



# ELUSIVE ISABEL

by JACQUES FUTRELLE

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## SYNOPSIS.

"Why that, instead of giving an alarm?"

"No alarm was necessary. The shot itself was an alarm."

"Then why," Mr. Grimm persisted coldly, "did you run along the hallway and escape by way of the kitchen?" If you did not do the shooting, why the necessity of escape, carrying the revolver?

There was that in the blue-gray eyes which brought Mr. Grimm to his feet. His hands gripped each other cruelly; his tone was calm as always. "Why did you take the revolver?" he asked.

Miss Thorne's head dropped forward a little, and she was silent.

"There are only two possibilities, of course," he went on. "First, that you, in spite of your denial, did the shooting."

"I did not!" The words fairly burst from her tightly closed lips.

"Or that you know the revolver, and took it to save the person, man or woman, who fired the shot. I will assume, for the moment, that this is correct. Where is the revolver?"

From the adjoining room there came a slight noise, a faint breath of sound; or it might have been only an echo of silence. Their eyes were fixed each upon the others unwaveringly, with not a flicker to indicate that either had heard. After a moment Miss Thorne returned to her chair and sat down.

"It's rather a singular situation, isn't it, Mr. Grimm?" she inquired.

"I'm sorry I've kept you—" she began, and then, in a tone of surprise: "I beg your pardon."

A gentleman rose and bowed gravely.

"I am Mr. Grimm of the secret service," he informed her with frank courtesy. "I am afraid you were expecting some one else. I handed my card to the footman."

For an instant the blue-gray eyes opened wide in astonishment, and then some quick, subtle change swept over Miss Thorne's face. She smiled graciously and motioned him to a seat.

"This is quite a different meeting from the one Senorita Rodriguez had planned, isn't it?" she asked.

There was a taunting curve on her scarlet lips; the shadow passed from her eyes; her slim, white hands lay idly in her lap. Mr. Grimm regarded her reflectively. There was a determination of steel back of this charming exterior; there was an indomitable will, a keen brain, and all of a woman's intuition to reckon with. She was silent, with a questioning upward slant of her arched brows.

"I am not mistaken in assuming that you are a secret agent of the Italian government, am I?" he queried finally.

"No," she responded readily.

"In that event I may speak with perfect frankness?" he went on. "It would be as useless as it would be absurd to approach the matter in any other manner?" It was a question.

Miss Thorne was still smiling, but again the vague, indefinable shadow, momentarily lifted, darkened her eyes.

"You may be frank, of course," she said pleasantly. "Please go on."

"Senor Alvarez was shot at the German embassy ball last night," Mr. Grimm told her.

Miss Thorne nodded, as if in wonder.

"Did you, or did you not, shoot him?"

It was quite casual. She received the question without change of countenance, but involuntarily she caught her breath. It might have been a sigh of relief.

"Why do you come to me with such a query?" she asked in turn.

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Grimm, steadily. "Did you, or did you not, shoot him?"

"No, of course I didn't shoot him," was the reply. If there was any emotion in the tone it was merely impatience. "Why do you come to me?" she repeated.

"Why do I come to you?" Mr. Grimm echoed the question, while his listless eyes rested on her face. "I will be absolutely frank, as I feel sure you would be under the same circumstances." He paused a moment; she nodded. "Well, immediately after the shooting you ran along the hallway with a revolver in your hand; you ran down the steps into the kitchen, and out through the back door, where you entered an automobile. That is not conjecture; it is susceptible of proof by eye witnesses."

Miss Thorne rose suddenly with a queer, helpless little gesture of her arms, and walked to the window. She stood there for a long time with her hands clasped behind her back.

"That brings us to another question," Mr. Grimm continued mercilessly. "If you did not shoot Senor Alvarez, do you know who did?"

"There was another long pause. "I want to believe you, Miss Thorne," he supplemented.

She turned quickly with something of defiance in her attitude.

"Yes, I know," she said slowly. "It was useless to deny it."

"Who was it?"

"I won't tell you."

Mr. Grimm leaned forward in his chair, and spoke earnestly.

