

"And these, too?" she asked, handing him the stubs she had found on the floor of the cab.

Lawson lighted one and laid it smoking on a tray. "The same," he nodded, sniffing the smoke for a moment. "Where did you get them?"

Rapidly she recounted what had taken place.

"You'll help me, Billy?" she asked. "Indeed I shall. The deeper you go, the more chance there is that you'll be recognized."

"Oh—I can take care of myself, but—"

"I'd rather help you."

"And I want you to, Billy. Can you spare the time for a quick trip down to the office to see if anything new has developed?"

It was late in the forenoon already. At the office there was a note which had just been delivered by messenger.

Clare tore it open hastily. It was brief and in the angular handwriting of a woman, on pink-tinted scented paper.

"I've heard of you," the note began without superscription. "You are a woman, I'm told, who has had remarkable success in solving mysteries and clearing up crimes. Mademoiselle Fleurette has told me of your visit and I have guessed that it was you, of whom I have heard. Well, you'll find this case pretty difficult. You may work as hard as you want, but I can assure you that this is one mystery you won't solve until we get ready to tell it."

The note was unsigned. Who had written it—Norma herself? Or was this the method that the mysterious Mrs. Despard took? There was no time for a scientific study of the handwriting which would perhaps penetrate the disguise.

Clare opened the top drawer of her desk and took out a little bottle of black powdered graphite and a came's hair brush.

Quickly she poured some of the powder on the paper. Back and forth over the surface she rolled the fine dust, tilting the note first up on one side and then on the other. Then she brushed it over gently with the brush.

There were perhaps half a dozen smudges on the paper. Intently she examined them through a powerful little glass.

"Yes—thumb, a whorl—index, a loop, central pocket—ring finger, radial loop—only three, no arches, no composites. Well, I have three fingers of the right hand, anyway," she concluded.

Lawson had been watching the operation with interest. "It is almost four o'clock now," he remarked, glancing quickly at his watch. "We shall hardly have time to get up to the Montmartre."

"We must go," insisted Clare, folding the paper with the finger prints and stuffing it into her handbag. "Just a minute—we ought to have some one shadow that Futurist place."

AS they motored hurriedly uptown Clare felt the tang to the adventure, now that she was with Dr. Lawson. "I'm glad you're not a mind reader, Billy," she thought to herself as their taxicab threaded its way sinuously through the crowded streets. "I wonder if that little bit of hashish has gone to my head?"

"Do you think that Miss Moore is being held somewhere against her will?" he ventured.

Clare shook her head. "I can't give an opinion yet, Billy," she answered. "But it seems to me that she must have gone willingly, in the first place. No one would have attempted a regular kidnapping, not even with the aid of a night hawk cabman. It would be too risky in her case. And then, there were those cigarettes. Besides, you know I haven't much faith in most of these kidnapping stories."

"N-no," he agreed, as the jolting of the cab threw him closer to her, "no, a good deal of this talk about girls not being able to take care of themselves is rot. Now—really—with

you—I hardly think I'm able to take care of myself!"

"Try real hard, Billy," she laughed. "Besides, this is four o'clock—P. M., not A. M. There, I like you a great deal better on your own side of the cab—at present. Honestly, though, Billy, I can't tell you how glad I am not to be alone on this case."

As they pulled up at the door of the Montmartre a long line of cars and cabs bore eloquent testimony to the popularity of the place. They paused a moment near the door while the head waiter sought to place them. Clare took in the gay scene at a glance as only a woman and a detective can.

"Billy," she whispered, "give him a half dollar and see if we can get that table over by the dancing floor."

Seated near them alone was a youngish man, evidently waiting for some one. It was already after four, but Clare reflected that that proved nothing about keeping an engagement. She had seen neither Delroy nor Lyons, but from the description she had guessed immediately that this was Lyons.

