TEN PAGES

PAGE NINE.



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ally higher during the week, with the Choice light weights ..... \$9.50 @ 9.60 mand somewhat better. Receipts during the six days were Ziedium weights ..... 9.40@9.45 demand somewhat better.

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a few applications will prove a reve-lation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray Mixing the Sage Tea and Sharet suring lam's \$ \$.7 roublesome. An easter way is to get 50-cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and bulbhur at any drug store all ready 10-cy to common ever . 4.00% 4.55

**RIMSON STAIN MYSTERY** COPYRIGHT I' Q I G 16

HAROLD STANLEY, reporter for a New York daily, owned by his lather, is in love with Florence Montrose, daughter of Dr. Montrose, cho has spent his life perfecting a nachine to rejuvenate humanity. tanley has been working on the mysrious murder of fourteen wealthy rio Yorkers, each strangled by a ing of supernatural power. The est view of the murderer is obined by Florence Montrose, schen "inley's father is made the victim the fifteenth Crimson Stain murin her home. In an attempt to t Stanley out of the way because has raised a hue and cry over his ther's death, Pierre La Rue, the mer, runs into Florence and disers that she recognizes him. La ie's man Tanner kidnaps Florence. aley runs the flying auto down in to find that the girl has been into a hypnotic trance and can nothing. As Dr. Montrose the Florence, Pierre La Rue nes in. Under the spell of La

i's gaze, Florence sits up. Dr. strose becomes enraged and roues a jardiniere at La Rue. It ashes through a door. The shock aks the hypnotic spell. Hiram Lent, who has always kept this latter routs without an instant's rge sums of money in his home, is

delay

ate office.

with me.

scious; She

"I'm

urdered by the Crimson Stain. torence gets a note in Stanley's riting saying he is in trouble at e Lent house. She obeys the imoring summons to come and just as he is to be left in the Lent house to ie blown up by Tanner she is rescued

y Stanley. CHPATER IV. The Mysterious Disappearance.

AROLD STANLEY, two days inter, was about to cave his office for the afteron, when Florence Montrose's card was brought to

The girl came in, bringing with her an elusive atmosphere of youth and loveliness that seemed to illumine the

dingy little workaday office. "I've been shopping," she told Stanley as he hurried forward to wel-ome her. "And I've stopped in, for a second, on my way uptown, to see if there is any clue yet to the explosion at the Lent house or to poor old Mr. Lent's death. It's all taken such a strange hold on me! I can't wait for tomorrow's paper to read about it. Is there anything new?"

"No," he returned. "Worse luck! In these Crimson Stain cases there's never anything new, so far as we investigators are concerned. The Crim-son Stain supplies us with 'something new all the time, in the shape of fresh outrages. But we are too stu-pid to expose or even check them." He spoke bitterly; with a sense of almost hopeless defeat. And the girl

Novelized by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE from the Consolidated Motion Picture Triumph "You're - you're

surely not going to to do IT here?"

the building's elevator shaft. Along "I can't go up there with yon," this corridor, at the moment Florence said Harold. "I've some work down-Montrose's card was handed to Stan-town that I have to attend to be-ley, Detective Parrish was striding. fore I go home. But if you insist on Early in the Crimeon Stain cru-such a foolish thing, I'll meet you sade Stanley had given orders that at her apartment in about half an Parrish or any police official should hour, though I don't like the idea. Parrish or any police official should be permitted to enter his office by

of doing it. It's useless. And she will hate me for warning you against her. Good-by, old chap." In an incredibly short time after-ward, Pierre La Rue was calling up Vanya's apartment and issuing curt Parrish was availing himself of this permission. But, as his hand was on the knob of the office door,

