

THE MYSTERY ADVERTISEMENT

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
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BEGIN HERE TODAY
MICHAEL begins between himself and SIR NORMAN SAYERS, beautiful man of Steeland.

SIR NORMAN SAYERS, beautiful man of Steeland. Janet saves him from Sir Norman by shooting dead an officer sent to arrest him. Janet falls in love with Janet and proposes marriage.

Michael dresses himself as Colonel Esmond and attends the wedding reception.

Having made his escape, Michael goes to Norman to his bride. Sayers gives them to Beatrix to return to Janet. Michael answers a cipher message published in a paper and goes from the house with a Indian a bundle of manuscript evidence against the woman's former husband. Upon reading the manuscript, Michael learns that the repetitions in legal papers of Lord Kindersley are in his hands. Sayers ponders the best way to turn his prize into money.

NOW GO ON WITH STORY

Michael Tells Story:
"NOT on my account," I insisted. "The transaction must remain exactly as it is until I give the word."

I rang off, filled my bag, as usual, with stationery-samples and took the tube to Bond Street, whence I walked on to South Audley St. Upon arrival at my destination, I was informed by an imposing-looking butler that Lord Kindersley was at home, but it was scarcely likely that he would receive me unless I had an appointment. I risked the butler's being human, and bought my way as far as the waiting-room. Once arrived there, I managed to impress an untidy and be-spectacled secretary with the idea that it might be worth Lord Kindersley's while to spare me a few minutes of his time. In the end I was ushered into the great man's sanctum.

"What can I do for you—Mr. Buckross?" he inquired, glancing at my card.

I was anxious to test my new identity, and I stood full in the light. It was obvious, however, that Lord Kindersley had not an idea that we had ever met before.



"STOP," HE SHOUTED, AS I TURNED TOWARD THE DOOR. "HOW DID YOU COME BY THIS STORY?"

"I have come to see you on a very serious matter, Lord Kindersley," I said, "and I am anxious that there should be no misunderstanding. I do not wish for a penny of your money. I am here, in fact, to save you from the loss of a great deal of it. My visit, nevertheless, has a very serious side."

"You promise to do nothing for four days?" Lord Kindersley exclaimed eagerly.

"I promise."

He leaned back in his chair and mopped his forehead.

"Well, that's a respite, at any rate," he said. "Now, Mr. Buckross, you and I have got to understand each other on this deal."

"We shall never get to any nearer understanding each other than we do at present," I assured him.

"Rubbish," he answered. "What I want you to do is to get that blackmail idea out of your head. Look here; stay and have lunch with me, and we'll discuss that matter over a cigar and a glass of wine."

"I should be taking your lunch under false pretenses," I replied, rising and buttoning my coat. "You shall have the four days' grace which I have promised."

He followed me to the door, entreating me for my address. So convinced was he that I would change my mind, that he sent his secretary out into the street after me. In the end I made my escape by promising to see him again on the evening of the third day.

I took my usual leisurely lunch and afterward made my way to the uninspiring neighborhood of Streatham. "The Townsfolk," as I had discovered from a book of references to Mr. Edward Rendall's address, was a hopelessly vulgar edition of gray stone, approached by what is generally described as a short carriage drive. The popular M.P. as was his boast, was not in the least difficult of access. He came into the room within a few minutes, a pipe in his mouth, and giving evidence of all the easy good-nature which beffited his position.

"Don't know who you are, Mr. Buckross," he said, notices with some surprise that I had not availed myself of the opportunity of shaking hands with him, "but sit down, and welcome. What can I do for you?"

"I have brought you bad news, Mr. Rendall," I announced.

"The devil you have," he answered, removing his pipe from his teeth and staring at me. "Who are you, anyway? I don't seem to recognize your name."

"That really doesn't matter," I replied. "You can call me a journalist, if you like. It's as near the truth as anything about myself that I'm likely to tell you. Something very disagreeable is going to happen to you on the fourth day from now, and as I am partly responsible for it, I have come out here to give you a word of warning."

