



"N-e-a-f," Mr. Grimm Was Spelling It Out.



ELUSIVE ISABEL

by JACQUES FUTRELLE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. Kettner

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SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomats in the national capital when a messenger brings a note directing him to come to the embassy at once. Here a beautiful young woman asks that she be given a ticket to the embassy ball. The ticket is made out in the name of Miss Isabel Thorne. Chief Campbell of the secret service, and Mr. Grimm, his head detective, are warned that a plot of the Latin races against the English speaking races is brewing in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state hall for information. In a conservatory his attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Senorita Rodriguez laughed, and Miss Grimm glanced idly toward Miss Thorne. She was still talking, her face alive with interest, and the fan was still tapping rhythmically, steadily, now on the arm of her chair.

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

"Pretty women who don't want to be stared at should go with their faces swathed," Mr. Grimm suggested, indolently. "Haroun el Raschid there would agree with me on that point. I have no doubt. What a shock he would get if he should happen up at Atlantic City for a week-end in August!"

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

Mr. Grimm read it with perfect understanding; it was "F-F-F" in the Morse code, the call of one operator to another. Was it accident? Mr. Grimm wondered, and wondering, he went on talking lazily.

"Curious, isn't it, the smaller the nation the more color it crowds into the uniforms of its diplomats? The British ambassador, you will observe, is clothed sanely and modestly, as befits the representative of a great nation; but coming on down by way of Spain and Italy, they get more gorgeous. However, I dare say as stout a heart beats beneath a sky-blue sash as behind the embellished black of evening dress."

"F-F-F," the fan was calling insistently.

And then the answer came. It took the unexpectedly prosaic form of a violent sneeze, a vociferous outburst in a bench directly behind Mr. Grimm. Senorita Rodriguez jumped, then laughed, nervously.

"It startled me," she explained.

"I think there must be a draft from the conservatory," said a man's voice apologetically. "Do you ladies feel it? No? Well, if you'll excuse me—"

Mr. Grimm glanced back languidly. The speaker was Charles Winthrop Rankin, a brilliant young American lawyer who was attached to the German embassy in an advisory capacity. Among other things he was a Heidelberg man, having spent some dozen years of his life in Germany, where he established influential connections. Mr. Grimm knew him only by sight.

And now the rhythmic tapping of Miss Thorne's fan underwent a change. There was a flutter of gaiety in her voice the while the ivory fan tapped steadily.

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

"S-t-a-t-e-u-t-e," Mr. Grimm read in Morse. He laughed pleasantly at some remark of his companion.

remark being called into life by the high complexion of a young man who was passing. Miss Thorne glanced at him keenly, her splendid eyes fairly aglow, and the fan rattled on in the code.

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

"N-e-a-f," Mr. Grimm was still spelling it out.

Then came a perfect jumble. Mr. Grimm followed it with difficulty, a difficulty utterly belied by the quizzical lines about his mouth. As he caught it, it was like this: "J-5-n-s-e-f-v-a-t-5-t," followed by an arbitrary signal which is not in the Morse code: "Dash-dot-dash-dash!"

Mr. Grimm carefully stored that jumble away in some recess of his brain, along with the unknown signal. "D-5-5-f," he read, and then, on to the end: "B-f-l-n-g-5-v-e-e-f-w-h-e-n-g-5-e-a."

That was all, apparently. The soft clatter of the fan against the arm of the chair ran on meaninglessly after that.

"May I bring you an ice?" Mr. Grimm asked at last.

"If you will, please," responded the senorita, "and when you come back I'll reward you by presenting you to Miss Thorne. You'll find her charming; and Mr. Cadwallader has monopolized her long enough."

Mr. Grimm bowed and left her. He had barely disappeared when Mr. Rankin lounged along in front of Miss Thorne. He glanced at her, paused and greeted her effusively.

"Why, Miss Thorne!" he exclaimed. "I'm delighted to see you here. I understood you would not be present, and—"

Their hands met in a friendly clasp as she rose and moved away, with a nod of excuse to Mr. Cadwallader. A until they came to another door opening into the hall. Chief Campbell pushed it open, and entered. One of his men stood just inside.

"What was it, Gray?" asked the chief.

"Senor Alvarez of the Mexican legation, was shot," was the reply.

"Dead?"

"Thin slip of paper, thrice folded, passed from Mr. Rankin to her. She tugged at her glove, and thrust the little paper, still folded, inside the palm. "Is it yes, or no?" Miss Thorne asked in a low tone.

"Frankly, I can't say," was the reply.

"He read the message," she explained hastily, "and now he has gone to decipher it."

