



# 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 when a messenger summons him to the embassy, where a beautiful young woman asks for 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 is being hatched in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state hall for information. His attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, disappears. A plot is heard and Senator Alvarez of the Mexican legation, is found wounded. Grimm is assured Miss Thorne did it; he demands her, demands knowledge of the affair, and arrests Pietro Petrolini, Miss Thorne visits an old book-maker and they become a wonderful expert. Fifty thousand dollars is stolen from the office of Senator Rodriguez, the minister from Venezuela, and while detectives are investigating the robbery Miss Thorne appears as a guest of the legation. Grimm accuses her of the theft; the money is restored, but a new mystery occurs in the disappearance of Monsieur Boissegur, the French ambassador. En route Miss Thorne reappears, bearing a letter which states that the ambassador has been kidnapped and demanding ransom. The ambassador returns and again strangely disappears.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"The house is two blocks west, along that street there," he explained, and he indicated an intersecting thoroughfare just ahead. "It is number nine-seventy. Five minutes after you enter you will drive up in front of the door and wait. If we don't return in fifteen minutes—come in after us!"

"Do you anticipate danger?" Miss Thorne queried quickly.

"If I had anticipated danger," replied Mr. Grimm, "I should not have permitted you to come with me."

They entered the house—number ninety-seven—with a key which Mr. Grimm produced, and a minute or so later walked into a room where three men were sitting. One of them was of a coarse, repulsive type, large and heavy; another rather dapper, of superficial polish, evidently a foreigner, and the third—the third was Ambassador Boissegur!

"Good morning, gentlemen!" Mr. Grimm greeted them, then ceremoniously: "Monsieur Boissegur, your carriage is at the door."

The three men came to their feet instantly, and one of them—be of the heavy face—drew a revolver. Mr. Grimm faced him placidly.

"Do you know what would happen to you if you killed me?" he inquired, pleasantly. "You wouldn't live three minutes. Do you imagine I came in here blindly? There are a dozen men guarding the entrances to the house—a pistol shot would bring them in. Put down that gun!"

Eyes challenged eyes for one long tense instant, and the man carefully laid the weapon on the table. Mr. Grimm stroled over and picked it up, after which he glanced inquiringly at the other man—the ambassador's second guard.

"And you are the gentleman, I dare say, who made the necessary trips to the ambassador's house, probably using his latch-key?" he remarked interrogatively. "First for the letters to be signed, and again for the cigarettes?"

There was no answer and Mr. Grimm turned questioning to Monsieur Boissegur, silent, white of face, motionless.

"Yes, Monsieur," the ambassador burst out suddenly. His eyes were fixed unwaveringly on Miss Thorne.

"And your escape, Monsieur?" continued Mr. Grimm.

"I did escape, Monsieur, last night," the ambassador explained, "but they knew it immediately—they pursued me into my own house, these two and another—and dragged me back here! Mon Dieu, Monsieur, rest—"

"That's all that's necessary," remarked Mr. Grimm. "You are free to go now."

"But there are others," Monsieur Boissegur interposed desperately, "two more somewhere below, and they will not allow—they will attack—"

Mr. Grimm's hairless eyes narrowed slightly and he turned to Miss Thorne. She was a little white, but he saw enough in her face to satisfy him.

"I shall escort Monsieur Boissegur to his carriage, Miss Thorne," he said, calmly. "These men will remain here until I return. Take the revolver. If either of them so much as wags his head—shoot! You are not—not afraid?"

"No," she smiled faintly. "I am not afraid."

Mr. Grimm and the ambassador went down the stairs, and out the front door. Mr. Grimm was just turning to re-enter the house when from above came a muffled, venomous creak—a shot! He took the steps going up, two at a time. Miss Thorne was leaning against the wall as if dazed; the revolver lay at her feet. A door in a far corner of the room stood open; and the clatter of footsteps echoed through the house.

"One of them leaped at me and I fired," she gasped in explanation. "He struck me, but I'm—not hurt."

She stooped quickly, picked up the revolver and made as if to follow the dying footsteps. Mr. Grimm stopped her.

"It doesn't matter," he said quietly. "Let them go." And after a while, earnestly: "If I had dreamed of such a—such a thing as this I should never have consented to allow you—"

"I understand," she interrupted, and for one instant her outstretched hand rested on his arm. "The ambassador?"

"Perfectly safe," responded Mr. Grimm. "Two of my men are with him."

## CHAPTER XV.

Master of the Situation.

