

The VANISHING FLEETS

By ROY NORFOLK
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SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets," a story of "what might have happened" opens in Washington with the United States and Japan at war. Guy Hiller, secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. Japan declares war and takes the Philippines. Guy Hiller starts for England. Norma Roberts leaves Washington for the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Tokyo learns of missing Japanese fleet. England's fleet mysteriously disappears. The Kaiser is missing. King Edward of England is confronted by Admiral Bevin of the United States. The Broadnought, biggest of England's warships, is discovered at an impossible point in the Thames. The story now goes back to a time many months before the war broke out. Inventor Roberts exhibits a metal production. This overcomes friction when electrified and is to be applied to vessels. Roberts evolves a great flying machine. The cabinet places a radioplane war against Japanese. The start is made for the sea. After maneuvering the ship is deserted, and by use of strong magnets lift the wreckage to be seen from the sea. The vessels are deposited in the United States. The British fleet accepts American hospitality and is conveyed to the United States. The Kaiser is taken on a trip to the first visit to America—his account for his disappearance. King Edward is brought to America on a radioplane for conference with the president. They agree to work for world peace. Announcement of the secret of the radioplane is made in Central park, New York, to the wonder of millions. The king meets his men.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

The British officers exchanged quick side glances of relief. Barr alone had the temerity to break into an open smile of satisfaction. They were not, then, to be censured by their country, and the situation would bear no disgrace. His majesty continued:

"You have unwittingly assisted in routing the Anglo-Saxon race, I hope, after its separation of nearly a century and a half. You have been made involuntary guests by a man whose friendship I esteem, and whom I honor above all men. I refer to the president of this nation, and I ask that you remember him as kindly as I do. Your countrymen will have no just cause for criticizing you or your actions. Instructions will be sent you in due time through the admiralty. Until then you are to maintain patience. I wish you good night."

With dignified grace he bowed to them, took a step backward, turned on his heel, and was going before they grasped the significance of his speech or awakened from the wonder of his unexpected visit to this alien land. The clang of an elevator door recalled them and stirred them to action. They ran after him, rang for it, debouch on the street to find a minute later a group of hatless men crying to honor their ruler. They crowded to the edge of the pavement beside which the motor car was humming in readiness for its start.

