## STEP-DAUGHTER OF PETERSON JAY - By GEORGE JARR MCLUTCHEM

### CHAPTER I

#### Peterson Jay, Detective

there was no denying the fact pusuit. that he was a costly official, his as town marshal adding not less than nine dollars a year to the tax list. For 28 years had Peterson Juy served the town in this capacity, indicating his term of service by the purchase of a new nickel star upon each successive anniversary of his election, wherewith he adorned his, person, so that now as he leaned against the village pump, chewing a dandelion stalk and wearing all his badges he resembled a prosperous Christmas tree far more than a police commissioner. His had been a proud record. "He's saved this here town thaouands of dollars," said Alf Boozeling,

the official drunkard of Tankletown. Don't see haow," retorted Ed Stiggins, the prune king. "He ain't never arrested nobody."

hed no jail expenses to pay, hev we?" forever, at least through \$346 the front porch startled her. pages of a six best seller that would in the hearts of girls' boarding schools glar on the front plazzy. wherever located on this broad American continent

in front of him.

"I dee-duce from thet there voice thet, tective to go out."

there's a horse somewhere in this here neighborhood," thought Peterson Jay, Peterson. and deserting the spiritual Peterson, in which his mind had been wandering, he the planny," said Peterson. observed, with no little pride in his own discernment, that his deductions were village lockup and, opening the parlor its nose into his and had then begun to of the night. doubtless taking it for a sprig of that key to the jail. Peterson says for bad." local laurel with which the farmers of you to go lock yourself up. He'll be Tankletown had crowned their honored raound in the mornin'," she said, her chief of police.

"Hold my horse a minute, Rube," said though they were made of porcelain. the driver of the beast, a handsome Gibson girl, tossing the reins at Peter- in the dark. son. "I want to go into yon prunery

and buy a match. "Hi, thar," retorted Peterson, with calling up to him again. "He says he "What do you take me for? A sin't a burglar, but a baby." dignity. hitching post?"

"No," laughed the other, as he entered down." said Peterson. Stiggins' grocery, "You look to me more A few minutes later the town martroupe waiting for some kind angel to ample proportions of his wife, crept so that they could walk home on the. which the snow now lay 10 inches deep. ties. That's why I offered you a job."

terson Jay. "I'll go up to the haouse and And then his eye fell upon a basket to sleep until I find out who." git my gun and foller him, 'y Gorry!" on the lower step of the porch, and in

But when he returned the handsome that basket, swathed in old newspapers, young desperado had gone on, and what lay a bright faced, sunny eyed little is more, the news had come in over lady-just the kind to grow up into a dollars had already been paid.

an' I thought at the time it looked derned familiar."

And, backed by the village apotheimposing even in his cary, the grocer's boy and Mill Mink, expensiveness. To Tankletown the postmaster, Peterson Jay started in

# CHAPTER II

The Daughter on the Step -EN hours later Peterson Jay, having been apprised by his intended victim, whom he had run to earth at the neavor's office in the adjoining town, getting married, that not only was the shirt he wore his own, as was easily proven by the initials of his best man embroidered on the tab, but that moreover Mose Lamson's missing garment had been found in his next door neighbor's well, whither it had been blown by a pranksome breeze, returned to Tankletown defeated, but not discouraged. .

"I'll bet he stole the cuff buttons, anyhow," he muttered. "I'll land him yit!

The night was stormy and Peterson "That's jest it," said Alf. "We ain't and his wife, after a light supper, retired at about half-past six and were It was doubtless of this record that soon wrapped in slumber. Mrs. Peter-Peterson Jay was thinking, as in his son, however, was restless, and as the starry splendor he leaned against the clock struck eight rose and went below pump, in blissful unconsciousness that to boil Peterson's egg for his breakfast even then he was standing on the brink the next morning. The egg had not of complications of so<sup>4</sup> epoch making a been in the kettle more than twenty kind that they would be remembered, minutes when a strange sound upon

"Peterson," she called upstairs in a rival the works of Dickens or Libby loud whisper, "I think they's a bur-

"Tell him to go raound to th' jail and make himself to hum for the night." ain't no kind of a night to ask a de- melting snow.

"Hangin' on the nail on the back of we?" Mrs. Peterson secured the key to the said the old lady.

amitey, I don't know as we kin af- endeavors to unravel it, remained as such the first speaker was.

teeth chattering with the cold, alvears."

like a stranded all star comic opera shal, discreetly sheltered behind the Hang the expense!" come along and build them a railroad cautiously out upon the piazza, on ter parents.

