

Secret Service Duties.

It falls to the lot of the secret service, too, to protect the person of the president of the United States—a responsibility that was first placed upon this division after the tragedy at Buffalo, and in addition to this the safety of distinguished and titled official visitors from abroad is entrusted to the service. Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Fushimi of Japan, the crown prince of Siam, the crown prince of Sweden, the duke of Abruzzi, and many others of lesser note have been carefully protected from annoyance while guests of the nation, and in no instance has there occurred the slightest incident to mar the pleasure and tranquility of their visit. For more than ten years the merit system has prevailed in the service, which is a strictly non-partisan, non-political organization. "Pulls" are unknown and unrecognized; every man is measured and rewarded according to his efficiency and knows that his retention in the service depends wholly upon the character and quality of his work. He wastes no time lining up "influence" to help him hold his job, and being free from obligations and entanglements, is able to devote his whole time and energy to the impartial discharge of his duties. To this unhampered attention to the work of suppressing counterfeiting says a writer in the National Magazine, I attribute the fact that today the proportion of counterfeit notes in circulation is about one to 100,000; that is to say, that for each half-million of genuine currency in circulation there are about five dollars in counterfeit notes; and for each \$100,000 dollars in gold and silver in circulation there is a trifle under three dollars in counterfeit coin. All of which would suggest that the business of counterfeiting is not overwhelmingly attractive as a financial proposition.

A man never knows when he is covering up his tracks; he never knows how long they will stay covered or who will get on his trail, says the Baltimore Sun. Up in Canada, where they are digging for the new Toronto water works, the diggers found in the blue clay 70 feet below the water line the footprints of a gentleman who had tramped around that way some years ago. The geologists disagree as to the exact time, some holding that the freshness of the footprints indicates that it was only 50,000 years ago, while others believe that the toe-nail prints indicate that it has been about 100,000 years since the gentleman passed that way. Not that this slight discrepancy matters to the gentleman or to us; for nobody had to sit on the fence there and wait for him 50,000 years, even if he did happen to be late.

Sir Robert Hart, for many years inspector general of Chinese customs, has made a striking suggestion as to the possible future of China. The world has long wondered what would happen if that great country of 400,000,000 people should awake to its full power and stand up like a giant among nations. Sir Robert's idea is reassuring. The Chinaman is a lover of peace. China would turn round to the rest of the world and say, "Gentlemen, there must be no more fighting." The strongest nation would become a beneficent policeman, keeping us little fellows in order. Sir Robert says that it is a curious statement, but not so unreasonable as it seems to those who do not know China.

What boy born during the current year will be the Abraham Lincoln or the Charles Darwin of the century? Both Darwin and Lincoln were born on February 12, 1809. The same year saw the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe, Alfred Tennyson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, to say nothing of scores of men famous in other branches of learning.

A Pennsylvania banker who robbed depositors of more than \$2,000,000 had been sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary. Our dispatch does not say whether he is to be assigned to the bookkeeping department or is to look after the feeding of the warden's wife's canary.

The gypsies are nearer to the animals than any race known to us in Europe. They have the lawlessness, the abandonment, the natural physical grace in form and gesture of animals; only a stealthy and wary something in their eyes makes them human.

While admiring the fertility of resource displayed by the policeman who climbed aboard a street car and thus was able to capture a thief who was running away with a laundry wagon, every experienced crook will condemn the thief for his stupidity in not darting down a side street.

Castro finds life so pleasant in Berlin that he apparently has no desire to rush back to Venezuela. Perhaps the Berlin hotelkeeper has not as yet presented his bill.



SYNOPSIS.

