The MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY MAC GRATH

\$10.000 FOR 100 WORDS.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" story soil run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangement with the Thanhouser Film company it has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it each weeks in the parious moving nichturg thatters in the various moving picture theaters. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given by the Thanhouser Film corporation.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST

The prize of \$10,000 will be won by the The price of \$10,000 will be con by the man, worman, or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two reels of motion picture drama will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGenth MaoGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Than-houser Film corporation, either at Chicago or New York, any time up to midnight, Jan. 14. This allows several weeks after the last chapter has been published.

the last chapter has been published. A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judges are to be Harold MacGrath, Lloyd Lonergan, and Miss Maa Tinee. The judgment of this board will be absolute and final. Nothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the \$10,000 prize. The last two reels, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mys-tery, will be presented in the theaters having this feature as soon as it is pos-sible to produce the same. The story corre-sponding to these motion pictures will ap-pear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pic-tures as practicable. With the last two reels will be shown the pictures of the win-ner, his or her home, and other interesting induction I the induction that the war-story is the home, and other interesting intervent I the induction that the war-ters is the home, and other interesting inductions I the induction the the story intervent I the induction the story intervent I the intervent inthe intervent intervent intervent inthe intervent intervent interv ner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the news features. It is understood that the news-papers, so far as practicable, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Har-old MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant. Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as an oid to a solution.

With the mystery as an aid to a solution: No. 1—What becomes of the Millionairel No. 2—What becomes of the S1.000,000 No. 3—Whom does Florence marry?

-What becomes of the Russian oountess? Nobody connected either directly or in-frectly with "The Million Dollar Mys-

directly will be considered as a contestant.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS Stanley Hargreave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the gang of briniant thieves is nown as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargreave acci-dentaily meets Braine, leader of the Black Hundred. Kuowing Braine will try to get him, he escapes from his own home by a hellow home by a balloon. Before escaping he writes a letter to the girls' school where eighteen years before he mysterionaly left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray, That day Mar-Breave also draws one million dollars from the bank, but it is reported that this dropped into the sea when the bal-

toon he escaped in was punctured. Florence arrives from the girls' school. Countess Olga, Braine's companion, vis-fits her and claims to be a relative. Two bogus detectives call, but their plot is iled by Norton, a newspaper man. By bribing the captain of the Orient

Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Countess Olga also visits the Orient's enplain and she easily fails into the reporter's snare. The plan proves abor-tive through Braine's good luck, and only hirelings fail into the hands of the police.

After failing in their first attempt the Black Hundred trap Florence. They ask her for money, but she escapes, again foiling them. Norton and the countess call on Flor-

ence the next day, once more safe at home. The visitors having gone, Jones removes a section of flooring, and from a cavity takes a box. Pursued by mem-bers of the Black Hundred, he rushes to the water front and succeeds in dropbox into the sea.

Countess Olga, scheming to break the engagement existing between Florence

turning-in pipe, saw the master lean forward suddenly, lower the glass, then raise it again. " Lord a'mighty!"

"What's the matter. Cap'n?"

"Jake, in God's name, come 'ere an' take a peek through this glass. I'm dreamin'!" The mate jumped and took the glass,

"Where away, sir?" "A p'int off th' sta'board bow. See some

thin' white bobbin' up?" "Yessir! Looks like some one dropped a

bolster 'r a piller overboard. . .. Cod's whiskers!" he broke off.

"Then I ain't seein' things," cried the master. "Hi, y' lubbers!" he yelled to the crew; "lower th' dory. Tney's a woman in th' water out there. I seen her leap th' rail. Look alive! Sharp's th' word! Mate, you go 'long."

The crew dropped their tasks and sprang for the davits, and the starboard dory was lowered in shipshape style.

