



# 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 brewing in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state hall for information. His attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, disappears. Grimm is heard and Senior Alvarez of the Mexican legation, is found wounded. Grimm is assured Miss Thorne did it; he visits her, demanding knowledge of the affair, and arrests Pietro Petrosini, Miss Thorne's visitor in the state hall. 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 Boissacur, the French ambassador. Elusive Miss Thorne reappears, bearing a letter which states that the ambassador has been kidnapped and demands ransom. The ambassador returns and again strangely disappears. Later he is rescued from an old hideout in the suburbs. The detectives find that Pietro Petrosini shot Senior Alvarez and that he is Prince d'Abuzzi. Grimm figures in a mysterious jail delivery. He orders both Miss Thorne and d'Abuzzi to leave the country; they are conveyed to New York and placed on a steamer but return.

he had fought against it, that he had risen from the table in the restaurant, and that he had fallen. All the rest was blank.

With eyes still closed, and nerveless hands inert at his sides he listened, while he turned the situation over in speculative mood. The waiter had administered the drug, of course, unless—unless it had been the courteous stranger who had replaced the newspaper on the table! That thought opened new fields of conjecture. Mr. Grimm had no recollection of ever having seen him before; and he had paid only the enforced attention of politeness to him. And why had the drug been administered? Vaguely, incoherently, Mr. Grimm imagined that in some way it had to do with the great international plot of war in which Miss Thorne was so delicate and vital an instrument.

Where was he? Conjecture stopped there. Evidently he was where the courteous gentleman in the restaurant wanted him to be. A prisoner? Probably. In danger? Long, careful attention to detail work in the Secret Service had convinced Mr. Grimm that he was always in danger. That was one reason—and the best—why he had lain motionless, without so much as lifting a finger, since that first glimmer of consciousness had entered his brain. He was probably under scrutiny, even in the darkness, and for the present it was desirable to accommodate any chance watcher by remaining apparently unconscious.

And so for a long time he lay, listening. Was there another person in the room? Mr. Grimm's ears were keenly alive for the inadvertent shuffling of a foot, or the sound of breathing. Nothing. Even the night roar of the city was missing; the silence was oppressive. At last he opened his

from him, after which came a pause. His keenly attuned ears caught her faint breathing, then the rustle of her skirts as she turned back. She was leaning over him again—her lips touched his forehead, barely; again there was a quick rustling of skirts, the door creaked, and—silence, deep, oppressive, overwhelming silence.

Isabel! Was he dreaming? And then he ceased wondering and fell to remembering her kiss—light as air—and the softly spoken "Thank God!" She did care, then! She had under stood, that day!

The kiss of a woman beloved is a splendid heart tonic. Mr. Grimm straightened up suddenly on the couch, himself again. He touched the slip of paper which she had pinned to his coat to make sure it was not all a dream, after which he recalled the fact that while he had heard the door creak before she went out he had not heard it creak afterward. Therefore, the door was open. She had left it open. Purposely? That was beside the question at the moment.

And why—how—was she in Washington? Pondering that question, Mr. Grimm's excellent teeth clicked sharply together and he rose. He knew the answer. The compact was to be signed—the alliance which would array the civilized world in arms. He had failed to block that, as he thought. If Miss Thorne had returned, then Prince Benedetto d'Abuzzi, who held absolute power to sign the compact for Italy, France and Spain, had also returned.

Stealthily feeling his way as he went, Mr. Grimm moved toward the door leading to freedom, guided by the fresh draft of air. He reached the door—it was standing open—and a moment later stepped out into the starlit night. It was open country here, with a thread of white road just ahead, and farther along a fringe of shrubbery. Mr. Grimm reached the road. Far down it, a pin point in the night, a light flickered through interlacing branches. The tail lamp of an automobile, of course!

Mr. Grimm left the road and skirted a sparse hedge in the direction of the light. After a moment he heard the engine of an automobile, and saw a woman—barely discernible—step into the car. As it started forward he staked everything on one bold move, and won, his reward being a narrow sitting space in the rear of the car, hidden from its occupants by the tonneau. One mile, two miles, three miles they charged through the



"Imagine It's Nothing More Serious Than Indigestion."

eyes. A pall of gloom encompassed him—a pall without one rift of light. His fingers, moving slowly, explored the limits of the couch whereon he lay.

Confident, at last, that wherever he was, he was unwatched, Mr. Grimm was on the point of concluding that further inaction was useless, when his straining ears caught the faint grating of metal against metal—perhaps the insertion of a key in the lock. His hands grew still; his eyes closed. And after a moment a door creaked slightly on its hinges, and a breath of cool air informed Mr. Grimm that that open door, wherever it was, led to the outside, and freedom.