"Vanishing Fleets" is a story of "what might have happened" opens in Washington with the United States and Japan on the verge of war. Guy Hillier, secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Norma Roberts, chief aide of inventor Roberts, are introduced as lovers. At the most important moment Japan declares war. Japan takes the Philippines. The entire country is in a state of turmoil because of the government's indifference. Guy Hillier starts for England with a secret message and is compelled to leave Norma Roberts, who with military officers in America, Washington on a mysterious expedition for an isolated point on the Florida coast. Hawaii is captured by the Japs. All ports are closed. Japs fleet is fast approaching western coast of America. Sigo, Japanese spy, discovers secret preparations for war. He follows auto carrying presidential cabinet. He uncovers source of great mystery and fees, murmuring: "The gods save Nippon." Fleeing to Pacific coast, Sigo is shot down just as journey to get awful news to Japan seems successful. Japan announces intention to attack seaports. Tokyo learns of missing Japanese fleet. Whole world becomes convinced that United States has some powerful war agency. England decides to send a fleet to American waters as a Canadian protection against what the British suppose is a terrible submarine fleet. Hillier is also sent to Canada to attempt to force his way through American lines with a message to the president in order that protection for the fleet may be assured. Japan appeals to Britain for aid. British fleet departs, and misgivings of English. Fleet mysteriously disappears, a sailor picked up on a raft being the only evidence of the loss. Powers begin to fear for their safety.

CHAPTER IX.
Barred by Bayonets.

Rested by his sea voyage, and glowing with a determination to win his way across the border, but with no definite idea as to what method he should pursue, Guy Hillier landed in Montreal. His first effort was to gain what details he could as to the nature of the embargo which had been placed on travelers between the two countries, after which he lost no time in personally studying the habits of the border camps. Long residence in America had lessened the broadness of his A's, and with a little practice his R's were almost those of the average New Yorker.

The meager information he succeeded in gathering was not altogether trustworthy, as he was soon to learn. He had been told that certain Americans, in Canada at the time the line of blue was drawn, were permitted to pass, and thus regain their homes, and on this he based his first sally. There was no trouble whatever in gaining the encampments nor in interviewing the officers in command of that section of the defense. A smart-appearing sentry passed him over to the guardianship of a soldier on duty, who conducted him to one of the regulation tents which dotted the hillside back of the line.

On the orderly's presenting his card, a voice from within hailed: "Come in!" and he entered the little house of canvas to find three officers engaged in some game of cards which he did not understand.

"What can I do for you?" the commander inquired, rising from his camp stool and still holding the visitor's card in his hand.

"I am anxious to cross the line," Hillier replied.

The officer laughed and shook his head. "I'm sorry, sir, but we have had as high as 100 applications of this nature in one day, and my orders forbid my acceding to any such request."

"But you pass Americans, do you not?"

Again the officer smiled tolerantly, replying with good nature: "Not under conditions like these. We have no choice in the matter. If you are an American, I thoroughly appreciate your anxiety to go home; but I cannot help you."

It began to look less easy. "Is there no way at all?" asked Hillier.

"My dear sir," the officer answered, "the prophet Moses leading his band across the Red sea had an easier trip than you could make through our lines."

For a moment the courier lost patience, and then as a last resort he decided to make a clean breast of his errand. "Colonel," he said, "I am not an American; I am the secretary of the British embassy in Washington—or was up to the time of this war. I come as a special messenger from my country, bearing important dispatches, which I am to deliver only into the hands of his excellency, the president of the United States. The accomplishment of my mission may have a grave bearing on this conflict, and it possibly may prevent bloodshed."

The colonel turned to one side and threw down the playing cards which he had been holding before making any reply. His companions looked highly interested; but their faces gave no hope.

"Mr. Hillier, there have been at least 20 men before me with similar important messages, many of whom have come direct from other foreign powers. The first of these I took from them and sent forward by special couriers of my own. In each case I was given a reprimand. Come here," he said, and preceded Hillier out into the open, where a bulletin board was nailed against a tree. In the very center of a collection of orders pasted thereon was one which read:

"General Order No. 27,007: Order No. 16,004, which was delivered to all

officers, bulletined and read to all men, permits of no modification whatever. It reads: 'No man shall pass through the lines, either in or out, and under no circumstances shall any communication be passed, either in or out, save on the written permit duly sealed and signed by the president of the United States.'"

