TODAY'S MYSTERY STORY

By PHILIP FRANCIS NOWLAN

Yesterday's Mystery Solution

THESE were the six clues in the case of "Seventeen Hammer Blows":

First. Dust on the tables and furniture undisturbed.

Second. Champagne bottles broken and contents drenching the carpet.

Third. The seventeen blows on the head of the victim.

Fourth. Head of hammer covered with rag and handle with newspaper, and attempt made to destroy it.

Fifth. Hairpins scattered over ground, but none in victim's hair.

Sixth. Money and jewelry found buried on the grounds.

The following conclusions were drawn from these clues:

No drinking orgy such as the professor described could have occurred, or glasses or bottles would have been set on tables thus disturbing dust. Also if the champagne had been drunk to any extent there would not have been enough left to "drench" the carpet. It would not have taken seventeen blows of a hammer in the hands of a "huge" man to beat the life out of a woman. But it might take that many in the hands of a rather feeble man of sixty-five. The woman had evidently taken her hair down before she went out in the garden to her death, and the hairpins had been brought out by the murderer and scattered about afterward, else a few of them would have remained in her hair, even after the struggle. (But the professor said she had screamed and run out of the house immediately after their entry). Thieves would not have buried the loot. They would have taken it with them.

The professor was convicted of murdering his wife. He had staged the disorder and buried the money and jewelry to throw the law off his trail. He had wrapped the head of the hammer to deaden possible sound of the blows, and the newspaper on the handle was to avoid fingerprints.

XXXVIII

Can you solve this mystery of—

The Missing Teeth

At 10 o'clock that night Mrs. Squiers, the next-door neighbor, had looked out of her parlor window and seen a man run out of the Travis yard with one of his shoes in his hand. He had paused in front of her own yard to stoop and hastily put it on. Unfortunately she did not recognize him. His face had been shaded by the thick foliage of the trees from the glare of the electric light.

At 10:15 Travis' two sons and daughter, who constituted his entire household, returned from a party and found their father dead, his head crushed in by the blows of some blunt weapon.

There was missing a gold loving cup, an athletic prize won by Travis in his youth, his watch and chain, a gold-handled penknife, and his dead wife's wedding ring, which he had worn since her demise. But strangely enough, the thief had not taken a large roll of bills he had carried in the same pocket with the penknife, nor the late Mrs. Travis' platinum and diamond engagement ring, which Travis, a very sentimental man, had carried always in his vest pocket.

Dr. Nigerson told the coroner's jury that the blows which had killed Travis might have been, and probably were, struck with the heel of a heavy shoe. But he added a complication to an already puzzling case when he testified that the teeth of the dead man, which apparently had been knocked in by one of the blows, had in reality been wrenched out, and that furthermore, they were not to be found.

Travis' sons, dissatisfied with the progress of the county police, retained Harvey Hunt to investigate the murder of their father, but the criminal investigator had not been summoned until several days after the crime, and therefore, had to take up a very cold trail, with nothing tangible in the way of a clue. But as a matter of fact, he made little effort to find any after hearing the story of the crime.

Instead, he appeared to lose interest in the case, and took the opportunity of visiting the state insane asylum, which was located in the town, but without result, he told the editor of the Daily Bugle, with whom he had struck up a friendship. The matter apparently ended when Bert and Ed Travis, more disgusted with him than with the police, discharged the criminal investigator after a stormy interview, which was reported in full in the Daily Bugle, and made choice reading for the town gossips. Mr. Hunt had immediately left town, the Bugle reported.

But he had not done so. Instead he took a room at Mrs. Burling's and swore that lady to secrecy.

The next day the Daily Bugle contained a brief announcement of the arrival in town of one Mr. Percival Morton, whose business was that of selling mining stock. The Bugle didn't enthuse over Mr. Morton. It rather cast aspersions on his business activities, and wondered editorially if his mine was rich enough to produce the splendid samples of gold ore which he kept in his temporary office in Mrs. Burling's boarding house, why he should have to come to a little town instead of dealing with big city financiers.

