INITIALS ONLY

By ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE" "THE FILIGREE BALL" "THE HOUSE OF THE WHISPERING PINES"
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES W. ROSSER

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CHAPTER I.

Poinsettias.

"A remarkable man!"

I pointed to a man hurrying around the corner just ahead of us.

"Yes, he's remarkably well built. I noticed him when he came out of the Clermont." This was a hotel we had just passed.

"But it's not only that. It's his height, his very striking features, his expression—" I stopped suddenly, gripping George's arm convulsively in a surprise he appeared to share. We had turned the corner immediately behind the man of whom we were speaking and so had him still in full view.

"What's he doing?" I asked in a low whisper.

The man ahead of us, presenting in every respect the appearance of a gentleman, had suddenly stooped to the kerb and was washing his hands in the snow, furtively, but with a vigor and purpose which could not fail to arouse the strangest conjectures in any chance onlooker.

"Pilate!" escaped my lips, in a sort of nervous chuckle. But George shook his head at me.

"I don't like it," he muttered, with unusual gravity. "Did you see his face?" Then as the man rose and hurried away from us down the street, "I should like to follow him. I do believe—"

But here we became aware of a quick rush and sudden clamor around the corner we had just left, and turning quickly, saw that something had occurred on Broadway which was fast causing a tumult.

"What's the matter?" I cried. "What can have happened? Let's go see, George. Perhaps it has something to do with our man."

My husband, with a final glance down the street at the fast disappearing figure, yielded to my importunity, and possibly to some new curiosity of his own. "I'd like to stop that man first," said he. "But what excuse have I? He may be nothing but a crank, with some crack-brained idea in his head. We'll soon know; for there's certainly something wrong there on Broadway."

"He came out of the Clermont," I suggested.

"I know. If the excitement isn't there, what we've just seen is simply a coincidence."

It was the last word he had time to speak before we found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of men and women, jostling one another in curiosity or in the consternation following a quick alarm. All were looking one way, and, as this was towards the entrance of the Clermont, it was evident enough to us that the alarm had indeed had its origin in the very place we had anticipated. I felt my husband's arm press me closer to his side as we worked our way towards the entrance, and presently caught a warning sound from his lips as the oaths and confused cries everywhere surrounding us were broken here and there by articulate words and we heard:

"Is it murder?"

"The beautiful Miss Challoner!"

"A millionairess in her own right!"

"Killed, they say."

"No, no! suddenly dead; that's all."

"George, what shall we do?" I managed to cry into my husband's ear.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," whispered George, who was as curious as myself. "We will try the rear door where there are fewer persons. Possibly we can make our way in there, and if we can, Slater will tell us all we want to know."

Slater was the assistant manager of the Clermont, and one of George's oldest friends.

"Then hurry," said I. "I am being crushed here."

George did hurry and in a few minutes we were before the rear entrance of the great hotel. There was a mob gathered here also, but it was neither so large nor so rough as the one on Broadway. Yet I doubt if we should have been able to work our way through it if Slater had not, at that very instant, shown himself in the doorway, in company with an officer to whom he was giving some final instructions.

"Let us in, Slater," George begged. "My wife feels a little faint; she has been knocked about so by the crowd."

I no sooner saw the way cleared for our entrance than I made good my husband's words by fainting away in earnest.

When I came to, it was suddenly and with perfect recognition of my surroundings. The small reception room to which I had been taken was one I had often visited, and its familiar features did not hold my attention for a moment. What I did see and welcome was my husband's face bending close over me, and to him I spoke first. My words must have sounded oddly to those about. "Have they told you anything about it?" I asked. "Did he—"

A quick pressure on my arm silenced me, and then I noticed that we were not alone. Two or three ladies stood near, watching me, and one had evidently been using some restoratives, for she held a small vinaigrette in her hand. To this lady, George ...

"Was she alone when she fell?" I asked.

