

EUSIVE ISABEL

by JACQUES FUTRELLE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. Kettner
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SYNOPSIS.

Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, is at dinner with diplomatist Grimm, who has just returned from the embassy at noon. 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 bar for information. In a conservatory his attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, soon disappears. A revolver shot is heard and Campbell and Grimm hasten down the hall to find that Señor Alvarez of the Mexican legation, has been shot. A woman did it, and Grimm is assured it was Miss Thorne. He visits her, demanding knowledge of the affair, and there arrests a man named Pietro Petrosini. Miss Thorne visits an old man, Luigi, apparently a bomb maker, and they speak of a wonderful experiment. Fifty thousand dollars in gold is stolen from the office of Señor Rodriguez, the minister from Venezuela. While detectives are investigating the robbery Miss Thorne appears as a guest of the legation.

CHAPTER X.

A Safe Opening.

Together they entered the adjoining room, which was small compared to the one they had just left. Señor Rodriguez used it as a private office. His desk was on their right between two windows overlooking the same pleasant little garden which was visible from the suite of tiny drawing-rooms farther along. The safe, a formidable looking receptacle of black enameled steel, stood at their left, closed and locked. The remaining wall space of the room was given over to oak cabinets, evidently a storage place for the less important legation papers.

"Has any one besides yourself been in this room today?" Mr. Grimm inquired.

"Not a soul, Señor," was the reply. Mr. Grimm went over and examined the windows. They were both locked inside; and there were no marks of any sort on the sills.

"They are just as I left them last night," explained Señor Rodriguez. "I have not touched them today."

"And there's only one door," mused Mr. Grimm, meaning that by which they had entered. "So it would appear that whoever was here last night entered through that room. Very well."

He walked around the room once, opening and shutting the doors of the cabinets as he passed, and finally paused in front of the safe.

"What are the first and second figures of the combination?" he asked.

"Thirty-six, then back to ten."

Mr. Grimm set the dial at thirty-six, and then, with his ear pressed closely against the polished door, turned the dial slowly back. Señor Rodriguez stood looking on helplessly, but none the less intently. The pointer read ten, then nine, eight, seven, five. Mr. Grimm gazed at it thoughtfully, after which he did it all over again, placidly and without haste.

"Now, we'll look inside, please," he requested, rising.

Señor Rodriguez unlocked the safe while Mr. Grimm respectfully turned his eyes away, then pulled the door wide open. The books had been piled one on top of another and thrust into various pigeon holes at the top. Mr. Grimm understood that this disorder was the result of making room at the bottom for the bulk of gold, and asked no questions. Instead, he sat down upon the floor again.

"The lock on this private compartment at the top is broken," he remarked after a moment.

"Si, Señor," the diplomatist agreed. "Evidently the robbers were not content with only fifty thousand dollars in gold—they imagined that something else of value was hidden there."

"Was there?" asked Mr. Grimm haltingly. He didn't look around.

"Nothing of monetary value," the señor explained. "There were some important state papers in there—they are here yet—but no money."

"None of the papers was stolen?"

"No, Señor. There were only nine packets—they are here yet."

"Contents all right?"

"Yes. I personally looked them over."

"Handkerchief!" repeated the diplomatist. "You mean Miss Thorne's handkerchief?" He paused and regarded Mr. Grimm keenly. "Señor, what am I to understand from that question?"

"It was plain enough," replied Mr. Grimm. "Where did you find that handkerchief?" There was silence for an instant. "In this room?"

"Yes," replied Señor Rodriguez at last.

"Near the safe?" Mr. Grimm persisted.

"Yes," came the slow reply, again. "Just here," and he indicated a spot a little to the left of the safe.

"And when did you find it? Yesterday afternoon? Last night? This morning?"

"This morning," and without any apparent reason the diplomatist's face turned deathly white.

"But, Señor—Señor, you are mistaken! There can be nothing! A woman! Two hundred pounds of gold! Señor!"

