

THE MYSTERY ADVERTISEMENT

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
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BEGIN HERE TODAY

Vendetta begins between MICHAEL SAYERS, noted criminal, and SIR NORMAN GREY, one of Scotland Yard, when Sayers' beautiful housemaid, JANET, saves him from Sir Norman by shooting dead an officer sent to arrest him. Grey falls in love with Janet and proposes marriage. Michael disguises himself as Colonel Escombe and attends the wedding reception. Having stolen a pearl necklace, gift of Sir Norman to his bride, Sayers gives them to Beatrice to return to Janet. Michael answers a cipher message published in a paper and buys from the divorced wife of a politician a bundle of manuscript evidence against the woman's former husband. Upon reading the manuscript Michael learns that the reputations of a leading politician and Lord Kinderley 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. "This 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 Kinderley 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 bespectacled secretary with the idea that it might be worth Lord Kinderley'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. Buckcross?" 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 Kinderley had not an idea that we had ever met before.

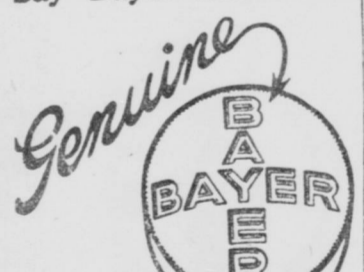


"STOP," HE SHOUTED, AS I TURNED TOWARD THE DOOR. "HOW DID YOU COME BY THIS STORY?"

"I have come to see you on a very serious matter, Lord Kinderley," 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."

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" and Insist!



Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on packages of tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over twenty-three years and proved safe by millions for



Don't let that rash continue to annoy you

What a miserable little biting sting there is every time you touch that eruption! Resinol Ointment is what you want. Thousands have proved its unusual healing powers by using it for the most stubborn cases of skin affection with prompt beneficial results. It soothes while it heals.

Resinol Shaving Stick is a boon to tender skins! Resinol products at all druggists.

Resinol

His looked at me steadily from under his bushy eyebrows.

"Go on," he invited curtly. "Last March," I continued, "you averted the threatened shipping strike and saved yourself the loss of at least one of your millions by bribing a well-known labor leader to declare for peace instead of war. You and one other great shipowner were alone concerned in this matter. That other man, I gather, is dead."

Lord Kinderley was staring at me with a queer look in his eyes. His voice when he answered me, was unsteady.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

I took two documents from my pocket and moved a little nearer to him. "Here," I said, "is Rendall's proposed speech, counseling the strike and signed by the leaders of the various unions. Here, also, is your letter to Rendall, making him the offer of 50,000 pounds to withhold it, which sum was paid to him the next evening at the National Liberal Club."

All the initial affability and condescension had gone from Lord Kinderley's manner. He looked like a man on the verge of a collapse.

"My God!" he muttered. "Rendall swore he had destroyed my letter!" "He instructed his wife to do so. She retained it for her own purposes. A few months ago her husband divorced her. This is her revenge. She has sold the copy of the speech and the letter to me. I know, also, the other fact in connection with the case."

Lord Kinderley took out his handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Already he began to see his way.

"I will buy those documents from you," he proposed.

"Your Lordship," I replied, "I am not a blackmailer."

"You shall receive the money quite safely," he went on eagerly. "I should not dream of communicating with the police. I shall look upon it as an equitable business transaction. Name your price. I am not a mean man."

"Neither, as I remarked before, am I a blackmailer," I persisted. "My use for these letters is predestined. They go to the press."

Lord Kinderley sprang to his feet. "Listen," he said impressively; "no newspaper would deal with you as liberally as I am prepared to do. Those documents must not be published. If it were generally known that I had—ah—influenced Rendall to hold up that speech, labor would declare war against me tomorrow. Not a man would stay in my employ. Besides, it would bring discredit upon my party. It would ruin me politically as well as actually. Come, now, Mr. Buckcross, you look like a business man. Let's talk business. I'll write you a check for 10,000 pounds this morning."

"Your Lordship," I replied, "if I dealt with you in the way you suggest it, would amount to a criminal offense. My conscience forbids it. I can deal with the press fairly and openly. Your political ruin I cannot help. Your financial ruin I may help you to modify. I offer you four days' grace, during which time you had better get rid of as many of your shares in the Kinderley Shipping Company as you can."

"You promise to do nothing for four days?" Lord Kinderley exclaimed angrily.

"I promise."

He leaned back in his chair and mopped his forehead.

"Well, that's a respite at any rate," he said. "Now, Mr. Buckcross, 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 black-mailing idea out of your head. Look here; stay and have lunch with me, and we'll discuss the 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 Towers," which I had discovered from a book of references to be a hopelessly vulgar edifice 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 befitted his position.

"Don't know who you are, Mr. Buckcross," 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 Kinderley, offering you 50,000 pounds to hold it up. I also know that you re-

ceived that money on the following evening at the National Liberal Club, and I know what banks you entrusted it to."

"Rendall was, I believe, at heart, just as much of a coward as Kinderley, but he showed it in a different fashion."

"You lying blackmailer!" he shouted. "How dare you come here with such a story! Get out of the house, or I'll throw you down the steps."

