TODAY.

A \$10,000 bet is made between Hartley and Douglas, the former claiming that the police can find any criminal inside of three days, and the latter saying that even an amateur thief can make a getaway. They ultimately offer \$10,000 for an amateur to commit a theft and keep from the police for 30 days.

An Englishman visiting New York known as Milton Fletcher, offers to do the job, a Paul Maynard to be the man robbed of a pocketbook containing \$5000. This is done, and Fletcher brings the purse to Hartley, Douglas and Dr. Rambo, as evidence that the deed is done. But later it is found that the \$5000 is missing.

The next morning a bloody cab is found on the river front and in the cushions a cut link which Hartley and Douglas recognize as belonging to Maynard. As both Fletcher and Maynard have disappeared, they conclude Fletcher robbed and murdered the latter.

Meantime Hartley, anxious not to lose the bet, has hired a detective, Johnson, to trail Fletcher, who for purposes of making his confession from the police successful agreed to go by the name of Walton. Johnson trails him as such and finds that he has not only used the name of Fletcher, but also Stuart, and that he is believed to be one of a famous English gang of forgers, Harney and Douglas, frightened, leave town.

Fletcher had brought letters of introduction from England, one to a Mr. Ohlstrom. These introduced him as Hardy Maxwell, and under this name he met and became secretly engaged to Helen Ohlstrom. Not hearing from her sweetheart Helen at last goes to Hartley's office to inquire about him, and meets McBride, Hartley's secretary. This young man immediately falls in love with Helen and promises to help her find Maxwell.

Hartley's lawyer, Groscup, runs down a Mrs. Stuart, whom they believe to be Maxwell's wife, and whom the gang uses to pass counterfeit money.

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY (Continued From Yesterday) Upon the clerk's assurance that he could recognize her by her picture, Groscup took him to the cafe that evening.

The lady arrived and with the judicious assistance of a ten dollar bill and the head waiter Groscup procured a seat at the same table with her. He dismissed his clerk after that young man had identified her.

Groscup bowed, Continental fashion, on taking his seat. The young woman smiled in return and seemed not averse to a little conversation, the opening selection of the orchestra furnishing the excuse. Her accent was decidedly English.

"At Groscup's inquiry she admitted she was English.

DIANA DILLPICKLES IN



This seemed to open the way for some chat, about travel and about the people one meets. Groscup managed to mention Mr. Frank Douglas, who was then abroad. He watched her closely as he mentioned the name, but her face gave no sign. He managed to bring in the names of every person connected with the affair uppermost in his thoughts. He even hinted at the story of the bet at the dinner.

It was useless. She did not offer to give him her name, although he mentioned his own several times. When he finally assisted her to put on her wrap, and handed her into a cab, after she had skillfully parried all his hints about meeting her again, he lit a cigar and went back to his table to think it over.

The head waiter stepped up to the table as the lawyer sat smoking, and made some pretense of arranging the glasses. He hoped the gentleman had enjoyed the evening.

"I saw you were getting along all right, sir," he said. "Other gentlemen have tried it and had a

"A COLD PLUNGE AND A HERO"



good time for one evening, sir. We have all sorts of queer people come in here. Some we can size up, sir. I thought I was on one night, sir, when the inspector came in here in plain clothes and took a place where he could size her up. Then he went out in the cloak room, and felt around until he found a loaded revolver in a heavy winter coat. Then he put a man to watch who handed in the check for that coat, sir.

"I suppose it was her coat?" "Sure!" "Always comes here alone?" "Oh, no!" replied the head waiter, "she used to come with a tall young chap with a black mustache and Vandyk. I think they are married, sir, but I've seen nothing of him lately."

CHAPTER XIX Helen Writes a Letter. When Helen Ohlstrom mounted the steps of the clubhouse on Tuesday afternoon, she was alone. At the door she met one of her father's old friends.

He wore the badge of the reception committee, and assumed the responsibility of helping her to enjoy the afternoon.

A 4-REEL "SCREECHER" FILM



Hartley that as I was his confidential man, he might as well tell me the whole truth as have me find it out elsewhere. He says your friend's name is not Maxwell at all. That is why you could not get any information about him at the club. They knew him there as Milton Fletcher.

