

OF INTEREST TO THE WOMEN

A GIRL AND A MAN

A New and Vital Romance of City Life
by Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER LX.
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All night long in the apartment house in which Hasbrook Bainbridge had lived a uniformed patrolman watched outside the door behind which the dead man lay.
All night long quiet, efficient detectives of the Police Department came and went through the disorderly rooms, where an overturned chair and a bookcase that had spilled its contents on the floor testified to the struggle that had taken place before their owner had died.
It was the negro hallboy who had discovered what happened. He now sat shivering and shuddering upon the settee in an office downstairs. His teeth chattered when he tried to reply to the merciless stream of questions asked him by the detectives. His face was an ashen gray, his eyes still stared at the mental picture which swam before his mind's vision.
In the hall above, before the broken-in door, they had wiped away a small dark pool which had slowly flowed out over the sill and settled here.
"I done step in it!" the negro explained between dry sobs of terror. "I was gonn' along de hall, an' my foot slip in it. Dat's how I done come out an' what'd happened."
He had fled downstairs, horror-stricken—in his flight forgetting his elevator—and had aroused the superintendent of the building. Together they had gone up to the entrance of Bainbridge's apartment, where, after pounding on the door and ringing and receiving no reply, they realized from the silence that no living thing was on the other side of the heavy panels. The hall boy remembered that only one of Mr. Bainbridge's servants had come to the house to-day. The butler had told him that morning that the cook was at home, ill.
The superintendent, after extracting this reminiscence from the negro, had returned with him downstairs and had notified the police. When the patrolmen arrived they, too, had in-

spected the ghastly little pool shining in the glow of the hall chandelier. After which one of them, without a word, had wrenched a fire axe from the wall and had beaten in the door. The room beyond was pitilessly bright. All the lights were turned on. On the floor lay the electric lamp which had stood on the center table. About it were sprinkled pieces of its shade, also glistening bits of a shattered vase. A curtain hung half torn away from a window standing open upon a fire-escape at the rear of the room.
"Well," the lieutenant of detectives remarked as he stepped over the corpse into the room and surveyed the scene, "whoever had it in for this guy handed it to him good and plenty!"
"I guess I'll go down," the lieutenant said grimly, "and tackle that con. I have a hunch I can make him talk."
His speech proved to be no idle boast, for in a few minutes he had actually scared the negro into speech and some scattered wits. Stripped of the reiterated, "I don't know nothing about it, Boss!" his story, punctuated by his chattering teeth, was as follows:
A man had called late in the afternoon and had asked for Mr. Bainbridge. The hallboy had told him that that gentleman would not be in until 6 o'clock.
The man had then gone away. He returned at 7 and went directly up to the dead man's apartment, refusing to allow the boy to announce him, saying that these preliminaries were not necessary as he was "expected."
The caller had apparently walked downstairs on leaving the building while the boy was on the elevator, for the negro had not seen him depart.
The lieutenant wrote down the name the negro whispered to him. Then he summoned a detective.
"Go to this address," he ordered, "and if Mr. Philip Howe won't come with you, arrest him on a charge of murder and bring him along, anyway."
(To Be Continued.)

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The pattern of the coat No. 8833 and of the skirt No. 9081 both are cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years. They will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of fifteen cents for each.

