

## THE ENCHANTED BARN

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Outside laborers were busy building up a terrace, where a wide cement-floor piazza with foundations and low stone walls was to run across the entire front. Another chimney was rising from the region of the kitchen. A white enamel sink with a wide drain-shelf attached appeared next, with signs of a butler's pantry between kitchen and dining room. A delightful set of china closet doors with little diamond panes that matched the windows was put in one corner of the dining room, and some bookcases with sliding doors began to develop along the walls of the living room. Down in the basement a man was fitting stationary tubs for a laundry, and on both the first floor and second bath rooms were being made. If the place hadn't been so big, the workmen would have got in one another's way. Closets big and little were being put in, and parts of a handsome staircase were lying about, until you wouldn't know the place at all. Every evening the old servant and the neighbor next door, who used to rent the old barn before he built his own new one, came together to look over what had been accomplished during the day, and to discourse upon this changing world and the wonders of it. The farmer, in fact, learned a great deal about modern improvements, and at once set about bringing some of them to bear upon his own modest farmhouse. He had money in the bank, and why shouldn't he "have things convenient for Sally?"

When Sidney Graham reached the city on Monday morning he scarcely took time to read his mail in the office and give the necessary attention to the day's work before he was up and off again, flying along the Glenside Road as fast as his car would carry him. His mind certainly was not on business that morning. He was as eager as a child to see how work at the old barn was progressing, and the workmen stood small chance of lying down on their job that week, for he meant to make every minute count, no matter how much it cost. He spent a large part of Monday hovering about the old barn, gloating over each new sign of progress, using his imagination on more things than the barn. But when Tuesday arrived an accumulation of work at the office in connection with a large order that had just come in kept him close to his desk. He had hoped to get away in time to reach Glenside before the workmen left in the afternoon, but 4 o'clock arrived with still a great pile of letters for him to sign, before his work would be done for the day.

He had just signed his name for the 49th time and laid his pen down with an impatient sigh of relief when the telephone on his desk rang. He hesitated. Should he answer it and be hindered again, or call his secretary and let her attend to it while he slipped away to his well-earned respite? A second insistent ring, however, brought him back to duty and he reached out and took up the receiver.

"Is this Mr. Sidney Graham? Long distance is calling!" The young man frowned impatiently and wished he had sent for his secretary. It was probably another tiresome confab on that Chicago matter, and it really wasn't worth the trouble, anyway. Then a small scared voice at the other end of the wire spoke:

"Is that you, Mr. Graham? Well, this is Carol. Say, Mr. Graham, I'm afraid something awful has happened to Shirley! I don't know what to do, and I thought I'd better ask you." Her voice broke off in a gasp like a sob.

A cold chill struck at the young man's heart, and a vision of Shirley battling with the ocean waves was instantly conjured up.

"Shirley! Where is she? Tell me, quick!" he managed to say, though the words seemed to stick in his throat.

"She's down at Washington," answered Carol. "Mr. Barnard phoned her last night. There was something special nobody else could take notes about, because it was for a government contract, and has to be secret. Mr. Barnard asked her to please go and she went this morning. Mother didn't like her to go, but she addressed a lot of postal cards for her to write back, and one came

postmarked Baltimore in this afternoon's mail, saying she was having a nice time. But just now a call came for mother to go to the telephone. She was asleep and George was crabbing so I had to come. It was a strange man in Washington. He said he had just found three postal cards on the road addressed to mother; that all said 'Help! Quick! Two men were carrying off Shirley and please to phone to the police.' He took the postals to the police station, but he thought he ought to phone us. And oh, Mr. Graham, what shall I do? I can't tell mother. It will kill her, and how can we help Shirley?"

"Don't tell mother," said Graham quickly, trying to speak calmly out of his horror. "Be a brave girl, Carol. A great deal depends on you just now. Have you phoned Mr. Barnard? Oh, you say he's in Washington? He was to meet your sister in Baltimore? He did meet her you say? The postal card said she had met him? Well, the next thing is to phone Mr. Clegg and find out if he knows anything. I'll do that at once, and unless he has heard that she is all right I will start for Washington on the next train. Suppose you stay right where you are till half-past five. I may want to call you up again and need you in a hurry. Then you go back to the cottage as fast as you can and talk cheerfully. Say you went to take a walk. Isn't Elizabeth with you? Well, tell her to help keep your mother from suspecting anything. Above all things don't cry! It won't do any good and it may do lots of harm. Get George off by himself and tell him everything, and tell him I said he was to make some excuse to go down town after supper and stop at the telephone office till 10 o'clock. I may want to call him up from Washington. Now be a brave girl. I suspect your sister Shirley would tell you to pray. Good-by."

