## - THE MYSTERY GIRL

Vescinating Romance of Baffling Plot and Throbbing Love Interest By CAROLYN WELLS

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THO S WHO IN THE PLOT

TABING, elected grasident of Corinth

the state of the state of the state of the state

in a love affair. He is found dead,

in a love affair the is found dead,

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which makes his her

BMILT BATES, charming and cul
widow, who maintains he has been

waters.

TATIN. a beautiful and resignst me first who has come uninstroduces to small college toton. But takes a resignation for the small college toton. But takes a resident of the small college toton. But takes a resident of the small college toton of the small college toton and the small college to the small college to the small college to the small constant of the small college to the small college the small college to the small c

RY PAYNE, a good-looking freshman, sphew of Mrs. Bates, who is something on amateur sleuth. He is smitten a bit LEN PEYTON, the lovely daughter of LEN PETTON, the lovely daughter of 8. PEYTON. Waring's housekeeper, who os somewhat discrumtied at the engage-ent which jost her a lucrative post. 6f a new Oriental butler, who disappears is night of the tracedu. 1 the houseman. 1 PERTURN attorney. 1 POLIS and his wife, who keep a leet boording house and are the town ostice.

URICE TRASK, self-secking legal heir of A BASCOM, town busybudy, who finds to ruby oil in Anita's room.

I'm a Better Friend Than Enemy" ISTASTEFUL though it was, Lockwood looked at the book with a ling of reverence and opened the ume at the page that had last held interest of its owner's scholarly

The crimson stain completely obted the print, but Lockwood gazed at the defaced page, at the defaced page, "Stabbed. No weapon found and no way to get in or out of the locked room. Fine problem."

"Yes—if we don't find a secret stairway—or, a lying servant. Such cases at intrigue him—and yet—there's it intrigue him—and yet—there's it to be considered. If it should at the tide against her—"

"How was the killing done?"

"Stabbed. No weapon found and no way to get in or out of the locked room. Fine problem."

"Yes—if we don't find a secret stairway—or, a lying servant. Such cases generally fizzle out that way."

"Fibs, you're a Boy Cassandra."

"What's that?"

Stone explained, for it was his habit to supplement McGulre's very scant education by bits of information now and then, when time served.

Calling Anita at the Adams house,

Calling Anita at the Adams house, anid. "Listen, dear, you needn't anything but yes or no, and then one will understand."
"All right," came the reply.
"Tre just about come to the consion I'll get a clever detective and thim on the case. I mean a real settive—in fact, Fleming Stone."
"Oh, no!" Anita's voice was one of cer dismay. er dismay.
"Why not?"
"I—I can't tell you this way! You

"So I did. Well, here, I'll ask ques-Don't you want me to do this?' "No!" very emphatically.
"You'd rather I wouldn't?" much rather.

Because you fear til effects to your-"You are sure you're not overesti-ating the danger of that?"

"Tam sure."
"Then there's no more to be said.
sod-by."
Lockwood hung up the receiver and rned around to see Trask frowning at

"So that's the way you and Missustin whip the devil around the amp!"
"That's the way," returned Lock-sed coolly.

"I've no reason to want you for ber." Lockwood was by no means pertinent; he merely spoke indifferently. Trask noted this and went more suavely:

"Now, my dear Lockwood, what I more suavely:
"Now, my dear Lockwood, what I more suavely:
"Now, my dear Lockwood, what I make of evidence—or, apparament to do now is to constant the from the young lady herself—if she is young lady herself—if she i

sow, my cear Lockwood, what I was so to endence or, apparent evidence against her, that's it's the deepest sort of a mystery."

Lockwood was astounded. At first was glad, for he felt sure Stone ald solve the whole mystery. But, and suppose it incriminated Anita, though Lockwood was sure of her ing in a Letin back so you see her. though Lockwood was sure of her docence, he was just enough so to dize that his surety was largely be-use of his affection for her. Suppose one should prove her to be the crimence, he was just enough so to

couldn't-and yetlooked up to find Trask smiling 'You've the reputation of being of

impassive countenance, Lockwood, to me your face is as an open k! However, it's only because you up against a difficult problem. You Stone to come, yet you're afraid find out that Miss Austin is etty deep in this murder mystery.

I I've made up my mind, and I
sk you'll see that any attempt on part to change my decision would bad for Miss Austin." You let her name alone. Trask, or reason with you myself. Have you any real right to tell me leave her name alone?" "Yes, I have."

Are you and she engaged?"
So far as I am concerned, we are. as Austin prefers to wait until later announce it, but I can answer for to you in confidence."

