



Suppose that you, aroused tonight by the stealthy presence of a masked prowler in your bedroom, covered him with your pistol just as he was about to plunge a long knife between your ribs—and discovered he was an old friend. Would you turn him over to the police and prosecute him, or would you assume he was crazy and have him sent to an asylum? Perhaps you will find an answer to such a problem in this installment.

Previous installments told how Hugh Whitaker, thinking he was about to die, married an innocent girl to save her honor, and left the country immediately. Five years later he returned to New York, healthy and wealthy, and found the wife, now a famous actress known as Sara Law, engaged to marry Drummond, his old friend. She disappeared. Drummond supposedly committed suicide, as her previous lovers had done. Whitaker was assaulted in the dark, and while recuperating at the country home of his friend, Martin Ember, discovered spies, fought them, and was helped by a charming and mysterious young lady living nearby.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Ember pushed back his chair and, rising, strode to the door, covered him with your pistol just as he was about to plunge a long knife between your ribs—and discovered he was an old friend. Would you turn him over to the police and prosecute him, or would you assume he was crazy and have him sent to an asylum? Perhaps you will find an answer to such a problem in this installment.

And within ten minutes Whitaker heard the motor car rattle off on the woodland road. He wasn't altogether sorry to be left to his own society, but in spite of his half-hearted perturbation and dissatisfaction, the weariness of a long, full day was so heavy upon him that he went to sleep almost before Sam Fat had finished making him comfortable.

Extinguishing the candle, the Chinaman, moving with the silent assurance of a cat in the dark, closed and latched the shutters, then sat down just outside the living-room door, to wait and watch, sleeplessly alert.

An hour passed in silence, and another, and yet another. Sam Fat sat motionless in the shadow, waiting for the perfectly with his dark blue silk garments as to render him almost indistinguishable—a figure as patient and imperturbable as any land snail, and as grave as the old Chinese, who, in time, there fell upon his ears another sound, to which he stirred, if imperceptibly—drawing himself together, tensing and flexing his tired muscles while his eyes shifted quickly from one quarter to another of the darkened living room and the still more dark bedchamber.

And yet apparently all that had roused him was the drowsy whistle of a whippoorwill.

Then, with no other presage, a shadow filled past one of the side windows, and in another reappeared more substantially on the veranda. Sam Fat grew altogether tense, his gaze fixed and exclusively focused upon that apparition.

Cautiously, noiselessly, edging inch by inch across the veranda, the man approached the door. It was open. A full, long minute elapsed. Even Sam Fat held his breath throughout that interminable reconnaissance.

At length, reassured, the man slipped into the room. Another minute! no sound detectable more untoward than that of steady respiration in the bedroom; with a movement as swift and sinistral as the swoop of a vulture, the man sprang toward the bedroom door, leaping from a sitting position, with a bound that was little less than a flight through the air, the Chinaman caught him halfway. There followed a shriek, a heavy fall that shook the bungalow, the report of a revolver, sounds of scuffling.

Whitaker, half-dazed, found himself standing in the doorway, regardless of his injury.

He saw, as one who dreams and yet is conscious that he does but dream, Ember lighting candles—calmly applying the flame of a taper to one after another as he made a round of all corners. Sam Fat was kneeling on all fours, above something that breathed heavily and struggled without avail.

Whitaker's sleep-numbed faculties cleared.

"Ember!" he cried. "What in the name of all things strange—"

Ember threw him a flickering smile. "Oh, there you are?" he said cheerfully. "I've got something interesting to show you. Sam Fat—he's stooped and picked up a revolver—you may let him up now, if you think he's safe."

"Safe enough," Sam Fat rose, grinning. "Had plenty."

He meant guard beside the door. For an instant his captive seemed reluctant to rise. Ember moved to his side and stood over him, balancing the revolver in his palm.

"Come," he said impatiently. "Up with you!"

The man sat up as if galvanized by fear, got more slowly to his knees, then, grasping the edge of the table, dragged himself laboriously to a standing position.

Whitaker's jaw dropped and his eyes widened with wonder and pity. He couldn't deny the man, yet he found it

"It explains a lot," Ember readjusted the sleeve and turned away. "And it shows us our path of duty, clear," he continued, despite interruptions from the maddened drug fund. "I think a nice little sojourn in a sanatorium—what?"

"Right," Whitaker agreed, relieved. "We'll see what a cure does for him before we include in criminal proceedings—shall we?"

"By all means."

"Good," Ember glanced at his watch. "I'll have to hurry along now—must be in town not later than nine o'clock this morning. I'll take him with me. No, don't worry—I can handle him easily. It's a bit of a walk to the village, but that will only help to quiet him down. I'll be back tomorrow; meanwhile, you'll be able to sleep soundly unless—"

He checked, frowning thoughtfully. "Unless what?"

Ember jerked his head to indicate the prisoner. "Of course, this isn't by any chance the fellow you mixed it up with over on the bench—and so forth?"

"Nothing like him."

"Queer. I can't find any trace of him—the other one—not can I account for him. He doesn't seem to fit in anywhere. However," his expression lightened—"I dare say you were right; he's probably only some idle, light-fingered prowler. I'd keep my eyes open for him, but I don't really believe you need worry much."

Within ten minutes he was off on his lonely tramp through two miles of woodland and his many more of little-traveled country, at dead of night, with a madman in handcuffs for sole company.

