



The Handwriting Was Unmistakably That of a Woman.

"The highest diplomatic representative of a great nation should not find it difficult to arrange so simple a matter as—this?" She was smiling.

"Pardon me for suggesting it, Madam," the ambassador persisted courteously, "but anything out of the usual attracts attention in Washington. I dare say, from the manner of your appearance to-night, that you would not care to attract attention to yourself."

"She regarded him with an enigmatic smile.

"I'm afraid you don't know women, Count," she said slowly, at last. "There's nothing dearer to a woman's heart than to attract attention to herself." She laughed—a throaty, silvery note that was charming. "And if you hesitate now, then to-morrow—why, to-morrow I am going to ask that you open to me all this Washington world—this brilliant world of diplomatic society. You see what I ask now is simple."

The ambassador was respectfully silent and deeply thoughtful for a time. There was, perhaps, something of resentment struggling within him, and certainly there was an uneasy feeling of rebellion at this attempt to thrust him forward against all precedent.

"Your requests are of so extraordinary a nature that—" he began in courteous protestation.

There was no trace of impatience in the woman's manner; she was still smiling.

"It is necessary that I attend the ball tonight," she explained, "you may imagine how necessary when I say I sailed from Liverpool six days ago, reaching New York at half-past three o'clock this afternoon; and at half-past four I was on my way here. I have been here less than one hour. I came from Liverpool especially that I might be present; and I even dressed on the train so there would be no delay. Now do you see the necessity of it?"

Diplomatic procedure is along well-oiled grooves, and the diplomatist who steps out of the rut for an instant happens upon strange and unexpected obstacles. Knowing this, the ambassador still hesitated. The woman apparently understood.

"I had hoped that this would not be necessary," she remarked, and she produced a small, sealed envelope. "Please read it."

The ambassador received the envelope with uplifted brows, opened it and read what was written on a folded sheet of paper. Some subtle working of his brain brought a sudden change in the expression of his face. There was wonder in it, and amazement, and more than these. Again he bowed low.

"I am at your service, Madam," he repeated. "I shall take pleasure in making any arrangements that are necessary. Again, I beg your pardon."

"And it will not be so very difficult, after all, will it?" she inquired, and she smiled tauntingly.

"It will not be at all difficult, Madam," the ambassador assured her gravely. "I shall take steps at once to have an invitation issued to you for to-night; and to-morrow I shall be pleased to proceed as you may suggest."

She nodded. He folded the note, replaced it in the envelope and returned it to her with another deep bow. She drew her skirts about her and sat down; he stood.

"It will be necessary for your name to appear on the invitation," the ambassador went on to explain. "If you give me your name I'll have my secretary—"

"Oh, yes, my name," she interrupted gaily. "Why, Count, you embarrass me. You know, really, I have no name. Isn't it awkward?"

"I understand perfectly, Madam," responded the count. "I should have said a name."

She meditated a moment.

"Well, say—Miss Thorne—Miss Isabel Thorne," she suggested at last. "That will do very nicely, don't you think?"

"Very nicely, Miss Thorne," and the ambassador bowed again. "Please excuse me a moment, and I'll give my secretary instructions how to proceed. There will be a delay of a few minutes."

He opened the door and went out. For a minute or more Miss Thorne sat perfectly still, gazing at the blank wooden panels, then she rose and went to the window again. In the distance, hazy in the soft night, the dome of the capitol rose mistily; over to the right was the congressional library, and out there where the lights sparkled lay Pennsylvania Avenue, a thread of commerce. Miss Thorne saw it all, and suddenly stretched out her arms with an all-enveloping gesture. She stood so for a minute, then they fell beside her, and she was motionless.

Count di Rosini entered.

"Everything is arranged, Miss Thorne," he announced. "Will you go with me in my automobile, or do you prefer to go alone?"

"I'll go alone, please," she answered at a moment. "I shall be there about eleven."

The ambassador bowed himself out. And so Miss Isabel Thorne came to Washington!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THINKS DETROIT WILL WIN THIS YEAR



Manager Jim McAleer of Washington.

Manager Jim McAleer, of the Senators, is sweet on Detroit this season, to perform like the Cubs—come back and win their fourth flag.

