

ELUSIVE ISABEL

by JACQUES FUTRELLE
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. Kettner

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SYNOPSIS.
Count di Rossi, 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 lead detective, are warned that a plot is brewing in Washington, and Grimm goes to the state ball for information. His attention is called to Miss Isabel Thorne, who with her companion, disappears. A suit is heard and Senator Alvarez, 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 old body-maker, and they discuss a mysterious half-dollar. 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 Bolsecur, 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 hideout in a mysterious jail delivery. He orders that Miss Thorne and d'Abuzzi leave the country; they are conveyed to New York and placed on a steamer but return. Grimm's coffee is drugged and upon regaining consciousness he finds a sympathetic note from Isabel Thorne.

CHAPTER XXIII.
The Compact.
A room, low-ceilinged, dim, gloomy, sinister as an inquisition chamber; a single large table in the center, holding a kerosene lamp, writing materials and a metal spheroid, a shade larger than a one-pound shell; and around it a semicircle of silent, masked and cowed figures. There were twelve of them, eleven men and a woman. In the shadows, which grew denser at the far end of the room, was a squat, globular object, a massive, smooth-sided, black, threatening thing of iron.
One of the men glanced at his watch—it was just two o'clock—then rose and took a position beside the table, facing the semicircle. He placed the timepiece on the table in front of him.
"Gentlemen," he said, and there was the faintest trace of a foreign accent. "I shall speak English because I know that whatever your nationality all of you are familiar with that tongue. And now an apology for the theoretic aspect of all this—the masks, the time and place of meeting, and the rest of it." He paused a moment. "There is only one person living who knows the name and position of all of you," and by a sweep of his hand he indicated the motionless figure of the woman. "It was by her decision that masks are worn, for, while we all know the details of the Latin compact, there is a bare chance that some one will not sign, and it is not desirable that the identity of that person be known to all of us. The reason for the selection of this time and place is obvious, for an inkling of the proposed signing has reached the Secret Service. I will add the United States was chosen as the birthplace of this new epoch in history for several reasons, one being the proximity to Central and South America; and another the inadequate police system which enables greater freedom of action."

He stopped and drew from his pocket a folded parchment. He tapped the tips of his fingers with it from time to time as he talked.
"The Latin compact, gentlemen, is not the dream of a night, nor of a decade. As long as fifty years ago it was suggested, and whatever differences the Latin countries of the world have had among themselves, they have always realized that ultimately they must stand together against—against the other nations of the world. This idea germinated into action three years ago, and since that time agents have covered the world in its interest. This meeting is the fruition of all that work, and this," he held the parchment aloft, "is the instrument which will unite us. Never has a diplomatic secret been kept as this has been kept; never has a greater reprisal been planned. It means, gentlemen, the domination of the world—socially, spiritually, commercially and artistically; it means that England and the United States, whose sphere of influence has extended around the globe, will be beaten back, and that the flag of the Latin countries will wave again over lost possessions. It means all of that, and more."
His voice had risen as he talked until it had grown vibrant with enthusiasm; and his hands pointed his remarks with quick, sharp gestures.
"All this," he went on, "was never possible until three years ago, when the navies of the world were given over into the hands of one nation—my country. Five years ago a fellow-countryman of mine happened to be present at an electrical exhibition in New York City, and there he witnessed an interesting experiment—a practical demonstration of the fact that a submarine mine may be exploded by the use of the Marconi wireless system. He was a practical electrician himself, and the idea lingered in his mind. For two years he experimented, and finally this result was achieved. He picked up the metal spheroid and held it out for their inspection. "As it stands it is absolutely perfect and gives a world's supremacy to the Latin countries because it places all the navies of the world at our mercy. It is a variation of the well-known percussion cap or fuse by which mines and torpedoes are exploded. "The theory of it is simple, as are the theories of all great inventions; the secret of its construction is known only to its inventor—a man of whom you never heard. It is merely that the mechanism of the cap is so delicate that the Marconi wireless waves—and only those—will fire the