She gathered up her trailing skirts over one arm, and together they glided away through the crowd to the strains of a Strauss waltz.

"I'm going to faint in a moment," she said quite calmly to Mr. Rankin. "Please have me sent to the ladies' dressing-room."

"I understand," he replied quietly.

CHAPTER IV.

The Fleeing Woman.

Mr. Grimm went straight to a quiet nook of the smoking-room and there, after a moment, Mr. Campbell joined him. The bland benevolence of the chief's face was disturbed by the slightest questioning uplift of his brows as he dropped into a seat opposite Mr. Grimm, and lighted a cigar. Mr. Grimm raised his hand, and a servant who stood near, approached them.

"An ice—here," Mr. Grimm directed, tersely.

The servant bowed and disappeared, and Mr. Grimm hastily scribbled something on a sheet of paper and handed it to his chief.

"There is a reading, in the Morse code, of a message that seems to be unintelligible," Mr. Grimm explained. "I have reason to believe it is in the

Continental code. You know the Continental—I don't."

Mr. Campbell read this: "Sifut man fed qaje nsaf jnsenf-at5f," and then came the unknown, dash-dot-dash-dash. "That," he explained, "is Y in the Continental code." It went on: "d55f b5ng 5ver when g 5sea."

The chief read it off glibly: "Stout man, red face, near conservatory door. Bring over when G goes." "Very well!" commented Mr. Grimm ambiguously.

With no word of explanation, he rose and went out, pausing at the door to take the ice which the servant was bringing in. The seat where he had left Senorita Rodriguez was vacant; so was the chair where Miss Thorne had been. He glanced about inquiringly, and a servant who stood stolidly near the conservatory door approached him.

"Pardon, sir, but the lady who was sitting here," and he indicated the chair where Miss Thorne had been sitting, "fainted while dancing, and the lady who was with you went along when she was removed to the ladies' dressing-room, sir."

Mr. Grimm's teeth closed with a little snap.

"Did you happen to notice any time this evening a stout gentleman, with red face, near the conservatory door?" he asked.

The servant pondered a moment, then shook his head.

"No, sir."

"Thank you."

Mr. Grimm was just turning away, when there came the sharp, vibrant cra-sh! of a revolver, somewhere off to his left. The president! That was his first thought. One glance across the room to where the chief executive stood, in conversation with two other gentlemen, reassured him. The choleric blue eyes of the president had opened a little at the sound, then he calmly resumed the conversation. Mr. Grimm impulsively started toward the little group, but already a cordon was being drawn there—a cordon of quiet-faced, keen-eyed men, unobtrusively forcing their way through the crowd. There was Johnson, and Hastings, and Blair, and half a dozen others.

The room had been struck dumb. Then dancers stopped, with tense, inquiring looks, and the plaintive whine of the orchestra, far away, faltered, then ceased. There was one brief instant of utter silence in which white-faced women clung to the arms of their escorts, and the brilliant galaxy of colors halted. Then, after a moment, there came clearly through the stillness, the excited, guttural command of the German ambassador.

"Keep on playing, you tam fools! Keep on playing!"

The orchestra started again tremulously. Mr. Grimm nodded a silent approval of the ambassador's command, then turned away to his left, in the direction of the shot. After the first dismay, there was a general movement of the crowd in that direction, a movement which was checked by Mr. Campbell's appearance upon a chair, with a smile on his bland face.

"No harm done," he called. "One of the officers present dropped his revolver, and it was accidentally discharged. No harm done."

There was a moment's excited chatter, deep-drawn breaths of relief, the orchestra swung again into the interrupted rhythm, and the dancers moved on. Mr. Grimm went straight to his chief, who had stepped down from the chair. Two other secret service men stood behind him, blocking the doorway that opened into a narrow hall.

"This way," directed the chief tersely.

Mr. Grimm walked along beside him. They skirted the end of the ballroom. "Only wounded. He's in that room," and he indicated a door a little way down the hall. "Fairchild, two servants and a physician are with him."

"Who shot him?"

"Don't know. We found him lying in the hall here."

Still followed by Mr. Grimm, the chief entered the room, and together they bent over the wounded man. The bullet had entered the torso just below the ribs on the left side.

"It's a clean wound," the physician was explaining. "The bullet passed through. There's no immediate danger."

Senor Alvarez opened his eyes, and stared about him in bewilderment; then alarm overspread his face, and he made spasmodic efforts to reach the inside breast pocket of his coat. Mr. Grimm obligingly thrust his hand into the pocket and drew out its contents, the while Senor Alvarez struggled frantically.

