

The DESTROYER

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

(CHAPTER XIX—Continued.)

Pachmann had listened intently, nodding his head from time to time, or puckering his brows in dissent.

"Have you yourself no ambition?" he asked. "Is there nothing in the way of honor position which you desire for yourself or for your daughter?"

An ugly sneer curled the inventor's lips.

"Bribery—I expected that!" he said. "No, there is nothing—but the consciousness that it was I who ended war!"

"And your refusal of my first proposal is absolute?"

"Absolute. I consider it insulting."

"You will not modify the terms of your proposal?"

"Not in any essential detail."

"And if Germany refuses, you go to France?"

"That is my intention."

"Very well," and the admiral rose, too. "The situation is, then, quite clear to us; there is no longer any shadow of uncertainty. It is for us to assent or to refuse. Our answer will be ready for you in a very short time."

Vard bowed, his face very pale, and stepped to the door. He paused with his hand on the knob.

"Remember one thing," he said; "it will be better for Germany to lead than to follow; your emperor will find the head of the procession much more to his taste than the tail of it. And it will be for him either the one or the other! Good night!" and he opened the door and was gone.

Pachmann stood with clenched fists and flushed face staring at the spot where Vard had stood.

"Fool! fool!" he muttered.

"That he should think he could defy and threaten—and still escape! A great fool, is he not, my prince?"

The prince awoke, as from a dream.

"Great, at least!" he said.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRINCE SEEKS DIVERSION.

In spite of his protestations and the confident manner he assumed when with the prince, Pachmann was, as a matter of fact, exceedingly disturbed. It was true that for an individual as humble as Ignace Vard to hope to stand against the might of the German empire was absurd in the extreme; but perhaps Vard was not alone. Perhaps back of him there was some person or some power at which even Germany would pause.

Two incidents had been distinctly disquieting: the wireless from Lepine and the assault on Schroeder. The thing which filled Pachmann with dismay was not so much these incidents themselves as the degree of knowledge they indicated. Why did Lepine think Vard was on the boat? How had he connected the inventor with the disaster at Toulon? How had the person who assaulted Schroeder known of the conference in the captain's cabin? How much had he heard of that conference? What use would he make of what he had heard? In a word, did France suspect what had happened to La Liberté, and, if so, how much did she know?

A hundred times Pachmann asked himself these questions, and a hundred times tried to find some answer to them other than the obvious answer. He tried to persuade himself that Lepine had not connected Vard with the Toulon disaster, but was searching for him for some other reason; he tried to make himself believe that the assault on Schroeder was merely the result of a seamen's quarrel; he told himself over and over again that France could not suspect, that it was impossible she should suspect. But he could not convince himself. Always he came back to the obvious fact that, if Vard was wanted at all, it could only be for the affair at Toulon, and that the man who had taken Schroeder's place at the door of the captain's cabin could only have done so because he wanted to hear what was passing on the other side of it.

Always, with sinking heart, Pachmann came back to this point; and at such moments he wondered whether, after all, the emperor would not do well to lay aside his personal ambition, to consent to

Vard's proposal and assume the leadership of this great world movement, in all good faith. Surely that would be glory enough! Better, as Vard had said, to lead than to follow; better to stand proudly forth at the head of the movement than to be whipped into place in the rear. What humiliation!

And suppose Vard should manage to escape, suppose he should really get into touch with France! Pachmann, closing his eyes, could see a great fortress leaping into the air; could hear the thunder of the explosion which destroyed a dreadnaught! It was a dangerous game he was playing, and yet, to accede to Vard's proposal meant the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, meant the eventual abasement of the Hohenzollerns, the rise of socialism. No, he could not consent; he had not the power to consent; he had his instructions, precise and clear, from the emperor himself. At any cost, that power must be his, and his alone!

At any cost! Pachmann drew a deep breath. He knew now what the cost must be. Well, when the moment came, he should not hesitate.

Sunday morning found Pachmann beside the assistant purser in the library of the second cabin, beginning the inquiry there. It was even more drastic than it had been in the first, and the victims emerged from it heated, angry, and with the fixed determination never again to travel by a German boat. Neither the captain nor the purser could vouch for any of the undistinguished people here, and so each one of them was most thoroughly examined. Even those with passports did not escape. Pachmann examined all such documents minutely, compared the written description point by point with the appearance of the passenger, and asked many questions to satisfy himself that the person presenting it was really the one to whom it belonged. Yet, in spite of all this, passenger after passenger came through the ordeal successfully.