"That's a lie, then," he declared

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—

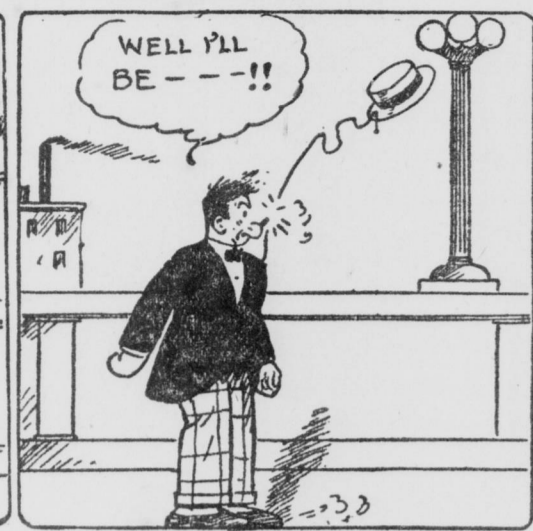


HA-HA-I FOOLED YOU THAT TIME—COME BACK HERE YOU SEVEN BERRIES—



THE GUY THAT INVENTED A STRING FOR A STRAW HAT WASN'T A DUMB I'LL SAY—WHEN YOU PAY SEVEN DOLLARS FOR A STRAW LID YOU WANT TO WEAR IT ONE SEASON ANY WAY—

Straw Down Seven Points



WELL I'LL BE—!!



NEXT TIME I'LL GET A LOCK AND CHAIN FOR IT!

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



BOO-HOO—HE SAID, WOTS ZAT BEHIND YOU, AN' WHEN I LOOKED AROUND HE BANGED ME ONE—BOO-HOO—

YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED—TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A POOR INNOCENT CHILD! YOU'RE JUST A BIG ROUGHNECK! I WISH I WERE A MAN FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES!

I'VELL HE WANTED ME T'SHOW HIM SOME OF TH' TRICKS OF TH' GAME!

THE BRUISER.

JR WILLIAMS

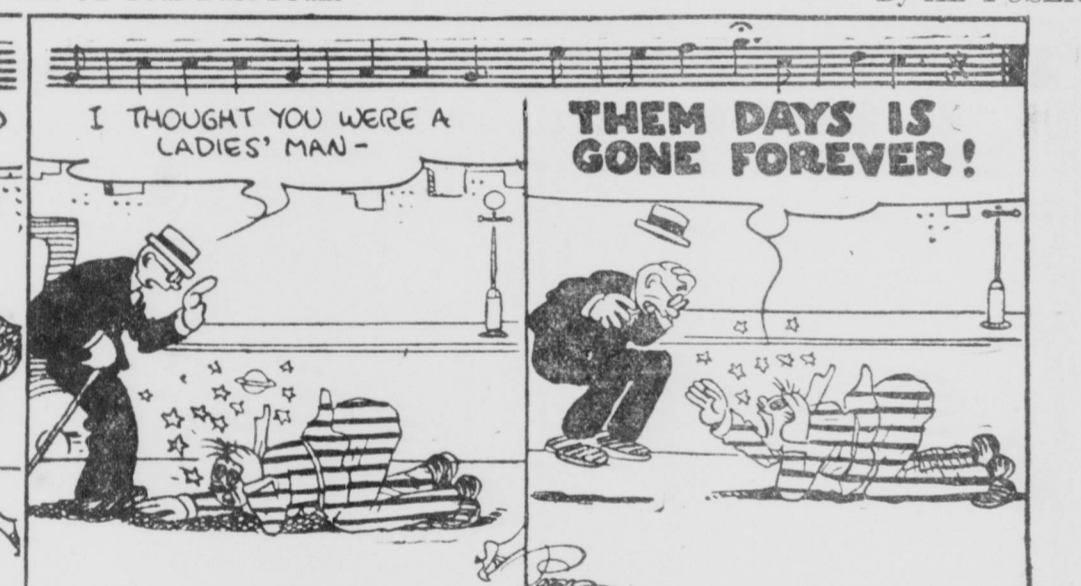
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER—



FAIR ONE—WOULST RIDE IN MY SEDAN?

TAKE THAT—YOU WALL-EYED PEL-I-CAN—

Biff This On Your Bass-Drum



I THOUGHT YOU WERE A LADIES' MAN—

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!

THE OLD HOME TOWN—By STANLEY



GET OUT AND GET OUT FAST!

HOLD ER NEWT SHE'S AREARIN'

YOU SAY HE WONT HURRY TO COME BACK?

NO-NO—OTLEY FOLLOWED TH' WRONG WHEEL TRACK!

THEY RUBBED MARSHAL OTEY WALKER THE WRONG WAY WHEN THE TOWNSFOLK GAVE HIM THE LAUGH FOR MISTAKING THE KNIFE SHARPENERS MACHINE FOR THE MISSING RED WHEELBARROW

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



MIND NOW, IF YOU DON'T SEE THAT THOSE CHICKENS OF YOURS GET SOMETHING TO EAT EVERY DAY, I WILL HAVE MY MEAT DEALER DRESS THEM FOR THE KETTLE!

BUT MARTHA, SURELY M'DEAR, YOU JEST! BY JOVE, THOSE HENS GET THEIR FILL DAILY— BESIDES THE CHOW YUEN CHICKEN ISN'T SUCH A GORMAND AS THE ORDINARY CHICKEN—THEY ARE NOTED FOR BEING LIGHT EATERS— AS TO HAVING THEM PREPARED FOR THE TABLE MY WORD—THE CHOW YUEN CHICKEN WAS ONLY EATEN ON STATE OCCASIONS BY THE EMPEROR OF CHINA!

MAYBE THAT'S WHY THERE AIN'T ANYMORE EMPERORS OF CHINA!— CHEWING ON A DRUMSTICK OF THOSE OWLS WOULD BE LIKE NIBBLING A PUNCHING BAG!

LIGHT EATERS— WHY SAY, THOSE HENS OF HIS WOULD PECK TH' EIGHTY NOTES OFF A PIANO!

MRS. HOOPLE SERVES AN ULTIMATUM

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 Koloff, James Hutton 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 \$50 Gone James Miller, colored, 435½ Smith St., today gave detectives a description of two revolvers stolen from his home Thursday afternoon. The burglar also took \$50, Miller said.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)