the door closed with one heel, then leaned against it, facing them.
"Or better yet," he went on after a moment, "burn it. There is a lamp in front of you." He paused for an answer. "It would be absurd of me to attempt to take it by force," he added.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Percussion Cap.
There was a long, tense silence. The cowed figures had risen ominously; Miss Thorne paled behind her mask, and her fingers gripped her palms fiercely, still she sat motionless. Prince d'Abuzzi broke the silence. He seemed perfectly calm and self-possessed.
"How did you get in?" he demanded.
"Throttled your guard at the front door, took him down cellar and locked him in the coal-bin," replied Mr. Grimm tersely. "I am waiting for you to burn it."
"And how did you escape from— from the other place?"
Mr. Grimm shrugged his shoulders. "The lamp is in front of you," he said.
"And find your way here?" the prince pursued.
Again Mr. Grimm shrugged his shoulders. For an instant longer the prince gazed straight into his inscrutable face, then turned accusing eyes on the masked figures about him.
"Is there a traitor?" he demanded suddenly. His gaze settled on Miss Thorne and lingered there.
"I can relieve your mind on that point—there is not," Mr. Grimm assured him. "Just a final word, your Highness, if you will permit me. I have heard everything that has been said here for the last fifteen minutes. The details of your percussion cap are interesting. I shall lay them before my government and my government may take it upon itself to lay them before the British government. You yourself said a few minutes ago that this compact was not possible before this cap was invented and perfected. It isn't possible the minute my government is warned against its use. That will be my first duty."
"You are giving some very excellent reasons, Mr. Grimm," was the deliberate reply. "Why you should not be permitted to leave this room alive."
"Further," Mr. Grimm resumed in the same tone, "I have been ordered to prevent the signing of that compact, at least in this country. It seems that I am barely in time. If it is signed—and it will be useless now or your own statement unless you murder me—every man who signs it will have to reckon with the highest power of this country. Will you destroy it? I don't want to know what countries already stand committed by the signatures there."
"I will not," was the steady re-

sponse. And then, after a little: "Mr. Grimm, the inventor of this little cap, insignificant as it seems, will receive millions for it. Your silence would be worth—just how much?"
Mr. Grimm's face turned red, then white again.
"Which would you prefer? A independence by virtue of a great invention, or—the other thing?"
Suddenly Miss Thorne tore the mask from her face and came forward. Her cheeks were scarlet, and anger flamed in the blue-gray eyes.
"Mr. Grimm has no price—I happen to know that," she declared hotly. "Neither money nor a consideration for his own personal safety will make him turn traitor." She stared coldly into the prince's eyes. "And we are not assassins here," she added.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Toistoy's Intensity.
We quoted the other day an interesting description of the count by an eminent Russian writer. Everything in Toistoy's character, he said, attains Titanic proportions. "As a drinker he absorbed fantastic quantities of liquor. As a gambler he terrified his partners by the boldness of his play. As a soldier he advanced gayly to bastion four, the bastion of death, at Sebastopol, and there he made dying men laugh at his witty sayings. He surpassed everyone by his prodigious activity in sport as well as in literature."—London Times.

A Suxing Egg Collector.
Mr. A. J. Jurnings, a tradesman of Ditchling, has a banian which lays her eggs in different parts of the yard, but his cat never fails to find them. She takes the egg between her teeth, carries it to the back, places it on the step and rattles the door handle with her paws until her mistress arrives to take in the egg. Not one of the eggs has yet been broken.—London Daily Mail.

For the Hostess

Guessing Contest Repeated.
In response for many requests for contests, I repeat this one, hoping all our readers will keep it for future use.
ROMANCE OF A SHIRT-WAIST.
Her lover had persuaded her to be his, and they were about to slip into matrimonial. . . . One day he reproached her for her coldness to him, and she replied: "I cannot wear my heart on my. . . . always," and while her golden head rested on his manly. . . . he forgave her, and presented her with a pretty. . . . for her dainty. . . . Life is not always what it. . . . after he became a golfer, he was on the. . . . most of the time, and she began to fear that she could never win him. . . . to his former devotion. Indeed, she often felt she would like to. . . . him, but she decided to. . . . him instead, so she put on a bold. . . . and told him she would break the. . . . He began to. . . . and haw, and invited her to go to a. . . . concert. Then she knew that she could. . . . him. Although there is much red. . . . about such matters, one is apt to get the cold. . . . instead of two loving arms about one's. . . . They went to the concert and came to the conclusion that their promises were still. . . . Each had been on the. . . . but now they are married, and are. . . . for life, while the. . . . plays on.