As the list was called alphabetically, it was soon the turn of M. Chevrial. He approached the table with confidence, produced his passport, and sat down to await such questions as might be asked him. Pachmann glanced at the Frenchman and his eyes narrowed with anger, for this impudent person appeared to be amused at the proceedings! Then he picked up the passport and studied it carefully. It had been issued by the French government two months previously, as a renewal of a former passport, to Andre Chevrial, wine merchant, of 18 Rue des Chantiers, Paris; whose appearance and physical characteristics were described in detail. Pachmann compared the items of the description point by point with the man who sat smiling so shamelessly before him, answering the purser's questions in an ironical voice. The very fact that the man was so typically French and so plainly amused created in Pachmann's mind a flair of suspicion which dilated his nostrils and narrowed his eyes. But the passport was in perfect order, and Chevrial's answers came without hesitation.

"You are a wine merchant?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been in that business?"

"More years than I care to remember."

"That is not an answer."

"Let us say 20 years, then."

"Always at Paris?"

"The time before that did not count."

"Then you have not been always at Paris?"

"Heavens, no! First at Bordeaux; but for 10 years at Paris."

"You are well known there?"

"Ask my neighbors in the Rue des Chantiers; or cross the street to the wine market and ask any one there if he knows Andre Chevrial! Well known? But yes!"

"Is this your first visit to America?"

"Oh, no; nor my second. But it is my first trip on a boat of Germany, and will be my last. On the French boats, my compatriots know me. They do not annoy me with these questions."

It was Pachmann who asked the next one.

"How does it happen that you travel this time by a German boat?"

Chevrial shrugged his shoulders.

"Because there was no French one. It is necessary that I be in New York on Wednesday. There was no other boat that would arrive in time. Had there been, I would have taken it."

"So you do not like German boats?"

"I like nothing German," said Chevrial, calmly. "Least of all, this inquisition, which, it seems to me, demands some explanation."

"It is for the immigration bureau," the purser hastened to explain. "The American laws are very strict."

"The laws do not concern me. I am not an immigrant. I am merely one who goes on business and who returns. My papers are in order, are they not?"

The purser was forced to confess that they were.

"Then," said Chevrial, returning them to his pocket, "if there are any further questions to be answered, I will wait until I get to the pier at New York to answer them. I shall at least have the pleasure of talking to an American!" and he got up and left the library.

Pachmann was furious; but he had no excuse for holding the fellow, nor for examining his baggage. In search of such excuse, he dispatched a wireless to the agent of his government at Brussels, directing him to secure at once all the information available about Andre Chevrial, 18 Rue des Chantiers, Paris; and that evening a very polite gentleman called at the house in question. It was a tall, hideous house, with a cabaret on the first floor. To its proprietor the visitor addressed himself. But yes, the proprietor knew M. Chevrial, a merchant of wine, who had honored his house for many years by occupying an apartment on the third floor. His present whereabouts? Ah, the proprietor could not say; M. Chevrial made many journeys in the interests of his business; he was absent at the present time. It was the season of his annual trip to America; perhaps he was now on his way thither. He had left no address; but if monsieur wished to write a letter, it would be sent forward as soon as an address was received.

The visitor declined to write a letter, but left his card—or, at least, a card—to be given to M. Chevrial upon his return. Then he took his leave. And the proprietor stuck the card in the frame of the clouded mirror back of the bar, chuckling to himself.

A report of all which Pachmann duly received by radio next day.

The prince, meanwhile, was finding the voyage wearisome. He was not a difficult person to amuse; and he was very expert in the art of killing time; he had done little else since he emerged from the nursery; but here on shipboard he possessed none of the implements with which he usually carried on that slaughter. He could sit in the smoking room with a tall stein before him, he could stroll about the deck and stare at the sea, which he did not care for; but there was no one to talk to. His subjects of conversation were limited, and all of them were associated more or less with his princely character; here, where, for the first time in his life, he found himself divested of that princely character, he was completely at a loss. The trouble was that he had no sense of humor. So he found it impossible to gossip with plebeian unknowns, or engage in card games with irreverent middle class artisans and drummers. He could not even carry on a flirtation with any of the pretty girls! He had attempted it with one of them; but, after a very few minutes, she had left him with her chin in the air, and an exclamation which sounded singularly like "Beast!" What is galantry in a prince, is impertinence or worse in a less privileged person!

Remember, our prince was merely a good natured, thick headed, young man, who had always been compelled to take himself seriously, whose life had been ordered for him from day to day to its minutest detail; who had never been called upon to use his wits in earnest. There had always been some one to do his thinking for him; there had always been the routine of drill and study to fill a certain portion of every day; and there had always been the fearful delight of escaping from his father's eye and roaming the streets of Berlin in quest of adventure. But here on shipboard, the day was 24 empty hours long, and even Pachmann had deserted him, to spend his time asking the passengers interminable questions, whose purpose the prince could not in the

least understand.