It takes a good bit of seamanship to haul a body out of the sea into a dancing bobtafled dory, when one moment it is climbing frantically heavenward and the next heading for the bottomless pit. They were very tender with her. They laid her out in the bottom of the boat, with the life buoy as a pillow, and pulled energetically for the schooner. She was alive, because she breathed; but she did not stir so much as an eyelid. It was a stiff bit of work, too, to land her aboard without adding to her injuries. The master ordered the men to put her in his own bunk, where he nearly strangled her by forcing raw brandy down her throat.

"Well, she's alive, anyhow!"

When Florence finally opened her eyes the gray of dawn lay on the sea, dotted here and there by the schooners of the fleet, which seemed to be hanging in midair, as at the moment there was visible to the eye no hori-

"Don't seem t' recognize nothin'."

"Mebbe she's got a fever," suggested the mate, rubbing his bristly chin. "Fever nothin'! Not after bein' in th'

water half an hour. Mebbe she hit one o' them wooden floats we left. Them dinged liners keep on crowdin' us," growled Barnes, with a fisherman's hate for the floating ho "Went by with never a toot. See 'er, jes' like th' banker's wife goin' t' church on Sunday? A mile a minute; fog or no fog, it's all the same t' them. They run us down an' never stop. What th' tarnation we goin' to do? She'll haff t' stay aboard till th' run is over. I can't afford t' yank up my mudhook this time o' day."

"Guess she can stand three 'r four days in our company, smellin' oilcloths, fish, kerosene, an' punk t'bacco."

"If y' don't like th' kind o' t'bacco I buy, buy your own. I ain't objectin' none."

The mate stepped over to the bunk and gingerly ran his 'nand over the girl's head. Cod's whiskers, Cap'n, they's a bump as big's a cork on th' back o' her head! She's struck one o' them floats all right. Where's th' arnica ?"

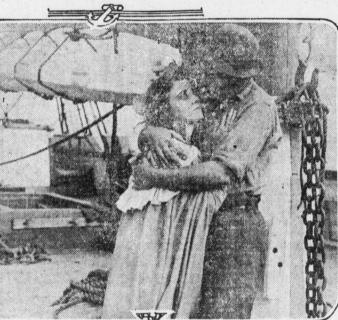
For three days Florence evinced not the slightest inclination to leave the bunk. She lay on her back either asleep or with her eyes staring at the beams above her head. She ate just enough to keep her alive; and the strong black coffee did nothing more than to make her wakeful. No one knew what the matter was. There was the bump. now diminished; but that it should leave her in this comatose state vastly puzzled the men. The truth is she had suffered a slight concussion of the brain, and this, atop of all the worry she had had for the last few weeks, was sufficient to cause this blankness of the mind.

The final cod was cleaned and packed away in salt, the mudhook raised, and the schooner Betty set her sails for the south-Barnes realized that to save the girl she must have a doctor who knew his business. Mrs. Barnes would know how to care for the girl, once she knew what the trouble was. There would be some news in the papers. A young and beautiful woman did not jump from a big Atlantic liner without the newspapers getting hold of the facts. A fair wind carried the Betty into her haven; and shortly after Florence was sleening peacefully in a feather bed, ancient, it is true, but none the less soft and inviting. In all this time she had not spoken a single word.

One day a stranger came to town. He said he represented a life insurance company and was up here from Boston to take a little vacation. He sat on the hotel porch that evening, surrounded by an admiring audi-The stranger had been all over the ence. world, so it seemed. He spoke familiarly of St. Petersburg, Vladivostok, Shanghai, as the villagers-some of them-might nave spoken of Boston. There were one or two old timers among the audience. They had been to all these parts. The stranger knew what he was telling about. After telling of his many voyages he asked if there was a good bathing beach nearby. He was told that he would find the most suitable spot

at once to the apartment of the princess, where Braine declared that he himself would go to the obscure village and claim Florence as his own child. But to insure absolute success they would charter Morse's yacht and steam right up into the primitive harbor. When Vroon left the apartment Norton saw him. He was a man of impulses, and he had found by experience that first impulses are generally the best. He did not know who Vroon was. Any man who called on the Princess Perigoff while Braine was with her would be worth following.