As the women rose and started out, leaving the gentlemen over their coffee and cigars, Miss Thorne paused at the door and the blue-gray eyes flashed some subtle message to the French ambassador, who, after an instant, nodded comprehendingly, then resumed his conversation. As he left the room a few minutes later he noticed that Mr. Grimm had joined a crowd of automatons of which Mr. Cadwallader was the enthusiastic center. He spoke to his hostess, the wife of the minister from Portugal, for a moment, then went to Miss Thorne and dropped into a seat beside her. She greeted him with a smile and was still smiling as she talked.

"I believe, Monsieur," she said in French, "you sent a code message to the cable office this afternoon?"

His eyes questioned her quickly.

"And please bear in mind that we probably are being watched as we talk," she went on pleasantly. "Mr. Grimm is the man to be afraid of. Smiled—don't look so serious!" She laughed outright.

"Yes, I sent a code message," he replied.

"It was your resignation?"

"Yes."

"Well, it wasn't sent, of course," she informed him, and her eyes were sparkling as if something amusing had been said. "One of my agents stopped it. I may add that it will not be sent." The ambassador's eyes grew steely, then blank again.

"Mademoiselle, what am I to understand from that?" he demanded.

"You are to understand that I am absolute master of the situation in Washington at this moment," she replied positively. The smile on her lips and the tone of her voice were strangely at variance. "From the beginning I let you understand that ultimately you would receive your instructions from Paris; now I know they will reach you by cable tomorrow."

"I'm glad to have been of service," interrupted Mr. Grimm lightly.

The ambassador bowed ceremoniously and moved away. Mr. Grimm dropped into the seat he had just left.

"You've left the legation, haven't you?" he asked.

"You drove me out," she laughed.

"Drove you out?" he repeated.

"Drove you out?"

"Why, it was not only uncomfortable, but it was rather conspicuous because of the constant espionage of



"Nothing Can Stop Us—Nothing."

row. Within a week the compact will be signed. Whether you approve of it or not it will be signed for your country by a special envoy whose authority is greater than yours—his Highness, the Prince Benedetto d'Abruzzi."

"Has he reached Washington?"

"He is in Washington. He has been here for some time, Incognito." She was silent a moment. "You have been a source of danger to our plans," she added. "If it had not been for an accident you would still have been comfortably kept out in Alexandria where Mr. Grimm and I found you. Please remember, Monsieur, that we will accomplish what we set out to do. Nothing can stop us—nothing."

At just about the same moment the name of Prince d'Abruzzi had been used in the dining-room, but in a different connection. Mr. Cadwallader was reciting some incident of an automobile trip in Italy when he had been connected with the British embassy there.

"The prince was driving," he said, "and one of the best I ever saw. Corking chap, the prince; democratic, you know, and all that sort of thing. He was one scion of royalty who didn't mind soiling his hands by diving in under a car and fixing it himself. At that time he was inclined to be wild—that was eight or nine years ago—but they say now he has settled down to work, and is one of the real diplomatic powers of Italy. I haven't seen him for a half dozen years."

"How old a man is he?" asked Mr. Grimm carelessly.

"Thirty-five, thirty-eight, perhaps; I don't know," replied Mr. Cadwallader. "It's odd, you know, the number of princes and blue-bloods and all that sort of thing one can find knocking about in Italy and Germany and Spain. One never hears of half of them. I never had heard of the Prince d'Abruzzi until I went to Italy, and I've heard jolly well little of him since, except indirectly."

Mr. Cadwallader lapsed into silence as he sat staring at a large group

photograph which was framed on a wall of the dining-room.

"Isn't that the royal family of Italy?" he asked. He rose and went over to it. "By Jove, it is, and here is the prince in the group. The picture was taken, I should say, about the time I knew him."

Mr. Grimm stroled over idly and stood for a long time staring at the photograph.

"He can drive a motor, you know," said Mr. Cadwallader, admiringly. "And Italy is the place to drive them. They forget to make any speed laws over there, and if a chap gets in your way and you knock him silly they arrest him for obstructing traffic, you know. Over here if a chap really starts to go any place in a hurry some bally idiot holds him up."

"Have you ever been held up?" queried Mr. Grimm.

"No, but I expect to be every day," was the reply. "I've got a new motor, you know, and I've never been able to see how fast it is. The other evening I ran up to Baltimore with it in an hour and thirty-seven minutes from Alexandria to Druid Hill Park, and that's better than forty miles. I never did let the motor out, you know, because we ran in the dark most of the way."

Mr. Grimm was still gazing at the photograph.