"I will!" gasped Carol. "Good-by."

Graham pressed his foot on the bell under the desk and reached out to slam his desk drawers shut and put away his papers. His secretary appeared at the door.

"Get me Barnard & Clegg on the phone! Ask for Mr. Barnard or, if he isn't in, Mr. Clegg. Then go out to the other phone and call up the station. Find out what's the next express to Washington. Tell Bromwell to be ready to drive me to the station and bring my car back to the garage."

He was working rapidly as he talked; putting papers in the safe, jotting down a few notes for the next day's work, trying to think of everything at once. The secretary handed him the phone, quietly saying, "Mr. Clegg on the phone," and went out of the room.

Excited conference with Mr. Clegg brought out the fact that he was but just in receipt of a telegram from police headquarters in Washington saying that a book with Barnard & Clegg's address and an appeal from a young woman named Shirley Hollister who was apparently being kidnaped by two strange men in an auto, had been flung into a passing car and brought to them. They had sent forces in search of the girl at once and would do all in their power to find her. Meantime they would like any information that would be helpful in the search.

Mr. Clegg was much excited. He appeared to have lost his head. He seemed glad to have another cooler mind at work on the case. He spluttered a good deal about the importance of the case and the necessity for secrecy. He said he hoped it wouldn't get into the papers, and that it would be Barnard & Clegg's undoing if it did. He seemed more concerned about that and the notes that Shirley probably had, than about the girl's situation. When Graham brought him up rather sharply he admitted that there had been a message from Barnard that he would be detained over night probably, but he had attached no significance to that. He knew Barnard's usual hotel address in Washington but hadn't thought to phone him about the telegram from police headquarters. Graham hung up at last in a panic of fury and dismay, ringing violently for his secretary again.

"The next train leaves at 5

o'clock," she said capably, as she entered. "Bromwell has gone after the car. I told him to buy you a mileage book and save your time at this end. You have 40 minutes and he will be back in plenty of time."

"Good!" said Graham. "Now call up long distance and get me police headquarters in Washington. No! Use the phone in father's office please, I'll have to use this while you're getting them."

As soon as she had left the room he called up the shore again and was fortunate in getting Carol almost immediately, the poor child being close at hand all in a tremble, with Elizabeth in no less a state of nervousness, brave and white, waiting for orders.

"Can you give me an exact description of your sister's dress, and everything that she had with her when she started this morning?" asked Graham, prepared with pen and paper to write it down.

Carol summoned her wits and described Shirley's simple outfit exactly, even down to the little black pumps on her feet, and went mentally through the small hand-bag she had carried.

"Oh, yes!" she added, "and she had a book to read! One she found here in the cottage. It had a red cover and was called, 'From the Car Behind.'"

Graham wrote them all down carefully, asked a few more details of Shirley's plans, and bade Carol again to be brave and go home with a message to George to be at the phone from 8:30 to 10.

There was no comfort from Washington police headquarters. Nothing more had been discovered save another crumpled postal lying along the roadside. They received with alacrity, however, Mr. Barnard's Washington hotel address, and the description of the young woman and her belongings. When Graham had finished the hasty conversation he had to fly to make his train, and when at last he lay back in his seat in the parlor car and let the waves of his anxiety and trouble roll over him he was almost overwhelmed. He had led a comparatively tranquil life for a young man who had never tried to steer clear of trouble, and this was the first great calamity that had ever come his way. Calamity? No, he would not own yet that it was a calamity. He was hurrying to her! He would find her! He would not allow himself to think that anything had befallen her. But wherever she was, if she was still alive, no matter how great her peril, he was sure she was praying now, and he would pray too! Yes, pray as she had taught him. Oh, God! If he only knew how to pray better! What was it she had said so often? "Whatever ye ask in my name"—yes, that was it—"I will do it." What was the talismanic name? Ah! Christ! "Oh, God, in the name of Christ—" But when he came to the thought of her she was too exquisite and dear to be put into words, so his petition went up in spirit form, unframed by words to weight it down, wafted up by the pain of a soul in torture.