"Virtually alone. Some persons sat on the other side of the room, reading at the big round table. They did not even hear her fall. They say that the band was playing unusually loud in the musicians' gallery."

"Are you feeling quite well, now?"

"Quite myself," I gratefully replied as I rose slowly from the sofa.

In the hall we encountered Mr. Slater, whom I have before mentioned. He was trying to maintain order while himself in a state of great agitation. Seeing us, he could not refrain from whispering a few words into my husband's ear.

"The doctor has just gone up—her doctor, I mean. He's simply dumbfounded. Says that she was the healthiest woman in New York yesterday. I think—don't mention it, that he suspects something quite different from heart failure."

"What do you mean?" asked George, following the assistant manager down the broad flight of steps leading to the office. Then, as I pressed up close to Mr. Slater's other side, "She was by herself, wasn't she, in the half floor above?"

"Yes, and had been writing a letter. She fell with it still in her hand."

"Have they carried her to her room?" I eagerly inquired, glancing fearfully up at the large semi-circular openings overlooking us from the place where she had fallen.

"Not yet. Mr. Hammond insists upon waiting for the coroner." (Mr. Hammond was the proprietor of the hotel.) "She is lying on one of the big couches near which she fell. If you like, I can give you a glimpse of her. She looks beautiful. It's terrible to think that she is dead."

I don't know why we consented. We were under a spell, I think. At all events, we accepted his offer and followed him up a narrow staircase open to very few that night. At the top, he turned upon us with a warning gesture which I hardly think we needed, and led us down a narrow hall flanked by openings corresponding to those we had noted from below. At the furthest one he paused and, beckoning us to his side, pointed across the lobby into the large writing-room which occupied the better part of the mezzanine floor.

We saw people standing in various attitudes of grief and dismay about a couch, one end of which only was visible to us at the moment. The doctor had just joined them, and every head was turned towards him and every body bent forward in anxious expectation. I remember the face of one gray haired old man. I shall never forget it. He was probably her father. Later, I knew him to be so. Miss Challoner was stretched out upon the couch. She was dressed as she came from dinner, in a gown of ivory-tinted satin, relieved at the breast by a large bouquet of scarlet poinsettias. The doctor was pointing at these poinsettias in horror and with awful meaning, and though we could not hear his words, we knew almost instinctively, both from his attitude and the cries which burst from the lips of those about him, that something more than broken petals and disordered leaves had met his eyes; that blood was there—slowly oozing drops from the heart—which for some reason had escaped all eyes till now.

Miss Challoner was dead, not from unsuspected disease, but from the violent attack of some murderous weapon. As the realization of this brought fresh panic and bowed the old father's head with emotions even more bitter than those of grief, I

She Fell With the Letter Still in Her Hand.

turned a questioning look up at George's face.

It was fixed with a purpose I had no trouble in understanding.

CHAPTER II.

"I Know the Man."

Yet he made no effort to detain Mr. Slater, when that gentleman, under this renewed excitement, hastily left us.

"I want to feel sure of myself," he ...

"It's devilish. Such a beautiful girl! Laura, I must leave you for a moment. Do you mind?"

"No, no; yet—"

I did mind; but he was gone before I could take back my word. Alone, I felt the tragedy much more than when he was with me. I drew back against the wall and hid my eyes, waiting feverishly for George's return.

He came, when he did come, in some haste and with certain marks of increased agitation.

"Laura," said he, "Slater says that we may possibly be wanted and proposes that we stay here all night. I have telephoned and made it all right at home. Will you come to your room? This is no place for you."

Nothing could have pleased me better. But I could not go without casting another glance at the tragic scene I was leaving. A stir was perceptible there, and I was just in time to see its cause. A tall, angular gentleman was approaching from the direction of the musicians' gallery, and from the manner of all present, as well as from the whispered comment of my husband, I recognized in him the special official for whom all had been waiting.

"Are you going to tell him?" was my question to George as we made our way down to the lobby.

"That depends. First, I am going to see you settled in a room quite remote from this business."