"Thet feller's criminal," muttered Pe- with my fishin' boots on," he said.

# POTTED NOVELS BEING & SERIES OF CANNED LITERATURE SELECTED FROM AMONG. THE WORLD'S QUICKEST SELLERS. PUT UP IN SLICES FOR HURRIED READERS - - EDITED BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

tell Wagner from De Koven on Daddy night. The young son of Congressman -I mean ages," Wicker confessed

later; one who would wear a fascinating green mackintosh and a muffler of silk about his neck; to whom a boiled ase of Hank Willerby; who should also a gray felt hat with the wear and prove himself the hero he was in-tended to be. Him she would wait for if it took 250 pages to bring him on the scene. And then in the midst of these pastoral scenes and maidenly reflections came the awful tragedy for which everybody had been waiting all earth. these interminable years. Rosalie was "My

· up

horse trough. His deductive faculties were summoned into instant operation, and his sympathetic but admiring neighbors awaited the results of his cogitations with a breathless interest. At last he spoke.

scarce contain himself with ex."\*ement. "Then," said the old man deliber?\*ely and with an air of finality, "then some body must ha' stole her!

CHAPTER IV

In the Cave

ID ye git her?" whispered a hoarse, raucous voice.

"You bet we got her,' "Huh!" said Peterson. "You ain't got dollars and sixty cents; and numer- sponded the desperado as he and his "War's the key?" demanded Mrs. no deeductive faculties-women never ous packages also came by express to two villainous looking companions has. We found her on the step, didn't Rosalie, containing gowns by the best lifted the swooning figure of Rosalie modistes between Paris and New York, Spink from the sleigh and conducted "Wa-al, s'posin' we did, Peterson?" so that Rosalie was always the most her into the counterfeiter's cave in the stylishly dressed person in all Tankle- cellar of the haunted house.

man and unmarried, soon acquitted Rosalie down in the damp corner. "I "That will be all right," returned himself of all suspicion of being guess the plot's been changed. Dang it! Mrs. Peterson, who had been investi- the child's mother, when Peterson Jay What's he keepin' us waitin' for?" he gating the basket. "Here's a postal indirectly accused him of that particu- snarled. "I want what's comin' to me

"Two dollars a year!" roared Peter- offer to pay \$60 for her keep, much less froze," put in the guttural voice of the ters ahead of time, and save us all a ing along the road to happiness "Example and blassful carelesaness of utter and blassful carelesaness of

proposed marriage to her. Rosalle was never picked ye out with that face.

throwed in." But to every one of these spile it."

Whereupon he went back to bed, and ardent swains Rosalie's answer was the ble threat. With her face spoiled what in one of the packages from her mys- situation was becoming intolerable.

Jay's gramaphone—in this package, I say, had come one of her creator's own beautiful novels, and secretly, without in the floor of the haunted house above "And the story, then, is finished? I beautiful novels, and secretly, without even knowing it herself. Rozalie was saving her own avowals of imperish-landing upon the stomach of the villain closer. No. dear," said Wicker gloomily: "it saving her own avouals of imperiod able love for one who should come later; one who would wear a fascinat-forever putting Sam out of commission. With a savage oath Dave had sprung to run. shirt was a necessity of everyday life. forward to seize the intruder by the not an occasional social diversion, as in throat, but Wicker Basket was not the all? throat, but Wicker Basket was not the "Yes, darling" he cried, pass hero of our story for nothing. With hy folding her to his breast. wear also a gray feit hat with the front rim pulled down and the back rim turned up, and tan gloves and pat-ent feather pumps, and carry a cane. He was in-the state of heaven you are already my suffer the story end here and now. "But my income" began Rosalie. "Your two dollars a year that these lieus of his cerebellum, until it stuck "Tour two dollars a year that these out like a collar button on the back of dead rascais here sought to make their out like a collar button of the grasning own are now mine," said the young

out like a collar button on the back of dead rascals nere sought to make their his neck, at the same time grasping own are now mine," said the young Bill, the third kidnaper, by the ankie man: "but," he added in noble renun-with his left hand and flinging him up against the wall with such force that shall be settled on Daddy Jay!" he fell a senseless clod to the dank "And we shall live on what, Wick-earth. "My turn next!" cried the hag, with

"Have no fear, beloved, I am rich kidnaped on the eve of her thirtieth kidnaped on the eve of her thirtieth birthday. Peterson Jay had just returned from "Yes," panted Wicker, "And you are And the stepdaughter of Peterson

been stealing chickens at the haunted you eight dollars, madam, if you'll tor with Wicker Basket, and up to the hang yourself like a lady, three chap- hour of going to press was still speed-

Rosalie sighed softly and peeped at

'Oh, Wicker, must we go through it

Is there no escape?

