

TODAY'S MYSTERY STORY

By PHILIP FRANCIS NOWLAN

Yesterday's Mystery Solution

In the case of "Tiptoeing Steps" it was quite clear that the murderer could have had no purpose in approaching the victim on tiptoes. As Dr. Barnegat had pointed out, footsteps on sand make no noise anywhere, and besides, the murderer was in plain view.

Harvey Hunt argued that there were only two other possible reasons for a person's walking on tiptoes. One would be to save an injured heel. But it was too fantastic a supposition that a person would have suffered from two injured heels and yet committed murder. Such a person would certainly be aware of leaving behind a distinctive trail.

she could not resist the temptation to take a whack at the only remaining trait which troubled her. "There is one thing more I wish you'd stop," she admitted, "and that's going around with Jake Blakeman and his crew."

"Thank Heaven," she said, "I've got you back, without frills or improvements." "Never mind, dear," he whispered. "When this New Year comes, I promise we'll."

THE TOSCANINI CONCERT

Great Italian Conductor Gives Diversified Program With La Scala Orchestra

Arturo Toscanini, one of the greatest of present-day conductors, gave a memorable concert at the Academy of Music yesterday afternoon with the members of La Scala Orchestra, at the head of whom he is now making a tour of this country.

program music, but of the legitimate kind and it received a wonderfully sympathetic reading from the maestro, the close being especially beautiful and impressive. The Wagner prelude was taken in very slow tempo, the conclusion being given with that fire and impetuosity which was the chief characteristic of Toscanini's conducting of the opera.

Mr. Toscanini is one of the few conductors who are equally effective either in the opera or in a program of absolute music, and one of the even smaller number of conductors of his nationality who are equally successful in interpreting the architectural beauties of a symphony and its relation to the emotional content. His program was exceedingly diversified, but the maestro was equally familiar with each of the five different idioms employed by the composers represented. This was one of the most amazing features of the concert and it was almost impossible to say which of the five works was the best done.

Inventories of personal estates were filed with the register of wills as follows: Josephine L. Linden, \$16,333.38; Bernard McKown, \$14,159.67; Lena, \$400.74; Letters of administration were granted as follows: John Morris, 2231 Columbia avenue, \$6000; Harold Knisco, 3371 Ridge avenue, \$2500; James Crosssett, 4711 Springfield avenue, \$4400.

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THE DAILY NOBELETTE

Never Again!
By WILLIAM B. COWLES
"Yes, Chris," said Molly slowly, "I do love you, but—"

For two months the city had alternately laughed and thrilled with indignation at the escapades, both funny and brutal, of the spectacular thief who called himself "the Pirate."

There had been the case of Mrs. Chomondly-Jones, whom he visited in the Belvidere, an apartment hotel, and whom he had visited in the morning, and when she became hysterical and refused to tell him where she kept her valuables.

For the most part he was seen only at night. But one day a Southern family, noting the old-fashioned man in the library, the pirate had ascended to the fourth floor and entered the servant's room, thoroughly inspecting the old man's chest and revolver and in the glare of his own electric torch, by a series of fantastic facial contortions. In the words of the negro, "he done pinch," and strangely enough, an old-fashioned opera hat. He spoke with a decided foreign accent, and with a lip.

The police were at their wits' ends for "being made a monkey of," when Harvey Hunt took a hand in the game. He was the proprietor of the cheap hotel from which the milk bottle had been thrown at MacQuinlan. But his scrutiny of the guests and employees was no more illuminating than the city detective's, so he changed his attack.

Acting under his instructions that night the proprietor took occasion to whisper to each of his guests a tip that the police were going to stage a raid in the place in search of the pirate. He laughed as he told them, as though the

Do you know what she's burning, and why Harvey Hunt expected to catch the pirate in that particular part of the hotel?
The answer will appear tomorrow.

Underneath ran a little undercurrent of fear. Had the marauder the look in his eyes? Was it too late? "Because it was every bit my fault, dear Chris, I am eating humble pie. Dad has some extra fine Havana on hand. Care to come up and try them? Believe me, too, Chris, that there's a lot of people I mind having you spend your time with more than I do. Blakeman, and they wear ear-rings."

Chris walked slowly on, but in her heart was the greatest happiness she had known since nearly a year ago when she had let Chris go. Indeed, her happiness was not due to the thought that she could win him back, but simply to the discovery that, after all, it was the old, slinky, pipe-smoking Chris she loved, and not the paragon she would have made him into.

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