Key—Yoke, sleeve, bosom, belt, waist, seams (seams), links, back, cuff, collar, front, tie, hem, band, buttonhole, tape, shoulder, neck, binding, wrong side, bound, band.

For a Scotch Affair.
Those wishing to give a Scotch flavor of the feast will be glad of these recipes. Decorate with plaids, use the thistle for centerpiece.
Scotch Haggis—The liver, heart and tongue of a sheep; the weight of these minced, fine suet, and also of oatmeal, with black pepper, allspice and salt. Par-broil the first ingredients. When cold, mince them as fine as the meal. Mix all well together dry, and fill into a muslin bag or a mold. Cook for two hours, and serve piping-hot.
Haggis No. 2—One fourth of a pound of fine minced suet, a handful of oatmeal, four onions sliced and one cupful of sweet milk. Cook the minced suet and scalded onions to a nice brown, then sprinkle in the meal to a consistency of dough, keeping it hot. Keep stirring the pot until you have added black pepper, white pepper and salt to taste. Then add the milk (one cupful is not quite enough). When it has stood tightly covered it will very soon require, say, one cupful of hot water. Stir often, taking it from the bottom of the pot with a fork. Then cover, and steam for about one hour and a half.
Scotch Scones—Two cupfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one egg, three fourths of a cupful of milk and one tablespoonful of butter. Begin by sifting flour, salt and baking powder. Add butter, chopping it in. Then add the beaten egg and milk. Make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Roll about one-half inch thick, in a round shape. Cut in four or six divisions, as in cutting a pie. Bake on a hot griddle about twenty minutes.
Shortbread—Fourteen ounces of flour, one-half pound of good butter, two ounces of rice flour, one-fourth of a pound of caster sugar and a little baking powder. Sift flour, rice flour and baking powder; beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add flour gradually. Make into a round piece, and roll out the size of tin. Pinch around the edge, prick over the top with a fork, and bake in a moderate oven.
Currant Bun—Two pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, one-fourth of a pound of almonds, one fourth of a pound of orange-peel, one ounce of ginger, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of allspice, one pound of flour and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Some raisins and mix with currants; halve almonds and cut peel in small pieces; sift flour and spices. Mix all together with sweet milk into a stiff mixture.
MADAME MERRILL.

Simple Dresses



THE first would look well in slate gray poplinette. The skirt has a slight fullness gathered in at waist and has an added piece at foot, cut up in center of front; this has pieces of satin sewn in the corners and buttons and loops sewn each side. The bodice has a box-pleat taken down each side of front and back, below the shaped piece of satin which surrounds the yoke of spotted net; buttons trim the box-pleats and satin bands finish the sleeves. Hat of tulle to match, trimmed with bows of black and white striped ribbon.
Materials required: Six yards poplinette forty inches wide, one-half yard satin forty inches wide, one and one-half dozen buttons, one-half yard net eighteen inches wide. This will be found ample.
The second is a dress of bordered material, and is very pretty and effective when made. The skirt is about two and one-half yards round foot, and has the fullness arranged to form a panel front and back and flat pleats at sides. The yoke of the bodice is of piece lace with strap cut in, that is carried down the outside of sleeve; the material part of the bodice is so that the border joins each side of sleeve; buttons with braid loop-trim the front. A sash of wide satin ribbon is formed into double bows at the back of waist.

SOME NOTES ON FLOUNCING
Remnants Will Be Found Useful—Lingerie Hats Are Made of Short Lengths.
Now's the time to pick up remnants of embroidery floouncing that can be used for various things. The little piece of two, three or more yards will be of great use to you in your dress-making days of early fall.
The embroidery laces on the undershirt is always attractive. In either blind or eyelet work it looks well and outlasts lace.
Fine batiste can be combined with lace and the body of the goods matched and tucked bands incorporated with the embroidery to form exquisite blouses.
Lingerie hats for young girls, for little tots and for older women are easily fashioned of short lengths of fine embroidered floouncing. Edge the scallops with lace or face the entire brim with ruffles of net. Although we are thinking of the late rose of summer, there will be many occasions that will demand a pretty dressy hat, especially in the evenings.
Yokes can be made of floouncing, the remainder of a bodice made of tucked material. The same idea can be reversed and plain tucked yokes combined with embroidered lower portions.
For finishing combinations a narrow floouncing of fine lawn or batiste is not to be improved upon. Course covers also can be made entirely of floouncing with straps of embroidery or lace.
As for edging bureau scarfs, making pin cushions, etc., the opportunities are without number; the clever woman should be hampered not a penny of ideas for the use of odd pieces.
For Perspiring Hands.
A tonic made of four ounces of alcohol and half an ounce of tincture of belladonna is excellent for perspiring hands.
If the course of true love always ran smoothly people would be more careless going over the course.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

OUTPUT OF BEER ON DECLINE
Vienna Journal Estimates Decrease at Nearly Million and Half Hectolitres—Important Data.