"Understand, please, that by that answer you assume equal guilt with the person who actually did the shooting," he explained. "If you adhere to it you compel me to regard you as an accomplice." His questioning took a different line. "Will you explain how the revolver came into your possession?"

"Oh, I— I picked it up in the hallway there," she replied vaguely.

"I want to believe you, Miss Thorne," Mr. Grimm said again.

"You may, I picked it up in the hallway," she repeated. "I saw it lying there and picked it up."

"That is my affair." Mr. Grimm laid a hand upon her arm, a hand that had never known nervousness. A moment longer he stared, and then: "Madam, you are my prisoner for the attempted murder of Senor Alvarez!"

The rings on the portieres behind him clicked sharply, and the draperies parted. Mr. Grimm stood motionless, with his hand on Miss Thorne's arm. "You were inquiring a moment ago for a revolver," came in a man's voice. "Here it is!"

Mr. Grimm found himself inspecting the weapon from the barrel end. After a moment his glance shifted to the blazing eyes of the man who held it—a young man, rather slight, with clean-cut, aristocratic features, and of the pronounced Italian type.

"My God!" The words came from Miss Thorne's lips almost in a scream. "Don't—!"

"I did make some inquiries about a revolver, yes," Mr. Grimm interrupted quietly. "Is this the one?"

He raised his hand quite casually, and his fingers closed like steel around the weapon. Behind his back Miss Thorne made some quick emphatic gesture, and the new-comer released the revolver.

"I shall ask you, please, to free Miss Thorne," he requested courtously. "I shot Senor Alvarez, I, too, am a secret agent of the Italian government, willing and able to defend myself. Miss Thorne has told you the truth; she had nothing whatever to do with it. She took the weapon and escaped because it was mine. Here is the paper that was taken from Senor Alvarez, and he offered a sealed envelope. I have read it; it is not what I expected. You may return it to Senor Alvarez with my compliments."

After a moment Mr. Grimm's hand fell away from Miss Thorne's arm, and he regarded the new-comer with an interest in which admiration, even, played a part.

"Your name?" he asked finally.

"Pietro Petrosini," was the ready reply. "As I say, I accept all responsibility."

A few minutes later Mr. Grimm and his prisoner passed out of the legation side by side, and strolled down the



Mr. Grimm Found Himself Inspecting The Weapon From the Barrel End.

relevently. "You, Mr. Grimm of the Secret Service of the United States; I, Isabel Thorne, a secret agent of Italy together here, one accusing the other of a crime, and perhaps with good reason."

"Where is the revolver?" Mr. Grimm insisted.

"If you were any one else but you! I could not afford to be frank with you and—"

"If you had been any one else but you I should have placed you under arrest when I entered the room."

She smiled, and inclined her head.

"I understand," she said pleasantly. "For the reason that you are Mr. Grimm of the Secret Service I shall tell you the truth. I did take the revolver because I knew who had fired the shot. Believe me when I tell you that that person did not act with my knowledge or consent. You do believe that? You do?" She was pleading, eager to convince him.

After a while Mr. Grimm nodded.

"The revolver is beyond your reach and shall remain so," she resumed.

"According to your laws I suppose I am an accomplice. That is my misfortune. It will in no way alter my determination to keep silent. If I am arrested I can't help it." She studied his face with deep eyes. "Am I to be arrested?"

"Here is the paper that was taken from Senor Alvarez immediately after he was shot," Mr. Grimm queried.

"I don't know," she replied frankly.

"As I understand it, then, the motive for the shooting was to obtain possession of that paper? For your government?"

"The individual who shot Senor Alvarez did obtain the paper, yes. And now, please, am I to be arrested?"

"And just what was the purpose, may I inquire, of the message you telegraphed with your fan in the ball-room?"

"You read that?" exclaimed Miss Thorne in mock astonishment. "You read that?"

"And the man who read that message? Perhaps he shot the senator?"

"Perhaps," she taunted.

For a long time Mr. Grimm stood staring at her, staring, staring. She, too, rose, and faced him quietly.

"Am I to be arrested?" she asked again.

"Why do you make me do it?" he demanded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Doing Your Own Papering.

In preparing the paper for hanging first trim off all white edges which might show afterward. Then spread the paste on the paper, very evenly, to obviate the danger of irregular drying and later spotty effects. Regulate the temperature of the room so that the paper will dry within one hour after hanging.