That night "Morton," who was none other than Harvey Hunt, went out early, and during his absence his room was robbed of his sample of gold ore. But the robber got no farther than 100 yards before he was nabbed by Hunt and two assistants. It caused a sensation when he proved to be old Dr. Snoaks, a retired physician, who lived pretty much the life of a hermit in a little house on the outskirts of town, and still more of a sensation when Hunt accused him of the murder of Travis, and he confessed.

* * * * * * *

Can you see how Harvey Hunt trailed him down, and why he had killed Travis?

The answer will appear tomorrow.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

In Marigold's Kitchen

By DADDY

CHAPTER III

Wonderful Griddle Cakes

PEGGY didn't dare go into Marigold's kitchen to warn her that the selfish sisters, Clarabelle and Annabelle, were plotting to win Ned, the handsome young millionaire with Marigold's own griddle cakes. Clarabelle and Annabelle would be suspicious if they found a stranger there.

But Peggy got to the kitchen window before the sisters got to the door, for Clarabelle and Annabelle had quarreled all along the hall over which should serve Ned with the griddle cakes. Marigold sat by the window sad and lonely, never dreaming that Ned was in that very house at that very moment.

Tap! Tap! Peggy rapped on the window. Marigold looked up quickly, her eyes lighting with joy as she saw Peggy.

"My fairy godmother!" she cried. "Do you bring me good news?"

"Yes," answered Peggy. "Ned is in this house seeking you. The haughty Proud sisters are going to take him your griddle cakes, pretending the cakes are their own. Spoil the batch if you would win Ned."

Then Peggy bobbed out of sight for the sisters were coming through the door.

"Cook me a batch of griddle cakes and be quick about it," ordered Clarabelle.

"Cook me a batch first, or I will make you work all Sunday afternoon," threatened Annabelle.

Now, that wasn't a very nice way to ask Marigold to make the griddle cakes, but Marigold didn't mind. She was too much excited over the news that Ned was in the house to think about the bad manners of the two sisters.

She eagerly set about making the griddle cakes, and instead of making poor cakes, as Peggy had told her to, she made the very best cakes she knew how to make. She loved Ned so much she didn't want him to eat poor griddle cakes even if some other girl stole the credit of making her own good cakes.

Marigold made two batches at once, and as soon as they were done, the two sisters grabbed them, placing them in separate covered dishes. Then they raced down the hall to the dining room where Ned was waiting.

"Here are my wonderful griddle cakes," cried Clarabelle, placing the dish before Ned and taking off the cover.

"Here are my marvelous griddle cakes,' cried Annabelle, taking the cover off her dish and placing the cakes before Ned.

"Ah, ha! These look just like the griddle cakes my masked Princess Marigold made, exclaimed Ned, tasting the cakes on Clarabelle's dish. "And they taste just like Marigold's cakes, too," he added in surprise, looking up at Clarabelle. "Can it be that you are my masked princess who made such delicious cakes at my fancy dress ball and danced so like a fairy?"

"I was at your fancy dress ball, and I made you griddle cakes and I danced with you," whispered Clarabelle, thinking she had won him. But Annabelle wasn't going to let her sister win.

"Taste my cakes, too," she said. Ned turned to her cakes and took a taste.

"Why, these, too, are just like the cakes made by my lost masked princess. Can you be she?" Ned's surprised eyes were popping nearly out of his head.

"I was at your fancy dress party, and I made you griddle cakes, and I danced with you," whispered Annabelle.

Ned looked from one to the other in puzzled wonder. Could either of these beautiful sisters be Marigold, and, if so, which was the one? He didn't see the cold glitter in their eyes, and he didn't know that while they had made griddle cakes at his party they had spoiled them, and while they had danced with him they had stumbled and staggered.

Ned turned to take another taste of the griddle cakes, but to his astonishment they were gone. Billy had eaten every one of them.

"I'll make you some more," offered Clarabel's running toward the kitchen.

"No. I will," said Annabelle jealously, following her sister. This time they quarreled so violently over which should win Ned that the noise of their angry voices came through the closed door. The row alarmed Ned. Madam Proud, seeing that her daughters were spoiling their plot by their quarreling, ran out to warn them, and her scolding voice rose above the other two.

