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### --- and the Worst Is Yet to Come



# SEVENKEYS TO BALDEATE

The New Sensational Comedy With a Laugh in Every Line

Earl Derr Biggers

He wrapped the package up once more, nd prepared for bed. Just as he was and prepared for bed. Just as he was about to retire, he remembered Mr. Bland, bound and gagged below. He went into the hall with the idea of releasing the unlucky haberdasher, but from the office rose the voices of the mayor. Max and smile Bland himself. Peace, evidently, had been declared between them. Mr. Magee returned to number seven, locked all the windows, placed the much-sought pack age beneath his pillow, and after a half hour of puzzling and tossing, fell asleep. It was still quite dark when he awoke with a start. In the blackness he coul make out a figure standing by the side of the bed. He put his hand quickly beneath the pillow; the package was still

there.
"What do you want?" he asked, sitting up in bed.

For answer the intruder sprang through the door and disappeared in the dark-ness of the outer room. Mr. Magee fol-lowed. One of his windows slammed back and forth in the wind. Slipping on a dressing gown and lighting a candle, he made an investigation. The glass above the lock ad been broken. Outside, in the snow n the balcony, were recent footprints. Sleepily Mr. Magee procured the pre ious package and put it in the pocket of Then drawing on his shoes, he added a great coat to his equipment, took candle and went out on the balcony.

The storm had increased; the snow lurried and blustered; the windows of Baldpate Inn rattled wildly all about. It was difficult to keep the candle burning n that wind. Mr. Magee followed the other corner, then along the more shel-

tered rear, and finally to the west side. On the west was a rather unlovely annex o the main building, which increasing patronage had made necessary. It was assageway from the second floor balconv. at the entrance to this passageway the otprints stopped. Entering the dark passageway, Mr. Magee made his way to the door of the annex. He tried it. It was locked. But as he turned away, he heard voices on

Mr. Magee had barely enough time to extinguish his candle and slip into the shadows of the corner. The door of the annex opened. A man stepped out into the passageway. He stood there. The light from a candle held by someone in the doorway, whom Mr. Magee could not see, fell full upon his face—the bespectacled wise face of Professor Thaddeus Bolton.
"Better luck next time," said the pro-"Keep an eye on him," said the voice

rom inside. "If he tries to leave the inn here'll be a big row. We must be in on t-and win.' "I magine," said Professor Bolton, smiling his academic smile, "that the inmates of Baldpate will make tomorrow a rather interesting day for him."
"It will be an interesting day everyone," answered the voice.
"If I should manage to secure the package, by any chance," the professor went on, "I shall undoubtedly need your help in getting away with it. Let us arhelp in getting away with it. Let us arrange a signal. Should a window of my room be open at any time tomorrow, you will know the money is in my hands."
"Very good," replied the other. "Good night—and good luck."
"The same to you," answered Professor Bolton. The door was closed, and the old man moved off down the passageway.

After him crept Mr. Magee. He followed the professor to the east balcony.

After him crept Mr. Magee. He followed the professor to the east balcony, and saw him pause at the open widow of number seven. There the old man looked siyly about, as though in doubt. He tell me you didn't see hi peered into the room, and one foot was at the foot of the steps." across the sill when Mr. Magee came up and touched him on the arm. Professor Bolton leaped in evident fright out upon the balcony.
"It's—it's a wonderful night," he said.
"I was out for a little walk on the bal-

cony, enjoying it. Seeing your open window, I was afraid—" "The night you speak so highly of," re-plied Mr. Magee, "is at your left. You have lost your way. "Good night, Profes-He stepped inside and closed the win-low. Then he pulled down the curtains

He took the package from his pocket. Its seals had already been broken. Untying the strings, he began carefully to unwrap the paper—the thick yellow banking manila, and then the oiled inner wrapping. So finally he opened up the solid mass of—what? He looked closer. Crisp, beautiful one thousand dollar bills. Whew! He had never seen a bill of this size before. And here were two hundred of them!

up here to escape the excitement and melodrama of the world." He looked at his watch. It was past three o'clock. Entering the inner room, for the second time that night he sought to sleer. "They can't play without me— I've got the ball," he repeated with a smile. And, safe in this thought, he

The Cold Gray Dawn.