So, on this Sunday morning, having attended the services in the dining saloon for want of something else to do, and kept awake with great difficulty, having smoked innumerable cigars, having snubbed an American whose manner was distinctly fresh, having tramped up and down the decks, and looked into the library to find Pachmann still asking questions, the prince made a sudden daring resolution, walked quickly forward, ascended to the first class promenade, and looked about for Ignace Vard. With the inventor, at least, he need wear no disguise, and he simply must talk to somebody. Besides, the inventor's talk gave him a good feeling at the heart—the feeling that he might really some day do something worth while! Pachmann would disapprove, of course; but who was Pachmann? A younger son of the inferior nobility! He must remind Pachmann of that, some day, for he seemed to have forgotten it since the emperor had taken him up!

He found the object of his search leaning against the rail, far forward, staring ahead at the path the ship was taking. Vard greeted him with evident pleasure.

"You have come to arrange for the final conference?" he asked.

"I knew no more of that than you," he said.

"But I was assured that your decision would be made at once. My plans depend upon your answer. This is Sunday. On Tuesday we reach New York."

"I know nothing," repeated the prince. "I have not spoken with the admiral today—indeed, I have scarcely spoken to him for three days. On Friday and Saturday and again today, he has spent every moment in an examination of the passengers."

"Why does he do that?" asked Vard quickly.

"I do not know."

Vard glanced at the prince, and his face softened a little.

"So you have been left to amuse yourself," he said, "and, not succeeding very well, have come to me? Is that it?"

"Yes," said the prince; "I must talk to some one, and I find that I cannot talk with people who do not know who I am. The men offend me, the women I offend."

"This time there was genuine friendliness in Vard's face.

"Poor fellow!" he laughed.

"Well, I have never acted as court jester, but I am willing to try. Come with me."

He led the way back along the deck and opened a door.

"This is my room," he said.

"Come in. You should feel more at home here than I do, for it is an imperial suite."

The prince assented gravely, entered, and the inventor, his eyes dancing, closed the door.

"Sit down," he said. "You may smoke," and he proceeded to roll himself a cigar. "This is your first visit to America? Yes? The first thing you will notice is that not many Americans smoke cigars. Until quite recently, the cigar was believed to be in some mysterious way debauching; no one but degenerates were supposed to use them. Even yet that is the prevailing opinion outside a few of the large cities."

"Most curious," commented the prince, and blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling.

"Outside of New York, which is fairly cosmopolitan, there is the same prejudice against wine or beer, or any fermented or distilled spirit. No public man, no teacher in a public school or university, no physician, no professional man—no man, in a word, who depends upon public opinion, public approval, for a livelihood—would dare sit at a table on the sidewalk and drink a glass of beer or a liquor. He might do it once, and escape with the reputation of an eccentric; but to do it twice would be to brand himself as not trustworthy."

"Astounding!" said the prince. "Do you speak seriously?"

"Very seriously. Some of the states have even enacted laws that no alcoholic beverage of any kind may be sold within their borders."

"But," stammered the prince, staring, "do you call that liberty? No country of Europe would dare enact such a law!"

(Continued Next Week.)

TAKE IT EASIER.

Elizabeth Prentiss.

If you could once make up your mind in the fear of God never to undertake more work of any sort than you can carry on calmly, and without hurry or flurry, and the instant you feel yourself growing nervous and like one out of breath, would stop and take breath, you would find this simple common sense rule doing for you what no prayers or tears could ever accomplish.

Henry Weismann.

"Germany to us, as soon as the conflict came, could be but a memory," recently declared Henry Weismann, president of the German-American Alliance of the State of New York.

"The moment Germany chose through its government, to tread the path that it knew must bring the United States into the conflict, that nation snapp'd the cord of sympathy that held millions of Americans to its cause."

GRAND MORTEM TRIBUTE TO SENATOR HUSTING

(Senator P. O. Husting, of Wisconsin, was killed in a hunting accident Sunday morning, October 21. The same morning, previous to the tragedy, the Milwaukee Journal paid the famous editorial tribute to Senator Husting's worth as a patriotic congressman and citizen):

It is a proverb in national history that every time our country has needed men to guide us through great crises, they have been found. Our present crisis has been no exception. And despite the slurs cast on Wisconsin—many of them justifiable, due in no small degree to the disloyal utterances of our senior senator—our state has responded nobly to America's call.

This response has been a result in no small measure of the far seeing leadership of Senator Paul Oscar Husting, a man as radically different in thought and patriotic foresight from Senator LaFollette as pacifism from patriotism. And the journal cannot help wondering how many people appreciate the unquested and unrepayable service Senator Husting has rendered.