"Oh, it's in confidence, all right. at fear I'll breathe the news. For, a see, I've made up my mind to the proper than a state of the state of

aming Stone proves that she is a inderess. I'll marry her all the same.

e'll escane punishment—what wondoesn't?"

doesn't?"

doesn't?"

Then, look here." Lockwood's man"Then, look here." Lockwood's man"Changed. "If you're going to get h
one anyway, why can't we work with
th other and not at odds? Whater else we think or feel we both want
save Miss Austin all the trouble or
itress we can. Let's be friends, then,
d talk things over with Stone, and

"I'm on! Then if we see things are in against her, shut him off!"
"Well, yes, if we can."
"Of ourse we can. I've money out for anything even to buy off small stone. No man's too big to bought."

sht."

don't mean all this exactly as a, but I do mean this: if Stone is a, but I do mean this: if Stone is also the mystery and clear Anita, im do it. If he finds her impad, let it he understood by him shand, he is to cease investigation.

Track thought a minute. "That goes." he said: "I agree."

We're off for New England."

"New England it is."

"Start this afternoon, stay a few maybe a week among the classic Corinch."

"Corinch it is."

this somewhat laconic conversation this somewhat laconic conversation is all that was necessary for Fleming satisfactories assistant and general factories make preparations for the trip, live tickets, and arrive, with his is, at the train gate at the proper

McGuire, sometimes called scause of a certain tandency to begun as Stone's office

boy, and, by virtue of his general aptitude for detective work and his utter devotion to Stone, had become a worthwhile and much appreciated assistant. Not only did the lad look after all details of their trips as well as taking care of the offices, but many times his ingenious mind so stimulated or aided Stone's own that more often than not

Stone's own that more often than not they were practically colleagues.

They had a compartment to them-selves at the end of the car, and they were no sooner started than Stone began to discuss the case with the boy.

"I don't know all the details, of course," he began, "but it's a setting after my own heart."

"Then I can guess it." put in the wise Fibsy. "Man found dead in sealed "You're a wizard! What made you think of that?"

think of that?"

"'Cause that's the problem you like best, F. Stone. Wise me up some more."

"It's further interesting, because the victim is a great and good man, in fact, the president-elect of the University of Corinth."

"My! Somebody didn't want him for president? That the idea?"

president? That the idea?"
"Apparently not. Nothing in the letter about that."
"Who wrote the letter?" "The relative who inherits the whole

"He do the job?" "No reason as yet to think so. But the criminal mustn't be guessed at. The point is, the locked room."

tnen, when time served. "But, there's a queer clause in the arrangement." Stone went on, "if we find the evidence leading in a certain direction, the chase is to cease."

"That won't do."
"Of course not, and I'll soon make
that clear. But I can't think it will
lead in the given direction as that implicates a young girl, and rarely indeed, have I found a criminal answering to

that description.
"Tisn't usual-but, you know, F.

"Tisn't usual—but, you know, F. Stone, since the war, girls are so independent and so cocky that there's no telling what they'll do. Me for the girl—as a suspect."

"Fibsy, you're a fool."

"No, sir. I don't admit it. See here, sir, if they're so 'fraid s'piclon will turn to that girl, there's reason for it. Yet, as you can guess, if she didn't do it, they want her skirts entirely cleared."

"Pretty good deduction so far. But "Pretty good deduction so far. But we can't judge rationally until we know the facts."

The facts were told them, when, some hours later, they sat alone with Maurice Trask in the room where John

Waring breathed his last. "The Girl Contradicts Herself" "That's the way," returned Lockood, coolly.

"She promised not to see you alone—
this how she keeps the letter of her omise and breaks it in spirit?"

"Leave her out of this. I called rup, she did not call me."

"All the same. Now, I gather from a finteresting talk I overheard that has austin does not wish to have eming Stone take up this case."

"You are at liberty to gather anymay you choose."

"See here. Lockwood, you make a stake when you try to antagonize a. I'd be a better friend to you than enemy."

"Tree no reason to want you for "Can't you learn the truth from the same, whether she killed anybody or not. But if she didn't do it, I want to know it."

"Can't you learn the truth from the "I'm a plain man," Trask said, for

"Can't you learn the truth from the young lady herself—if she is your fiancee?" asked Stone.
"Oh, she says she didn't do it, of course. But there's such an over-

ing in a Latin book, so you see, he wasn't looking for trouble."
"Found dead in the morning? Been dead all night?"

"Yes, to both those questions. And locked in his room. Had to break in."
"And no weapon about?"
"Not a sign of any—"

"Then that cuts out all suicide idea."
"It does and it doesn't. You may
as well say the locked up room cuts out all idea of a murder."
"But it must be one or the other.