"Did you go alone?" he asked.

"There's no fun motoring alone, you know. Senorita Rodriguez was with me. Charming girl, what?"

A little while later Mr. Grimm sauntered out into the drawing-room and made his way toward Miss Thorne and the French ambassador. Monsieur Boissegur rose, and offered his hand cordially.

"I hope, Monsieur," said Mr. Grimm, "that you are no worse off for your unpleasant experience?"

"Not at all, thanks to you," was the reply. "I have just thanked Miss Thorne for her part in the affair, and—"

"I'm glad to have been of service," interrupted Mr. Grimm lightly.

The ambassador bowed ceremoniously and moved away. Mr. Grimm dropped into the seat he had just left.

"You've left the legation, haven't you?" he asked.

"You drove me out," she laughed.

"Drove you out?" he repeated.

"Drove you out?"

"Why, it was not only uncomfortable, but it was rather conspicuous because of the constant espionage of

your Mr. Blair and your Mr. Johnson and your Mr. Hastings," she explained, still laughing. "So I have moved to the Hotel Hilliard."

Mr. Grimm was twisting the seal ring on his little finger.

"I'm sorry if I made it uncomfortable for you," he apologized. "You see it's necessary to—"

"No explanation," Miss Thorne interrupted. "I understand."

"I'm glad you do," he replied seriously. "How long do you intend to remain in the city?"

"Really I don't know—two, three, four weeks, perhaps. Why?"

"I was just wondering."

Senorita Rodriguez came toward them.

"We're going to play bridge," she said, "and we need you, Isabel, to make the four. Come, I hate to take her away, Mr. Grimm."

Mr. Grimm and Miss Thorne rose together. For an instant her slim white hand rested on Mr. Grimm's sleeve and she stared into his eyes understandingly with a little of melancholy in her own. They left Mr. Grimm there.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Little Willie Again.**

"Pa!" came little Willie's voice from the darkness of the nursery.

Pa gave a loud imitation of a snore. He was tired and did not wish to be disturbed.

"Pa!" came the little voice again.

"What is it, Willie?" replied his father, sleepily.

"I'm in here; I want to ast you sumpin'," said the little voice.

So pa rose up from his downy nod, putting on his bath-robe and slippers, marched into the nursery.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked.

"Say, pa," said little Willie, "if you was to feed the cow on soap would she give shaving-cream?"—Harper's Weekly.

**Scepter Far From Sea.**

Antwerp, one of the world's four largest ports, is 53 miles from the sea.

## For the Hostess

Musical Entertainment.

At a jolly affair given for a bride who had lived in the town all her life, and was a great favorite, the hostess asked each guest to bring a "can" of something for an emergency shelf. Then she gave this "can" contest, reading the questions, each one keeping account of the number an ally idiot holds him up."

"Can" Shower.

1. Though this can is a can, you all will agree, The can is termed thus, because it holds tea.
2. This long, narrow can holds so precious a stock, That oft you will find it has more than one lock.
3. The great wicked can, tho' safe from police, Should you search for its heart you will find it in grease.
4. This can is a can that delights you and me, It always is "open," and likewise is free.
5. Where breezes blow, and surges roll, With swelling form and manner proud, This can triump rides the waves.
6. Here's a can which, bear in mind, Lives on others of its kind.
7. They say empty cans will produce the most noise, But if properly filled, this will startle the boys.
8. Most cans are hardly fit to eat, Yet you'll like this kind, nice and sweet.
9. The waltz or the glee or the bold and martial strain, Each one, as his favorite, indorses; But for those who prefer oratorio style, This can sweetest music discourses.
10. Now who would elect in a can to reside, Yet this as a shelter is known far and wide.
11. A can of most sagacious mind, "This 'frugal, prudent, shrewd,'" you'll find.
12. That a horse should use cans seems indeed strange to say, Yet if pressed to have one, he'd not utter a nay.
13. To put cans in poems no one is inclined, Yet cans of this sort in some poems you'll find.
14. In tubs and in barrels men have ventured from land, And in cans of this kind, so I understand.
15. Now here is a can that is yellow and round, 'T would seem little prized, for it grows on the ground.

KEY.

1. Canister.	9. Cantata.
2. Canal.	10. Canopy.
3. Candle.	11. Canny.
4. Candid.	12. Canter.
5. Canvass.	13. Canto.
6. Cannibal.	14. Canoe.
7. Cannon.	15. Cantaloupe.
8. Candy.	

MADAME MERRILL

Their prominence in the coronation celebration has brought rich oriental fabrics again to the fore.