"I shall not like that."

"I know, my dear, but it is best."

I could not gainsay this.

Nevertheless, after the first few minutes of relief, I found it very lonesome upstairs.

I was still struggling with this feeling when the door opened, and George came in. There was news in his face as I rushed to meet him.

"Tell me—tell," I begged.

He tried to smile at my eagerness, but the attempt was ghastly.

"I've been listening and looking," said he, "and this is all I have learned. Miss Challoner died, not from a stroke or from disease of any kind, but from a wound reaching the heart. No one saw the attack, or even the approach or departure of the person inflicting this wound. If she was killed by a pistol-shot, it was at a distance, and almost over the heads of the persons sitting at the table we saw there. But the doctors shake their heads at the word pistol-shot, though they refuse to explain themselves or to express any opinion till the wound has been probed. This they are going to do at once, and when that question is decided, I may feel it my duty to speak and may ask you to support my story."

...ing both in his dress and appearance. What I could see of his face was bare of beard, and very expressive. He walked with the swing of an athlete, and only looked mean and small when he was stooping and dabbling in the snow."

"His clothes. Describe his clothes." There was an odd sound in Mr. Slater's voice.

"He wore a silk hat and there was fur on his overcoat. I think the fur was black."

Mr. Slater stepped back, then moved forward again with a determined air.

"I know the man," said he.

CHAPTER III.

The Man.

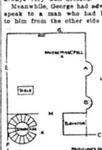
"You know the man?"

"I do; or rather, I know a man who answers to this description. He comes here once in a while."

"His name."

"Brotherson. A very uncommon person in many respects; quite capable of such an eccentricity, but incapable, I should say, of crime. He's a gifted talker and so well read that he can hold one's attention for hours. Of his tastes, I can only say that they appear to be mainly scientific. But he is not averse to society, and is always very well dressed."

Meanwhile, George had advanced to speak to a man who had beckoned to him from the other side of the



room, and with whom in another moment I saw him step out. Thus deserted, I sank into a chair near one of the windows.

Where was he? The man who had carried him off was the youngest in ...

...voured its contents,—the exclamation I made on reading it, waking George.

The writing was in Mr. Slater's hand, and the words were:

"I must request, at the instance of Coroner Heath and such of the police as listened to your adventure, that you make no further mention of ...

...I saw in the mirror upon which my attention was fixed. A man was looking in from the corridor behind, at the four persons we were just discussing. He was watching them intently, and I thought I knew his face.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Saves Time on Telephone

New Idea That Seems at a Glance Should Be of Extreme Usefulness.

What looks like a good suggestion is a device which consists of a sound magnifying trumpet of flattened form, similar to certain types of motor horns, behind which is a platform adapted to support the telephone receiver. Upon receiving or making a call upon the phone and being asked to "hold the line," the user, instead of "holding on" with the telephone receiver pressed to his ear, an arrangement which restricts his movements and prevents him from giving his attention to any other matter, merely drops the receiver onto the platform of the "time saver," where it automatically slides into position with the earpiece against the small end of the spiral trumpet. The user is then free to go on with his work until the voice from the trumpet shows him that the person at the other end is speaking. Conversation can then either be carried on using the loud-speaking trumpet, with the advantage of leaving the user's hands both free for the purpose of turning up references, taking down a message from dictation, etc., or the receiver may be lifted off the instrument and used in the ordinary way. The loud speaking telephone's "voice" is very similar to that of a gramophone, and it is thus possible for the user of one of these instruments to move some little way from the telephone and yet hear when the person at the other end of the line is speaking.

Pockets Spoil Men's Clothes.

It would be a good thing if some men's pockets were sewn up. One could be left for a handkerchief—the hip pocket of the trousers is a good place for that—but the other pockets are seldom so necessary as they are thought to be, and the average man is apt to allow himself to be tyrannized by his pockets.

