

SERIAL STORY

ELUSIVE ISABEL

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

Illustrations by M. KETNER

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SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomats in the national capital when a messenger brings a note directing him to come to the embassy at once. Here a beautiful young woman asks that she be given a ticket to the embassy ball. The ticket is made out in the name of Miss Isabel Thorne.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Campbell and the Cab's. Just as it is one man's business to manufacture watches, and another man's business to peddle shoe-strings, so it was Mr. Campbell's business to know things. He was a human card index, a governmental ready reference posted to the minute and backed by all the tremendous resources of a nation. From the little office in the Secret Service Bureau, where he sat day after day, radiating threads connected with the huge outer world, and enabled him to keep a firm hand on the diplomatic and departmental pulse of Washington. Perhaps he came nearer knowing everything that happened there than any other man living; and no man realized more perfectly than he just how little of all of it he did know.



"If Any Other Man Than Gault Had Sent That I Should Have Said He Was Crazy."

In person Mr. Campbell was not unlike a retired grocer who had shaken the butter and eggs from his soul and settled back to enjoy a life of placid idleness. He was a little beyond middle age, pleasant of face, white of hair, and blessed with guileless blue eyes. His genius had no sparkle to it; it consisted solely of detail and system and indefatigability, coupled with a memory that was well nigh infallible. His brain was as serene and orderly as a cash register; one almost expected to hear it click.

He sat at his desk intently studying a cable despatch which lay before him. It was in the Secret Service code. Leaning over his shoulder was Mr. Grimm—the Mr. Grimm of the bureau. Mr. Grimm was an utterly different type from his chief. He was younger, perhaps thirty-one or two, physically well proportioned, a little above the average height, with regular features and listless, purposeless eyes—a replica of a hundred other young men who dawdle idly in the windows of their clubs and watch the world hurry by. His manner was languid; his dress showed fastidious care.

Sentence by sentence the bewildering intricacies of the code gave way before the placid understanding of Chief Campbell, and word by word, from the chaos of it, a translation took intelligible form upon a sheet of paper under his right hand. Mr. Grimm, looking on, exhibited only a most perfunctory interest in the extraordinary message he was reading; the listless eyes narrowed a little, that was all. It was a special despatch from Lisbon dated that morning, and signed simply "Gault." Completely translated it ran thus:

"Secret offensive and defensive alliance of the Latin against the English-speaking nations of the world is planned. Italy, France, Spain and two South American republics will soon sign compact in Washington. Proposition just made to Portugal, and may be accepted. Special envoys now working in Mexico and Central and South America. Germany invited to join, but refuses as yet, giving, however, tacit support; attitude of Russia and Japan unknown to me. Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi, believed to be in Washington at present, has absolute power to sign for Italy, France and Spain. Profound secrecy enjoined and preserved. I learned of it by underground. Shall I inform our minister? Cable instructions."

"So much!" commented Mr. Campbell. He clasped his hands behind his head, lay back in his chair and sat for a long time, staring with steadfast, thoughtful eyes into the impassive face of his subordinate. Mr. Grimm perched himself on the edge of the desk and with his legs dangling read the despatch a second time, and a third.

"If," he observed slowly, "if any other man than Gault had sent that I should have said he was crazy."

"The peace of the world is in peril, Mr. Grimm," said Campbell impressively, at last. "It had to come, of course, the United States and England against a large part of Europe and all of Central and South America. It had to come, and yet—"

He broke off abruptly, and picked up the receiver of his desk telephone. "The White House, please," he requested curtly, and then, after a moment: "Hello! Please ask the president if he will receive Mr. Campbell immediately. Yes, Mr. Campbell of the Secret Service." There was a pause. Mr. Grimm removed his im-

maculate person from the desk, and took a chair. "Hello! In half an hour? So much!"

The pages of the Almanac de Gotfrä flattered through his fingers, and finally he leaned forward and studied a paragraph of it closely. When he raised his eyes again there was that in them which Mr. Grimm had never seen before—a settled, darkening shadow.

"The world-war has long been a chimera, Mr. Grimm," he remarked at last, "but now—now! Think of it! Of course, the Central and South American countries, taken separately, are inconsequential, and that is true, too, of the Latin countries of Europe, except France, but taken in combination, under one directing mind, the allied navies would be formidable, at least. Backed by the moral support of Germany, and perhaps Japan—Don't you see? Don't you see?"

He lapsed into silence. Mr. Grimm opened his lips to ask a question. Mr. Campbell anticipated it unerringly:

"The purpose of such an alliance? It is not too much to construe it into the first step toward a world-war—a war of reprisal and conquest beside which the other great wars of the world would seem trivial. For the fact has at last come home to the nations of the world that ultimately the English-speaking peoples will dominate it—dominate it because they are the practical peoples. They have given to the world all its great practical inventions—the railroads, the steamship, electricity, the telegraph and cable—all of them; they are the great civilizing forces, rounding the world up to new moral understandings, for what England has done in Africa and India we have done in a smaller way in the Philippines and Cuba and Porto Rico; they are the great commercial peoples, slowly but surely winning the market-places of the earth; wherever the English or the American flag is planted there the English tongue is being spoken, and there the peoples are being taught the sanity of right living and square dealing."

