THR BAT

A Novel from the Play

By Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Bailey swung in through the win cow, panting a little from his exer-

The man Lizzie saw drop from the skylight undoubtedly got to the roof from this window," he said. "It's quite

Dale explained the situation to "Aunt Cornella thinks the money's

still here."

Miss Cornelia snorted. "I know it's here." She started to open the closets, one after the other, beginning at the left. Bailey saw what she was doing and began to help

Miss Cornelia rattled the knob of a high closet by the other wall. "This one is locked-and the key's gone," she announced. A new flicker of interest grew in the eyes of the Unknown. Lizzie glanced away from

him, terrified.

Miss Cornelia pondered. "It may be locked from the inside— I soon find out." She took a wire hairpin from her hair and pushed it through the keyhole. But there was no key on the other side; the hairpin went through without obstruction. Repeated efforts to jerk the door open failed. And finally Miss Cornelia bethought herself of a key from the other closet doors.

Dale and Lizzie on one sideon the other-collected the keys of the other closets from their ocks while Miss Cornelia stared at the one whose doors were closed as if she would force its secret from it with her eyes. The Unknown had been so quiet during the last few minutes, that, unconsciously, the others had ceased to pay much attention to him, except the casual attention one de votes to a piece of furniture. Even Lizzie's eyes were now fixed on the locked closet. And the Unknown himself was the first to notice this.

At once his expression altered to one of cunning-cautiously, with infinite patience, he began to inch his chair over toward the wicker clothes-

At last, he was within reach of the revolver. His hand shot out in one swift sinuous thrust-clutched the weapon-withdrew. He then concealed the revolver among his tattered garments as best he could and, cautiously as before, inched his chair

back again to its original position.
"There—that, unlocked it!" cried Miss Cornelia, triumphantly, at last, as the key to one of the other closet doors slid smoothly into the lock and she heard the click that meant vic-

She was about to throw open the closet door. But Bailey motioned her

"I'd keep back a little," he cautioned. "You don't know what may

"Mercy sakes, who wants to know?" shivered Lizzie. Dale and Miss Correlia too stepped aside involuntarily as Bailey took the candle and prepared, with a good deal of caution, to open the closet door.

The door swung open at last. He could look in. He did so-and stared appalled at what he saw, while goose flesh crawled on his spine and the hairs of his head stood up.

After a moment he closed the door of the closet again, and turned back, white-faced, to the others.

"What is it?" said Dale, aghast. "What did you see?"

Bailey found himself unable to answer for a moment. Then he pulled himself together. He turned to Miss

'Miss Cornelia, I think we have found the ghost the Jap butler saw,' he said slowly. "How are your nerves?" Miss Cornelia extended a hand that

did not tremble

"Give me the candle." He did so. She went to the closet

and opened the door. Huddled on the floor of the closet was the body of a man. So crudely had he been crammed into this hiding-place that he lay twisted and bent.

Cornelia's voice sounded strange to her own ears when finally she spoke.

"But who is it?" "It is-or was-Courtleigh Flem-

ing," said Bailey dully. But how can it be? Mr. Fleming died two weeks ago. I-

"He died in this house, sometime tonight. The body is still warm." "But who killed him? The Bat?"

"Isn't it likely that the doctor did it? The man who has been his accomplice all along? Who probably bought a cadaver out West and buried it with honors here not long ago?"

But Miss Cornelia's face was still thoughtful, and he went on: "Isn't it clea", Miss Van Gorder?" he queried, with a smile. "The doctor id Mr. Fleming formed a conspiracy-both needed money-lots of Fleming was to rob the bank and hide the money here. Wells' part was to issue a false death certificate in the West, and bury a substitute body. secured God knows how. It was easy

-it kept the name of the president

and it put the blame on me."

He paused, thinking it out. "Only they slipped up in one place. Dick Fleming leased the house to you

and they couldn't get it back." "Then you are sure," said Miss Cornelia quickly, "that tonight Courtleigh Fleming broke in, with the doctor's assistance-and that he killed Dick, his

own nephew, from the staircase?" "Aren't you?" asked Bailey, surprised. The more he thought of it, the less clearly could be visualize it any other way.

Miss Cornelia shook her head decidedly.

"Wells tried to get out of the hou tonight with that blue-print. Why? Because he knew the moment we got it, we'd come up here-and Fleming was here.'