"Is that emphatic enough?" he asked, turning to Hillier, who reluctantly admitted that it allowed of no misinterpretation.

"But," said the latter half jokingly, "suppose I make a run for it?"

"In that case, Mr. Hillier," the officer answered gravely, "my men would unhesitatingly drill you full of holes, and I should be sorry to see a man whom I take to be a gentleman make such an attempt. This may look like play; but underneath gloved hands along this border are the claws of war. Don't, please, make me unseath them!"

The secretary, baffled, declined the proffer of a drink, and was promptly escorted back across the Canadian lines; but on the way he made new plans. He was only rebuffed by his first failure, and with doggedness he set his jaws and swore that by some means or other he would go to Washington. Time was becoming more and more valuable, so much of it had been



He Swam to the Point Where the Soldier Stood.

expended in his first inquiries and overtures. He would now be driven to stealth and disguise.

He returned to the city, bought a shabby suit of clothes from a second-hand dealer, checked his luggage in the hotel, put the precious dispatches in a pocket within his shirt, and called for an automobile. The machine carried him rapidly down a well-rolled road till night fell, when he paid the chauffeur, and as an additional precaution for the sake of secrecy walked ahead till satisfied that he had put many miles between himself and anyone who might have observed his coming.

He had seen enough during the day to be convinced that under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to pass the sentries, whose beats were exceptionally short, and who formed almost a continuous line as far as he had been able to observe. His inquiries had elicited the information that somewhere in the vicinity a small river flowed between the two countries, and he purposed using this tributary of the St. Lawrence as a means to gain the other country. His plan was rendered more tenable because the moon, being in the full, favored him. The night itself seemed most propitious, as from the west a dark bank of clouds was slowly coming forward, promising to lend obscurity at a time when it should be most needed.

Cautiously he proceeded along the river bank, gaining a position in as close proximity to the moving sentries as he dared, then slipped off his clothing, secured it into a bundle, and awaited the moment of darkness.

At the very instant when the edge of the cloud began creeping across the

moon he lowered himself quietly into the water and began swimming toward the boundary line. In his days at Oxford he had been an athlete of note, and in all his later years had maintained excellent physical condition, and was thoroughly at home in the water. He swam with a low stroke, catching breath from the corner of his mouth as he turned his face sidewise, and exposing as little of himself to view as possible. The bundle of clothing lashed to his shoulders proved something of an impediment, but not sufficient to stay his progress. The current caught him now and then, throwing him out of his course, and when he discovered this to be the case he was almost against a bank. Thereafter he lifted his head at intervals, in order that he might remain in the center of the stream. He surmised that he was nearing the line of sentries, and elevated his chin for another glance, when a sudden blinding flash of light smote him in the eyes, causing him instinctively to duck his head. When he came up for air after swimming for some distance under water, the light was still on him, and a drawing voice hailed him from the shore.

"Stranger, when you get tired of swimming you might come in. I guess you'd better, because there's four or five men up beyond me might take you for a duck, and they're all hot hunters."

His chance was lost. He wondered why he had not thought of search lights, and realized that nothing but the brilliance of the night had prevented their employment at an earlier hour. Fairly gritting his teeth in anger, he swam to the point where the soldier stood, and crawled out upon the beach, seating himself until he could fully recover from his effort and regain his breath. A tall, lean man, whose color emblems showed him to be from Missouri, stood above

as it veiled its ray along the line he saw here and there field booths with double lines of wire entering and emerging from them. "One's telegraph and telephone, and the other's this freak thing that shows men's photographs. Yes," he concluded, "your picture taken in five different positions has been in there since you first tried to cross the line to-day, and anyway if you'd got past us fellows, you'd have been picked up before you got very far into the interior."

Hillier sat stupefied. "Has anybody ever really got across this line?"