Mr. Grimm was still pleasant about it; his curiosity was absolutely impersonal; his eyes, grown listless again, were turned straight into the other's face.

"If that handkerchief had been there last night, Señor," he resumed quietly, "wouldn't you have noticed it when you placed the gold in the safe?"

Señor Rodriguez stared at him a long time.

"I don't know," he said, at last. He dropped back into a chair with his face in his hands. "Señor," he burst out suddenly, impulsively, after a moment, "if the gold is not recovered I am ruined. You understand that bet-



"The Lock on This Private Compartment at the Top Is Broken."

ter than I can tell you. It's the kind of thing that could not be explained to my government." He rose suddenly and faced the impassive young man, with merciless determination in his face. "You must find that gold, Señor," he said.

"No matter who may be—who may suffer?" inquired Mr. Grimm.

"Find the gold, Señor!"

"Very well," commented Mr. Grimm, without moving. "Do me the favor, please, to regain possession of the handkerchief you just returned to Miss Thorne, and to send to me here your secretary, Señor Diaz, and your servants, one by one. I shall question them alone. No, don't be alarmed. Unless they know of the robbery they shall get no inkling of it from me. First, be good enough to replace the packet in the safe, and lock it."

Señor Rodriguez replaced the packet without question, afterward locking the door, then went out. A moment later Señor Diaz appeared. He remained with Mr. Grimm for just eight minutes. Señor Rodriguez entered again as his secretary passed on, and laid a lace handkerchief on the desk. Mr. Grimm stared at it curiously for a long time.

"It's the same handkerchief?"

"Si, Señor."

"There's no doubt whatever about it?"

"No, Señor, I got it by—"

"It's of no consequence," interrupted Mr. Grimm. "Now the servants, please—the men first."

The first of the men servants was in the room two minutes; the second—the butler—was there five minutes; one of the women was not questioned at all; the other remained ten minutes. Mr. Grimm followed her into the hall; Señor Rodriguez stood there helpless, impatient.

CHAPTER XI.

The Lace Handkerchief.

Still wearing the graceful, filmy morning gown, with an added touch of scarlet in her hair—a single red rose—Miss Thorne came into the drawing-room where Mr. Grimm sat waiting.

"I believe," he said slowly, without preliminaries, "this is your handkerchief?"

He offered the lace trifle, odd in design, unique in workmanship, obviously of foreign texture, and she accepted it.

"Yes," she agreed readily, "I must have dropped it again."

"That is the one handed to you by Señor Rodriguez," Mr. Grimm told her. "I think you said you lost it in his office yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes!" She nodded inquiringly. "It may interest you to know that Señor Rodriguez's butler positively identifies it as one he restored to you twice at dinner last evening, between seven and nine o'clock," Mr. Grimm went on dispassionately.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Thorne. "The señor identifies it as one he found this morning in his office," Mr. Grimm explained obligingly. "During the night fifty thousand dollars in gold were stolen from his safe."

Miss Thorne sat motionless, waiting. "All this means—what?" she inquired, at length.

"I'll trouble you, please, to return the money," requested Mr. Grimm courteously. "No reason appears why you should have taken it. But I'm not seeking reasons, nor am I seeking disagreeable publicity—only the money."

"It seems to me you attach undue importance to the handkerchief," she objected.

"That's a matter of opinion," Mr. Grimm remarked. "It would be useless, even tedious, to attempt to disprove a burglar theory, but against it is the difficulty of entrance, the weight of the gold, the ingenious method of opening the safe, and the assumption that not more than six persons knew the money was in the safe; while a person in the house might have learned it in any of a dozen ways. And, in addition, is the fact that the handkerchief is odd, therefore noticeable. A lace expert assures me there's probably not another like it in the world."

He stopped. Miss Thorne's eyes sparkled and a smile seemed to be tugging at the corners of her mouth. She spread out the handkerchief on her knees.