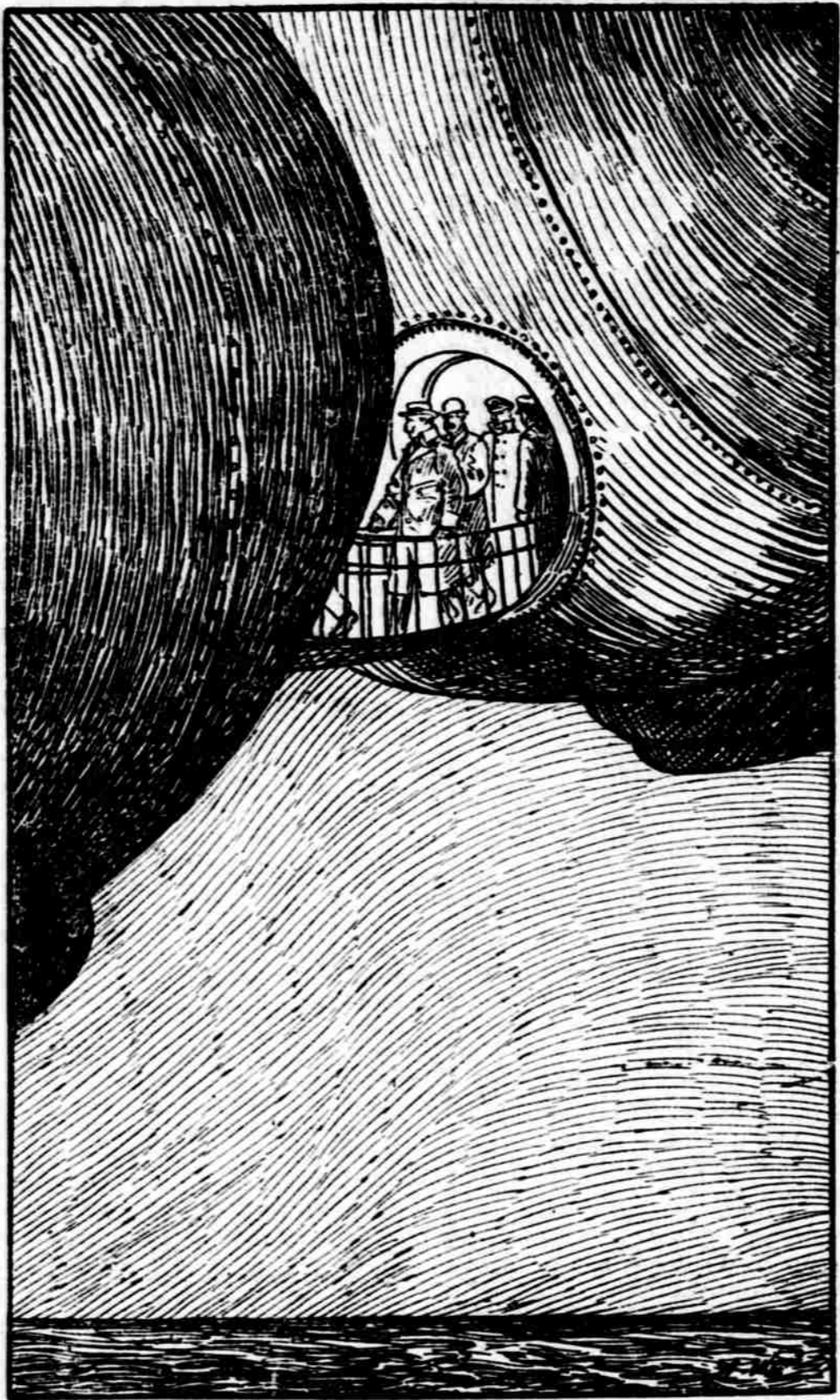
The king saw them coming, smiled at their eagerness, and turned to Bevin with a question which they could not hear. The American admiral gave a laughing reply, and the monarch leaned over to Jimmy Barr, who was standing on the curb close at hand.

"My host, the admiral," the king said, "says lack of time prevents your accompanying us. Otherwise we should ask you to witness our embarkation. We are returning to London on a radioplane to-night, and the world's mystery is at an end. We must say good night."

The lights of the hotel entrance were full upon them, bringing out in detail to the curious guests who were gathering on the marble steps the men with bared heads and the gray-bearded English gentleman in the machine. They saw him nod to the chauffeur, who was looking back, saw the latter turn to his work, and then the machine leaped away into the broad drive toward the nearest park entrance. And to the amazement of the onlookers the man in uniform stood at salute until the machine had disappeared. Not even then did they disperse, but stood there silently watching the skies. Pedestrians joined the group, speculating as to the cause of this uniformed gathering.

Several minutes elapsed, and then from one and another came startled exclamations. Up from the silent park, soaring above the trees and shrubbery with stately sweep, came a strange row of brilliant lights. The secret was out at last, and the American officers gave a frantic cheer, which was joined in by the Englishmen, and taken up by the crowd. As if to recognize their parting shouts, the searchlights of the Roberts in dazzling ripples of color flared suddenly upward and round in fan-shaped sweeps, which were finally directed full upon the streets below. At a comparatively low altitude the craft went slowly across the city and headed toward the Atlantic, while men upon the pavements beneath took up the cry, until from all sides windows opened, and the people rushed into the streets for a sight of this mysterious aerial visitor. Reaching the lower edge of the city, the radioplane shot up and up until it was a speck of light against the stars, took one last circling flight, and with marvelous speed disappeared in the east. And while America was gaining her first knowledge of this incredible flying machine, the Roberts was shooting away in a long straight track for the old world.

