



\$10,000 FOR 100 WORDS.

The Million Dollar Mystery story will run for five consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangement with the Thonkuser Film company it has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it each week in the various moving picture theaters. The last two reels of the mystery story \$10,000 will be given by the Thonkuser Film corporation.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The price of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman, or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two reels of motion picture drama will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thonkuser Film corporation, either at Chicago or New York, any time up to midnight, Jan. 14. This solution should be sent after the last chapter has been published.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judges are to be Harold MacGrath, Lloyd Longman, and Miss Mae Tinee. The judgment of this board will be absolute and final. Nothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the \$10,000 prize. The last two reels, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mystery, will be presented in the theaters having this feature as soon as it is possible to produce the same. The story corresponding to these motion pictures will appear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures as practicable. With the last two reels will be shown the pictures of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Harold MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant.

Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as an aid to a solution:
No. 1—What becomes of the millionaire?
No. 2—What becomes of the \$10,000,000?
No. 3—What does Florence marry?
No. 4—What becomes of the Russian countess?

Nobody connected either directly or indirectly with "The Million Dollar Mystery" will be considered as a contestant.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargrave accidentally meets Braine, leader of the Black Hundred. Knowing Braine will try to get him, he escapes from his own home by a balloon. Before escaping he writes a letter to the girls' school where eighteen years before he mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. That day Hargrave also wrote one million dollars from the bank, but it is reported that this dropped into the sea, when the balloon he escaped in was punctured. Florence arrives from the girls' school. Countess Olga, Braine's companion, visits her and claims to be a relative. Two vague detectives call, but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man. By bribing the captain of the Orient Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Countess Olga also visits the Orient's captain and she easily falls into the reporter's snare. The plan proves abortive through Braine's good looks, and only hirelings fall into the hands of the police. After failing in their first attempt the Black Hundred trap Florence. They ask her for money, but she escapes, again foiling them. Norton and the countess call on Florence the next day, once more safe at home. The visitors having gone, Jones removes a section of flooring, and from a cavity takes a box. Pursued by members of the Black Hundred, he rushes to the water front and succeeds in dropping the box into the sea. Braine conceives the idea of giving a coaching party, to which Florence is invited. Jones and Norton both go along and are fortunately on hand to save Florence from being impaled in the country house to which she is taken. Florence goes homeback riding and is captured by one of Braine's men along the roadside. Norton rescues her. They are pursued, however, and the girl makes their complete escape only after Norton has exploded a time on the last appearance machine with a bullet.

Countess Olga, according to break the engagement now existing between Florence Hargrave and Norton, borrows them both to her apartments and pretends to faint in the reception room. Florence appears in the doorway just at the planned moment, and as a result gives Norton back his ring.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAMP IN THE DANCE.
So far as Jones was concerned, he was rather pleased with the turn of affairs. This was no time for love-making; no time for silly, innocent quarrels and bickering, in which he must lag behind. Florence no longer rode homeback, and Norton returned to his accustomed haunts, where he made the slightest attempt upon his life. In his present state of mind he would have welcomed it.

"What's the matter with Jim?" asked the night city editor, reading his eye sheet. "I don't know," answered the copy reader. "Go around as if he'd been eating dope; bumped into the boss a while ago and never stopped to apologize."

"Perhaps he's napping out the front page for that Hargrave stuff," suggested the copy reader. "Between you and me and the gate post, I don't believe there ever was a man by the name of Hargrave."

"O, there was a chap by that name, all right. He's dead. A man can't swim 300 miles in rough water, life buoy or no. They

ought to have furnished services, and let it go at that."

"But what was the reason for that fake cable from Gibraltar saying that Orta was alive? I don't see any sense in that."

"The man who pulled it off did. I think, for my part, that both Orta and Hargrave are dead, and that the man picked up by the tramp steamer Orient was riding some other balloon."

"You're wrong there. The description of it proved that it was Orta's machine. O, Jim, probably has got a man's size yarn up his sleeve, but he's a long time in delivering the goods. He's beginning to mope a good deal. Woman back of it somewhere. Haven't held down this copy job for twelve years without being able to make some tolerable

guesses. Jim's a star man. When he gets started nothing can stop him. He covered the Chinese Boxer rebellion better than any other correspondent there. I wonder how old he is!"

"O, I should say about thirty-one or two. Here he comes now. 'Lo, Jim!'"

"Hello! Where's Ford? He gave me a ticket to the theater tonight, and I want to punch his head. What's drama coming out of doors? O, I know. They cater to a lot of fools who believe that what they see is an expression of high life in New York and London. And it's rot, plain rot. It's merely the scum on the boiling pot. And say old housewife would skim it off and chuck it into the slops. Life? Piffle!"

"What's the grouch?"

"Looking for the dramatic job?"