"Perfectly true," nodded Miss Cor-

"Old Fleming killed Dick and Wells killed Fleming," said Bailey succinctly. "You can't get away from it!" But Miss Cornelia still shook her

"No," she said. "No. The doctor isn't a murderer. He's as puzzled as we are about some things. He and Courtleigh Fleming were working together-but remember this-Doctor Wells was locked in the living root with us. He'd been trying to get up the stairs all evening—and failed every.

But Bailey was as convinced of the truth of his theory as she of hers.

"He was here ten minutes agolocked in this room," he said with glance at the window-ladder up which the doctor had ascended.

"I'll grant you that," said Miss Cor nelia. "But—" She thought back swiftly. "But at the same time an Un; known Masked Man was locked in that mantel-room with Dale. The doc tor put out the candle when you opened that hidden room, Why? Because he thought Courtleigh Fleming was hiding there!" Now the missing pieces of her puzzle were falling into their places with a vengeance. at this moment," she continued, "the doctor believes that Fleming has made his escape! No-we haven't solved the mystery yet-there's another element an unknown element," her eyes rest ed for a moment upon the Unknown

'And that element is-the Bat!" She paused, impressively. The others stared at her-no longer able to deny the sinister plausibility of her theory. But this new tangling of the mystery, just when the black threads seemed raveled out at last, was al most too much for Dale.

"Oh, call the detective!" she stammered, on the verge of hysterical tears. "Let's get through with this thing! I can't bear any more!"

But Miss Cornelia did not even hear her. Her mind, strung now to concert pitch, had harked back to the point it had reached some time ago, and which all the recent distractions had mo-Had the money been taken out of

the house, or had it not? In that mad for escape of the man hidden with Dale in the recess back of th mantel, had he carried with him his ooty, or left it behind? It was not in the hidden room, that was certain. Yet she was so hopeless by that time that her first search was purely

perfunctory. It was when Bailey finally opened the lid of a clothes-hamper that they tumbled on their first clew.

"Nothing here but some clothes and ooks," he said, glancing inside. "Books?" said Miss Cornelia dubi ously. "I left no books in that ham

Bailey picked up one of the chear paper novels and read its title aloud

ith a wry smile. 'Little Rosebud's Lover, or the Cruel Revenge,' by Laura Jean-"That's mine!" said Lizzie promptly. "Oh, Miss Neily, I tell you this

my satchel, along with 'Wedded bu No Wife' and now-"Isn't that your satchel, Lizzie?" asked Miss Cornelia, indicating a bat tered bag in a dark corner of shadows

ouse is haunted. I left that book in

above the window. Lizzie approached it gingerly, "Yes'm," she admitted. But she did not dare approach very close to the recovered bag. It might bite her!" Miss Cornelia started for the satchel

"You open it," she said graciously. "If the money's there-you're the one who ought to find it."

Then she remembered. She turned to

Bailey gave her a look of gratitude Then, smiling at Dale encouragingly. e crossed over to the satchel, Dale at his heels. Miss Cornelia watched him fumble at the catch of the bageven Lizzie drew closer. For a me ment even the Unknown was forgot-

Bailey gave a triumphant cry.

"The money's here!

"Oh, thank God!" sobbed Dale. It was an emotional moment. It seemed to have penetrated even through the haze enveloping the injured man in his chair. Slowly he got up, like a man who has been waiting

of the Union bank free from suspicion | for his moment, and now that it had | lives!" he warned again. He shepcome was in no hurry about it. With equal deliberation he drew the revolver and took a step forward. And at that instant a red glare appeared outside the open window, and overhead could be heard the feet of searchers, run-

> "Fire!" screamed Lizzie, pointing to the window, even as Beresford's voice from the roof rang out in a shout,

> "The garage is burning!" They turned toward the door, to escape, but a strange and menacing figure blocked the way.

It was the Unknown-no longer the bewildered stranger who had stumbled in through the living-room door-but a man with every faculty of mind and body alert and the light of a deadly purpose in his eyes. He covered the group with Miss Cornelia's revolver.

"This door is locked and the key is in my pocket!" he said in a savage voice, as the red light at the window grew more vivid yet and muffled cries and tramplings from overhead betokened universal confusion and alarm

CHAPTER XII

"He Is-the Bat!" Lizzie opened her mouth to scream.

But for once she did not carry out her "Not a sound out of you!" warned the Unknown, brutally, almost jab-bing the revolver into her ribs. He

vheeled on Bailey. "Close that satchel," he commanded "and put it back where you found it!" Bailey's fist closed. He took a step

toward his captor.
"You—" he began in a furious voice.