He figured it thusly in a recent conversation: "When Detroit won the three pennants she did it with a bum infield, one pitcher and a deceitful first baseman. One year the pitcher was Mullin, another Donovan, while Rossman and Tom Jones, never first-class first basemen, were on that bag.

"Look at it this year. Jim Delahanty is a good, splendid second baseman. Bush is a good shortstop as lives. Moriarty is as keen, clever and able a third baseman as the American league has and the new man on first hasn't got to be a wonder to be better than Rossman or Jones. The pitchers all look good and the team is hitting hard. Under those favorable conditions why shouldn't Detroit repeat?"

### TYRUS COBB IN VAUDEVILLE

Famous Tiger Player Has Received Many Tempting Offers to Go on Stage Next Winter.

It is not at all improbable that Ty Cobb may go on the stage next winter in a vaudeville act of some sort. Several managers have been after him to go on the boards and some of the offers made him have been attractive.



Ty Cobb.

from a salary standpoint. Up to date, Ty's engagements have been such that he has passed up the Thespian proposition, but next fall he will be ready to consider an offer.

Ty hasn't decided yet what sort of an act he will attempt. A monologue, and so Miss Isabel Thorne came to Washington!



Connie Mack's men seem to get the hits all at one time.

Gregg, a coast recruit, has done the best pitching of any of the Naps boxmen.

Wolter, Daniels and Cree are playing great ball in the outfield for the Highlanders.

It seems that Vin Campbell would have signed with another major league club had he obtained his release from Pittsburgh.

Pfeffer and Beebe, two former University of Illinois pitchers, were pitted

## COST OF BASEBALL PLAYERS

Experts Figure Nearly 400 Players Will Receive \$500,000—McGraw in \$12,000 Class.

Baseball sharpshooters figure that before the pennant races end the magnates will have paid out more than \$500,000 for services. It is conceded that the players in the National and the American leagues this year will receive more money for their labors than ever before in the history of the game. There is no salary limit and the stipends range all the way from \$1,500 to nearly ten times that amount.

In the New York Nationals John McGraw, manager, who is not a player, will receive about \$12,000 for his work this year. Christy Mathewson is believed to be the highest paid ball player in the profession. He signed a five year contract last winter at an annual salary of \$10,000, it is said.

The two dozen other players on the New York team will average about \$2,750 each, swelling the total salary list to more than \$85,000, a record in professional baseball.

The New York Americans also will receive liberal salaries. Manager Chase will draw about \$7,000 for his services as manager, captain and first baseman, with a chance to receive a substantial bonus if the hill men win the championship. Russell Ford, the team's star pitcher, will get close to \$5,000 and the season's pay roll will foot up in the neighborhood of \$25,000.

Among the other big league teams the pitchers will, as usual, be the star performers on the salary list. According to current reports, the wages of some of the more important men will run about as follows:

Coombs and Bender, Philadelphia, \$5,000 each; Walsh, Chicago, \$5,000; Mullen, Detroit, \$5,000; Adams, Pittsburgh, \$5,000; Brown, Chicago, \$5,000; Collins, Philadelphia, \$7,000; LaJolie, Cleveland, \$7,000; Wagner, Pittsburgh, \$6,000; Cobb, Detroit, \$8,000.

Virtually all the big league clubs



## USE OF ALCOHOL HEREDITARY

Pathetic Story of Brilliant Lawyer Who Disowned Son When Charged With Murder.

A young man from a good family committed an atrocious murder and was put on trial for his life. His grandfather had been an excessive drinker. His father and mother both drank moderately at meals. His life and history indicated great brain feebleness and degrees of insanity for at least two years before the murder.

Public sentiment was very strong against him at the trial. The District attorney had employed an able lawyer to assist him and he publicly announced that the cause of justice demanded the prisoner's death. Two distinguished physicians were retained to swear to the sanity of the prisoner. I was called as an expert in his defense, says a writer in an exchange. As the trial went on it was evident that the efforts of the state would be directed to break the force of my testimony as to the insanity of the prisoner. I answered the hypothetical question and explained it at some length for the defense, and then was cross-examined by the state's attorney, who was evidently determined to destroy the impression which I had produced on the jury.