On the other hand, Vroon recognized the reporter instantly and with that ever realy and alert mind of his set about to lure the



"GIRL, GIRL, I LOVE YOU BETTER THAN LIFE!"

near Capt. Barnes' cottage just outside the young man into a trap out of which Le migh. village. not easily come.

"An' say, Mister, seen anythin' in th' pa pers about a missin' young woman?" asked some one.

"Missing young woman? What's that?" The man told the story of Florence's leap into the sea and her subsequent arrival at the cape.

"That's funny," said the stranger. don't recollect reading about any young woman being lost at sea. But those big liners are always keeping such things under cover. Hoodoos the ship, they say, and turns prospective passengers to other lines. It hurts business. What's the young girl look like?"

Florence was described minutely. The stranger teetered in his chair and smoked. Finally 'ne spoke.

"She was probably insane. That's the way generally with insane people. They can't see water or look off a tall building without wanting to jump. My business is insurance, and we've got the thing figured pretty close to the ground. They used to get the best of us on the suicide game. A man would take out a large policy today and tomorrow he'd blow his nead off, and we'd have to pay his wife. But nowadays a policy is not worth the paper it's written on if a man commits suicide under two years."

"You ain't tryin' t' insure anybody in town, are you?"

"O, no. No work for me when I'm on my vacation. Well, I'm going to bed; and toporrow morning I'll go out to Capt. Barnes' beach and have a good swim. I'm no sailor, but I like water."

He honestly enjoyed swimming. Early the

trust. I'll dope the reporter while you're gone. Long nours afterward Norton opened his aching eyes. He could hardly move and his head buzzed abominably. What had happened? What was the meaning of this slow rise and fall of his bed? Shanghaied!

enough."

"Come out o' that now, ye skulker!" roared a voice down the companionway.

'Shanghaied!" the reporter murmured. He sat up and ran through his pockets. Not a sou-markee, not a match even; and a second glance told him that the clothes he wore were "They've landed me this time. not his own. Shanghaied! What the devil am I going to do?"

Corrigan this trip. Bannock is in port and

sails tonight for Norway. That's far

"Bannock? The very man. Well, Mr.

Norton, reporter and amateur detective, I

You may or may not come back alive. Go

and bring around a taxi; some one you can

guess we've got you fast enough this time

"D' ye hear me?" bawled the strident voice again.

Norton looked about desperately for some weapon of defense. He saw an engineer's spanner on the floor by the bunk across the way, and with no small physical effort he succeeded in obtaining it. He stood up, his

hand behind his back. "All right, me bucko! I'll come down an' git ye."

A pair of enormous boots began to appear down the companionway, and there gradually rose up from them a man as wide as a church door and as deep as a well.

"Wait a moment," said Norton, gripping the spanner. " Let us have a perfect understanding right off the bat "

"We're goin' t' have it, matey. Don't ye worry none."

Norton raised the spanner and, dizzy as he was, faced this seafaring Hercules courageously.

"I've been shanghaied, and you know it. Where are we bound?"

" Copenhagen."

"Well, for a month or more you'll beat me up whenever the opportunity offers. But I merely wish to warn you that if you do you'll find a heap of trouble waiting for you the next time you drop your mudhook in North river."

"Is that so!" said the giant, eying the spanner and the shaking hand that held it aloft.

"It is. I'll take your orders and do the best I can, because you've got the upper hand. But, God is witness, you'll pay for every needless blow you strike. Now what do you want me to do?"

" Lay down that spanner an' come on deck. I'll tell ve what t' do. I was gon' t' whale th' daylights out o' ye; but ye're somethin' av a man. Drop th' spanner first."

Norton hesitated. As lithe as a tiger the bulk of a man sprang at him and crushed him to the floor, wrenching away the spanner. Then the giant took Norton by the scruff of his neck and banged him up the steps to the deck.

"I ain't goin' t' hurt ye. I had t' show ve that no spanner ever bothered Mike Bannock. Now, d' ye know what a cook's galley is?"