LAM SO GLAD JNUGGLING CLOSER

the dead woman's fingers and replacing later as he and the retired town mar-it in his pocket. Wicker Basket lifted

shal met on the postoffice steps. "I dunno yit," replied Peterson Jay. "I've read the book through three times,"

and I ain't quite sure as to the lady's identity afore she come, and none of HERE am I?" faintly gasped the alleged folks in the Social Registry Rosalie, without opening her of New York, Bosting or Philadelphy:

but I tell ye. Alf, they's one thing that's derned sartain."

CHAPTER VI

In the Sight of Heaven



"Whoa!" cried a hoarse voice directly replied the sleepy detective. "This good wife, her eyes filled with fast two dollars arrived regularly and per-

sistently-sometimes as much as two

"Wa-al, that makes her our step- town. But the mystery of her parentcorrect. A horse indeed had first thrust window, called out into the blackness daughter," said Peferson. "But, Gosh- age, in spite of Peterson's unremitting way over?" demanded the woman, for

ford another, Eva. Times is powerful deep as ever. Alf Boozeling, being a "No," growled the .man, throwing

"Sakes alive." cried Mrs. Peterson, "Sakes alive." cried Mrs. Peterson, It's a baby." Son, his face brightening. "By Heck, bay it. Eva, that's sixty dollars all told! I "Pears to me," said, Peterson Jay as in't a burglar, but a baby." "Wait till I get my gun, an' Fill be "To a ber a glass o' nice warm watter. As Rosalle grew to glorious young "To a r 40 Mary Wil-"To a r 40 Mary Wil-"It's a baby! Peterson!" she roared, son, his face brightening. "By Heck, bay it.

card in the little gal's vanity bag sayin' lar crime; Ed Stiggins had more chil- quick." But there was no answer. Only the that her folks 'll send us two dollars dren than he knew what to do with, young man, set up like the fiance of a muffled wail of a baby from somewhere a year for her keep for the next thutty anyhow, and as for the rest of the town hag.

"Somebody must ha' left her there," easily the belle of the village, for, as "A-aa-a-ah." sneered Maude, angrily. used Peterson, shaking his finger at "Bast Bunkar said "Sha's a light feader" "Gol darned good thing I went to bed mused Peterson, shaking his finger at 'Rast Bunker said, "She's a light feeder mine and a pretty one, eh? Say anthe bedpost, "and I don't propose to go and they ain't no mother in law other

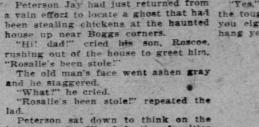
"See anything of the Hero on the

"You'll get it all right," chuckled the

everybody else was too stingy even to "Give us a drink, mother-my ears is

Rosalie in his strong, loverly arms.

JHE WHISPERED.



"By gorry!" he said, bringing his hand down with a terrific whack on his knee. "Ef she's been stole---" "Yes?" cried Alf Boozeling who could

seven telephones at once that some one, lovely cover in five colors for a popular taking advantage of the blackness of novel.

the night before, had rifled Mose Lam- "Gosh all hemlocks!" ejaculated Peson's drying yard of his boiled shirt. terson. "Another mystery-I'll have T did not take long for the thirty French like a native-from Boston "Twas him!" cried Peterson. "I no- to git my sal'ry raised next taown years to pass by-ten pages at most, and had acquired her intense love for ticed the varmint had on a biled shirt, meetin'."



ing her subscription to a complete col-lege education in one of the magazine correspondence schools, from which she 

 Kidnaped
 correspondence schools, from which she had learned in 10 easy lessons to speak years to pass by—ten pages at most, and had acquired her intense love for and one of these with an illustra The Rescue
 "And you?" interrogatively mured the girl.
 "So long as that there two dollars a year keeps comin' along good and reg'ar she's welcome to call herself

CHAPTER V

"In my arms, sweetheart." replied Wicker tenderly.