The attorney was a man of keen intellect and a thorough master of the art of examining witnesses. After trying various methods to create confusion in my statements, he settled down to a scientific examination, insisting on exact answers without qualifications. As the examination progressed it was evident to both of us that we were surprising each other in questions and answers. There was in his questioning unmistakable indications of a very clear knowledge of the alcoholic mind and method of reasoning such as can never be described in books.

Although two able physicians were seated at his side suggesting questions, it was evident that his knowledge of such cases was far superior to theirs, and the turns and forms of questions were revelations of familiarity with the subject that was a surprise to me.

At the close of the day's trial I concluded that a personal acquaintance with the attorney might give me an insight into his mentality that would be to my advantage in the next day's examination, which after a night of consultation and preparation would undoubtedly be still more severe. Upon being introduced by the judge, I, in an undertone, remarked to the attorney that I had never before been examined by any one who had such acute knowledge of the drunkard and his victims, and that I knew that this knowledge did not come from books. After a moment's hesitation he answered me with a quivering lip, "Yes, I know of this matter personally in my family and it has been a skeleton to me."

He asked me to come to his room at the hotel that evening for a personal talk. The interview lasted until midnight. He then told me of his only son who was expelled from college for drinking, and of how he had driven him away from his home against the advice of his wife, and that his son was now serving a life sentence for murder in a western prison. He spoke of his bitter feelings against the attitude his wife had taken, for she had insisted that the boy was diseased. This he himself could not believe and he reviewed the heart burnings and sorrows which followed the death of his wife, and her steadfast faith in the mental sickness of the boy, and her disapproval of his own harshness; and how at her death he realized that she was right, but his pride and position made him fear to think of this subject seriously. He spoke of his own drinking days, and of his abstinence after his wife's request after the birth of his son. Even on this trial he did not dare to permit his feelings to assume the possibility of mental disease. I told him frankly that he made a mistake, that his wife was right, that his boy was a victim, the direct transmission of his own drinking habits.

We shook hands and parted with a cordiality which was not apparent in the next day's examination, and yet beneath the bluff and stern exterior I could see the real man struggling to put the question so that my answers would be the least favorable to his interest. The case was won. My testimony prevailed and the victim was placed in an insane asylum, where he died two years later. No one knew that our midnight interview saved this prisoner from judicial murder.

A few years afterward this lawyer employed me as an expert in the defense of a similar case. At the close of the trial I went to his son, a poor, harmless, half-idiotic man. No questions were asked, but I knew that he had only recently been released and brought home to die. The father's tenderness toward him showed this. The crime had been committed in another state and no one knew the facts of the case.

A year later this lawyer was found dead in his bed, and the boy was placed in a private asylum, where he is now living. Fortunately, his mind is gone and he is unable to recall the past. This incident illustrates some of the startling facts not recognized, which can be traced through families of alcoholic heredity, followed by great misery and sorrow and often judicial murders. Poor alcoholized, insane men, whose parents and relatives are responsible, are constantly going to the gallows, and the harsh delusions of the law of sanity and reason are contradicted by every possible fact and condition.

Drunkness in Germany. Germany is called the model beer drinking nation and is held up to show that lighter drinks are conducive to temperance. Yet statistics show that in Germany 15,000 persons annually receive treatment for delirium tremens.



Manager McGraw.

except Boston will exceed the \$50,000 mark in their salary lists.

Aside from the players' salaries, the expenses of each club will include about \$8,000 for railroad fares, \$3,000 for hotel accommodations, \$5,000 for clerical work, \$10,000 for rent and \$5,000 for uniforms, equipment and incidentals, or about \$25,000.

### Tigers Release Beckendorf.

Catcher Beckendorf has been released by Detroit to the Buffalo Eastern league club. The deal includes an option by Detroit at the end of the season.

### Former Highlanders Scatter.

One of the officials of the New York American baseball team has discovered that there is a former New York American on every team in the league this year. Chicago has Pat Dougherty; Detroit, Moriarty; St. Louis, Powell, Lake, Hoffman, Austin and Laporte; Washington, Alberfeld, Hughes and Conroy; Philadelphia, Thomas; Boston, Engle and Kleinow, and Cleveland, Manager McGuire.

### McConnell Unlucky.

Amby McConnell is one of the unluckiest players in organized baseball. He is liable to injury more than most ball players because he takes such daring chances and he has been injured often. When Amby took off his shoe the other day after being splashed his foot was covered with blood, but he gamely walked to the car without assistance after Trainer Buckner had cauterized the wound.