I have known men to carry large bundles of letters, to say nothing of a large letter case, a massive cigar case, a couple of pipes, a box of cigarettes, a bulky tobacco pouch and a few other odd things. These same men have come to me and asked how it is that their coats always seem to look shabby so soon.

The answer, in a word, has been: The pockets have spoiled the clothes.—Le Comte in London Evening Standard.

Walked Out With It.

There came into the office of a western lawyer a man who was excited because his wife had left him, and he feared she would run him into debt all over the country.

"In that case," said the lawyer, "you had better post her."

His client, not knowing what posting meant, said he did not know where she had gone, and besides, she was fully as strong as he, and he did not believe he was able to post her. The attorney explained that he meant putting a notice in the newspapers saying: "Whereas, my wife Helen has left my bed and board without any just—"

"But that ain't true," interrupted the client. "She didn't leave my bed. She took it with her."—Sunday Magazine.

Just Married, Too.

"Young man," said the magistrate, severely, "the assault you have committed on your poor wife is a most brutal one. Do you know of any reason why I should not send you to prison?" "If you do, your honor," replied the prisoner at the bar, hopefully, "it will break up our honeymoon."

PAINFUL, TRYING TIMES

... DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS ... FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Army of Constipation Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS ... SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature Brent Good

A Triumph Of Cookery— Post Toasties

"The Memory Lingers"

SCALP TROUBLE FOR YEARS

First Newspaper.

The Clocks We Wear.

The American Home

WILLIAM A. RADFORD Editor

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 178 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

If I were asked to sum up in a few words the advantages of owning a home over renting one, I am afraid I could hardly confine myself to the space allotted me for this article. But there are a few points that perhaps stand out with special prominence, and I will try to express as briefly as possible the reason why, as it appears to me, the man who saves to build or buy a home for himself is the type of citizen of highest value to the community.

For the man of average income, the acquisition of a permanent home involves struggle and, it may be, even sacrifice, for a few years; but he who is willing to undergo it, instead of shrinking continually in fear, demonstrates that he has the very quali... thrift. It fosters an interest in public affairs—reasonable taxation, street and sidewalk upkeep, honesty of officials, etc.—that is very apt to be deficient or entirely lacking in the mere renter.

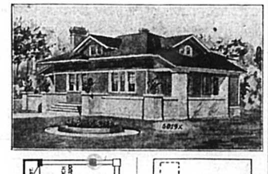
Disreputable gang control is practically impossible in communities where people own their homes.

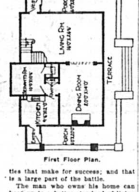
Nathaniel Cotton sums up this subject admirably in the following lines:

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home."

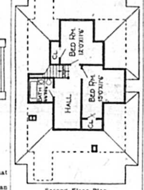
An example of an attractive little home that can be built for about $3,000 is illustrated in the accompanying perspective and floor plans. Its dimensions are: Length, 31 feet 6 inches; width, 53 feet 6 inches. It is of the popular "bungalow" type, but has two bedrooms and bath on the second floor. A wide veranda runs around three sides. There are two entrances, one on each side at the back of the veranda.

The greater portion of the ground ...





First Floor Plan.



Second Floor Plan.

... is perpetually solvent instead of dependent.

He not only has better credit, but has every reason to live up to moral and material standards that make him a more desirable citizen than the transient renter.

Ownership of the place one lives in is the first step toward financial stability and community respect. It is the fountain spring of that sincere and honest pride in home and family which is one of the strongest elements in character building for both parent and children.

It inspires business sense, and stimulates the cardinal virtue of ...

... dining room extending across the remainder of the front of the house. At the end of the dining room is a large fireplace and inviting hearthstone.

A servant's room is provided, opening off the same passageway which connects the dining room and kitchen.

No Use to Go Now.

"What's the matter with Warping? He seems depressed."

"He leaves tomorrow for his vacation."

"That's nothing to be sad about."

"At the last moment Mrs. Warping decided to go with him."

GOLD BEDS ONLY SCRATCHED

Alaska's Mines Will Last a Thousand Years at Least, Believes an Expert.