"You could identify this again, of course?" she queried.

"Yes."

She thoughtfully crumpled up the bit of lace in both hands, then opened them. There were two handkerchiefs now—they were identical.

"Which is it, please?" she asked.

If Mr. Grimm was disappointed there was not a trace of it on his face. She laughed outright, gleefully, mockingly, then, demurely:

"Pardon me! You see, it's absurd. The handkerchief the butler restored to me at dinner, after I lost one in the señor's office, might have been either of these, or one of ten other duplicates in my room, all given to me by her majesty—I mean, she corrected quickly, "by a friend in Europe." She was silent for a moment. "Is that all?"

"No," replied Mr. Grimm gravely, decisively. "I'm not satisfied. I shall insist upon the return of the money, and if it is not forthcoming I dare say Count di Rosini, the Italian ambassador, would be pleased to give his personal check rather than have the matter become public." She started to interrupt; but he went on. "In any event you will be requested to leave the country."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the Hostess

A Unique Lemon Party.

Just as I was trying my best to conjure something new for you this week and wondering what it would be, along comes "Polly," my never failing idea, all bubbling over with her "Lemon-o." party. Sounds refreshing, doesn't it? She cut the invitations out of slightly rough yellow stiff paper, tied with a little bow of lemon satin ribbon. When all the guests arrived they went on to the porch and were given lemon-shaped cards through the top of which a spray of fragrant lemon verbena. On the table there was a design of lemons; each guest drew one and cut it open with a silver fruit knife and counted the seeds, writing down the number on her lemon card, also writing her name. The lemons were then taken to the pantry and soon reappeared in the shape of lemonade. The seeds were collected and placed in a glass fruit jar, where every one could see them, and guesses were taken as to the total number, the number guessed being also recorded on the card. Then refreshments were served, consisting of lemon aspic salad, sardine sandwiches, lemon sherbet, and cakes iced with lemon frosting. Candy boxes in shape of lemons were passed for favors, each one containing perfect little lemon quarters in the shape of candy. Then the prize for the nearest guess on the lemon seeds was awarded. It was a straw garden hat trimmed with lemon colored tulle and a bunch of artificial lemons. The consolation prize was a half-dozen lemons and a china lemon squeezer. Every one said it was a most enjoyable party and "Polly" added another laurel to her wreath in honor of her clever ability as a hostess.

A Porch Watermelon Party.

The invitations were lemon-shaped bits of green cardboard ornamented with a row of little darkies eating triangular pieces of watermelon, the words "Den O dat Watermelon" done in gilt letters across the top. Jack O'Lanterns made from watermelons hung from the veranda, alternating with Japanese lanterns of various shapes. The table centerpiece was made from a scooped-out half of melon filled with brilliantly colored nasturtiums; the name cards were extremely odd, being squares of melon rinds, the names etched down to the pale lining of the rind. A sharp orange wood stick was used for lettering. The place doilies were made from melon seeds, the black coloring showing up beautifully on the pink. The first course was iced watermelon juice with tiny cubes of the pink fruit floating in the green bouillon cups. The next course was watermelon and cantaloupe salad served in white lettuce hearts in pink salad cups made from crepe paper, and the third course consisted of salad cups made from pink crepe paper, and the third course consisted of watermelon trappe served in little boats from watermelon rinds neatly cut out with a very sharp knife, each boat having a daisy doll to steer it. After this unique repast, a quartet of darkies sang comic songs for an hour; they were concealed by the shrubbery on the lawn and the music was greatly enjoyed by the guests on the porch, the moon came up and it was all lovely and unusual.

An Orchard Party.