he paused; the sound of voices from directions "I've sent word to Tanner," he said, "to let Florence Montrose get a glimpse of him, on her way uptown, and to let her keep him in sight till within the room reaching him with almost perfect distinctness. He stood there, listening to Stanley's talk with Florence Montrose. Presently Par-rish stole away from the door and he goes into your apartment-house. See that the hallboy is out on some errand for you. Til be there within returned to the elevator. But-per-haps on impulse-he was back again ten minutes too, as we planned. So, phone Lambert to come, on any prein the hallway five minutes later. Florence was just saying good-by text you like. He's ripe, and this is our to Harold as the detective arrived. As soon as she had gone Parrish time. Tell him you're in financial trouble and ask him to bring along stamped unannounced into the privall the money-in cash, not check-he can lay his hands on at such short ate offices. "Look here, Mr. Stanley!" he growled angrily and with no other salutation, "I read that reast on me in this morning's Examiner. And I want to tell you right now that you're notice. And the necklace he promised you. Be sure to get him. I'll leave the details of the trap to you."

in this morning's Land want to tell you right now that you're so to stop hammering me in print. Understand that? You've got to stop it." "Certainly, Mr. Parrish," was Stan-"Certainly, Mr. Parrish," was Stan-the danger will be nothing at all," "The danger will be nothing at all," "The danger will be nothing at all," "The danger will be nothing at all," to use the finger necklace. He is go-tone to be killed by some one else-

Florence Montrose drove slowly

"I do! "On just one condition," pursued uptown in her little roadster. From Harold. "On condition that you do what the city is hiring you to do and Harold. side to side, in such moments as she did not need all her attention for the show some real activity in solving the 'Crimson Stain Mystery.'" guiding of her car, her dark eyes roved, searching the faces of pedes-trians and other car occupants. The

'Crimson Stain Mystery." "Activity?" fumed Parrish. "Ain't I working day and night? I---" "Yes," acceded Stanley, "you are. You are 'running around in circles, making a noise like an earnest work-er'--and you're actually doing noth-ing. I've been watching you, Mr. thought that she alone could be of service to the man she cared for in this campaign he was so fiercely wagmaking a noise like an earnest work-er-and you're actually doing noth-ing. I've been watching you, Mr. Parrish, and I've been having you stanley was interrupted by an office thinner, her gaze feil upon a man who was strolling toward her on the watched.

'No, thanks," was Stanley's curt

had neglected to shut it tightly when she admitted Tanner and Florence. It had ewung ajar. One of the idiotic impulses that

infest the brains of otherwise same men, when they are in love now occurred to Clayton. Without ringing the bell he slipped noiselessly into the apartment, cleasing the door behind him, and made his way to the

hind him, and made his way to the living-room. Vanya was not there. He passed through the curtains into an alcove beyond and drew the curtains together behind him. Stand-ing there, he opened his mouth to call Vanya, preparing to enjoy her surprise at hearing his voice and not seeing bin seeing him

His lips parted, but no word was spoken. For at that instant the door bell rang. Clayton heard Vanya's light step come along the hall. He heard her open the front door and, with an exclamation of delighted led a visitor into the living-room

Clayton peered through a tiny gap in the curtain. Vanya was entering the living-room, talking with gay ani-mation to an overdressed, animalfaced man, who stared at her in evi-

through Clayton's heart. Clenching his fists, he took a step forward. His hands went up to tear aside the curtains and to reveal himself to the woman and her admirer. Just then a tap on the shoulder

made Clayton spin about. He had thought himself alone in the tiny, dim-lit alcove. But as he turned be saw a man who had appeared seamingly from nowhere, and who Clayton sought to speak, to demand the reason of the other's mysterious presence there. But for some reason he was dumb. He tried to move, but his body would not respond to the call of his will.

For a moment, the artist's feeble will power tried to comb at the weird arily that the atranger's eyes were having upoa him. But he felt himself helpless, and weakly gave up the trunce to the arcanger's an instant

Out stepped-Parrish. The group detective shut the door behind him, alianced his subordinate's amased queris- with a greature and and ins-"Come and help me search this

fint."

With the dumfounded Alward following, Parrish led the way down the hall toward the dining-room at the rear. At the dining-room three he halted.