"It requires no great effort of the imagination, Mr. Grimm, to foresee that day when the traditional power

of Paris, and Berlin, and St. Petersburg, and Madrid will be honey-combed by the steady encroachment of our methods. This alliance would indicate that already that day has been foreseen; that there is now a resentment which is about to find expression in one great, desperate struggle for world supremacy. A few hundred years ago Italy—or Rome—was stripped of her power; only recently the United States dispelled the illusion that Spain was anything but a shell; and France—! One can't help but wonder if the power she boasts is not principally on paper. But if their forces are combined? Do you see? It would be an enormous power to reckon with, with a hundred bases of supplies right at our doors."

He rose suddenly and walked over to the window, where he stood for a moment, staring out with unseeing eyes.

"Given a yard of canvas, Mr. Grimm," he went on finally, "a Spanish boy will waste it, a French boy will paint a picture on it, an English boy will build a sail-boat, and an American boy will erect a tent. That fully illustrates the differences in the races."

He abandoned the didactic tone, and returned to the material matter in hand. Mr. Grimm passed him the despatch and he sat down again.

"Will you sign compact in Washington," he read musically. "Now I don't know that the signing of that compact can be prevented, but the signing of it on United States soil can be prevented. You will see to that, Mr. Grimm."

"Very well," the young man agreed carelessly. The magnitude of such a task made, apparently, not the slightest impression on him. He languidly drew on his gloves.

"And meanwhile I shall take steps to ascertain the attitude of Russian and Japanese representatives in this city."

Mr. Grimm nodded.

"And now, for Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi," Mr. Campbell went on slowly. "Officially he is not in Washington, nor the United States, for that matter. Naturally, on such a mission, he would not come as a publicly accredited agent, therefore, I imagine, he is to be sought under another name."

"Of course," Mr. Grimm acquiesced.

"And he would avoid the big hotels."

"Certainly."

Mr. Campbell permitted his guileless blue eyes to linger inquiringly upon those of the young man for half

a minute. He caught himself wondering, sometimes, at the perfection of the deliberate indifference with which Mr. Grimm masked his emotions. In his admiration of this quality he quite overlooked the remarkable mask of benevolence behind which he himself hid.

"And the name, D'Abruzzi," he remarked, after a time. "What does it mean to you, Mr. Grimm?"

"It means that I am to deal with a prince of the royal blood of Italy," was the unhesitating response. Mr. Grimm picked up the Almanac de Gotfrä and glanced at the open page. "Of course, the first thing to do is to find him; the rest will be simple enough." He perused the page carelessly. "I will begin work at once."

CHAPTER III.

The Language of the Fan.

Mr. Grimm was chatting idly with Senorita Rodriguez, daughter of the minister from Venezuela, the while he permitted his listless eyes to wander aimlessly about the spacious ball-room of the German embassy, ablaze with festooned lights, and brilliant with a multi-colored chaos of uniforms. Gleaming pearl-white, translucent in the mass, were the bare shoulders of women; and from far off came the plaintive whine of an orchestra, a pulsing sense rather than a living sound, of music, pointed here and there by the staccato cry of a flute. A zephyr, perfumed with the clean, fresh odor of lilacs stirred the draperies of the archway, which led into the conservatory and rustled the bending branches of palms and ferns.

For a scant instant Mr. Grimm's eyes rested on a young woman who sat a dozen feet away, talking in playful animation, with an undersecretary of the British embassy—a young woman severely gowned in some glittering stuff which fell away sheerly from her splendid bare shoulders. She glanced up, as if in acknowledgment of his look, and her eyes met his. Frank, blue-gray eyes they were, stirred to their depths now by amusement. She smiled at Senorita Rodriguez, in token of recognition.

"Aren't they wonderful?" asked Senorita Rodriguez with the quick, bubbling enthusiasm of her race.

"What?" asked Mr. Grimm.

"Her eyes," was the reply. "Every person has one dominant feature—Miss Thorne it is her eyes."

"Miss Thorne?" Mr. Grimm repeated.

"Haven't you met her?" the senorita went on. "Miss Isabel Thorne? She only arrived a few days ago—the night of the state ball. She's my guest at the legation. When an opportunity comes I shall present you to her."

She ran on, about other things, with only an occasional remark from Mr. Grimm, who was thoughtfully nursing his knee. Somewhere through the chatter and effervescent gaiety, mingling with the sound of the pulsing music, he had a singular impression of a rhythmic beat, an indistinct tattoo, noticeable, perhaps, only because of its monotony. After a moment he shot a quick glance at Miss Thorne and understood; it was the tapping of an exquisitely wrought ivory fan against one of her tapering, gloved fingers. She was talking and smiling.

"Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot!" said the fan.

Mr. Grimm twisted around in his seat and regarded his listless eyes with a long look into the senorita's pretty face. Behind the careless ease of repose he was mechanically isolating the faint clatter of the fan.

"Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot! Dot-dash-dot!"

"Did any one ever accuse you of staring, Mr. Grimm?" demanded the senorita, banteringly.

