

Chapter 10

"I'd like to go over to Clare's," decided Craig energetscally, no longer thinking of the lateness of our fatigue.

Accordingly it was not many minutes later that we arrived at the apartment and were admitsed by the hall boy.

At once Kennedy began a hasty search. The letter for the present at least, offered no help. But it was not long before Kennedy had brought to light one very significant thing.

Clare's maid had disappeared. IL Search of the maid's room disclosed that she had left in a great hurry, also. She had not had time to remove her effects yet she had evidently taken what she considered most valmable. Everything indicated that she had gone in haste, perhaps expecting never to return. It was ominous.

TRYING TO FIND A CLUE

On the other hand, there was every evidence that Clare had also left in haste with the expectation of coming back again poon.

Kennedy turned his attention more particularly to the maid's room and there began a more minute search. An exclamation from him attracted our attention. There, tucked away in a corner of a bureau drawer he had discovered six loaded cartridges.

Speed examined them. "From Clare's gun that I gave her," he exclaimed.

Kennedy by this time had up-turned a small box of blanks.

As we looked at them to our smazement so much was evident. The maid must have been in the secret employ of the Black Menace. She had taken out the real cartridges from Clare's pistol and had substituted blanks.

Another search of Clare's **room** showed that the pistol was gone. Clearly she must have taken it to protect herself.

The deduction was easy. Somehow she had been trapped, trawn into an ambush were, in an attack of some kind. The substituted blanks had left her helpless.

convinced we were that we were at last on the right track. Breshkaya was very excited over something.

No one who has never been upon a shadowing job knows the difficulty of even such a simple task as we had set ourselves. It is most irksome to keep one's attention glued on one spot and at the same time be alert for other things that may happen. Even if the person shadowed does not know it, he may slip out just that instant of relaxation, and once out your attention being fixed rather on the entrance that the street a couple of houses away, the quarry is as good as gone. Ac-cordingly Kennedy and I took turns in watching the entrances and we knew that she had not got away.

It was early in the forenoon that we were rewarded by seeing Breshkaya's speedster driven up to the door by her chauffeur, who entered. Breshkaya came out hurriedly, dismissed the driver, who turned to walk back to the garage, and shot

away in the big car alone. But we were prepared. Our engine was already running and our ear was after her in a moment.

It was a hard chase through traffic up town at just that hour, but we managed to stick to her, in spite of traffic police, until she turned down to the Fort Lee Ferry. Then I began to have doubts of our ability to hang on to her without being seen.

However, Kennedy managed to jockey his car about at the ferry, which fortunately was waiting, in such a way that we went on the opposite side of the boat from her, back of her in position and separated by the middle partition.

FOLLOWING CLOSE

Again at the other side when she struck off from the ferry and up the hill we got away without being observed in the press of cars, and we nosed along behind her for some miles, until it was evident that she was taking the road that led up the Hudson. "The worst is over now, I hope," he remarked, as we spun along after her speedster, which she handled very deftly, showing that she was no slouch of a driver herself. On she reeled off the miles, town after town, and we managed to keep pretty close to her without missing her once. It was just a bit easier too, because she was sticking to the generally travelled road up through Jersey to New York, along the river. It was a beautiful ride, but we had no time to waste on the pleasure of it, for we had to keep that car in sight. As the miles piled up, at last it became evident that she was bound somewhere in the direction of the State Park along the Highlands. We stuck along after her, neither of us saying much, for we were sure, by this time, that it had something to do with the Black Menace or at least and perhaps better with the whereabouts of Clare. We entered the State Park, as we had anticipated, but there was no slackening of the pace for Breshkaya. She was making splendid time now over the State road through the park, when it seemed that there was some engine trouble. She stopped short and Kennedy had not the time to stop and wait behind her, unnoticed.

the woman was too clever to have given it if she had so chosen.

I tried to reassure Kennedy, but he was not to be convinced. 'She saw us all right," he insisted. "Don't fool yourself." He stopped down the cross road and pulled back to the main road stopping short of coming up to it, where we could be seen again beyond a country hedge.