"My gracious, Fairy Footman, you saved me by eating those cakes!" said Ned to Billy. "My Princess Marigold is sweet and gentle. These maidens are ugly and harsh-voiced. I want neither of them for my bride." And Ned ran for the door, not waiting for the Proud sisters to come back with the second helping of cakes.

Do you think Ned will go away without seeing Marigold?

Or do you think Peggy and Billy will plan to bring them together?

Tomorrow's chapter will tell.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

For Love of Ellen Mary

By HAZEL GRAY WOOD

Rural Delivery Mailman Clark gave his jogging horse a flick of the lash which produced a suddenly accelerated swing around the curve and up the slight grade which led to the home of Ellen Mary. Topping the rise he caught, as he had expected, the white flutter of Ellen Mary's dress as she waited at the mail box down at the roadside.

At the sight of her there crept into John Clark's honest young eyes a distinctly troubled look. "Darn shame," he muttered savagely, "waiting every day like this for a letter which never comes—and never will come, or I miss my guess! Maybe I wouldn't like to get my hands on that Corey fellow!"

But in the smile with which he greeted the girl there was no trace of bitterness. "Couple of catalogues for your aunt, Ellen Mary," he said, "and a brand new magazine for you. You're in luck."

He could not but see, however, the sudden droop to her mouth and the fading of the light which had shone so expectantly in her eyes, and as he drove on he turned over in his mind various ways in which he might disillusion this slip of a girl without destroying her faith in all men at the same time that she found one man was false.

All of a sudden, he told himself, Ellen Mary had grown up from the little girl he had known and the transformation had been wrought the last summer when Ned Corey, doing some job of surveying out that way, had boarded for a few weeks with Ellen Mary's aunt. Presumably, he had found the unsophisticated girl a pleasant enough companion for his leisure moments and had gained a certain mild enjoyment out of gazing into her starry eyes or making tender remarks to bring a quiver of happiness to her sweet mouth.

But John Clark was no judge of men if he had failed to size up young Corey as a free-and-easy youth from the city with a penchant for flirting with whatever girl was handy. By this time his memories of Ellen Mary had doubtless grown dim and his promises to write been forgotten.

Only—why had he not sent one little final note? Better to break the affair off abruptly than to let Ellen Mary wait in suspense, watching for the word that never came. That was it! Corey should have sent a polite and friendly letter of such unmistakably distant tone that the girl would realize that he entertained for her no permanent affection. Doubtless she would be badly broken up for a while, but she was young and time would heal the wound.

Suddenly John pursed his lips in a whistle. What if he dared! What if he wrote that little note, sending it on to his brother to be mailed so that it would bear the city postmark! The chances were that Ellen Mary was not particularly familiar with Ned's handwriting. At any rate, that was a risk he was willing to take.

With John, to think was usually to act, and that night he sat long at his desk with a snapshot of Ellen Mary propped before him to give him courage, writing and rewriting until at last the result passed muster.

"Dear Ellen Mary," ran the letter, "I am writing to thank you and your aunt for the pleasant time I spent with you. Hoping you both are well, I am, yours sincerely, EDWARD COREY."

John, as might be expected, appended no address. Folding the letter he slipped it into an envelope bearing Ellen Mary's name and town and enclosed it with an explanatory note to his brother. Then he took himself to bed, only to lie long awake wondering if he had done a crazy thing and half wishing his postponed vacation did not start in on the morrow and so deprive him of the pleasure of himself handing the letter to Ellen Mary.

Two weeks later John Clark again rounded the curve above Ellen Mary's house, but this time he gave his horse no touch of the whip. Rather he dreaded his first sight of the girl for whose sake he had practically committed forgery. Would the light have gone permanently from her eyes, the roses from her cheeks? Would his cold little note have brought her heartbreak for the man who had so lightly engaged her young affections?

She was waiting for him, quite in the usual way, one hand on the mail box, the other—what, wondered John, did she hold in her other hand? Then he found out, for as he leaned from his wagon she held out to him two opened letters.