For an instant Mr. Grimm continued to stare, and then his listless eyes swept the ballroom, passing involuntarily at the scarlet splendor of the minister from Turkey.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, contritely. There was a pause. "The minister from Turkey looks like a barn on fire, doesn't he?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

World's Greatest Oil Well.

The scene in the Potrero del Llano district, a few miles above here, where the biggest oil well in the world has been active since January 3, 1911, cannot be adequately described. Imagine a solid column of oil shooting to a height of more than four hundred and fifty feet from a hole in the earth, with a mist of minute globules carried by the wind for more than ten miles settling down upon the vegetation and forming pools of oil within that radius; then a great lake of the fluid four miles long by three miles wide and formed by means of an earthen dam hastily thrown across a natural reservoir, and at the lowest depression of the bank of this lake a channel several feet wide leading into the Tuxpan river, through which the overflow of oil from the wonderful geyser is constantly going to waste.—Tuxpaw (Mexico) Dispatch.

Took the Warning.

"Charles," said a sharp-voiced woman to her husband in a railway carriage, "do you know that you and I once had a romance in a railway carriage?"

"Never heard of it," replied Charles, in a subdued tone.

"I thought you hadn't; but don't you remember it was that pair of slippers I presented to you the Christmas before we were married that led to our union? You remember how nicely they fitted, don't you? Well, Charles, one day when we were going to a picnic you had your feet up on a seat and when you weren't looking I took your measure. But for that pair of slippers I don't believe we'd ever been married."

A young unmarried man, sitting by, immediately took down his feet from a seat.

HOW FIRST BASE IS PLAYED

Jake Daubert of Brooklyn National League Team Gives Few Tips on Initial Sack Position.

I don't suppose I can tell anybody how to play first base. It is one thing to get in and play the game according to my own ideas, and a different thing to set myself up as an authority.

A youngster who wants to play first base—or anywhere else on the team—must have the natural ability. He must be able to play the mechanical part of baseball with ease.

A first baseman should be a left-hander.

This is not conceit because I am left-handed, but it is a clearly apparent fact that a left-handed man can handle first base more successfully than a right-hander. He has the entire infield "before" him, so to speak, and does not have to make the turns that a right-handed player is often compelled to make. Of course, there have been some brilliant first basemen who were right-handed, but they were brilliant in spite of this fact and not because of it.

A first baseman must always make a specialty of handling thrown balls. He must be able to accept the throws of other players without regard to the man who may be coming down first base line from the plate at top speed. At the same time he must take the throw in such a way that he will be able to touch the bag and yet keep clear of the runner.

The youngster can learn the peculiarities of players opposing him by close observation. Nearly every batter has some manner of betraying himself. Few use the same smile of bunting and hitting.

I have found it good policy to play "deep" when there is a pitcher working who can be depended on to get to first ahead of a runner. Once I heard a manager say to a recruit who made a spectacular one-handed stab: "Use both your hands—I signed 'em both." I should advise a first baseman to use both his hands in taking throws until he has become absolutely sure. A wide throw that gets away may mean a lost game.

If you want to succeed at baseball learn every detail of the game. It is a never-ceasing source of new problems, new situations, new conditions.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DEMOCRATIC.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that Arthur B. Lee of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John R. Leason of Fergus township, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic party.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Treasurer of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

FOR REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank Smith of Centre county, is a candidate for the office of County Register, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries to be held September 30.

FOR RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that D. R. Foreman of Berne township, is a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to the decision of the Democratic party.

REPUBLICAN.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

TO EDITOR REPORTER—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, 1911.

JACOB WOODRING, Fort Meade, Pa.

TO EDITOR REPORTER—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, 1911.

HARRY E. ZIMMERMAN, Springtownship, Formerly of Berne township.

FOR REGISTER.

TO EDITOR REPORTER—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Register of Centre county, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held Sept. 30, 1911.

EDWARD J. WILLIAMS, Unionville, Pa.

Jake Daubert.

The process of figuring out a play should become second nature to the player.

Cultivate the acquaintance of experienced players and listen to them carefully.

Observe the rules of the game. Never bait an umpire. Behave like a gentleman. Play hard to win and never give up. Keep regular hours. Let "booze" strictly alone. Don't smoke to excess. Better not at all.

Learn the inside of the game. Practice all you can.

Browns Get Pitcher McGrainer.

The New York American baseball club has turned over Pitcher Howard McGrainer to the St. Louis Browns. McGrainer went south with the Yankees and showed up well on the spring trip.

Manager Chase asked for waivers on him, but St. Louis refused to waive. McGrainer comes from the Parkersburg club of the Virginia Valley league.

Star Pitchers Lose Out.

So far the baseball season has not proved a rosy path for the star twirlers of the big leagues. Mathewson, Johnson, Walsh, Ford, Coombs, and Brown lost their opening games. George Mullin is the only one of the star veterans who seems to have all of his old stuff.

Games Are Too Slow.

The games are dragging along too slow to suit the fans. If the magnates want to make home life more peaceable they should begin the contests earlier. The hungry fan might miss many a rolling pin at the door in that event.

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