## Dressing Gowns

**The Crown for the Faithful.**

The virtue of fidelity is not conditioned by great opportunities and responsibilities. It has nothing to do with splendor of circumstances. It needs no broad arena, no crowd of spectators. "He that is faithful in much," the humblest task is to be done as unto God. Our gift, our talent, may be insignificant, but it is to be used, not buried. What the world calls success is often the shipwreck of the soul. The dominion of God's world is the blessing of those who are "faithful in a very little," "faithful unto death." The crown is not for success, not for genius, not for position, not for greatness, but for faithfulness. Life's work and warfare are to test and train our fidelity.

**Abiding in Christ.**

Abiding in Jesus is nothing but the giving up of one's self to be ruled and taught and led, and so resting in the arms of everlasting love. Blessed rest! The fruit and the heritage and the fellowship of God's own rest! Found of them who thus come to Jesus to abide in him. It is the peace of God, the great calm of the eternal world, that passeth all understanding, that keeps the heart and mind. With this grace secured, we have strength for every duty, courage for every struggle, a blessing in every cross, and the joy of life eternal in death itself.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

**Agent of Degeneracy.**

Whisky is one of the few agencies of degeneracy we have left. Opium is controlled; cocaine is banned; gambling is prohibited among the poor; bigamy isn't popular; lynching is tabooed—why, scarcely anything remains to give the young man diversion from the cares of business, to the advantage of his rivals!

## WASTE OF WAR

By Rev. Samuel M. Dick,  
Pastor of Wesley M. E. Church,  
Minneapolis

TEXT.—And he will judge between the nations and will decide concerning many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—Isaiah 2:4.

This prophecy is beginning to reach its fulfillment. When the awful cost in life and treasure is reckoned with, it is astonishing that sensible civilized men should ever resort to war to settle any question. There is another reason apart from its destructive character why war should not be resorted to. It never settles any question. The best it can do is to restate it and put it in another form. Take for illustration the Civil war in this country. Did it settle the race question? Did it settle the slavery problem? Not by any means, but if the amount of money that war cost us during its progress and for pensions since, had been expended among the colored people of this nation for industrial education and other civilizing agencies that race today would have been further advanced in the scale of progressive peoples than it will 500 years from today under the present circumstances.

Christ's kingdom does not come by the sword. It is within you. The patriotism of war rules the world with the sword. The patriotism of peace rules the world with an idea. The one is spectacular and wins instantaneous applause; the other is quiet, moves unseen and its marks are seen only in generations. One is like a derelict, it moves the mass of iron by force applied in one place; other is like a sunbeam, it moves the mass of iron by the unseen expansion of its molecules.

The maintenance of peace by preparedness for war is out of harmony with the gospel, with reason, with ethics, with economics and with common sense, and any institution that is out of harmony with all these things should be discontinued. The prophet says the nations shall not only settle down to the great industries of peace but that they shall not learn war any more. As long as peace is maintained by overwhelming navies the nations are learning war and the progress of the world is checked. Given national jealousy, hatred, preparedness for war and any trifle is sufficient to produce war. Given national fraternity, great prosperity on the part of the people and no armament and no problem is sufficiently grave to produce war.

The logic of preserving peace by increasing the navies of the world would finally leave the world power in the hands of one nation. It would only be a matter of time when all nations but one would become bankrupt.

The foolishness of increasing armaments is seen in the experience of our own peaceful republic. For the eight years preceding the Spanish war, our appropriations for the army were a little less than \$24,000,000 per annum, and for the navy a little over \$27,000,000 per annum. For the eight years preceding 1911 the appropriations for the army sprang to \$82,000,000 per annum, and for the navy to more than \$102,000,000. We are now spending for army, navy and pensions the enormous sum of \$470,000,000, or 72 per cent. of the entire revenue of the United States. If this increase alone in the army and navy were turned toward the industries which make a nation rich and happy, it would enable and maintain an industrial and agricultural experiment station in every county in the United States and give it more than \$50,000 per annum for its work. What would this mean to the people? Last year our farm products of all kinds were valued at more than \$4,700,000,000. With an experiment station conducted as Minnesota is conducting her work among the farmers in every county, with \$50,000 per annum to operate it, the agricultural products of this country could easily be doubled, and with its doubling every other industry would keep pace. As it is now, we are spending at least \$125,000,000 annually on our army and navy more than is necessary for reasonable national policing, and thereby losing annually more than \$4,000,000,000 which we might have if we followed the law of gospel and common sense and used the amount of money to develop the resources of the country that we are now fooling away on war measures and getting absolutely nothing for it.