Bailey Picked Up One of the Cheap Paper Novels,

"Jack!" pleaded Dale. Bailey halted. "Do what he tells you!" Miss Cornelia insisted, her voice shaking. A brave man may be willing to fight with odds a hundred to one-but only

a fool will rush on certain death Re uctantly, dejectedly, Bailey obeyedstuffed the money back in the satchel and replaced the latter in its corner of shadows near the window. He watched the Unknown intently.

One moment of relaxed vigilance and-But though the Unknown was unthe revolver in his right hand was as steady as a rock. He seemed to listen | And he was-the Bat! for a moment at the crack of the door.

locking the door with his left hand-

"Not a sound, if you value your aghast at the discovery.

herded them away from the direction

of the window with his revolver

"In a moment or two," he said in a hushed, taut voice, "a man will come into this room, either through the door or by that window-the man who started the fire to draw you out of this

Bailey threw aside all pride in his concern for Dale's safety. "For God's sake, don't keep these women here!" he pleaded, in low

The Unknown seemed to towe above him like a destroying angel. "Keep them here where we can watch them!" he whispered with fierce impatience. "Don't you understand? There's a killer loose!"

And so for a moment they stood there, waiting for they knew not what. So swift had been the transition from joy to deadly terror, and now to suspense, that only Miss Cornelia's agile brain seemed able to respond. And at first it did even that very slowly.

"I begin to understand," she said, in a low tone. "The man who struck you down and tied you in the garage-the man who killed Dick Fleming and stabbed that poor wretch in the closes the man who locked us in, downstairs, and removed the money from that safe-the man who started that fire outside-is-"

"Sssh!" warned the Unknown, imperatively, as a sound from the direcion of the window seemed to reach his ears. He ran quickly back to the corridor door and locked it. "Stand back out of that light! The

ladder!" The top of the extension-ladder began to tremble. A black bulk stood clearly outlined against the diminish ing red glow-the Bat, masked and

sinister, on his last foray! There was no sound as the killer stepped into the room. He waited for a second that seemed a year-still no sound. Then he turned cautiously oward the place where he had left the satchel-the beam of his flashlight picked it out.

In an instant the Unknown and Bailey were upon him. There was a short, ferocious struggle in the darkness—a gasp of laboring lungs—the thud of fighting bodies clenched in a death-grapple.

"Get his gun!" muttered the Unknown hoarsely to Bailey, as he tore the Bat's lean hands away from his throat. "Got it?" "Yes," gasped Bailey. He jabbed

the muzzle against a straining back. The Bat ceased to struggle. Bailey stepped a little away. "I've still got you covered!" he said fiercely. The Bat made no sound.

"Hold out your hands, Bat, while f put on the bracelets," commanded the Unknown in tones of terse triumph. He snapped the steel cuffs on the wrists of the murderous prowl-"Sometimes even the cleverest Bat comes through a window at night and is caught. Double murder-burglary-and arson! That's a good night's work even for you. Bat!" He switched his flashlight on the

Bat's masked face. As he did so the house lights came on-the electric light company had at last remembered its duties. All blinked for an instant in the sudden illumination. "Take off that handkerchief!"

barked the Unknown, motioning at the black silk handkerchief that still hid the face of the Bat from recognition. Bailey stripped it from the haggard, desperate features with a quick movement-and stood appalled. A simultaneous gasp went up from

Dale and Miss Cornelia. It was Anderson, the detective!

"It's Mr. Anderson!" stuttered Dale,

French Dandies First to Sport the Cravat

origin that does not retain its exotic flavor is cravat. The linen scarfs worn around their necks by Croatian merchants captivated the fancy of the ashionable French, who adopted the French word for Croatian to designate this kind of neckwear. Thus 'croate" became "crovate" or "cravate." from whence our word "cravat." The word was adopted in France in 1636 and appears in English about 1700. Its synonym, neckfie, is of later origin, its first use as cited by the Ox

Cravats when first introduced were not exclusively an article of men's apparel, but some, which were lace edged and tied in a bow with flowing ends, were worn by women. "Cravat

ford dictionary being 1838.

Bird Has Multiplied

The English sparrow was brough o the United States from England in 1850 by Nicholas Pike and other di rectors of the Brooklyn institute when eight pairs were liberated in Brooklyn, N. Y. The motive was to free the shade trees of devastating caterpillars, which at that time were especially numerous and annoying throughout the eastern states.