At Baltimore it occurred to Graham to send a telegram to Barnard to meet him at the train, and when he got out at union station the first person he saw was Barnard, white and haggard, looking for him through the bars of the train gate. He grasped the young man's hand as if it were a last straw for a drowning man to cling to, and demanded in a shaking voice to know if he had heard anything from Miss Hollister.

One of the first questions that Graham asked was whether Barnard had been back to the office where Miss Hollister had taken the dictation, to report her disappearance.

"Well, no, I hadn't thought of that," said Barnard blankly. "What would they know about it? The fact is I was rather anxious to keep the facts from getting to them. You see they warned me that there were parties anxious to get hold of those specifications. It's government work, you know."

"They should know at once," said Graham sternly. "They may have information which would give us a clue to follow. The secret service men are onto a lot of things that we common mortals don't suspect."

Mr. Barnard looked mortified and convinced.

"Well, what have you done so far? We would better understand each other thoroughly so as to save time and not go over old ground. You have been in communication with police headquarters, of course?" asked Graham.

"Why, no," said the older man apologetically. "You see, I got

here just in time for the train, and failing to find the young lady after the car. I told him to buy you a mileage book and save your time at this end. You have 40 minutes and he will be back in plenty of time. I took it for granted that she had used the extra time in driving about to see a few sights in the city, as I suggested, and had somehow failed to get back in time. I couldn't understand it because she had been quite anxious to get home tonight. I could have caught the train myself, but didn't exactly like to leave her alone in a strange city, though, of course, it's perfectly safe for a steady girl like that. Afterward it occurred to me that she might have gotten on the train and perhaps I should have done so too, but there was really very little time to decide, for the train pulled out two minutes after I reached the station. I waited about here for a time, and then went over to the Continental, where my sister is stopping, thinking I would ask her to stay in the station and watch for the young lady and I would go home; but I found my sister had run down to the shore for a few days; so I had something to eat and while I was in the dining room your telegram came. I was hoping somehow you had seen Miss Hollister, or had word from her, and it was all right."

One could see the poor man had no conception of what was due to a lady in his care, and Graham looked at him for a moment with rage, wishing he could take him by the throat and shake some sense into him.

"Then you don't know that she's been kidnaped and the police are out on track for her?" said Graham dryly.

"No! You don't say!" exclaimed Barnard, turning white and showing he had some real feeling after all. "Kidnaped! Why—why—how could she? And she's got those notes! Why, Graham! You're fooling! Why, how came you to know?"

Graham told him tersely as he walked the man over to the telephone booths, and finished with:

"Now, you go in that booth and phone your government man, and I'll call up police headquarters and see what's doing. We've got to work fast, for there's no telling what may have happened in the last three hours. It's up to us to find that girl before anything worse happens to her."

White and trembling Barnard tottered into the booth. When he came out again the sleuth-hounds of the secret service were on the trail of Shirley Hollister's captors.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

The car that was bearing Shirley Hollister through the lonely wooded road at a breathless speed suddenly came to a halt in the rear of an old house whose front faced on another road equally lonely. During the brief time that they had been in the woods, the sky, seemed to have perceptibly darkened with the coming evening.

Shirley looked about her with increased fright. It was almost night and here was her prison, far from town or human dwelling place. Even the road was at some distance in front of the house, and there were more woods on either side.

"This here is Secretary Baker's summer home," announced the man who had done the talking, as he climbed out of the car and opened the door for her. "You can just step in the back door and go through the parlor; the help's all out this afternoon. The secretary'll be down presently. He always takes a nap or naps about this time. I'll tell him you've come."

There seemed nothing to do but obey, and Shirley chose to let the farce continue. Surely the man must know she was not a fool, but it was better than open hostility. There was nothing to be gained by informing him that she knew he was guying her.