She could not imagine what to do. She longed for the sympathy and advice of some trusted friend, but she could not think of anyone that she would dare to trust with such a dreadful secret. McBride was the only person she could



turned she had already gone. When Helen Ohlstrom reached her home again, there was only one thought that stood out from all the dreadful things she had listened to that afternoon: "The best-looking of the gang makes love to the girl, and persuades her to run off with him to some foreign country."

"What do you mean, sir?" snapped the younger man, his eyes flashing anger. "I trust you do not refer to Miss Ohlstrom?"

"Call her Miss Ohlstrom or Miss Stewart, which you please," said the lawyer, "that is the one I was thinking of. She's the finest actress that ever lived."

"It's a lie," McBride hissed. "You shall repeat those words to Miss Ohlstrom's face!"

"Fine-looking girl about two tables behind you," he whispered, a he carelessly, turning his head just enough to be sure that it was she.

"Never saw her before." "Indeed! You are looking at the woman that is supposed to be Miss Ohlstrom. She calls herself Miss Stewart."

McBride laughed aloud. "But the woman you are looking at is undoubtedly Maxwell's wife," Groscup whispered.

"I don't care who she is," retorted McBride. "But say with a sudden inspiration, 'If you can prove that Maxwell is already married, you can do me a great favor.'"

Don't delay another day. You'll never see a Sale like this again in Tacoma. Store positively closes July 3. Every Piano and Player Piano must go.

Playable Pianos \$45—Others \$95—Good Ones at \$145

Advertisement for pianos with prices: Schubert \$145, Willard \$95, Kranich & Bach \$245, Hardman \$195, Mathusehk \$45.

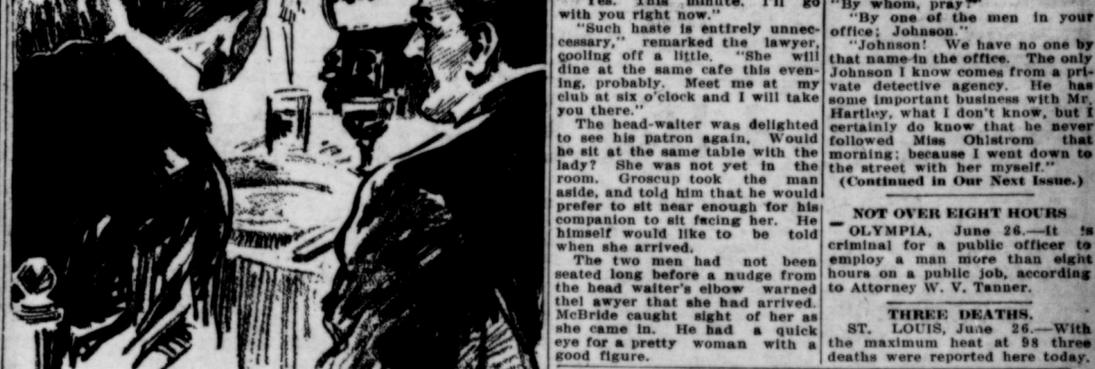
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Only one fine small Chickering Grand left in this stock, which will also be sacrificed.

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"THE WOMAN YOU ARE LOOKING AT IS UNDOUBTEDLY MAXWELL'S WIFE," WHISPERED GROSCUP.

brought letters to us, you know, when he ran away. Their business was passing had bank notes, and it seems that the gang used innocent women as tools to pass the notes. They would pick out some stylish-looking girl, and one of the best-looking of the gang would present forged letters to her family. Then he would make love to her, and usually persuade her to run off with him to some other country."

"He knows the man, and he knows the letters were forgeries," she looked at him beseechingly, but he went straight on. "Mr. Maxwell, as you call him, was one of the Ardmore gang. The police found in his room at the hotel some of the baggage that they knew belonged to the gang, and they were just going to arrest him when he ran away. Their business was passing had bank notes, and it seems that the gang used innocent women as tools to pass the notes. They would pick out some stylish-looking girl, and one of the best-looking of the gang would present forged letters to her family. Then he would make love to her, and usually persuade her to run off with him to some other country."

"Once there, they would force her to pass off their counterfeits, and sometimes—"

He did not go on. The girl stood up. Her face was very stern.

"Please send me home at once," she said. "I don't want to hear anything more. I don't want ever to see you again. No! It's a lie and a shame, and I won't believe it! It's a lie, I say. A lie!"

He went in search of a cab without a word, but when he returned she had already gone.

think of in this emergency; but she shrank from the thought of even seeing him again.