There at full length lay Vanya Tosca. Around her white thread showed faint marks of the "finger necklace" so familiar to the police. At Alward's cry of amagements Stanley and the policeman came run-

ning down the hall. "The Crimson Stain!" exclaimed Stanley in horror as he may the tell-tale bruises; "but the marks and much fainter than over I've seen

Alward was chafing the uncon-scious woman's hands. Parrich flung a glassful of ice water into her face. Slowly Vanya began to revive. Stan-ley lifted a glass of spirits to her lips. e alpped the flery liquid, then shivered and sat upright.

"What's-what's happened?" she

murnured. "That's what we're here to ask" yon," answered Parrish roughly, "What do you know about all this? Come, now, speak up!" "I-I came in here to-to get some cigarets for Mr. Clayton and Mr. Lambert," she murnured incoher-entiy. "They were calling on me. I came in here. And-and somebody crept up behind me and caught me by the throat. I-oh, I don't remember anything after that-except that B anything after that-except that is could not breathe."

"The Crimson Stain!" cried Alward in triumph, "that's it. He trad to strangle her. Then Clayton and Lambert get to quarreling in the Hy-ing room, and the shot scared this Crimson Stain murderer away before he could finish his work. That's it." 'Come back to the living room, all of you!" ordered Parrish. "Help the lady along with us. We'll go over the ground there once more." Back they trooped to the scene of

the abooting, the rear of the flat be-ing thus left vacant. And along the the aho vacated hallway ran Tanner. He halted at a closet door, stooped, galh-ered the half-suffocated Florence up in his arms and sped back to the kitchen with her.

ient worship. "Quick!" whispered La Rue, who A throb of hot jealouay tore awaited him there. "Get her out of awaited him there. "Get her out of this. Take her to your own place and finish the business there. It isn't make to do it here. I didn't count on the front window being open and the shot being located so quickly. Van-ya's explained the rest. But she couldn't explain Florence Montrost's body being found here." Tanner, shifting his limp burden is his arms, bounded down the stable

his arms, bounded down the stairs. As he reached the side entrance he

Off started the taxi at Tanner's. word of command. Eastward it sped until, at an avenue, it was moment

boy, who brought a card to him. left side of the street. Glancing at it, he said to the boy: At once. Florence "Bring Mr. Clayton in here."

dropped in to see if you'd go there cautiously, he slipped into the build-

ing.

few applications will prove a reveor gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easter way is to get d to commune Sulphur at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients

turn gray, streaked and faded hair

sinful, we all desire to retain our is a great record. youthful appearance and attractive-

tess. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sutphur Compound, one can tell, because it does so paturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. and after another application or two your hair becomes ecautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant,

This preparation is a delightful tollet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of



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Villa has died in as many ways at White wispy, gray, raded hair is not a moving picture "heavy"-and that

Mossman and Vance, the 1916 Model Boys at the Aha,

New dimes have been put in circu ation, but in this era of high prices what chance has a dime?

was roused to quick sympathy at his chagrin.

"You're doing splendidly," she said. "No one could do more. The whole state is talking about the Examin-The whole er's wonderful crusade against the Criguson Stain. I read your editorial this morning, too-the editorial flay-ing Parrish for not doing more. It was perfectly fine, Harold. Fm sure

it will apur him to To hating the Examiner, "finished Stanley. "That's about all the good it will do, I'm afraid. The police separtment in general, is doing the very best it can; and doing a lot better than the police departments of test other cities could; but this man, Parrish, who has international fame s a detective, and to whom the city paying big money to clear up the Crimson Stain Mystery-he seems to

be doing nothing. And I was glad of a chance to say so in print." "I wish I could do something to she sighed. "A woman is so helploss!"

'What? Tell me."

'You remember every detail of the Crimson Stain man's face, you sayyou saw another member of the gang, too. I don't mean the chauffeur who came to you with that forged note from me; the one whose body was found after the explosion. I mean the man who was waiting at the Lent In love with her." house for you-the man who tried to hind your hands. You must surely

remember his face, too? "Indeed, I do!" she said with a reminiscent shudder. "I'd know him again anywhere." Then whenever you are out of

doors keep a lookout for the Crim-son Stain man and for that lieutenant of his. Search the faces in every rowd. If you happen to see either them, call the nearest policeman and give him into custody. If these no policeman in sight, follow them at a distance to whatever house they enter. And then telephone me, at once. You are the only living soul, outside the gang itself, who can rec-

ognize two of that gang's members. So don't say you're 'helpless.' You may prove to be the most valuable ald we have. Will you remember?"