HE was one of those young men of heavy-lidded, dark-circled eyes, denoting late hours, whom one sees at the *dansants* or on the Avenue in the late afternoons. He was, as usual, wearing a flower in his buttonhole, a touch which many women of the near smart set considered very fetching. Debonair, dapper, dashing, Sinclair Lyons took life as he found it, the gayer the better.

Just now, however, he seemed restless and ill at ease as he looked covertly now and then at his watch.

A superbly dressed woman entered. Instantly, Lyons was on his feet attracting her attention to the table which he had been reserving in the crowded restaurant.

As she hurried to meet him, Clare noted that the darning cut of her gown excited comment even here. With that camera eye for which she was famous, the detective also noted that her smooth, full, well-rounded face with the clearest of skins and the pinkest of cheeks was a marvel of the dexterity of her artificial beautifier. Her hair was brunette and yet in some incomprehensible way it gave one the impression of being blonde. There was something frankly deceiving about the woman and yet she was the envy of hundreds who had slaved and toiled without attracting one-tenth the attention for their pains.

As she greeted Sinclair Lyons only the tones of her voice could be heard above the general noise. But there was something indefinably familiar about it to Clare. Yes, it was that disguised voice on the other side of the partition at the Beauty Parlor. There was no mistake.

The Montmartre was all that its name implied. As much of the exotic flavor of its namesake as could be imported had been reproduced in New York. Yet it seemed that there was something that oppressed the two at the fashionable rendezvous.

"*Tenez-vous!*" Clare heard Lyons inquire at last, making an effort to be gay.

"*Oui—je tanguerai,*" answered the woman, and the rest of the conversation was lost in the whirl of the rhythmic dance.

Clare watched the couple attentively as the dance ended and they seated themselves again. It was difficult to hear their low tones, but evidently he had just said something that involved the use of her name.

The woman frowned. "I beg pardon," hastened Lyons, "but I forgot."

"You must not forget, Sinclair. I have called for Europe."

"Mrs. Despard," whispered Lawson who had overheard, also.

Clare nodded. The music had started again. She rose and a moment later she and Dr. Lawson were lost in the dizzy swaying mass of couples.

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He loses both his business and advertising appropriation, who fails to make good.



One Morning

At the breakfast table, the folks who gathered found a dish like this.

A dish of Puffed Grains—Puffed Rice or Puffed Wheat—ready for cream and sugar.

They were crisp, airy bubbles, puffed to eight times normal size. And the taste was like toasted nuts.

And those dainty morsels have been welcomed at that table on a thousand mornings since.

Such was the story in countless homes—a million times repeated.

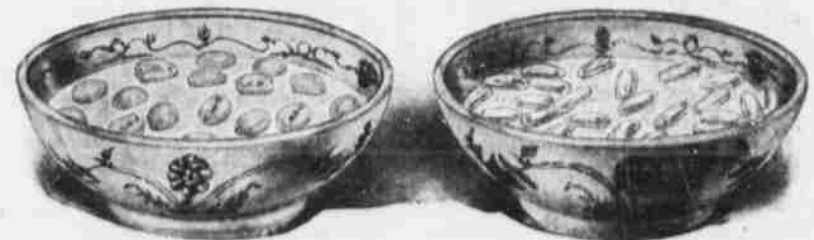
The housewife heard of Puffed Grains, bought a package. And the next morning the folks at her table tasted a new delight.

Then the grains were served for suppers—floating in bowls of milk.

They were mixed with berries—used in candy making—used as garnish to ice cream.

Now we send out forty million dishes monthly to supply the lovers of these foods.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in
Extreme
West
Puffed Rice, 15c



This is how millions of dishes are served for luncheons and suppers in summer. Like crackers in bowls of milk.

The grains are four times as porous as bread. The walls are as thin as tissue.

These dainty wafers, with an almond flavor, form fascinating foods.

And they are whole-grain foods made wholly digestible—with every food granule literally blasted to pieces by Prof. Anderson's process.

Serve them any hour—between meals or bedtime—for these foods never tax the stomach.

These are two of the greatest foods of the century—scientific, delicious, unique and inviting. Let your people know them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

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