



ELUSIVE ISABEL

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SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rossi, 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 Cable.

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.

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

The pages of the Almanac de Gotha fluttered 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 armies would be—would be formidable, at least. Backed by the moral support of Germany, and perhaps Japan—"

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 ill-



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

person has one dominant feature—with Miss Thorne it is her eyes. "Miss Thorne!" Mr. Grimm repeated. "Haven't you met her?" the senatoria 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 senatoria'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 senatoria, 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.)

The Modest Inventor. Thomas A. Edison, in a recent interview in New York, declined, with a laugh, to talk about the soul. "No, no!" he said. "The preachers have put me in my place. I'll never open my mouth about the soul again."

"Well, then, Mr. Edison," said the reporter, "will you please give me your theory of the universe?" "Why," said Mr. Edison, "I haven't even a theory of electricity, let alone the universe."

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 Gotha 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 carefully. "I will begin work at once."

CHAPTER III.

The Language of the Fan.

Mr. Grimm was chatting idly with Senatoria Rodriguez, daughter of the minister from Venezuela, the while he permitted his listless eyes to wander aimlessly about the spacious ballroom 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 woman; 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 Senatoria Rodriguez, in token of recognition.

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

"What?" asked Mr. Grimm.

"Her eyes," was the reply. "Every

FORMER NEW YORK IDOL TO COME BACK



Mike Donlin, Who May Return to Baseball.

The former idol of the Giants and one of the greatest players of the game is tiring of his stage life and negotiations are now under way to complete a deal which will make Donlin a member of the Boston Doves. Manager Tenney of the Doves has been conferring with Donlin and terms between him and the star outfielder have been reached. All that remains is to close

the deal with McGraw which now is pending. Donlin says he will be ready to redon his spangles in a fortnight, as he has been practicing all season and practically is in shape.

Cincinnati Wants Hess. Cincinnati is said to be dickering with New Orleans for Pitcher Otto Hess.

JOE JACKSON MAKING GOOD

Young Recruit on Cleveland American Team is Hitting Ball Hard and Constantly.

Napoleon Lajoie has a rival on the Cleveland team.

In the years gone by any time the fans commented upon his appearance at the plate, they wondered at his gracefulness in the field. But this year Lajoie isn't attracting all the attention.

One Joe Jackson, a recruit, is dividing it with him. Much has been written about this young fellow. He came to the Naps at the tail end of the season, touted as few ball players have been. He proceeded to make good immediately. In the few weeks that he was a member of the Cleve-



Joe Jackson.

land team he made pitchers look sorry. Apparently it didn't make a particle of difference whether they were right-handed or left, he hit the ball.

And the pitcher has not yet been found who could make him look like a bush leaguer. For Jackson has been hitting. He clouted 364 in the first few days of this season, and so far he has been one of the two men on the Nap team who have played baseball. Lajoie, of course, was the other.

Jackson has been three years in baseball and has played in four different leagues. In each organization he led all hands in batting. He started with Greenville in the Carolina league and topped the field with a batting average of .346. With Savannah he led with .358 and with New Orleans he was the pacemaker with .354. Last year, with Cleveland, in 20 games he led the American league in beating out Cobb and Lajoie with .387 per cent.

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.

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



Jake Daubert.

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 style 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 absolute 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. 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.

"Noiseless" Ball Games.

Because residents of La Salle, a small Colorado town, threatened to put an end to Sunday baseball games because of the noise which marked the enthusiasm of the "fans," almost complete silence surrounded a game the other day in which the local team defeated their bitter rivals, the Platteville nine.

Individual outbursts were quickly silenced, but a faint hand clapping was permitted when the La Salle shortstop by a snappy double play prevented Platteville from breaking the existing tie, and a Chautauqua salute greeted the local center fielder when he arrived at the plate after a home run had won the game.

Judge Also Was Guilty.

Robert Smith, 14, of Long Island City found a friend in Chief Justice Isaac Russell when he was arraigned the other day in the Children's court at Jamaica, charged with having played ball in the street.

"I was arrested for the same thing once when I was a boy," Justice Russell confided to the youthful offender and then suspended sentence. "Say, the judge is a good sport," said the boy as he left the courtroom.

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.

FROM THE STATE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip at Harrisburg.

DOINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

Brief Mention of Matters as They Occur at the State Capital Official and Otherwise.

Bigelow to Head Commission. The Spruill "Main Highway" bill, designed to give Pennsylvania a system of over 7,000 miles of improved road, reaching every center of population and covering all counties of the State has been signed by Governor Tener.

Coincidental with the statement that the measure had been approved, the announcement was made that Edward M. Bigelow, former director of Public Works, of Pittsburg, creator of its system of parks and boulevards, and for years personal representative of Senator Penrose in Allegheny County, had been named as the new Highway Commissioner.