The gayest knight must have a morning after. Mr. Magee awakened to his to find suite seven wrapped again in its favorite poiar atmosphere. Filling the door leading to the outer room he beheld the cause Mr. Cargan regarded him with the cold, steely eye of a Disraeli in action, but when he spoke he opened the jaws of a cocktail mixer.

seems to me it was time you got up and faced the responsibilities of the day. First with me.'

He stepped into the room, and through the doorway he vacated Mr. Max came my fire," slinking. The unlovely face of the foe of suspicion was badly bruised, and he looked upon the world with no cheerful eye. Pushing aside one of the frail chairs as untrustworthy, the mayor sat down on the edge of Mr. Magee's bed. It creaked in

"You used us pretty rough last night in he snow," Cargan went on. ain't disposed to go in for kid gloves and diplomacy this morning. It's my experi-ence that when you're dealing with a man who's got the good old Irish name of Magee it's best to hit first and debate afterward."
"I—I used you roughly, Mr. Cargan?

said Magee. "No debate, mind you," protested the mayor. "Lou and me are making this morning call to inquire after a little pack-age that went astray somewhere last night. There's two courses open to you —hand over the package or let us take it. I'll give you a tip—the first is the best. If we have to take it we might get real rough in our actions."

Mr. Max slipped closer to the bed, an

ugly look on his face. The mayor glared fixedly into Magee's eyes. The knight who fought for fair ladies in the snow lay on his pillow and considered briefly.
"I get what I go after," remarked Cargan emphatically

sparred Magee, "but the real point is keeping what you get after you've gone after it. You didn't make much of an impression on me last night in that line, Mr. Cargan. never cared much for humor," replied the mayor, "especially at this early hour of the morning."
"And I hate a fresh guy," put in Max,

'like poison.' "I'm not fresh," Mr. Magee smiled, "I'm stating facts. You say you've come for that package. All right—but you've come to the wrong room. I haven't got it "The h—— you haven't!" roared the mayor. "Lou, look about a bit."
"Look about all you like," agreed Magee. "You won't find it. Mr: Cargan, I admit that I laid for you last night. I saw you open the safe according to the latest approved methods, and I saw you come forth with a package of money. But wasn't rough with you. I might have been, to be frank, but somebody beat me to it."

"Who?" "The man with the seventh key, I sup-pose. The man Bland heard walking about last night when we were at dinner. Don't tell me you didn't see him in that mix-up "Well, I did think there was another guy," the mayor answered, "but Lou said

I was crazy."
"Lou does you an injustice. There was another guy, and if you are anxious to recover your precious package I advise you to wake him up to the responsibilities of the day, not me. The mayor considered. Mr. Max, who The mayor considered. Mr. Max, who had hastily made the rounds of the three rooms, came back with empty hands.

"Well," said the mayor, "I might as well admit it. I'm up in the air. I don't know just at this minute where to get off. But that state of affairs don't last long with me, young fellow. I'll get to the bottom of this before the day is out, believe me. And if I can't do anything else. I'll take

And if I can't do anything else. I'll take And if I can't do anything eise, I'll take you back to Reuton myself and throw you into jait for robbery."

"I wouldn't do that," smiled Magee.
"Think of the awful job of explaining to white necktie crowd how you hap-



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pened to be dynamiting a safe on Baldpat

"Oh, I guess I can get around that, said the mayor. "That money belongs to a friend of mine-Andy Rutter. I happen to go to the inn for a little rest, and I grab you dynamiting a safe. I'll keep an eve on you today, Mr. Magee. And let me tell you now that if I catch you or any of the bunch that's with you trying to make a getaway from Baldpate, there's going to be a war break out."