And isn't it more plausible to look for some way that the murderer could have gone away and left the room locked, than to think up a way that the suicide could have disposed of this weapon?"
"Yes, that's so, but I want you to investigate both possibilities. You see,

if you could prove a suicide, that would free Miss Austin at once.

"And—if things go against her—I want you to—oh, hang it, it's hard to put into words—"

"I'll do that," said Fibsy, "if things go against Miss Austin, you want Manager against Miss Austin at the control of the

go against Miss Austin, you want Mr Stone to frame up suicide, and de-clare it the truth."
"Exactly that," and Trask looked relieved at the thought all his cards were on the table. "I don't want Miss

Austin suspected, but I do want to know if she's innocent."

"Any other suspects?" asked Stone.
"Not definite ones. There's the Japanese who absconded that same night, and of course there's the secretary. and of course, there's the secretary. Gordon Lockwood. I'd like to suspect him, all right, and he has a round silver penholder that just fits the wound that killed Waring. But it doesn't look like he did it. He never would have left the penholder in a widered and have left the penholder. In widered wards.

the did it. He never would have left the penholder in evidence, and he would have arranged matters to look more like suicide. Then, too, how could he lock the door behind him?"

"That question must be answered first of all," said Stone. "I'll examine the room, of course, but after the local police and detectives have done that, I doubt if I find anything enlightening. So far as I can see, this whole affair is unique, and I think we will find some surprising evidence and soon. Tell some surprising evidence and soon. Tell me more of this Miss Austin. Who is she?"

"Nobody knows. In fact, they call her Miss Mystery, because so little is known of her. She appeared here in Corinth from nowhere. She knew no Corinth from nowhere. She knew no one, and as she began to make acquaintances somebody brought her over here. She met Doctor Waring, and inside of twenty-four hours had so be-witched him that it would seem he had her visiting him in his study late at night. She said at first, she wasn't here, but as she left the impress of her dress trimmings on that chair-back, and as she has a ruby pin and a lot of money that were in the Doctor's possession, it looks, one might say, a bit queer." looks, one might say, a bit queer."
"Weren't the valuables planted or

her?" put in Fibsy.

"That's what she says—or rather, that's one of the things she said. The girl contradicts herself continually. She says one thing one day and another the next."

THE GUMPS—Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake MANDE STOR GMUD STARIGHAS CAMPAIGNING AT AN AFTERNOON MEETING OF THE SUNBEAM LEAGUE -CAMPAIGNING AMONG THE WOMEN IS DUCK SOUP FOR ANDY-

HELLO NAM - GEE HOW THIN YOU ARE GETTING - HOW WONDERFUL YOU LOOK - HOW IS BOBBY AND MITSIF AND HOW IS THAT BALD-HEADED

HOW DO YOU BO, MES CRAWFORD-IS THAT YOUR BASY? WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CHILD- JUST LIKE ITS MOTHES- IT'S GOT YOUR BIG HAVEN'Y GROWN TO BE A VIDINAN HOW TIME FLIES - AND HOW BLUE, WOMDERFUL EYES AND YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION - YOU LOOK SO YOUNG - I SAW YOUAT THE THEATRE WITH YOUR HUBBAND THE OTHER BEAUTIFUL YOU'VE GROWN-YOUR BOBBED HAIR 18 SO BECOMING-



SMAS SHT TEUL -SUISBANA BEIM BEAUTIFUL, PEFINED, WONDERFUL GIEL-ARE YOU EVER GOING TO GET MARRIED? WE WERE TALKING ABOUT YOU THE OTHER MIGHT- WHAT A GEM OF A



WELL, I GRASSED AWARLS A FEW VOTES TOOM - ILL GET THE WOMEN'S VOTE ALL RIGHT - THEY DON'T CARE ANYTHING ABOUT POLITICAL PARTIES - THEY VOTE FOR THE BEST MAN

By Sidney

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Have You Got One?







By Hayward A HEM YOU CAN LET IT DOWN, NOW THE SKIRTS ARE LONGER SO THE POLICE WON'T GET YOU! TICK

Registered U. S. Patent Office

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says that even if the coal strike had continued all winter we could have got through on coke.

PETEY—Precautions



ASKING WHERE THE CAR IS - STC.



- YOU MUST - AND DON'T -YES BE VERY CAREFULL EXPOSE YOURSELF -YES. DEAR IN THE WOODS TOO MUCH- ANY MAKE TOO THIS TIME OF DEAR THING THAT MOVES MUCH HOISE YEAR - IT'S IS GAME TO THEM AS YOU GO THRU TULL OF CARELESS THE BRUSH HUNTERS - 3 - THEY MIGHT FIRE AT THE SCIGHTEST SOUND



GASOLINE ALLEY-Sic 'Em, Walt!



a his





By King