As she thought over the details of what McBride had told her, she recalled as peculiar the fact that Mr. Hartley should know that the letters Hardy had brought to her were forged. It suddenly flashed upon her that the simplest thing to do would be to ask her father to write to his brother in England and find out if that letter was genuine.

On second thoughts, it would be awkward to ask her father to write such a letter. Why not write it herself? She need not ask any direct questions. Why could she not write a few lines to her aunt, saying something nice about Mr. Hardy Maxwell and what a pleasant acquaintance they had found him? If her aunt had never heard of such a person, she would not be long in saying so. The idea seemed so practical that she immediately carried it out.

Next morning at breakfast, she succeeded in extracting from her father the opinion that a letter sent to Europe that day would probably be delivered the following Friday week and that the very earliest possible answer would reach New York two weeks from Saturday.

McBride called that afternoon and sent up his card; but Helen told the maid to say she was not at home.

The next morning she received a very courteous letter from him. It was full of regrets for the pain he had caused her and ended by saying that if there was anything he could do to get at the bottom

of the matter, he was at her service, absolutely and without reserve.

CHAPTER XX What McBride Found Out. Mr. Groscup called at Hartley's office the next morning only to find Hartley gone south and McBride in charge. So he decided to question McBride.

But here the lawyer got into deeper water than ever before. McBride knew nothing of Miss Stewart and the two men were at once at cross purposes. Indeed, when the lawyer related his experiences McBride's wrath knew no bounds.

"What do you mean, sir?" snapped the younger man, his eyes flashing anger. "I trust you do not refer to Miss Ohlstrom?"

"Call her Miss Ohlstrom or Miss Stewart, which you please," said the lawyer, "that is the one I was thinking of. She's the finest actress that ever lived."

"It's a lie," McBride hissed. "You shall repeat those words to Miss Ohlstrom's face!"

"I am perfectly willing to meet her in your presence," retorted the lawyer. "Suppose you allow me to take you up to her?"

Groscup's manner was maddening. "Yes. This minute. I'll go with you right now."

Such a remark was entirely unnecessary, remarked the lawyer, going off a little. "She will dine at the same cafe this evening, probably. Meet me at my club at six o'clock and I will take you there."

The head-waiter was delighted to see his patron again. Would he sit at the same table with the lady? She was not yet in the room. Groscup took the man aside, and told him that he would prefer to sit near enough for his companion to sit facing her. He himself would like to be told when she arrived.

The two men had not been seated long before a nudge from the head waiter's elbow warned the lawyer that she had arrived. McBride caught sight of her as she came in. He had a quick eye for a pretty woman with a good figure.

"Fine-looking girl about two tables behind you," he whispered, a he carelessly, turning his head just enough to be sure that it was she.

"Never saw her before." "Indeed! You are looking at the woman that is supposed to be Miss Ohlstrom. She calls herself Miss Stewart."

McBride laughed aloud. "But the woman you are looking at is undoubtedly Maxwell's wife," Groscup whispered.

"I don't care who she is," retorted McBride. "But say with a sudden inspiration, 'If you can prove that Maxwell is already married, you can do me a great favor.'"

"We will come to that later," remarked the lawyer, with a smile.

"What I am curious to know is, how you came to take this woman for Miss Ohlstrom?"

The lawyer produced a slip of paper, which he passed over the table. "There is the address that Mr. Hartley sent over to me," McBride glanced at it, and laughed. "That is not Miss Ohlstrom's address, any more than it is her name."

"She was followed from Mr. Hartley's office to that address on the morning you first saw her."

"Indeed!" with another laugh. "By whom, pray?"

"By one of the men in your office, Johnson."

"Johnson? We have no one by that name in the office. The only Johnson I know comes from a private detective agency. He has some important business with Mr. Hartley, what I don't know, but I certainly do know that he never followed Miss Ohlstrom that morning; because I went down to the street with her myself."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

NOT OVER EIGHT HOURS - OLYMPIA, June 26.—It is criminal for a public officer to employ a man more than eight hours on a public job, according to Attorney W. V. Tanner.

THREE DEATHS. ST. LOUIS, June 26.—With the maximum heat at 93 three deaths were reported here today.

Advertisement for Dr. A. E. Severance's specialty for men's ailments, including a portrait of the doctor and detailed text about his medical services.