Looked at in the light of present day conditions, it seems the only natural course for a United States senator to have taken. It was the only natural course. And if Senator LaFollette had his original decision to make again, it may be questioned whether he would not pursue the same course. But looked at from the point of view of a year and a half ago, even less time than that, the case is different.

There was a time when congress was wholly at sea concerning its proper course in our diplomatic relations with Germany. In April, 1916, three days after President Wilson sent his note on the Sussex case to Berlin, stating that a repetition of such acts would necessitate severance of diplomatic relations, Congress was flooded with thousands of telegrams from all parts of the country—a thing unprecedented in the history of the nation. Letters followed from all over the United States, protesting against possible war with Germany. Congress was frightened. The foreign relations committee was panic stricken. None would dare risk himself on the fateful issue of Germany's insolent demand that we forfeit our rights at sea, that we back down in our stand for humanity, almost that we cease to become a nation.

Into this crisis Senator Husting, from a supposedly pro-German state, stepped with all the courage of a rig' cause. He exposed the concerted character of the letters and telegrams. He raised the question where the money came from to pay for these messages. He stemmed the tide about to sweep congress from its feet. He took insight into national and political conditions; it took lack of care for political preferment; it took unquestioned patriotism to maintain the position Senator Husting held in April, 1916. And the service he did then, and is still doing, will stand out in the future with a brilliancy that in these turbulent times we are not yet able to appreciate.

Only Growing Old.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

The last persons to admit the approach of age are we upon whom age is creeping. We are the last to learn to learn and admit our disorder. Our friends gather on the latest birthday and tell us we are not a day older than we were 15 years ago, and we almost cheat ourselves into believing them. But we are growing old. We have just a little less hair to comb over the bald spot than we had 15 years ago; we are a little more tired at dinner time comes. We have a little more time to doze over the newspaper at night, and a little less desire to stay with the crowd until the small hours of the morning. We are growing old; that's all. A little less anxious are we to have our own way, and in 15 years ago, a little less ready to blame others for our misdeeds, a little more charitable in our views of others' opinions, a little less eager for the gossip that wipes away reputations. A little less desire we have to convert the world to our opinions, a little less care for stocks and bonds and gold, a little less haste in making decisions, a little less dare in risking new adventures. A little more love we have for our old friends, a little greater appreciation of their worth, a little more interest in our boyhood and girlhood days, a little more zest in telling of the pranks and adventures that gladdened our youth. We are only growing old.

We should like to feel we were as young as we were 15 years ago. But youth consuming time has sapped the strength of which we boasted then, added a few more lines to our brows, sprinkled our hair with snow, and made us somewhat wiser men and women as we have glided inch by inch near the haven to which all of us sail and from which none returns. We are growing old.

The Spirit of Patrick Henry.

"It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth—to know the worst, and to provide for it! Shall we gather strength by irresolution?"

"It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, give me liberty or give me death!"

URGES AMERICANS OF GERMAN BLOOD TO FIGHT KAISER



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MIND READING BY WIRELESS
 Fakir Detected to Be Using Secret Buzzer Concealed With the Side Pocket of His Assistant.

While traveling in Ohio last year I attended a performance in a small town, where a mind reader was giving a wonderful exhibition of his powers, mused a salesman. The mind reader, apparently an Oriental, for he wore a turban and spoke broken English, was able to name every object the audience chose to select for a test; he also named dates on coins, words, and read passages in books and newspapers; it was a marvelous exhibition.

The mind reader's assistant had a familiar look; he reminded me of a telegraph operator I had worked with in the West. When he came to where I was sitting, I noticed he kept one hand in his side pocket. The assistant asked me to give the mind reading a test.

Pulling out my union card, I asked him to name the organization to which I was a member. It was three minutes by my watch before the mind reader answered, "Brotherhood of Railroad Signalmen."

The assistant turned away from me as he held my card in such a way as to bring the side where his hand was in the coat away from me.

Thirty years as a telegrapher has made my hearing wonderfully acute and I detected faint Morse signals. Then I realized in an instant why the mind reader's assistant kept his hand in his coat pocket. He had a wireless buzzer in there and was signaling the mind reader. The buzzer was muffled with cloth to kill the sound.

I also saw why the mind reader wore a turban and stood rigid in one position on a rug. The turban was to hide the receivers clamped on his ears and the rug to hide the antennae that ran under the rug, up behind his back to the receivers.

Always Find Company. The man who plays fair can always find somebody to play with.

New York charities report severe falling off in donations.

Save In the Use of Wheat
 By eating
Grape-Nuts
 All the food value of the grain is used in making this delicious food; and its blend of malted barley not only adds to its nourishing qualities but produces a flavor of unusual richness.
All Food—No Waste!