The bill not only provides for a program of road construction, which will take a dozen years and over \$50,000,000 to carry out, but reorganizes the State Highway Department under which the State has been building roads on a State aid system since 1903 at a cost of approximately \$10,000,000.

The new act contemplates road building on the greatest scale of any State in the Union, as the State is gridironed by routes, making half a dozen crossing the State and connecting with roads in the States of New York, Maryland, West Virginia and Ohio. Under the old laws the roads reconstructed were isolated, and in only a few cases did they connect with established highways. The new law links up seven-eighths of the macadam roads and makes them part of a system connecting county seats, industrial towns and places of general interest like Gettysburg and Harrisburg.

Joseph W. Hunter, of Montgomery County, the present commissioner, who organized the department and has since directed it, will be first deputy commissioner.

The bill provides for a commissioner at \$8,000, two deputies at \$6,000, chief engineer at \$7,000, engineer of bridges at \$2,500, and a force of civil engineers, draftsmen and other attaches, together with fifty superintendents, who are to have charge of the districts into which the State will be divided.

There are provided 236 road routes, covering every section, and the new commissioner is to take over such roads by June 1, 1912, and condemn what toll roads and turnpikes he cannot buy. The main highways are to be built by the State, a preliminary appropriation of \$3,000,000 being made for this work. Should the proposed constitutional amendment to enable the State to borrow \$50,000,000 for road building be passed, the sum can be available, but should it fail, successive Legislatures can appropriate money to carry out the program. The commissioner may change such routes as he deems expedient, and provision is made for the division of the maintenance charges between the Commonwealth and the districts through which roads pass.

To continue the present system of State aid for road construction, the bill carries \$1,000,000, but instead of the State paying 75 per cent. of the cost and the balance being divided between county, borough or township, the State will bear but 50 per cent. of the cost, the other half being paid by the county and subordinate divisions benefited.

Former Bill Signed.

Governor Tener has approved the Pittsburg-Scranton charter bill. The so-called "Pittsburg plan" act provides for some of the principal features of the commission form of government of cities, in that it rips out of office the large Councilmanic bodies and institutes in their stead very small Councils. It also effects other changes in the form of government of cities of the second class, thus affecting only the cities of Pittsburg and Scranton. The act takes effect immediately and rips out of office the sixty-seven Councilmen in Pittsburg and sixty-two in Scranton, creating in their stead a Council of nine for Pittsburg, who shall each receive a salary of \$6,500 a year, and five for Scranton, to be paid \$2,000. The act gives the Governor the power to appoint the new single-chamber Councils. The present Mayors of the two cities are not affected. Under the act the Councilmen will have authority to remove heads of departments for cause, it being required that a Common Pleas Judge shall preside when an official is tried.

Three Killed in Auto.

Three persons were killed and one probably fatally hurt when an automobile, driven by C. A. Sefton, a prominent carriage manufacturer, got beyond control and dashed off the Mulberry street viaduct, hurling its occupants 50 feet below on piles of building material stored beneath the bridge. The dead are Mr. Sefton, William Harrar, of Harrar & Chamberlain, leather merchants, and Mrs. Robert W. Dunlop, wife of the manager of a bond firm.

Banker Accused of Embezzling.

Michael P. Korlath, who conducted a private bank and steamship ticket office in Paint Borough, Somerset county, and disappeared on April 17, has been arrested in San Francisco, on the charge of having embezzled \$18,000 from foreigners employed in the vicinity of that town.

Sporting Gossip.

Rucker appears to be the first of Brooklyn's star pitchers to round into form.

Any time the Giants are unable to trim the Quakers, send them over to Brooklyn. They become a savage band of Dodgers whenever they get a flash of a red-headed man.

Cunningham, the young second sacker with the Senators, is doing good work at the keystone bag and McAleer believes that his worries are over for some time to come about that position.

Jack O'Connor, former manager of the Browns, has just returned to St. Louis from Arizona where he has been for his health since last February. He is much better, but refuses to talk baseball.

Kid McInnis is playing such a whirlwind game in the field and at the bat that Connie Mack will not put Barry, the regular, back at short until the little fellow "blows," which may mean that Barry is the "sub" from now on.

A Philadelphia habit that Manhattan fans never acquired is that of giving automobiles to players and managers. Within a year Horace Fogel, "Red" Doolin, "Connie" Mack and "Eddie" Collins have been given automobiles.

Pitcher Mullin has a growth in his nose and has been told that an operation will be necessary. He doesn't want to go under the knife lest his winning streak be broken. That's better than having his breathing streak broken.

Japanese ball players show that the subjects of the mikado will be formidable opponents for Americans within a few years. With fewer advantages than the American high school boy, they put up a surprisingly good article of ball.