

The Million Dollar Mystery

BY HAROLD MacGRATH

\$10,000 FOR ONE HUNDRED WORDS

"The Million Dollar Mystery" story will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangement with the Thinker 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. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given by the Thinker Film corporation.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The prize 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 Thinker Film corporation at 5 South Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., or Thinker Film Corporation, 71 West Twenty-third street, New York City, N. Y., any time up to midnight, Jan. 14, 1915. This allows several weeks 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 Longyear, and Miss MacTine. 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 \$1,000,000?
- No. 3—Whom 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 Hargreave, millionaire, after a mysterious escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargreave eventually 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 girl's school where Florence Gray, his baby daughter, is left on the doorstep by a mysteriously appearing woman. That day Hargreave also draws \$1,000,000 from the bank, but it is reported that this dropped into the sea when the balloon he occupied in was shattered.

Florence arrives from the girls' school, Countess Olga, Braine's companion, visits her and claims her as a relative. The Black Hundred then see a means of making Florence a target for their attacks. They are after the \$1,000,000, and Braine, their leader, sets traps for Florence. The Black Hundred after a number of attempts fail, due to the wisdom of

Jones, the Hargreave butler, and Norton, a newspaper man.

Concealed above the rendezvous of the Black Hundred, a man learns of the recovery of the box from the sea by a sailor and of its subsequent return to the bottom of the sea, and he quickly communicates the fact to Jones. A duplicate box is planted and later secured by the hand, but before its contents are examined the box mysteriously disappears.

Finding himself checkmated at every turn, Braine endeavors to catch the Hargreave household in the law in order to gain free access to the house. The timely discovery of the plot by Norton sets the police at the heels of the pack and results in a raid on the gang's rendezvous, which, however, proves to be barren of results.

The Black Hundred begin to fear Norton and plan to dispose of him. Again the unattached butler shows his hand by rescuing Norton and defeating Braine. And still the golden dated bank notes repose tranquilly in their hiding place!

visions to this ball which you are soon to give. That should not cause you any alarm. We shall not interfere with your sojourn in America in any way whatever, provided these invitations are issued.

"You would rob my guests?" horrified.

"Positively not! Here is a list of four names. Invite them; that is all you have to do. Not so much as a silver spoon will be found missing. This is on my word of

yet. In this country you get into society or you don't through the Sundays."

"Hanged if I know who wished this thing on me."

"Take it philosophically," said the editor sarcastically. "The princess won't bite you. She may even have seen your picture."

"Get out!" grumbled Norton, turning away.

He would go out and see Florence. On

"Goody! I've read about masked balls and have always been crazy to go to one," said Florence with eagerness.

"Suppose we go at once and pick out some costumes?" suggested Norton.

"Just as soon as I can get my hat on," replied Florence, happy as a lark.

"But mind," warned Jones; "be sure that you see the customer alone and that no one else is about."

"I'll take particular care," agreed Norton.

"We've got to do some hustling to find something suitable. For a big affair like this the town will be ransacked. All aboard! This the room for two in that car of mine; and we can have a spin besides. Hang work!"

Florence laughed, and even Jones permitted a smile (which was not grim this time) to stir his lips.

A happy person is generally unobservant. Two happy persons together are totally unobservant of what passes around them. In plain terms this lack is called love. And being frankly in love with each other, neither Norton nor Florence observed that a taxicab followed them into town. Jones, not being in love, was keenly observant; but the taxicab took up the trail two blocks away; so the matter wholly escaped Jones' eye.

The two went into several costumers', but could not find what they wanted. They eventually discovered a shop on a side street that had been overlooked by those invited to the masquerade. They had a merry time rummaging among the campy smelling boxes. There were dominoes of all colors, and at length they agreed upon two modest ones that were evenly matched in color and design. Florence ordered them to be sent home. Then the two of them sallied up to the Ritz-Carlton and had tea.

The man from the taxicab entered the costumers', displayed a detective's shield and demanded that the proprietor show him the costumes selected by the two young people who had just left. The man obeyed wonderingly.

"I want a pair exactly like these," said the detective. "How much?"

"Two dollars each, rental; seven apiece if you wish to buy them."

"I'll buy them."

The detective paid the bill, nodded curtly, and returned to his taxicab.

"Now, I wonder," mused the costumer, "what the dickens those innocent looking young people are up to?" He never found out.