With a sinking heart he recognized one of them as his. The other he read slowly:

"Dear Ellen Mary—This is to say I shall always remember our pleasant summer. Regards to your aunt. Sincerely, NED."

Speechless, John looked up at Ellen Mary and even in his chagrin at being found out he noted that if anything her cheeks were rosier than ever and her eyes more sparkling.

"They both came in the same mail!" she giggled. "At first I didn't know what to make of it. Then it came to me that both were in a different handwriting one o which was strangely familiar. Puzzling over it, I suddenly recalled where I had seen it many times—on money orders to the mail-order houses. As for the letter from Ned—I'll confess it was a relief to get it. I—I sort of liked him, but when it came I realized that my liking wasn't as deep as I had thought. I was much more interested in why you had done what you did than in the fact that Ned put no address on his letter so I could answer. Please, John, why did you do it?"

And John, who had shrunk from confessing even to himself what motive had actuated him, gave the girl a look so tender that, instinctively, her own responded.

"For love of Ellen Mary," he said gently, "just for love of Ellen Mary."

Next Complete Novelette—Their Parent's Best Laid Plans

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133 S. 13th St.

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Spring Fashions

Crepe Satin Frock

Special at

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Model pictured: all-over embroidered bodice in Persian design—pleated skirt. One of the many beautiful frocks that have arrived.

Value

We have embodied every bit of chicness and quality of original Paris models and extracted every bit of exorbitance in price in presenting these creations in

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On All Women's and Misses'

Fine Wearing Apparel

Every Garment Included : Unrestricted Choice!

All Sales Final: No Approvals: None C. O. D.

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Charge Purchases Tomorrow Billed February First, 1921

Dresses : ½ Off

Daytime and Street Dresses, Dinner Gowns, Evening Robes and Gowns.

Ticket Prices, 39.50 to 295.00

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Ticket Prices, 49.50 to 499.50

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Fur Coats and Wraps of Alaska Seal, Hudson Seal, Bay Seal, Russian Pony, Moleskin, Squirrel, Muskrat, Marmot, Natural Mink and Civet Cat. All superbly lined and modishly fashioned.

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Tailleurs, Fur-trimmed Suits, Alpine Wool Suits and All Imported Costume Models included.

Ticket Prices, 29.50 to 550.00

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Blouses: ½ Off

Tailored and Dressy Models in Crepe Georgette and Crepe de Chine. Hand-made Blouses of Voile and Batiste.

Ticket Prices, 6.95 to 69.50

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Morris Wenger

Announces His Annual Sale of

Fur Fashions

BROADTAIL WRAP—Sable Trimmed Regularly offered at $5500	$3000
NATURAL SQUIRREL WRAPS Regularly offered at $1500	900
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NATURAL SQUIRREL WRAPS Regularly offered at $1000	700
SILVER FOXES Regularly offered at $700	550
HUDSON SEAL COATS—44 In. Long Skunk trimmed and plain. Regularly $770	500

Also a Limited Number of—

DISTINCTIVE FUR WRAPS Originally made to sell at $800 and $950. Special $685

House of Wenger

1229 Walnut St.

At 13th Street, Opposite St. James

PLEASE NOTE: We have no connection with any other house bearing the name "Wenger."

WANAMAKER'S WANAMAKER'S

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

All of Our Finer Winter Wraps for Women Are Marked at Lessened Prices

Even the woman who has one will want another when she sees these beautiful wraps and reads the low prices at which they are marked.

A Fourth to a Half

can be saved in every instance. Evora, fortuna, Andria and peachbloom are some of the exquisite materials, which are trimmed with natural squirrel, mole, beaver or Australian opossum.

New prices range from $89 to $189.

(Market)

Women's Fashionable Winter Shoes

Special at $6.85

Black calfskin high lace shoes with welted soles and medium or Cuban heels have full wing or straight tips for your choosing.

Children's School Shoes

Tan or black leather lace shoes with sturdy, welted soles are made with wide toes. Sizes 6 to 8, $4; 8½ to 11, $4.50; 11½ to 2, $4.90.

