

ELUSIVE ISABEL

by JACQUES FUTRELLE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. Kettner

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SYNOPSIS.
Count di Rondi, 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 ball for information. His attention is attracted by Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, disappears. A shot is heard and Senator Alvares 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 Petrozinski, Miss Thorne's uncle, a maker of bombs, and they discuss a wonderful experiment. Fifty thousand dollars is stolen from the office of Senator Alvares, 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 Boleas, the French ambassador. Elusive Miss Thorne reappears, bearing a letter which states that the ambassador has been kidnapped and demanding ransom. The ambassador returns and again strangely disappears. Later he is rescued from an old house in the suburbs. It is discovered that Pietro Petrozinski shot Senator Alvares 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.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"Your paper?" he inquired courteously.
Mr. Grimm was still gazing dreamily out of the window.
"I beg pardon," insisted the newcomer pleasantly. He folded the paper once and replaced it on the table. One hand lingered for just the fraction of a moment above Mr. Grimm's coffee-cup.
Aroused by the remark, Mr. Grimm glanced around.
"Oh, thank you," he apologized hastily. "I didn't hear you at first. Thank you."
The newcomer nodded, smiled and passed on, taking a seat two or three tables down.
Apparently this trifling courtesy had broken the spell of reverie, for Mr. Grimm squared around to the table again, drew his coffee-cup toward him, and dropped in the single lump of sugar. He idly stirred it for a moment, as his eyes turned again toward the open window, then he lifted the tiny cup and emptied it.
Again he sat motionless for a long time, and thrice the newcomer, only a few feet away, glanced at him narrowly. And now, it seemed, a peculiar drowsiness was overtaking Mr. Grimm. Once he caught himself nodding and raised his head with a jerk. Then he noticed that the arc lights in the street were wobbling curiously, and he fell to wondering why that single flame sparkled at the apex of the capitol dome. Things around him grew hazy, vague, unreal, and then, as if realizing that something was the matter with him, he came to his feet.
He took one step forward into the space between the tables, reeled, attempted to steady himself by holding on to a chair, then everything grew black about him, and he pitched forward on the floor. His face was dead white; his fingers moved a little, nervously, weakly, then they were still.
Several people rose at the sound of the falling body, and the newcomer hurried forward. His coat sleeve caught the empty demi-tasse, as he stooped, and swept it to the floor, where it was shattered. The head waiter and another came, pell-mell, and those diners who had risen came more slowly.
"What's the matter?" asked the head waiter anxiously.
Already the newcomer was supporting Mr. Grimm on his knee, and flicking water in his face.
"Nothing serious, I fancy," he answered shortly. "He's subject to these little attacks."
"What are they? Who is he?"
The stranger tore at Mr. Grimm's collar until it came loose, then he fell to chafing the still hands.
"He is a Mr. Grimm, a government employee—I know him," he answered again. "I imagine it's nothing more serious than indigestion."
A little knot had gathered about them, with offers of assistance.
"Walter, hadn't you better send for a physician?" some one suggested.
"I'm a physician," the stranger put in impatiently. "Have some one call a cab, and I'll see that he's taken home. It happens that we live in the same apartment house, just a few blocks from here."
Obedient to the crisply-spoken directions, a cab was called, and five minutes later Mr. Grimm, still insensible, was lifted into it. The stranger took a seat beside him, the cabbie touched his horse with a whip, and the vehicle fell into the endless, moving line.

CHAPTER XXI.

A Slip of Paper.

When the light of returning consciousness finally pierced the black lethargy that enshrouded him, Mr. Grimm's mind was a chaos of vagrant, absurd fantasies; then slowly, slowly, realization struggled back to its own, and he came to know things. First was the knowledge that he was lying fat on his back, on a couch, it seemed; then, that he was in the dark—so utter, abject darkness. And finally came an overwhelming sense of silence.

For a while he lay motionless, with not even the movement of an eye-lash to indicate consciousness, wrapped in a delicious languor. Gradually this passed and the feeble flutter of his heart grew into a steady, rhythmic beat. The keen brain was awakening; he was beginning to remember. What had happened? He knew only that in some manner a drug had been administered to him, a bitter dose, tasting of opium; that speechlessly,

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 understood, 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 he 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 inter-lacing 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

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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 tread, 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.
The hands were fumbling at his breast again, and there was the sharp crackle of paper. At first he didn't understand, then he knew that the woman had pinned a paper to the lapel of his coat. Finally she straightened up, and took two steps away

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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. Tulleton 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 Drudge." "Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour" was also represented and one girl made a decided hit as the "Local News," her costume being entirely of newspapers.

