49 REMONSTRANCES FACE MONTGOMERY COUNTY LIQUOR MEN

Adam Scheidt Brewing Company, of Norristown, on Defensive in License Court for First Time in Concern's History.

"Drys" Will Seek to Show That Brewery Owns Approximately Dozen Hotels—Selling Privilege of All Pottstown Saloons Opposed.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., March 1.—This is the last day for filing remonstrances against the granting of liquor licenses in Montgomery County, and at noon 49 remonstrances had been filed in the office of the Clerk of Courts. Specific charges were made in only two cases, the Adam Scheidt Brewing Company, Norristown, and the Palm Hotel, in Upper Hanover township. In the case of the Palm Hotel there is an additional remonstrance signed by citizens of Hereford township, Berks County.

Wilson Freed, proprietor of the Palm Hotel, is charged with selling liquor to minors, persons of known intemperate habits and persons visibly intoxicated. It is also charged that the Black Rock Hotel, in Upper Providence township, "is injurious to the Montgomery County Almshouse," being located a quarter of a mile from the institution.

The greatest surprise given the public was the remonstrance against the Scheidt Brewing Company, whose extensive plant is in Norristown. There are 16 signers to this remonstrance, six of whom are Norristown ministers. The names of the signers follow:

Daniel E. Houpt, the Rev. W. A. Leopold, the Rev. Robert C. Wells, the Rev. A. D. Geist, George Roebuck, John H. Crankshaw, Robert B. Elzey, W. E. Green, the Rev. Thomas H. Evans, the Rev. L. W. Hainer, William H. Detwiler, S. B. Fronefield, George E. Shattuck, the Rev. C. M. Angle, William H. Weber and W. S. Heany. Shattuck lives in Norriton township and Elzey in Conshohocken. The rest of the signers live in Norristown. The specific allegation against the brewing company is "that the applicant is pecuniarily interested in the profits of the business of selling liquors conducted in various places throughout the country."

It is the first time in the history of the Scheidt Brewing Company that it has been put on the defensive in the License Court, and George Wanger, counsel for the No-License League, who filed all the remonstrances, says that an attempt will be made to show that the brewing company is the owner of approximately a dozen hotels in Montgomery County.

The hotels, of which the remonstrances say there is "no necessity," and to which the "granting of license will detract from and destroy the social happiness and economic welfare of the community," are as follows:

Washington Hotel, Conshohocken, John A. Harroid.
Montgomery Hotel, Conshohocken, Louis Rein.
Market House Hotel, Conshohocken, Patrick J. Meany.
Keystone Hotel, Conshohocken, Harry J. Williams.
Central Hotel, Conshohocken, John J. Crimean.
Forest House, Conshohocken, Daniel J. Hoey.
Conshohocken Hotel, Conshohocken, William E. Toner.
St. Clair Hotel, Conshohocken, Mayall May.
McClellan House, Conshohocken, John Sauter.
Lafayette Hotel, Conshohocken, William J. Keefe.
American Hotel, Conshohocken, William J. Ford.
Ward House Conshohocken, Daniel F. Coyle.
East End Hotel, Conshohocken, James P. Scanlin.
French Roof Hotel, Bernard C. Quinn.
Old York Road Hotel, Cheltenham, Alfred Tyson, applicant.
Horsham Hotel, Horsham, Harry S. Nash.
Wisconsin Hotel, Lower Merion, William H. Doble.
Sorrel Horse Hotel, Marlborough, Warren Kolb.
Fountain Hotel, Willow Grove, Nera McAvoy.
Mineral Springs Inn, Willow Grove, Frederick Eserenfort.
Sanatoga Inn, Lower Potts Grove, Niels H. Jenson.
Springfield Hotel, Flourtown, William Gerstlauer.
Farmers' and Citizens' Hotel, Flourtown, Harry Schnell.
Wheel Pump Hotel, Springfield, John McGoldrick.
Black Horse Hotel, Flourtown, Robert J. McCloskey.
Palmo Hotel, Upper Hanover, Wilson Freed.
Perkiomen Heights Hotel, Upper Hanover, Charles Schnesbell.
Black Rock Hotel, Upper Providence, Ellis J. Butt.
William Penn Hotel, Spring Mill, Elizabeth B. Lentz.
Pennsylvania Railroad Restaurant, Spring Mill, Patrick Harkins.
Fairview Villa, Worcester, Frank Brunelle.
Centre Point Hotel, Worcester, Elizabeth Benn.
Jenkintown Hotel, Jenkintown, James S. Bellis.
Broadway Hotel, Landsdale, William H. Blank.
Eagle Hotel, Pennsburg, John R. Wood.
Central Hotel, Pottstown, Jacob Shartle.
Mill Park Hotel, Pottstown, Lemon Leisey.
Imperial Cafe, Pottstown, Harry Printz.
Rockledge Hotel, Rockledge, Patrick Reilly.
Penn Hotel, Norristown, John J. O'Donnell.
Adam Scheidt Brewing Company, Norristown.
Windsor House, Norristown, John T. Keyser.
Westcraft House, Norristown, Nathan B. Keeley.