"Yes, three or four of them, here and there, mostly out west where the hills is rougher; but they all got gathered in sooner or later. One of 'em who tried it was a Jap, and the boys accidentally shot him. Another fellow was an Englishman, who made it over from Canada into Detroit, so I've heard."

"What happened to him?" Hillier asked, suspecting that this was the first bearer of the message who had preceded him.

"They didn't want to turn him loose, because he knew too much; so they decided he was a vag, and run him in till the war is over."

Hillier knew now what had been his predecessor's fate, but made no reply. His informant after a pause continued: "There's been only one accident besides that which happened to the Jap, and that was a poor devil that undertook to go over in one of these newfangled airships. He certainly got his tire punctured all right, and came down mighty sudden." The soldier stopped for a moment and heaved a long sigh, and then concluded in a softer voice: "I was awfully sorry for that fellow. He wa'n't no spy nor nothing like that, but just a young newspaper chap doing the best he knew how to get the goods. He was done for when the boys picked him up. The colonel felt about as sorry as anybody else, and got special permission from the Canadian government to send a squad back with him as a guard of honor."

By this time Hillier had donned the dry garments that had been provided, and stood awaiting the further instructions of his captor. "Well, what am I to do?" he inquired, seeing that the man stood motionless.

"Oh, you can go back across the line, or if you want to one of the boys will find a place for you to bunk till morning. You see, you're kind of a distinguished guest. We all had orders to treat you nicely, and the colonel will have a machine here to take you back wherever you want to go tomorrow."

Baffled by vigilance and overcome by courtesy the secretary, after bidding his captor good-by, retired for the night to a camp cot in the quarters of a lieutenant of infantry. It was long before he succumbed to a sleep of utter exhaustion. He was awakened by a bugle call in the morning, and found his host shaving himself before a small mirror suspended from the tent pole.

"Good morning, Mr. Hillier," the officer said. "Not quite as pleasant quarters as the secretary of the British embassy is entitled to, and not many conveniences; but you're welcome to my razor if you'll wait a minute."

Hillier sat up, rubbing his eyes. Neatly stretched out on a camp stool before him were his shabby clothes improved by washing, not only dry but pressed. He stared at them in surprise, while the officer laughingly continued:

"Yes, we did the best we could for them; but I don't think you made a friend of my orderly, as he swears he has worked on them all night long, and has requested a day's leave on the strength of it."

Thanking the officer for his hospitality, Hillier slowly garbed himself and stepped through the tent fly. Below him and stretching away as far as the eye could discern were gray-brown embankments, one line within the other, and excavated with military precision.

"Intrenchments," came a voice behind him, observing his curious inspection. "We have to keep the boys busy, and besides the government didn't want to take any chances. Those pits stretch across this continent now, and there won't be any trouble for a good many years to come for people to tell just where the border is located. Like 'em?" he concluded, whimsically.

"No, I can't say that I do," Hillier responded with equal good nature; "but they look business like."

"Oh, they're the goods sure enough," his informant continued; "but that isn't all. See that little mound over there?" and he pointed a bare brown arm over his guest's shoulder. Hillier nodded assent and looked inquiringly at his companion. "Behind that's a brace of Gatling guns. Got them too every little ways. Never had to fire 'em yet, and hope we never will. But you never can tell. Same work's been done along the Mexican border line; but it's easier to guard. This war certainly has educated a lot of fellows; so that when it's over there'll be plenty of men can show callouses that were never decorated with 'em before. This country's bottled up now as tight as if the Lord Almighty had set a can over it," and he laughed at his own joke.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Polite Chinese Children.

While very young the little Chinese is taught "manners," how to come into a room, to bow very low to parents or those older than himself—even till his head nearly touches the floor—and to "chin-chin." This is their polite greeting, which takes the form of our hand-shaking.

THEY KNEW HOW TO WORK

BUT DON'T NEED TO WORK NOW SO HARD.