The king had watched the sights below as long as they were visible. Through his glasses he had seen the streets become filled with excited



"The Soldierly Form of the Kaiser Appeared."

men, women and children, and their shoutings had come to him faintly above the hum of the dynamos. The glimmerings of the great harbor dimmed and died away, and here and there could be descried the lights of the slow steaming patrol ships keeping the outpost watch upon the sea. When the last sign of life had vanished, he turned to his companions in silence, thinking of all that had taken place within the few recent hours.

Only a short time ago they had entered this aerial chamber, standing in dread of the unknown terror of the waters and the menacing silence of this western continent they were leaving behind. Only a few hours past they had trembled at the powerlessness of their nation and shudderingly awaited the shock of invasion.

Now they were going back to England bearing news that would upset old ideas, remove all fear for the future, and ally her with the most powerful nation history had ever known. They had sailed away furtively with darkened ports, and were now returning in a glare of white light, careless of who might observe. Events had followed each other in such remarkable sequence, with such astounding rapidity, that it wearied the mind to follow them. The king was pondering over the new situation when with no preliminary notice every light in the radioplane went out and they were left in darkness.

From without and through the open door came the voices of the admiral and engineer in conversation:

"It can't be an enemy."

"Hardly; but we dare take no chances."

"What do you think it is?"

"I don't know. A minute or two will tell if they have seen us."

The king and his countrymen fumbled for their glasses in the darkness, found them, and lined themselves up against the transparent port which had not been closed. The cause of the sudden cautionary measures was apparent. There, comparatively far away, and high up against the starlit sky, they saw the blazing line of a searchlight thrust up into the darkness. It wavered uncertainly for an instant, and then slowly, as if feeling its way, approached them. It seemed uncertain and for a moment disappeared. Their own machine had come to a halt.

For an instant nothing was visible, and then there leaped into the air a vertical beam of red. Beside it came another steady ray of brilliant white, and then to complete the color trio a vivid shaft of blue arrayed itself before the other two. Outside in the hood they heard a wild unrestrained burst of cheering, and the cabin was again flooded with light. The old admiral stepped hurriedly in, his face aglow, and his cap in his hand.

"We have sighted the Norma, your majesty, the craft which disappeared with his imperial majesty, the emperor of Germany."

Before he had finished speaking the signal calling hearers to the wireless telephone buzzed insistently, and he turned to answer. From the dome above they could see answering lights playing rapidly from their own craft. They heard Bevin talking to some one excitedly, and peering once more through the side ports saw they were rushing onward to meet this traveler of the spaces. With decreasing speed the two approached each other, retaining their altitude high

above and beyond sound of the sea. Now they were floating abreast, and finally, after a moment's tensing, they came to a stop. Their metal sides came together with an almost imperceptible jar, and they adjusted themselves for further communication.

Simultaneously their great ports slid open, and the king, who had gone to the companionway, saw the interior of the other radioplane. Bevin and Brockton in delight were shaking hands and congratulating each other. They talked for a moment, and then the rear admiral retired from view. Bevin turned to the king and said: "Your majesty, the emperor of Germany wishes to come aboard."

Before the king could give his assent the soldierly form of the Kaiser appeared outlined in the light of his own port, took a cautious step across the threshold, and stood before the men of England. Whatever doubts he may have had of his reception were set aside by the hands outstretched to receive him and the words of welcome which the king hastened to give him. The bulky form of the chancellor came behind, and then, conducted by the king, they turned and entered the cabin. Brockton and Bevin brought up the rear. At one end of the table stood the American secretary of state, and beside him were the prime minister of England and the lord of the admiralty. The chancellor ponderously edged his way forward until he was near them, leaving the king and his imperial nephew on the opposite side of the table.