One of the few words of Slavonic | ted" as a verb and "cravateer" applied to one who ties a cravat, although now practically obsolete, were at one time frequently used. Thacke ray in "Vanity Fair" speaks of a oung man being "handsomely cravatted."

Used the New Name

Years ago a young London dramatic itic blessed with the fine old name of Moses, got the idea that he would nake greater strides in his profession were he to change his name. And so he did, blossoming forth as-Morton Israel Zangwill, a brilliant wit, although fond of Morton, never quite orgave him the change of name, and on one occasion when the critic was the guest of honor at a dinner, over which Zangwill presided, the latter "stopped the show" for several minutes when he began his remarks with: "And the Lord spake unto Morton, saying-".-Kansas City Star.

Learn as You Listen "Ah!" remarked the fascinated bystander, after listening for a time to the moving man who had dropped a grand piano on his foot, "that's the phrase I was trying to think of yesterday on the links."-Detroit News.

Bailey's revolver fell to the floor with a clatter. The Bat swung toward the oor. Again the tables were turned! "Hands up, everybody!" he ordered, grass and roll the lawn for me." menacing the party with the stolen menacing the party with the stolen work, his eyes downcast. Cornelia kept her hands at her sides. It was the greatest moment of Miss

Cornelia's life. She smiled, sweetly, and came to- get on with it?" ward the Bat as if the pistol aimed a toothbrush

"I'll tell you that when I-" he he

for freedom. With one swift, des perate movement, in spite of his handcuffs, he jerked the real Anderson's

revolver from him by the barrel, then wheeling with lightning rapidity

on Bailey, brought the butt of Ander

son's revolver down on his wrist

"Why?" she queried mildly. "I body's word." took the bullets out of that revolver

ters?

two hours ago." The Bat flung the revolver toward her with a curse. The real Anderson instantly snatched up the gun that Bailey had dropped and covered him. "Don't move!" he warned, "or I'll fill you full of lead!" He smiled out of the corner of his mouth at Miss Cornelia, who was primly picking up the revolver that the Bat had flung at her-her own revolver.

"You see-you never know what a woman will do," he continued. Miss Cornelia smiled. She broke open the revolver-five loaded shells fell from it to the floor. The Bat stared at her-then stared incredulously at the bullets.

"You see," she said, "I. too, have a little imagination!"

CHAPTER XIII

Quite a Collection.

An hour or so later, in the living whose terrors had departed, Miss Cornelia, her niece and Jack Bailey were gathered before a roaring fire. The local police had come and gone; the bodies of Courtleigh Fleming and his nephew had been removed to the mortuary; Beresford had returned to his home, though under mmons as a material witness; the Bat, under heavy guard, had gone off under charge of the detective. As for Doctor Wells, he, too, was under arrest, and a broken man though, considering the fact that Courtleigh Flem. try in doing so." ing had been throughout the prime mover in the conspiracy, he might fices?" escape with a comparatively light sentence.

Calmly and dispassionately Miss Cornelia worked out the cross-word puzzle of the evening and announced

her results. "It is all clear," she said "Of course, the doctor had the blue-print. And the Bat tried to get it from him. Then when the doctor had stunned him and locked him in the billiard room, the Bat still had the key and unlocked his own handcuffs. After that he had only to get out of a win dow and shut us in here

And again: "He had probably trailed the ren detective all the way from town and attacked him where Mr. Beresford found the watch." Once, too, she harkened back to the

nonymous letters. "It must have been a blow to the doctor and Courtleigh Fleming, when they found me settled in the house!" She smiled grimly. "And when their letters failed to dislodge me."

But it was the Bat who held her nterest; his daring assumption of the detective's identity, his searching of he house, ostensibly for their safety but in reality for the treasure, and that one moment of irresolution when he did not shoot the doctor at the top of the ladder. And thereafter lost his chance.

It somehow weakened her terrified admiration for him, but she had nothing but acclaim for the escape he had de from the hidden room itself. "That took brains," she said. "Cold, hard brains. To dash out of that om and down the stairs, pull off his mask and pick up a candle, and then to come calmly back to the trunk room again and accuse the doctor-that took real ability. But fread to think what would have happened when he asked us all to go out and leave him alone with the real

Anderson!" When Lizzie came at last to coax and scold her into bed, she was sitting happily at the table, surrounded by divers small articles which she was handling with an almost childlike zest. A clipping about the Bat from the evening newspaper; a piece of paper on which was a well-defined finger-print; a revolver and a heap of five shells; a small, very dead, bat: the anonymous warnings, including the stone in which the last one had been wrapped; a battered and broken watch, somehow left behind; a dried and broken dinner roll, and the box of sedative powders brought by Doctor Wells.