We had taken what was practically an abandoned farm for the summer and were mediating how to entertain our city friends in some rather unusual way when "Polly" came to the rescue and said, "Let's have an Orchard" party. So the artist of the family did lovely invitations, with apple trees as the decorative scheme. We had four small tables each with rustic baskets for the centerpiece filled with field wild flowers. The place cards were made from squares of birch bark, and the joke favors were wrapped in yellow tissue paper and tied to the trees, from which they were cut by the guests. Then we sent in town and got fruit-shaped candy boxes, which were strung at intervals on yellow cord after the method of the old but always funny cobweb parties, and stretched these strings over a good part of the orchard. The hunt after the luncheon for the "fruit" added much to the merriment. Sometimes it was necessary to climb up a ladder conveniently placed under a tree to reach the

"fruit," which was just out of reach, and sometimes a rail fence had to be climbed. The guests were all told to wear tub suits, and broad brimmed straw hats were provided.

MADAME MERRI.

IN VOGUE

Many little plisses, jabots and frills show touches of black velvet in the form of tiny buttons.

Scarfs of satin or supple, changeable taffeta are used on both afternoon and evening dresses.

As a decorative agent in trimming a tailored suit, there is nothing so effective as black and white silk. Shoemakers' heels are used on street shoes and boots, while the Louis XV heels are reserved for evening shoes.

The newest form of watch is that which is placed within a pendant. Still smaller is a dainty watch set in a ring.

Petticoats



The first is a good style for baste or other cotton materials; it has a slight fullness at the waist, and is trimmed at foot by three spotted bands of cotton. Materials required: 4 yards 27 inches wide, 1 yard for trimming.

The second might be all in satin or only the flounce, as preferred; this extends from the knees and is closely plaited; a band of material beads it; ribbon is threaded through the bottom-hole slits, and a bow and ends hang down at the left side of front.

Material required: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40 inches wide.

If one likes this stiff kind of a bag the effect can be gained through crinolene. It is put between the linen and an inside facing or lining. Its only disadvantage is that it does not wash well and one must have the bag cleaned instead of scrubbing it.

However, a liberal dose of French chalk does wonders with all kinds of spots on the linen or any wash fabric.

Smaller Hats.

A walk down Chestnut street any afternoon or a glance over any fashionable-batted feminine assemblage will convince the most unconvinced that the feminine headgear is surely diminishing in size.

The high-crowned, queer-shaped hat is high in favor and so, too, is the soft little "polo" hat which slips over one's puffs and pompadour very comfortably and has no suggestion of a frame or any stiffening in its make-up.

And do not be alarmed if your chapeaux shows a tendency to slip down over your ears—or both ears—it only makes it look a bit more rakish, and to be rakish is to be in the front of the modes!—Philadelphia Press.

God of FASHION

By Rev. George R. Lockwood
Pastor of Gloucester Congregational Church, Philadelphia.

JOSIAH'S DEVOTION TO GOD

Sunday School Lesson for July 23, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—II Chronicles 24:1-14.
MEMORY VERSES—1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Ecol. 1:1.

TIME—Josiah began to reign B. C. 639, in the 36th year of Judah as a separate kingdom.

He reigned 31 years, till B. C. 608.

PLACE—Judah and Jerusalem. But his reforms extended over a considerable part of the territory of the Northern Kingdom which had become extinct in 722-74, 29 years before Josiah came to the throne.

Josiah was the grandson of Manasseh, whose career we studied in our last lesson. He was born at Jerusalem, B. C. 646. His father was Amon, who followed the example of his father's earlier years. He reigned but two years, when he was murdered by his courtiers in his own palace. The people rose against the conspirators and made his eight-year-old son king in his place. Josiah's mother was Jehidiah, the daughter of Adiahah. They belonged in Beersheba, a town near Lachish in southwestern Judah, in the plain toward the Mediterranean sea. While King Amon was an idolater, and his court was corrupt, it is possible that Josiah's mother kept the true faith.