Love Insurance



By Earl Derr Biggers

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(Continued.)
"No!" cried Minot.
He saw a wild Irishman coming for him, breathing fire. He squared himself to meet the attack. But the man at the typewriter leaped up and seized O'Neill from behind.
"Steady, Bob!" he shouted. "How do you know this fellow isn't right?"
Unaccountably the warlike one collapsed into a chair.
"Hang it, I know he's right," he groaned. "That's what makes me rave. Why didn't you let me punch him? It would have been some satisfaction. Of course he's right. I had a hunch this was a blackmailing sheet from the moment my hot fingers closed on Gonzale's money. But so long as nobody told us, we were all right."
He glared angrily at Minot.
"You—you killjo!" he cried. "You skeleton at the feast. You've put us in a lovely fix."
"Well, I'm sorry," said Minot, "but I don't understand these heroics."
"It's all up now, Harry," moaned O'Neill. "The free trial is over and we're got to send the mattress back to the factory. Here in this hollow lotus land, ever to live and lie reclined—I was putting welcome on the mat for a fate like that. Back to the road for us. That human fish over in the Chronicle office was a prophet—"You look unlucky—maybe they'll give you jobs on the Mall," Remember."
"Cool off, Bob," Howe said. He turned to Minot and Paddock. "Of course you don't understand. You see, we're strangers here. Drifted in last night broke and hungry, looking for jobs. We got them—under rather unusual circumstances. Things looked suspicious—the proprietor parted with money without screaming for help, and no regular newspaper is run like that. But—when you're down and out, you know."
"I understand," said Minot, smiling. "And I'm sorry I called you what I did. I apologize. And I hate to be a—er—a killjo. But as a matter of fact, your employer is a blackmailer, and it's best you should know it."
"Yes," put in Paddock. "Do you gentlemen happen to have heard where the editor of Mr. Gonzale's late newspaper, published in Havana, is now?"
"We do not," said O'Neill, "but may be you'll tell us."
"I will. He's in prison doing ten years for blackmail. I understand that Mr. Gonzale prefers to involve his editors, rather than himself."
O'Neill came over and held out his hand to Minot.
"Shake, son," he said. "Thank God I didn't waste my strength on you. Gonzale will be in here in a minute."
"About those letters?" Howe inquired.
"Yes," said Minot. "They were written to a Galey actress by a man who is in San Marco for his wedding next Tuesday—Lord Harrowby."
"His luddish again," O'Neill remarked. "Say, I always thought the south was democratic."
"Well," said Howe, "we owe you fellows something for putting us wise. We've stood for a good deal, but never for blackmailing. As a matter of fact, Gonzale hasn't brought the letters in yet, but he's due at any minute. When he comes, take the letters away from him. I shan't interfere. How about you, Bob?"
"I'll interfere," said O'Neill, "and I'll interfere strong, if I think you fellows ain't leaving enough of little Manuel for me to caress."
The door opened, and the immaculate proprietor of the Mall came noiselessly into the room. His eyes narrowed when they fell on the strangers there.
"Are you Manuel Gonzale?" Minot demanded.
"I—am." The sly little eyes darted everywhere.
"Proprietor of the Mall?"
"Yes."
"The gentleman who visited Lord Harrowby an hour back?"
"Man, man! You're wasting time," O'Neill cried.
"Excuse me," smiled Minot. "Unintentional, I assure you." He seized the little Spaniard suddenly by the collar.
"We're here for Lord Harrowby's letters," he said. His other hand began a rapid search of Manuel Gonzale's pockets.
"Let me go, you thief!" screamed the proprietor of the Mall. He squirmed and fought. "Let me go!" He writhed about to face his editors. "You fools! What are you doing, standing there? Help me—help!"
"We're waiting," said O'Neill. "Waiting for our turn. Remember your promise, son. Enough of him left for me."
Minot and his captive slid back and forth across the floor. The three others watched, O'Neill in high glee.
"Go to it!" he cried. "That's Mme. On Dit you're waltzing with. I speak for the next dance, madame."
Mr. Minot's eager hand came away from the Spaniard's inner waistcoat pocket, and in it was a packet of perfumed letters, tied with a cute blue ribbon. He released his victim.
"Sorry to be so impolite," he said. "But I had to have these tonight."
Gonzale turned on him with an evil glare.
"Thief!" he cried. "I'll have the law

on you for this."
"I doubt that," smiled Minot. "Jack, I guess that about concludes our business with the Mall." He turned to Howe and O'Neill. "You boys look me up at the De la Pax. I want to wish you bon voyage when you start north. For the present—goodby."
And he and Paddock departed.
"You're a fine pair," snarled Gonzale when the door had closed. "A fine pair to take my salary money and then stand by and see me strangled."
"You're not strangled yet," said O'Neill. He came slowly toward his employer, like a cat stalking a bird. "Did you get my emphasis on the word 'yet'?"
Gonzale paled beneath his lemon skin and got behind a desk.
"Now, boys," he pleaded, "I didn't mean anything. I'll be frank with you—I have been a little indiscreet here. But that's all over now. It would be dangerous to try any more—er—deals at present. And I want you to stay on here until I can get new men in your places."
"Save your breath," said O'Neill through his teeth.
"Your work has been excellent—excellent," went on Gonzale hastily. "I feel I am not paying you enough. Stay



Minot and His Captive Slid Back and Forth Across the Floor.



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