What's that, Peterson?" asked the Tankletown drunkard.

Che POET LAUREATE of the BIG FLEET REAR ADMIRAL EVANS' FLAG SECRETARY

HE poetry of earth is never fleet staff officers and a representative. 66 dead." So wrote Keats. Nei- of the bureau of construction and rether, it may be added, is the pair, who is making the cruise for poetry of the waters under purposes of observation.

F

the earth. Though for the business The fleet roster includes the names of running a fleet or a single ship of these members of the Connecticut's prose may serve the full purpose of all, wardroom mess: Lientenant Comfrom commander in chief down, none mander R. B. Higgins, fleet engineer the less there are times and occasions officer; Lieutenant Commander M. L. when your naval officer finds no proper Commander G. C. Day, navigator; Lieuvent for his emotions save in the tenant Commander S. P. Fullinwider, hythmic heat of verse. ordnance officer; Lieutenant H. E. Yar-

Lloyd H. Chandler, flag secretary. ins has found vent in many chan-nels—in staff duty, in ordnance work, in torpede destroyer work and in poetry. His effusions are not, indeed, marine officer: Captain C. C. Carpenter, to be classed as epics. They take the more staccato form of occasional verses prompted by his desire to pre-sent poetical pictures of characteristic sent poetical pictures of characteristic

naval figures in his immediate environment.

lected from a grand total of twenty-four. First comes this in-He has collected these flights of fancy into a manuscript of volume troductory song, "dedicated, with apolwhich he alliteratively entitles "Ward ogies, to the whole gang, including Room Wanderings," subtitularly char- every one else, too, by their friend acterizing them as "The Record of the Neptune." Mental Aberrations of Some Seasick A SONG OF THE CONNECTICUT. Ones Who Were Trying to Forget A mess there was of knockers gay Their Miseries." He modestly dis- (Even as you and I) claims any exalted rank for himself in the hierarchy of the Muses. He depres (Of course they knew that it did no cates his works as mere humble fol-lowings in the footsteps of Kipling. This self-imposed criticism is not in-dorsed by the jolly sea dogs whom he bas blassed of here is a standard sea blassed of the standard sea blassed of this windy around the standard sea blassed of the standard s has blessed or banned "in verse or Who never could " Who never could understand. For their caterer sad, an Irish lad. worse."

The "Ward Room Wanderings" were Who loves his messmates, good and first read at a wardroom dinner on the Are mighty hard to stand. Connecticut. The current spirit of na-

val progress found expression in these On a cruise they went, this noisy crew stanzas, and they were slightly tinc-tured by the elements of controversy for every one looked for a fight each

raged at washington mess chandler found ticut's wardroom mess Chandler found diversified play for his pen, since the mess includes not only the usual num-ber of ship's officers, but also several in this crowd of hustlers (?) grand! He inust go-go-go on deck and angle.

The epical cruise of the Atlantic bat-tleship fleet to the Pacific has inspired one man at least to this larger utter-ance. He is Lieutenant Commander Lloyd H. Chandler, flag secretary. Joyd H. Chandler, flag secretary. Since his graduation Chandler's gen- department; Surgeon L. W. Curtis:fleet

77 FEW "Wanderings" are here se-

WHOSE PRODUCT WAS FINE -IF 'I WOULD FLOAT" For those who love them despite their

The honors that each of these laddles

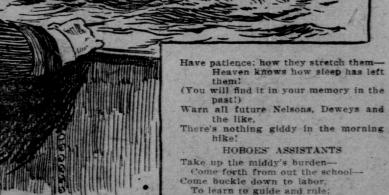
Are easy to understand.

AVIGATOR DAY possesses secrets the ordinary mind, so he is ad-dressed as a sort of oceanic sphinx: SUN SHOOTER

Who knows how much blame the

compass has to bear? Who knows why our bells won't jingle. Hoboes! why our lights so oft become dim The Hoboes! While he nurses of his measles in a Lazy Hoboes!

chair? We have seen him taking angles, we Every job they have to do have seen him signing log; We have seen him try to straighten We have seen him try to straighten



of the sea that are too deep for Let him go without his dinner, getting the ordinary mind so he is ad-daily thinner! thinner!! For him the sun will never wait to dip. For the little starlets call aloud for you!