"No. I've just been wondering how far these theatrical madmen can go without salting the golden goose."

Norton sought his desk and began rummaging the drawers. He was not hunting for anything; he was merely passing away the time. By and by, when the pastime no longer served, he pulled his chair over to the window and sat down, staring at stars such as Oppenheimer never dreamed of. Ships going down to sea, ferries swooping diagonally higher and thither, the clockwork gears; but he took no note of these marvels of light.

"Not at home!" he muttered.

He had called, written, telephoned. No use. The door remained shut, Jones answered the telephone, and the letters came back. He began to think very deeply concerning the Perigoff woman. Had she played a trick? Had that fatidical spell been burned for his benefit as well as Florence's? But he had not a shadow of a proof. The thing that puzzled him equally with this was that all attempts against his life had miraculously ceased; no safer thundered down in front of him, and no snare tried to ensnare him in two. The only thing that kept him alive was the daily call of Jones by wire. Miss Florence was well; that was all Jones was permitted to say.

Stanley Norton approved his chair and walked over to the telephone booth. It was midnight. He might or might not be able to get Jones. But almost instantly a voice said, "What is it?"

"Jones?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"Norton."

"Why, you called me up not ten minutes ago."

"Not I?"

"It was your voice, as plain as day."

"What did I want?" boom all at once. The reply did not come immediately. "You are certain it was not you?"

"Wait a moment and I'll call the editor. He will prove to you that I've been here for an hour, and that this is the first call I've made. Some one has been imposing on you."

What did they ask you to do?"

"You asked me to come down to the office at once, and I requested you to come to the house, and you said you could not. I declined to stir."

"What do you think?"

"Exactly what you're thinking—that they have come to life again."

"Jones, is Miss Florence awake?"

"No."

"Do you think there is any hope of having her understand what really happened?"

"I am here only to guard her. I cannot undertake to read her thoughts."

"You're not quite in favor of a reconciliation?"

"O, yes, if it went no further. Young people are young people the world over."

just as you are playing it. When we strike, it must be the last blow. All this hide-and-seek business may look foolish to you. It's like that Japanese game called 'go.' It looks simple, but chess is a tyrant's game beside it. Can you find your way back all right?"

"I can."

"Well, you'd better be going. That's all the light I have, in this torch here. Got a lot to do tomorrow and next sleep."

Norton stole away with great caution. His first intention was to proceed straight to the city, but despite his resolution he found himself within a quarter of an hour gazing up at the windows of the Hargrave house. "Not at home!"

Quite unconscious of the fact, he was as close to death as any mortal man might care to be. The policeman, suddenly looting up under the arc lamp, proved to be his savior.

The full moon made Jones doubly alert. He was

he was ushered into the deserted office of the first he sent his card in. The doctor replied in person. His face was pale and his hands shook.

"Good afternoon," said Braine, smiling affably.

The doctor eyed him like a man hypnotized. "You . . . you wished to see me on some particular business?"

"Very particular," dryly. "My car is outside. Will you be so good as to accompany me?"

"I want you to tell me about the Perigoff woman."

"I know only one thing—that Braine is there every night."

"No?"

"The orders are for you to play the game just as you are playing it. When we strike, it must be the last blow. All this hide-and-seek business may look foolish to you. It's like that Japanese game called 'go.' It looks simple, but chess is a tyrant's game beside it. Can you find your way back all right?"

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positive that they were preparing to strike again. But from what direction and in what manner? He had not the gift of clairvoyance, so he had to wait; and waiting is a terrible game when perhaps death is balancing the scales. It is always easier to make an assault than to wait; and it is a good general who always finds himself prepared.

But he made his heart ache to watch the child. She went about cheerfully—when any one was in the room with her. Many a time, however, he had stolen to the door of her bedroom and heard the heart rending sob, a vain attempt being made to stifle them among the pillows. She was only 18; it was first love; and first loves are pale, evanescent attachments. It hurt now; but she would get over it presently. Youth forgets. Time, like water, smooths away the ragged places.

The Countess called regularly. She was, of course, dreadfully sorry over what had happened. She had heard something about his character; newspaper men weren't always the best. This one was a mere fortune hunter; a two faced one, at that. She was never more surprised in her life when he threw his arms around her. And so on, and so forth, half lies and half truths, till the patient Jones felt like wringing her neck.

From his vantage point the butler smiled ironically. He could read the heart of this Perigoff woman as he could read the page of a book. The affront! And all the while he must grapple admit her and pretend when the blood roiled in his veins at the sight of her. But he dared not swerve a single inch from the plans laid down. It was a cup of bitter gall, and there was no way of avoiding the putting of it to his lips. She emanated poison as nightshade emanates it, the usual tree. And he must howl when she entered and howl when she left. Still, she had done him an indirect favor in breaking up this love business.

