

THE MYSTERY GIRL

A Fascinating Romance of Baffling Plot and Throbbing Love Interest By CAROLYN WELLS

THIS BEGINS THE STORY John Waring, confident and scholar, had just won the Holly contest election...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Where is Nogi? AND it was through these peepholes that Ito had discovered the presence of Dr. Waring in his study at the unusual hour of 7 o'clock in the morning.

Her first impulse was to call her daughter, but she concluded not to disturb the girl. Instead, she telephoned to Gordon Lockwood, and asked him to come over as soon as he possibly could.

Lockwood's hasty steps crunched through the crusty snow, and he hurried over to the Waring house. He opened the door for him and Mrs. Peyton met him in the hall.

"Something has happened to Dr. Waring," she said at once, "he stayed in the study all night."

"Why? What do you mean?" asked the secretary. "Just that. His room door is still open, and his bed hasn't been slept in. Also, Ito says he can see him in the study, through the dining-room window."

"I haven't looked—"
"Why don't you go in?"
"The study door is locked."
"Locked? And Dr. Waring still in there?"

"Yes; I think he must have had a stroke—or something."
"Nonsense! He's just asleep. He's overworked, of late, anyway."
"Well, I'm glad you're here," said Mrs. Peyton, looking relieved. "You see about it, Mr. Lockwood, won't you?"

The secretary went first to the study door. He rapped, and then he tried the door, and then rapped again, very loudly. But no response came, and Lockwood returned to the dining-room.

"Can you see through that glass?" he asked in surprise, noting the thick, leaded mosaic of pieces.
"Yes, sir, through this corner," Ito directed him, and peering through, Lockwood discerned the figure of John Waring. He sat at his desk, and his head fell slightly forward, and his body drooped on his breast.

"Sound asleep," said Lockwood, but his tone carried no conviction. Mrs. Peyton well knew Gordon Lockwood's disinclination to show any emotion, and in spite of his calm, she was almost certain he shared her own belief that John Waring was not merely asleep.

"We must get to him," Lockwood said, after a moment's pause. "Can you get through one of these windows, Ito, and unlock the door?"
"No, sir, these windows do not open at all."
"Not open? Why not?"

Save to remark the beauty of their color and the way they were fused, before noticed the windows especially, and was genuinely surprised to discover that they could not be opened at all. "If you can't open them," he said, "they were outside windows before the study was built." Mrs. Peyton told him, "and when the stained glass was put in, it was merely for decoration and the panes were not made movable."

"Well, we must get in," said Lockwood, almost impatiently. "How shall we do it? You, Ito, must know how."
"No, sir, there is no way. Unless the long window is unfastened."
The long French window—really a double door—was on the other side of the study, exactly opposite the useless high windows that gave into the dining-room.

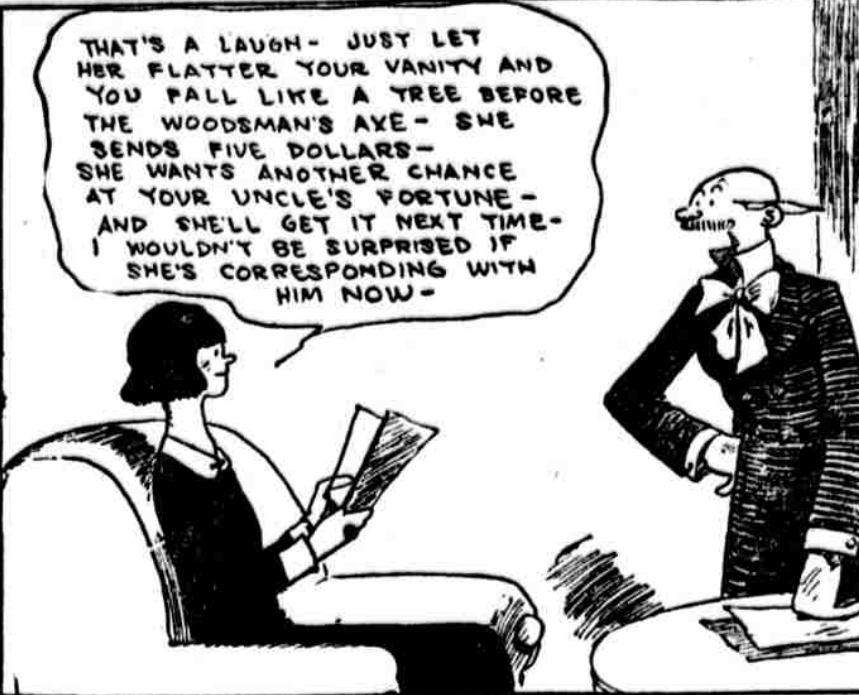
To reach it one must go out and around the house.
"It is very bad snow—" Ito shrugged.
"You heathen!" Lockwood exclaimed, scornfully, and himself dashed out at the front door and around to the side of the house.
Mrs. Peyton started to follow, but the secretary bade her go back lest she take cold.
He reached the French window only to find it locked on the inside. He could not see in through its curtained panes, and impulsively he raised his foot and kicked through the glass at a point high enough to allow of his putting in a hand and turning back the latch.

