The Mystery of the Silver Dagger

By Randall

Author of of Cavendish"

Copyright, by Randall Parrish

--13---

"It was from Waldron then, no chances are they will both be where we are going, unless they have al- met us smilingly. ready quarreled over that bunch of easy money you spoke about." "But has that been paid over by

Krantz? Who has it?" "The fellow who put a knife into

Alva-whoever he may be."

"And you don't know who the assassin was?'

"No. Only it must have been one of certain men; perhaps two were in the affair. At first I figured it out to be Waldron alone; now I am not so sure that Harris didn't have some hand in it. They may have had the affair all planned—the money was passed over to Alva early in the evening. I didn't know it then: I learned this later. Krantz told me when we were alone on the way back to New York. Let's move along; there is a policeman coming yonder."

The officer passed us slowly, swinging his club, and eyed us curiously as he went by; I did not turn my head, yet felt certain he stopped and looked back as though wondering what our business could be in that neighborhood. We turned down a still darker side street before exchanging further speech.

"I believe I know what you are," I said at last in low tones close to her ear, "an agent of the Secret Service." "Oh, no; the honor you offer me is far too great. I have not attained

to any such official dignity." "I rather expected you to deny; but you offer me no other explana-

"And so you decide to believe that? Very well, Mr. Severn, I shall let you fully. have it your own way. You deserve reward; only, pray, never suggest this about?" theory to any one else. Let it remain

our secret, will you?" "Your mockery does not change my

"I had no expectation that it would; seriously, forget all this raillery to- "The contrast from those dark streets, night, and remember only that you are with Marie Gessler. Whatever her purpose may be, you are to be loyal only to her."

"I am, absolutely," I replied with a conviction my voice was unable to disguise. She turned her face quickly, and in the dim light our eyes met. "You said that very earnestly. You make me believe I judged you right,

Philip Severn. Here is my hand." I clasped it tightly, the firm pressure of the warm fingers sending an instant thrill through every nerve of my body. It was not withdrawn, and we walked so closely together I could feel the slight pressure of her form, almost resting against mine.

"Where are you taking me?" "To Perond's French cafe-have you ever heard of it?"

"No, I think not." "I have been there with slumming parties once or twice, with a plainclothes man along, of course, to show us the sights. It is not very respectable, I believe, although really I never saw anything particularly dangerous. Interesting and unconventional, of course, but I anticipate no trouble, unless we care to make it ourselves. You see the cluster of lights at the next corner. That's Perond's."

As I gazed forward, she drew her hand from my grasp, and her form straightened.

"What am I to do when we arrive?" "Merely be the attentive escortbut not too attentive, please. Have you dined?"

"No. I was going to ask you." "You need not ask me-I am famished, and this place is really famous for its meals."

Perond's was really underground; at least you descended a broad pair of steps to attain its entrance, and the glass in windows and doors fronting really elegantly dressed, and in excelthe street was heavily draped, pre- lent taste, and there is no more noise, venting any view of the interior from my eyes merely discerning the outgleam of light showing anywhere restaurant, however, was brilliantly evening, when they take the lid off." a white non-com.: lit, and a colored man in uniform promptly held open the door as we

began descending the stairs. Within the vestibule a maid relieved us of outside wraps, and thus in town from the police viewpoint. Its unencumbered we advanced through open doors directly into the main menace. Nothing was ever permitted done ruined it completely."-American room. This was a surprisingly large to occur here which would give the Legion Weekly. apartment, filled with tables of various sizes and shapes, the majority there was a fight, or even a murder, occupied by men and women, either it was hushed up instantly, and the eating or drinking. Near the center was a cleared space for dancing, but patrolman on the block could hear face of the opposite sex, good news at that moment unoccupied, while high stage, two cabaret singers were selected to take care of any rough pinched and pale, sorrow, loss of s noisily entertaining the crowd. Alto- house," gether it was a stirring and attractive Perhaps that is what makes it popscene, bearing to my mind no re- ular with the class they cater to." semblance of any preconceived notion of the underworld. I could have eas- could spot any criminal of reputation fly imagined that we had entered, in the country at Perond's, if they rather, the restaurant of an ultra- only waited long enough; that half Augustine.

fashlonable hotel the other side of the big jobs in New York were plotted Broadway.