"Go ahead on foot, Walter," he demanded. "Don't let her see you looking, but find out whethre she is there yet. I doubt it. And if it comes to a mere test sof speed, she can outrun this." I jumped out and crept ahead, peering about and through the way she had gone. Only some simple adjustment must have been necessary, or perhaps nothing at all.

"We've lost her this time," growled Kennedy, in vexation, as he shot the car ahead around almost on two wheels into the main road again, and away.

As he expected, at the next fork in the road, she had arrived so far ahead of us that not even a trace of her was to be seen. We looked up. There were signs that read: "Two miles to Rockeliff," and "Three miles to Neightsville." "Which way had she gone?"

SEVERAL ROADS

Kennedy did not waste time debating which of the two choices to make. Reasoning that she had stuck close to the river so far and was likely to do still, he swung to the right, and we found that this road did indeed skirt close to the road, though high up.

There were several roads that ran down to the river. But whether she had gone on up the river further or whether she had turned down one of the roads there was no clue at all now. She was even too clever to leave the tell-tale low-hanging cloud of dust on a side road, showing that a car had passed.

"I'm sure I'm right," murmured Kennedy. "But Breshkaya has escaped us."

He pursued ahead a couple of miles, but it was apparent that we were now getting nowheres Nothing but a thorough search of the neighborhood of the river from this point on up would be likely to net us anything, and

You can learn something to your advantage by meeting me out at the Trocadero Inn at Eastbury."

Mina Oakleigh." As he read it, Kennedy studied the note critically. "Why should anyone be trying to get him out on Long Island, when we know"-He checked himself before he said anything before James. "Where did Mr. Speed go?"

"To the train, sir," replied the valet. "You had his roadster, and the other car is laid up today."

Kennedy seized the telephone and called the station. There was still a minute or two before the Eastbury train pulled out. Frantically he called and finally managed to have a porter sent down to pass through the train with a message to Speed, if he were on it.

"Why the haste?" I asked Craig, when the valet left the room on some errand.

He pointed to the note. "A forgery," he commented, pull-ing another from his pocket. 'Here's the message that was sent to Clare last night. The writing is not even the same. A clever ruse, but it is a false scent-a trap.

A PALPABLE TRAP

We waited anxiously. There was not a chance that we might get to the station in time to catch Jack. If he got away on the train, we might catch him at the Eastbury station in time to prevent any actual harm, but it meant that he was unable to help us for some hours on our Rockcliff hunt, and hours were precious on that.

The telephone rang and Kennedy seized it. Not only by the staccato conversation, but by the look of relief on his face, I knew that his prompt measures had been in time. It was Speed, and he was now on his way back to us.

It was a sheer piece of luck that we had prevented Jack from following the false clue that might have led him directly into danger. The Trocadero Inn was a-place to watch, but not now. He was saved for the real search. They had almost got him-but not quite.

A quarter of an hour later Jack burst in on us, all excitement and Kennedy rapidly told. what he had uncovered.

PEACE IN IRELAND. THE world rejoices that the Irish

question is at last settled. A 'unning sore of many centuries' standing is thus healed. Britain has immeasurably strengthened herself throughout civilization and especially wherever Irishmen and their descendants are settled. The Irish peace has a peculiar significance for America, whose citizenry embraces millions of Irish blood. The rancor with which Americans of Irish descent have regarded Britain may now be expected to abate, preparing the way for a more wholehearted concord between Britain and the United States. And so a feeling of blessed relief settles over America, as, it may be taken for granted, a similar feeling settles over the whole British commonwealth of nations.

And from the settlement there emerges a much greater Lloyd George-great as he has hitherto been. His patience, his courage, his finesse, have been the most potent factors in bringing about an agreement. Spectacularly, just when nearly everyone had given up hope, peace was concluded. It is a typical Lloyd George denouement, surprising, overwhelming.

Of greatest moment to the outside world are not the terms of the agreement-though they are important enough-but the fact that the pact is satisfactory to the Irish in Ireland and the British in Britain. It matters not a whit what a rabid Orangeman in New York or a rabid Sinn Feiner in San Francisco thinks about it. The parties really concerned are those who must live under the settlement.

