



Warm as toast

Perfection Oil Heater

Cheery comfort for chilly evenings. A gallon of PEARL OIL gives nine hours of intense, odorless heat—wherever and whenever you want it.

Prices: \$3.75 to \$7.75

For Sale by

GEORGE C. BAER & CO. W. J. CLARKE TAYLOR HARDWARE CO.

HOG MARKET WAS BUSY PLACE

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 6.—Hog market was generally of good character at North Portland for the six days' trade. Prices tended fractionally higher during the week, with the demand somewhat better.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable.

General hog market: Choice light weights \$9.50@9.60 Good light weights 9.40@9.45 Medium weights 9.40@9.45 Rough heavy 8.01@8.50

TO DARKEN HAIR APPLY SAGE TEA

LOOK YOUNG! BRING BACK ITS NATURAL COLOR, GLOSS AND ATTRACTIVENESS.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant.

Willis has died in as many ways as moving picture "heavy"—and that is a great record.



Mossman and Vance, the 1916 Model Boys at the Alt.

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

Advertisement for CHICHESTER'S PILLS, THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Advertisement for BETTER AND SOFTER LIGHT, featuring a lamp illustration.

Advertisement for NOODLES, CHOP SUEY, CHINA DISHES, GOEY'S KWONG HONG LOW.

The CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY

Novelized by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE From the Consolidated Motion Picture Triumph

Synopsis. HAROLD STANLEY, reporter for His New York daily, owned by his father, is in love with Florence Montrose, daughter of Dr. Montrose, who has spent his life perfecting a machine to rejuvenate humanity.

"You're — you're surely not going to do it here?"



the building's elevator shaft. Along this corridor, at the moment Florence Montrose's card was handed to Stanley, Detective Parrish was striding.

"I can't go up there with you," said Harold. "I've some work downtown that I have to attend to before I go home."

had neglected to shut it tightly when she admitted Tanner and Florence. It had swung ajar.

Out stepped—Parrish. The green detective shot the door behind him, glanced his subordinate's amazed queries with a gesture and said imperatively: "Come and help me search this flat."

"That's what we're here to do," said "you," answered Parrish roughly. "What do you know about all this? Come, now, speak up!"

CHAPTER IV. The Mysterious Disappearance.

HAROLD STANLEY, two days later, was about to leave his office for the afternoon, when Florence Montrose's card was brought to him.

"Look here, Mr. Stanley," he growled angrily and with no other salutation, "I read that report on me in this morning's Examiner. And I want to tell you right now that you've got to stop hammering me in print."

"You're — you're surely not going to do it here?" Not here at my apartment," faltered Vanya. "Think of the danger, and—"

Florence Montrose drove slowly uptown in her little roadster. From side to side, in such moments as she did not need all her attention for the guiding of her car, her dark eyes roved, searching the faces of pedestrians and other car occupants.

"No," he returned. "Worse luck! In these Crimson Stain cases, there's never anything new, so far as we investigators are concerned. The Crimson Stain supplies us with 'something new' all the time, in the shape of fresh outrages. But we are too stupid to expose or even check them."

"You're just one condition," pursued Harold. "On condition that you do what the city is hiring you to do and show some real activity in solving the 'Crimson Stain Mystery.'"

"You're — you're surely not going to do it here?" Not here at my apartment," faltered Vanya. "Think of the danger, and—"

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.

"No one could do more. The whole state is talking about the Examiner's wonderful crusade against the Crimson Stain. I read your editorial this morning, too—the editorial flaying Parrish for not doing more. It was perfectly fine, Harold. I'm sure it will spur him!"

"I'm going up to Vanya Tosca's flat for afternoon tea," Clayton said after shaking hands with Stanley. "I dropped in to see if you'd got there with me."

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"I wish I could do something to help," she sighed. "A woman is so helpless!"

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With the dumfounded Alward following, Parrish led the way down the hall toward the dining-room at the rear. At the dining-room threshold he halted. "There at full length lay Vanya Tosca. Around her white throat showed faint marks of the 'diamond necklace' so familiar to the police. At Alward's cry of amazement Stanley and the policeman came running down the hall. 'The 'Crimson Stain'!' exclaimed Stanley in horror as he saw the tell-tale bruises; 'but the marks are much fainter than ever I've seen them.' Alward was chafing the unconscious woman's hands. Parrish flung a glassful of ice water into her face. Slowly Vanya began to revive. Stanley lifted a glass of spirits to her lips. She sipped the fiery liquid, then shivered and sat upright. 'What's—what's happened?' she murmured. 'That's what we're here to do,' said 'you,' answered Parrish roughly. 'What do you know about all this? Come, now, speak up!' 'I came in here to get some cigars for Mr. Clayton and Mr. Lambert,' she murmured incoherently. 'They were calling on me. I came in here. And—somebody crept up behind me and caught me by the throat. I—oh, I don't remember anything after that—except that I could not breathe.' 'The 'Crimson Stain'!' cried Alward in triumph, 'that's it. He used to strangle her. Then Clayton and Lambert got to quarreling in the living-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 shooting, the rear of the flat being thus left vacant. And along the vacated hallway ran Tanner. He halted at a closed door, stooped, gathered the half-suffocated Florence up in his arms and sped back to the kitchen with her. 'Quick!' whispered La Rue, who awaited him there. 'Get her out of this. Take her to your own place and finish the business there. It isn't safe to do it here. I didn't count on the front window being open and the shot being located so quickly. Vanya's explained the rest. But she couldn't explain Florence Montrose's body being found here.' Tanner, shifting his limp burden to his arms, bounded down the stairs. As he reached the side entrance he tore away the enveloping coat. Florence lay very still, her eyes shut, as he half-carried, half-supported her to the waiting cab. Tanner could have sworn she was unconscious. Off started the taxi at Tanner's word of command. Eastward it sped until, at an avenue, it was momentarily checked by a crowd of traffic. And in that moment the cab door flew open. Tanner turned, an instant too late to catch Florence as she sprang to the ground. He leaped out in pursuit, then drew back. For the girl was hurrying toward a traffic policeman. Tanner shouted to the chauffeur; and the taxi wheeled about and set off at top speed down a side street. When Robert Clayton was finally roused he seemed like a man in a dream. He could give no clear account of himself; nor did he realize at all what had happened. Stanley 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 window. As he did so he saw a human figure silhouetted against the night sky—the figure of a man who stood swaying on the high parapet of the building, as if about to dive into the street below. Without a word, Stanley rushed upstairs toward the roof. Alward followed; but not divining Harold's purpose, ran into Clayton's top floor studio. Then, presently, finding Stanley had gone to the room, he, too, clambered up through the open window at the end of the remotest hallway. Stanley, gaining the roof, beheld Clayton, still swaying perilously on the parapet edge as if trying to nerve himself for the leap. He hurried 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 uncertainly 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 murder of Truxton Lambert.' 'Under arrest?' stammered Clayton dully. 'I?' 'What does this mean?' asked Harold in the same breath. 'What does this mean?' echoed Alward. 'It means he's the man we just found. Take a look at this note I went down on his studio table.' Stanley glanced at the half sheet of paper. By the uncertain light he read: 'I am about to end my life. I am guilty of the murder of Truxton Lambert. ROBERT CLAYTON.' 'This is a horrible mistake of some kind!' cried Harold. 'You're right it is,' grimly assented Alward. 'He ought to have jumped a half second sooner.' (TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)