"Yes!" she cried engerly. "Oh, yes! Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could find one of them for you! I'm going to be on the lookout every minute.

"oom of the Examiner, the other along and hear her explanation. You Clayton at the same moment arrived I'll be responsible for his appearance into a short corridor that endsd at owe it to her. And to me. I---" at the apartment's front door. Vanya in court if he is wanted "

The next installment of "The Crimson Stain Mystery" will appear in The Dally East Oregonian on Monday. November 13,

wondering at the other's manner. "Frankly," replied Harold, "be-scuse I don't like her and I don't trust cause I don't like her and I don't trust trom the hallboy into which apart-her. Twe been putting two and two ment the man had gone, she stepped together this past day or so end it into the ill-lighted hall. Instantly, a coat was thrown over about her presence in your studio her head from behind, binding her both those times you were uncon-and uniffing her crice. Her arms were spatial coal behavior of both those times you were unconwere swathed and helpless in the gar-

Florence left her car at the curb, a

belpress:" "A woman," he contradicted, "is about the most helpful personage in all the universe. And there is some-thus wont can do." been knocked out, and she found me there after the been knocked out, and she found me the ward. The ment's heavy folds. She feit herself picked up and carried rapidly for-the ward. Into Vanya Rosca's apartment ran

been knocked out, and she found me ward. and brought me to my senses. The Into Vanya Rosco's apartment ran second time. I just keeled over from Tanner, with his strugging burden. reaction, as a result of the brain con-cussion I'd had. That sort of thing exertion, "That's done." "Is she-? Did you-? questioned

cussion Pd had. That sort of thing exertion, That's unlet often happens. She brought me to, again. I tell you, Stanley, you're misjudging a noble woman. And I tell you I don't like it. I know her better than you do. And-and I'm not ashamed to say I'm pretty deep In love with her."

"He'll be here any minute, "Vanya replied, nervously, "And so will Truxsorry, old man," answered ton Lambert. Better get out of the way. I wish to heaven I could! This Harold, genuine sadness in his voice. "Because I don't think she's worthy of you. And I don't think she loves pretty flat of mine will be a sham-bles," she added, with an uncontrol-lable shudder. "Lambert? You mean the 'Diamond

"Why don't you think she loves me?" queried Clayton, hotly. King' chap that La Rue has been "Twice, this past week, I've seen her with Truxton Lambert. Once in having you dazzle so's we could get him where we want him? He's going to finish him here? If a man's found

Truxton Lambert? Who's he? "I thought you knew him. He's a man-about-town, of a peculiarly ob-igctionable type. Made his pile in thin wou't he. The blanne will be shifted. I don't know just now. It's diamond smurgiling. The Diamond all horrible. And Harold Stanley's King' they call him. He is enor-mously rich. And his reputation is "Under"

man who had confronted her in the "Bring Mr. Clayton in here." Parrish, at the sound of the new Lent house. She stared more closely guest's name, grunted a surry good-by and left the office as he had come. He sianmed the door shut behind him and stamped noisily down the hall toward the elevator. But at the fourth stride he halted and softly the roadster and slowly followed him.

Clayton fell asleep. Harold Stanley, mounting the steps of the apartment house, heard him-speed down a side street. When Robert Clayton was finally When Robert Clayton was finally turned, and recognized Alward, one of Parrish's assistants-a plain-ciothes detective who had been working came back to the door, stooping with Then Tanner turned in at a side his ear close to the keyhole. "I'm going up to Vanya Tosca's flat apartment house. He looked furtively weeks on the Crimson Stain for afternoon ten." Clayton said after to left and right, as though fearful shaking hands with Sinnley. "I be might be seen entering; then, **CR89** 

"Good afternoon, Mr. Stanley," the nan was saying, and he added: That was a pretty fierce slap you handed my chief in the Examiner this morning. He---

answer. "I don't care to." half-block below, and went on to the "Why not?" demanded Clayton, apartment house on foot. She glanced They both wheeled and with one impulse dashed into the house. For in the middle of Alward's words a heavy-caliber revolver had been fired, almost directly above their heads.