There was another faint creaking as the door was shut. Mr. Grimm's nerveless hands closed involuntarily, and his lips were set together tightly. Was it to be a knife thrust in the dark? If not—then what? He expected the flare of a match; instead there was a soft thread, and the rustle of skirts. A woman! Mr. Grimm's caution was all but forgotten in his surprise. As the steps drew nearer his clenched fingers loosened; he waited.

Two hands stretched forward in the dark, touched him simultaneously—one on the face, one on the breast. A singular thrill shot through him, but there was not the flicker of an eye, or the twitching of a finger. The woman—it was a woman—seemed now to be bending over him, then he heard her drop on her knees beside him, and she pressed an inquiring ear to his left side. It was the heart test.

"Thank God!" she breathed softly. It was only by a masterful effort that Mr. Grimm held himself limp and inert, for a strange fragrance was enveloping him—a fragrance he well knew.

night, and still he clung on. At last there came relief.

"That's the place, where the lights are—just ahead."

There was no mistaking that voice raised above the clamor of the engine. The car slackened speed, and Mr. Grimm dropped off and darted behind some convenient bushes. And the first thing he did there was to light a match, and read what was written on the slip of paper pinned to his coat. It was, simply:

"My Dear Mr. Grimm: By the time you read this the compact will have been signed, and your efforts to prevent it, splendid as they were, futile. It is a tribute to you that it was unanimously agreed that you must be accounted for at the time of the signing, hence the drugging in the restaurant; it should come here to see that all was well with you, and leave the door open behind me."

"Believe me when I say that you are one man in whom I have never been disappointed. Accept this as my farewell, for now I assume again the name and position rightfully mine. And know, too, that I shall always cherish the belief that you will remember me as

## For the Hostess

Paper Costume Party.  
A girl noted for her clever parties issued this invitation:

A Paper Gown  
Red, white or blue,  
Or any shade  
Preferred by you,  
We ask you to wear  
Next Thursday night,  
And be present to witness  
A pretty sight.  
Judges will reign in majesty  
And award the prizes  
Of which there are three.  
First, beauty we seek,  
Originality, too,  
Or, if the most comical,  
We'll give to you  
A dainty little gift  
That you'd love to win—  
Now please don't be late  
For at eight we begin.  
So wear your paper gown  
And bring a heart full of cheer,  
And I'm certain this party  
Will be remembered all the year

Crepe papers are so beautiful that the judges had a difficult time rendering their decisions. Tulle may be used as a foundation for the dresses.

One especially amusing costume was made from Fels Naphtha soap wrappers, the girl called herself "Auntie Druddge." "Aunt Jimmie's Pancake Flour" was also represented and one girl made a decided hit as the "Local News," her costume being entirely of newspapers.

A Tree Bazar.  
All the Ladies' Aids and Guilds are keen after ideas to add money to the treasury. I think the scheme outlined a delightful one for this season of the year. It calls for eight trees, which may be dead ones or live ones, as the case may be. Decorate entirely with large potted plants and autumn leaves with wild grape vine and woodbine if obtainable. The crepe papers that come in leaf design will work in beautifully with this decoration and an entire arbor or lattice may be made by cutting out paper leaves and pinning on the trellis. Gleaners and rubber plants help out, too.

Tables may be placed in front of the trees, making booths, the top, front and sides being covered with cheesecloth on which paper leaves are pasted or pinned. If a grape arbor can be constructed, tea and other beverages or light refreshments may be served from small tables underneath the enclosure thus made. Electric lights placed among the leaves adds to the effect if the affair is held over into the evening. At the end of the arbor, have grape juice, grape jelly and raisins for sale.

Here is the list of trees which may be arranged around the room as best suits the committees: "The Pair Tree;" on its boughs hang everything that comes in pairs, like scissors, tied with ribbons, slippers, (knitted or crocheted, or ribbon or leather), mittens, gloves, cups and saucers, twin bottles of perfume, combs and brushes, cuff links, etc.; on the table have spiced pears, pear marmalade, canned pears, pear-shaped candy boxes.

The Peach Tree—Decorate with real peaches, which may be tied to the branches if a real bearing tree is not obtainable. On the table serve peach ice cream, peach shortcake, marmalade, spiced peaches, etc.

The Palm Tree has real palms donated by a florist, to be sold on commission, and back of the palms have a fortune teller.

The Orange Tree is literally covered with orange-colored paper fruit, each containing an article worth five or ten cents; this takes the place of the grab bag found at most church affairs. It may be presided over by quite a young girl and should prove a lucrative attraction, as its "fruit" will be all clear profit. The table next this should contain orange marmalade, candied orange peel, orange-colored bon-bons and orange cake. Orange ice may be served, also orangeade.