Nor did our entrance create the

"A table for two, M'sieur?" "A booth, please; have you one into his hand, which closed it instant-

ly out of sight. "Ah, certainly; the very thing, M'sieur. I will show you. Francois, the central booth for the gentleman. Ah, see, M'sleur-blen, tres blen!"

It was indeed a cozy spot, with the heavy curtains held aside. A divan of soft plush across the end, a table covered with snowy linen, and already glistening with silver and glass, in the center, and three exceedingly comfortable chairs.

"It is very fine, M'sieur," I said. Quite to my satisfaction. You might lower one of those curtains, if you will. Yes, that is much better. Is Francois our waiter?

"Oui, M'sieur; you would be served? The table de hoit, Francois. These dishes are ready-but, M'sieur, we serve quickly whatever you wish,"

He spread his hands expressively, glanced swiftly about to assure himself all was well, and backed out, still politely bowing, leaving the attentive Francois beside me, pad in hand. At my suggestion the lady gave the order, using discretion, I thought, while I supplemented with a bottle of wine, in spite of the energetic negative conveyed to me across the table. As the waiter departed I surveyed my companion, realizing as never before how extremely attractive she was. She must have read something of this in my eyes, for her own smiled wist-

"What is it you were thinking

"Perhaps I had better not tell." "Another secret? Well, then, answer this-what do you think of

"Actually I am unable to realize neither does it bring me a salary. But. where I am," I answered honestly.



Eyed Us Curiously as He Went By.

suggestive of crime, to this brilliancy is altogether too sudden. It has left me dazed; my mind refuses to function '

"It affected me that way the first visit. I could not convince myself of world with roughness and poverty, po lice surveillance, and all that. But look out there; it is like a big hotel dining-room after the play. Those women-some of them, at least-are no more coarseness, than I have wit-

"Well, there are all grades here, camp. lines of a tall building, without a now that I look about; yet, as you from top to bottom. The front of the ably they will grow louder later in the

"I don't believe they ever do-that is, entirely. Mr. McLaughlin, the detective who came with us, said this was really the most dangerous place very surface quiet made it a special good war-and dis last day practically department any excuse for a raid. If victim hidden away, before even the about it. He mentioned several cases; and happiness. To dream your face against the farther wall, on a rather and said the waiters were especially is handsome signifies long life, but it

"Safe, you mean. Yes; he said they

"The Strange Case

at these tables." "I begin to comprehend," I said doubt. I'm glad you told me. The slightest interest, beyond awakening jocularly, "why I was received as a the attention of the head walter, who distinguished guest. The headwalter must have recognized me as an old pal-my face is my fortune."

> "He may have mistaken you for near the center?" and I slipped a bill Daly," she admitted soberly, "but more likely it was your tip which out to have them. made him so attentive. You are some spender, Mr. Severn."

"That depends on who I am with; this is an unusual occasion."

She did not smile, or look at me, but leaned slightly forward, drawing back a fold of the curtain with one hand, so as to gain a wider glimpse of the large room without, A moment she remained motionless: then turned her face sideways toward me. "Waldron is already here," she whispered warningly. "He is alone at that second table, against the pillar. Step around this side and you can see; the man with gray, bushy hair."

I could not easily have mistaken the fellow; his appearance was too emphatically that of the Russian Jew of a certain type to enable him to conceal his birthright. His back was toward us, yet as he occasionally cast his eyes about over the faces of those around him, I had a glimpse of a beaked nose, and a sallow, dull complexion, which seemed to blend naturally into a scraggling beard of no perceptible color. His hair though was iron-gray, apparently uncut for weeks, and thrust back from an unusually high forehead, so as to give the man a ruffled, unkempt appearance far from pleasing. He was big all over, strangely burly for a Jew, with broad shoulders and large hands, thickly covered with hair.