"I do," said Norton, breathing hard.

"Well, nike there an' start in with peelin' spuds, an' don't waste 'em, neither. That'll be all for th' present. Ye were due for a wallopin', but I kinda like yer spunk."

So Jim stumbled down to the cook's galley and grimly set to work at the potatoes. It might have been far worse. But here be was, likely to be on high seas for months. and no way of notifying Jones what had 'nappened. The outlook was anything but

Braine thereupon rushed forward to seize Florence. Barnes swung Florence behind

"I guess she'll stay here a leetle longer, sir.' Time was vital, and this obstinacy made

Braine furious. He reached again for Florence.

'Clear out o' here, 'r show your authority," growled Barnes.

"She goes with me, or you'll regret it." "All right. But I guess th' law won't hurt me none. I'm in my rights. There's the door. Mister."

"I refuse to go without her!"

Barnes sighed. He was on land a man of peace, but there was a limit to his patience. He seized Braine by the shoulders and hustled him out of the house.

"Bring your proofs, Mister, an' nothin" more'll be said; but till y' bring 'em, keep away from this cottage."

And, simple minded sailor that he was, he thought this settled the matter.

That night he kept his cars open for unusual sounds, but he merely wasted his night's rest. Quite naturally, he reckoned that the stranger would make his attempt at night. Indeed, he made it in broad daylight, with Barnes not a hundred yards away. calking a dory whose seams had sprung a leak. Braine had Florence upon the chartered yacht before the old man realized what happened. He never saw Florence again; but one day, months later, he read all about her in a newspaper.

Florence fought; but she was weak, and so the conquest was easy. Braine was kind enough, now that he had her safe. He talked to her, but she merely stared at the receding coast.

"All right; don't talk if you don't want to. Here," to one of the men, "take her to the cabin and keep her there. But don't you touch her. I'll break you if you do. Put her in her cabin and guard the door; at least keep an eye on it."

Even the temporarily demented are not without a species of cunning. Florence had never seen Braine till he appeared at the Barnes cottage. Yet she revolted at the touch of his hand; hated him with a violence which would have stirred the scientific interest of an alienist. She wanted to hurt him, torture him, beat him down and trample on him. But as this was a physical impossibility, she did the next most agreeable thing to her disordered mind. On the second day out toward New York, she found a box of matches and blithely set fire to her cabin walked out into the corridor and thence to the deck. When the fire was discovered it had gained too much headway to be stopped. The yacht was doomed. They put off in the boats and for half a day drifted helplessly.

Fate has everything mapped out like a game of chess. You move a pawn, and bang goes your bishop, or your knight, or your king; or she lets you almost win a game, and then checkmates you. But there is one thing to be said in her favor-rail at he: how we will, she is always giving odds to the innocent.

. . . .

Mike Bannock was in the pilothouse, looking over his charts, when the lookout in the crow's nest sang out: "Two boats adrift off the port bow, sir!" And Bannock, who was a first class sailor, although a rough one, shouted down the tube to the engine room. The freighter came to a halt in about ten minutes. The castaways saw that they had been noted, and pulled gallantly at the oars.

There are some things which science, well advanced as it is, cannot explain. Among them is the shock which cuts off the past and the countershock which reawakens mem ory. They may write treatise after treatise and expound, but they never succeed in truly getting beyond that dark wall of mystery. At the sound of Jim Norton's voice and at the sight of his face-for subconsciously she must have been thinking of him all the while-a great blinding heat-wave seemed to burn across her eyes, and when the effect passed away she was herself again. A wild glance at her surroundings convinced her that both she and her lover were in danger. "Keep back," whispered Jim. "Don't recognize me." "They believe that I've lost my mind, and I'll keep that idea in their heads. Sometime tonight I'll find a chance to talk to you."

