

Who Is She?



to relieve you of that incriminating evidence, the lady's bag and her ring."

"Do you understand, Knox?" said Harley as the cab bore us toward Hamilton Place. "Do you grasp the details of this scheme?"

"On the contrary," I replied, "I am absolutely at sea."

Nevertheless I had forgotten that I was hungry, in the excitement which now claimed me. For, although the thread upon which these seemingly disconnected things hung was invisible to me, I recognized that Bampton, the city clerk, the bearded stranger who had made so singular a proposition to him, the white-batted major, the dead stockbroker, and the mysterious woman whose presence in the case the clear sight of Harley had promptly detected, all were linked together by some subtle chain. I was convinced, too, that my friend held at least one end of that chain in his grasp.

(To be continued.)

Pearl Siegel, 620 East Second street, yesterday carried away the daily premium when she identified herself as the girl of mystery. It was the "easiest thing," she said.

Today another girl will have the opportunity of claiming the coin. Do you know who she is? If so, tell her how she can cash in on the project by making her application for the green slip before 4 a. m. tomorrow morning.

Tomorrow will be another girl of mystery and another possibility that she may be you. Do you wonder if perhaps you might be the next?