I moved back around the table as Francois appeared, and resumed my seat, keeping silent until the waiter again vanished, and left us alone. "And now that you have located the fellow," I asked curiously, "what do you propose doing-go out and talk

with him?" She shook her head. "I have reason to believe he expects to meet some one here," she explained. "I do not know who; that is one thing I desire to find out. From what you have told me tonight I rather

"To divvie up?" "To talk it over, at least; they'd ardly bring the stuff in here. ably by this time that is safely

think now it may be Harris."

Francois came back, and we devoted ourselves to the meal, although I could observe her glancing constantly through the opening in the curtains to make sure of her man. Finally Francois disappeared with the remnants, while we awaited the serving of dessert. From my seat I could see nothing of the Russian.

"No one arrived yet?" I inquired. 'The Jew still there?" "He remains alone eating. Ah! my guess was right-isn't that Harris. who has just come in?"

It was "Gentleman George" beyond the shadow of a doubt. He had evidently located Waldron the moment of entering the room, and with no other thought in his mind headed straight toward where the letter sat. The Jew glanced up, saw him approaching, and drew partially back from the table, the knife he had been using still gripped in his hand.

His posture was that of defense, of one who anticipates possible attack. Nor did Harris' expression and manner render this improbable. The latter pushed his way forward with angry strides, until he reached the man he sought, leaning over the table to the true nature of the place; it front him, his face black with passeemed-well, altogether too respect- sion, his first words plainly audible able. I always associated the under- to us above the din of a jazz band. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Never the Same Again. It was a perfect French night. In other words, the rain was coming down steadily and the mud was at its sticklest. In "squab" formation-twos, threes, fives and sixes-a regiment of without. What was overhead could nessed at the Waldorf. The men are Buffaloes was moving into an alleged the raffia. With a large darning needle not be determined in the darkness, not bad-looking, either, do you think?" rest camp. The accent was on the

> The most forlorn of all the forlorn say, the average is not bad. Prob. crew staggered against a barracks dooorway, where he was accosted by

"Well, Sam, whaddye think of this war now? Pretty good war?" With a facial expression that said

he meant it, Sam replied: "Boss, dis yeah war never was a

Meanings of Dream Faces.

To see a grim, distorted face denotes suffering. To see a handsome friend. If your face is dirty and you wash it, you will repent of some ac tions.

The wicked ones are in the world to produce patience in the good-St

WALL OF TROY GOWN AND HAT

Spiral Drapery With Long Cascade Touching Floor.

French Modistes Send Representatives to Races Garbed in Latest Models to Win Favor.

Fulfilling the prophecy of the longer skirt comes the new model in black canton crepe with a spiral draped skirt which ends in a long cascade which literally touches the floor. The snug bodice and georgette sleeves are outlined in bead bands.

Apparently there has been a compromise agreement on skirt lengths. They are perceptibly longer in the frocks being shown for summer wear, but not so long as the designers set

Women have tried to resist the fashion power which is putting them back in long skirts after their enjoyment of short models these several years, but femininity is yielding and the costume designers are winning out, as they usually do. The French and British women were first to resist, but the French modistes have been sending



their representatives to the races in longer skirts, and women wishing to follow close to the "mode" have capitulated. The shortest skirts seen nowadays are in bridal costumes.

Long Cascade Touching the Floor.

To Decorate a Home.

good style as the red. Flower bowls of chiffon. green have yellow linings. For a couch cover nothing is better for combining good looks with economy than a tapestry cover.

A Smart Costume. bound with wide black silk braid.

Two bands of a black "Wall of Troy" design, based on a deeper gray, run the length of this suit. The hat is decorated with a band in similar design. Light gray is the basic tone of the costume. Designed for summer travel and sport wear.

THE CHILD'S SEPARATE SKIRT

Lightweight Serge, Plaited All Around. is Regarded as Particularly Smart.