"Just a moment," Mr. Grimm advised quietly. "I'm only going to let you see if it is here. Is it?"

He held the papers, one by one, in front of the wounded man, and each time a shake of the head was his answer. At last Senor Alvarez closed his eyes again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANCIENT ISRAEL USED INK

Writings of Bible Times Inscribed on Potsherds Have Been Found in Samaria.

"That the ancient Israelites had a cheap and easy method of sending written messages which was in fairly common use is now an established fact," said George A. Reisner, assistant professor of Egyptology at Harvard, who for the last fourteen years has been conducting excavations in Egypt and Palestine. Professor Reisner just returned on the Campania.

"We were excavating in Samaria, once capital of the northern kingdom of Israel, in 1908, when we came upon the palace of the Israelite kings. Last summer we found on the floor of one of the chambers of the palace a number of potsherds and on these shards were written messages; they related to tithes or taxes paid to the king, and were written in an ink made of pure carbon or lampblack. These, perhaps, are the earliest specimens of Israelite work contemporaneous with the Bible. They were written in the reign of King Ahab."—New York Evening Post.

Right in His Line.

"Here's an interesting article in this newspaper entitled, 'The Art of Resting.' Better send it to Willowby."

"Why?"

"His wife runs a boarding house."

TITUS SECURES HISTORICAL OLD BAT



John Titus, Philadelphia Right Fielder.

John Titus, the Philadelphia right fielder, is using a bat that has some history connected with it. In 1894 Captain Anson discovered a piece of timber that he considered ideal wood for a baseball bat and he proceeded to have it turned into a cudgel. Anson in his day merely had to swing it and the ball would go to the fence. It is so heavy, however, that many an ordinary player would hardly care to handle it. When Pop Anson retired from the game he retained this great stick as a treasure. At last when the former star's belongings went under the hammer, Pat Moran purchased this

bat, and when Pat was bought from the Cubs he brought it to Philadelphia. Titus coaxed, and finally Moran consented to let him have the bat. His first hit was a home run over the fence off Bob Harmon of St. Louis. Titus has been batting consistently ever since he came into possession of Pop's old smasher.

Big Salary for La Crosse.

Ball players get fancy salaries, but they are not the only ones. Newswy Ladonde will draw down nearly \$4,000 this season for playing La Crosse with the Vancouver team.

BOOST FOR "RUBE" WADDELL

LaJole Says Eccentric Southpaw, Now With Minneapolis, Is Fast Enough for Big League.

Larry LaJole believes that Rube Waddell, the eccentric diamond actor, still has the ability to travel in fast company. Nap says that the fact that the Rube is with Joe Cantillon this season will make him a big winner. According to LaJole, there is only one man in this wide world who can handle Waddell right, and that man is the present manager of the Minneapolis American Association club.

"Cantillon will let Waddell have a free rein," says LaJole. "He won't issue any orders, but he will put it up to Rube entirely. I expect that the Rube will pull off a select series of his copyrighted stunts again this year, but I wouldn't be surprised if he pitched fully fifty games for Cantillon. I know both of them well, and, believe me, they make a good combination."

"Waddell is far from the has-been. It is no particular honor to bat only 300 nowadays. To be a star a player must bat about 500."

San Francisco and Portland are having a great fight for the honors in the Pacific Coast league.

Grover Cleveland Alexander is the full name of the young pitching phenom, who has been helping the Phillies keep in front.

Savannah, in the South Atlantic league, bears the unique distinction of having an outfield of three players who broke into baseball as first basemen.

Eddie Phelps continues to be the catching sensation of the Eastern league. His throwing is said to be letter perfect and he is hitting like a fend.

"Wait until the fields become hard and unbaked," writes one critic of the new ball, "then see what troubles the fielders will have trying to judge the bounds."

The athlete can learn better baseball on the prairies than in school, but he should learn sportsmanship in school, a thing hard to acquire in the prairie games.

Gov. John K. Tener of Pennsylvania, the former Chicago National leaguer, is putting in much of his official time around Philadelphia, and likes to see the games.

Manager McGraw has given orders none of his players can play with semiprofessional teams around New York this year on Sundays. The Giant players have been picking up some easy money every year that way.

In the law suit between the owners of the Boston National club it was testified that the directors "are called upon hourly to decide such questions as who shall play on the team and in what order they shall bat." Of course Boston is at the tail end.

Lewis Drucke, pitcher for the New York Giants, sued the New York street railway corporation for \$25,000 damages, claiming his arm had been injured in an accident and the same week he pitched and wins a game of ball with that same helpless arm.

