

The Secret of Mohawk Pond

By Natalie Sumner Lincoln

Chapter 1
YEW LODGE

HAVY clouds, massed toward the north-west, deepened the blackness of the May night and brought added concern to Peggy Prescott as she drove her car along the rough country road leading from Milton to East Cornwall.

It was her first motor trip through that part of Connecticut and the mountain scenery from Danbury northward had made her forgetful of the hours she had spent behind the steering wheel in her frantic haste to reach her destination.

She did not need to refer to a clause in her uncle's will, a memorandum of which rested in her suitcase, to remember the conditions attached to her inheritance of his not inconsiderable fortune.

... provided the said Margaret Prescott take up her residence in Yew Lodge on the banks of Mohawk Pond, Litchfield county, Connecticut, between the hours of 1 a. m. and midnight of the 16th day of May, following my death, with but her servants and her personal effects: to come only by motor, and

"Is this Yew Lodge?" she asked eagerly after recovering from her momentary fright.

A respectful bow answered her. "Then you are expecting me—Miss Prescott?"

Another bow.

She called to Julia to come in and again addressed the silent figure.

"Did Mr. Chase notify you of my coming?" she inquired.

Once more the figure bowed, then glided to the left and held back the draw portiere across a doorway, evidently expecting her to pass through it.

Without hesitation she started in that direction. She had almost reached the door when her high heels slipped on the polished floor. Her outflung hand reached the wall, thereby saving a nasty fall.

Accidentally her fingers pressed an electric wall button and several lights went on in front of her and she saw that she faced a dining room.

The table was set for four persons. The chair at the head of the table was drawn back and the figure waited respectfully for her to occupy it. Peggy sat down, pointing to a tall goblet by her plate, she glanced up.

"Water, please," she said, and

and Peggy lost no time in getting the Cornwall telephone exchange.

"Hello, operator," she called as the exchange answered. "This is thirty-eight ring ave. Miss Prescott speaking, from Yew Lodge, Mohawk Pond. Please record this call as coming from here at 10:10 eastern standard time. Have you done that? Thanks. Now put me through for New York city—Mr. Philander Chase, Spring 326."

It was 10 minutes later that a masculine voice answered.

"Hello, Mr. Chase; I am here at Yew Lodge."

Peggy's tone was low but every word was distinct. "The time is recorded at the Cornwall telephone exchange, so that you can substantiate my statement officially for your court records."

"Any excitement, did you ask?"—she hesitated—"I took the wrong road and got lost; that's all. Good night," and she rang off.

Not until Julia was asleep in the small maid's room next to hers did Peggy permit her thoughts to turn back to her entrance into her uncle's home—hers now, by right of inheritance, provided she carried out Uncle Herbert's stipulations. And why shouldn't she?

She sat on the edge of her bed and ran her hand through her curly hair. Was the man she had taken

THE LUXURY HUSBAND

SYNOPSIS: Rita Gilmore, convinced her dramatic plan to reinstate Barbara and Ray will succeed, furnishes a sudden but delightful surprise for Pete Anhelm by asking him to marry her. Pete, naturally elated, finally manages a stumbling acceptance—and Rita has completed her program. The final act: Ray waiting in the wings, receives a shock in the announcement of Rita's injury, but walks on the stage without a glance at the understudy he expects will dance. Suddenly he becomes aware that it is Barbara, whirling through the final scene of the "New Yorker," then rushing off-stage as deafening applause signals her tremendous success.

Chapter 43
ANOTHER CELEBRATION

THE final curtain left no doubt as to "The Knave of Jazz's" triumph. The audience rose and literally cheered. Flowers, baskets of the choicest of them, were hoisted onto the stage. A riot of a first night.

Somehow Ray found himself in the front row, bowing to the audience. Rita was there, too, limping slightly, waving her hands and throwing out kisses. And Pete.

The curtain finally down, the company was scattering, but still Ray lingered, standing scowling down into the dead footlights. He could think of nothing except that he had seen Barbara before his very eyes dancing on that stage!



Success—the 100th night of Ray's revue—and happiness for Barbara.

Rita had stayed behind, too, for some reason. Turning suddenly towards her, Ray cried aloud:

"Am I going mad, Rita, or was it actually Barbara dancing the New Yorker?"

She came towards him and forgot to limp.

"Yes, Ray, it was Barbara."

"But how? How could she be doing the New Yorker—your dance?"

"I taught it to her."

He stared at her incredulously.

"You taught it to her? But why? Why should she have done it?"

"Because she wanted to prove that she's at one with you now—in everything."

His eyes were swimming.

"You're not fooling me, Rita... but, of course, you couldn't be. But why should she want to—with the divorce impending?"