Norton decided to follow his man. He might be going on a wild goose chase, he reasoned; still his first impulses had 'nitherto served him well. He looked careworn. He was convinced that Florence was dead, despite the assertions of Jones to the contrary. He had gone over all the mishaps which had

taken place and he was now absolutely convinced that 'nis whilom friend Braine and the Princess Perigoff were directly concerned. Florence had either been going to or coming from the apartment. And that memorable day of the abduction the princess had been in the dry goods shop.

Norton took the same. He sat huddled in a corner, never suspecting that Vroon was watching 'nim from a corner of his eye. Norton was not keen today. The thought of

Florence kept running through his head. The car stopped and Vroon got off. He led Norton a winding course which at length ended at the door of a tenement building. Vroon entered. Norton paused, wondering what next to do, now that his man had reached his destination. Well, since he 'and followed him all this distance he must make an effort to find out who he was and what he was going to do. Cautiously he entered the ballway. As he was about to lay his hand on the newel post of the dilapidated



Vroon took a downtown surface car, and

Hargreave and Norton, invites them both to her spartments and pretends to faint in the reporter's arms. Flowence ap-pears in the doorway just at the pinner moment, and as a result gives Norton back his ring. Accomplices of Braine succeed in kid-

and hurry her off to sea, Norton r ceives a wireless later informing h irl had leaped into the sea and been drowned.

Copyright: 1914: By Harold MacGrath.] CHAPTER X

THE PAST A BLANK. T was perfectly true that Florence had cast herself into the sea. It had not been an act of despair, however. On the contrary, hope and courage had prompted her to leap. The night was clear, with only a moderate sea running. At the time the great ship was passing the Banks, and almost within hail she saw a fishing schooner riding gracefully at anchor. She quite readily believed that if she remained on board the George Washington she was lost. She naturally forgot the marvel of wireless telegraphy. No longer may a man hide at sea.

So, with that quick thought which was a part of her inheritance, she seized the life buoy, climbed the rail, and leaped far out. As the great dark tossing sea swooped up to meet her she noted a block of wood hobbing up and down. She tried to avoid it, but could not, and struck it head on. Despite the blow and the shock of the chill water she instinctively clung to the buoy. The wash from the mighty propellers tossed her about, hither and yon, from one swirl to another. like a chip of wood. Then everything grew blank.

Fortunately for her the master of the fishing schooner was at the time standing on hisquarter deck by the wheel, squinting through his glass at the liner and envying the ease and comfort of those on board her. The mate, sitting on the steps and smoking his

"The poor young thing!" murmured the motherly Mrs. Barnes. "What beautiful hair! O, John, I wish you would give up the sea. I hate it. It is terrible. I am always watching you in my mind's eye, in calm weather, in storms. Pieces of wrecks come ashore, and I always wonder over the death and terror back of them."

"Don't y' worry none about me, Betty. I hever take no chances. Now I'm goin' int th' village an' bring back th' sawbones. He'll tell us what t' do.'

The village doctor shook his grizzled head gravely.

She's been hurt and shocked at the same time. It will be many days before she comes around to herself. Just let her do as she pleases. Only keep an eye on her so that she doesn't wander off and get lost. I'll watch the newspapers, and if I come across anything which bears upon the case I'll notify you

But he searched the newspapers in vain, for the simple fact that he did not think to glance over the old ones.

Florence was soon able to walk about. Ordinary conversation she seemed to understand; but whenever the past was broached she would shake her head with frowning eyes. Her main diversion consisted of sitting on the sand dunes and gazing out at sea.

next morning he was in the water, frolicking about as playfully as a boy. He had all the time in the world. Over his shoulder he saw two women wandering down toward the beach. Deeper he went, farther out, He was a bold swimmer, but that did not prevent a sudden and violent attack of cramps. And it was a rare piece of irony that the poor girl should save the life of that scoundrel who was without pity or mercy. As she saw his face a startled frown marred her brow. But she could not figure out the puzzle. Had she ever seen the man before? She did not know, she could not tell. Why could not she remember? Why must her poor head ache so when she tried to pierce the wall of darkness which surrounded her mentally?