One afternoon Braine summoned his run-about and called upon two physicians. When

they say. We've got two ends of the net down, and with a little care we'll have them all. Now, let me have a hundred."

Norton drew out a packet of bills and counted off five twenties.

"Why don't you draw the cash yourself?"

"It happens to be in your name, son."

"I forgot," said Norton. "But what a chance for me! Nearly five thousand, all mine for a ticket to Algiers!"

A grant was the only reply.

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separated from Susan. She hunted through aisle after aisle, but could not find her for the simple reason that Susan was hunting for her. It occurred to the girl that Susan might have wisely concluded the best place to wait would be in the taxiway. And so Florence hurried out into the street, and was patiently awaiting her.

The trusted chauffeur had been sent around to the side entrance by the major domo. The young lady had so requested, so he said.

Florence struggled and called for the policeman, who came running up, followed by the usual idle, curious crowd.

"The poor young woman is insane," said the motherly Kate, tears in her eyes. The head Thomas looked at heaven. "We are her keepers."

"It is not true!" cried Florence desperately.

"She has the hallucination that she is the daughter of the millionaire Stanley Hargrave." And Thomas exhibited his document, which was perfectly legal, so far as appearances went.

"Hurry up and get her off the walk. I can't have the crowd growing any larger," said the policeman, convinced.

So, despite her cries and protestations, Florence was hustled into the automobile, even the policeman taking a hand.

"Poor young thing!" he said to the crowd. "Come, now, move on. I can't have the walk blocked up. Get a gait on you."

He was congratulating himself upon the orderliness of the affair when a keen eyed young man in the garb of a chauffeur touched his shoulder.

"What's this I hear about an insane woman?" he demanded.

"She was insane, all right. They had papers to prove it. She kept crying that she was Stanley Hargrave's daughter."

"My God!" the young man struck his forehead in despair. "You are, she was Stanley Hargrave's daughter, and they've kidnapped her right under your nose! What a fool is maintained. Sentiment is strengthened by developments in the financial situation, a favorable impression being created by the further improvement in foreign exchange and the action taken with a view to meeting maturing obligations abroad."

"But you hadn't brain enough to inquire whether they were genuine or not. You wait!" shrieked the chauffeur. "I'll have you broken for this work." He wheeled and ran back to his car, to find Susan and the countess in a great state of agitation.

"They got her, did they?" And I swore on the book that they never should, so long as I drove the car."

Susan wept, and the countess tried to console her.

And when Jones was informed he frightened even the countess with the snarl of rage which burned across his lips. He tore into the hall, seized his hat, and was gone. Not a word of reproach did he offer to the chauffeur. He understood that no one is infallible. He found the blundering policeman, who now realized that he stood in for a whiff of the commissioner's carpet. All he could do was to give a good description of the man and woman. Word was sent broadcast through the city. The police had to be informed this office.

Late in the day an officer whose beat included the ferry landing at Hoboken added he had seen the three. Everything had looked all right to him. It was the motherly face of the one and the benign countenance of the other that had blinded him.

At midnight Jones, haggard and with the air of one beaten, returned home.

"No wireless yet?" asked Norton.

"The George Washington of the North German Lloyd does not answer; tampered with, possibly."

"So long as we know they are at sea we can remedy the evil. They will not be able to land at a single port. I have sent ten cables. They can't get away from the wire. If I could only get hold of the names of those damnable doctors who signed that document! Twenty years."

Jones bent his head in his hands, and Norton tramped the floor till the sound of his footsteps threatened to drive the moaning Susan into hysterics.

"It is only a matter of a few days."

"But can the child stand the terror?" questioned Jones. "Who knows that they may not really drive her insane?"

On board the George Washington every one felt extremely sorry for this beautiful girl. It was a frightful misfortune to be so stricken at her age.

"She is certainly insane," said one of the passengers, who had known Hargrave slightly through some banking business. "Hargrave wasn't married. He lived alone."

After the second day out Florence was permitted to wander about the ship as she pleased.

A good many of the passengers were mightily worried when they learned that the wireless had in some mysterious way been tampered with after the boat had made the open sea. It was impossible to put about. The apparatus must be fixed at sea.

And when finally Norton's wireless caught the wires of the George Washington he was gravely informed that the young lady referred to had leaped the rail of the Banks at night and had been drowned. She had not been missed till the following morning.

[NO MORE CHAPTERS.]

In some manner or other Florence became



FLORENCE AND SUSAN WENT SHOPPING.



BRaine IS THERE EVERY NIGHT.

WORLD'S SHIPPING

CAUTION MANIFEST; GENERAL SITUATION

MORE CONFIDENCE

MUCH IMPROVEMENT

IN THE MARKET

FOR THE FUTURE

OF THE MARKET

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