Like a tale out of the Arabian Nights is the opinion given recently by an expert on the future of Alaskan gold mining, only this expert bases his opinion on facts, whereas the Oriental story teller specialized in fancy, says the Engineering and Mining Journal.

But the testimony just given by Falcom Joslin is doubly interesting because it exceeds the imagination of the wildest fancy while being based on the facts in the case.

"In my judgment," says Mr. Joslin, "the placer mining industry in Alaska will last a thousand years, the area suitable for placer mining is so enormous. What we are working there now is only the gravels that will carry from $3 to $10 a yard. You cannot work gravels that carry less than that, but once we have transportation there and can work gravels such as they do in California, which carry seven cents a yard, we have got so nearly an unlimited area of it that no man can foresee the end of that industry in Alaska.

"One great thing is that nearly the whole area of Alaska is gold bearing. There are placers and quartz. It has been said, and I believe the statistics and explorations of the geological survey show it, that you could go from the extreme southeast of Alaska, at Ketchikan, where there are important mines, along this route by way of Hains, clear out to Nome, a distance of 2,000 miles in a straight line, and that in every 20-mile section along that route you could develop gold mines. It is infinitely greater than any other area of gold country that has ever been found in the world."

A FINE TOUCH.

One of two darkies who run a bootblack "parlor" in partnership was bragging of his well-developed sense of touch, particularly in the matter of money. He boasted that he could tell the denomination of any United States coin merely by feeling it. His partner wearied of these boasts and came back with this:

"Your sense o' feelin' ain't nothing to my friend Marcus. Him and me used to work on the Pullman down through Kansas. Marcus had been on this route for about ten years. One night when we was both a-sleepin', long around midnight I wakes up and I shakes Marcus and I says: 'Marcus, where are we?' An' Marcus he jest rolls over and sticks his hand out the window and he says: 'We're goin' through Oswego.'"—Everybody's.

Appreciation of Art.

Harrison Fisher, the illustrator, tells the following at his own expense:

"I was once lounging about a hall wherein certain of my illustrations were being exhibited when I chanced to overhear a woman standing in front of one of them exclaim with heartfelt fervor:

"'Ah! If I only knew the artist of this!'

"'Pardon me, madam,' said I, hastening up, 'but I am the artist.'

"'In that case,' said she, with a winning smile, 'won't you tell me the name of the dressmaker who made that perfectly dear frock your model wore?'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

His Thought.

She (after the quarrel)—Leave my presence!

He (confused)—Why—er—you've got them all!—Judge.

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS

GOOD ROAD WORK IN KANSAS

Nearly $750,000 Spent by Highway Department in 1912—Engineer Losh Reviews Year.

The business of the state highway department at the Kansas Agricultural college aggregated nearly three-fourths million dollars in 1912. That was the value of the bridge and road work done, says the Kansas Industrialist. It was a record for that department. Its work was more than trebled. What has been accomplished in the last year by the highway department is contained in an address by A. R. Losh, assistant highway engineer, before a recent meeting of the Kansas Good Roads association.

"During the past year," said Mr. Losh, "the work of the state engineer's office has more than trebled, though the small force and limited appropriation has greatly restricted its usefulness. While all requests have received attention, the work in many cases has been delayed owing to the great demand for services. But in no case have township or county officials decided to do without the engineer provided by state rather than wait until their work could receive his attention. During the year inspections and reports have been made on 100 miles of roads and 275 bridges.

"This is a summary of the engineering work done by this office during the year:

Plans and specifications for bridge work finished or under construction	$180,000
Plans and specifications for bridge work not contracted	150,000
Plans and specifications for road work	25,000
Plans and specifications for drainage work under construction	90,000
Plans and specifications for farm tile drainage	7,000
Consulting and supervising engineer to highway officials on bridge work being done on plans not furnished by the state, aggregating a value of	75,000
Board of arbitration of bridge case in Smith county, involving	25,000
Inspection of bridge work in Mitchell county, involving	65,000
Inspection of bridge work in Norton county, involving	15,000
Valuation of public property on which services have been furnished	$653,000

"In the campaign for good roads, speakers have been furnished for 405 meetings, addressing a total of 51,000 persons; two good roads trains have been concluded; 75,000 bulletins, tracts, or other publications have been distributed; and every county and township board in the state has received an offer of assistance in its local problems.