On the night of the ball Norton dined with Florence for the first time; and for once in his life he experienced that petty disturbance of collective thought called embarrassment. To talk over war plans with Jones was one thing, but to have Jones serve soup was altogether another. All through dinner Jones replied to questions with no more and no less than "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." Norton was

"How strong you are!"

The splendor of the rooms, the dazzling array of jewels, the kaleidoscopic colors, the perfume of the banked flowers, and the music all combined to put Florence into a pleasant kind of trance. And it was only when the first waltz began that she became herself and surrendered to the arms of the man she loved.

And there were waltzing over a volcano. She knew and he knew it. From what direction would the blow come? Well, they were prepared for all manner of tricks.

In an alcove off the ballroom sat Braine and Olga, both dressed exactly like Norton and Florence. Another man and woman entered presently and Braine spoke to them for a moment, as if giving instructions, which was indeed the case.

The band crashed into another dance, and the masqueraders began swirling hither and thither and yon. A gay cavalier suddenly stopped in front of Florence.

"Enchantress, may I have the pleasure of this dance?"

Jim touched Florence's hand. But she turned laughingly toward the stranger. What difference did it make? The man would never know who she was nor would she know him. It was a lark, that was all; and despite Jim's warning touch she was up and away like the mischievous sprite that she was. Jim remained in his chair, twisting his fingers and wondering whether to laugh or grow angry. After all, he could not blame her. To him an affair like this was an ancient story; to her it was the door of fairyland swung open. Let her enjoy herself.

Florence was having a splendid time. Her partner was asking all sorts of questions and she was replying in kind, when out of the crowd came Norton (as she supposed), who touched her arm. The cavalier stopped, bowed, and made off.

Norton whispered: "I have made an important discovery. We must be off at once. Come with me."

Florence, without the least suspicion in the world, followed him up the broad staircase. What with the many sounds it was not to be wondered at that the difference in the quality of voices did not strike Florence's ear as odd. The result of her confidence was that upon reaching the upper halls, opposite the dressing rooms, she was suddenly thrust into a room and made prisoner. When the light was turned up she recognized with horror the woman who had helped to kidnap her and take her away on the George Washington weeks ago. She could not have cried out for help if she had tried.

Meantime Jim got up and began to wander about in search of Florence.

Braine played a clever game that night. He and the Russian, still dominated like Norton and Florence, ordered the Hargreave auto, by number, entered it and were driven up to the porte cochere of the Hargreave house. The two alighted, the chauffeur sent the car toward the garage, and Braine and his companion ran lightly down the path to the street where the cab which had followed picked them up.

It grew more and more evident to Jim that something untoward had taken place. He could not find Florence anywhere, in the alcoves, in the side rooms, the supper or card room. Later, to his utter amazement, he was informed that the Hargreave auto had some time since been called and its owner taken home. Some one had taken his place!

His first sensation was impotent fury against Jones, who had permitted them to play with fire. He flung out of the mansion unceremoniously, commanded a cab, and flew out to the riverdale. And when Jones came to the door he was staggering with sleep.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Jim roughly. "Where's Florence?"

"Isn't she with you?" cried Jones, making an effort to dispel the drowsiness. "What time is it?" suddenly.

"Midnight! Where is she?"

"Midnight! I've been drugged!" Without a word Jones staggered off to the kitchen, Jim at his heels.

There was always hot water, and within five minutes Jones had drunk two cups of raw strong coffee.

"Drugged!" he murmured. "Some one is in the house! I'll attend to that later. Now, the chauffeur!"

But the chauffeur swore on his oath that he had left Jim and Florence on the steps of the porte cochere.

"Get in!" said Jones to Norton, now fully alive. He could not get it out of his head that some one in the house had drugged him.

The events which followed were to both Jones and Norton something like a series of nightmares. In the new home of the Princess Parlova a bomb exploded and fire followed the explosion. From pleasure to terror is only a step. The wildest confusion imaginable ensued. Most of the guests were of the opinion that some anarchist had attempted to blow up the house of the rich Pole. Jones and Norton arrived just as the smoke began to pour out from the windows. A crowd was already collected.

Then Jim overheard a woman masquerader say: "The fool made the bomb too strong. She is in the room on the second floor. The game is up if she suffocates." The voices trailed off and the woman became lost in the crowd. But it was enough for the reporter, who pushed his way roughly through the excited masqueraders and entered the house. The rescue was one of the most exciting to be found in the newspaper files of the day.