A general remonstrance is against the Shuler House, the Commercial House, Merchants' Hotel, Gilbert's Cafe, Warwick Restaurant, Palace Restaurant, Montgomery House, Washington House, American House, Mansion House, Jefferson House and York Street Hotel, all in Pottstown, and the Fort Washington Hotel, Fort Washington; Farmers' and Drovers' Hotel, Barren Hill; Forkside Inn, Chestnut Hill, and the Fountain Inn Hotel at Lafayette Hill, all in Whitemarsh township.

At this time there are remonstrances against every hotel in Pottstown, Conshohocken and Whitemarsh, and four out of 28 hotels in Norristown. There are 15 hotels in Pottstown and 14 in Conshohocken. The License Court convenes March 15.

JEWS CELEBRATE PURIM

Eighteenth Annual Dress Ball in Mercantile Hall Tonight.

Purim, the Jewish festival of sacrifice commemorating the salvation of the Jews in Egypt through the heroism of the Jewish Queen Esther, will be celebrated tonight in Mercantile Hall by the 18th annual Purim dress ball of the Congregation Beth El. The proceeds will go to the school building fund. The reception, which will be presided over by Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bibermen, will begin at 8 o'clock.

Thousands of dollars will be sent to the Jewish war sufferers in Russia, Poland and other stricken territories by the Jews of this city. Purim was observed in the synagogues Saturday and the collections taken for the coreligionists in Europe amounted to thousands of dollars. More than 20,000 blue and white flags of the Zionist movement were distributed.

WILLS PROBATED TODAY

Wills of Sarah T. Bailey, late of Paxinosington, Pa., whose estate of $36,000 is distributed in private bequests; James Wilson, 7021 Torresdale avenue, $5889; Samuel T. Jones, 1738 Madison square, John Charles D. Sullivan, 659 Hazel avenue, $500; Margaret Reilly, 604 Winona street, $850; Elizabeth Geis, 3501 Race street, $1000; Hughes McDevitt, who died in the Women's Hospital, $800; James Dougherty, 204 East Phil-Ellena street, $500; Margaret McGann, St. Joseph's Hospital, $100.

Personal property of Henry Hellbrandt has been appraised at $14,000.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS SHOW A DECREASE

Number This Year Approximately 100 Less Than Total Filed a Year Ago.

Not more than 100 remonstrances against new licenses, renewals or transfers were presented to Judges Staake and Patterson in License Court, Room 678, City Hall, today. D. Clarence Gibboney, president of the Law and Order Society, pointed out that when he first appeared in the License Court 25 years ago, 3500 remonstrances were filed.

All applications handled by members of the Legislature, it was announced, will go over until Thursday, as the legislators are not required to be in Harrisburg until that day.

Fifty-four applications were made to the court for new saloons, 40 for transfers of old licenses, 35 for change of location, eight applications for new wholesale licenses, 17 for transfers of ownership and three for change of location.

Peter Bolger, secretary of the Civil Service Commission who lives at 1635 North 33d street, has offered a complaint against the renewal of the license of the Reservoir Mansion, at 33d street and Columbia avenue, owned by William J. Hanley. He declares that the presence of the cafe near his home is an annoyance to himself and family.

TRAVELERS' AID SOCIETY OPENS NEW HEADQUARTERS

Organization Enter Upon New Period of Usefulness Today.

The Travelers' Aid Society formally took possession of its new headquarters, at 1309 Arch street, this morning. The increased work of the society in the protection of immigrants and other travelers has compelled the society to reorganize on a larger scope. Miss Mary H. Gillilette, the newly appointed secretary, will also perform her duties as secretary of the Court Aid Society.

Agents who can speak many foreign tongues will meet the immigrants at the several railroad stations. They will not merely direct unprotected girls to reliable places for lodging and empoyment, but they will care for them until they have firmly established themselves in the community.

The society will investigate all advertisements for employment and will expose "fake" ads. In this service it will be of benefit also to the public. It will keep a list of reputable and disreputable lodging houses and statistics of all other places helpful or detrimental to travelers.

The society will conduct its work on a national scope, and the Philadelphia branch will work in conjunction with other branches in all parts of the country.

The Travelers' Aid Society was originally started in this city in 1901 by Mrs. W. W. Frazier, Mrs. Mumford, Mrs. Joseph Frazier and Mrs. Thomas Roberts, with three agents in the railroad stations. There are at present nine agents, who last year assisted 19,000 persons.