For the Banana Tree have bunches of real bananas; in cities banana-shaped candy boxes are obtainable.

The Date Tree will have all sorts of calendars, engagement tablets, note books, telephone lists, diaries, in fact, everything with value to make or keep a date. Sell stuffed dates, plain dates, date cake, etc., on the table in front of the tree. Suspend small articles from its branches.

The Sugar Plum Tree will have candy canes hung on its branches, bags of candy, and all sorts of lollipops and sweetmeats for sale.

A lemon tree may be added, or any others at the discretion of those in charge.

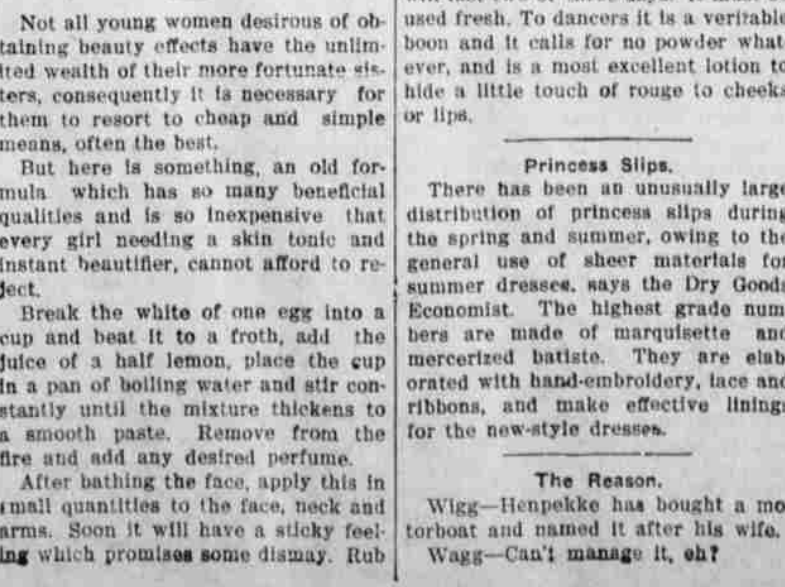
Remember that this month claims the sapphire for its stone, the morning glory for its flower and it is considered a most auspicious month for marriages. Here is a verselet for a maiden who has a birthday in September's thirty days:

"A maiden born when September leaves  
Are rustling in September breezes,  
A sapphire on her brow should bind;  
'Twill cure diseases of the mind."

The 16th, 18th and 20th are considered especially happy wedding days; an old saying goes:

"Married in September's golden glow,  
Smooth and serene your life will flow."  
MADAME MERRILL

## Feather Stitch



1 OUTLINE AND FEATHER STITCH

2 BUTTOLING, FRENCH KNOTS AND FEATHER STITCH

3 EYELET AND FEATHER STITCH

4 PLAIN FEATHER STITCH

5

6

THESE illustrations I have used on dresses for children; 1 and 2 I used on flannel, 3 and 4 between tucks on waist, 5 and 6 on waist and skirt above the hem. Very pretty and dainty when even-ly worked.—Exchange.

## BEAUTY HINTS FOR THE GIRL

inexpensive Skin Tonic Easily Applied and Will Be Found of the Highest Value.

Not all young women desirous of obtaining beauty effects have the unlimited wealth of their more fortunate sisters, consequently it is necessary for them to resort to cheap and simple means, often the best.

But here is something, an old formula which has so many beneficial qualities and is so inexpensive that every girl needing a skin tonic and instant beautifier, cannot afford to reject.

Break the white of one egg into a cup and beat it to a froth, add the juice of a half lemon, place the cup in a pan of boiling water and stir constantly until the mixture thickens to a smooth paste. Remove from the fire and add any desired perfume.

After bathing the face, apply this in small quantities to the face, neck and arms. Soon it will have a sticky feeling which promises some dismay. Rub

the skin with a soft towel. As if some mysterious magic came to your aid, you will discover a soft velvety skin, white as if powdered, proof against perspiration, a most excellent skin tonic and face bleach. The above quality will last two or three days. It must be used fresh. To dancers it is a veritable boon and it calls for no powder whatever, and is a most excellent lotion to hide a little touch of rouge to cheeks or lips.

Princess Slips.  
There has been an unusually large distribution of princess slips during the spring and summer, owing to the general use of sheer materials for summer dresses, says the Dry Goods Economist. The highest grade numbers are made of marquisette and mercerized batiste. They are elaborated with hand-embroidery, lace and ribbons, and make effective linings for the new-style dresses.