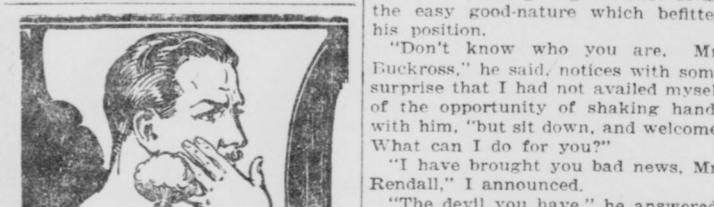
"You're getting at me," he protested uneasily.

"Not in the least," I assured him. "The facts to which I allude are these: I have in my possession a copy of the speech which you ought to have made at Liverpool last March and didn't, and also the original letter from Lord Kindersley, offering you 50,000 pounds to hold it up. I also know that you re-

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE BRUISER.

THE BRUISER.

Straw Down Seven Points

—By ALLMAN

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



—By AL POSEN

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—

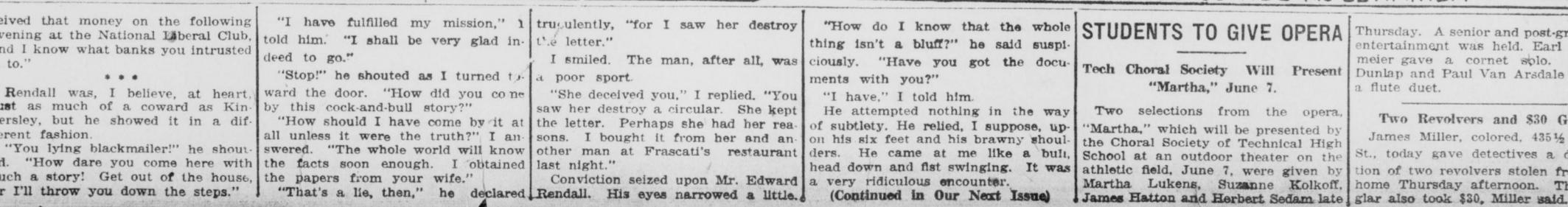
Biff This On Your Bass-Drum



THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



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I have fulfilled my mission," I told him. "I shall be very glad indeed to do so."

"Stop!" he shouted as I turned toward the door. "How did you come by it at all unless it were the truth?" he answered. "The whole world will know the facts soon enough. I obtained the papers from your wife."

"That's a lie, then," he declared triumphantly, "for I saw her destroy the letter."

I smiled. The man, after all, was a poor sport.

"She deceived you," I replied. "You saw her destroy a circular. She kept the letter. Perhaps she had her reasons. I bought it from her and an other man at Frascati's restaurant last night."

Conviction seized upon Mr. Edward Rendall. His eyes narrowed a little.

"How do I know that the whole thing isn't a bluff?" he said suspiciously. "Have you got the documents with you?"

"I have," I told him.

He attempted nothing in the way of subtlety. He relented, I suppose, upon his six feet and his brawny shoulders. He came at me like a bull, head down and fist swinging. It was a very ridiculous encounter.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)

STUDENTS TO GIVE OPERA

Tech Choral Society Will Present "Martha," June 7.

Two selections from the opera "Martha," which will be presented by the Choral Society of Technical High School at an outdoor theater on the athletic field, June 7, were given by Martha Lukens, Suzanne Kolkoff, James Hatton and Herbert Sedam late

Thursday. A senior and post-graduate entertainment was held. Earl Ostermeier gave a cornet solo. Gerald Dunlap and Paul Van Arsdale played a flute duet.

Two Revolvers and \$30.00 were given to the Choral Society of Technical High School at an outdoor theater on the athletic field, June 7, were given by Martha Lukens, Suzanne Kolkoff, James Hatton and Herbert Sedam late

Thursday afternoon. The burglar also took \$30. Miller said.