(Chestnut)

New Middy Blouses for Schoolgirls

$1, $1.50, $1.85 and $2

(Sizes 6 to 22 Years)

All-white middies, white middies with detachable collars of blue serge and the new English middies with turn-back cuffs at the hems. All of good white jean—all well made and all excellent value!

(Market)

Sports Hats

Gay as Southern Sunshine

are ready for all those fortunate people who are bound toward California or the South. Warm Winter playgrounds are essentially the places for such hats as these of

—coral silk, embroidered with gray angora;
—emerald taffeta, with long silk tassels;
—shell-pink taffeta, faced with white hemp;
—brightly colored grosgrain ribbon;
—row upon narrow row of felt, stitched together by hand.

Prices start at $8, $10, $12.50 and go upward.

(Market)

If Santa Claus Didn't Bring a Phonograph, L'Artiste Will Be a Fine New Year's Surprise

L'Artiste is the best moderately priced phonograph that we know of; it plays all disc records and plays them well, with a clearness and richness of tone that will delight you. It is of solid construction and is pleasantly free from metallic surface noises.

L'Artiste Phonograph Is Only $90

and there is still opportunity of paying that in $5 payments—

$5 Down and $5 a Month

or you may take out the first $5 in records. Wouldn't that be a pleasant way of getting the most out of Christmas money! You will have the pleasure of it for years to come.

(Central)

Corsets

Special at $2

Dotted pink coutil corsets, in a topless model for slender figures, are finished around the upper edge with elastic.

For average figures, there is a model in pink coutil with a medium bust and long skirt.

500 Corsets, Special at $3

A variety of corsets which have been marked considerably higher. Mostly topless and medium low-bust models.

Satin Brassieres, $1.50

Dainty pink satin brassieres and bandeaux, trimmed with laces, fasten in front or back and are made in several pretty ways.

(Central)

The January White Sale

starts on Monday, January 3. Amazing things are in preparation.

Children's Bathrobes $3.50

Warm blanket bathrobes for boys and girls of 6 to 12 years are in various figured patterns, with red, blue, rose or gray predominating.

(Central)

Warm Caps and Tams for Little Boys

Most little boys need new caps at this season of the year and vacation time is a good time for outfitting.

Caps start at $1.50 for good suiting patterns. At $2, tweeds and herringbones with inbands and fine Redleaf caps. $2.50, for warm caps of thick coatings, with fur inbands.

Swarthmore Hats

Special at $2

They're of good mixed materials and are turned down all around. Similar hats, that boys like for skating, can be pulled close over the ears, $2.50.

Tams, $2.75 to $4

Of blue serge, suede cloth and fine velours and plushes. Many of these are specially priced.

(Gallery, Market)

Women's Fashionable Dresses Special at $10, $12, $15 to $37.50

Charming and all so representative of the best styles of the Winter—new!

The styles, workmanship, finish and materials are well worth your careful attention, for the quality is remarkable.

What a Satisfactory Use for Christmas Money!

For think how long a dress will last and the pleasure that it will give you throughout the Winter!

Serge	*Satin*	*Charmeuse*
Wool Jersey	*Mignonette*	*Georgette*
Tricotine	*Velveteen*	*Chiffon Velvet*

Those are the materials, but the models are in great variety with distinction of style to make selection interesting.

New Spring Models

are arriving for the convenience of women who will soon go to the Springlike South. These, too, are moderately priced, beginning at $25, $35, $37.50, $42.50.

(Market)

Bungalow Aprons, 85c

One style, a slip-over, is of plain, striped or checked percale, trimmed with contrasting material. Another, that opens down the back, is of blue-and-white checked gingham, bound with white.

Of good firm materials, all cut over generous patterns.

(Central)

Flannelet Dressing Sacques, $1

A great many women have been asking for them during the recent cold weather. These are of light-weight flannelet, just warm enough to be comfortable, in various patterns on blue, gray and rose grounds. Collars and cuffs are bound with plain material.

(Central)