They call baseball the "national" game in the States, but at that it is more of a public institution in Canada. In one of the cities of the Canadian league the city board of public works had the work of making the grounds done at public expense.

Brooklyn baseball writers, having exhausted every sort of criticism of the poor showing of the team, now say there are not enough Irishmen on the team to make it a proper fighting organization. And the same day two "Dutchmen" were chased for umpire baiting.

WITH THE STATE LAWMAKERS

HARRISBURG CORRESPONDENCE

Shreve Bill Approved.

New regulations for foreign corporations doing business in Pennsylvania are provided in the Shreve House bill, which has just been approved by Governor Tener. Under former laws corporations chartered in other states or countries desiring to transact business in this state were required to have an agent upon whom legal papers could be served. These agents were scattered and at times hard to find. The Shreve law provides that only the Secretary of the Commonwealth may act as attorney for foreign corporations, which are required to appoint him as their attorney, upon whom all papers shall be served. As soon as any corporation designates the secretary as its attorney the fact is to be certified to the Attorney General and all papers served on the secretary are to be promptly forwarded to the offices of the corporation. The fees are to be paid for the use of the State.

No Money for Aides.

Attorney General Bell advised Dr. N. C. Schaeffer, Superintendent of Public Instruction, that no appropriation had been made for the pay of assistant county school superintendents provided for in the school code. In his opinion, the Attorney General says: "There are no assistant county superintendents and were none at the date of the passage of the appropriation act. There is no provision for the payment of any part of the sum appropriated for superintendents to the salaries of assistant superintendents, and there is contained in this law the positive direction that after deducting from the \$15,000,000 the specific amounts appropriated, the remainder of the amount hereby appropriated shall be paid in favor of the several school districts of the Commonwealth."

Bidding for State Contract.

Harrisburg.—Bids were opened by the State Board of Public Grounds and Buildings for the furnishing of supplies to the departments of the State government, annual contracts whose value runs between \$100,000 and \$200,000. The tenders were received on 6,709 items. The total number of items is 699 ahead of last year and includes all kinds of supplies, from furniture to pens. It was the first time Governor Tener presided at the opening of bids. In all ninety-four firms submitted bids and it was announced that no awards would be possible for at least a month. The bidding was the greatest ever known for State contracts.

Barnard Unveiling.

The legislative committee that is to have charge of the formal unveiling of the Barnard statues in front of the State Capitol organized here by electing Representative Robert R. Dearden, of Philadelphia, as chairman.

The other members of the commission are Senator William C. Sproul, of Delaware; Senator J. K. P. Hall, of Elk, and Representatives W. W. Ulerich, of Westmoreland, and A. B. Hess, of Lancaster. The committee will meet again on June 25, to select a date for the unveiling, which will probably be early in October, unless Sculptor Barnard desires otherwise.

Pigs by Trolley.

Pigs are pigs according to the Valley Traction Company, which operates the trolley line between this city and various towns in Cumberland county and because of the fact that two pigs were charged three fares to go from Carlisle to New Cumberland, the State Railroad Commission has been asked to investigate a charge of discrimination. Webster Prowell, of New Cumberland, is the complainant, and he informed the commission in a letter that it cost him \$1.50 to transport the pigs by trolley, when by express it would cost only fifty cents.

Objet to Car Fender "Ads."

Members of the Mothers' Club, of Reading, have sent a petition to the State Railroad Commission, asking it to restrain the Reading Transit Company from placing placards and all other obstructions of any kind whatsoever on the fenders of the trolley cars.

First Paid W tress.

Peter Raglan, a cart driver, earning \$1 a day, is the first person to be committed to prison under the new State law allowing a witness \$1.50 per day when he is unable to furnish bail for his appearance at a hearing and has to be imprisoned. The case is a trifling one and Raglan could not secure \$200 bonds.

Scranton's New Council.

The five men who will constitute the first City Council of Scranton under the new second class city act prescribed a small single chamber were named by Governor Tener as follows: Lewis H. Johns, W. W. Davies, William Wirth, Lamotte Belin and P. P. Jordan. The appointees will hold office until the first Monday of January, 1912, their successors to be elected at the November election. The Councilmen are to be paid annual salaries of \$2,500 each and provision is made for increase.

State Appointments.

James N. Moore, director of the State Legislative Reference Bureau, announced the following appointments: Lee F. O'Brien, McKeesport, search clerk; Irma A. Watts, Harrisburg, cataloguer, and Edward Friel, Philadelphia, messenger. The appointments were approved by Governor Tener.

The Hongkong Chamber of Commerce celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its organization on April 3.

Temperance

HOARY TYRANT KING ALCOHOL

Liquor Dislodges Man's Judgment and Leaves Him Unreasoning and Demoralized Being.