Among the generous range of play and utility frocks for children shown this season the outfit featuring separate skirt and blouse is a general favorite. A particularly smart little separate skirt for general wear is a fine lightweight serge, the skirt pleated all around, and attached to a clever suspender arrangement which holds it comfortably to the figure. The suspenders or straps of self fabric are fastened on each side at the front with a metal buckle, and this bodice or suspender arrangement is fashioned in the front in vest shape, something like an apron bib. At the back only straps or bands appear.

This skirt holds many suggestions for the woman who makes little daugh ter's clothes.

Evening Frocks,

Evening summer frocks are made of very soft materials, cut rather straight chemise style, trainless and quite simple of trimming. Among the favorite colors used one notices coral, bottle green and pure white. These frocks are quite short and boast widely flaring skirts, the fullness being-most Wicker furniture done over with generally-placed on the side. Pale rream paint promises to be one of the blue and lavender is a delightful color most popular effects for warm weath- combination. The material for many Brown mahogany is equally as of these frocks is the ever-feminine

A Dainty Vest.

For this year's vest to wear with the bolero jacket or box coat or tuxedo make it of tan mull or organdie and embroider in eyelet pattern. Equally An exceedingly smart costume con- dainty to make is a vest of violet mussists of a white flannel skirt and lin with plaited frilling one inch wide swinging, finger-length cape, both edging the Buster Brown collar and opening at the center front.

DARN MATTING WITH RAFFIA | that we sometimes see on iron in this

Material Affords Much Better Appearance Than Patch Applied With Thread.

Sometimes when moving a piece of furniture, especially if it is heavy, the matting will receive an ugly tear. To mend this, simply darn the matting neither cerise nor flame, but something with raffia in colors to correspond. This can be very neatly done and it Paris gives her favor. is much better than to patch it or to mend it with thread. Sometimes it will be found necessary to run heavy cord across the patch through which to pass the cord can be sewed in place and fastened securely. On the edge of the matting worn and frayed places are often found and these also can be neatly mended with raffia.

NEW SHADE OF RED IN PARIS

Name in Doubt, But May Be "Pill" or "Pillar"-Cardinal With Dash of Pink. "Is it pill box or pillar box?" The

question refers to the bright red shade that is being much exploited. Parisians are in doubt. Over there

a pill box of characteristic red shade, evidently believing that the word had its origin here. The term "pillar box red" is said to Peris, which are not the vermillion red | and velvet.

country.

"Cardinal with a dash of pink" seems to be a fair description of this very bright red shade, although the pill or pillar box red that is used in millinery is said to have just a hint of the fuchsia tone in it.

This exquisite new red-which is of both-is the newest color to which

MAKE SHOES FOR THE BABY

Discarded White Kid Glove Tops May Be Put to Good Use; Will Make Two Pairs.

Baby shoes from glove tops-an old pair of long white kid gloves will make two pairs of baby shoes. Have the gloves perfectly clean and press on the wrong side with a hot iron to smooth out wrinkles. Cut sole and sides in one piece, making the soles large enough in front to come up over the little toes. Put a seam up the back and gather the fulness where the sides do not meet. Line the inside of the shoes with felt messaline ribbon, letting it extend like a binding one-half Pillar box is correct volunteers a inch over the right side of the top of writer in Women's Wear, although the the shoe. Trim with a shirring of a shorter term, probably a corruption of narrow ribbon matching the lining and the original, is frequently heard. The work two or three eyelets on each side, which may be laced with narrow they ask whether the Americans used ribbon or silk cord to fasten.

Walst Lines. The vogue for the girdle or belt will extend into winter clothing. Eshave been coined by an American silk pecially in the youthful models are buyer, named for the post boxes of found effects in fringe, crepe, metal

SUE'S TENANTS

It was a very beautiful old house, set far back in a welled garden. Miss Sue Heathcote, who inherited the house as it came down in the family, found the solitude of her surroundings growing unbearable.