"Oh, Jesus Christ, I trust myself to you!" she breathed in her heart as she stepped across the leaf strewn grass and looked about her, wondering whether she should ever walk the earth again after she had stepped into the dim tree-shrouded house. But why go in?

Continued next week.

A Sense of Duty.

From the Washington Star. "Do you think the public fully understands your speeches on this rather abstruse subject?" "I didn't make 'em," confided Senator Sorghum, "with the expectation that they'd be understood. I merely wanted to show that I wasn't neglecting the duties of my office which compel me to face every kind of intellectual responsibility without flinching."

Marcel Dupre, organist of Notre Dame cathedral, leaves soon for the United States. Dupre is one of the youngest of French musicians of great prominence.

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"I began using PE-RU-NA Tablets three years ago for catarrh of the head and nose. Was unable to do anything. I saw a decided improvement after one box and after

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using five boxes believe I am cured as there has been no return of the disease in two years." Fifty years of usefulness is the best guarantee of Pe-ru-na merit.

Tablets or Liquid Sold Everywhere

A spinster says if it is true that The Romans used to send to one another proposals and God disposes, some other sprigs of holly as emblems of men fall to do their share, good luck.

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Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

**WARNING!** Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All directions. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturers of Monocrotic Acid of Salicylic Acid

**DO YOUR TOES SPREAD OUT?** A grass widow has no use for weeds.

Mary E. Bayley, R. N., Tells What, in an Expert's Opinion, the Feet Should Be Like.

Does the great toe of your foot (or the big toes of both feet) continue in a straight line from the heel? And do your other toes spread apart? If this condition exists you have good under-standing feet, according to Mary E. Bayley, R. N., who tells in the Delineator what feet should be like. Her article has been approved by Dr. Virgil P. Gibney, surgeon in chief of the Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, New York, and therefore bears the stamp of authority.

Too much care cannot be taken of the feet, Miss Bayley continues, as they are the keystone to correct body position and have much to do with one's health. Particular attention should be paid to shoe fitting between the ages of nine and fourteen, since this is the period of growth and expansion. Stockings, too, come in for discussion, as tight-fitting ones compress the toes and interfere with the circulation.

**Modernizing Tokyo.**

The mayor of Tokyo, Baron Goto, is endeavoring to make that city compare with other capitals for beauty and convenience. A great deal of work is now going on in the way of buildings along the principal streets. In fact, the city is losing its old character, so thoroughly is it being modernized.

**Shave With Cuticura Soap**

And double your razor efficiency as well as promote skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. No mug, no slimy soap, no germs, no waste, no irritation even when shaved twice daily. One soap for all uses—shaving, bathing and shampooing. Advertisement

**The Truthful Witness.**

There was a little squabble down at the boot camp and the next morning three rookies were lined up in front of the commanding officer. Two of the marines were principals in the fracas, and the third was a lone witness.

The C. O. drew a reluctant admission from the two battlers that they had exchanged a few blows, and he then turned an inquiring eye on the witness.

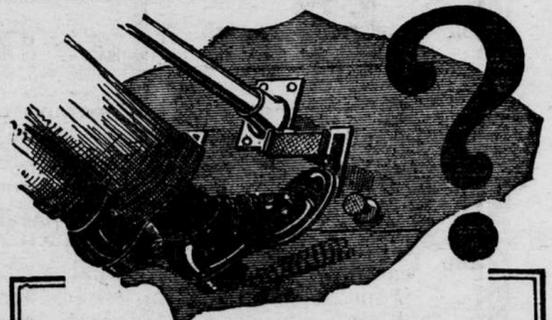
"And were you there at the inception of the altercation?" asked the C. O.

"No, sir," said the rooky, "but I was there when the fight began."—The Leatherneck.

**Why He Worried.**

"And when I kissed her I smelled tobacco." "You object to a woman who smokes?" "No, but she doesn't smoke."—Sydney Bulletin.

When one wants the good will of 10,000 customers it makes him liberal in his opinions.



**Are you stepping on the brake or the accelerator?**

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Heavy, starchy foods often do slow down body and mind—often steal the energy that belongs to the day's work. Grape-Nuts is a go-ahead food. It contains the perfected nourishment of Nature's best grains. It includes all those elements needed to nourish body and brain. It is easy to digest. It gives energy without taking energy.

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