The following method of estimating the number of rolls of paper may be of help. This estimate holds good for rooms of from seven to nine feet in height. Measure the number of yards around the room, and multiply this by two. The resultant figure represents the number of full-length strips. For each ordinary sized window and door allow two strips each. Subtract this from the first figure, and divide by five. This will give you the number of double rolls required. This estimate makes allowances enough so that the trimmings fill in odd places.—Country Life in America.

### Attribute of Success.

An American must not die; he must direct his energies toward success; success means making one's way in life; nine times out of ten, for ninety-nine men out of a hundred, that means the business world. To seize the business opportunity; to develop that opportunity through the business virtues of attention to detail, industry, economy, persistence and enthusiasm—these represent the plain and manifest duty of every citizen who intends to "be somebody."—Stewart Edward White.

### Like Moving Picture Shows.

Mariette or puppet theaters, formerly well beloved by the Italian residents from memories of their old home, have disappeared in New York, being replaced by the moving picture shows, but the mythological and legendary dramas familiar in the vanished playhouses are still preserved and in more effective form by the films of the biographs.

## The Universal Creed

For the Hostess

By Dr. Frank Crane

### A Garden Party.

The invitations were made in shape of vegetables, patterns being taken from seed catalogues, drawing paper was used, then they were tinted with water colors. When all arrived, cards numbered from one to twenty-five were passed with small pencils; the following questions were written on the cards, one opposite each number, all to be answered by the names of well known flowers:

1. A southern baby.
2. What the Scotch girl said when asked to walk the tight rope.
3. Why the young lady cried when her father removed the ladder from beneath her window.
4. What the woman said to the tramp.
5. The sunset.
6. A color.
7. Admired by all lovers.
8. Two girls.
9. Lusting.
10. A cure for pain.
11. What single gentlemen need.
12. What Mrs. Taft used to call her sweetheart.
13. The nurse's delight.
14. A lively color.
15. A bunch of something children like.
16. What the teacher did when he sat on the tack in his chair.
17. A dignified plant.
18. Part of the wealth of Jacob.
19. What still remained to Job in his poverty.
20. The world.
21. What the toad will do when he sees the snake.
22. Wearing apparel for an animal.
23. Queen Victoria's delight.
24. A cause for tears.
25. Something very small.

### ANSWERS.

1. Virginia creeper.
2. Canna.
3. Cantaloupe.
4. Begonia.
5. The morning glory.
6. Pink.
7. Moonflower.
8. Rosemary.
9. Pine.
10. Balsam.
11. Bachelor's buttons.
12. Sweet William.
13. Cyclamen.
14. Scarlet runner.
15. Candy turf.
16. Rose.
17. Primrose.
18. Pileus.
19. Job's tears.
20. Cosmos.
21. Hop.
22. Foxglove.
23. Peas.
24. Onion.
25. Mignonette.

### A "Five and Ten Cent" Show.

Encountering a bevy of girls the other day with "Polly" at their head, all giggling and fairly bubbling over with suppressed excitement, I headed off the procession to be literally run into by the same number of boys. It seems that "one of the girls" who is to be a June bride objected seriously to "showers" as she feared to tax the pocketbooks of her friends, so she firmly declined to accept any. But "Polly," always in for a lark, had gathered the clan and they were all going to the "Five and Ten Cent" each selecting one article and then all were to go to the home of the bride-to-be and proceed to "shower" in the good old-fashioned way. An obliging friend was calling upon the unsuspecting victim and had promised to stay until "they" came. They had ordered refreshments sent from a nearby caterer and were just having the time of their lives, as one of the lads expressed it. I next saw the bunch loaded down with all sorts of parcels, including a sprinkling can, carpet beater, clothes line, clothes pins, tack

### Jelly and Pickle Shower.

A bride of this month had a most practical and acceptable shower given her. The guests each brought either a glass of jelly or a jar of some kind of pickles or relish; recipes for each accompanied the gift and the hostess presented an aluminum preserving kettle with a spoon of the same material. Hot buttered toast, orange marmalade and tea was served, with candied ginger and peppermint. The room was decorated with nasturtiums.