How long, oh how long, will this wickedness and nonsense continue?

**The Kimono Cape.**

The kimono cape is to be noticed among the latest fashions, and a most attractive fashion it is, giving the daintiest of finish to the one-piece gown of linen or pongee. These two materials are for the moment the most desirable, but just as in the other model this can serve for next winter in cloth or velvet or in velvet fur. It is smart, it is novel, and most becoming, and surely there is nothing more that could be desired. It is very charming made up in cerise tussor with facings of a darker satin and with pipings of the satin, and it affords an excellent opportunity for good color combinations or contrasts.—Harper's Bazar.

**Chamois Trimmings.**

An odd but beautiful evening gown is of chamois-colored tulle, with embroideries worked on real chamois leather in Japanese style with floss silks. The designs are chrysanthemums in lovely shades of yellow, gray and drab, and here and there a dragon worked in silver thread.

## TEMPERANCE NOTES

POVERTY NOT DRINK CAUSE

Prominent Writers Retard Temperance Movement by Teaching—Disagreeable Is False and Harmful.

Some prominent writers on social science have seriously retarded the temperance movement by teaching that poverty, instead of being the result of the drink habit, is more often the cause of intemperance. They claim that many people drink because they are poor; they are not poor simply because they drink. They point to the human wrecks in the low saloon, and tell us that these persons are driven there by their miserable condition to drown the woes of want in the cup. They also tell us that the family in the hotel or dingy tenement is in distress not primarily through intemperance, but that the parents have been led to drink by their poverty.

The problem is complex, and no single explanation will fit all cases. But this theory advanced by some social scientists is, in the main, grievously false and exceedingly harmful to the cause of genuine temperance, writes Joseph H. Covoker in the National Advocate. These writers have mistaken the late and incidental condition of these lives for the real cause, which lies farther back and is radically different. It is often true, that later on in life people resort to drink to drown their misery; at this late stage they do drink because poor. But this is not the whole story, nor is it the important part of the story. When, however, we go back to early life, when we touch the formative period and the determining factor, we find that the young man did not begin to drink because poor. He first drank because it was the custom, because he enjoyed the companionship and exhilaration—perhaps to gratify an appetite, though this probably plays a smaller part than is generally supposed. Probably ninety-nine in every hundred of those who become drunkards start the habit without any reference whatever to financial conditions. It is only late in life, when want has overtaken them, that they drink because they are poor.

The appeal to life at this point is decisive. If any one will visit the places where young men congregated to drink liquor he will realize at once the obvious fact that practically none of these persons are there because they are poor. They are not even there simply because drinking is the cheapest form of amusement. The time will come when some will continue to drink because in want; but even here the poverty is only the incidental factor, and at this stage more result than real cause. A person with wide acquaintance among the poor and the intemperate would find to search a long time to find an individual who began to drink solely because destitute. There are such, but they are very rare. But those who are poor because they drink crowd upon us at every corner. Again, let any one investigate the history of the score of drunkards whom he may know. Probably not in a single case did poverty have anything to do with the beginning of the habit. Still again, how many cases have any of us known where loss of fortune has driven men to intemperance? Very few indeed. But we do know very many instances where too much money has made young men drunkards, who long afterward probably drank because poor, although their poverty really came as a direct result of using liquor.

These social scientists stop short with the wreckage late in life, but they fail to go back to the real cause; their diagnosis is false and harmful. The drunken parents do today send out for liquor to drown the woes of poverty. Speaking superficially you may say that they drink because they are poor. But when we go into the life history and look back far enough and penetrate deep enough what we really find is this: Originally it was not poverty that led them to the drink habit, but it was long-continued intemperance that has brought them to this sad condition. The score of workmen lining the bar of the obscure saloon are not there because poor, not because they have no other enjoyments in life; many others who are poorer and who have fewer pleasures are not there. A determining factor largely influential in causing their presence there is the ancient superstition that liquor is a life-giver—a superstition which science has shown to be utterly false. While it is not true that poverty of things is the chief source of intemperance, it is true that "poverty of life" largely causes the drink habit.

**Recovery Almost Impossible.**

"The first and most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him; and I say to you that you are more likely to fall in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any or all other temptations likely to assail you.

"You may yield to almost any other temptation and may reform—may brace up, and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race and secure and maintain a respectable position.

"But from failure caused by the drink habit recovery is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to the rule."—Andrew Carnegie.