Of all the tyrants of passion to which human frailty ever swore allegiance, there is none whose rulership is so physically, morally and mentally enslaving and menacing to manhood and self-respect as that of the old, hoary, tottering tyrant, King Alcohol. While an impaired and breaking-down body may still leave the mind in possession of powers to engender humanitarian and intellectual efforts—as witness a blind John Milton and Michael Angelo, a hunchbacked Alexander Pope, and a dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle—the decay of the mind wrecks the entire man, both mind and body, writes Dr. Axel E. Gibson in an exchange. Alcohol by acting directly on the mind, dislodges the individual from his moral center of gravity, unbalances his judgment and leaves him sooner or later as an unreasoning, demoralized and devitalized being.

Sentiment and moral suasion are not sufficient to stir up the unfortunate victims of this vice to a full realization of the seriousness of their situation. Facts must be presented—naked, tangible, irrefutable facts. We must approach the enemy in his own stronghold and assail him with his own weapons.

We are often met by the argument that alcohol as a drink generates warmth and strength, and above all serves as a valuable stimulant. Nothing, however, is more erroneous. The sensation of bodily heat, to which a drink of whisky on a cold day is accredited to give rise, is based on the quality found in alcohol to open a way for the warm blood stream to the surface tissues of the body. The moment the cutaneous vessels become filled with blood a wave of warmth is felt to pass over the body—only, however, to disappear a few moments later unless a new drink is indulged in.

Old, wise Mother Nature, always provisional and far-seeing, has given to the vital processes of the body a perfect system of economy. Under the influence of cold the skin is made to contract its vessels so as to prevent the normal and indispensable heat of the body from passing out of the system the moment the blood stream sweeps through the cuticle and becomes exposed to the cold, absorbent, surface tissue. The sensitive and more highly organized interior viscera, such as the heart, intestines, lungs, brain, spinal cord, etc., are thus kept warm at the expense of the coarser and less readily deranged structures of the skin. Now, in place of assisting nature in this ingenious scheme which, for the prolonged maintenance of life is absolutely necessary, the consumer of alcohol thwarts her efforts and wastes his bodily resources in unreasoning wantonness. He may to some extent be compared with a person who after having heated up his apartment to a point of normal temperature, throws his doors and windows wide open to the withering cold of a winter's blast. Indulgence in alcohol as a stimulant against cold, opens the capillaries of the skin and sends out into mid-air the reserve fund of warmth which is intended to surround and protect from cold the interior high-strung vital organs. Hence the sensation of internal cold which always follows as soon as the effect of the drink is passed off, a sensation which often leads to cyanosis and alcoholic poisoning. It is on the basis of this fact that in polar expeditions all indulgence in liquor is strictly forbidden.

Probably one reason for the pernicious action of alcohol is that it is upon the "night side" of nature. Fermentation rudely interrupts the normal life cycle of the grain or seed and sets up instead a destructive decomposition. This vibration introduced into the living organism cannot but induce similar vibrations, therefore its effect is always injurious in every respect. Unprejudiced tests have shown that those who partake of it are less capable of both physical endurance and mental exertion.

The progressive drunkard soon begins to exhibit the old characteristic marks of flabbiness and looseness of excessive tissue. The cause of this phenomenon lies in a physiological process equally simple and impressive. As is well known, the blood, among other important things, contains two kinds of blood corpuscles—the red and the white. While the functions of the red are to exchange oxygen derived from the lungs, for carbon dioxide, derived from the combustion going on in the bodily tissues, the functions of the white blood corpuscles consist in removing and causing to be eliminated from the system all broken-down and effete tissue. Bacterial invasion, ulcerated tissue, inflammatory elements, are all cleared out promptly and diligently by this vitally so important blood corpuscle.

Now if on the microscopic slide we bring a drop of alcohol in touch with a white blood corpuscle outside the body does it almost instantaneously succumb to the destructive influence of the alcohol. A numbness steals over the blood corpuscle, which at once ceases to exhibit its normal activity and soon dies.

The effect which alcohol has on a white corpuscle outside the body in no way differs from its effect on the corpuscles inside the body. The number of white corpuscles being thus diminished through alcoholic indulgence it follows that their functions of scavengers, owing to the decreased number, can be only imperfectly discharged. As a result effete material is permitted to remain in the bodily tissues, which gives rise to fermentation. Hence the bloated, swollen, turgid, puffed-up appearance of the inebriate.

Reproduction.

Every man ought to reproduce himself through some good deed or person that works for him.—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Congregationalist, Brooklyn.