Ireland, it appears, is to be a free state, with a status resembling somewhat that of Canada. She must bear her share of the national war debt. She must give reasonable guarantees to the unionist minority in southern Ireland. Her legislators must swear allegiance to the king and his successors "in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland and Great Britain and her adherence to and membership in the group of nations forming the British commonwealth of nations."

Ulster is to be given a month in which to decide whether she will cast her lot with the Irish free state. If she decides adversely a commission will set to work to define her southern boundary so as, presumably, to include in the new free state as many as possible of those portions of Ulster which wish to be so included. Apparently this boundary matter is the whip with which it is hoped to force an agreement from northern Ireland.

TRADE AND THE EMBARGO. ONSIDERABLE sentiment is

coming to the fore in the Senate in favor of granting the president power to lay an embargo on the importation of any article "when it can be shown conclusively that it is necessary for the protection of American manufactures." Mr. Harding himself is said to have urged it. It is aimed primarily at the much feared inrush of German products. It is to be hoped sincerely that the power will not be granted unconditionally.

In the first place, it would be next to impossible to "show conclusively" that an embargo would be "necessary for the protection of American manufactures." The thing is far too complicated to permit of simple explication, and the men who would be in a position really to know the facts in any particular case would be just the men to profit by the laying of an embargo. That their advice would be unselfish is too much to expect.

Furthermore-and this is the most damning argument against it-if an American industry is to be protected wholly from foreign competition, what protection will be given the American buying public from the profiteering of the protected industry? A tariff at least sets a limit to the prices which a home industry may charge, for, if the prices exceed the cost of importation, foreign goods will pour in; whereas under an embargo foreign goods can't come in under any circumstances. The agricultural districts would pay the bill again.

Surely, then, if we are to have embargoes on the importation of certain articles, prices must be fixed at which the American producers may sell these articles. Otherwise the American public would be bound over hand and foot to the exploitation of the protected industries. And there is no harder job for any government than to fix equitable prices.

Congress could have scientific, unbiased advice and information to guide it in its tariff policy if it would call upon the nonpartisan tariff board and the federal trade commission to furnish facts on which to build tariffs. But congress will give neither a fair hearing, preferring to listen to the professional lobbyists of big contributors to campaign funds.

However, if the president is to be given discretionary power over tariffs, then he should be instructed to confer with and be guided by the tariff commission's findings when pleas are made by American manufacturers for "protection."

What might have happened to her? There was no clue 1

Chapter XI.

THE FORGED NOTE.

Morning came but with it no word yet from Clare. Nor was there any clue as to the whereabouts of Minnie Oakleigh, if, by chance the use of her name might have meant anything. Telegraphic inquiry developed that she had left Palm Beach three days before. She had had plenty of time to reach New York, yet we knew that she was not at home.

What were we to do? Quickly Kennedy reviewed the events of the previous night. "One thing stands out," he re-

marked, "Somehow, I'm convinced that there was an effort to keep us out at Heaton Hills while Clare was carried off. And Breshkaya knows more about it than we think. I can't see anything to do but to watch her.

We borrowed a roadster from Speed, accordingly, and instituted a very quiet and careful shadowing of Breshkaya. Evidently her perturbation out at the Mansion of Mystery the night of the kidnaping had some meaning and Kennedy was deto discover what it Was.

We found out that she lived in a very fashionable apartment on Central Park West, and took tow it where we could see without being seen. There was, of course, the front entrance, but there was also a back entrance down the side street, and we knew that we would have to watch both, if she suspected that someone was shadowing her.

From our point of vantage we could see both entrances, and if the left by the front entrance she need never know we were wesching; if by the back entrace, she might see us if we did not catch sight of her first. A QUIET PLACE

But there was no evidence that she even suspected that she was being watched. It was very quiet about her apartment, yet I was sure that the quietness was only on the surface. The longer we watched the more

A quick decision must be made. If we passed her, the chances were all in favor of her seeing and recognizing us, if indeed she did not appeal to us, as the first motorists for assistance. If we stopped she would infallibly see us.

JUST A CHANCE

There was just one chance. Between us was a dirt cross road, perhaps a hundred feet behind her. Kennedy swung and turned down it.

"Confound her!" he muttered.