"I don't know about the other hermits," laughed Magee, "but personally I expect to be here for several weeks to come Whew! It's cold in here. Where's the nermit? Why hasn't he been up to fix (To Be Continued.)

THINKS SWEARING ALL RIGHT. Providing the provocation equals the ffence of Jones stepping on Smith's orns. Far better to use Putnam's Corn Extractor-it does cure corns and warts in one day without pain. Try Putnam's," free from acids, and pain less, price 25c, at all dealers.

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FARE AND

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New Year

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limited fare for the round trip to points in territory first described on Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, inclusive, limited to return up to and including Dec. 27, and on Dec. 29, 30, 31, and Jan. 1, 1914, inclusive, limited to return up to January 3, 1914. No Fare to be less than 25 cents for

the round trip for adult or child. Full information from Michigan Central Agents.

#### TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO. Arrive from the East—\*3:52 a.m., 10:56 a.m., \*11:12 a.m., \*11:28 a.m., \*6:30 p.m., \*7:55 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—\*12:14 a.m., 2.43 a.m., \*11:55 a.m., 1.10 p.m., \*4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.
Depart for the Bast—\*12:19 a.m., \*3:48 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:00 a.m., \*12:05 p.m., 2:05 p.m., \*4:25 p.m., \*6:53 p.m.
Depart for the West—\*3:57 a.m., 7:40 a.m., \*11:18 a.m., \*11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., \$:20 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR. Arrive-11:30 a.m., 4:00 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11:05 p.m. Depart—6:35 a.m., \*11:43 a.m., 2:08

p.m., \*8:05 p.m. STRATFORD BRANCH. Arrive—11:15 a.m., 1:39 p.m. 6:45 p.m., 11:30 p.m. 11:30 p.m. Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m. LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE. Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p m.
Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Trains marked run daily. Those
not marked, daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Arrive from the East—\*11:42 a.m., 6:55 p.m., \*7:50 p.m., \*11:15 p.m.

Arrive from the West—\*4:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., \*12:31 p.m., \*5:35 p.m., 8:55 p.m Depart for the East—\*4:38 a.m., 8:00 a.m. \*12:40 p.m., \*5:43 p.m. Depart for the West—8:15 a.m., \*11:50 a.m., 7:05 p.m., \*8:00 p.m., \*11:28 p.m. Trains marked • run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY

Trains Arrive—7:05 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 4:50 p.m., 9:40 p.m.
Trains Leave—7:22 a.m., 2:30 p.m.
5:27 p.m., 10:15 p.m. PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY. Trains Depart-5:30 a.m., \*7:00 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:10 p.m., \*4:20 p.m., †6:30 p.m. Trains Arrive—8:45 a.m., \*12:50 p.m. 1:40 p.m., 5:10 p.m., \*10:10 p.m.,
Trains marked with \* are through
trains, to and from Walkerville. Train
marked with † is mixed, to St. Thomas

Commencing Oct. 1, cars leave London 6:50, 7:50, 9:30 a.m., and hourly to 11:30 One Way First Class Limited Fare for the round trip on Dec. 24 and 25, 1913, good for return not later than Dec. 26, 1913, and an Dec. 21, 1013, and an Dec. 21, and an Dec. 21, 1013, and an Dec. 21, 1013, and an Dec. 21, and a

### One and One-third Regular First Class Pere Marquette Railroad Co.

Change of Time, Effective Nov. 22.
Train No. 1, for St. Thomas and points
West, will leave at 7 a.m. instead of 7:10 Mo. 41 will leave London at 5:30 a.m., instead of 5:40 a.m., for St. Thomas, G. T. R. connection. No. 47 will leave London 2:10 p.m., in-stead of 2:30 p.m., for St. Thomas and Port Stanley.

W. E. Wolfenden, Gen. Passenger Agent
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