Mrs. George Vaux, Jr., of Bryn Mawr, is chairman of the Reorganizaton Committee. The other members are Mrs. W. W. Frazier, Mrs. Charles Y. Fox, Mrs. John Sparhawk, Mrs. Rodman Griscom and Mrs. Louis Fleisher. The Travelers' Aid Society will be supported entirely by private contributions from persons who realize how imperative is its work.

FIFTY-THREE SEEK LIQUOR LICENSE IN CHESTER COUNTY

Remonstrances Filed Against Most of the Applications.

WEST CHESTER, March 1.—Applications were made in court here today for 53 hotel licenses in Chester County, one as a wholesale place and one as a bottling establishment. These will be considered by the court and in all cases where remonstrances have been filed the hearings are set for Monday, March 15, and will continue until all the cases have been passed upon by Judge William Butler. Remonstrances also were filed today, there being one or more against nearly every license requested. It is said there will be a determined battle against a number, the No-License Committee having been unusually active during the last year.

Three new licenses are asked in this place, one for the Magnolia House, in the Negro section, the applicant being Aubrey Smith, a white man; one for the Brandywine Inn, previously the Farmers' Hotel, by Park Gable, formerly the proprietor of the Green Tree Inn, from whom a license was taken two years ago, but restored to Charles Weingartner a year later, and the West Chester House, by Frederic B. Martin. A license for the latter place was refused to Percy Morris last year.

A general remonstrance against all licenses was filed by the physicians of this place on the ground that the licenses are detrimental to public health and are not necessary.

Elwood Matz, of Philadelphia, asks a license for the Penn Hotel, Willistown, which has been closed for two years, and Thomas J. Lynaugh, whose license was revoked at Stottsville, is asking that it be restored on the ground of necessity. A license is asked at Mortonville by Richard F. Miller, a new man, and one is asked at Malvern by Edward Kulp. Joseph B. Kulp wants to reopen the Sadsburyville Hotel, which failed to obtain a license one year ago.

SUPERVISORS WANT $5000

Highway Department Desires Duplicate of Underground Drawings.

Councils will be requested by the Highway Supervisor to make an appropriation of $5000 that the single set of drawings, showing every type of underground structure in the streets of the city, may be reproduced.

The several hundred drawings that cover every avenue, street and alley of the city, showing all water mains, lines of sewer pipe, electrical and telephone conduits are stored by the Highway Supervisors in City Hall. If they were to be damaged or destroyed, the only complete and accurate record of all classes of under-surface work would be lost. It is declared that they could not be replaced.

It is planned to reproduce the drawings by photography as a cheaper and quicker method than by making tracings of the maps. While the Water Bureau has records of all water mains and the Survey Bureau of sewers and the Electrical Bureau of conduits, the compilation of all lines exists only on the maps of the Highway Supervisors.

VESSELS REPAINTED

For the first time in the history of steam navigation, two tramp steamers came into port this morning with their panels repainted in different colors. They are the Allan liner Pomeranian, from Glasgow, and the transatlantic liner West Point, from London. The vessels have also been shorn of their names, in order to dodge German submarines in English waters.

Ships of all nations and companies are recognized at sea by the different combinations of paint on their funnels. No company uses the same set of colors or bands.

TO PRACTICE IN HIGH COURT

Among the attorneys admitted to practice in the Supreme Court today was Abraham M. Rose, a former newspaper man, who studied law while doing journalistic work. His admission was allowed on motion of Jerome J. Rothschild, law partner of Assistant District Attorney Fox.

THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

A Tale of Love, Mystery and Intrigue

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

SYNOPSIS

Leonard Tavernake befriends Beatrice Franklyn, an American girl in distress in London. He prevents her from committing suicide, and gives her a position as housekeeper to him. They pretend to be brother and sister. Shortly after, Mrs. Wenham Gardner, Beatrice's sister, tries to make Tavernake tell where Beatrice is, but he refuses. Mrs. Gardner is an adventuress, who has married a rich man and is keeping him prisoner in a desolate part of England. She offers to finance Tavernake in a real estate speculation.

Beatrice gets a position in a musical comedy. After the first night Tavernake kisses her for the first time. He is troubled at the thought that he kissed her because of her resemblance to her beautiful sister, Elizabeth, (Mrs. Gardner).

An American detective, Pritchard, tells Tavernake that Mrs. Gardner is associating with a number of crooks. Tavernake tells her this, in an effort to warn her. She asks his help. Later Tavernake proposes to Beatrice, who has fled from him, and is refused.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Tavernake was not sociably inclined and took no pains to conceal the fact. Mr. Pritchard, however, was not easily to be shaken off.

"So you've been palling up to the old man, eh?" he remarked, in friendly fashion.

"I came across the professor unexpectedly," Tavernake answered, coldly. "What do you want with me, please? I am on my way home."

Pritchard laughed softly to himself.

"Say, there's something about you Britishers I can't help admiring!" he declared. "You are downright, aren't you?"