"She's not going through with it. Go to her, Ray. She's down in my dressing room."

He nodded and turned drunkenly to go. But, half way to the wings he stopped, came back to her.

"For a while, Rita, I haven't been thinking of you—you, to whom I owe everything."

She laughed throatily—a very creditable laugh.

"Forget it, Ray. I'm going to be true to my type and marry Pete."

He looked at her in amazement.

"You're going to marry Pete Anhelm?"

"Sure, I've got the chance."

"I—I suppose it's all right if—if you want to marry him, Rita."

He was gone, gone to Barbara. Rita felt limp suddenly, lifeless and oh, so terribly tired. Presently she herself turned to go. Then it was that she knew Pete was standing behind her. Gently he had put an arm around her waist.

"Rita—you little sport, you. I'll do everything—everything that lies in a man's power to see that you don't regret having done this. I'll even make you forget it..."

Suddenly it had occurred to her that he might:

The Golden Dollar club was celebrating the 100th performance of "The Knave of Jazz," with Ray as its guest of honor. When, after the show, the young composer came in with a laughing, radiant wife upon his arm, the whole club rose, as to speak, on tiptoe. How they applauded! How they cheered!

Who is this silent mysterious servant who vanished? Continue the story tomorrow when Peggy finds more puzzling questions about her uncle's estate.

SUNDOWN STORIES

THE OWNER'S NAME.
By Mary Graham Bonner.

The owner of the house now came along.

"Guests," he shouted in a hearty fashion.

John and Peggy thought he was just announcing to himself the fact that they had arrived, but the Little Black Clock said he was so fond of doing everything in a hurry and saving time every-

where that he said "Guests" just as any one else would have said "Hello, Guests," or addressed them by their names.

"Glad you've been looking around," he said. He was a fine looking man, but he looked as though he couldn't keep still very long.

"Had enough to eat?" he added. They nodded quickly. They felt they shouldn't spend too much time in speaking.

"Glad you got here before tomorrow. I'm going around the world tomorrow—may be gone several days—maybe a week or so."

"Just back from a little hop to the Pacific Ocean. I live near the Atlantic and I thought I'd have a change of air."

"A good bit of traffic around the poles or I'd have made it and back more quickly than I did. However, I didn't make bad time?"

The children could hardly keep from laughing aloud. Peggy tried to think of the time she had been ill in bed with measles and John tried to think of the time he had had mumps so their minds would turn to sadder things.

But they didn't have much luck. However, the owner didn't seem to notice. He was rushing off.

"What is his name?" John asked.

"He calls himself 'Keeping-Up-With-The-Times,'" the Little Black Clock answered.

"Tomorrow—November Wind"

Norma Shearer in Fox Craterian Show

Bayard Veiller's "The Trial of Mary Dugan" brings Norma Shearer to the Craterian theater today.

When the famous stage melodrama went into the movies, it went in style, with Veiller in attendance to see that the right actors played it and the correct dialogue illuminated their actions.

The choice of Miss Shearer to play Mary Dugan, otherwise Mary Dugan of the "Follies," accused of killing her protector and forced to relate details of her past on the witness stand, can be laid to him. So also with Lewis Stone as Mary's defense attorney and H. B. Warner, stage and screen veteran, as the wolfish prosecutor, Raymond Hackett will be seen and heard as Jimmy. This is the first time Miss Shearer has spoken on the screen.

"Married Life" Not Worth While

'Blames Wives' 'Nerves'

"Weak nerves," said a New York doctor recently, "in my estimation wreck more happily married lives than any other cause."

Besides making the sweetest disposition sour and irritable, nervousness is a terrible drain on your vital forces—it saps your youth and your strength and dulls your brain. What a difference from the bright-eyed, vibrant girl he married. No wonder married life seems unbearable!

But you can get rid of your nervousness—speedily too—and become the steady-nerved, radiant woman you once were. Try the effect of Tanlac after meals and before going to bed, and if it doesn't soon make a new woman of you—doesn't rid you of that tired, strained feeling—go back and get your money.

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Some folks take pain for granted. They let a cold "run its course." They wait for their headaches to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or from neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime, they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Bayer Aspirin always offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. If pain persists, consult your doctor as to its cause.

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Stealing down into the dining room, Peggy lifted the lid of the soup tureen—a pistol lay inside.

to remain at Yew Lodge for a day and a month, never absenting herself therefrom for more than one hour during either the day or the night within that specified period of time.

"If the conditions herein set forth are not carried out to the letter, all bequests to the said Margaret Prescott are to go instead to my deceased wife's nephew, Jamieson Sinclair, lieutenant-commander, United States Navy."