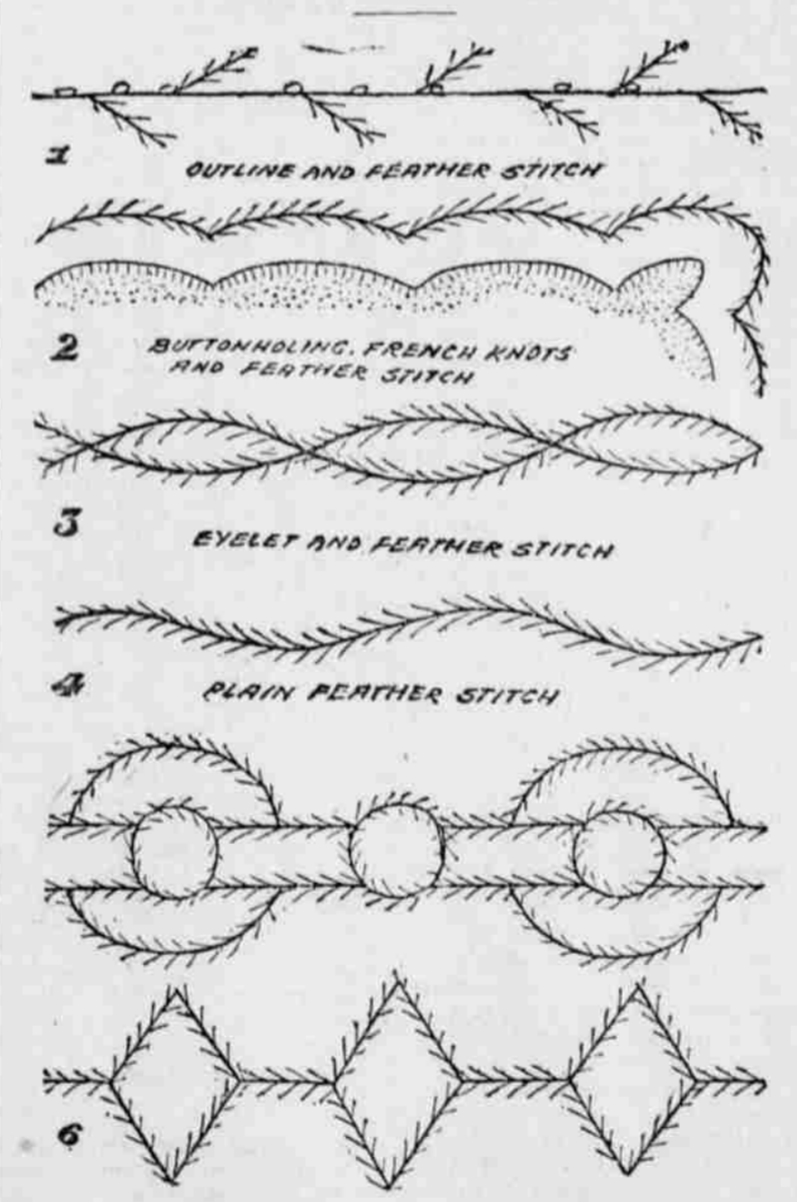
A Tree Bazar.

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. Oleanders 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

For September.

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 varietal for a maiden who has a birthday in September's thirty days:
"A maiden born when September leaves
Are rustling in September breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind;
'Twill cure diseases of the mind."
The 15th, 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 MERRIL.

Feather Stitch



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 evenly 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

Temperance Onlooker

WILBUR D. NESBIT

The Confiding Sceptic

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 converted 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.



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. I've 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 flood Is just a myth, as plain as mud. He says old Noah never made The ark, but on dry land he stayed. He's from Missouri, and you know That sort of man you've got to show.

Yes, his dyspepsia's nearly killed him Although with Stummick Balm they filled him. "Humph!" William Brown will say, "that tale About old Jonah and the whale 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 isn'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 lions' den!" He'll shout till others stand aloof, "I won't believe till you bring proof!"

Yes, Brown gulps down without a quiver Old Doctor Bink'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.



ODD ARRANGEMENT OF ALTAR

Staten Island Pastor Creates Sensation Among Congregation by Strange Collection in Pulpit.

The pastor of a fashionable Staten Island, N. Y., church recently created something of a sensation. When the congregation arrived there were general exclamations of shock over the appearance of the pulpit. Instead of floral decorations, there were the following objects grouped about the speaker's stand:
A whisky barrel, several cigar and cigarette boxes, a dice box, a small automobile, some beer bottles, a ham, a pair of shoes, and strewn over this motley collection, some school books, a mission envelope, and a Bible.
The pastor said the objects illustrated his text: "How a Dollar is Spent in the United States." In his sermon he said:
"One-seventeenth of every dollar spent in this country every year goes for drink, the amount being \$1,675,000,000; one-eighteenth of every dollar goes for tobacco, one-seventeenth for boots and shoes, one-fifteenth for meat, one-twenty-fifth for education, and one-fiftieth for churches."

Advance Step in Germany.
German women, headed by Frau Jellink of Heidelberg have secured 130,000 signatures to a petition to the Reichstag for the doing away with women waiters in the beer-gardens throughout Germany. The ground of their protest is the "intolerable degradation which such service brings to women" and the menace to morals and health which are its inevitable accompaniment. Most of the important Women's Societies are actively engaged in the promotion of this new reform and many ladies of rank and influence are taking special interest in securing favor for the measure in legislative quarters. Its passage will be a decided step in advance for German temperance and the public interest directed toward the matter may take expression in further reforms.

Alcohol an Enemy of Thrift.
The Scotch city of Airdrie, formerly famous for its drunkenness, has since 1900 gone through a great transformation, chiefly through the activity of the Good Templars. The local lodge numbers 3,300 members (the largest in the world), and is in close co-operation with a W. C. T. U. of 700 members. One-third of the drinkshops have been closed as a consequence of the special work and influence of these active temperance forces. The city savings banks for sixty-five years made little progress, but since 1900 the number of depositors has risen rapidly from 6,769 with about \$1,700,000 to 11,262 with nearly \$8,000,000 in deposits. Mayor Knox has scored the public house as "the enemy of thrift."

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 'coined' word?" we ask of the astute manufacturer.
Purring his lips, he answers "Because there is money in it!"

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-Henpecke has bought a motorboat and named it after his wife. Wagg—Can't manage it, eh?

Interpenance and Poverty.
If we could sweep interpenance out of the country, there would be hardly poverty enough left to give health exercise to the charitable impulses.—Phillips Brooks.

W. D. Nesbit