"I suppose you think we are too clumsy to be anything else," Tavernake replied. "This is my bus coming. Good-night!"

Pritchard's hand, however, tightened upon his companion's arm.

"Look here, young man," he said, "don't you be foolish. I'm a valuable acquaintance for you, if you only realized it. Come along across the street with me. My club is on the Terrace, just below. Stroll along there with me and I'll tell you something about the professor, if you like."

"Thank you," Tavernake answered, "I don't think I care about hearing gossip. Besides, I think I know all there is to be known about him."

"Did you give Miss Beatrice my message?" Pritchard asked suddenly.

"If I did," Tavernake replied, "I have no answer for you."

"Will you tell her this," Pritchard began—

"No, I will tell her nothing!" Tavernake interrupted. "You can look after your own affairs. I have no interest in them and I don't want to have. Good-night!"

Pritchard laughed again, but he did not relax his grasp upon the other's arm.

"Now, Mr. Tavernake," he said, "it won't do for you to quarrel with me. I shouldn't be surprised if you discovered that I am one of the most useful acquaintances you ever met in your life. You needn't come into the club unless you like, but walk as far as there with me. When we get on to the Terrace, with closed houses on one side and a palisade upon the other, I am going to say something to you."

"Very well," Tavernake decided reluctantly. "I don't know what there is you can have to tell me, but I'll come as far as there, at any rate."

They crossed the Strand and turned into Adam street. As they neared the further corner, Pritchard stepped from the pavement into the middle of the street, and looked searchingly around.

"Say, you'll excuse my being a little careful," he remarked. "This is rather a lonely part for the middle of London, and I have been followed for the last two days by people whose company I am not over keen about."

"Followed? What for?" Tavernake demanded.

"Oh, the usual thing!" answered the detective, with a shrug of the shoulders. "That company of crooks I showed you last night don't fancy having me around. They've a good many grudges up against Sam Pritchard. I am not quite so safe over here as I should be in New York. Most of them are off to Paris tomorrow, thank Heavens!"

"And you?" Tavernake asked. "Are you going, too?"

Pritchard shook his head.

"If only those fools would believe it, I'm not over here on their business at all. I came over on a special commission this time, as you know. I have a word of warning for you, Mr. Tavernake. I guess you won't like to hear it, but you've got to."

Tavernake stopped short.

"I don't want your warnings!" he said angrily. "I don't want you interfering in my affairs!"

The detective smiled quietly. Then a new expression suddenly tightened his lips.

"Never mind about that just now!" he exclaimed. "See here, take this police whistle from my left hand, quick, and blow it for all that you are worth!"

It was characteristic of Tavernake that he was prepared to obey without a second's hesitation. The opportunity, however, was denied him. The events which followed came and passed like a thought. A blow on his left wrist and the whistle fell into the road. A dark figure had sprung up, apparently from space! A long arm was twined around Pritchard's neck, bending him backwards; there was a gleam of steel within a few inches of his throat. And then Tavernake saw a wonderful thing. With a turn of his wrist, Pritchard suddenly seemed to lift the form of his assailant into the air. Tavernake caught a swift impression of a man's white face, the head pointing to the street, the legs twitching convulsively. Head over heels Pritchard seemed to throw him, while the knife clattered harmlessly into the roadway. The man lay crumpled up and moaning before the door of one of the houses. Pritchard sprang after him. The door had been cautiously opened and the man crawled through; Pritchard followed; then the door closed and Tavernake beat upon it in vain.

For several seconds—it seemed to Tavernake much longer—he stood gazing at the door, breathing heavily, absolutely unable to collect his thoughts. The whole affair had happened with such amazing celerity! He could not bring himself to realize it, to believe that it was Pritchard who had been with him only a few seconds ago, who in danger of his life had performed that marvelous trick of jujutsu, had followed his unknown assailant into that dark, mysterious house, from no single window of which was a single gleam of light visible. Tavernake had led an uneventful life. Of the passions which breed murder and the desire to kill he knew nothing. He was dazed with the suddenness of it all. How could such a thing happen in the midst of London, in a thoroughfare only momentarily deserted, at the further end of which, indeed, were many signs of life! Then the thought of that knife made him shiver—blue glittering steel cutting the air like whipcord. He remembered the look in the assassin's face—horrible, an epitome of the passions, which seemed to reveal to him in that moment the existence of some other, some unknown world, about which he had neither read nor dreamed.

The sound of footsteps came as an immense relief. A man came round the corner smoking a cigarette and humming softly to himself. The presence of another human being seemed suddenly to bring Tavernake's feet back upon the earth. He moved toward the pavement and addressed the newcomer.

"Can you tell me how to get inside that house?" he asked quickly.

The man removed the cigarette from his mouth and stared at this questioner.

"I should ring the bell," he replied, "but surely it's unnecessary? What do you want to get in there for?"