The Reason.  
Wigg—Henpeckie has bought a motorboat and named it after his wife. Wagg—Can't manage it, eh?

## Temperance

NO NUTRITION IN ALCOHOL  
Problem of Food Value is Condensed Into Nutshell by the Medical Times of New York.

The Medical Times of New York condenses the alcohol questions into this nutshell:

The problem of the food value of alcohol does not seem, after all, to have been finally resolved by Professor Atwater. A German physiologist of high standing, Professor Kassowitz, has lately published the details of an experimental investigation which has led him to precisely the opposite conclusion. A certain number of dogs were given definite amounts of food, some with and without alcohol, and required to take a stated amount of exercise each day in a running machine. These trials and several others of a like nature were repeatedly carried out, and it was found that the recorded results were uniformly against the alcohol-fed dogs, both as to the amount of work accomplished and changes in weight. The author is of the opinion that no food material can be used in the body without being first concerned into protoplasm. Since alcohol, being a stimulating and poisonous substance, destroys the highly complex and unstable protoplasmic molecule, it cannot at the same time be assimilated by it, consequently it cannot act as a food and a poison simultaneously. After a comparatively short period, alcohol paralyzes the center of innervation of the muscles and therefore, by diminishing the amount of muscular action, the secretion of carbonic acid is lessened. The diminished secretion, consequently, means no saving of the tissues of the body, but is a direct result of the poisonous action of alcohol. Kassowitz is convinced that under no circumstances can alcohol act in a nutritive manner. Such is the latest authoritative pronouncement on this subject from the world's scientific center. What do we learn from the facts of human experience? Daily observation shows that all men who drink do not become drunkards. Those who are thus unfortunate are not so because they are weak in will or morals, for men of the highest character have become inebriated. A man is a drunkard because he has a nervous system that is peculiarly susceptible to the poisonous qualities of alcohol. No young man, when he begins the moderate use of alcoholic beverages, knows whether or not he belongs to the class that can drink without danger. He can find this out only by experiment, and after the experiment it is likely to be too late to avert the disastrous results, against which strength of character and will is no safe-guard, any more than it would be against smallpox. Therefore, strict avoidance of alcoholic beverages is the logical conclusion, if the gravest perils are to be avoided.

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## The Onlooker

by WILBUR D. NESBIT  
The Confiding Sceptic



You can't make William Brown believe there was an Adam or an Eve—No, sir! He says that's just a myth. To play on people's feelings with it's no use to give William tracts. He says he runs his mind on facts!

Yes, William's baldness has grown chronic. Although he used the barber's tonic!

And William Brown he says the food is all pure legend! Why will you believe a thing you know ain't true? Now I will not believe a bit 'O' stuff that ain't definite!

Yes, Brown's rheumatic pains still hold him. In spite of what the druggist sold him.

And William Brown will almost fight if you say his views are not right. "Don't try to talk to full-grown men 'O' Daniel in the lion's den!" He'll shout till others stand aloof. "I won't believe till you bring proof!"

Yes, Brown gips down with a quiver. Old Doctor Bin's Dope for the Liver.

## ODDITIES OF THE GREAT.

Charlemagne would not take an upper berth when traveling.

Julius Caesar, in all his public life, did not wear a silk hat or frock coat.

Marcus Aurelius could not sharpen a lead pencil.

Alexander the Great could not be induced to allow any one to make a snapshot of him.

Nero would not have an automobile. Christopher Columbus never trusted himself in a steamboat.

George III. did not drink ice cream soda.

Henry of Navarre could not smoke a cigar.

Queen Elizabeth would not go to a moving picture show.

His Own System.  
"Yes," says St. Peter to the shade of the philanthropist, "we will do our best to let you work yourself through the gate. We will give you a hundred credit marks, provided that you get some of the others on the outside to donate you a million more."

Whereas the philanthropist discovered for the first time that his robe was pocketless.

Polished the Tooth.  
"Isn't it remarkable," said the man in the front row at the theater, "how she holds her youthful appearance?" "It is truly wonderful, indeed," replied the man next to him.

"I wonder what she uses to defy the tooth of time?" "I have understood that she uses dental powder as a cosmetic."

The Problem Solved.  
"Now, professor, if I should get a pound of radium and put it into a glass tube, and place that inside an iron tank, what would be—"

"Wait a minute. Let us take the problem up section by section. If you should get a pound of radium you wouldn't have enough money left to buy the glass tube."

Its Worth.  
"But why do you call the name of your new food a 'colored word'?" we ask of the astute manufacturer.

Pursing his lips, he answers "Because there is money in it."

W. D. Nesbit