CHAPTER XII.

Offshore.

"You ask me, I think very excellent quick cure."

Sun Fat tenderly adjusted the canvas brace, and then with infinite care inserted the foot in a high-cut canvas tennis shoe.

He stood up, beaming with benevolent interest. "You take it easy one day or two—no walk much—just loaf—no go see pretty ladies—"

"Go 'way, you heathen—go clean your teeth!" cried Whitaker, indignantly.

—And I think he all well and sound," concluded Sun Fat.

He waddled away, chuckling. Whitaker got up, and with the aid of cane made a number of tentative experiments in short-distance posturism.

If you ask the world-famous style designers how it happens that a certain new idea is launched by several establishments at one and the same time, you may depend upon a definite answer. They will tell you that that particular style idea "is in the air."

This is as near to an explanation as anyone can get of the evolution of styles. This evolution brings along incidental revolutions, which are also "in the air" and we are left to ponder once more the ever-changing fashion of the blouse, a short skirt was attached to its belt—and discovered itself welcomed with a glad acclaim. This skirt

—lengthened and featured—is meeting with a single-hearted feminine approval and therefore the petuum blouse, in unnumbered variations, is here and is the smart thing in blouses.

It is the business of new blouses to be original and they are fastened here, there and everywhere, or not at all. Some of them slip over the head and are drawn up with ties about the neck. In the blouse pictured, the original touch with shirtings that shape them over the shoulder in the fashion of the raglan sleeve. The round neck is bordered with fur, the seams outlined with fancy needlework. Hand embroidery, in self-color, is used for decoration and the poplin falls to the thigh. It has all the earmarks of the smart thing in blouses.

The Chinaman Caught Him Half Way.

The results were highly satisfactory; he felt little or no pain. On the other hand, he felt the advice to which he had just listened was sound; it would be unwise to attempt a neighborly call within at least another twenty-four hours.

He resumed his chair on the veranda and sighed. It was late afternoon, and he was lonely. He inclined to sulk. The trouble with him was (he began to realize) that he had lived too long a hermit. For six years he had been practically isolated and cut off from the better half of existence; femininity had formed no factor in his common life. But now, of a sudden, he had been granted a flash of insight into the true significance of companionship between a man and a woman who had something in common aside from common civility in their generation. Not two hours altogether of such intercourse had been his, but it had been enough to infuse all his consciousness with a vague but irking desirability.

He had lashed himself into a very respectable stupor of resentful rage when, chancing to lift his eyes from their absorbed study of the planks composing the veranda floor, he discovered a motor boat at his hand's stage. At once a smile of childlike serenity displaced the scowl.

The woman made the little vessel fast and, turning, came swinging up the gentle slope to the veranda, as he trusted or reasoned with. Her first step of a raving morpompian, or I miss my guess."

With a quick movement he caught Drummond's left arm, pulled the sleeve of his coat back to the elbow, unbuttoned and turned back his cuff.

"Hm—yes," he continued, bending over to inspect this exposed forearm, in spite of Drummond's efforts to twist away. "Good Lord, he's fairly riddled with punctures!"

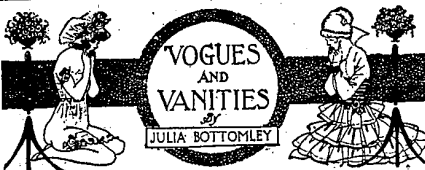
"That explains . . ." Whitaker muttered, sickened.

What do you think was Drummond's purpose in killing Whitaker? Is there any connection between Miss Fluke and Drummond?

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The Smart Thing in Blouses

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When Spring and Winter Meet

The wearer of the springtime hat and bag shown in the picture intends to go south very soon. She has been there before and believes in preparedness; hence the warm coat. This one has a summy look, but is equal to fortifying its wearer against a cold spell in regions where the inhabitants never recall anything like it in the past.

The coat is a familiar type of gray big adjustable collar and flap pockets that will keep the hands warm, and it has, besides these very practical properties, much style and becomingness. There are coats in colors of the same materials made for the same sort of wear.

The springtime turban is of gray flax braid and a printed Japanese silk having a gray background. The silk forms the crown and borders the

brim and paves the way into the acetate for the most oriental of tassels. It is of beads and silk and dangles over the right ear. It is the feature that makes the hat important.

It is the correct thing to have a bag to match the hat. This turban divides honors with a bag of plain gray and figured silk, cut in an approved shape and fastened with a silk strap. It is exquisitely made and its chief glory lies in its finish—for thereby hangs another glorious tassel.

On New Blouses.

Beard forgetting is seen on some of the new handkerchief or chiffon blouses. The forgetting takes the place of the seam, as for instance, in a kimono sleeve, and two or three small colored beads are strung every place over the threads connecting the piece

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GAYETY.

"The Sightseers" is the title of "Blotch" Cooper's show which is to be the attraction at the Gayety theatre in this city for the coming week commencing with the matinee performance next Sunday.

Will J. Kennedy and Jack Miller are the co-stars with the organization this season and surrounding them will be found a company of unusual merit.

Would Stagger Them Most.

It is a popular diversion to talk about how dumfounded our grandfathers would be by our telephones and motor cars and so on, but apparently no one dares imagine what they would think of the bills.

Some of High Art.

"What were those rare plaques I noticed on your dining-room plate last night?" "My wife's first play, sir," American Cookery.