Notice of the probate of her uncle's will and its contents so far as it concerned her, reached Peggy in San Francisco on the eve of her sailing for Manila to join her father and mother, Col. and Mrs. John Prescott. She promptly canceled her passage on the army transport and, with her mother's colored maid, Julia, caught the first train east.

Met on her arrival in New York that morning of May 16 by the executor of Herbert Prescott's will, she had been provided with a five-passenger coupe that she might comply with her uncle's stipulation that she "come only by motor" to Yew Lodge.

As the shadows deepened, she approached her future home. The head-lights played on the front door of what she surmised was her uncle's late residence. Taking a key from her handbag, she opened the front door leaving Julia seated in the car.

Peggy took several hesitant steps forward, after a glimpse of the interior which revealed furnishings that denoted taste and comfort. Then suddenly she spied the shadowy figure of a man in the room.

caught a glimpse of swarthy skin and glowing eyes before the figure withdrew.

A second later a large silver soup tureen was placed in front of her.

"Miss Peggy, what is yo?" Julia's hail came from the living room.

"I am waiting for dinner."

And at the words Julia's comely yellow face brightened.

"Go out in the kitchen, Julia, and ask Uncle Herbert's servant where the garage is located and I will drive the car around there."

Julia started with alacrity for the door to which her mistress pointed.

"Miss Peggy, dear, that ain't no light!" then, as a surprised ejaculation escaped Peggy: "Come an' see yo'osef, honey."

Peggy was at her side in a second.

"Feel on the wall and locate a light switch," she suggested, running her own fingers up and down just beyond the door jamb.

Julia, however, touched the switch first and they found themselves in a large pantry; from it they went into the larger kitchen. Except for themselves the rooms were deserted. Swiftly they made a canvass of the entire first floor, and returned to the dining room.

Returning to the first floor, they went outside and made quick work of closing the car windows and locking the doors.

Neither lingered in the living room on re-examining it, and without mentioning their mutual desire to eat something, trudged upstairs.

"Here's the linen closet, Julia," Peggy said. "Make up the beds with a wicker for the college annual, the Beaver."

The Beaver is a 450-page book published each year by students who have shown outstanding ability in journalism.

Albany Man Injured.

HOLLIS SWINGLE AIDS COLLEGE PUBLICATION

DOROTHY EADS TAKES PART IN NOISE FEST

OREGON STATE COLLEGE, Corvallis, Nov. 18.—(Special.) Hollis Swingle, Medford, a junior in vocational education at Oregon State college, has been appointed a wicker for the college annual, the Beaver.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, Eugene, Nov. 18.—(Special.) Dorothy Eads of Medford was one of the women named to aid in having the attendance of co-eds at the noise parade, Friday night, November 15.

The women lined the sidewalks on both sides of Willamette street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, and helped make the noise parade, big feature of the pre-Oregon-O. S. C. football rally a success.

A hick town is a place where the car parked in front of the fire hydrant belongs to the banker's wife.

Willamette valley horticulturists have demonstrated that at least three varieties of figs can be grown in Washington.

for her uncle's butler but a filament of her imagination? Mr. Chase had said nothing of a caretaker, but surely one must have been left on the place.

Not to reside there perhaps, but possibly have quarters outside the lodge—in the garage, or a nearby farmhouse. To leave such a home unguarded seemed incredible even if it was located in an inaccessible and little known part of the sovereign state of Connecticut.

No, it was entirely feasible that she had encountered a caretaker, who, for unknown reasons, had departed as quickly and mysteriously as possible. But why disappear? And how?

She rose and slipped on a limon. Walking softly so as not to awaken Julia, she turned on the lights of the living room from the switch on the second floor and sought the dining room, lighting it thoroughly first.

Everything there was just as she had left it; even the chair she had sat in was pushed back from the table as it was when she rose in haste to hunt for the servant.

Going over to the chair, she stared at the covered soup tureen in front of her plate. Like the china on the table a film of dust was discernible on it. Very gingerly Peggy lifted the cover and glanced in the tureen.

Inside lay a cocked automatic pistol.

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FOUR KILLED IN CRASH OF FRENCH MAIL PLANE

MARSEILLES, France, Nov. 18.—(AP)—Four people were believed today to have met death in a crash Saturday off the Corsican coast of the regular mail plane over the Marseilles-Tunis route. It was the third plane to be wrecked in the Mediterranean in the last 10 days.

Wreckage of the plane was picked up yesterday and identified but there was no trace of the lone passenger, pilot, mechanic and radio operator. The plane left here at 10 a. m., Saturday. A radio R. O. S. was heard an hour later, followed by silence.

Classified advertising gets results.