I looked sidewise out of the corner of my eye as our top cut us off from her sight. She had climbed out from behind her wheel and, as luck would have it, just at the moment that we turned she was looking back to see if anyone was coming. There was not, as far as I could see, any sign of recognition. but then

for that we were not immediately prepared. "It's a clue, though!" he

cried, trying cheerfully to buoy up my own flagging spirits. Suppose that somewhere in this wild region about Rockcliff there may be a hut or shanty on the mountainside which is really a secret hiding place? Could it not be that it is there that Clare has been abducted ?" There was nothing to do but to return to the city for the present, meet Speed, and prepare for a more thorough search of the region. Reluctantly we turned back, while Kennedy devised means of prosecuting the search.

Evidently there was more than the Mystery Mansion to the Black Menace band. And as we returned I reflected on what small value it seemed to be even to catch one of the band, when no sooner was he caught than his lips were sealed, as in the case of Werner.

It seemed almost as though our very absence from the city was doomed to bring disaster either to Clare or someone connected with her.

When we returned our first impulse was to seek out Speed and tell him what we had uncovered. We called up the Star, but they told us that he had not been there. It seemed strange, for in his hunt for Clare one would have thought that he would take advantage, first of all, of his newspaper connection. Indeed, if I had not considered that that would have been done by him I should have gone down to the Star myself.

VERY SUSPICIOUS

We lost no time in hustling around to his apartment. There we found his valet, James, who told us that his master had received a note from a Mrs. Oakleigh and had just left to keep an appointment.

"Where's the note ?" demanded Kennedy, who by this time was becoming suspicious of all servants.

The valet opened a small writing desk and took it out. "Just after he left," he added, handing the note to us, "Mr. Ravenal came in. He asked where Mr. Speed was, just as you did, and I told him. He shoek his head and hurried away. Kennedy read the note quick-

ly. "Mr. Speed:

"Then let us search up there," cried Speed, as we concluded the story of trailing Breshkaya, to his amazement.

"I'll meet you at the Laboratory in half an hour," planned. Kennedy. "If it is to be a night; search there's something I want to take along. You bring the roadster up, Jack."

There was a tap at the door. It was Ravenal, bustling and important.

"So-you're back?" he asked. catching sight of Speed. "I came here to tell you that I had a brand new clue, but James said you had gone. Then I tried to beat you to the station, but I must have missed you, though I heard your name paged. I'm off for a day or so on this thing," added Ravenal rather proudly. 'Perhaps I may be wrong, but at least I think I have a hint and I'm going to try it out. If it fails-no matter. If it succeeds then the credit is mine."

A QUICK GLANCE

Speed shot a quick glance at Kennedy, but Kennedy shook his head as if to caution silence. I wondered whether, after all, there might not be a tinge of professional jealousy in the young detective's nature. One could hardly have blamed him. To have beaten Kennedy and to have all the credit was surely not to be scorned. Nor was it the first time that we had found detectives persistent in following out their own interpretation of cases.

Kennedy excused himself, eaving Speed and me with Ravenal, who soon took his departure.

As for us, it made little difference whether he played a lone hand or co-operated with us.

(To be continued next week.)

FIRE PUTS BOOZE VENDER OFF GUARD

Hammond, Ind .--- Frank Gataarich, Hammond saloon keeper, believes the story about the curious cat now.

Police had been after Frank for some time, but peyer could find anything wrong with his place. Then they turned fo a fre alarm from opposite his saloon. Frank was outside to see While what it was all about, the coppers slipped in the back way of the safoon and found two quarts of moonshine.

Frank rode to jail on the fire. truck.

The settlement must yet be ratified by the British parliament and the Irish dail. Ulster's ratification is not necessary. If parliament fails to ratify, the British government intimates that it will take the matter to the people.

Signs are not wanting that Ulster will ultimately acquiesce in becoming part of a united Irish nation. Ulster will not be long in finding out that it will be to her advantage economically to belong part and parcel to the Irish state, once the Irish state is functioning.

MORONS AND SEX.

Dear Guy Lee: You may remember that one day last summer you and I walked over town together, Whether you do or not, let me freshen your memory further.