"We are spending more money than ever before on our highways, and ...

Alfalfa as Pork Maker.

Protection for Grapes.

Value of Grooming.

Establishing a Reputation.

Not Much Fruit.

The ELECTRICAL WORLD

NEW ELECTRICAL TIME CLOCK

Device Automatically Varies Position of Printing on Card—Impossible to Outwit It.

A new kind of time clock has been patented by an Englishman. Probably the chief feature of this clock is the fact that a positioning device automatically varies the position of the printing on the card, according to fixed periods of time. A primary motor has a detent while a secondary

New Time Clock.

motor effects the release of the detent, periodically. The primary motor changes the printing types and incidentally furnishes energy to operate a third motor, which actuates the card positioning device. It is impossible to outwit this time clock as the time is printed in a different part of the card every few minutes. Where an employe might alter one figure, or part of figures, he could not counterfeit an entire record or successfully remove all traces of the original.

NEW WIRELESS EXPERIMENTS

Government to Test Limit of Capacity of High Power Station at Arlington, Va.

The scout cruiser Salem, one of the three fastest vessels of her type in the world, has been detached from the United States Atlantic fleet, and has sailed on a voyage across the Atlantic to undertake the most extensive wireless experiments ever carried on by the navy department. The purpose of the voyage is to test to the limit of its capacity, if possible, the government's high power wireless station at ...

TABLE FOR RESIDENCE PHONE

Convenient Telephone Table.

Daily Thought.

WILL ELECTRIFY BIG ISLAND

Tasmania to Have 85,000 Horse-Power—Sufficient to Develop All Her Industries.

When the water power of Great lake, in the center of the island of Tasmania, is harnessed to electric generators the island will be almost completely electrified.

The island of Tasmania is located south of Australia. Its area is a little over 26,000 miles and it has a population of 191,000. In the middle of the island at an altitude of 3,400 feet is the Great lake, a storage reservoir provided by nature herself.

The area of this sheet of water is forty-one of Tasmania's square miles. The outlet of this lake is the River Shannon. At this outlet a company has recently been formed to construct a weir to regulate the flow. The water will then be diverted from the Shannon into a lagoon, from which steel pipes will be laid so as to create an effective fall of water for over 1,000 feet vertical.

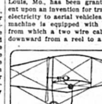
It is calculated that in the power house to be erected at the foot of this fall electricity of the value of 85,000 horsepower can be generated all the year round, sufficient to work the developing industries of the whole island.

Hobart (the capital) in the south and Launceston in the north will be supplied from it, and there will be ample power to work the important mineral fields of the west coast as well—the copper mines of Mount Lyell, the tin mines of Bischoff and the silver mines of Zeehan.

TROLLEY WIRES FOR AIRSHIP

St. Louis Man Granted Patent on Invention for Transmitting Electricity to Aerial Vehicles.

To Theodore T. Kryshtofovich, St. Louis, Mo., has been granted a patent upon an invention for transmitting electricity to aerial vehicles. The air machine is equipped with a motor from which a two wire cable passes downward from a reel to a two wire



An Airship Trolley.

trolley arrangement. By guiding the aerial craft along above the trolley the airship may be propelled by electric motors.

Electrify English Railroads.

ELECTRICAL NOTES

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

For That Picnic —to ensure complete success take along a case of Coca-Cola. Delicious—Refreshing Thirst-Quenching. THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

Libby's Veal Loaf A Picnic Favorite. Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

SUIT—Made to Your Measure—$7.50. Let Us Send You Sample Outfit.

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