"That's from Vanya Tosca's spart-nent! The second floor front," ment! thought Stanley as he raced up the single flight of stairs at the plain clothes man's side. The window was

On the living-room floor, face upward, sprawled Truxton Lambert, a bullet wound through his head. Senseless and lying asprawl on a rug, just in front of the alcove curtains, lay Robert Clayton, His clothing was awry. One hand clutched a revolver.

Stanley bent over him as Alward and the policeman knelt beside Lambert. Listening at Clayton's heart Stanley found the artist was still living. No wound was on his body. Indeed he seemed more like a man who was fast asleep than like the

victim of a swoon. Presently, Alward rose from Lam-

bert's side and crossed over to Clay-ton. Taking the revolver from the artist's nervoless fingers, he "broke" One cartridge alone han been fired.

"That seems to settle it." pronounced Alward, "he shot that other fellow, and then keeled over from shock at what he'd done. But what can't understand is how he had time to rob him, too, before we got here. The other man's watch and

mously rich. And his reputation is about as rotten as any man's could be without ianding him in jail. No decent woman can afford to be seen with him." "I'm going to tell her, then," said Chayton, "what kind of a man he is She doesn't know, I'm sure. And I'm hands full with an affernoon's pro-smash. And without the finger neck-lacet Well, let Pierre pilay a lons the doesn't know, I'm sure. And I'm hand on it. It's too hig a tob for ma Just as sure she isn't interested in him. Or in any other man but me. I'm going up there now. I know she can explain. And, out of common fairness to her, I want you to come along and hear her explanation. You

struggle. And now this flaming-eyed stranger was saying something to him. Then, to all intents and purposes, Robert Clauter fall addeep. Struggle. And now this flaming-eyed stranger was saying something to him. Then, to all intents and purposes, Robert Clauter fall addeep. Struggle. And now this flaming-eyed stranger to all intents and purposes, Robert Clauter fall addeep. Struggle. Struggle.

took him home, again promising that the artist should appear in court when he was well enough.

Then Harold, leaving Alward on guard at Clayton's studio, went to his office. On his return, early in the evening, Alward was still waiting in front of the building.

Stanley glanced upward to see if there were a light in Clayton's win-dow. As he did so, he saw i human figure slihouetted against if a night sky-the figure of a man wis stood swaying on the high parape of the building, as if about to dive into the street below.

Without a word. Stanley r shed up: stairs toward the roof. Alward fel-Alward followed: hut, not divining Harold's purpose, ran into Clayton's top flour studio. Then, presently, finding Stan ley had gone to the room, he too, clambared up through the open scutile at the end of the topmest hallway. Stanley, gaining the roof, beheld Clayton, still swaying perilously on the parapet edge as if trying to nerve himself for the leap. He burled himself forward and seized the artist just as the latter launched himself into space.

With a mighty heave Stanley dragged Clayton back to safety. Clayton, like a man newly aroused from sleep, stood blinking upcertainly at him. Before either of them could speak, Alward joined them. Clutching the artist by the shoulder, the plain clothes man said:

"You are under arrest for the mur-der of Truxton Lambert."

Under arrest?" stammered Cinycon dully. "1?"

"What does this mean?" asked Harold in the same breath "What does this mean"" echood Al-

ward. "It means he's the man we want. Take a look at this note 3 just found on his studio table." Stanley glanced at the half should

of paper. By the uncertain light he read:

"I am about to end my life. I am guilty of the murder of Truxton Lam-bert. ROBERT CLATTOR." "This is a horrible mistake of some

"This is a norrow monage of make kind!" cried Harold. "You're right it la." grimly assant-ed Alward. "He ought to have jumped a half second scotter."

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WHEES