The man thanked her feebly, but the gratitude was on his lips and not in his heart. When he 'nad sufficiently recovered he returned to the village and sought the railway station, where the Western Union had its office.

"I want to send a code message to my firm. Do you think you can follow it?" "I can try," said the operator.

The code was really Blav; and when the ong message was signed it was signed by the name Vroon.

The day after the news came that Florence had jumped overboard off the Banks. Vroon with a dozen other men had started out to comb all the fishing villages along the New England coast. Somewhere along the ay he felt confident that he would learn whether the girl was dead or alive. If she was dead, then the game was a draw; but if was alive there was still a fighting chance for the Black Hundred. He had had some idea of remaining in the village and accomplishing the work himself; but after deliberation he concluded that it was important enough for Braine himself to take a hand in. So the following night he departed for Boston, from there to New York. He proceeded

HAD SHE EVER SEEN THE MAN BEFORE

stairs the floor dropped from under his feet and he was precipitated into the cellar.

This tenement belonged to the Black Hundred; it concealed a thousand doors and a hundred traps. Its history was as dark as its hallways.

When Vroon and his companion, who had been waiting for him, descended into the cellar they found the reporter insensible. They bound, blindfolded, and gagged him quickly.

'Saunders," said Vroon, "you tell Corrigan that I've a sailor for him tonight, and that I want this sailor booked for somewhere south of the equator. Tell him to say to the master that this fellow is ugly and disobedient. A tramp freighter, whose captain is a bully. Do you understand me?"

"I get you. But there's no need to go to

cheerful. But a vague hope awoke in his heart. If they were still after him, might it not signify that Florence lived.

Meantime Braine had not been idle. According to Vroon the girl's memory was in bad shape; so he had not the least coubt of bringing her back to New York without mis hap. Once he had her there, the game would begin in earnest. He played his cards exceedingly well. Steaming vp into the little fishing harbor with a handsome vacht in itself would allay any distrust. And he wore a capital disguise, too. Everything went well till he laid his hand on Florence's shoulder. She gave a startled cry and ran over to Barnes, clinging to him wildly.

"No. no!" she said.

'No what, my child?" asked the sailor. She shook her head. Her aversion was inexplicable.

"Come, my dear; can't you see that it is your father?" Braine turned to the captain. 'She has been like this for a year. Heaven knows if she'll ever be in her right mind again," sadly. "I was giving her an ocean voyage, with the kindest nurses possible, and yet she jumped overboard. Come Florence." The girl wrapped her arms all the tighter

around Barnes' neck. An idea came into the old sailor's head

"Of course, sir, y've got proof thet she's your daughter?'

" Proof?" Braine was taken aback Yes; somethin' t' prove thet you're her father. I got skinned out of a sloop once because I took a man's word at it's face value. Black an' white, an' on paper, says I hereafter."

"But I never thought of such a thing," protested Braine, beginning to lose his patience. "I can't risk sending to New York for documents. She is my daughter, and you will find it will not pay to take this peculiar stand."

"In black an' white, 'r y' can't have her."

It took a good deal of cautious manouvering to bring about the meeting.

"They shanghaied me. And I thought you dead! It was all wrong. It was a trick of that Perigoff woman, and it succeeded. Girl, girl, I love you better than life!"

"I know it now," she said; and she kissed him. "Has my father appeared yet?' " No."

"Do you know anything at all about him?" sadly.

"I thought I did. It's all a jumble to me. But beware of the man who brought you here. He is the head of all our troubles; and if he knew I was on board he'd kill me out of hand. He'd have to."

Braine offered Bannock a thousand dollars to turn back as far as Boston; and as Bannock had all the time in the world, carrying no perishable goods, he consonted. But he never could quite understand what followed. He had nut Florence and Braine in the boat and landed them; but when he went down to see if Braine had left anything behind. he found that individual bound and gagged in his bunk.

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TO BE CONTINUED