He began to reign when he was eight years old. Like his grandfather, Manasseh, he must for several years have been guided, and his kingdom controlled by his mother or by prime ministers. The worshipers of Jehovah must have been in control at the palace, the wise and religious teachers of the true God and the true religion. So that for the first sixteen years of his life the young Josiah must have been under good influences, while he also would know of his father's tragic death, and his grandfather's sins, sufferings, and repentance. And his ancestor, David, was ever before him as his ideal, his hero, his saint.

About the time when Josiah was twenty years old, and in the twelfth year of his reign, when he had begun his reforms, there came an invading host from the far east like a cyclone, an overwhelming scourge. Jeremiah foretold them in vivid pictures. But Herodotus tells us who they were, the Scythians. From the regions over Caucasus, vast nameless herds of men, who sweeping past Assyria, unchecked, poured upon Palestine. We can realize the event from our knowledge of the Mongol and Tartar invasions which in later centuries pursued the same path southwards. Living in the saddle, with no infantry nor chariots to delay them, these Scythians swept on with a speed of invasion hitherto unknown. In 629 they had crossed the Caucasus, by 626 they were on the borders of Egypt.

The prophet, Jeremiah, describes in picturesque terms this invasion. "The lion is come up from his thicket;" "The destroyer of nations is on his way;" "Behold he cometh as clouds, and his chariot shall be as the whirlwind;" "Their quiver is an open slaughter, they are all mighty men;" "They are cruel and have no mercy; their voice roareth like the sea, and they ride upon horses, set in array as men of war against thee."

It is easy to see how this terrible invader, coming so near, just as Josiah was beginning his reforms, must have interfered with his plans.

Josiah began his reformation in his twelfth year, but the invasion of the Scythians soon after this beginning interfered with the work. The savage and cruel host came close to Judah's borders. Scattered bands may have entered the kingdom. Terror reigned. Defenses must be strengthened. Outsiders rushed to Jerusalem and the fortified cities. How far the reformations had progressed we do not know. But the chronicler having recorded the beginning simply goes on with the story, as is frequently done by historians.

The restoration of the Temple was intrusted to a committee of three—Shaphan, the secretary of state; and Maasseiah, the governor of the city, the mayor of Jerusalem; and Joah the recorder, the keeper of the records, the historian. The temple built by Solomon, was completed 390 years before. It was repaired by Josiah 248 years before Josiah began his restoration. The ravages of time, with neglect and abuse during the sway of idolatry must have rendered it sadly in need of repair. It was during these repairs that the Book of Law was found.

The work interrupted by the Scythian hordes is now resumed with greatly increased intensity and enthusiasm, through the new consecration of kings and people, due to the finding of the Book of the Law.

The first condition of salvation for individuals or nations is the putting away of sin at any cost. The second is the building up of the good. He that confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy.

One of the greatest revivals of religion ever known was begun in meetings where the pastor called upon his church members on a fast day to confess and forsake their sins. "How many of you," he asked, "have neglected your family prayers?" Several arose and one was called upon to pray. "How many of you have been speaking evil of others?" Several arose. One led in prayer for all. And so through the list.

There has been a remarkable revival in the territory made famous in the Japanese-Russian war. The movement began in Liaoyang, spread at once to Mukden, and, soon after, to Haicheng, Fakuomen, Newchwang, and numerous towns and villages and hamlets of less fame. A mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit came to the Christians immediately after the opening of the meetings, and his power became manifested at once in heart-breaking confession of sin; in outbursts of prayer, both petition and intercession. In great joy, and finally, in thank-offerings to God of money and of service. It was a case of complete surrender to God.

Not Photographs, However.

"A man in New York state claims he has a black bass that chews tobacco."

"That's nothing. I've seen a great many pictures of fish smoking corn-cob pipes."

Grow Whips Blacksnake.

Bangor, Pa.—In a remarkable battle between a crow and a blacksnake at the Hazel sandpit, at Mount Bethel the bird vanquished the reptile. The crow evaded the fangs of the snake and pecked the reptile's eyes out.

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