He went into the room, and after the briefest glance at the man by the desk he went on and unbolted the door to the hall.
Helen had joined her mother and Ito, and the three stood covering on the threshold.
"He is dead," Gordon Lockwood said, in a calm, unemotional way, "but not by a stroke—he has killed himself."
"How do you know?" Mrs. Peyton asked, her eyes staring and her face white.
"Go away, Helen," Lockwood said, "back into the living-room, and stay away."
And willingly the girl obeyed.
"Come in, Mrs. Peyton," Lockwood went on. "You see, he has killed himself. You must see him, though it will shock you. See, the flow of blood is dreadful. He stabbed or shot himself."
Conquering her aversion to the sight, Mrs. Peyton, from a sense of duty, drew nearer, and as Lockwood had said, the condition of the body was terrible.

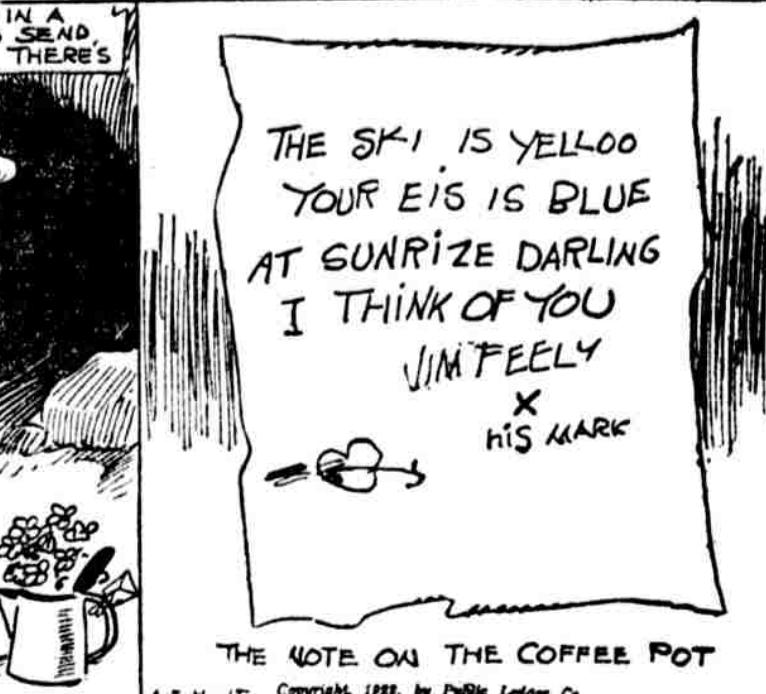
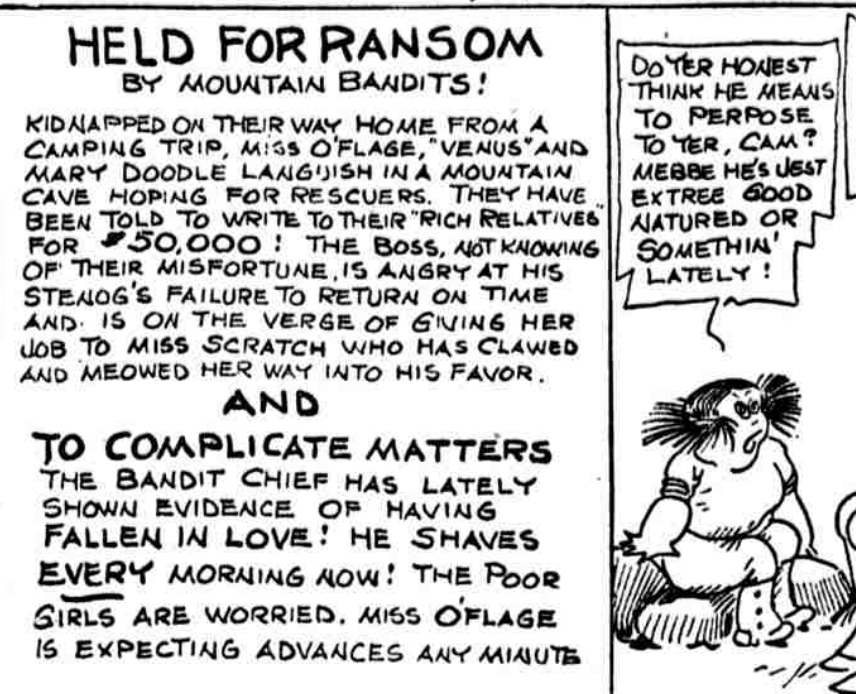
Wounded, apparently in the side of the head, Waring had fallen forward in such a way that the actual wound was concealed, but the fact was only too apparent that he had bled to death. The blotter on the desk and many of the furnishings were crimsoned and there was a large and dark stain on the rug.
"He is positively dead," said Lockwood, in cool, even tone, "no I advise

CONTINUED TOMORROW

THE GUMPE—Andy Out for the Women's Vote



SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Love, Sweet Love!



The Young Lady Across the Way



THE CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



By FONTAINE FOX



SCHOOL DAYS



By DWIG



PETEY—The Family Hat



GASOLINE ALLEY—It's a Bargain, Avery



By C. A. Volght



By King



By King