The visitors greeted and were presented to the others, and then, for the fraction of a minute, they all stood confronting and expectant until the king with his usual tact put an abrupt end to the restraint by inviting all to be seated, and asking for an explanation of the accident. The Kaiser curbed his anxiety for news of developments, and briefly recounted his adventure, appealing now and then to Brockton

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is Ashamed of Nation's Debt

English Woman Mortified at Huge Sum Owed by Country.

An English gentleman rather plaintively confides to the London Outlook that he no longer flatters himself that he has turned his otherwise perfectly satisfactory wife into something approaching an economist when he finds out that he has done nothing of the kind.

He had, or he so believed, firmly implanted in her mind the fact that England has the greatest revenue ever known, when she learned, through a lecturer at her club, the figures of the national debt.

"John," she said, on her return, "didn't you tell me that England has the greatest revenue ever known?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then how is it," she said, keenly, "that we have such an enormous debt? Do we really owe that terrible sum?" She named it with great deliberation and awe.

He admitted that the figures were correct.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WEIL

for details which he did not understand. He concluded, and hesitated for an instant in embarrassed silence. Before he could formulate the opening question in a delicate subject the king had again stepped into the breach.

"The world will soon be at peace," he said meaningfully, looking at his kinsman. "We have come from a meeting in America with the man who has so decreed it, and I have had the honor of joining him in plans for the future."

"And Germany?"

"Will be glad."

"But her allotment?"

"The privilege of being one of the foremost in the movement."

"With dignity and honor?"

"Yes, and with an opportunity to play her part voluntarily."

England's king, grave and gray and reading men from the serene heights of long life and philosophy, had expected a tempestuous outburst; but to his contentment none came. He studied the face of the ruler who had gained a world-wide reputation for warlike ambitions and constant truculence, whose mailed fist had long been clenched in readiness for a blow, and was surprised. No sign of storm was apparent, but instead a calm and placid pair of eyes stared back at him.

In rapid sentences he told of the president's design, which Great Britain would accept and which she had helped outline in detail, and closed by predicting the results which would follow. He talked low and earnestly, leaning his elbows on the table before him and addressing himself only to the emperor. His summary concluded, he straightened back into the hollow of his chair and waited for the others to speak.

The chancellor, who had been so intent that he had never changed attitude or expression, shifted his gaze from the king to his sovereign, who for a time sat wrapped in thought. As if he had come to a quick conclusion, he looked up and in three words expressed his views. "It looks perfect," he said. The chancellor smiled, the king looked satisfied and the prime minister with a sigh of relief, gave a quick sidelong glance at the American secretary of state. The lord of the admiralty was rubbing his hands.

"Germany asks nothing more than fairness," the emperor said, and "I think she will gladly accept and enter into the conclave. It will upset her more than any other nation perhaps, because she is founded on military force; but the whole world shall understand that she permits no nation, race or people to go beyond her in enlightened methods." His stern expression changed to one of warmth. He smiled at some thought of his own and continued:

"We all change, I suppose, as we advance. I have learned that one may have his ideas enlarged by accident. I have known for many days what it is to be free to think, to learn profound lessons in philosophy from the forest and streams, and have come nearer to men of the American nation than I had ever hoped. I have formed new friendships, and by the camp fires at night have been given other views of life, of men and humanity, by a most admirable teacher."

He nodded his head toward Brockton, paused for a moment and then laughed aloud. "I caught a trout that weighed nearly four pounds and shot four caribou!" he chuckled.

At this incongruous termination of his speech his hearers gasped, and then waited for him to continue, which he did in humorous vein, interspersed with comments of graver trend. And in this recital of adventure they read of his broadening. By suggestion he conveyed to them that he had gone away on a strange journey wrapped in the cares and dignities of position to be taught many lessons in democracy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Morning Meal Time for Smiles

THE day of an entire family is often made or marred by breakfast table manners. If the atmosphere is disagreeable, if even one person starts the day snapping, every one at the table is apt to be disgruntled before the meal is through.