So Braine in his effort to scare everybody from the house had overreached himself once more.



PRINCESS PARLOVA, ATTIRE FOR THE MASKED BALL.



FLORENCE WAS THRUST INTO A ROOM AND MADE PRISONER.

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CHAPTER XVIII.
THE MASKED BALL.

ABOUT this time—that is to say, about the time the Black Hundred was stretching out its powerful secret arms toward Norton—there arrived in New York City a princess. This princess was the Princess Parlova, a fabulously rich Polish-Russian. She leased a fine house near Central park and set about to conquer social New York. This was not very difficult, for her title was perfectly genuine and she moved in the most exclusive diplomatic circles in Europe, which, as everybody knows, is the most brilliant in the world. When the new home was completely decorated she gave an elaborate dinner, and that attracted the newspapers. They began to talk about her highness, printed portraits of her, and devoted a page occasionally in the Sunday editions. She became something of a rage. One morning it was announced that the Princess Parlova would give a masked ball to formally open her home to society; and it was this notice that first brought the Princess Parlova under Braine's eyes. He was at the Petigoff apartment at the time.

"Well, well," he mused aloud.

"What is it?" asked Olga, turning away from the piano and ending one of Chopin's mazurkas brokenly.

"Here is the Princess Parlova in town."

"And who is she?"

"She is the real thing, Olga; a real princess with vast estates in Poland; with which the greedy Slav next door has been very gentle."

"I haven't paid much attention to the social news lately. What about her?"

"She is giving a masked ball to formally open her home on the west side. And it's going to cost a pretty penny."

"Well, you're not telling me this to make me want to know the princess," said Olga, petulantly.

"No. But I'm going to give you a letter of introduction to her highness."

"Oh!"

"And you are going to ask her to invite two particular friends of yours to this wonderful ball of hers."

"Indeed," ironically. "That sounds all very easy."

"Easier than you think, my child."

"I will not have you call me child!"

"Well, then, Olga."

"That's better. Now, how will it be easier than I think?"

"Simply this, the Princess Parlova is an oath-bound member, but has not been active for years."

"Oho!" Olga was all animation now. "Go on!"

"You will go to her with a letter of introduction—no! Better than that, you will make a formal call and show her this ring. You know the ring," he said, passing the tallman to the countess. "Show this to her and she will obey you in everything. She will have no alternative."

"Very good," replied Olga. "And then the program is to insist that she invite Florence and that fool of a reporter to this ball. Then what?"

"You can leave that to me."

"Haven't all these failures been a warning?"

"No, my dear. I was born optimistic; but there's a fix somewhere in one of my pocket

ets. Time after time I've had everything just where I wanted it, and then—poof! It's pure bald luck on their side, but sooner or later the wheel will turn. And any chance that offers I am bound to accept. Somehow or other we may be able to trap Florence and Norton. I want both of them. If I can get them snugly away Jones will be forced to draw in Hargreave."

"Is there such a man?"

"You saw him that night at the restaurant."

"I have often thought that perhaps I just dreamed it." She turned again to the piano and began humming idly.

"Stop that and listen to me," said Braine, not in quite the best of tempers. "I'm in no mood for whims."

"Music does not soothe your soul, then?" cynically.

"If I had one it might. You will call on the Princess Parlova tomorrow afternoon. It depends upon you what my plans will be. I think you'll have little trouble in getting into the presence of her highness, and once there she will not be able to resist you."

"I'll go."

And so she did. The footman in green livery hesitated for a moment, but the title on the visiting card was quite sufficient. He bowed the countess into the reception room and went in search of his distinguished mistress.

The Princess Parlova was a handsome woman verging upon middle age. She was a patriot; Olga's keen eye discerned that instantly. She came into the reception room with that dignified serenity which would have impressed any one as genuine. She held the card in her fingers and smiled inquiringly toward her guest.

"I confess," she began, "that I recall neither your face nor your name. I am sorry. Where have I had the honor of meeting you before?"

"You have never met me before, your highness," answered Olga sweetly.

"You come on a charity errand, then?"

"That depends, your highness. Will you be so good as to glance at this?" Olga asked, holding out her palm upon which the tallman lay.

The princess shrank back, paling.