Who knows what he means by "cur-rent"; how much worry does it save him? the two following poems:

WEARY WALKERS

Till a voice far worse than conscience THE surgeon of the fleet, Dr. L. W. rang interminable changes Curtis, prompts Chandler to take On one everlasting whisper, day and night repeated-so-

Something even we can gather; is how he does ft knowledge waiting for you-go!" FLEET

So I went, worn out of patience, never told my nearest neighbors. Bought some uniforms and toddled-

left them talking politics; And the gang that do the knocking, they turned to and helped my labors.

And I found some troubles gathering in her unexpected tricks.

Fault by fault I puzzled through 'em: telling yarns and still explaining: Hurried on to find some good things, turning back when nothing came. Till I found her steaming easy, not a vital thing complaining. Felt the good ship heave beneath me. felt her long to play the game.

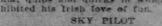
Have patience; how they stretch them-Heaven knows how sleep has left them! (You will find it in your memory in the each bather but a rager: How the air ports cracked and shat-

tered till the sea just had a cinch.

Will they jeer and will they flout me when I tell them how to do it

when I tell them how to do it.
Will they still know more than seamen, as they always have of yore?
Or will they in my words find wisdom.
as at desk on desk they still sit?
If the gods look down upon us, they will listen to my lore?

ATHER MATTHEW C. GLEESON. The chaplain of the flagship, comes in for a jocund reference to the peren-



In almost every house of praver You'll find the devil roosting there: Although to tell it makes us weep,

So we said, and we believed it; build- And it that fains to start your tears, ed ships and fitted drains; A soug I'll sing in spite of jeers." Ran our water line where it pleased us So daily moves our padre gay, -didn't give a d--n about it: To whom upon his jolly way "Up the hill will water amble if it's Our cheers, and not our jeers, we send, managed by our brains!" To keep him merry to the end.

Curtis, prompts Chandler to take individual and vicarious revenge. "Something hidden: go and find if: go for pills and other nostrums shot into look where she ranges- the intestines of officers and crew. Here the intestines of officers and crew. Here FLEET SURGEON Who pumps the drugs into you? The senior surgeon, he. Who pours it out in goblets, And hands it out to me.

'Twixt health and health's returning He gets us in his grip; And, gods, what we will suffer On that new hospital ship!

What germs are in the sick bay? The largest mump on earth. How would he treat me for one? Hed-sure reduce my girth. y day with seidlitz powders. Ety By night with sleepy dope. Creeps up the senior surgeon, If you only give him rope.

What right has he to dope us? The right might gives to all. How dares he chop us open? It's just his bloomin' gall. And kin of those he's doctored. Whose forms he gally dents. He monthly for his labor Deducts his twenty cents.

Trust ye the senior surgeon. Trust ye his running mates. Don't cavil at their treatment.

You're forgotten by the Fates, Or ff you date not risk it.

And pounce upon you quick.

F course Chandler's muse has not

expression without provoking taliatory-measures, shall we call them? Father Matt biniself is accused of "thinking up a poem to get even with his friend." That others and thought similar thoughts is evidenced by the final poem of the lot.

I've never known that poets wrote such

You'd better not get sick. For if you do they'll get you. O been allowed to wreak itself in

ENVOI

Ab there, posts, our metre's all uskew, Your lines butble gayly-but they lack

measly verse as you. And Austin. I'm now persuaded, must

he a poet true. An there, shipmates' I thank you for

your dinner: I don't know which to thank the most

this saint or this gay sinner; But anyhow let's drink to those with

whom our thoughts do rest. "Sweethcarts and wives." the nave toast, of all good toasts the best

To learn to guide and rule; To read the log and hustle. To make the noon reports— Ye new-caught, giddy people. Half students and half sports: AVAL CONSTRUCTOR R. H. ROB-INSON naturally forms the sub-hibited his Irish love of fun. ject of one of the longest of these

poems. In a preliminary note he is introduced as a gentleman who had been "temporarily shanghaied by the

There's no sense in going further: we "Cheer up, me lads: don't dare to sleep, know all there is about it:" I'l cracit a joke to make we weep; So we said, and we believed it: build- And if that fails to start your tears,

them that are older": THE EXPLORER (OF THE SLIDE RULE). THE are observed by the served of the ser THE EXPLORER (OF THE SLIDE RULE).