MADAME MERRIL.

## The Midsummer Hat



THE big picture hat is at its best when midsummer weather calls for its development in lace, or lace fabrics, and for flower garnitures, gay and dainty. Every one concedes the beauty and elegance of transparent nets, chiffons and millinery braids and they seem to inspire the trimmer with airy fancies which she works out into the poetry of headwear. A certain hat, of fine black chiffon, shirred on a large wire frame (of fine silk-covered wire), was finished with a little touch of silver braid and trimmed with two black plumes. This seems simple enough, but the design was so excellent and beautiful that this particular hat was christened "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the establishment where it was made and many copies found their way over an appreciative country.

A lovely hat of white net is shown here, having a wide border of black velvet about the edge of the brim, and at the top crown. A scarf of rennaissance lace is draped over the upper brim and a wreath of ribbon foliage and small roses encircles the crown. At the left back, a snowy looking willow plume is mounted against the crown, with its full head falling to the brim. This design merits as good a name as can be found for it.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## IN VOGUE

As to the Fireplace. The sides of a fireplace should be well played or beveled, in order to reflect the heat, says Arts and Decoration. The back should lean forward at the top, for the same purpose, and the fireplace should not be too deep. A projecting chimney produces an effect of pushing the guest away, whereas a receding one beckons him nearer, to enjoy the hospitality of the open fire. For this reason the inglenook, that is, the fireplace built into the wall of the room, is especially cozy and attractive.

### Chiffon Scarfs.

The scarf, which has come into high fashion for afternoon and evening wear during the summer, is made of three layers of colored chiffon. Purple, blue and pink is one combination; green, white and black is another. Gray, white and black is used by older women, and pink, blue and lavender is a combination chosen by many young girls. Violet and red is one of the Paul Poiret ideas, which must be handled with discretion.

## Isaiah's Prophecy Concerning Sennacherib

Sunday School Lesson for July 2, 1911

Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Isaiah 37:14-38

MEMORY VERSES—33-35

GOLDEN TEXT—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—Ps. 46:1.

TIME—Probably B. C. 701-67, toward the close of Hezekiah's reign.

PLACE—Jerusalem and vicinity. The destruction of the army was probably southwest of Judah toward Egypt.

The importance of the event which forms the subject of this lesson is shown by the fact that its history is given in three books of the Bible, and probably referred to in another, occupying seven or eight chapters, besides the clay cylinder on which Sennacherib made his own record.

It was a great crisis in Israel's history like the exodus, and return from captivity, a signal landmark, to teach and warn and encourage and comfort Israel in other great crises, and the nations and individuals of all times. Hezekiah, although the son of a bad father (but a good mother), began his reign with a thorough and widespread reformation and revival of the true religion, even while the Assyrians were invading the Northern Kingdom. He cleansed and repaired the temple, restored the temple services, and provided for the support of the Levites and for popular religious instruction from the books of the law, thus bringing about a great uprising against idolatry.

The result was most happy. "Hezekiah had exceeded much riches and honor." His kingdom was tranquil, strong and wealthy. But one constant danger threatened Judah—the growing power of Assyria, whose overlordship Ahaz had acknowledged, against the urgent protests of Isaiah.

In 701 B. C. the great invasion of Palestine was made by Sennacherib, with a double siege of Jerusalem. Sennacherib sent an army demanding the surrender of Jerusalem. He may have felt that it was a mistake to leave in his rear so powerful a fortress, while he had still to complete the overthrow of the Egyptians.

The Assyrians, coming near to the walls of the city and speaking through Rabshakeh, the chief officer of Sennacherib, made the contest one between Jehovah and the Assyrian idols, between the true religion, the one means of redeeming the world, and Hezekiah, and Isaiah, and apparently the scribes and elders, clothed in sackcloth, went into the temple and prayed from their inmost souls.

Note how afflictions lead to prayer. Hezekiah saw before him captivity, suffering, probably death, the loss of his kingdom, the extinction of his line, the exile of his people. But above all he saw the fall of true religion, the dishonor of God's name, a religious and moral loss to the world. We should pray for temporal blessings, for whatever we need; but at the same time we should never let the desire for earthly things overshadow the larger and more important spiritual interests; but rather, as in Hezekiah's case, the pressure of personal need should make more intense the desire for God's cause and kingdom.