The world's output of beer during the year 1909 amounted, according to the estimates annually compiled by a Vienna Journal, to 39,820,000 hectolitres, as against 39,320,000 in 1908—a decrease of nearly three and a half millions. The hectolitre equals 22 gallons, so that, stated in English measure, the 1909 output was rather more than 183,000,000 barrels. When this total comes to be divided among the different nations, America is credited with the largest output—namely, 101,000,000 hectolitres, or over one-third of the whole—America being taken to include the whole continent of North and South America. The output of the United States alone is under 70,000,000 hectolitres. The figures for the German empire are 70,690,000 hectolitres, and therefore, occupy first place. The United Kingdom comes third on the list, with 55,887,000 hectolitres. No other country approaches these three. The fourth is taken by Austria-Hungary with 22,009,000 hectolitres, Belgium coming fifth with 16,485,000, and France taking sixth place with 14,228,000 hectolitres. Russia's output is estimated at 8,600,000, Sweden's at 3,160,000, Denmark, 2,790,000, Switzerland at 2,510,000, and Holland's at 1,508,000 hectolitres. Italy, Norway, Spain, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia and Portugal among European countries follow in the order named with quantities ranging from 460,000 down to 24,000 hectolitres. Australia and New Zealand together produced about 4,400,000, Canada about 1,148,000, and Natal and Cape Colony together about 136,000 hectolitres. The last named is just half the quantity now brewed in Japan.

The number of breweries is greatest in Germany (14,870), the United Kingdom possessing 4,542, Belgium 3,379, France 2,776, Austria-Hungary 1,289, Denmark 387, Sweden 222, Norway 43, Holland, 462, Switzerland, 160, Russia, 320, and the United States about 2,000. In Germany, Bavaria takes first place in regard to consumption per head of the population, which stands at 283 litres, though Salzburg is a good second with 231 litres. Belgium stands third with 223, the United Kingdom following with 133, Denmark with 106, the United States, with about 80, Sweden with 61 and France with 36 litres.

These facts indicating the power and extent of the world traffic in beer furnish important data for study by temperance reformers and students of economics everywhere, but may by no means be regarded as ground for discouragement in the world-wide campaign against the liquor evil since the whole trend of modern times among all nations is set steadfast and overwhelmingly against the tide of intemperance.

ENGLISH WATER WAGON NEAR

Consumption of Wet Goods Shows Remarkable Decline—Gratifying to Temperance Lovers.

The statistics of beer and spirit consumption contained in the latest annual report of the customs and excise commissioners must be gratifying reading to lovers of temperance. Although during 1909-10 the consumption of beer was only 412,000 barrels less than in the previous year—a decline of approximately 1 1/2 per cent.—it makes a total decrease of 3,653,000 barrels in the last decade, every year of which shows a fall in the per capita consumption. For every fifty glasses of beer drunk by John Bull in 1900-01 he consumed only forty-one last year.
The annual drop in the consumption of spirits is much more remarkable, amounting in 1909-10 to as much as 33 1-3 per cent.—one glass of spirits in 1909-1910 approximately taking the place of two in 1900-01.

Effects of Education.
An encampment of citizen soldiers was recently held in Wales, and at its close the following encouraging report was made: "Not a single case of drunkenness was reported, not a single man was brought before the officers, and not a single man was seen to be under the influence of drink. It is notable also that, judging by the proportion of men who preferred to be supplied with mineral waters to beer or other intoxicants in meals, more than 60 per cent of the men are abstainers." Certainly the education of the people respecting the injurious effects of alcohol is beginning to tell.