Pitcher Samuel Loeber has been released unconditionally by the Pittsburgh league management. He was the oldest pitcher in point of continuous service with the club.

# ELUSIVE ISABEL

by JACQUES FUTRELLE  
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. Kettner

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CHAPTER I.

Miss Isabel Thorne.

All the world rubs elbows in Washington. Outwardly it is merely a city of evasion, of conventionalities, sated with the commonplace pleasures of life, listless, blasé even, and always exquisitely, albeit frigidly, courteous; but beneath the still, suave surface strange currents play at cross purposes. Intrigue is endless, and the merciless war of diplomacy goes on unceasingly. Occasionally, only occasionally, a bubble comes to the surface, and when it bursts the echo goes crashing around the earth. Sometimes a dynasty is shaken, a nation trembles, a ministry topples over; but the ripple moves and all is placid again. No man may know all that happens there, for then he would be diplomatic master of the world.

"There is plenty of red blood in Washington," remarked a jesting legislative gray-beard, once upon a time, "but it's always frozen before they put it in circulation. Diplomatic negotiations are conducted in the drawing-room, but long before that the fight is fought down cellar. The diplomats meet at table and there isn't any broken crockery, but you can always tell what the player thinks of the dealer by the way he draws three cards. Everybody is after reds; and lots of monarchs of Europe sit up nights polishing their crowns waiting for word from Washington."

So, this is Washington! And here at dinner are the diplomatic representatives of all the nations. That is the British ambassador, that stolid-faced, distinguished-looking, elderly man; and this is the French ambassador, dapper, voluble, plus-correct; here Russia's highest representative was a huge, blond beard; and yonder is the phlegmatic German ambassador. Scattered around the table, brilliant spots of color, are the smaller envoys of the Orient—the smaller the country the more brilliant the splendor. It is a state dinner, and is followed by a state ball, and they are all present.

The Italian ambassador, Count di Rosini, was trying to interpret a French bon mot into English for the benefit of the dainty, doll-like wife of the Chinese minister—who was educated at Radcliffe—when a servant leaned over him and laid a sealed envelope beside his plate. The count glanced around at the servant, excused himself to Mrs. Quong Li Wi, and opened the envelope. Inside was a single sheet of embassy note paper, and a terse line signed by his secretary:

"A lady is waiting for you here. She says she must see you immediately, on a matter of the greatest importance."

The count read the note twice, with wrinkled brow, then scribbled on it in pencil:

"Impossible to-night. Tell her to call at the embassy to-morrow morning at half-past ten o'clock."

He folded the note, handed it to the servant, and resumed his conversation with Mrs. Wi.

Half an hour later the same servant placed a second sealed envelope beside his plate. Recognizing the superscription, the ambassador impatiently tore it aside, intending to disregard it, but irritated curiosity finally triumphed, and he opened it. A white card on which was written this command was his reward:

"It is necessary that you come to the embassy at once."

There was no signature. The handwriting was unmistakably that of a woman, and just as unmistakably strange to him, as was the command. He frowned a little and stared at it wonderingly, then turned the card over. There was a name on the reverse side—only a name. Evidently the count recognized this, for his impassive face reflected

## Precocious Infant

William Lyon Phelps tells this story about Robert Louis Stevenson, as illustrating the cosmopolitanism of Russian character, which Professor Phelps says is accountable, in a measure, for the international effect and influence of Russian novels. Stevenson, writing from Mentone to his mother, 7 January, 1874, said: "We have two little Russian girls, with the youngest of whom, a little polyglot button of a three-year-old, I had the most laughable scene at lunch today. . . . She said something in Italian which made everybody laugh very much. . . . after some examination, she announced emphatically to the whole table, in German, that I was a madchen. . . . This

hasty conclusion as to my sex she was led afterward to revise. . . . but her opinion . . . was announced in a language quite unknown to me, and probably Russian. To complete the scroll of her accomplishments. . . . she said good-by to me in very commendable English." Three days later, Stevenson added, "The little Russian kid is only two and a half; she speaks six languages."

And "Safe."

The New York savants who have been trying to pick out the 25 most beautiful words in the language seem also to have overlooked the inherent beauty of the word two-bagger.