Lizzie came over to the table and surveyed her grimly. "You see, Lizzie, it's quite a collec-

But Lizzie bent over the table and picked up the box of powders. "No, ma'am," she said, with extreme finality. "You are not. You are going to take these and go to bed." And Miss Cornelia did.

[THE END.]

I'm going to take them and-"

The Unknown gloated over his cap-"I'm Anderson," he said. "This man has been impersonating me. You're a good actor, Bat, for a fellow that's such a bad actor!" he taunted. "How did you get the dope on this case? Did you tap the wires to headquar-The Bat allowed himself a little gan, then, suddenly, made his last bid

BORN PEDAGOGUE

"Look here," cried the indignant housewife, "you said that if I gave you a square meal you'd mow the "I did, lady," admitted the out-of-

"Then," said the woman, "I've shown you where to find the mower and the roller. Now, why don't you

"Lady, I'd like to, but I am doing at her heart were as innocuous as this for your own good. I've got to teach you a lesson. Never take any-

HOW SHE DOES IT



He—You do that very gracefully. She—Pooh! Pooh! All the girls say I do it disgracefully.

The Dance

Poets prattled long ago
Of the light fantastic toe,
They might warble, we'll allow,
Of fantastic shoulders now.

Poor but Happy "You have been coming to Washingon a great many years." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum "And I have shown my love of coun-

"You mean you have made sacri-"Well, I don't exactly say a government is ungrateful, but it doesn't When You Feel a Cold Coming On.

Bankrupt Mrs. Mark-Your husband comes of ine old stock, doesn't he? Mrs. Park-Yes, but he rarely pays

TOUGH LUCK



"He was so adorable! We got out about five miles and the car broke

down." "Gee! You were lucky." "No, he turned out to be an auto thing right up."

Finesse

"Send no money," say the ads And they never vary. They must bring a lot of scads, People are contrary.

Foresight "You are going to buy a radio?" "No, two of them." "What's the idea?" 'Well, we are buying two because

on one we can use the other."

Fate Jail Visitor-What made you

Prisoner-Circumstances; the same thing that made you a gentleman .-Boston Transcript.

"Did you hear the joke about that cinema actress?" "No, what was it?" "Her secretary didn't keep the rec ords straight, and now she finds she

Hard Luck

Well Stocked Dog Catcher-Do your dogs have

Small Boy-Yes, sir, they're just

has had two more divorces than she's

had weddings."

covered with them.

The BABY



No mother in this enlightened age would give her baby something she did not know was perfectly harmless, especially when a few drops of plain Castoria will right a baby's stomach and end almost any little ill. Fretfulness and fever, too; it seems no time

until everything is serene. That's the beauty of Castoria; its gentle influence seems just what is needed. It does all that castor oil might accomplish, without shock to the system. Without the evil taste. It's delicious! Being purely vegetaable, you can give it as often as there's a sign of colic; constipation; diarrhea; or need to aid sound, nat-

ural sleep. Just one warning: it is genuine Fletcher's Castoria that physicians recommend. Other preparations may be just as free from all doubtful drugs, but no child of this writer's is going to test them! Besides, the book on care and feeding of babies that comes with Fletcher's Castoria is worth its weight in gold.

Children Cry for

An Example

Teacher-Can you tell me, Willie, what a hypocrite is? Willie-Yes, ma'am; it's me when I say I don't want any more pie.

measure up to a big corporation in making up a liberal pay roll."—Washington Star.

When You Feel a Cold Coming On. Take Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets to work off the Cold and to fortify the system against an attack of Grip or Influenza. 30c.—Adv. Recalls Well-Known Party

Tea has been accepted duty freen the United States since 1833. Help Kidneys By Drinking More Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys and tating Acids

Kidney and bladder irritations often esult from acidity, says a noted authority. The kidneys help filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it may remain to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread; the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it Bladder weakness, most folks call

it because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying mechanic and the stupid boy fixed the and sometimes very painful, this is often one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Begin drinking lots of soft water, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablesnoonful in a glass of water before breakfast. Continue this for two or three days. This will help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs, which then act normal Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is

on the nights when the static is bad made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by acid irritation. Jad Salts causes no bad effects whatever. Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which

quickly relieve your bladder irritation. **Carfield Tea** Was Your



For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashloned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the sys-

tem so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

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