"Less than a minute ago," Tavernake told him, "I was walking here with a friend. A man came on behind us and tried deliberately to stab him. He bolted afterwards through that door, my friend followed him, the door was closed in my face."

The newcomer was a youngish man, a musician, who had just come from a concert and was on his way to the club at the end of the street. Probably, had he been a journalist, his curiosity would have been greater than his incredulity. As it was, however, he gazed at Tavernake, for a moment, blankly.

"Look here," he said, "this doesn't sound a very likely story of yours, you know."

"I don't care whether it's likely or not," Tavernake answered hotly; "it's true! The knife's somewhere in the road there—it fell up against the railings."

They crossed the road together and searched. There were no signs of the weapon. Tavernake peered over the railings.

"When my friend struck the other man and twisted him over," he explained, "the knife seemed to fly up into the air; it might even have reached the gardens."

His companion turned slowly away.

"Well, it's no use looking down there for it," he remarked. "We might try the door, if you like."

They learned their weight against it, hammered at the panels, and waited. The door was fast closed and no reply came. The musician shrugged his shoulders and prepared to depart, after one more glance at Tavernake, half suspicious, half questioning.

"If you think worth while," he said, "you had better fetch the police perhaps. If you take my advice, though, I think I should go home and forget all about it."

He passed on, leaving Tavernake speechless. The idea that people might not believe his story had never seriously occurred to him. Yet all of a sudden he began to doubt it himself. He stepped back into the road and looked up at the windows of the house—dark, uncurtained, revealing no sign of life or habitation. Had he really taken that walk with Pritchard, stood on this spot with him only a minute or two ago? Then he picked up the police whistle and he had no longer any doubts. The whole scene was before him again, more vividly than ever. Even at this moment, Pritchard might be in need of help!

He turned and walked sharply to the corner of the Terrace, finding himself almost immediately face to face with a policeman.

"You must come into this house with me at once!" Tavernake exclaimed, pointing backwards. "A friend of mine was attacked here just now; a man tried to stab him. They are both in that house. The man ran away and my friend followed him. The door is closed and no one answers."

The constable looked at Tavernake very much as the musician had done.

"Do either of them live there, sir?" he asked.

"How should I know!" Tavernake answered. "The man sprang upon my friend from behind. He had a knife in his hand—I saw it. My friend threw him over and he escaped into that house. They are both there now."

"Which house is it, sir?" the policeman inquired.

They were standing almost in front of it. The gate was open and Tavernake beat against the panels with the flat of his hand. Then, with a cry of triumph, he stooped down and picked something up from a crack in the flagged stones.

"The key!" he cried. "Come on, quick!"

He thrust it into the lock and turned it: the door swung smoothly open. The policeman laid his hand upon Tavernake's shoulder.

"Look here," he said, "let's have that story of yours again, a little more clearly. Who is it that's in this house?"

"Five minutes ago," Tavernake began, speaking rapidly, "I met a man in the Strand whom I know slightly—Pritchard, an American detective. He said that he had something to say to me and he asked me to walk round with him to a club in this Terrace. We were in the middle of the road there, talking, when a man sprang at him; he must have come up behind quite noiselessly. The man had a knife in his hand. My friend threw him head over heels—it was some trick of jujutsu. I have seen it done at the Polytechnic. He fell in front of this door which must either have been ajar or else some one who was waiting must have let him in. He crawled through and my friend followed him. The door was slammed in my face."

"How long ago was this?" the policeman asked.

"Not much more than five minutes," Tavernake answered.

The policeman coughed.

"It's a very queer story, sir."

"It's true!" Tavernake declared, fiercely. "You and I have got to search this house."

The policeman nodded.

"There's no harm in that, sir, anyway."

He flashed his lantern around the hall—unfurnished, with paper hanging from the walls. Then they began to enter the rooms, one by one. Nowhere was there any sign of occupation. From floor to floor they passed, in grim silence. In the front chamber of the attic was a camp bedstead, two or three humble articles of furniture, and a small stove.

"Caretaker's kit," the policeman muttered. "Nothing seems to have been used for some time."

They descended the stairs again.

"You say you saw the two men enter this house, sir?" the policeman remarked doubtfully.

"I did," Tavernake declared. "There is no doubt about it."

"The back entrances are all properly locked," the policeman pointed out. "None of the windows by which any one could escape have been opened. We've been into every room. There's no one in the house now, sir, is there?"

"There doesn't seem to be," Tavernake admitted.

The policeman looked him over once more; Tavernake certainly had not the appearance of one attempting a hoax.

"I am afraid there is nothing more we can do, sir," the man said civilly. "You had better give me your name and address."

"Can't we go over the place once more?" Tavernake suggested. "I tell you I saw them come in."

"I have my beat outside to look after, sir," the constable answered. "If it wasn't that you seem respectable, I should begin to think that you wanted me out of the way for a bit. Name and address, please."

Tavernake gave them readily. They passed out together into the street.

"I shall report this matter," the man said, closing his book. "Perhaps the sergeant will have the house searched again. If you take my advice, sir," he added, "you'll go home."

"I saw them both pass through that door," Tavernake repeated, half to himself, still standing upon the pavement and staring at the unlit windows.

The constable made no reply but moved off. Soon he reached the corner of the Terrace and disappeared. Tavernake slowly crossed the road and with his back to the railings looked steadfastly at the dark front of gray stone houses. Big Ben struck one o'clock, several people passed backwards and forwards. Men were coming out from the club, and separating for the night; the roar of the city was growing fainter. Yet Tavernake felt indisposed to move. The look in that man's drawn white face and black eyes haunted him. There was tragedy there, the shadow of terrible things, fear, and the murderous desire to kill! Through that door they had passed, the two men, one in flight, the other in pursuit. Where were they now? Perhaps it had been a trap. Pritchard had spoken seriously enough of his enemies.

Then, as he stood there, he saw for the first time a thin line of light through the closely-drawn curtains of a room on the ground floor of the adjoining house. Without a moment's hesitation, he crossed the road and rang the bell. The door was opened, after a trifling delay, by a man in plain clothes, who might, however, have been a servant in mufti. He looked at Tavernake suspiciously.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," Tavernake explained, "but I saw some one go in the house next to you, a little time ago. Can you tell me if you have heard any noises or voices during the last half-hour?"

The man shook his head.

"We have heard nothing, sir," he said. "Who lives here?" Tavernake asked.

"Did you call me up at one o'clock in the morning to ask silly questions?" the man replied insolently. "Every one's in bed here and I was just going."

"There's a light in your ground floor room," Tavernake remarked. "There's some one talking there now—I can hear voices."

The man closed the door in his face. For some time Tavernake wandered restlessly about, starting at last reluctantly homewards. He had reached the Strand and was crossing Trafalgar Square when a sudden thought held him. He stood still for a moment in the middle of the street. Then he turned abruptly round. In less than five minutes he was once more on the Terrace.

CHAPTER XIX.

TAVERNAKE INTERVENES.

Tavernake had the feelings of a man suddenly sobered as he turned once more into the Adelphia Terrace.

When he had finished his search, he came down to the ground floor and entered the room corresponding with the one from which he had heard voices in the adjoining house. He crouched here upon the dusty boards for some time, listening. Now and then he fancied that he could still hear voices on the other side of the wall, but he was never absolutely certain.

At last he rose to stretch himself, and almost as he did so a fresh sound from outside attracted his notice. A motorcar had turned into the Terrace. He walked to the uncurtained window and stood there, sure of being himself unseen. Then his heart gave a great leap. Unemotional though he was, this was a happening which might well have excited a more phlegmatic individual. A motorcar which he remembered very well. Although it was driven now by a man in dark livery, had stopped at the next house. A woman and two men had descended. Tavernake never glanced at the latter; his eyes were fastened upon their companion. She was wrapped in a long cloak, but she lifted her skirts as she crossed the pavement, and he saw the flash of her silver buckles. Her carriage, her figure, were unmistakable. It was Elizabeth who was paying this early morning visit next door! Already the little party had disappeared. They did not even ring the bell. The door must have been opened silently at their coming. The motorcar glided off. Once more the Terrace was deserted.

Tavernake felt sure that he knew now the solution—there was a way from this house into the next one. He struck another match and, standing back a few yards, looked critically at the dividing wall. In ancient days this had evidently been a dwelling-house of importance, elaborately decorated, as the fresco work upon the ceiling still indicated. The wall had been divided into three panels, with a high wainscoting. Inch by inch he examined it from one end to the other; he started from the back and came toward the front. About three-quarters of the way there, he paused. It was very simple, after all. The solid wall for a couple of feet suddenly ceased, and the design was continued with an expanse of stretched canvas, which yielded easily to his finger. He leaned his ear against it; he could hear now distinctly the sound of voices—he heard even the woman's laughter. For the height of about four feet the wall had been bodily removed. He made a small hole in the canvas—there was still darkness. He enlarged the hole until he could thrust his hand through—there was nothing but canvas the other side. He knew now where he was. There was only that single thickness of canvas between him and the room. He had but to make the smallest hole in it and he would be able to see through. Even now, with the removal of the barrier on his side, the voices were more distinct. A complete section of the wall had evidently been taken out and replaced by a detachable framework of wood covered with stretched canvas. He stood back for a moment and felt with his finger; he could almost trace the spot where the woodwork fitted upon hinges. Then he went on his hands and knees again, and with his penknife in his hand he paused to listen. He could hear the man Crease talking—a slow, nasal drawl. Then he heard Pritchard's voice, followed by what seemed to be a groan. There was a silence, then Elizabeth seemed to ask a question. He heard her low laugh and some note in it sent a shiver through his body. Pritchard was speaking fiercely now. Then, in the middle of his sentence, there was silence once more, followed by another groan. He could almost feel the people in that room holding their breaths.

Tavernake was rapidly forgetting all caution. The point of his knife was through the canvas. Slowly he worked it round until a small piece, the size of a half-crown, was partially cut through. With infinite pains he got his head and shoulders into the small recess and for the first time looked into the room. Pritchard was sitting almost in the middle of the apartment; his arms seemed to be bound to the chair and his legs were tied together. A few yards away, Elizabeth, her fur coat laid aside, was lounging back in an easy-chair, her dress all glittering with sequins, a curious light in her eyes, a cruel smile parting her lips. By her side—sitting, in fact, on the arm of her chair—was Crease, his long, wern face paler, even, than usual; his lips curled in a smile of cynical amusement. Major Post was there, carefully dressed as though he had been attending some social gathering, standing upon the hearth-rug with his coat-tails under his arms. The professor, in whose face seemed written the most abject terror, was talking. Tavernake now could hear every word distinctly.

"My dear Elizabeth! My dear Crease! You are both too precipitate! I tell you that I protest—I protest most strongly, Mr. Pritchard, I am sure, with a little more persuasion, will listen to reason. I will not be a party to any such proceeding as—as this. You understand, Crease? We have gone quite far enough as it is. I will not have it."

Pritchard turned his head slightly. He was a little pale, and the blood was dropping slowly on to the floor from a wound in his temple, but his tone was contemptuous.

"I will give you my word, Professor, and you Elizabeth Gardner, and you, Jim Post, and you, Walter Crease, that crippled, or straight, in evil or good health, from the very jaws of death I will hang on to life until you have paid your just debts. You understand that, all of you? I don't know what sort of a show this is. You may be in earnest, or you may be trying a rag. In any case, let me assure you of this. You won't get me to beg for mercy. If you force me to drink that stuff you are talking about, I'll find the antidote, and as sure as there's a prison in America, so surely I'll make you suffer for it! If you take my advice," he went on slowly, "I know what I'm talking about, you'll cut these ropes and set open your front door. You'll live longer, all of you."

"An idiot," Elizabeth remarked pleasantly, "can do but little harm in the world. The word of a person of weak intellect is not to be relied upon. For my part, I am very tired of our friend, Mr. Pritchard. If you others had been disposed to go to much greater lengths, if you had said 'Hang him from the ceiling,' I should have been well pleased."

Pritchard made a slight movement in his chair—it was certainly not a movement of fear.

"Madam," he said, "I admire your candor. Let me return it. I don't believe there's one of you here has the pluck to attempt to do me any serious injury. If there is, get on with it. You hear, Mr. Walter Crease? Bring out that bottle of yours."

Crease removed his cigar from his lips and rose slowly to his feet. From his waistcoat pocket he produced a small phial, from which he drew the cork.

"Seems to me it's up to us to do the trick," he remarked languidly. "Catch hold of his forehead, Jimmy."

The man known as Major Post threw away his cigarette, and coming round behind Pritchard's chair, sudenly bent the man's head backward. Crease advanced, phial in hand. Then all hell seemed to be let loose in Tavernake. He stepped back in his place and marked the extent of that wooden partition. Then, setting his teeth, he sprang at it, throwing the great weight of his massive shoulder against the framework door. Scratched and bleeding, but still upon his feet, he burst into the room, with the noise of bricks falling behind—an apparition so unexpected that the little company gathered there seemed turned into some waxwork group from the Chamber of Horrors—motionless, without even the power of movement.

Tavernake, in those few moments, was like a giant among a company of degenerates. He was strong, his muscles were like whipcord, and his condition was perfect. Walter Crease went over like a log before his fist; Major Post felt the revolver at which he had snatched struck from his hand, and he himself remembered nothing more till he came to his senses some time afterwards. A slash and a cut and Pritchard was free. The professor stood wringing his hands. Elizabeth had risen to her feet. She was pale, but she was still more nearly composed than any other person in the room. Tavernake and Pritchard were masters of the situation. Pritchard learned toward the mirror and straightened his tie.

"I am afraid," he said looking down at Walter Crease's groaning figure, "that our hosts are scarcely in fit condition to take leave of us. Never mind, Mrs. Gardner, we excuse ourselves to you. I cannot pretend to be sorry that my friend's somewhat impetuous entrance has disturbed your plans for the evening, but I do hope that you will realize now the fatuousness of such methods in these days. Good-night! It is time we finished our stroll together, Tavernake."

They moved towards the door—there was no one to stop them. Only the professor tried to say a few words.

"My dear Mr. Pritchard—my dear Pritchard, if you will allow me to call you so," he exclaimed, "let me beg of you, before you leave us, not to take this trifling adventure too seriously! I can assure you that it was simply an attempt to coerce you, not in the least an affair to be taken seriously."

Pritchard smiled.

"Professor," he said, "and you, Walter Crease, and you, Jimmy Post, if you're able to listen, listen to me. You have played the part of children tonight. So surely as men and women exist who live as you do, so surely must the law wait upon their heels. You cannot cheat justice. It is as inexorable as Time itself. When you try these little tricks, you simply give another turn to the wheel, add another danger to life. You had better learn to look upon me as necessary, all of you, for I am certainly inevitable."

They passed backwards through the door, then they went down the silent hall and out into the street. Even as they did so, the clock struck a quarter to two.

"My friend Tavernake," Pritchard declared, lighting a cigarette with steady fingers, "you are a man. Come into the club with me while I bathe my forehead. After all, we'll have that drink together before we say good-night."

CHAPTER XX.

A PLEASANT REUNION.

Soon after 11 o'clock, Tavernake presented himself at the Milan Court and asked for Mrs. Wenham Gardner. For several minutes he waited about in nervous anticipation, then he was told that she was not at home. More than a little disappointed, he pressed for news of her. The hall porter thought that she had gone down into the country, and if so it was doubtful when she would be back. Tavernake was now seriously disconcerted.

"I want particularly to wire to her," he insisted. "Please find out from her maid how I shall direct a telegram."

The hall porter, who was a most superior person, regarded him blandly.

"We do not give addresses, sir," he explained, "unless at the expressed wish of our clients. If you leave a telegram here, I will send it up to Mrs. Gardner's rooms to be forwarded."

Tavernake scribbled one out, begging for news of her return, added his address and left the place. Then he wandered aimlessly about the streets. There seemed something flat about the morning, some aftermath of the excitement of the previous night was still stirring in his blood. Nevertheless, he pulled himself together with an effort, called for a young surveyor whom he had engaged to assist him, and spent the rest of the day out upon the hill. Religiously he kept his thoughts turned upon his work until the twilight came. Then he hurried home to meet the disappointment which he had more than half anticipated. There was no telegram for him! He ate his dinner and sat with folded arms, looking out into the street. Still no telegram! The restlessness came back once more. Soon after 10 o'clock it became unbearable. He found himself longing for company, the loneliness of his little room since the departure of Beatrice had never seemed so real a thing. He stood it as long as he could and then, catching up his hat and stick, he set his face eastwards, walking vigorously, and with frequent glances at the clocks he passed.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

13,735,000,000 HELLOS

Gigantic Growth of Telephone and Telegraph Shown by Report.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—Telephone calls totalling 13,735,000,000 were made in the United States in 1912, and messages sent over commercial telegraph lines, wireless and cable, aggregated 109,683,000, the Census Bureau today reported.

There were 20,000,000 miles of telephone wire and 1,882,000 miles of telegraph wires in use in 1912. The figures cover telephone companies having incomes of $5000 a year and over. This includes 94 per cent. of the wire mileage and 84 per cent. of the telephone.

The capitalization of such companies increased from $758,000,000 in 1907 to $991,000,000 in 1912, while during the same period the capital stock of the telegraph companies decreased from $253,000,000 to $232,000,000. Half the telephones are in New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

AMERICANS CAUSED STRIKE

Clyde Shipyard Workers Objected to Importation of Foreigners.

GLASGOW, March 1.—The direct cause of the strike in the Clyde shipyards, which was ended by Government order, was the importation of 3000 American workmen.

Learning that these men had been promised bonuses for rapid work, the native employes ordered the Americans to work slowly. This order was spurned by the Americans and the strike followed. Most of the disgruntled men are now back at work. The Americans still hold their jobs.

TO DISCUSS OUTDOOR RELIEF

Outdoor relief will be the subject for discussion at the Monday conference on legislation today in the auditorium of the Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square.

Charles Edward Fox and George Quintard Horwitz will speak on the Juvenile Court. Mrs. Charles Gilpin, chairman of the Mothers' Assistance Commission, and Miss Marion Kohn will address the conference on the work of the commission. Thomas G. Parris, chief probation officer, will speak on the Juvenile Court as a social agency.

Valuable Pictures Stolen From Castle

VIENNA, March 1.—Priceless paintings were stolen from the famous castle of Lichtenstein on Monday. Several pictures, among them a Madonna by Lucas van Leyden which was purchased for $35,000, were taken. The authorities have no clews.

RESORTS

Atlantic City, N. J.

Leading high-class, moderate-rate hotel. ALBEMARLE Virginia Ave., near Beach. Cap. 350. Steam heat, sun parlors, gas, baths, etc.; good table, elegant furnishings, orchestra. Special $18 up weekly, $3 up daily. Booklet. J. R. COOPER.

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