It should not be any harder to smile in the morning than at midnight; indeed, the woman who has lived through 18 hours of strenuous modern life would seemingly have more excuse for irritation at the end of it rather than at the start. Yet, strangely enough, more people feel cross at breakfast than at any other time.

If one is such an incorrigible sleepy head that the morning manners suffer it is well for her to hunt the cause. In a growing girl or boy this crossness may be due to not getting enough sleep for one's strength. If so, parents should insist that the rest be taken at the other end of the day. Early retiring is much better for a young person than late rising. There is no worse discipline than to let children get up when it suits them.

Laziness and indifference are most often the cause of bad morning manners. Anything goes in the family. It is too much trouble to talk agreeably at breakfast, so John burles himself in his paper and does not speak unless to score the coffee or rank toast, and Mary, with straggling locks and in sloppy wrapper, either sulks or nags.

To start the day wrong, with temper ruffled or feelings hurt, leaves a sting that cuts. If one cannot keep sweet the day through it were better to choose a less auspicious time for temper than the breakfast table, when all should be bright and cheerful, if only to counteract the tendency to morning crossness which most of us feel.

The wife who wishes to be remembered pleasantly is as careful of her morning toilet and her morning manners as she is to appear her best for dinner. If she can't be she had better have coffee in her room. The man who does not wish to have his wife sigh with relief when the door has closed on him for downtown, will take pains to be agreeable at the breakfast table.

Never let children get into the habit of whining at breakfast or of scolding because they will be late to school. Belated meals are responsible for much morning misery; it is hard to keep good tempered if a train must be made on a jump or a black mark is feared.

Set the breakfast hour early enough that mad scrambles and consequent ill humor can be avoided. See to it that every one is down on time.

One mother broke up breakfast table crossness by having a fine for every one who came to the table scowling or who sulked or whined or scolded during the meal.

If you think that it makes little difference how you act or look at breakfast, try coming downstairs singing and happy some rainy day, when the cook is late and the family dispositions are apt to be warped. Though a free row is going on when your cheerful face is first seen, things will quickly calm down under your smiling presence.

THREE COSTUMES THAT FIND FAVOR IN PARIS



On the left is an attractive evening gown made on a French design. The middle figure shows an effective two-piece suit of pongee. On the right is a model for a stylish costume for a girl.

IN VOGUE

East Indian hats are among the new articles of headwear. Of late there has been a turning from the long-used white yoke to lace and net yokes of the color of the gown.

Close, clinging styles have not yet revealed the expected setback, and will now probably prevail well into the spring.

The fancy arrangement of braids and bands over the bodice produces the bolero effect without its being a separate garment.

The new corsets are very short from the bust to the waist line and remarkably long over the hips, a suitable style for large women.

New model gowns show a slight flare at the hem, otherwise they vary little from past styles.

Most of the sleeves of elaborate gowns are of the same lace or net as

Ribbon Trimming for Hat

RIBBON is always more used on summer than on winter hats, and there is every prospect that the huge bows which last season often formed the only trimming for an ordinary hat will again be popular.

For making these bows, materials by the yard are preferable to ribbons, as they make more graceful loops. A thin, light make of supple taffeta or messaline is the favorite material for simple hats, while more elaborate ones have bows of lace or tulle, bordered with satin or soft pompadour silks and gauzes.

The material is cut on the cross in bands measuring from eight to ten inches in width, and is bordered with a double fold, in which milliner's wire is inserted. Often this border is of a different color, even of different material. Thus gauze bows are given, either in the same or a contrasting color.

In making a bow study the shape of the hat and decide whether it is to be flat or outstanding. This can best be decided from the style of the other trimming. Measure the length for the first loop, double over, twist a heavy patent leather thread around the neck of the loop to hold it in place before making the next loop or loops. When the bow is finished all the loops are wound firmly together and the windings are covered with soft folds of the material.