As we crossed the boulevard, a girl was a few feet ahead of us. She wore a skirt, in appearance something like those worn by the Hawailan girls who dance on the stage. You no doubt know that this kind of a skirt intensifies a certain shaking effect. You will recall that this girl's skirt

was shorter than my description of it. You gave it the once over, because that's what it was there for, and your comment was: Such women are making norons of the men.' That's what I am writing to you about,

Guy Lee. You are so brilliant that you splash all over the paper from disarmament conferences to pup shows. I am never surprised when I find your

stunt in the paper. You can report a sermon and double as a society editor, and not cause one to

turn a hair. You are grand, high everything else around this place, Guy, but you got this moron business wrong.

Morons, like poets, are born, not made A moron is a feebleminded person, and people destined for feeblemindedness are born with the place already mapped out inside them.

No amount of looking at barelegged ladies could make any one feebleminded. But that was only one way you are wrong, Guy Lee.

Though you did not say it, your remark plainly indicated that you thought there was some relation between sex considerations and moronism, or feeblemindedness.

Not so. As a rule, the morons are undersexed rather than oversexed. If you go down to the very bottom of the scale of feeblemindedness, the subjects have no more sex impulses than has a dead log. And moronism is on the way in that direction.

On the other hand, the man or woman of compelling, masterful mind is apt to be oversexed

If that is what you are looking for, run down a list of financial wizards, captains of finance, dominating statesmen. political bosses, great queens-only to nention a few groups.

Of course, Guy, a feebleminded fellow is somewhat more likely to do foolish sex things. Things so foolish that the community decides he must be a nut.

But what is more likely? A feebleminded fellow is more liable to get caught or, being caught, not be able to buy his way out with money, power or influence. Now, that is about all there is to say,

Guy. Now, please don't make that mistake again

Executive power of embargo is a war measure, and cannot be justified in peace times.

"The Twelve."

"The Twelve." (This poem, celebrating, in one of the most radical of English labor news-papers, the death of Alexander Block, chief among the poets of the Russian revolution, takes its name from his most famous poem, "The Twelve." It depicts the religious fervor with which the "Reds" regard their cause, a fanaticism blind to all that opposes them.)

Twelve soldiers of the Red Army Marching Like the black shadows of gaunt birds Over the snow; Twelve soldiers of the Red Army Staggering over the snow, With hunger in their bellies And ice in their bones, But in their hearts Fire, and a tempestuous indignation, And resolution like a burning sword, And Death welcoming them Like a bride.

This was the dream that you dreamed, Alexander Block, This was the vision that filled your eyes, Looking out over the frozen Neva, Over the pinnacles and towers of Petrograd, The lost city, Over the echoing and desolate palaces

of the Tsar's mistresses. This, in hunger and despair of life, Abandoned by happiness and the illu-

sory phantom Of the world-wide brotherhood of the

sons of man, This you saw:

Twelve soldiers in the snowy desolation, And, stumbling before them,

In pride of their pride

And pity of their pity, Jesus

The Son of God.

First of the revolutionary poets Of the first Revolution!

Your dust lies now in the lost city Of the corruption of the Romanoffs.

In the corrupted city purified and made clean

By the Blood of the Red Army And the poems of Alexander Block.

And singers of the Revolution as yet unborn, Singing their songs of unrest by the

forge and the loom, Expelling the fetid air of serfdom with a great breath.

Singers who never knew you, To whom you were nothing, not even a

name. Will yet see in your Twelve Soldiers

The twelve disciples of the Lord, And will remember.

Long after the Red Army is as dust

On the endless Russian plains, The twelve black shapes on the snow

And the phantom figure moving in pity and anguish

(Risen again after his countless crucifixions)

To lead the army of the sons of slaves Out of bondage. They, everywhere,

In all continents and cities

In the dark factory and peasant's hovel, Who are about to die,

Salute you, Alexander Block,

Dead poet of the Revolution.

-George Slocombe, in London Daily Herald.

It is said that Germany is successfully subsidizing her foreign trade. by subsidizing bread and coal, by aiding the railroads, and by restricting rents. If the formula for prosperity is as simple as this why don't other nations adout it?