No Liquor to Employes.
The Northampton Traction company has issued a notice to all licensed hotels and saloons along its entire line from Easton to Nazareth and Bangor that no intoxicating drinks shall be sold or furnished to any of its motormen, conductors or men who are in uniform. The transit company in its notice states that such employes who are given drinks will be discharged, which will bring a damage suit on the license of the families of the employes.

Gravestone With Whisky.
What science teaches of the deadly effect of all intoxicants gives force to the following story: After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage master dragged out a demijohn of whisky. "Anything more?" asked the man. "Yes," said the baggage man, "here's a gravestone. There's no name on it, but it ought to go with that liquor."

The Onlooker

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE UPLIFTED MOTHER GOOSE



There is a deplorable lack of literary merit in the Mother Goose Rhymes.—Another Eminent Authority.
BY M. D. S. N. C. W. E. N.
She dressed in white of living light,
The ivory light of fancy.
Red as a rose was her rosy nose
Of high and haughty Nancy.
And stinging down her white, white gown
With many a golden glimmer
The glory gleamed until it seemed
That she grew dimly slimmer.
Alas, alas, how beautiful she was!
How fades each lovely vision!
How die, and go each wondrous glow
From out the realms Elysian!
Long stood she, true, but shorter grew
Through some dark necromancy—
The light she made caused her to fade,
She died through living—Nancy.

BY W. L. T. WILTMAN.
I hymn the beautiful, the brave, the bewitching,
I sing the allurement of Nancy Etticoat,
I chant the ruby rosettes of her nose,
I tell the silver whiteness of her gown,
I breathe the all-pervading mystery,
I marvel that though she stood long she grew short,
I contemplate the spot where she sank into nothingness,
I puff! I sniff the wick,
And you? What know you?

BY J. M. S. W. H. T. C. O. M. B. R. L. Y.
Little Nancy Etticoat at our house to stay
To set upon the mantle at the end of the day;
She wears a little petticoat, that's made of something white,
An' when her nose is nice an' red she gives a lot of light.
But pa he says he hasn't got the leastest bit of doubt
She'll sputter into nothin' if she Don't Go Out!

Getting Tired of It.
"Well," said Mr. Medderrass, picking up the card left by the caller during the afternoon. "Silas Cottosole makes me tired. Ever since he went to Chicago he's been trying to show us folks how much society manners he picked up there, and never gets tired bragging about his experiences, but I didn't think he'd carry it as far as this."
"What is it, pa?" asked Mrs. Medderrass.
"He's been and left his card, labeled 'Silas Cottosole, P. P. C.' If that ain't the limit! 'Silas Cottosole, Pocket Picked in Chicago!'"

One Thing in Her Favor.
"I kn'w," said Eve, "that Cain married that girl in the Land of Nod, and nobody knows what or who her family is, but then there is one thing that rather reconciles me to the match."
"Yes?" asked the lady from Nowhere.
"Yes. At least she will be able to give me some pointers on the late styles in some place other than this."
Continuing to make a fig leaf applique on a palm leaf bodice Eve smiled happily and thought of introducing the first absolutely new fashion.

The Difference.
"This," says the guide to the party of Washington tourists, indicating the door of the senate chamber, "is where the senate meets. You know it is sometimes called the 'Millionaires' Club.'"
"Yes," observes a man with a green coupon still sticking in his hat band, "those fellows over in the House have saved their country, but the ones in here have saved their money."

Qualified.
"But you'll not do," said the artist to the applicant who wished to pose. "I advertised for a model for Ajax defying the lightning."
"I'm the man, sir. I'm a teamster, and I've held up ten blocks of street cars every day for a year."

Rewarded Him.
"There goes that Mr. Winnem, who eloped with Mr. Fuzzle's wife."
"Yes, I remember. Mr. Fuzzle pursued him half around the world."
"What for? Did he want to kill him?"
"No, indeed. When he overtook the eloping pair he gave Mr. Winnem a medal and a handsomely engraved watch inscribed, 'To My Deliverer.'"

Stumped Him.
"But," objected the great editor, "I told you to draw me a cartoon applicable to the coal trust. Is this the best you can do?"
"What better do you want?" asked the cartoonist. "This represents the devil up a tree!"

A Little Woman.
"Why, Lily Ann, what are you tearing the leaves from that calendar for?"
"I just wanted to hurry it along to March, so you would get me another new hat, mamma."

W. D. Nesbit.