If the wire is not run in before the bow is started, as is the case if the edges are bound, it is inserted in the middle of each loop and caught with a few slip stitches.

There is such an art in tying a graceful bow that the beginner should never experiment on good materials. Pieces of soft cheesecloth, wired, are excellent for practice, and old bows can be ripped, pressed and tied as nearly as possible as they were before.

If possible, it is well for the girl who intends to go in for trimming her own hats and making her own girdles to take a few lessons in bows from a professional. Even with careful instruction she may never acquire the knack that seems to be inborn, but her bows will not look hopelessly home made.

The chief requisite for the beginner is to know what kind she wishes to tie. Fashions in bows change as they do in everything else. One season they are Alsatian, again the loops stand out in sickle shape, or are compact into huge rosettes. It is too soon to say just what order of bow will prevail, either for hats or sashes the coming season.

The wide-awake girl who must do her own work will make a tour of the fashionable shops and study the latest thing. She will decide on the kind she wishes to copy and note not only the number of loops and ends but their length and general direction.

Care of the Hair. In the care of the hair, if it is found that the growth is very dry and the hair inclined to split, a little olive oil rubbed well into the scalp will correct the trouble. For hair that is too oily an application should be made morning and night of Jamaica rum in which a colocynth apple has been soaking for eight days.

The Exceptional Equipment

of the California Fig Syrup Co. and the scientific attainments of its chemists have rendered possible the production of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, in all of its excellence, by obtaining the pure medicinal principles of plants known to act most beneficially and combining them most skillfully, in the right proportions, with its wholesome and refreshing Syrup of California Figs.

As there is only one genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna and as the genuine is manufactured by an original method known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, it is always necessary to buy the genuine to get its beneficial effects.

A knowledge of the above facts enables one to decline imitations or to return them, upon visiting the package, the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. is not found printed on the front thereof.

"FAITH" ALL THAT WAS LEFT

Symbols of "Hope" and "Charity" Had Got Away From Unfortunate Sunday School Scholar.

A young Philadelphian Sunday school teacher tells this story of the result of an attempted application of the principles of economics:

For some time she had endeavored to impress upon the minds of one of her charges the names of the three qualities, faith, hope, and charity. One Sunday she presented the pupil of the poor memory with three new shining coins, a penny, a five-cent piece, and a dime.

"The penny," she said, "represents faith, the five-cent piece hope, and the dime charity. Keep these coins and every time you look at them think of what they stand for."

The Sunday following the teacher reviewed the lesson of the week before, and called upon the holder of the coins to produce them and give their names in proper sequence.

The youngster shuffled from one leg to the other, stammered, blushed and seemed altogether overcome with mortification. Finally he burst out with: "Please, Miss Fanny, I ain't got nuthin' left but faith. Baby swaltered hope, and mamma took charity and bought ten cents' worth of meat ter make hamburg steak out uv."

EXPRESSIVE REPLY.

Freddie—Your father told me that was the black sheep of the family. Gertrude—What did you say? Freddie—Bah!

A Test of Friendship. Just before Artemus Ward's death Robertson poured out some medicine and offered it to the sick man, who said: "My dear Tom, I won't take any more of that horrible stuff." Robertson urged him to swallow the mixture, saying: "Do, now—there's a dear fellow—for my sake. You know I would do anything for you." "Would you?" said Ward, feebly, grasping his friend's hand for the last time. "I would indeed," said Robertson. "Then you take it!"

Ward passed away a few hours afterward.—Recollections of the Bancrofts.

Help for the Artist. The comic supplements are filled these days with pictures representing some of the foolish questions that people ask. Here is a suggestion for one: A man was walking hastily through the rain yesterday afternoon, his umbrella raised and his head bent. An acquaintance, standing in a doorway, hailed him: "Say," he shouted, "are you going to use that umbrella? If you're not, lend it to me!" Doesn't that capture the icing?

PRESSED HARD. Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in one of the southern states says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavour of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.