Miss Sue in her younger years had known travel and the companionship of college days. Also, her ever decreasing legacy could not much longer permit the service of Lena.

The elderly woman could not conceive of life without Lena's attention. It was Lena who, finally realizing Miss Sue's problem, made the astonishing suggestion of renting the west wingastonishing because no person through all past years had occupied Heathcote house save a Heathcote.

But as days passed, Miss Sue grew to dwell pleasantly upon Lena's suggestion; it would be undoubtedly comforting, as well as helpful, to have some nice person about.

Lena was sure the person offered for Miss Sue's consideration was nice; Mrs. Dale of the White inn told her so. A young lady from the city, who was stopping at the inn, desired a more sequestered and quiet location. Mrs. Dale thought that the young lady in question had either been disappointed in love, or was just a kind of invalid-though she didn't look it. Anyway, the young woman determinedly avoided all guests of the inn and kept resolutely to her own upper balcony. But she prefered a garden to sit in, she said; Mrs. Dale assured Lena that the young lady would come "well recommended." And after Miss Rhoda Brent was summoned to talk business with Miss Sue, she begged only the assurance, before agreeing to rent the delightful west wing of the Heathgote house, that there would be no intruders there. Miss Sue explained that she and Lena were the only inmates of the house and would not disturb their tenant.

"Oh, I'm not a recluse," the girl laughed, "it's just that I grow tired being forced to mix with strange people, as I go about."

Lena scoffed at Mrs. Dale's fancy concerning a disappointing love affair. "This Miss Brent has got too taking ways," said Lena, "for a man

to forget her-easily." The young woman was a charming companion. Old Miss Sue grew to look forward eagerly for the short visits accorded her. Miss Rhoda Brent appeared happily contented walking or reading in her part of the garden walled off for the west wing; she had her own entrance there also, and rarely visited other parts of the great house. Lena, for an extra allowance, gladly served the tenants' meals in her

Miss Sue, busy with her embroideries, loved to seek silently a seat in the garden near the west wall-it was there only that she could hear Miss Rhoda sing. And it was there, one evening, that a stranger directed by Lena, found her. He came with a request to rent the east wing for the remainder of the summer. The innkeeper had admitted, the stranger said, that Miss Heathcote let out part of her house; he himself would be willing to pay a generous price for the exclusiveness of the location. The stranger's name was John Allison and he was a preacher, he announced

smilingly. She had assured Rhoda Brent that there would be no other occupants of the house save Lena and herself, but before the advanced price offered by the newcomer Miss Sue's conscience subsided: The east wing was his for the time he required.

"After all," she told Lena later, "the tenants need not know of each other's presence. The gardens are as separately divided as the house.' Old Miss Sue found her lonely hours

past: new and delightful interest filled her days. It was really exciting to plan her tenants' visits apart. Miss Sue thought with sympathy all that day of the young woman whom

she and Lena had learned to love. Strangely enough, she felt sorry, too, for the generally admired John Allison. And presently, to her astonished ears came Rhoda Brent's lovely laughing voice. The young woman was actually talking to some one over in her divided part of the garden.

"John Allison," said Rhoda, "may I never run away from you, though I cross to the other side of the world?" "You can never run away from my love," the man replied.

"You will not see," the girl said impatiently, "how impossible it all is. I must be a concert singer, John, for that I have studied-and proved my skill. How can a pastor's wife keep running around the world?"

"She can not," John Allison firmly replied; her place is at her husband's side. What is the applause of the world to love, Rhoda?"

Shamelessly, breathlessly, Miss Sue listened. Here was romance, wonderromance, at last, in old Heathcote

"John," said the girl at last, "I came here to try to forget you. Isn't it a pity that I like you so well? So well, John," added the happy voice, "that I find the only applause I shall ever care for is just yours-alone."

A Good Neighbor. "He's a fine neighbor." "That so?" Yes. We can always send our children over to his place to play and he doesn't care how much noise they