The experience of the Bissler Bros. in Western Canada is similar to that reported to every agent of the Canadian Government, whose advertisement appears elsewhere:

"Wheatwyn, Sask., Nov. 6th, 1908. To the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba.—Dear Sir: I, in company with my brother and other relations, arrived in this country in the spring of 1893. At the time we got off the train at Weseley, Sask., we had only a few dollars, not enough to start farming on our own account, so we were compelled to work for a considerable time in order to make sufficient money to enable us to establish ourselves. When we thought we had enough money to start with, I and my brother took up one quarter-section (160 acres) land each in the Loon Creek district. In 1900 we moved on our homesteads with one team of horses and one walking plow. While I was engaged with the work in the field, my brother built a shack and barn of logs, which we have hauled during the time we were not able to work in the field. We were certainly working very hard, but I am glad to say that we made our fortune in this country. To-day we do not need to work so hard as we used to, as we have three men hired steady for whom we pay \$30.00 to \$40.00 a month, besides board and lodging during the summer time! I am also glad to tell you that to-day we are owners of a section and three-quarters of the best land, with first class buildings thereon, besides having all the necessary machinery. We always do our own threshing, for we have a 22 horse-power threshing outfit.

"Our success in farming in this country also enabled us to get rid of a number of horses of less value, and instead we bought 10 pure-bred mares, representing a value in the neighborhood of \$5,000.

"Regarding raising grain, which is the main factor in our district, I am proud to say that we have always had good success. We have raised wheat as high as 35 bushels to the acre; and this year, although we suffered from lack of sufficient rain, our wheat went 27 bushels to the acre, and we had 900 acres in crop. We have broken this year about 100 acres new land, and by next year we will have about 1,110 acres in crop. For one carload of wheat which we have shipped a few weeks ago we got a price of 97 cents per bushel, and it graded as No. 2 Northern, although we have a quantity of wheat which will surely go as No. 1 Northern. During the six years we have been farming for ourselves we have never had one frost around here, so that we always had a good crop.

"I, for myself, feel compelled to say that our Great West is the land where a person who is willing to work and turn his hands to anything, can make a fortune, and a comfortable living. Our country is a thoroughly free country, and we have a good Government; and, as long as we have good crops, and a good Government, we are satisfied, and I think that is all we want.

"Yours very truly,
"LORENS BISSELER,
"P. O. Wheatwyn, Sask."

Showing the Right Spirit.
A little boy had been naughty at dinner, and had been sent away from the table just as his favorite dessert—cabinet pudding with butter and sugar sauce—was being served. About nine o'clock that evening, when the other children had gone to bed and his parents were alone in the sitting room, a tear-stained little face and a white-robed figure appeared at the door.

"Mamma," it said, bravely, between sobs, "you told me never to go to sleep when anything wrong had been done until it was all fixed by right, so I came down to tell you that—that—that—I—forgive you and papa for what you did to me at the dinner table."

Prof. Munyon has generously placed his Cold Cure with druggists throughout the United States and has authorized them to sell it for the small sum of 25 cts. a bottle. He says these pellets contain no opium, morphine, cocaine or other harmful drugs, and he guarantees that they will relieve the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. He gives this guarantee with each bottle of his medicine: "If you buy my Cold Cure and it does not give perfect satisfaction, I will refund your money." Prof. Munyon has just issued a Magazine-Almanac, which will be sent free to any person who addresses The Munyon Company, Philadelphia.

The chronic borrower depends for spending money on his friends, and says: "Why if they didn't lend it, the chumps would only go and spend it."

The Herb laxative, Garfield Tea, aids Nature in maintaining the general well-being of the body; it corrects constipation, purifies the blood, brings health.

Occasionally a woman goes to church for the purpose of ascertaining how many of her neighbors don't.

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GILROY. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. See.

The first time a girl is engaged she imagines that she is as important as the heroine in a novel.

Lewis' Single Binder Cigar has a rich taste. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The highwayman has a low way of doing things.