Then came a message from God through Isaiah. Hitherto Isaiah's message had been one of warning to Judah, in order to make them so obedient to God that the relief could come to them as a blessing. Now his message concerns the Assyrians, but also shows Judah why God comes to their help.

The wonderful deliverance came when the angel of the Lord smote of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand. Just where this occurred we do not know. But Sennacherib was marching toward Egypt. The deliverance was a deliverance of Egypt as well as of Judah. The scene may well have been near Egypt. Whether it was by a storm, or pestilence, no one knows. It is remarkable that the histories of both his chief rivals in this campaign, Judah and Egypt, should contain independent reminiscences of so sudden and miraculous a disaster to his host.

From Egyptian sources there has come down through Herodotus a story that a king of Egypt, being deserted by the military caste, when Sennacherib, king of the Arabs and Assyrians invaded his country, entered his sanctuary and appealed with weeping to his god; that the god appeared and cheered him; that he raised an army of artisans and marched to meet Sennacherib in Pelusium; that by night a multitude of field mice ate up the quivers, bowstrings and shieldstraps of the Assyrians; and that, as these fled on the morrow, very many of them fell. A stone statue of the king, addis Herodotus, stood in the temple of Hephaestus, having a mouse in the hand. Now, since the mouse was a symbol of sudden destruction, and even of the plague, this story of Herodotus seems to be merely a picturesque form of a tradition that pestilence broke out in the Assyrian camp.

There is nothing in the Bible record that contradicts the belief that the disaster occurred in the neighborhood of Pelusium and the Serbonian bog in northeastern Egypt. It was a place terrible for filth and miasma. A Persian army was decimated here in the middle of the fourth century before Christ. Napoleon's army barely escaped destruction here.

The amount of the Assyrian loss was enormous, and implies of course a much higher figure for the army which was vast enough to suffer it; but here are some instances for comparison. In the early German invasions of Italy whole armies and camps were swept away by the pestilential climate. The losses of the First crusade were over 300,000. The soldiers of the Third crusade, upon the scene of Sennacherib's war, were reckoned at more than half a million, and their losses by disease alone at over 100,000. The grand army of Napoleon entered Russia 250,000, but came out, having suffered no decisive defeat, only 12,000; on the retreat from Moscow alone 90,000 perished. But it was under God's control and it was his savior that saved Jerusalem.

He lives for his wife, his children, his friends, his country, his race; so, in widening waves his radio-dynamic flows. The good man therefore has no living creature. He despises no human being.

In him is a centrifugal power overflowing to inundate the universe.

From this love arise all graces and virtues as naturally as peaches grow from peach trees. Loving all he cannot soil a soul, nor wrong a fellow being, nor hurt wantonly, nor usurp, nor push for precedence, nor be unkind, nor in any way drift into the low, poison life of egotism.

His one aim, last of all, is to serve. Strong in himself, fearless and loving, he arises at length to the platform where stands he who was called "the first born among many brethren." He is the master's companion and also can put away all cheap success, all luxuries of greed and dominance, and repeat his master's words:

"Let him who would be greatest among you be servant of all. I, too, come not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

### The Yielded Life.

No man ever yet found God by first getting rid of all the entanglements and complications of his life and then turning to God. Yet many a man deceives himself into thinking that that is what he can do. It is a hopeless attempt. The time that a man needs a physician's advice and treatment is when he is helplessly entangled by disease. The time that a man needs God is when his life is so wound in and out with the entanglements of his wrong-doing that he recoils from the thought of God. He must come to God to get loose; he cannot first get loose and then come to God. Only God can get him loose; and God can free him from every knot and shackle of the helplessly involved bondage into which years of ill doing and dealings have brought him. He does not see how this can be; he cannot see how, until he has yielded up his hands in acknowledged defeat and given over himself and all that he has to God, in complete submission and resolutely declared purpose to do God's whole will. Then the miracle of release will begin. It can never be granted upon other terms.

The voice of all nature cries to us that there is a God.—Voltaire.