"Where did you get that?" she panted.

"From the head," was the answer.

"And you have followed me from Russia?" whispered the princess, her terror growing.

"O, no. The Black Hundred is as strongly organized here as in St. Petersburg. But we always keep track of the old members, especially when they stand so high in the world as yourself."

"But I was deceived and betrayed!" exclaimed the princess. "They urged me to join on the ground that the organization was to attempt to bring about the freedom of Poland."

Olga shrugged. "You were rich, highness. The Black Hundred needed money."

"And you used it now?" eagerly, believing that she saw a loophole. "How much? O, I will give a hundred thousand rubles on your promise to leave me alone. Tell me!"

"I am sorry, your highness, but I have no authority to accept such an offer. Indeed, my errand is far from being expensive. All the Black Hundred desires is four in-

honor, and I never break that word, if you please."

"Give me the list," said the princess, wearily. "Who gave you that ring?"

"The head."

"In Russia?"

"No; here in America." Olga dipped into her handbag and produced a slip of paper. This she handed to the princess. "Here is the list, highness."

"Who is Florence Hargreave?"

"A friend of mine," evasively.

"Does she belong to the organization?"

"No."

"Then you have some ulterior purpose in having me invite her?"

"I have," answered Olga sharply; "but that does not concern your highness in the least."

The princess bit her lips. "I see your name here also; a man named Braine and another, Norton."

"Say at once that you do not care to execute the wishes—the commands—of the order," said Olga coldly.

"I will do as you wish. And I beg you now to excuse me. But if anything happens to any of my personal friends—"

"Well?" laughed from Olga.

"Well, I will put the matter in the hands of the police."

"But so long as your personal friends are not concerned?"

"I shall then of necessity remain deaf and blind. It is one of the penalties I must pay for my folly. I wish you good-day."

"And also good riddance," murmured Olga under her breath as she rose and started for the hallway.

Thus it was that when Norton went to the office the next afternoon he found a broad white envelope on his desk. Indifferently he opened the same and his eyes bulged. "Princess Parlova requests," and so forth and so on. Then he shrugged. The chief had probably asked for the invitation and he would have to write up the doings, a phase of reportorial work eminently distasteful to him. He went up to the city desk.

"Can't you find some one else to do this stuff?" he growled to the city editor.

The city editor glanced at the card and created envelope. "Good Lord, man! Nobody in this office had anything to do with that. What luck! Our Miss Hayes tried all manner of schemes, but was ruffled on all sides. How the deuce did you chance to get one?"

"Search me," said the bewildered Norton.

"If I were you I'd sit tight and take it all in," advised the editor. "It's going to be the biggest splash of its kind we've had in years. We've been working every wire we know to get Miss Hayes inside, but it was no go. This princess is not out on the game

the way out to Riverdale he came to the conclusion that the list of the princess fell short and some friend of his who was helping the woman out suggested his name. It was the only way he could account for it. But when he learned that Florence had an invitation exactly like his own and that she received it that morning he became suspicious.

"Jones, what do you think of it?" he questioned.

"I think it was very kind of the Countess Perigoff suggesting your name and that of Florence," said the butler urbanely.

"Oho?" cried Florence, disappointedly.

"It is the only logical deduction I can make," declared Jones. "They are both practically Russians."

"And what would you advise?" asked Norton.

"Why, go and enjoy yourself. Forwarded is forwarded. The thing is, be very careful not to acquaint any one with the character of your disguise, least of all the Countess Perigoff. Besides," Jones added smiling, "perhaps I may go myself."

beginning to learn that this strange man could put on a dozen kinds of armor and always retain his individuality. And tonight there seemed something vaguely familiar about the impassive face of the butler, as if he had seen it somewhere in the past but could not tell when or where. As he and Florence were leaving for the automobile which was to take them to the princess, the truth came home to him with the shock of a douche of ice cold water. Under his breath he murmured: "You're a wonderful man, Jones; and I take my hat off to you with the deepest admiration. Hang me!"

"What are you mumbling about?" asked the happy girl at his side.

"Was I mumbling? Perhaps I was going over my catechism. I haven't been out in society in so long that I've forgotten how to act."

"I believe that. We've been in here for five minutes and you haven't told me that you love me."

"Good heavens!" And his arms went around her so tightly that she begged for quarter.

ter.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

SEE THE PICTURES AT THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE