

TECHNOSPEN (The Sequel)

A Remarkable Story of the Millionaire-Hero's Adventures in Kensington

By ARNOLD GARRY CORM

CHAPTER X—Continued

YOU blink around curiously in the brief periods of half-illumination when the operator in the projection room at the back of the theatre is loading his twin machines with fresh magazines of film. A better chance for observation comes at the end of the big picture, when the entertainment reverts to vaudeville, and small-time artists engage your attention with song and dance. The stucco walls are most ornate, deep, rich reds, with wide borders of gilt. The effect is medieval.

A warning "His-a-a" comes from the projection room. A new picture is ready. Down rolls the great white screen. The stage is darkened, and the side lights of the auditorium fade. The shades of night are around you. The atmosphere is mystic. Tat-tat-tat go the drums of the orchestra as the title of the picture, now an animated weekly review of current events, is blazoned forth in light on the screen. We read:

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—SHOW OF FASHION IN ANNUAL RASTER DAY PARADE ON THE FAMOUS BOARDWALK.

A long line of roller chairs, overflowing with stunningly apparelled women and faintly clad men, are passing upon the screen; such toilettes, such diamonds and pearls, such opulence. It is a long-shot of a section of the Boardwalk, between the Marlborough and the New Traymore, a photographic panorama taken at some distance from the parade. Now comes the close-up, a near view of the same show of fashion. Languishing in a smart chair we note the soft, radiant beauty of a well-shaded, foreboding woman in a dress of fox fur, eyes revealing a daring delectable, who peeps down at us from the flickering picture, archly, appealingly, naughtily, merrily.

"Holy Christ! That woman! Do you see her? Do you see her?" suddenly bursts out a strong masculine cry from the body of the auditorium; words which only must have sprung into sound from the effects of a genuine surprise.

It was the resonant voice of Monte Crispin, who, with the Secret Service agent, had accidentally dropped into "The Gem" out of idle curiosity.

"Sh-h-h," admonished his companion in a low tone. "Good looking, yes. But this is no place to organize a harem."

More whippers were exchanged. Then the two men arose and indicated their immediate going. When they had reached the way to the main aisle, and finally reached the foyer, no great was his excitement Monte fairly spluttered.

"That woman in the last roller chair," he said. "She—she—she—"

"Say, young fellow, hadn't you better have a drink?" interrupted Agent K. "Don't take on so."

"She is the Countess Zeda," Monte gasped. "It's a clue—a snapper of a clue. That woman is the she who warned the steel works were doomed, who got the \$5000 I paid for the cryptic cross; who owns the discarded pair of dancing slippers your partner found in the ash heap at the West Philadelphia house. She is the siren of the Slagway Gang. We know now she is in Atlantic City. Great luck, I say."

"Are you joking?"

"I was never more in earnest in my life."

The clang of fire engines took their attention; the engines stopped in the street before the theatre. Firemen with lines of hose from the chemical wagons

were seen running up the outside stairs to the balcony. Lights were flashed on in the theatre, and the picture on the screen stopped. Monte started from the rear seats. A rush filled with struggling men, women and children.

Monte saw a young panic developing. He roughly plowed his way to the piano-covered rail that encircled the back of the lower floor. Agent K. followed and gave him a lift. Antride the rail Monte commanded the attention of the excited audience. Forming his hands into a cup around his mouth, he megaroned again and again:

"Keep your seats, there is no danger. Every human emotion is electric and responds instantly to that which stands above it in the tables of intellect. For-solves wood; hope evaporates despite like air atomizes water. So we find that courage liquefies fear, and its expansion in a crisis of events is as catching as the measles. No sooner said the orchestra leader than an intrepid voice of command at the back of the theatre had he rallied his flock of musicians, and the band burst forth with stirring strains of the Wachtparade march.

The dash for the doors was halted. Attached collected their scattered wits and pulled back the iron bolts of the emergency exits. The outward rush became an orderly tread.

When the theatre had been nearly emptied, one woman, a frail, white-faced creature dressed in black, lay stretched on the balcony stairs, the sole victim of the fire scare. As for the fire, it had long since been put out; it was the old story of a careless operator, a lighted cigarette and an inflammable film.

"Who is she?" asked a doctor who had been attending her.

"I know her," said the Secret Service man in a subdued voice to Monte. "So you do? Look! Now do you know her?" Crispin, down from his perch on the rail, advanced toward the balcony stairs.

"Well, I am flabbergasted," whispered the young heir. "Jim Koerner's widow from Crispin, Pa. This is identity night, all right."

"Surprises usually do come in bunches," commented Agent K. "Know a safe place to send her to?"

"Yes. My room at the Marleys. Three blocks away."

"We can use her now that we have that brute 68 over in the Tombs. She may be able to connect him with the delivery of the wireless apparatus to her dead husband. Crispin was there two months ago, no one knew where to."

A pompous little manager bustled up. He thanked Monte for his presence of mind.

"Whenever you are moving picture guys going to get wise?" said Agent K. hotly. "You should seat your audience facing the front of the house, with the stage at the back. The picture machine on the stage behind the asbestos curtain. Pitch the floor down from the back instead of down from the front."

"Not a bad idea," retorted the manager blandly. "You see this business is still in its infancy."

A policeman interrupted with his memorandum book to get the fire particulars, including the name of the woman, whom the doctor said was suffering principally from shock, and would recover under proper care.

"Her name is Jones—Mary Jones," said Agent K. loudly, not wishing her real name to get into the newspapers. "Factory hand. Ambulance here? Good. My friend here and I will take care of her."

Yes, we know her. Lives up in Halsey street."

And that was how Jim Koerner's widow came to be a lodger with the Marleys.

CHAPTER XI

Twentieth Century Chivalry.

"DONT they resemble her?" asked Agent K. a few days later, handing Monte Crispin a half-dozen photographs showing the Countess Zeda in a boardwalk rolling chair.

"They are rather dim," was the evasive reply.

"Enlargements usually lose the sharpness of originals. Moreover, these prints were copied from tiny, narrow strip exposures of a moving picture, that was taken at a speed of 40 views a second."

"Thought the film was burned in the fire at the Kensington theatre."

"That particular celluloid film was destroyed. But I went to the production company that made it and got the 100 feet of Easter Day parade. A local photographer has the rest."

The Secret Service man was elated and enthusiastic. He felt the trail to the Slagway Gang waxing torrid. Monte walked to the window of the study in his Walnut street home and glanced keenly at each of the pictures.

Somehow he did not feel especially overjoyed at the enterprise of Agent K. now that he faced its fruits. He did not blame the professional investigator for his zeal, really most commendable. Yet something within him revolted at the idea of wage-warfare against a woman, any kind of a woman.

As long as chivalry lives in man, no woman needs a protector. Encore it, if she be a beautiful woman.

"Come now, Mr. Crispin," insisted Agent K. "Is she or is she not the woman we are after? There must be no mistake, for I want to turn these pictures over to the Atlantic City police and let them locate her."

Monte still hesitated. He recalled how the Countess Zeda had warned him of the plot against the steel works. She must have run a big risk when she did that. As for the \$5000 he paid for the cryptic cross; it was a mere bagatelle. He was kicking rapidly.

One of the enlarged prints in an upper corner held the partial profile of the chair boy who was wheeling the Countess. Monte decided that if he found that chair boy he could locate the Countess himself, and spare her the notoriety of being dragged into an international situation. He mentally opined there was at least that much coming to her for what she had tried to do for him on the roof of the Bellaire-Biltz.

"You say we must be absolutely sure?" he remarked, almost languidly.

"Well, rather," answered K. "A mistake of identity would be serious, most serious."

"Then suppose I drop in at another theatre where this same film is running and have another look at the picture as it appears on the screen," he suggested.

He was playing for time; the wonderful black eyes of the Countess had won him. "As you say," said the Secret Service man a bit ruefully. "But I advise against too much delay."

"I will keep one of the enlargements, this one," remarked Monte with apparent indifference.

The pictures he returned to Agent K. did not include the one that showed the chair boy.

"Too bad we landed that Koerner woman as late as we did," commented

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I think I'll take my little mind And step out boldly into space. If I act unconcerned I may speak up behind a tree!



Agent K. "As you have kept away from your friends, the Marleys, since the night of the fire, I might tell you that their new lodger turned out to be an operative in the Big Four knitting factory. Odd, was it not?"

"Oh! No," responded Monte, welcoming the drift of conversation away from the Countess Zeda. "She worked in a knitting mill before she married Koerner; a simple revelation to type. Why do you say our finding her was too late?"

"Because since her recovery she has given '68 an honest-to-goodness name; recognized the big racial yesterday when I took her to the Tombs in New York as Anton Wuffling, a man often with Jim Koerner, she said, before the iron works explosion. She is going to stay with the Marleys, how marvelous can you get short-termers who ought to be liars; men made to pay the penalties of minor offenses in the absence of sufficient evidence to link them with their major wrongdoings."

Wuffling never once qualified when faced with the Koerner woman. He was the same impassive, thick-skulled enigma, the same agent said, as when his huge frame was measured under the Bertillon system and his finger-prints taken months before. Owing to the war confusion rampant in the European capitals, nothing had been heard from these personal identification marks sent abroad.

"My partner, Agent W. says Wuffling is an escaped convict, probably from a Belgian prison," continued Agent K. "He spent four years in the Atlanta Federal prison for violation of American neutrality laws. The forged passport in his possession had been sufficient to make such a case against him."

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SMART WOMEN DEMAND SMART LUGGAGE; AND GET IT, TOO

Tiny Bags and Wardrobe Trunks Alike Fitted With Exquisite Appointments to Catch the Traveler's Eye

THE annual summer exodus is close at hand. Summer homes are undergoing a process of regeneration and summer wardrobes are growing under the busy fingers of deft dressmakers. The problem of packing the summer outfit after it is complete, of choosing just enough luggage to accommodate one's togs—whether they are Paris creations or the result of local talent—is one that every woman has to solve.

Luggage was never so conveniently graduated in size and weight as it is this season. Every kind of bag and trunk—hat trunks, shoe trunks, overnight bags, suit cases and just plain bags for all occasions—are to be seen in all the shops. There are women and a hat trunk for its hats, and there are tiny 13-inch handbags and the bachelor girl who goes vacationing in a suitcase.

For the two weeks' vacation a good steamer trunk is small and light as well as inexpensive. A serviceable one may be bought for as low as \$5. If the dressy hat is a large, floppy affair, it may be secured in the trunk by means of a push pin, with no damage to the straw.

If a suitcase is preferred, there are practical models with aluminum frames, which are light enough for any girl to carry. These may be had in good, roomy models, quite large enough for six or eight good blouses, lingerie, toilet articles and one or two afternoon frocks. This, of course, depends largely upon the packer's experience in "squeezing" for packing in an art.

The bride, of course, prefers a wardrobe trunk, for who would want all the filmy frocks and lingerie in the trousseau ruined before they have even been worn? The modern wardrobe trunk is the latest in luxury. They can be bought for as little as \$16 for a plain one and for as much as \$100 for one which accommodates coats, neckwear, hats and about 35 gowns and blouses.

Some wardrobe trunks even afford a place for soiled linen. The lower part of the trunk is fitted out with a soft bag, to be drawn up with cords. Another drawer open out, disclosing sections for jewelry, neckwear, belts, veils and all the little accessories upon which the effectiveness of a costume depends.

Then there are the hat cases. One smart-looking box of dull green fibre, with polished brass clasps, had elaborate accommodations for five hats. There is in the automobile tire trunk, a round leather arrangement that fits inside of the auto tire. It has space for creams, vials, powder, flask, first-aid case and all the things the motorist needs.

Vachette—that shiny, smooth black leather—is fashionable, particularly for small bags. They are made in an odd triangular way, rather long and extremely thin. They are very smart and make a charming graduation gift for the girl who week-ends in the country. They are just large enough to hold a nightgown and toilet articles. Some of the more expensive styles have a soap cup, comb, brush, mirror, powder box and nail file in imitation of real tortoise, instead of the more usual story telling.

Dark shades in the heavier silk are preferred for linings. Delft blue, purple, tan and mauve moire are seen, as well as all the latest effects.

Monograms on high-priced trunks are incised in diamond-shaped designs or have circles about them.

AL DAVIS HIDES WIFE'S INJURY FROM MRS. KELLY

Mother-in-Law Learns of Riding Accident Through Doctors

NEW YORK, May 8.—Despite the serious condition of Mrs. Eugenia Kelly, Davis, who suffers from a fracture of the base of the skull, her mother, Mrs. Helen M. Kelly, has not been informed of the accident by her son-in-law, Al Davis. Mrs. Davis has not fully recovered consciousness since she was thrown to the roadway from her horse early yesterday morning.

Mrs. Kelly said last night she had repeatedly tried to learn whether her daughter had asked for her, but to no avail. "I have no way of telling," she said, "what is going on down there. Of course, the doctors have reported to me after my calling them on the telephone many times, and have promised to notify me in case there is a sudden turn for the worse, but that is not enough to allay the feelings of a mother whose child lies suffering from a serious injury."

Mrs. Kelly said she had not as yet decided to go to her daughter. She intimated, however, that there was a possibility of her going today.

Doctors Malcolm, Lanehart and Lamber examined Mrs. Davis' injury yesterday afternoon, and after a consultation, decided that an immediate operation was not necessary.

Mrs. G. D. Morgan Injured

PARIS, May 8.—Mrs. Yuki Kato Morgan, widow of George D. Morgan, a nephew of the late J. P. Morgan, was injured in a collision between a tramcar and a taxicab in which she was going to the station to take a train for Nice. Mrs. Morgan's upper jaw was injured. Mrs. Morgan is a member of an illustrious samurai family and has been known as a Japanese beauty. She says she will sue the taxicab company for 25,000 francs (\$5000), and has retained Charles G. Loeb to take care of her interests.

Lower Merion Suffragists Give Seeds

Lower Merion suffragists have given packets of seeds of yellow flowers to school children who have their own gardens. The suffrage color is yellow, and the Lower Merion women want the people along the Main Line to be continually reminded of the movement.

Library Club to Elect Officers

Officers for the ensuing year will be elected this afternoon at a meeting of the Pennsylvania Library Club, to be held in the Taylor Hall, Bryn Mawr College. The nominating committee is headed by president, John Ashburn, for president, John F. Lewis for vice president, Lois Reed for second vice president, Jean E. Graffen for secretary and Bertha Seid for treasurer. An address will be delivered by Dean Marion Riehl. Following the meeting a reception and tea will be held by the members.

Tom Daly to Speak at Dinner

Tom Daly, of the EVENING LEDGER, will be the main speaker at the annual University of Pennsylvania Interpublicans dinner to be held at the Hotel Adelphi tonight. Other speakers will be Fullerton L. Waldo, of the Public Ledger, and D. C. Brown, former editor-in-chief of the Punch Bowl. An address will be delivered by Dean Marion Riehl. Following the meeting a reception and tea will be held by the members.

Shelves along the walls held rows of wax cylinders and several piles of discs, being master records; the past performances of the recordophone. Monte found that some of the conventional reproduced better than discs than the original cylinders which gathered in the sound waves, and an expert from a great record factory in Camden, N. J., had assisted him in buying the most obscure indentations to the plane of human hearing.

In the centre of the room stood the reproduction machine, specially built for the recordophone. It consisted of a wooden box, known features of the gramophone and the victrola, raised to the nth power.

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Tom Daly to Speak at Dinner

Tom Daly, of the EVENING LEDGER, will be the main speaker at the annual University of Pennsylvania Interpublicans dinner to be held at the Hotel Adelphi tonight. Other speakers will be Fullerton L. Waldo, of the Public Ledger, and D. C. Brown, former editor-in-chief of the Punch Bowl. An address will be delivered by Dean Marion Riehl. Following the meeting a reception and tea will be held by the members.

Shelves along the walls held rows of wax cylinders and several piles of discs, being master records; the past performances of the recordophone. Monte found that some of the conventional reproduced better than discs than the original cylinders which gathered in the sound waves, and an expert from a great record factory in Camden, N. J., had assisted him in buying the most obscure indentations to the plane of human hearing.

In the centre of the room stood the reproduction machine, specially built for the recordophone. It consisted of a wooden box, known features of the gramophone and the victrola, raised to the nth power.

SMART WOMEN DEMAND SMART LUGGAGE; AND GET IT, TOO

Tiny Bags and Wardrobe Trunks Alike Fitted With Exquisite Appointments to Catch the Traveler's Eye

THE annual summer exodus is close at hand. Summer homes are undergoing a process of regeneration and summer wardrobes are growing under the busy fingers of deft dressmakers. The problem of packing the summer outfit after it is complete, of choosing just enough luggage to accommodate one's togs—whether they are Paris creations or the result of local talent—is one that every woman has to solve.

Luggage was never so conveniently graduated in size and weight as it is this season. Every kind of bag and trunk—hat trunks, shoe trunks, overnight bags, suit cases and just plain bags for all occasions—are to be seen in all the shops. There are women and a hat trunk for its hats, and there are tiny 13-inch handbags and the bachelor girl who goes vacationing in a suitcase.

For the two weeks' vacation a good steamer trunk is small and light as well as inexpensive. A serviceable one may be bought for as low as \$5. If the dressy hat is a large, floppy affair, it may be secured in the trunk by means of a push pin, with no damage to the straw.